

Our Story

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This is my story of growing up in our household, with my two younger sisters. This is autobiographical, so as such, it is story driven.

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1 - Growing up/Discoveries

First of all, I want you to know that what happened wasn't my idea. This is not to say that another guy in my position wouldn't have done the same things, but the point is I didn't start it. In circumstances like this I think they tend to blame the guy, not the girl. Or girls. Geez. You might not believe our story, but heck, I lived it and I still catch myself trying to wake up from time to time. Well, I might as well introduce you around.

Starting to my left, the beautiful girl sunning herself on the chaise lounge, wearing the tiny tiny pink bikini she bought from Victoria's Secret is my sister Karen. I know that outfit is more like a couple of eyepatches than an actual bikini, but she's wearing it for a reason. More on that later. Oh, and don't let those gorgeous tits and deeeelicious hips fool you. She's only 14.

Continuing on, the two girls whooping it up in the pool, wearing swimsuits they bought from Alloy, slinging water everywhere, and generally making a huge racket, are Amy and Liu Si. Amy is my sister by birth, and Liu Si is my sister by sheer stupid luck. I'll explain how she got to us later. Amy is 9, and Liu Si is probably about the same age, we're not really sure.

You may notice that we are suspiciously without adult supervision out here by the pool, One 17-year-old male (typing this on an elderly laptop), one nearly nude 14-year-old with a body *built* for sin, and two 9-year-olds trying to rip each other's suits off in the pool. This would be because of three reasons: Our dad, our mom, and Mrs. Klemp.

Our Dad works for WorldSys, or SysCon, or whatever their PR firm (or lawyers) tell them to change their name to. He's been home all of about two months in five years. He tends to get in late, shower, sleep, and leave early. If I'm up, we'll exchange a few words, but he barely even acknowledges Karen and Amy. He's never even met Liu Si.

He has a portion of his paycheck on direct deposit for us, our needs and whatnot. The bills are all set for direct pay, and the house is already paid off, so all we use it for is groceries, school supplies, and anything we need or want around the house. Let me tell you, we have plenty left over. When I turned 16, I began a savings account, withdrawing about \$500 a week, and even then the checking account is huge. I have no idea what Dad does, but he is very very well paid. His job seems to require he spend all of his time away from home, and I'm sure that's how he likes it, because home probably reminds him of Mom. You know, that she existed, and that they screwed.

Which is part of the problem. Mom screwed EVERYBODY. Mom screwed Dad for a while when they were married, Then she started screwing nearly anyone she met. She screwed the lawn mowing company guys until dad found out and canceled the service. (This was during the time Karen was conceived, near as we can tell.) We ate pizza three times a week for about a month when she was having sex with the delivery men. (This might have been where Amy came from.) I know that about a year after I was born, Dad took the job that kept him away from here. Whether Mom started fucking the whole town out of boredom, or revenge, she soon found that she liked it, a lot. She never did anything in front of us, but she never hid the fact that she had new men all the time. She would come home with

people, and have sex with them in the house, while she sent us out to play. She didn't just bring home people from bars. She brought home men she met at the grocery store, the post office, the mall, and even once, church. I have no idea what she would be doing in church, but she brought the music director back for some Sunday Brunch. As a kid, it was hard to grow up with. Mom was a whore. She screwed Dad, she screwed the town, and she screwed us by running off.

When I was 11, Karen therefore 8, and Amy 3, she sent Amy to daycare, and us to school, packed three suitcases, took \$3,000 cash out of the bank, and disappeared. Just ran off. I think she left with the bartender from Stool Pigeons, a local strip joint, but she was gone. We got home from school, and there was a note on the table that said SORRY, GOOD LUCK! We had to call our neighbor, Mrs. Klemp, to go get Amy from daycare. It was a spectacularly shitty day. I just remember us crying all night. We called Dad at his emergency number, and he was home within 48 hours. He settled down, and tried to be a dad while working from home, but this only lasted about three weeks. He didn't like being there, and he especially didn't like Karen and Amy. (Karen, he deeply suspected wasn't his, and he KNEW Amy wasn't.)

So, he signed some paperwork, naming Mrs. Klemp in loco parentis, and he bailed. Mrs. Klemp is our only neighbor, but she had been one of Dad's english teachers in high school. He was one of her favorite students before she retired from teaching and went on to be a social worker.

I should mention at this point that Mrs. Klemp is about 70, and shares her home with about 50 cats. She can't stay with us and take care of them too, so the needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few. We are actually relatively self-sufficient (Mom wasn't much of a housekeeper / caregiver / mother, so things like laundry, potty training Amy, and making breakfast and lunch foods, we could handle for ourselves.) Mrs. Klemp made a big dinner for us every two days or so, and we would save leftovers to eat at other times. Lasagna, barbecue, spaghetti, soup, she was an amazing cook. More on that topic later. Mrs. Klemp was getting senile, though, so her grasp on the world around her continued to slip. 70 really is a long time to be alive. She had been a social worker for CYS or somebody, so she knew a lot about how the system of child custody and child abandonment worked. Her stepping in and literally helping Dad leave actually helped us, as it let us stay together. We had a safe house, plenty of funds, and she made sure nothing else bad happened to us.

Allow me to interrupt myself for a moment. This is going to be an understatement, but I love my sisters. I mean really really really. We grew up in this big house with just each other, so needless to say we're very close. Mom was always busy (fucking strangers), Dad was always gone, so we are all we had. I would do anything to protect and care for them, and they feel the same way about me, I know. They are the most amazing, wonderful, and important people in my life. I'll be elaborating on this topic as we go along, but I can't make it any more clear: I LOVE my sisters. I love Liu Si too, but she only joined our weird little family in the past 18 months. I've known Karen and Amy longer, so I love them more, but I love each of them more each day. I'm sounding really mushy. Time to get back on track.

Two years after Mom left, we got a registered letter at the house from some sheriff's department two states east of here. Dad happened to be home and signed for it. They were asking for our help in identifying a body that had been found in a shallow grave in the woods behind a highway rest stop. It was the badly beaten and decomposed body of an adult female, near whose body (among other things) had been found our mom's drivers license. Because of the facial damage, the dental records were a hash, and because of soft tissue decomposition, fingerprints were no good. When they got to the part

about the little toe missing on the right foot, though (her cousin hit it with a hoe when she was six), and the signs of a healed broken left forearm (She fell off a porch balcony [drunk] on their third date) he knew who it was. However, he called them and told them he had no idea who that was. He hung up the phone, tore up the letter, threw the pieces on the master bedroom fireplace, and attempted to drink an entire bottle of Jack. He later told me he would be damned if he was going to pay funeral expenses for "that whore, your mother." She always referred to him as "that prick, your father." Lovely.

I picked most of the pieces of the letter out of the grate, but most of the top two inches of the letter were successfully burned. I don't even know the name of the town where they wrote from. My mother is probably buried in some potter's field somewhere in the northeast. Not that we'd ever visit, but it might be nice to know where it was. Karen and I cried together for a long time. Amy cried too, but she never really got to know mom. She just cried because she knew her mother was dead, and because Karen and I were so messed up by it. I think Karen and Amy may have imagined that someday mom would come home clean, and we'd get that kind of happily-ever-after fairytale ending.

Once Dad was able to stand the next day, he was gone for eight months.

Time to change the subject! Happy thoughts, happy thoughts!

I suppose now would be a good time to describe us. Let's start with Karen. Karen is, at age 14, the most beautiful girl I think I've ever seen. She is about 5'10" with light brown hair, and startlingly sky-blue eyes. When she's outside a lot, like in the pool, her hair gets these golden streaks from the sun. (Legit ones though, not that fake hair goo that they put on with tin foil.)

She takes after our mother in terms of physique, which means she was an early bloomer (she had noticeable breasts in 4th grade). She also had her first period (which I believe is called menarche) at age eight, about four months before Mom left. She also took after Mom in that her periods were irregular, and painful. Right before she left, Mom took her to the doctor and they put her on The Pill to help control and ease her monthly cycle. (Amy still hasn't started her periods, and Liu Si did right after she got here. Let me tell you, that was one scared girl.)

She is a D cup now, and based on what Mom said, she can expect to be a DDD by age 18. I don't remember Mom's exact words even though they *were* delivered at the dinner table, but her advice included tips about how to land a rich guy "You're going to have to blow a few frogs before you find your prince" and an admonition to go braless as little as possible: "If you let those babies swing free all the time, they'll be knocking at your knees in no time." Mom was real classy. Karen did take the advice on support garments, however. She even sleeps in a soft sports bra. I know some women may not wear bras on the weekend or evenings around the house, but Karen always has support. There is nothing grosser than seeing some fortysomething woman wearing a tank top, and her saggy tits have stretched the neckline halfway to her waistline, her tits looking like pancake batter.

Now don't think that because a 14-year-old has large breasts that it is because she is fat. Karen is actually pretty athletic. Karen took three years of karate (same as me), but she went on to take two years each of Gymnastics and Dance (those two simultaneously). The combination has given her poise, a kind of fluid grace, and a self-esteem based on what she thinks of herself, not on what others think. Mrs. Klemp helped so much during her pre-teen years. Not only did she help us get to and from the extracurricular activities, she kind of became a mother figure to Karen. Amy missed out on this because

she is allergic to cats. Karen would hike out to Mrs. Klemp's house and spend hours sitting in her kitchen or her living room, fending off the cats, and just talking. Mrs. Klemp has raised three daughters to be successful adults, and has helped shape the woman that Karen is rapidly becoming.

Speaking of shape and becoming a woman, in the past two years, Karen's hips have started getting a bit bigger. Her figure could now be described as "lush" or "voluptuous." Karen started working out, thinking she was getting fat, but her stomach and legs are pretty well toned, just her hips have become more . . . womanly. If you have ever seen Playboy Playmate Karen McDougal, or Anna Nicole Smith before she became a total freakshow, you might get the idea. Don't think Porn star, think love goddess.

Her blossoming womanhood actually caused a lot of problems for Karen at school. Her friends started hating her at about 4th - 7th grade. Lots of girls in that bracket are already becoming obsessed with their weight, dieting and starving so much that their body doesn't even know what to do with the fat it's got, so tiny titties all around. So then there's Karen, developing this luscious body. It didn't matter that she was sweet, or kind, or smart (which she is), suddenly she's getting all the attention, and her female classmates are starting to HATE her. You know that one Sting song where he talks about "you know how bad girls get", well here's one of those situations. Guys are all drooling over her (behavior she did not encourage), and no one is paying attention to all the little Bratz wannabees.

So they started making fun of her. When your mother is a whore and fucks anyone in town indiscriminately, when you get to school everyone already knows all about it. Karen was an absolute saint, though. She didn't go alone with boys anywhere, she knew karate (which is mostly defensive, thank you), and I got her a can of pepper spray, which was against the school weapons policy, but thanks to that state legal case last year, girls are allowed to carry in their purses. I only ever had to replace her pepper spray once, when somebody tried to grab her while she waited for her ride to Dance class. I got her the OC kind with the green dye. That stuff is hilarious. if you dose somebody with that, it makes identification a lot easier. if the police assemble a lineup, you just have to look for the guy with the puffy, dark green face.

So they couldn't call her a slut, because all the guys knew she wouldn't, so they started making fun of her breasts. They called her Bessie, or Clarabell. They would say "got milk?" and moo in the hallways. I'm just lucky I was in a different school building by then. I would have gotten in even more fights. As it was, I got in plenty. If you ask me "Hey, is your sister the one with the knockers?", I'm going to make you wish you hadn't. Basically, you could call my mother a whore and not be inaccurate, but if you try to act like either of my sisters is the same way, and I'm going to hit you until I get tired. More on that later.

So Karen was a lust object for the guys (even older guys and some teachers, I think) and a hate object for the girls. Amy, myself, and Mrs. Klemp were the only people she could be with or talk to without stupid crap making it worse. As the other girls got older, and their bodies started developing, some of the heat went off Karen. There were plenty of other girls spending all their nights and weekends on their back or on their knees, that the date-rapists moved on to easier, although less juicy, targets. Karen, however, developed a maturity and a self-sufficiency that even I envy at times. I imagine most girls would have been miserable wrecks, but Karen shone like a diamond. It's easy to see why I admire and respect her so much. Thanks again to Mrs. Klemp, for helping Karen, the little (effectively) orphan girl become a strong woman.

While we're thanking Mrs. Klemp, I should probably mention the cooking. Mrs. Klemp is a fantastic cook,

and I mean in the southern tradition. Biscuits, fried potatoes, barbecue, all really good stuff. She even taught Karen how to make stuff that nobody here "up north" had probably ever heard of, like collard greens, fried okra, and grits. Mrs. Klemp is very old fashioned. She taught Karen that to love your family means to take good care of them, and delicious food is a part of that. Not like "a woman's place is in the kitchen," more like the idea that a woman can have many, many places, but the kitchen definitely *belongs* to her. A real woman can make the kitchen her bitch. Which is probably for the best. I mean I can make spaghetti and toast (and ice) with a reasonable degree of success, but a chef I am not. Karen views cooking as an act of creation, as well as an act of love, and is happy to do it. I also think that every meal that she makes for us is a reminder to herself of how much better she is than mom ever was, both as a cook, and indeed, as a woman. Amy likes cooking too, but doesn't much care for baking (too slow). All I have to do is the dishes, and of course compliment the cook(s). In all the years they've been cooking, I think I've only had to lie twice.

Now, if Karen is a mature, patient, graceful woman at age 14, Amy is a circus going over a cliff. Amy's goal in life is to swing up and over the bar on the swingset. If Karen is a juicy steak and flaky peach pie, then Amy is stir-fry chicken and zesty mac & cheese.

Amy took 4 years of karate because she liked it so much. She progressed further than we did, as well. She went on to take 3 years of gymnastics, and won numerous ribbons. We call her our little ninja.

Her favorite place in the whole world is any of the local parks. We live near the county seat, and they've got this little cake-eater town consisting of yuppies, bratty rich kids, and angry elderly. But they have several parks scattered throughout the town with big swings, slides, and various playground equipment. Amy *loves* it there. She's been hooked on it ever since we saw an ESPN special on street climbing. She'll run up the cargo net, hurtle over the swinging bridge, and dive headfirst down the slide. It's like her own smaller version of the X games. She has come home with wood chips inside her clothes more often than I can count, either from going backwards off the monkeybars, or diving under the teeter-totter. She misuses everything but the swings. She'll use the teeter-totter as a balance beam, she'll walk on top of the monkeybars, she'll go down the twisty slide standing up, like a surfer.

Amy has what I would call a normal build for an active 9-year-old, but she's a little on the tall side. (She didn't inherit the massive breasts from Mom.) She has somewhat curly light reddish-brown hair, with dark green eyes, and an evil smile that could make the Pope blush. Her hair is normally right below her shoulders in length, but lately she's been growing it longer. Karen sometimes braids it for her, but she usually lets it go wild. (It's hilarious to see them. You'll have Amy sitting on the floor being perfectly quiet, but making faces as Karen pulls her hair into braids. Normally, she has the patience of a bullet, but she'll sit there as long as it takes, just because she knows Karen enjoys fixing her hair.)

She is constantly banging her knees and skinning her elbows. She is as fearless as a lion, but wails like a banshee when she hurts herself. She runs like the wind, and laughs like a donkey. Farts like one too, much to Karen's disgust. Karen is always trying to get Amy to be more ladylike, and Amy pretends to get annoyed, but I know she actually loves it. Amy idolizes Karen, and does a hilarious impression of her, including the way she unintentionally wiggles when she walks. Amy used to quietly despair that she would never be as beautiful as Karen, but lately I think she has realized that she is going to be just fine.

Lately (now that I'm driving) the three of us went to Local Major Amusement Park. Amy wanted to ride everything, but the lines were ridiculous. She soon discovered that some of the smaller rides, like Loud

Music Whirly Thing and Rickety Spinning Contraption were just as exciting, because you didn't know if they were going to fly apart. Karen and I rode the log flume and we got totally soaked. She sat in front and tried to duck, but she got all the water right in her lap. She had been wearing a white shirt, so her tanned skin and pink bra totally showed right through it. I took off my black t-shirt and told her to take it to the bathroom to change, but it was like a four minute walk to the nearest bathroom, and guys were practically drooling on their pot-bellies. I walked beside her, of course. (This also meant I spent the next two hours wearing her shirt that said It's Not Polite To Stare.) Amy waited in line for 45 minutes to ride The Devil's Crevice, a major loopy steel rollercoaster, and she actually got the front seat. Just like that, she was hooked. Amy bought a shirt at the gift shop that said "I (horned heart) the Devil's Crevice!" In later weeks she wore that shirt to the playground, and at least one woman took her kids and left immediately.

Amy is allergic to cats, so she can't go with Karen to Mrs. Klemp's house, so I sometimes worry about her need for role models. Basically, she has Karen, me, and TV. I've got no idea how to raise a little girl to be a normal woman, but Karen is turning out really well, and Amy idolizes her and tries to be just like her, so I guess it will work out ok.

So anyway, our house sits on about 32 acres or so, most of it wooded. Mrs. Klemp's house sits right next to the end of our driveway, but after that, our nearest neighbor is like a mile away. The house sits about 200 yards from the road, at the end of a loooooong driveway. The first 80 feet of driveway go through some very thick trees, and down a little dip, so we are pretty well screened from the road. After that we have a field about 120 feet wide that goes all the way back to the house. I cut this meadow with a big riding mower Dad bought a few years ago after Amy almost got bit by a snake when she went to get the mail. The "Dead End" sign by the top of our driveway keeps most people away, because it looks like a crappy little road. Karen said she has been at Mrs. Klemp's when Girl Scouts or Jemima's Witnesses come by, and they just drive past our driveway.

Our house is a big sprawling two-story farmhouse, with a front porch that goes all the way around to the back. The house has big glass doors that lead out to the patio, and we have a picnic table on the back porch, under the little second-story overhang. On the patio there is an outdoor fireplace where you can see it from both the pool and the hot tub. The fireplace has a grill thing that you can put on it, and sometimes Karen will grill stuff if we are spending the evening relaxing outside.

The hot tub sits at the western end of the pool, and the fireplace is kinda tucked at the very edge of the patio. Our hot tub is big, one of those big square ones that they call a ten-person spa, although I think the only way you could get ten people in it is if they were all standing up. Get everybody sitting and relaxing, and it would hold maybe five before you'd have to put your feet in someone's lap. I really love our hot tub. If you've never been in one, then you have no idea what you're missing. We actually hung an all-weather clock on the back porch, because when you're relaxing in a hot tub, time slips away. They warn you not to get it too hot, because you can actually get heat stroke, and effectively cook yourself. I chopped a lot of wood growing up, and a soak in the hot tub is the BEST way to loosen sore muscles.

The pool is a big in-ground unit, not Olympic sized or anything, but still pretty decent. We have steps instead of a ladder, and no diving board. Amy and Karen practically live in it. (When Amy was five she wanted to be a mermaid.) We have all manner of pool toys. Rafts, floating lounges, various inflatable animals. I tend to go for little battery-powered things like boats or sharks or whatever. Karen likes to float, or race back and forth, Amy likes to dive for golf balls, or run and try to cannonball. Swimming is

how Karen gets her workouts.

In the lawn behind the pool is where Amy and Karen have their garden. I tilled up a 40 x 60 chunk of land, and they plant tomatoes, zucchini, cucumbers, and watermelons. They tried strawberries one year, but critters got almost all of them. They have fun out there, I guess. Gardening really isn't my thing, although I like to eat what they grow. They get these seed catalogs with really cool varieties of vegetables, so we occasionally have white or purple tomatoes or something. (although white cucumbers remind of those Bunnacula books I read when I was a kid.)

Past the garden on the left and back about 30 yards is the barn (this used to be a farm, after all) but the only things in it now are the big riding mower, the tiller and some other tools (my axe), and Dad's second car, which he just purchased recently, like within the last two years. Dad's primary car (a Celica) is almost permanently at the airport. He said he sees enough taxis in other towns, when he comes home, he wants to drive his OWN car. (although he's NEVER home, so what kind of sense does it really make.)

Dad's car is one of those new Mustangs, solid black with tinted windows. He's never home so I don't know why he bought it, I think he just really wanted one. He got the leather interior, the multi-cd changer, the cool wheels. He even found someone to install exhaust cutouts. For those of you who have never seen a J.C. Whitley catalog, exhaust cutouts are a little "Y" pipe you install between the engine and the muffler. it has a little valve in the center, and a T-handled cable pull that you run up through the floor near the gear shift. when pulled, this valve shuts off exhaust to the muffler, and blows it right out of the pipe, under the car. You would do this when out on the highway, because it increases horsepower, gas mileage, and it makes the car a hell of a lot louder. If you've ever been driving and you get passed by one of those "Loud Pipes Save Lives" motorcycle dickheads, you get the idea. (Those guys piss me off. Loud pipes are just loud pipes, they're not safety equipment. The t-shirts shouldn't say "Loud pipes save lives" they should say "Loud pipes make my pee-pee seem bigger." Same thing with those giant diesel pickup trucks with semi-obscene decals like "Don't ram it, stroke it!" or those stupid rubber TrukNutz. I want to get some bumper stickers printed that say "Please don't laugh at my tiny penis!" and then I would put it on those trucks and run away.)

Behind the barn, the woods start again. When Dad first bought the house, he had a few things added (i.e., the pool, the hot tub, the outdoor fireplace, the glass doors leading out of the kitchen/breakfast nook, you know, all the stuff farmers would have no use for.) He also had about an acre of woods landscaped. they pulled out all the scrubby little undergrowth, planted grass, pruned the trees, and put in a path. So you've got this carpet of green, with a few big rocks tastefully placed, and decent-sized trees everywhere. When you watch those old Errol Flynn Robin Hood movies, you see what I'm talking about. It's actually really nice. we played hide and seek, robin hood, cowboy and indians, and a few years ago we even played House of Flying Daggers a little bit. Right at the edge of the landscaped part, the ground changes elevation, and there's this little depression in the land, like a valley, but only about 30 yards across, where the creek that comes out of what used to be the cow pasture (or corn field, we're not sure) and goes over some rocks in a waterfall about 20 feet down. It looks like there had been a cave or something on the hillside that fell in, but who knows. So you get to the end of the fake woods, and then there's this sloped path leading down into this gully, where the waterfall hits, and right there they put a gazebo.

On that portion of our property, the creek flows south to north, so down in the gully it's usually in the shade. The gazebo is white with a dusky green roof, six-sided, and has benches on three of the sides.

Hanging up high from the exposed rafters is a Citronella lantern, so you can keep the bugs off. It is a beautiful little sanctuary. This is the kind of thing that raises your property value another \$50,000. I used to go out there a lot when I was younger, because I had to get out of the house (Mom screwing strangers) or because something was troubling me (Mom screwing creepy strangers). I used to take a book, but rarely read it, because I would just sit there, listening to the waterfall, or watching the fireflies (at night). Karen would sometimes join me there, although she usually tried to make little boats from leaves or sticks and float them where the creek fed out of the pool at the base of the waterfall. As a kid, these were some of the best times in my life, I think. Me and Karen, not even talking, just being outside in the peace and beauty of Nature.

In less peaceful times (after age 9 or so), I would take an ax out of the barn and go cut down trees. A full-sized tree would take me about a month to process, what with chopping down, removing branches, chopping and splitting the trunk, and dragging the wood to the woodpile. We had three fireplaces in the house, pool, living room, and master bedroom, so we could use the wood.

It occurs to me as I am writing this that I probably *helped* Mom get laid, because she could set a fire in the master bedroom and then screw on the sheepskin rug in front of it. Tres romantique! (Sigh.)

Karen would be at dance or gymnastics, baby Amy, bless her clueless little heart, would be at daycare, and I would have to get out of the house, or listen to mom screech and swear while she fucked some stranger. So, I would hike out, pick a tree right on the edge of one of our fields, and work on chopping it down. I burned a lot of energy (and hostility) with that exhausting exercise. I also started getting muscles in my arms, shoulders, and neck. I'm not ripped like one of those steroid freaks, but I guess I look pretty good with my shirt off. (Karen says I've got the body of a god, Amy says my torso looks like Ryan Reynolds in Blade III, but I don't really believe either one of them.) I certainly get a fair amount of attention from the ladies. I'll elaborate on that later (Eye roll.)

I remember one time about two months before Mom scrambled, I trudged up onto the back porch from the west, all sweaty and carrying my axe. (I like the double-sided {bitted?} axe because you have twice as many surfaces to work with, and it takes less time to chop without having to stop and sharpen.) Through the screen door I hear mom's latest fuckbuddy (she brought him home from the gas station, goddammit) tell her that she should dress up like a cheerleader, and he'll "pole her ass" on Karen's bed. I didn't even wait to hear Mom's reply, I just charged into the kitchen (I don't remember opening the screen door. I might have gone THROUGH it) and tossed my axe onto the table, knocking his coffee mug into his lap. As he drew in breath to scream, he tipped his chair backwards trying to get away from the pain in his newly French-Roasted testicles. I kicked the back leg of the chair, which broke, flinging him backwards onto the floor, where his head made a very satisfying noise. (thoonk!) Mom was yelling at this point, but I leaned right down in his face and screamed "GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE YOU SICK BASTARD!!!!!"

Now a threat from an eleven-year-old probably wouldn't carry much weight normally, but a sweaty, wild-eyed, axe-wielding, slightly muscled eleven-year-old covered in wood chips can lay down a pretty clear message. Never mind the burnt balls and busted head, he wasn't about to argue. He scrambled up and tore out of there. Mom was livid.

I ignored her, grabbed my axe, and went to take a shower. (I took the axe with me so Mom couldn't get rid of it.) I went into my room and started getting my clean underwear, when I hear the lock on my

bedroom door click. Mom had locked me in. We have old-fashioned doors where there is an actual keyhole, and the same key works from both sides. What Mom forgot in her anger was that my room has more than one door. Our bedrooms are connected in kind of a U-shape, with the bathroom in the middle. Mine, then Amy, then Karen, curve around the upstairs bathroom. Mine, the bathroom, and Karen's all have doorways to the hall. If someone is using the bathroom, Amy can enter or exit her room via mine or Karen's.

I ran through the bathroom, and got into the hallway right as mom got to the door, and I lunged and grabbed the key out of her hand. She shrieked at me about how dare you, I'm your mother and you will obey me, blah blah blah. I told her calmly that if any of her male visitors even *looked* at Amy or Karen wrong, I was calling the police. She shouted about how she was boss around here, not me. I repeated my statement and told her that with as many scumbags as she brought to the house, she really had no idea what could happen. She just made this face like a mad bullfrog, and stormed away. I checked Karen's, mine, and hell even Amy's bed for signs of screwage, locked all three hall doors, and went back out to chop more wood, because I was angry again.

Mom didn't make any supper that night. When she brought Karen and Amy home, she told them that since I was so big and important, *I* could feed them. She took her keys and went to the bar. We made peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and sat at the table (Now missing a chair.) I gave Karen the key to our rooms and told her to keep her door, and the bathroom doors locked. She asked me what had happened, and I told her some of it, how one of Mom's "boyfriends" had wanted to do "stuff" in her room. She shuddered.

"Is that what Mom was so mad about?" She asked quietly.

"Yeah, I kinda threw the guy out." I said.

"Mom was mad all the way home," Karen said. "She talked about sending you to Juvenile Hall."

I snorted. "Well, I scared the crap out of the guy before he left, but I don't think they'll arrest me. I'm pretty sure a cop would think I did the right thing."

"*I* think you did the right thing," She said, and got up, walked over, put her arms around my neck, and gave me a big kiss on the cheek. My heart gave a little flip. We'd given each other kisses on the cheek before, but this one felt different. This one was a reward.

"Kiss me! Kiss me!" Amy piped up happily, her face covered in jelly. We wiped her off, and did so.

I still chop wood, but now I sometimes do it for fun. I'm not as angry all the time anymore. You can only stay so mad for so long. Over the years, my anger at mom for leaving us, and Dad for ignoring us kinda faded, especially as Karen and Amy and I grew stronger together.

TV is the only source we have for seeing how families behave, and I'm sure that's a terrible thing. The good news is we try to do the opposite of however they do it. Dumb dad, shrewish mom, bratty disrespectful genius kids, it's sickening. (If the kids are so smart about everything, how come they always sneak out to get arrested at the concert, or they always do what their shoplifting idiot friend tells them to do.) The only time those characters are nice to each other, it is after 23 minutes of one-liners,

snarky advice, and flat-out verbal abuse. They hug just once, at the finale, at the moment of "AWWWWWW" that I think is required by law. They should do a linear sitcom, where the characters learn from their wacky hijinks and act accordingly next week. The mom and dad would get a divorce, and the kids would be in military school. Those wacky neighbors who waltz right into your house, day or night, would either be shot or served with restraining orders. That wouldn't be a very funny sitcom, unless you just hated the characters so bad that seeing them unhappy made you smile. Wow did I get off-topic.

What I meant to say was that Karen, Amy, and I have always been a team. None of that "he took my dolly!"/"she took my baseball!" crap. *WE* are the only family we've got, so we've always treated each other like gold. It's us against the world. We get along really well, in fact. There have been some rough spots, (Amy wanted a tattoo when she was 7, and hated me for weeks when I told her hell no) but we're closer than I think most other families are.

You see on TV where a family will go in to watch TV or play a movie, and everyone gets their own couch. We are not like that at all. Our living room has a couch, and two big single-person chairs. We rarely ever use the chairs because we all sit together on the couch. Usually, I'll sit on the couch, Karen will sit on the floor between my feet, leaning back against the bottom edge of the couch, (She swears the floor in front of the couch is always more comfortable than being ON the couch) and Amy will sit next to me, either leaning against me, or lying sideways on the couch with her feet in my lap. Amy likes to have my arm around her if she's leaning against me, either on the back of the couch, or actually around her shoulders.

We don't watch a LOT of TV, but there are some shows we enjoy together. Karen loves Jeopardy, Amy loves Wheel Of Fortune, and I'd love Las Vegas if they got rid of all the people on it and replaced them with different people.

We've always been very "touchy." Hugs, footrubs, neckrubs, even backrubs are sometimes daily occurrences around our house. Very often when we watch TV, Karen is rubbing my feet, and I am rubbing her neck or her shoulders. Amy *loves* getting her back rubbed. When we go out to the pool she always asks for help putting on lotion, I think because it means she'll get her back massaged. When we sit and watch movies or TV, I'll rub Karen's neck and shoulders, and she will practically purr.

A few months before this narrative started, Amy brought home a book on massage from the library, and she and Karen teamed up to give me a backrub that I think made me pass out. I had been chopping wood for a few hours, and I came in, took a shower, and put on some running shorts. They had me lay down on the sheepskin rug in the master bedroom, and they both went to work on my back, neck and arms. I got so relaxed I fell asleep for about four hours, right in the middle of the afternoon. (I was lucky I was laying on my stomach because when I came to, I had been laying on an erection that had left a dent in the rug.) Amy said I was snoring into the rug, and it was soooooo cute. All my joints felt loose, like my bones had been removed, polished, and replaced, but in a good way.

Another thing that happens a lot is when we get summer thunderstorms, or the weather gets really really cold, girls tend to show up in my bed. My bed is the meeting place because I got the old queen size that Mom and Dad had when they first got married. When they moved to this house they upgraded to a Super King (which is big enough for several people) and gave me the old queen size, which has a black square headboard, and no footboard. Karen's bed is this old twin bed with white metal grillwork and

swirly metal curlicues on it. A long time ago she got fake flowering vines at the craft store and intertwined them at the top and bottom. Amy's bed is this single canopy bed, pink, that looks like some Disnae knock-off.

So my bed, being the biggest, and the warmest (girls are almost always cold first), and the safest (I'm in it usually) they come flying in if they get frozen or scared awake by thunder. Neither one of them cares for thunderstorms. In the winter I'll roll over and encounter a human ice block, in the summer storm season, a scared girl will come bouncing onto my mattress and burrow against my chest, and cover her ears. This is not a bad thing, but sometimes I was really sleeping quite well, and getting jolted awake isn't anyone's idea of a good time.

As you may have already guessed, I am very protective of my sisters. This fact did not make me very well liked at school. I was always getting called to the office. "Why did you bust Billy Bigmouth's nose?" Because he told the guys in the locker room that he was going to tittyfuck Karen. "Why did you give Sammy Shithead a black eye?" Because he asked me when Karen was going to be "up for grabs" and pantomimed grabbing her breasts. About the most trouble I got in was when one guy, lets call him Freddy Fuckface, mused aloud as to whether Amy spit or swallowed, and I knocked two of his bottom teeth down his throat. I almost got sued, blah blah blah, and if it hadn't been said in the lunch line where the art teacher overheard it, I probably would have been in real trouble. As it was, this is what finally got me kicked out of school right at the start of my junior year. The art teacher vouched for me as just defending my sister (again) but the principal had just had enough of me. The art teacher was kinda cute too. The principal, on the other hand, looked a lot like Hillary "Icebox" Clinton. So, out I went.

While I'm thinking about it, it was kinda interesting to see how other guys treated their sisters. Older sisters were hated and treated like whores, which I'm sure some of them were. Younger sisters were either hated and treated like nuisances or sneak thieves, or they were treated like little babies. Every guy there who had one treated his sister as if she were competition for the same resources. Nobody had what I would call a good relationship with anybody.

So anyway, they boot me, and so then I get nervous, because that year, Karen is going to high school without me. (She would have been what? Eighth grade?) Mrs. Klemp saved us again. she got all three of us on this cyber-school thing, which is the best invention ever. We got three computers, internet, and just like that, we're free. I mean yeah, we have to be up at a certain time, and we have to do our school work, but it's at the house, there's no dress code, and we can pee or get a drink any time we want without asking for permission. It's great!

Technically Mrs. Klemp is supposed to be there, proctoring or something, but usually it's just me. (Don't tell anyone ok? *huge wink*) I think she was there one whole week (five days, 8am to 2:30), but when she saw how well we were doing, she kinda gave the reins to me and Karen and told us good luck, which suits us just fine. I mean yeah, I help Karen with history, and she helps Amy with math, but we basically do all our own work.

This cyberschool things suits me perfectly. I didn't really have many friends (me and Scott never talk anymore really) and being the son of the town slut and very protective of my hot sister didn't make me any more popular. Karen didn't have any real friends either, for reasons previously stated, so the only one to miss out was Amy. Amy took it well, and she still chats with lots of her friends, or meets them at the park, so we're doing well. School is actually pretty cool now.

Karen still occasionally chats with a few of the girls from her class, but she doesn't visit, and if they stopped talking to her tomorrow she wouldn't shed any tears.

Growing up together has been kind of interesting in some respects, though. Sexuality kind of came to us when we weren't ready. Mom gave Karen a few talks (Never in private, always somewhere embarrassing, like during dinner) but the talks were always like "Don't have sex with guys unless they are rich, or really good-looking, or you want to." Those particular criteria seem to include just about anyone, though. I might have suggested something like "Don't have sex with someone you just met, and NEVER have sex with anyone you don't love." Mom never told me what to expect, and neither did Dad either, dammit.

I mean I knew that my penis would get bigger and harder when I was looking at pretty girls on TV (thanx Skinemax) or when I was trying to imagine what sex was like, but the other specifics of sex evaded my deductions.

You ever get those catalogs that are just advertisements for more catalogs? They have titles like "Most Amazing Catalogs In the World!" and they'll always warn you that this is your last issue? Inside will be a collection of goofy little outlet-store places selling Tableware or Winston cigarette apparel. There will also be ads for Filipino mail-order brides and Meet Russian Women! But, they also have ads from places like FredLick's of Hollywood, Vanessa's Chambre, Flirty!, and Whore Uniforms, Ltd. I went and got a p.o. box in town, (this is when I was 14, I think) and had lingerie catalogs delivered there.

It was great, but it never really worked, because I had not discovered the principle of lubrication. ANY dink will shrink if it is rasping away in a dry hand. So I'd rub my cock until it got sore, and then I'd kinda give up and go take a shower or whatever. I had "blue balls" a few times, lemme tell ya.

(I'm going to interrupt myself a moment to complain about evolution. Nature favors the vagina. From age two, most girls are surrounded by objects that could be used for masturbation purposes, and adults seem totally oblivious to this. All a girl needs is something shaped like a finger, and not squishy like a marshmallow. Ink pens, certain toys, candles, even some food items would suffice. Come with me to the pet store, and I could find you at least a dozen things that an enterprising girl could get off with. Does your daughter have one of those Wiggle Pens? You know, the one that has a vibrator in the top so your penmanship comes out all swirly? If she does, and if she's not retarded, I guarantee she's come on it at least once. A couple of years ago there was a big flap about those Harry Potter Nimbus 2000 toy brooms. The thing was shaped like a G-spot vibrator, and they even TOLD you to clench it between your legs! Almost every set of plastic toy food comes with a little red hot dog. Handles on fancy toothbrushes. Those little pocket flashlights with rubber-nubbed no-slip handles. Girls have it easy. Vaginas seem much easier to accomodate, in terms of self-exploration. Me, on the other hand, try finding a suitable fake vagina in your local department store. Ain't happenin. I tried toilet paper rolls, but my dick was too thick to fit in. Paper towel rolls, same story. Somebody in a chat room one time suggested getting a gourd vegetable, like a pumpkin or a cantaloupe, and making a hole in it. Those things are hard on the outside, and once you're in, the hole stays the same size as your last thrust, so other than scraping against the opening rim, you don't feel much. Plus, you feel like an idiot. Guys have it much more difficult.)

The only orgasms I had before I was 15 came from wet dreams, which suck. Wet dreams are unreliable,

and uncontrollable. Pretty much the minute I realized I was dreaming, I would wake up. I remember one time I had a dream that two gorgeous girls asked me if I wanted to have sex with them, and I actually said "no" because I didn't realize it was a dream. Had I realized it was a dream, I would have had sex with ANY girl, but thinking like a responsible person, I said no because I didn't know who they were. I woke up and went "SHIT!!!"

Wet dreams always left you feeling cold, sticky, and gross. Plus I always tended to wake up right at the moment of orgasm anyway, which totally ruins the moment. Imagine goin at it, and right when you are about to come, and ejaculation is already inevitable, someone yanks you out of bed, (out of your partner) and throws you out in the street. Kinda like yes yes yes YES YES HUH? *clunk* ohhhhhh. Those last few seconds can make all the difference between a great time and a lousy time. So snapping awake right as you start to ejaculate means that while dealing with the fact that you were only *dreaming* about sex with a beautiful girl, now you have to go clean up a mess too.

And I tended to be messy. Wet dreams were the worst because I lacked the ability to do it to myself, so when they came, they really unloaded me. Masturbating, I usually get five or six good squirts, and then an hour of dribbling. Wet dreams though, geez. A month's worth of cum would be produced, so I would have to get up and try to change my sheets while still groggy and dopey from the experience.

(I think I read once where the average male emits between three and seven million cells when ejaculating, and the body immediately sets about trying to rebuild them when they are jettisoned so suddenly. This is why guys tend to go to sleep after an orgasm. I think that seven million may be towards the low end of my spectrum, because I seem to cum a LOT.)

Anyway, I had to get up and change my sheets immediately because my bed was not a private place, for reasons mentioned earlier. This didn't always work out, however.

When I was 13, I had a wet dream that made perhaps the biggest mess ever. I had been laying on my stomach, humping the mattress I guess, and I blew the Wad Of The Century. I mean I really hosed down my bed. I awoke in this warm puddle that went from my navel to my knees. I threw off the covers, and inspected the damage. the wet spot had to be about two feet across, no exaggerations. I had soaked right through my underwear, and the flannel PJ bottoms I wore in colder months, to leave a big goo patch on the mattress. I threw the blankets back, checked to see if they were dry, and crawled backwards off the bed, carefully trying not to touch anything sticky to anything clean.

I stumbled to the bathroom, my penis doing that itchy/tingly thing it does right after an orgasm, where you can barely stand to touch it. I peeled off my sodden PJs and underwear, balled them up, and stuck them waaaaaayyy down in the hamper. I then staggered into the shower real quick to wash away my sins.

I grabbed a towel, wrapped it around myself, and stumbled back into the bedroom, to find a terrible surprise. Ten-year-old Karen, on her hands and knees in her Bratz nightgown, in the middle of my bed, inspecting my jizz-puddle!!!!

"What are you doing?" I gasped.

"I was freezing when I woke up, so I came in here," She murmured. "What is this stuff? I climbed up on

your bed and my hand went right in it."

She held up her right hand and I was horrified to see it shiny with my semen.

Thinking fast, I lied. "I forgot a bottle of hand lotion on my bed today, and I accidentally rolled over on it and the lid came off." (Hand lotion! I'm a genius! I thought to myself)

She rubbed her fingers together experimentally, then held it up to her nose. I shivered. "I don't think I've seen this kind before," she said, "It smells kinda metallic, but . . . good. . ." Her eyebrows formed a curious frown. "I sorta like it. why did you have it in here anyway?"

(Hand lotion?! What kind of idiot am I?! I thought to myself) "I put it on my hands so I don't get blisters after chopping wood." I blurted. "Listen, the bottle was really old, and I already threw it away. I think the stuff went bad or something. Here, help me get the sheets off, we'll get dry ones."

She crawled backwards towards me, holding her right hand up to avoid getting it on the sheet, and as she did so, her nightgown rode up. I found myself looking at her panties, which I dimly noticed were covered with little cherries, and the waistband said "JUICY! TASTY! SWEET!" over and over again. This made me remember I was only wearing a towel.

"Umm, go wash that off, and I'll get a new sheet," I said, backing towards my dresser.

She mumbled ok sleepily, and trudged towards the bathroom. As she went I noticed her raising her hand to smell it again. Oh geez, I thought, if she only knew. I spun around quickly, and yanked my underwear drawer open. Nothing! I tried the next drawer, and other than a stocking cap and two brown bandannas I had never used, there was only a pair of boxers Dad had been given as a joke, and they just kinda got brought in from the laundry room one day.

Oh crap. They were bright white, with the Burger King logo on one leg, and written on the other leg it said Home Of The Whopper! I sighed disgustedly. Brilliant! My luck is really holding together tonight, I thought. I could hear Karen clunking around the sink in the bathroom, so I quickly put on the semi-smutty novelty underwear, and discarded my towel. I then pulled off the sheet, wadded it up, and tried to scrub at the wet spot for a few seconds.

Karen plodded out of the bathroom, and sleepily announced "I'm cold."

As she rubbed her eyes, I told her to wrap up in a blanket and wait a moment while I found a clean sheet. I blundered out into the hallway (remember, not even ten minutes ago, I had a HUGE orgasm) and lurched to the hall linen closet, where I chose a thick flannel sheet, and staggered back towards my room.

Karen was kneeling on the bed with her hands in her lap, I guess, with my blanket wrapped around her completely like a shawl. Her eyes were closed, and she was breathing deeply. I asked her if she was ok.

"Oh!" she startled, her eyes popping open, "Yes, I just . . . I felt . . ." she blushed very red, ". . . funny."

Genius that I am, I failed to take note of that, but just said, "here, help me with the sheet."

We got the sheet on, and the pillows replaced, and crawled into bed. She snuggled right up against me and gave a cute little shiver. I put my arms around her and moved her hair out of our faces. I also noticed her hair smelled like strawberries. Mmmmm. As we began to get warm again, I reached up and rubbed her shoulder and neck a little. She stretched against me, and gave a happy little sigh, breathing right on my neck.

Several things began to happen. 1. I got a bit ticklish. 2. I felt her breasts rubbing against me as she arched her back, and 3. Life returned to my penis.

I mean here we are, snuggled up belly to belly, she's rubbing her breasts against me softly (and they are firm breasts, believe me friends. You KNOW when they're rubbing against your chest.) If my penis had been a drawbridge, there would have been ringing bells and flashing lights as it prepared to rise. I had to move fast. (erection 7%)

I picked her up, and rolled over onto my other side, carrying her up and over my body, and laid her on her back on my left side. I then pulled up both my legs, and draped her legs over mine so it was like she was sitting in a chair that had fallen over backwards. This way, when my cock reached full salute, it would be shielded on either side by my thighs, and she wouldn't feel it prodding against her, she would feel constant pressure of her butt resting against my lap, sideways. My left arm was under her shoulders, my right I just laid across her ribcage, below her (large, firm, wonderful) breasts. I felt so guilty. I was getting a hard-on from my sister! (erection 15%)

She, meanwhile, kinda went Oooohhh! while I moved her and then rubbed my arm. "I sometimes forget just how strong you are." she said, stroking my bicep.

I didn't know what to say to this, so I said nothing. (erection 30%)

"All the girls in my class are crazy about you, you know." She mumbled sleepily.

"Huh?" I articulated. (erection 40%)

"Carrie always watches you when you're outside in gym class, Jessi practically slides out of her seat in the cafeteria when you walk by, and even Mandy can't stop talking about you and she used to hate you." She was getting drowsier every second.

I racked my brain and came up with nothing on Mandy. "She did?" (erection 50%)

"You gave her brother two black eyes and a busted nose last year." Oh, him. Lets call him Jimmy Jerkoff. He told a guy in wood shop that he wanted to give Karen some of his "Special Eyedrops" with a jacking-off motion of his hands. He probably didn't realize I was standing right behind him. (erection back to 40%)

Karen was nearly asleep now, but she said "They all think you're the hottest boy in the eighth grade." (eighth grade was the highest grade in the middle school.)

"What do you think?" I asked, expecting some silly or flippant answer (erection 35%)

"I think you're the most wonderful guy in the entire world." She turned her head and kissed me right on the corner of my mouth. (erection 80% and rising)

She nuzzled against me for a few seconds, gave a happy sigh, and fell asleep. (erection 108%)

It was like an electric shock had gone through me. That kiss had been gentle and sweet, but it was like someone hit me with a cattle prod. I was bolt awake, my penis was practically making a noise like a plucked bass guitar string (thuuuunnnnnnnngggggg), and I was sure I would never sleep again. I just lay in bed, with a lovely girl in my arms, and suffered. I eventually drifted off to sleep, but not before plenty of time to silently yell at myself to get over what I was feeling. She was my sister, right? I can't feel sexually attracted to her!

Sleep, when it came, was welcome.

A few years later I was moving around some old boxes in the attic, looking for christmas decorations again, when I found an old cardboard box that was sealed up with electrical tape. It was a small box, but heavy, and it rattled a little. Also, someone had taken tape and made an "X" on each side.

X marks the spot, I thought, so I took it downstairs into mom and dad's old room where the light was better, to look at it. From that day forward, my life changed. The box contained about 12 issues of Playboy, 2 Hustlers, six video tapes, and half a bottle of Astroglide. This had to belong to Dad, I thought. It was a veritable Pornucopia.

Well, Amy was doing her homework in the rec room, Karen was watering the garden, so I decided to see what was on the videotapes. I opened the TV cabinet there in mom and dad's room, turned the volume way down, and put in the first tape. (All of them were labeled in pencil, which doesn't show up too well.)

It was porn. Seventies porn. Brown-ish yellow light, squealy guitar solos, honest to gosh porn. Not the titty movies you get on Cinemax where the girl is apparently humping the guy's navel, and the camera angle is so bad you can see they are both still wearing bikini underwear, but real dicks in real pussies. I mean, they weren't the most attractive people, (the women tended to have big hair and all the guys looked like Magnum P.I. and EVERYBODY looked greasy,) but it was still porn. I was a little bit turned on, and a little bit nauseated. The first time I saw the sexual act for real, it looked a little unromantic and unglamorous.

I mean I imagined it to be awesome and beautiful, but instead it was some really hairy guy with his arm in a cast screwing some fat lady partially dressed as a nurse in the least convincing hospital room I think I've ever seen.

I popped that tape out, and put in the next. this one had been rewound, so when it started, it was some movie called "Like a Fish Needs a Bicycle" so at first I thought it was some foreign art film or something. Instead, and much to my delight, it was a lesbian porno. It started with two women lounging on lawn chairs talking about sex, and suddenly one of them pulls out this pink jelly penis (a dildo, I learned) and the taller one straddled the shorter one (who held the dildo over her crotch) and started screwing herself with it. THIS was about the hottest thing I had ever seen. I noticed the half bottle of astroglide, and put two and two together.

I quickly walked over to the window, and saw Karen still working in the garden, weeding now, apparently. I moved to the hall door and listened for Amy. I could hear the TV on, so she must still be in the room. I locked the door, and returned to the edge of the bed where I had been seated, and quickly shucked my pants down to my ankles. My dick was already waiting for me.

I get about five drops of astroglide, and start rubbing my dick the way the shorter girl had rubbed the dildo, twisting slightly, and not sliding all the way off the end. I knew I was on to something, because it immediately felt better than anything in my life had ever felt.

After a few minutes of onscreen sex, the shorter girl asked the taller one. "Ready for your ass?" My jaw hit the floor. This had never even occurred to me. I watched, utterly amazed, as the taller girl stood, repositioned, and slipped the dildo into her butt, and then sat alllllll the way down on it. They then recommenced screwing, only with about twice the enthusiasm as before.

I started to get a feeling in my cock like I when I have to pee really bad. I thought, hell no, I ain't missing this, I'll just hold it, so I clenched the muscle that keeps me from peeing. (I later learned that this is the Pubococcus muscle, or the PC, and clenching it actually hurries the orgasm along.) Meanwhile, the feeling got so intense I was almost terrified, and my penis exploded. I mean I GUSHED cum all over the place. Some hit the TV, some splurged onto my stomach, and the rest of it got all over my hands and the floor.

I think it was at this point that I fell off the bed. I made a loud clunk when I hit the hardwood floor, and the Pornucopia slid off too, and clattered everywhere. I immediately swooped it back into the box (hands all sticky) and kicked it back out of sight under the bed.

It seemed like instantly, I could hear Amy knocking on the door. "Are you ok?" she asked, her voice sounding a little frightened.

"I'm fine," I panted, trying to get over to the TV to take out the video which was still playing. I hurled the video under the bed, and looked down. I was covered in cum, and the floor had telltale spots and splurts all over it. I yanked off the t-shirt I was wearing and started wiping off the TV screen.

"A spider got on my neck and I dropped a box off the ladder." I said, out of breath, as I mopped the floor with the cummy t-shirt.

"Really?" Amy said, still sounding worried. "Why is the door locked? Are you ok?"

I threw the shirt into the hamper, yanked up my pants, and unlocked the door, my knees still weak, and I'm sure, my face still flushed. "It must have swung closed."

Amy peered past me into the room. "Where's your shirt?"

"I squished the spider in it, so I took it off." I didn't like lying to her, but she was 7. No way I could tell her what I was really doing.

"Ewwww!" She said, then turned to me, smiling evilly. "You yelled a bad word!"

"Huh?" I had no memory of yelling anything.

"You said 'Oh God, Oh *shit*!' right before I heard the box fall." She mouthed the word shit silently.

"Umm, spiders freak me out?" My mind raced. Did I really yell?

"well, you shouldn't swear," she preached with all the gravity of a seven-year-old wearing yellow rubber boots, a short Care Bears dress, and a plastic princess crown. (we let Amy dress herself on non-school days.)

"Shouldn't you be doing some homework?" I asked wryly.

"I had to come upstairs to in-vest-I-gate the emer-gen-cy." She announced, carefully using grown-up words. "Are you sure you're ok? You look weird."

"Well, get back to work, I'm fine." I tousled her hair with my left hand (The non-sticky one.)

She marched from the room, and I quickly grabbed the box and hid it in my closet.

In my haste, I must have missed a few items from when the box fell out on the floor, because later that night when I went to check on my little treasures, there were only about four vcr tapes in the box, and I was sure I had started with six. I snuck back out to the master bedroom (I just now decided not to call it mom and dad's room anymore, because frankly, they don't live here) and dug under the bed for about 20 minutes, but I didn't find anything besides shoes and some ripped lingerie, which was really gross.

At the time, I had no idea where they went, or what happened to them. I looked at what was left and saw it was "Nasty Nurses," "Like a Fish Needs a Bicycle," "Worlds Hairiest Tang," and "Debbie Duz Taxes." I threw away the "Hairiest" one without viewing it.

However, I didn't let the missing tapes bother me too much because I had sweet, sweet porn. (I was always afraid to get too adventurous with the cyber school computers because I am sure they monitor that stuff, and the less scrutiny our family situation got, the better it was for us, right?)

Best of all, and I think the most useful to me, there was an old Adam&Eve catalog tucked into the second playboy (Girls of the SEC.) Adam & Eve is the best. If you buy lube or a sex toy, they'll give you like four hours of porn to go with it. Modern porn with attractive people in it (Mostly.) I got myself a pocket pussy and some ID Glide lube, and they sent me *I Wanna Fuck You Up The Ass* and *Joe Squirt.* Squirting looks pretty neat, although it's probably really messy. if you did it, you'd probably have to move to a different bed, I don't know.

Anyway, that's where I got started. Age 15, with my new favorite hobby, masturbation. I quickly became an expert, and got in as much practice as possible. I also learned a few things:

A. Never do it more than three times in a day. (My record is eight, but I almost didn't survive it. my last orgasm was like when you ALMOST sneeze, and then don't.)

B. Pancake or chocolate syrups do not make for good lubricants. (don't ask.)

C. Lock doors, make sure your sisters are either busy or asleep.

D. Never do it right before school or work, or when you have to go somewhere or pay attention to something. I bombed more than one test because I couldn't keep my eyes open after jerking off.

E. Vaseline Intensive Care with Aloe. Not Avon, not jergen's. Trust me. I used it so often that to this day, just the smell of that stuff gives me about half an erection. I think they call that a sense memory.

I also learned that waiting in between times makes it feel a little better, and I ejaculate more. Three times in one day, and that third time I only get about a tablespoon's worth. Then, I don't feel like doing it for about a week. On the other hand, if I wait a day or two between, I shoot the same amount I usually do and feel great afterwards. If I waited a week, and got reeeeeallly horny, I would come almost twice my normal amount.

So, I got into the habit of masturbating about every three days or so, except for emergencies. For some reason I've always equated how much I ejaculate with how "good" the orgasm was. I found a towel in the linen closet that didn't seem to go with anything else, and that became my cleanup rag. Life was good!

I got a few videos from Adam&Eve, because they let you just sign a thing saying that you are 18 or 21 or whatever is legal in your state. (I was 15 at the time, sorry A&E) Lesbian porn is still my favorite. I bought classy stuff like Where The Boys Aint 12 and Do-It-Yourself Girlgasms, and they sent me stuff like Pork Crammers and Not In My Ear. The free stuff tended to be really raunchy, but who cares?

It occurs to me that I should probably at this point include a description of my penis. I thought about ASCII art, but various browsers tend to smash that stuff up, and I'm certainly not going to be posting any pictures of my schwanger. I am circumcised (thank goodness.) I've seen some guys who aren't, in the old video tapes, and it looked kinda gross. The head of my penis is a tad bigger than a good AA walnut, and the shaft is usually about seven or eight inches, although more than once now it has been documented as big as 10 inches. the first four inches right behind the head are thicker than the head, and the last four inches (closest to my body) are about as thick as the head. For proportion, imagine a peach on the end of a little league bat. I used to worry that my penis was too small to satisfy a woman (I think a lot of guys go through that) but after seeing porn, I realized I'm actually pretty darn good. Later in life, when it got to be 10 inches, I almost laughed out loud with relief, but I didn't because it would have been inappropriate in those occasions.

I don't know about other guys, but my erection is different sizes based on what's going on. If I'm horny, it's about eight inches. If I'm not horny, but I've decided to masturbate anyway because I won't have an opportunity later, it's about six or even five & a half. If I'm actually having sex with a girl, it's eight and above.

A full erection usually points up about 30 degrees, although when it has been ten inches long, the angle is more like 45. When my penis is soft, it is only about two or three inches, and it points wherever gravity dictates.

So after that, I was like a masturbation athlete. I made sure to drink plenty of water, and pace myself. I

usually used personal lubricant, but occasionally used vaseline intensive care hand cream, just to make sure my skin stayed on.

After that, no more wet dreams, I guess because they were no longer necessary. I think your brain does that just to make sure your plumbing works as you reach puberty. Lord knows you don't get them when you want them. Except I did have one more. It was perhaps the most terrifying experience of my entire life, even more so than getting stabbed in the leg with a cooking knife (which you will read about later.)

Allow me to set the scene. (harp arpeggios)

* * * * *

Veronica Zemanova and I are making love. (Google that name, you won't regret it.) Warm wind rising over our olive plantation washes over the piazza of our Italian villa, cooling our sweaty skin as we bang on the dinner table. Behind me, our four maids in ridiculously skimpy french maid costumes cheer us on, and beg to be next. My dick is the size of a \$5 cucumber as I make sweet love to her, and she groans with abandon as her large breasts rotate in tight little circles, from the pounding I'm giving her. She wraps her legs around my waist and pulls me ever deeper into her glorious honeypot. As she nears the climax of her fourth orgasm, and I realize I'm about to explode like Old Faithful, I wake up.

I instantly realize several things.

1. I'm about to cum, big time.
2. I'm not alone in my own goddam bed.
3. My penis has somehow worked free of my underwear and is rubbing up against this other person.
4. This other person is Amy, (7 at this point) who appears (Thank you, jeebus) to still be asleep.
5. She's not wearing her nightgown, just some shiny pink satin panties. (it was summer, and she always complained about being hot when she woke up.)

5 1/2. TOO LATE!!!!

My cock went off like the fourth of July finale. I tried as quickly as possible to move away, but my actions were somewhat hampered by the mind-blowing, teeth-clenching, ball-emptying orgasm I was having so everything happened in slow motion. I pretty much heaved and flopped away like a beached trout strapped to a two-by-four, so the first five splurts of cum went right on Amy.

Squirt number one (the biggest) hit her right below the navel, right above the waistline of her panties, and some splashed across near her hip.

Squirt number two (I was moving backwards and away, so they tracked right up her body) hit her at the base of her ribcage.

Squirt number three hit her tiny left breast, right near the nipple, and splashed down into the tiny hollow between her tiny breasts. (Her nipples were standing up quite tall, but at the time I didn't realize the

significance.)

Squirt number four hit her collarbone and neck, and ran down over towards her hair.

And finally squirt number five hit her right on the chin and lower lip. She twitched a little, but otherwise didn't seem to wake up. I, meanwhile, managed to spasm over and away, and about one squirt went straight up and landed on my stomach, two more went into the handful of blanket I quickly grabbed.

My mind was in a panic, and I was still in no shape to move. I just blew a hot, juicy, copious load all over a seven year old girl!!! Any minute now the State Police would bust down my bedroom door, jam a nightstick up my ass and blow my head off with a shotgun. and I would have deserved it.

As soon as I could control my own body, I looked over at Amy, my brain freezing cold with horror. She was still asleep. I think I thanked every god I had ever heard of although I am sure they weren't actually HELPING me.

The cum glistened on her tanned skin like little pearls. I was just paralyzed with terror. What the hell do I do now?!!! How do I fix this?!!! I took several deep breaths.

How did this even happen? I looked around the dim room. The doorway between our rooms was standing open, and as lightning flickered, I saw her Barbie nightgown hanging on the doorknob. The room WAS very warm, because it was August, after all.

Dammit. She must have come in, all sweaty, peeled off her nightgown because she was hot, and slid into bed with me. Thunder rumbled half-heartedly in the distance. Judging from the lightning that illuminated her distant nightgown, the storm must be pretty far away by now. She must have snuggled up against me, and therefore triggered the sex-dream in my sleeping mind. Judging from the way we were laying, (her on her back, me on my right side) my dick must have been rubbing up against her satin panties and sweaty belly, giving it all the feelings it needed to make me cum. (this was the only possible explanation I could come up with.)

I already knew why my cock was out of my underwear. I had one pair of Munsingwear brand briefs, and as (bad) luck would have it, I was wearing them. For those of you who don't know, Munsingwear has an unusual design in the front. The fly of most underwear is vertical, either like an upside-down "Y" or like two wide panels of fabric that needs to be spread apart and moved, so you have to reach around two pieces of material to get to your Unit.

Munsingwear, on the other hand, has a patented horizontal fly (the jerks,) and it only has about an inch and a half of overlap. THEN, to make things even more stupid, they put the upper piece of material on the inside, and the lower piece on the outside. This way, when your penis rises to full salute, it pushes up the inner piece all by itself, and pops out over the lower piece. (Imagine lifting a curtain and then stepping over a small ornamental garden fence.) Basically, in their brand of underwear, your erection automatically pops itself out of your underwear. (I threw them away at the earliest opportunity.)

I shot a look back at her. Still asleep. I'm pretty sure if someone flopped around on my bed and sprayed warm liquid on my body, including on my lips(!!!!) I'd be bolt awake. I fought the panic that was still

racing down my spine. Amy is a pretty sound sleeper. We used to have her dressed for kindergarten when she was still asleep. Maybe, just maybe, if I could get her cleaned up, I could make this all go away, and not have to go to federal pound-you-in-the-ass prison.

I crawled out of bed and silently hobbled as fast as I could to the bathroom, where I wasted all the time I dared getting a wet washcloth EXACTLY room temperature. (I also tucked my half-hard, twitching dick back into my undershorts.) I debated leaving the bathroom door open wider so I could see what I was doing, or turning off the light entirely so if she woke up, she wouldn't see me hovering over her with a washcloth. I opted for more light, and crept back out to the bed.

I approached from the side of the bed she was laying on, and began mopping the spooge off her with agonizing slowness. I used slow, circular, silent movements. I was like the ninja.

The waistband of her panties had a damp patch about two inches across, both from the semen and from the washcloth, but I didn't press too hard, and just hoped that it would dry. To my dismay, I also saw a damp patch right in her crotch, (which I assumed was my precum or something) but there was NO way I was going to be able to wipe that off without waking her up, I was sure. I swabbed off her ribcage, and turned the washrag inside out.

I swept around her nipples, careful not to touch them. (Amy has very sensitive nipples. As a toddler, she always had her hands up her shirt playing with them.)

When I got to her neck, she moved her head, sighed, and before I could do anything, she licked her lips!! I watched helpless, as her little pink tongue gently swept my cum off of her lips and into her mouth. I screamed silently for about five seconds. Not only had I left DNA evidence all over her body, if they did a "rape kit" they would find my semen in her mouth!!! I am SO going to hell, if not just prison!!!

I forced myself to calm down, and, with shaking hands, tried to finish the cleanup. A litany of "I'm dead I'm dead I'm dead" just kept playing in my head. I got her chin wiped off, and in her sleep, she frowned and grunted, shaking her head a little, like something had tickled her.

I threw the washcloth in the garbage can (disposing of evidence) and followed it with my sodden, traitorous underwear. I got a fresh pair and trudged back to the bed. I wasn't sure if I was going to cry, throw up, or kill myself. I had just ejaculated all over my 7-year-old sister. My only goodish thought was that she had apparently slept right through it. I can't even comprehend what I would have done if she had woken up.

As I got back into bed, I must have jarred her, because she rolled over on my arm, put her arm across my chest, and snuggled against my shoulder. "I looooooove you." She slurred groggily, and started to snore. I don't know how long I stared at the ceiling.

In the morning when I awoke, she was in the bathroom peeing. (Amy never peed with the door closed. Not sure why.) I waited until the trickle stopped, and I heard a flush, and then I went in, half terrified to make eye contact, but really having to pee.

"Good morning, big brother!" She chirped brightly. She had replaced her nightgown (backwards) and stood scratching her mop of hair. I was tense. she only called me big brother when she wanted a favor

and was trying to be cute.

"Morning, squirt!" I nearly bit my tongue on the last word. I usually called her something cute like that, but that particular word was a Freudian slip, and very unwelcome in my personal vocabulary right at that particular moment. "Can I have the bathroom a minute? I gotta take a leak."

"Ok!" She bounced to the doorway. "Could you turn on the shower for me? I feel kinda itchy." She said, scratching her stomach.

My knees went weak, and I nearly missed the toilet.

* * * * *

I worried a lot growing up about Amy not being normal. She never knew Dad OR Mom, she couldn't visit Mrs. Klemp, and we didn't go to church or anything, so there wasn't really anybody in her life except for Me and Karen. And of course, the TV. After we got out of public school, I began worrying again, because she didn't even have a peer group to hang out with. Her karate and gymnastics course were the best places she had to make friends, besides the park.

In fact, it is at the big park at the center of town that we first met Liu Si. Amy always made lots of friends with the kids, although she scared the parents to death. They were always grabbing their kids and yelling at their own children to be careful, even though it was Amy who was running between swings and vaulting the little spring-rocker animals.

So anyway, we're there one afternoon, and Amy has been spending about an hour trying to perfect a backflip off of the clubhouse thingy. (It has this little platform, roof and windows midway between the fireman's pole, and the twisty slide.) Amy will stand on the edge of the platform, and try to backflip onto her feet, down on the ground. She keeps going too far or too short, and either landing on her hands or her butt. (The whole platform is only about four feet up, and since the playground is across the street from a private christian school, they paid to have it mulched with that black and brown torn-up rubber mulch that they get from recycling tires and old tennis shoes.) She's not hurting herself, but she's starting to get annoyed, when this other girl taps her on the shoulder.

I was lying on a blanket under a tree reading Gil's All-Fright Diner (which is genius, by the way, you should really pick it up.) so I missed this part, but Amy said this asian girl (Liu Si actually IS chinese, but I wanted to introduce her as asian in case you thought we didn't know the difference.) walked up, tapped her on the shoulder, shyly said "You try this?" and climbed up and did a perfect backflip, landing in a crouch. Amy had been trying to do it with feet together, like an Olympic event, but this girl did it right foot first, which made her landing easier, as she had one foot down already for balance when the other foot came around. In Amy's words it was "Totally Dragonball."

Another thing. Amy watches all those japanimation shows on cartoon network. Not my particular cup of tea. I just can't ever figure out what the male characters are always angry about. Maybe they're mad about how all their female characters are objectified by being forced to dress like strippers.

blue-haired DDD schoolgirl:-- "Isn't it a wonderful day? No school would ever let you wear skirts this short!" *panty flash*

Male character with hair standing straight up:-- *Growl of inarticulate rage*

So Amy just goes crazy over her, grabbing her hand, dragging her over to meet me, re-enacting the jump, asking her name (it isn't actually Liu Si, but that's what I'm calling her here. Later I'll explain why.), and basically totally overwhelming her. Every time she would say to me "Isn't she *pretty*?!" or "Look how gorgeous she is!!!" Liu Si would blush and cover her face. Amy introduced us, and then immediately began peppering her with happy, although intrusive questions. "Where are you from?" "Do you live near here?" "Where did you learn that flip?" "Do you know any kung fu?"

Liu Si tried her best to keep up, but her English wasn't very strong yet, and Amy waits for no one. Amy mixed the interrogation with compliments. "I love your hair!!!" "You are SO pretty!" "Could you teach me how to do that?" "What's your favorite color?" and so on.

Liu Si was just kind of in a happy daze, like she couldn't believe that she had made a friend, and that the friend was this enthusiastic. (Before we left that day, Amy gave her the bracelet she had been wearing, which was little white seashells strung like beads. "It's one of my three most favorite, but I want you to have it, because you are one of my three most favorite, along with my brother and sister.") Liu Si kept shaking her head and trying to refuse it politely, but Amy was having none of it. "You are the coolest person I've met all year, and we'll meet again, so just hold it for me until we see each other again, if you want to."

After about an hour of playtime, a hassled-looking Chinese woman came to the edge of the park and yelled shrilly, and Liu Si got up guiltily. "That is my mother. I must go." She said sadly.

"She looks really mad," Amy said, worried.

"I ran away again when I had chores to do." Liu Si said.

Amy walked with her towards the woman, and kept talking with her. When they got to the woman, I saw Amy bow very low, the way we were taught in karate class.

I could see Amy speaking, and the woman's frown softened a bit. She shook her head no, however, and waved her hands in a "no" kind of gesture.

I could see Liu Si grab the woman's elbow, and talk very rapidly. The woman looked at her, and then shook her head to Amy again, although less forcefully this time. Amy held her hands clasped in front of her and hopped a little, speaking rapidly.

Liu Si spoke again, and gestured at Amy. The woman took a deep breath, and then paused for a moment, looking up at the sky, red and orange from sunset, as a small flock of birds wheeled and darted over the playground. She looked closely at Amy, and then turned to Liu Si, and said something, her head tilting gently sideways. Liu Si jumped and clasped her hands in front of her grinning, and Amy leapt into the air and gave a whoop.

The woman held up one finger and spoke forcefully for just a moment, but then smiled at Liu Si, who ran over and gave Amy a big hug. She waved to Amy as she and her mother walked away.

Amy was so excited that as she ran back to me, she did about ten handsprings on the grass, and collapsed on the blanket next to me. "Her mom said yes!"

"To what?" I asked.

"Liu Si is allowed to come to the park for an hour on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays!"

"That's cool, but is it that big a deal?" I wasn't being rude, it's just that Amy seemed extremely fired up about what seemed like something very small.

"She said she's usually not allowed to leave the restaurant at all." Amy said, pouting a bit.

"What about school?" I asked, a bit stupidly, never thinking that her situation might be outside of normal immigration.

"No school. She said her parents work for a man that owns a big building downtown. One side is a restaurant, and the other storefront is a nail salon. The top two floors are all living space, although it's really crappy."

"Oh wait, I know. One storefront is Dragon Garden, and the other side is Nail Adventure, right?" When I would drive through town at night, there would always be lights on over those two businesses. (The county seat prides itself on being an old-timey main street kinda place, so other than the county courthouse and a few church steeples, there is nothing over three floors in the whole town.) "Dragon Garden has only been open about two years, right?"

"She said she has to chop cabbage and wash pans and stuff. sometimes she jumps off the fire escape and comes to the park though. Her mother said that if she gets all her work done, she will be allowed to have an hour to play on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. I HAVE to be here that time! She says no one ever talks to her or plays with her, because she does not speak a lot of english. She is so cool, but she seems very shy and sad."

Amy kinda quieted down a bit on the way home, but two days later, Friday, she practically dragged me to the car. We were there at 4:45, and Liu Si came running into the park at 5:05 and ran straight to hug Amy breathlessly.

"I chop one million cabbages!" She laughed, gasping for air, and held her arms wide. "This much!" She fell on the ground laughing, and Amy yelled "One million cabbage!" and did a cartwheel. And then they were off, jumping, swinging, racing, skidding, hugging, and generally having a huge time. I had brought a book, but they were going so crazy I just put it down and watched them, grinning.

About 5:45, they came over and flopped down on the blanket and rested, just talking. Amy not only had been talking to Liu Si in english, she had been asking Liu Si for chinese words as well. Liu Si told us haltingly about life in the building where her family lived.

She told us that her family had only been there about a year, having paid a great deal of money to come over from China. Her father had been a butcher and her mother a teacher, but here he was a cook and

she was either a hostess, a waitress, or a manicurist, depending on what was needed. She said that there had originally been apartments over the two storefronts, but that the owner had knocked down some walls and removed some doors and now it was all semi-open. Her family (her mother, her father, and herself) had their own room, and they hung a heavy blanket over the doorway, but some people lived worse. All told, there were about 30 people living over the two stores, on two floors. Only old women shared rooms with single men, and some of them still took kitchen knives to bed. The waitresses and busgirls shared rooms, but they were always stealing from one another.

Every week, a big box of videocassettes would arrive from China, and they would send back the old ones, and watch a new week's worth of Chinese television. She would watch American television, and try to learn English, although some of the other people in the apartments disapproved.

"They tell me I am not worth learning another language, that soon I will be married or sent back to China, so why try to be something that I am not. I tell them that a caterpillar can be a butterfly someday, so why give up, why not try to BE better. They just get mad."

"You are so worth it." Amy said immediately, ignoring the odd phrasing. I could see that Liu Si understood. "You are in America now, honey," Amy continued sassily. "You can be the biggest butterfly you want to be, right Will?"

I smiled, but inside I knew Liu Si's situation was probably a lot more complicated than a mere "be all you can be" would solve. Still, I resolved that we would do whatever we could to help her feel comfortable for as long as we could. "I hate to interrupt, but it's 5:55. Do you need to get back?"

"Yes," Liu Si sighed, crestfallen. "Dinner rush has started, and there will be pots that need washing. But, I have had a wonderful time. Thank you so much!"

She and Amy hugged again, she smiled shyly at me, and then she ran off into the evening sunlight and shadows.

"We're going to be here Monday at 5:00." Amy announced firmly.

"Fine with me." I smiled, and rolled up the blanket.

This went on for about two more weeks. Amy gave Liu Si a hairband with a butterfly on it, and she nearly cried. Liu Si then gave Amy a knotted cord bracelet with a jade bead on it. "Good luck," she said simply. "My mother said you are a true friend, and very auspicious."

We quickly understood that she and her family were here illegally, because of the generally nervous way that Liu Si behaved whenever a police car cruised the park, and from other things she told us. No school, not being allowed into the dining area when the restaurant was open. Sudden disappearances of some of the staff, with new replacements arriving later the same day. Liu Si said her mother told her that the owner owned several businesses in the tri-state area, and sometimes shuffled people around, so as not to have the same faces at his businesses, to make it look like work visas were being properly used. It sounded scary.

The worst thing, she said, was the fact that he (the owner) had sold the air conditioning and air ducts

from the top two floors as scrap. The heat from the kitchens was usually enough to kinda heat the apartments over the restaurant in the winter, but in the summer, it was hellish. The nail salon had space heaters for winter, but the fumes from bonding all the acrylic nails and polishes made it dangerous to use. Most nail places (I have since found out) have big ventilators to keep fresh air in the work areas, but since the ducts had been torn out and sold for scrap, the fumes and chemical vapors just kinda saturated up through the second floor. Add that to the smell of cooking all day, and the apartments sounded really nauseating.

After a few weeks of playdates, Amy started asking Liu Si's mother if Liu Si could sleep over at our house. At first, the answer was no. Have I mentioned that Amy is tenacious?

Amy started working on Liu Si's mother, asking politely (in chinese) if she was feeling well, complimenting her and generally kissing up. Liu Si's mother didn't stand a chance; Amy can be very very charming when she wants to be, (as I will elaborate upon later.)

We didn't eat at the restaurant after some of the stories Liu Si told us. The place sounded nasty. (I went to the library, and looked up the Dragon Garden. Two years ago, it had been called Panda Palace, and it had been shut down after a female college student took her leftovers to the Health department and they found human semen in her cheese wonton. Three people got arrested, and the place lost its license. Three months later, it re-opens as Dragon Garden. From what Liu Si said, I'll bet it re-opened with exactly the same staff, minus the three who got arrested, of course.)

So Amy made a few social calls, and brought Liu Si's mother a zucchini from the garden, (which totally flummoxed her. Amy goes in with this big green monster about the size of a tenor saxophone and presents it to Liu Si's mother, who wasn't ready for it.)

Finally, she won her over. Karen and I had to go along with her to pick up Liu Si at 10 pm, when the restaurant closed. Karen and I both dressed nicely, and acted very mature and intelligent, even though I was seventeen and a half and Karen was fourteen.

A man came out of the kitchen and scowled at me, but when he saw Karen and Amy, he loosened up just a bit. He was red-faced, and his white shirt was spotted with grease. He spoke very shortly with her mother, and looked at me angrily. Her mother spoke very calmly, and Amy even butted in (again, in chinese.) His eyes just about popped out when Amy said whatever it was she said. He frowned for a moment, and then threw his hands up. Liu Si's mother called for her, and she appeared, looking freshly scrubbed, and wearing denim shorts and a white top with lace around the collar. She was carrying a plastic grocery bag with clothing in it, and was grinning fit to burst.

She ran out to Amy, and they both hugged and squealed, jumping up and down. Her mother smiled warmly. "Have fun." she said clearly, in english. Amy laughed, and said what I can only assume is "thank you" or "we will." Liu Si looked at her mom with amazement.

"I had no idea she spoke much english other than restaurant words. She must really like you." Liu Si said breathlessly, as they ran ahead of us to the car.

"Did you have any supper?" Amy asked.

"I had some leftovers, mostly rice and a few fried things. Whatever was left on the steam tables."

"That doesn't sound very good. It sounds like all you had was rice and old fried stuff that was all tough and burnt." Karen said, frowning. She looked at me, one eyebrow raised. I nodded.

"What would you girls like for a treat? You're going to stay up all night and watch movies, right?" Karen said. "Pizza?"

"They have pizza on the buffet sometimes, right?" Amy asked. Liu Si nodded. "What is something you want but you don't get to have?"

"Sometimes the younger cooks bring back french fries. Those are very nice." she said shyly.

"What about hamburgers?" Amy asked, amazed. Liu Si shook her head and made a face.

"I do not like ham very much."

Amy looked like she was about to laugh and said "No, no, a hamburger is made out of beef!"

Liu Si looked surprised. "They why is it called a hamburger?"

"It came from a town called Hamburg." Karen said, smiling.

"Why would they name a town after a sandwich?" Liu Si asked, even more confused.

"They had the town first, and THEN the sandwich." Amy laughed, clutching Liu Si's hand. "Would you like some fries and a burger?"

Liu Si looked very happy, but then sad. "That would be very nice, but I was not allowed to have any money to bring."

"No problem," I said. "We'll get them for you."

We got in the car, and drove through Burger Joint, and got their biggest flame-broiled sandwiches for the girls, and the biggest fries for each of us. It also turned out that Liu Si had never had a milkshake, but we got her a small. (I had heard a long time ago that lactose intolerance is common among Asian peoples, so I didn't want her getting a stomachache on her first ever sleepover.) She picked strawberry, and looked like she just about had an orgasm when she tasted it. "It is like ice cream you can drink!" she kept saying.

When we got home, Amy took her all over the house, showing her every room, and the porch, pool, and hot tub. Liu Si was amazed. "Who else lives here?" she asked, completely agog.

"Just us!" Amy beamed.

"You have a house this big, and a pool, and a bathtub, and you do not have to share it with anyone else?!" Liu Si almost seemed upset. "You are so lucky!"

"Ehh," Amy shrugged. "We don't have a mom or a dad, though. You're pretty lucky too."

"No mom or dad?" Liu Si looked surprised, and sad. "What happened?"

"Mom ran away and died, Dad ran away and never comes home." Amy said, matter-of-factly.

"Oh no!" Liu Si covered her mouth.

"It's ok." Amy said, in an its-not-ok voice. "We're over it."

There was an uncomfortable moment of silence. Liu Si leaned forward and took Amy's hand. Amy leaned over and put her head on Liu Si's shoulder. "It only hurts when I think about it."

"My father is always angry. He wanted a son, and he got me instead. I do not think he has ever really forgiven my mother. Sometimes he seems ok, but he never really loved me. Every time he gets mad at me, or I do something he does not like, he reminds me." Liu Si said softly.

Liu Si stroked Amy's hair, and they just sat like that for a moment. "Happy thoughts!" Amy said. "Wanna go swimming?"

"I cannot swim." Liu Si said. "We used to splash in the river when I was very young, but we were never allowed to go out too far."

"How about the hot tub?" Amy asked, smiling.

"I have never been in one. It seems strange to go in the bath tub with someone else. Either way, I do not own a swimsuit anymore."

"You could use one of mine. Or," she whispered in Liu Si's ear, and grinned at her evilly.

Liu Si blushed deeply, and shook her head quickly. "I - I could not."

"No one would see. I do it all the time." Amy said quietly.

Liu Si smiled, but blushed even harder. "I do not think it would be a good idea."

"Maybe some other time," Amy said, smugly. "Tonight we can eat burgers and watch funny movies."

"Ok," Liu Si said happily.

(Karen and I had been chatting with each other and eating our fries at the table with them, but I was able to follow their conversation.)

"Where are you girls going to sleep?" Karen asked, turning back to them.

"Nowhere! We're staying up alllll night!" Amy cheered.

Liu Si whooped, and waved a handful of fries.

"No seriously, you're going to poop out at some point." Karen said, smiling.

"Nuh uh!" Amy cried.

"Going to poop?" Liu Si said, wrinkling her nose.

"It means get tired and fall asleep." I said.

"Are you going to sleep in your room, or in the living room in front of the TV?" Karen asked.

"I'll drag my mattress downstairs, and we'll both lay on it in the floor and watch the movies, how's that? If we don't get sleepy, we'll just stay up and eat popcorn!" Amy had bought a big box of Microwave popcorn, hershey bars, marshmallows, graham crackers, and a gallon of chocolate milk. "We'll make S'mores at two in the morning! Ok, tonight is comedy night! Which movie to start? Home Alone or Dumb And Dumber?"

(I should mention this was a friday night, so no school next day. Also, the Dragon Garden did not open until 11:00 am on Saturdays, so we had plenty of time to get Liu Si back.)

Karen and I cleaned up the kitchen, while Amy and Liu Si wrestled her mattress downstairs. We made sure the doors were locked, and Karen and I each trudged up to our respective rooms.

"Her dad sure didn't like the sight of me," I commented wryly.

"Why should he? You're handsome, gorgeous in fact, and you were there to pick up his daughter for a sleepover." Karen grinned at me and winked. I blushed.

"It just seems like he wouldn't care that much about his daughter, after what she said."

"Not so much about her as his daughter, more like her as his property. He wouldn't want some bad, bad man making off with his virgin daughter, especially if he intends to marry her off at some point." Karen said soberly.

"Would YOU trust me with your daughter, if you were a mom?" I asked playfully.

"Well, knowing you makes it hard to answer that question objectively, but yes. I would trust you around her, but I might not trust her around you." Karen smiled knowingly.

"What does that mean? You're not answering the question." I complained half-heartedly.

"You really are a dreamboat, and you don't even know it." She said this quietly, almost to herself.

"I'd trust you to take good care of her, but I'd be aware that it might lead to something that wasn't G-rated." She grinned playfully.

I blushed harder. "What makes you say that?" I asked.

"You don't know girls very well, do you?" she asked, smiling. She opened her mouth, as if she was going to say more, but got this sad little tilt to her eyebrows. "I'm sorry. I wasn't really answering the question as you asked it. Yes, I would trust you with my daughter, just like I trust you now." She stepped forward and kissed my cheek. "With my life, as always."

We went to our respective rooms, and went to sleep.

I awoke to a light tapping noise. I opened my eyes, and saw the first few rays of dawn peeking through my window. I pulled on a bathrobe, and opened my bedroom door. Karen was hopping up and down with a huge grin on her face.

"You have to see this! It's adorable. I gotta find my camera!" She tiptoed past me quickly to her room.

Not sure what she meant, I simply waited at my door until she re-appeared with her polaroid Joycam. "Come on!"

We moved slowly downstairs to the wreckage of our living room. Popcorn was everywhere, and there, in front of the snowy TV set, on a slightly chocolate-stained double mattress, were Amy and Liu Si. Amy was wearing a tank-top and boxer kind of Pj's and Liu Si was wearing a man's t-shirt for some sports team. Both had chocolate on their hands, and Amy had some on her cheek.

What was adorable was that they were both kinda intertwined. Amy was laying on her back, her arms and legs flung wildly out at all angles, and Liu Si was curled up right against her, her arm across Amy's ribcage, her head actually resting on Amy's shoulder, and her leg thrown over Amy's leg. Both were snoring. Karen took two polaroids (no flash) and draped a quilt from the couch over the two of them.

"Like little bunnies!" She giggled.

"Chocolate bunnies," I laughed quietly. We went into the kitchen and made a big breakfast. We heard the girls wake up and make trips to the bathroom behind the laundry room, and then they joined us for our morning meal.

"So how was your first sleepover?" I asked. "You two looked pretty cozy this morning."

Amy grinned, and Liu Si blushed. "It was GREAT! We had Smore's, and chocolate milk, and she started a popcorn fight!"

Liu Si pretended to look outraged. "I did not! I merely . . . offered you a handful of popcorn . . . very quickly!" And she giggled. "Amy laughed so hard she almost peed!" She pointed accusingly, eyes sparkling.

"I didn't though," Amy said pointedly, "I made it outside, didn't I?"

"Ex-CUSE me?" Karen said, putting down the milk with a bang.

"Umm, I mean," Amy floundered, "Oh crap."

Liu Si blushed and giggled even harder. Karen looked at Amy with a very attentive expression. "Yes? Outside?"

"We were playing a game," Amy said, trying to sound justified, "where we made rules that both of us had to follow. I said any time somebody on TV got hit in the crotch, we had to cram a whole handful of popcorn at once. She said the whole floor was hot lava, and you couldn't touch the wood, you had to walk on rugs, or the coffee table, or the couch or the mattress."

"Get to the part about urinating outside." Karen said, steel in her tone.

Amy swallowed and shot a glare at Liu Si, who was totally unfooled by it. "As it turns out, there are no rugs or furniture between the little couch and the doorway to the bathroom." Liu Si said, helpfully. "I had not meant for it to be the case, but the first person to break a rule lost the game, so we had nowhere to pee."

"So we jumped from the mattress to the couch, then to the rug, then to the kitchen, went outside and used a bush beside the house. The Pee Bush." Amy smiled weakly.

"We have a Pee Bush now?" Karen said, her tone starting to change from annoyed to amused. It *was* pretty funny.

"I could show you which one, so you know not to step in it if it looks muddy." Amy said, a rascal's grin showing near the corners of her mouth.

Karen sighed and put her forehead in her hand. "That's not very ladylike," was all she could say. I know I was grinning like an idiot. I used to pee outside all the time when I chopped wood or cut grass. The trick was not getting caught, but that all being said, peeing outside is strangely satisfying.

"Do you need to know the location of the Pee Bush?" Liu Si asked me, her voice more serious.

"I've probably made quite a few myself over the years," I said. Karen huffed. "Don't worry about it," I said, "But the hot lava rule has been revoked. You may freely use indoor restrooms from now on."

After breakfast, while the girls were cleaning up popcorn and chocolate, and I took Amy's mattress back upstairs, Karen got her Joycam back out. "Let's take a picture for Liu Si to take home," Karen said.

The girls both whooped and immediately hugged, two grins blazing. Karen went to take the picture, but the button didn't press. "Oops. Old picture's still in it." She said, and popped out the second picture of Amy and Liu Si snuggled up, asleep. Amy immediately blushed, and Liu Si looked embarrassed, and apologetic.

"You fell asleep first," Liu Si said.

"Did not!" Amy retorted.

"I have never slept in a room by myself, so rather than wake you, I seized the opportunity and slept next to you. I did not think you would mind."

"Well, of course I don't mind, silly. Come here." Amy grabbed Liu Si in a big bear hug and kissed her forehead with a loud MWAH. "We just look a little goofy in this picture."

"I would love to have that one, but I know my parents would object. They are very traditional." Liu Si said, smiling sadly.

"Well, let's take a good one now! CHEEEEEEEZ!" They both mugged for several shots, all of them hugging.

"Ok, ok, I'm almost out of film." Karen begged.

They picked the two best, and Liu Si carefully put them in her back pocket.

I drove her and Amy back to the restaurant, and they chattered and giggled all the way. Her mother opened the door. It was 10:00 am.

"Ask her if we can do this again in a few weeks!" Amy begged, and Liu Si carefully phrased a request. Before her mother could answer, Liu Si gave her mother one of the pictures they had taken, this one showing her and Amy with their arms about each other's shoulders, each giving a big thumbs up. Her mother's normally stoic expression warmed considerably. She spoke clearly, still smiling.

"She said "We shall see."" Liu Si translated, waved wildly, and went inside with a skip.

Amy was very pleased by that response.

"So who won the game? You never said." I asked as we drove away.

"I think I did."

"What was the penalty for losing? Enough so that you peed outside?"

"Well, actually, I sorta wanted to do that anyway. It seemed kind of exciting. But the penalty for losing is that the loser has to do whatever the winner says."

"What will you make her do?" I asked, in a conspirational tone.

"I don't know yet," she said appraisingly. "I didn't really want to order her around, she gets plenty of that now. Maybe I'll just make her get in the hot tub with me!" She grinned evilly. I made sure not to show any expression.

"You'll find her a swimsuit, of course." I said, my voice devoid of tone.

"Oh, yeah, of course," Amy said too quickly.

2 - Meeting Lola

Other activities in the early summer included chores like mowing the grass, getting the pool set up and keeping it clean, weeding, tilling and planting the garden, taking off storm windows and putting up the screens, etc. I usually did the mowing and the tilling, and most of the pool stuff, (although Amy is an expert at bug-scooping), and the girls did most of the planting and weeding and things. I don't trust Amy on the ladder, and Karen doesn't like rickety heights, so I did most of the windows.

Over the previous winter, Mrs. Klemp's visits with food had dropped to about once a week (usually tuesday,) and that wasn't much of a problem for us, we knew she was getting on in years as they say, and we wanted her to make sure she took good care of herself first.

I always snow-plowed our driveway with the blade on the tractor, and I would do hers as well, making care to salt really well around her steps, and along the driveway to her mailbox. (She still drives herself, God bless her. I'm just glad I've never been stuck behind her. When she used to drive us places before I got my license, she drove so slow I almost went crazy.)

In the summer, I extended the same courtesy, mowing her lawn and spraying the brush at the edge of her property with Supa Killa to keep the jagger bushes from taking over. I would fill the birdbath, and the birdfeeders which were now too tall for her to reach. Normally, when I would be messing with the birdfeeders, there would be about ten cats on the little shelf built on the windowsill, staring at me intently, as if willing the birds to arrive.

(The birdfeeders actually are set up for cat entertainment. She has about six, some that hang off the little apple tree, some on poles, and a hummingbird feeder right against the glass. That one drives the cats *crazy.*)

So this time I mowed the grass, filled the birdfeeders from the canister on the back porch, but when I went to get her weed trimmer out of the garage, I noticed an extra car in there. Mrs. Klemp drove a blue Corolla, but this one was a bright red convertible two-seater.

It was really hot out, so I took off my shirt, and kept going. I finished my weed-eating, and noticed that I was covered in little pieces of grass, thrown up by the weedwacker. I was wearing my oldest, most beat-up sneakers, and my usual pair of running shorts (the ones with paint spots on them,) So I grabbed the hose and sprayed myself off a little bit, washing off the sweat and grass clippings. However, when I went to tell Mrs. Klemp that I was all done, I got a big surprise.

I walked up on the steps and opened the screen door to tap on the glass, and the door opened. Standing inside was a very attractive woman, her hair wet from the shower (she also had a little towel around her shoulders,) wearing a white silk robe that went almost all the way to her knees. I kinda froze. I was expecting a 70-year-old spitfire, and instead I found a major MILF in her early thirties (guessing.) I've never cared for the term MILF per se, but it's the quickest way for you to get what I mean.

She noticed my shock and grinned. She had a very nice smile, although looking back, it was a bit

predatory. "So what's the damage?" She asked. She had a very nice voice, too.

Flummoxed, I looked back at the yard. Nothing damaged there. "Everything's fine." I stammered.

"I'll say." She said, and gave me the once over. I felt a little tingle from head to foot. "I meant how much do I owe you? And would you like a towel?" She offered me one end of the towel around her neck. I shook my head no, but right then a drop of water dripped off my eyebrow and went in my eye, and I flinched.

"Nonsense, come here." She said as I blinked painfully, and grabbed my hand, leading me over to the one of the barstools that stood near the tiny kitchen island. I started to protest, but she said "Shush!" and threw the towel over my head. The towel smelled really good. I dried my hair and my face, and looked around. She was doing something by the sink, (I couldn't help staring at her ass) and when she turned around, she had a glass of lemonade, and a pitcher of same.

One shoulder of the robe had slipped down, and I could see the edge of a tattoo on her shoulder. "You must be thirsty!" She said.

"Pretty much," I gulped the lemonade a bit quickly, and she leaned on the countertop opposite me. My eyes were drawn as if by electromagnet to her cleavage, but I successfully forced myself not to look. "So how much?"

"No, it's free. I always cut her grass. I'm Will Humbert." I extended my hand over the kitchen island. She looked delighted, and straightened up. Her robe threatened to slip down her shoulder even further, but she deftly caught it and repositioned it where it first was. Her handshake was warm and firm.

"Ah! It's very nice to finally meet you, Will. I've heard so much about you and your sisters. My name is Dolores . . . well, Klemp again, now. Everyone calls me Lola. Dolores Katherine Klemp is my mother."

Ah, I thought. She continued. "Mother told me that Karen was very pretty, but I guess I wasn't expecting *you* to be so handsome. I was in the shower and I heard the lawnmower, and when I looked outside, there was this man spraying himself with the garden hose. I thought you were some college student hired to take care of the house. I thought Will Humbert was younger. How old are you?"

"Seventeen," I said. It started to make sense now. At first I had thought she was flirting at me like some kind of nympho, but it was more of a I-just-got-divorced-am-I-still-pretty? situation. I loosened up a bit, but not all the way. "It's ok. I'm definitely taking it as a compliment."

She smiled at me, her eyes twinkling. God, she was attractive. She was a bit shorter than me, I realized, although only about an inch or two, with short blonde hair and deep green eyes. I have to admit I have seen very, VERY few women who look good with their hair cut this short, but she totally pulled it off. Her ears were pierced, although there were no earrings in them currently. Her figure, poorly concealed by the silk bathrobe, looked fantastic. "So what brings you here? Karen said you lived in . . . Phoenix, or was it Tallahassee?"

"No, Doris lives in Arizona, and Donna lives in Florida. I lived in Chicago until about five months ago, when, well, things didn't work out." Her look was a painful one.

"Uh oh, I'm sorry," I said.

"Don't be. Anyway, I'm here because Mom called me back. She hasn't been feeling well, and I've been staying at the house for a few days, driving her to the hospital for tests." She smiled sadly. All the fun had left the room.

"Oh geez, is she going to be ok?" I asked, very concerned.

"They don't know yet. She's been having some trouble with her left side, and her memory is sometimes . . . absent." She sat on a barstool next to me, and rested her chin on her elbows. She smelled like flowers and spice. "So I'm the designated cat-sitter."

"I don't mean to be rude, but this place does smell better." I said, looking for something positive.

"Her sense of smell has been gone for years. Half the litterboxes in this house were so bad the cats wouldn't use them anymore." She mumbled, staring out the window over the sink.

"How long do the tests take?" I asked.

"Well, this morning they told me that they would like to keep her for observation, and because her traveling back and forth is too tiring for her. They test her reflexes, they ask her questions, and they do bloodwork after bloodwork. So, tonight I sleep here alone with the cats." She sighed.

"How about joining us for dinner tonight?" I heard myself ask.

"Pardon?" She kinda perked up and looked at me.

"Well, Mrs. Klemp has been our legal guardian for years, so that makes you like a sister to us, right? I insist you come to dinner at our house." I smiled at her. "Come on over. We have a pool and a hot tub, a barbecue, and no cats. Take an evening to relax and have some fun. You look a little cooped up."

There were almost tears in her eyes. "Thank you, that sounds . . . very nice. I haven't really been around many people since . . . Chicago. Getting to meet my adopted family would be very nice indeed." She smiled at me again. And, again, I felt this little zap go up my spine.

I stood as soon as I was sure I could do so without wobbling. "Umm, there's a sweaty shirt in your garage. lemme get that."

"I'm about to throw a few things in the washer anyways," she said, fingering the collar of her robe, "How about I wash it and bring it back tonight?"

"O-Okay." I stammered. Dammit! Does she even realize how sexy she is? Is she doing this on purpose? I let myself out, and put the weed trimmer back in the garage. I picked up my shirt and brought it to the kitchen door, where Lola playfully grabbed it with salad tongs. I laughed, and so did she. "I'm sure it's not that bad," she said, "I just wanted to do that to see your face."

"You got me," I laughed. "Come over about five o'clock, ok? We usually have dinner around six, but you can relax and swim or whatever."

"That sounds wonderful," She said, and gave me another one of those sparkling smiles.

I got back on the tractor, and drove towards our driveway. right before I went out of sight, I turned and looked back. she had thrown my shirt over one shoulder, and she stood in the doorway, watching me go. She raised a hand and waved, and as I did the same, I turned the corner and was blocked by foliage. I thought about her all the way back to the house.

After parking the tractor, I walked back to the house, and came in through the kitchen door. Amy (currently semi-topless) was trying to get her bikini bottom straight. "Hey, Hot Stuff!" she chirped.

"Hey yourself, mermaid. Have you seen Karen?"

"Maybe she's trying to find you a shirt." Amy quipped. "Did you lose yours?"

"No, Lola's washing it." I said without thinking.

"WHAT?!" Amy cried. "KAREEEEEENNN!"

Karen came trotting down the steps. "What's wrong, Amy?!" She yelled.

"Will gave his shirt to some lady!" Amy pointed a finger at me accusingly.

Karen looked at me closely, and put on an expression of "Well?!!!"

I put out my hands placatingly. "I was cutting grass at Mrs. Klemp's and I went in to tell her I was done, and there was this other lady in the house instead who introduced herself as Lola Klemp, and said that Mrs. Klemp is her mother."

"Oh, ok." Karen said, "but her name should be Lola Patrick. She's Mrs. Klemp's youngest daughter, and she married a lawyer and moved to Chicago."

"Well, she introduced herself as Lola Klemp, and pretty much made it clear that the marriage thing didn't work out."

"Oh no," Amy said, instantly sympathetic. She walked over to Karen, and lifted her hair up so Karen could tie the straps behind her neck.

"Also, apparently Mrs. Klemp is very sick, and is in the hospital right now." Both Amy and Karen gasped. I continued: "Lola has spent several days driving her back and forth, to the hospital, looking after the cats, and now they are keeping Mrs. Klemp around the clock. She's going nuts in that house with all those cats."

"I hope you told her to come here." Karen said. "But what's wrong with Mrs. Klemp?"

"I invited her for dinner tonight," I said, "I told her that since Mrs. Klemp was our legal guardian, then she is our adopted sister, and to get over here for a family dinner and possibly swimming or something. She really looked like she needed company." (and maybe a man.) I thought to myself silently. "Mrs. Klemp has been feeling poorly, and they are running lots of tests to see if they can help her. I'm hoping she's ok." The girls nodded.

"Burgers on the grill?" Karen asked, already walking to the big freezer.

"Sounds good to me. I told her five pm, so she could relax and swim, or just hang out before dinner." I went to the fridge and got out tomatoes and onions, and began slicing them.

"I'll go get the pool ready!" Amy shouted, and ran out the door. Seconds later, there was a huge splash.

After slicing the burger toppings and putting them back in the fridge, I went and got charcoal and got the big brick fireplace/grill started. Amy was floating around the pool, scooping bugs, and trying to squirt me with her squirt cannon. Karen came out carrying a tray of burgers and some hotdogs wrapped in plastic. Amy squirted her on the leg and got yelled at, so she put the squirt cannon away.

I went inside to shower and change. I figured a black t-shirt and khaki shorts would be acceptable, so I put them on. I went back outside barefoot, and took over grilling so Karen could change. When she came out she looked stunning. Red spaghetti strap top with white capri's and sandals, her hair pulled back in a ponytail.

Amy decided to stay in the pool. At about 4:45, she announced "I have to be right back. I'm gonna go use the Pee Bus-I mean bathroom." She finished meekly, and ran into the house, her feet slapping wetly on the patio.

"Is she still peeing in that bush?" Karen asked me, annoyed.

"I really have no idea," I said truthfully.

About ten minutes later, we heard gravel crunching behind the house, and the little red convertible pulled in.. Lola got out, carrying two big paper-in-plastic shopping bags. "It is customary for the guest to bring the drinks, right?" She was wearing white slacks, what looked like an emerald bodysuit, and one of those little coats that doesn't even cover the ribcage. She was also wearing earrings that looked like ruby droplets. In short, she looked amazing.

"Sure!" Karen said, "As long as you remember we're all underage."

"Of course," Lola said. "I could use less booze in my life anyway. I brought all five flavors of Dew, a root beer, and a Pepsi with some kind of fruit in it. I hope there's something here for everyone."

"Don't let Amy see that Dew," Karen laughed. "Five bottles may not be enough."

I trotted over to her car, and got the other bags. Two liters of each should keep us awake for days, I thought. "Thanks, Will." Lola said quietly.

"No problem," I said, "they looked heavy."

"No, for inviting me." She smiled at me a bit sadly. "One more Lifetime movie and I might have harmed myself. I really needed to get out of that house, but I had no idea where to go."

"Well, you're welcome here ANY time." Karen said, smiling warmly, and taking the bags. She hugged Lola tightly, much to her surprise and, it seemed, delight. "Your mom told me so much about you and your sisters as I was growing up, it felt like I grew up with you."

Tears rose in Lola's eyes, and she hugged Karen back. "You guys really are like family. Thank you for welcoming me to your home."

Before she could say another word, Amy came charging out of the house, yelled "HI LOLA!!!!" and leapt out over the edge of the pool. She hit the water like a bomb.

We all got splashed. Even the grill hissed angrily.

"AMY MARGARET HUMBERT!!!!!!" Karen screeched, but Amy rose to the surface of the pool, laughing uproariously. After a second, Lola joined in. "I knew that had to be Amy!"

"I hope you brought your swimsuit!" Amy called.

"Or at least some dry clothes," Karen growled, still glaring at Amy.

"Actually, I didn't, because I didn't want to just show up and strip down, in case my being here was awkward. But I guess the ice has been broken. Don't be mad at her on my account, please," Lola said, wiping her eyes. "That was great! I really haven't had much to laugh about for several months anyway. I'm not upset, please don't be." She caught her breath. "Oh, crap, I forgot to get ice!"

"Umm," I knew we didn't have much, either. We have an automatic ice maker, but we tend to leave it off because it overflows. It had only made one full basin today, and we had shut it off. "Hey, there's a little store right up the road that sells it." I pointed west.

"We could take my car, but I really only know how to get to the hospital, and the grocery store, which are both that way." Lola pointed east.

"Well, I have to put the fries in. Will, you go with her to the quik-stop, ok?" Karen said.

"And make her bring her swimsuit back with her!" Amy ordered. Karen smiled.

"You don't have to get in if you don't want to, but you really are welcome here." Karen reassured her.

"If you're sure it's cool, then I'll stop and get it on the way." Lola said gratefully, "I miss the pool I used to have, and a chance to float around and decompress really would be nice."

"Bring it." Karen said, kindly, but firmly.

"Thank you." Lola said, and hugged Karen again.

I hopped in the passenger seat, and off we went. I had never ridden in a convertible before. It's extremely cool, and a little intimidating at first. You get used to having a roof over you, and without one, it kinda feels like you're flying. Lola drove fast.

"Your sisters are incredible!" Lola shouted, over the road noise.

"What can I say?" I yelled back. "I love 'em."

"Karen is even more beautiful than Mother said," Lola shouted, "and Amy is gorgeous too! You guys totally won the genetic lottery as far as good looks!" She winked at me.

"Thanks!" I yelled, not sure what else to say.

"You must drive the girls crazy! Not your sisters I mean, but at school!"

"Well, we're kinda home-schooled now, with this cyberschool thing! I don't know many girls anymore!" I yelled.

"You poor thing!" She shouted, smiling wickedly.

I could see the reason for her short hairstyle. Long hair would have been whipped into knots by the wind coming up over the windshield. Her hair just kind of ruffled in the draft.

We pulled into the little quick-stop, and she parked right up against the glass. A middle-aged fat guy actually spun around in the OUT door so he could watch her walk past. I suddenly realized that I could see through her white slacks just a bit, enough to see that the bodysuit had a thong back. Mmmm!

We got to the ice machine, and she said "One or two?"

"One should probably do it," I said, and scooped one out.

On the way back to the register, we walked past the magazine rack. She said "allright! the new one!" almost to herself and snagged an issue of MAXIM. I was kinda surprised by that, but heck, it IS a really cool magazine.

We get to the counter, and I put the ice down, and get my first good look at the cashier. Let's call him Dennis Dickhead. He and I had a quick fight about three years ago when he was trying to get girls to take locker room pics of Karen with his camera phone. I broke the phone and then almost dislocated his arm. Crap, he's gonna say something stupid now, I thought.

Lola walked up and put the magazine next to the ice. "These are together," she said. He looked at her and kinda goggled. He then shot a jealous and angry look at me. Shut up, dude, was my thought mantra.

He punched the register buttons sullenly. As I picked up the ice to leave, he spoke to Lola. "Be careful

around him. He's a little rough." he snarled.

"That's how I like it, asshole." She told him coldly, and scooped up her magazine, tipping the take-a-penny cup onto the floor behind the register. His face was priceless.

Back in the car, she laid rubber backing out of the parking space, and roared off down the road. I resisted the urge to wave.

"Well, we can't go there again!" She laughed.

"That was great!" I grinned.

"Friend of yours?" She yelled sarcastically.

"Not even close!" I called. "But thanks! You do realize he thinks we're a couple!"

"Is that a problem?"

"No way!" I shouted, smiling. "I guarantee he'll never be happy again!"

She smiled at me, and again, I felt a tingle all over. She gave my knee a squeeze, and I almost jumped straight up. (erection 10%)

We pulled into her mother's driveway, and she turned to me and looked at me thoughtfully, a smile at the corners of her (very nice) lips. If she asks me inside for any reason, I'm going to say yes, I thought. I glanced at the clock on the dashboard. As fast as she was driving, we're probably five minutes ahead of schedule. I could sin a lot in five minutes.
(erection 35%)

"So," she said, apparently aware of my state of excitement, and apparently enjoying it, "which swimsuit should I bring?"

Had I been aware of the question beforehand, I might have had time to craft a playful response such as "I don't know, maybe you could model them for me?"

As it was, I think I said "Guh?"

She laughed, a sparkling little descending arpeggio, and said "I packed two, one for swimming, and one for tanning. A one-piece, and a bikini. Have you ever heard of Wicked Weasel?" She leaned over towards me and bit her lower lip. (erection 50%)

I didn't dare look down, but I MUST have had a tent in my shorts by then. I didn't trust myself to speak, so I kind of shook my head and shrugged. "Hmmm," She said thoughtfully. "I guess I'll just get the one-piece. Your sisters *might* get mad at me if I wore THAT bikini."

I silently vowed to Google Wicked Weasel at my earliest opportunity. (erection 62%)

"You sit tight, ok? I won't make you wait long." She lifted her hand like she was going to squeeze my knee again, but she looked down, faltered momentarily, and had a hitch in her breathing. She quickly turned the knee-patting maneuver into a neck-scratching maneuver on herself, blushed, and turned and got out of the car. The minute she turned, I flashed a quick glance down.

My erection had gone down one pant leg, so about seven and a half inches of thick cock was outlined against my right thigh, pressing against the khaki. Uh oh. I looked back at her, but she was walking up the stairs to the kitchen door. Momentarily, I could see the blush creeping up the back of her neck. Oh, crap.

What is the protocol for unintentionally displaying evidence of an erection? Do I apologize to her for getting hard, or should she apologize to me for making me hard? Has Miss Manners ever covered the topic of Embarrassing Public Arousals? Do we ignore it?

I quickly shifted around in my seat, trying to make it less obvious. I took deep breaths, thought about baseball (A sport which I hate) and tried to calm down. I imagined Whoopi Goldberg naked. I imagined Kathy Kinney on a pogo stick. It started to work, and I started to shrink.

I felt like a jerk, because she obviously noticed, and I obviously made her feel uncomfortable, but at the same time, I felt kind of helpless, because what was I supposed to do? She's gorgeous, she was flirting with me, and I was enjoying it. It was like asking me not to be hungry when there's food in front of me, and I haven't eaten in days. Imagine, Gentle Reader, if we had a contest in which I said DO NOT mentally picture a polar bear. You'd lose.

She came back out of the house with something in her hand that looked like a men's dress sock, one of the big ones that goes up to your knee. As she walked back to the car, it swung a little in the breeze, and I saw a hole in it, so it must have been the swimsuit.

Her expression looked a little embarrassed, but not upset. More like I-did-something-bad-please-don't-be-upset-at-me. Oh, I realized, she's not disgusted or annoyed with me. It looks more like surprised.

She got back in the car, not really making eye contact. "All set," she said, smiling at the steering wheel. "Cool." I said, trying to sound like nothing had happened. She was still blushing.

As she backed out of Mrs. Klemp's driveway, she said, in a much less flirty or confident tone, "Hey, um . . ."

I waited.

She started again. "Back there when I told that guy I like it rough, I was just trying to make him feel like a dick. I hope I didn't make you feeluncomfortable." She winced a bit.

"Not at all," I said kindly. "It's all good."

"Sometimes it's hard-" She faltered and looked startled, like what-the-fuck-did-I-just-say.

"I mean sometimes it's difficult to know when I'm being fun, and when I'm making people . . ."

Horny? I thought.

". . . .tense." She finished, sneaking an apologetic little glance at me.

"Stop the car." I said, quietly, but firmly enough.

We were still far enough from the house to be screened by the trees, and not close enough for car sounds to carry to the back patio. She stopped the car, and finally looked at me, now a bit apprehensively. She looked a little nervous now, like she was dreading what's about to happen.

"You didn't do anything wrong, so stop apologizing." I gave her a big smile. "I'm having a wonderful time."

She kinda let out a breath, and her eyes darted to my lap. I made sure I was looking at the clock when she looked back up guiltily. "Oh, ok." She blushed some more. "Sorry."

"Don't worry about it. Come on, we've got ice, the burgers should be ready, and you're going to relax. You've got your swimsuit and everything." I gave her a wolf grin.

She looked happy, but still blushing, as she stepped on the gas and whooshed us back around the house.

"You guys were fast." Karen called.

We walked up the steps to the patio, and I went inside to get a big bowl for the ice. Lola followed me in after a few moments.

She smiled at me over the counter. "Where can I change? Amy has challenged me to a race."

"Bathroom is right back behind the stairs. And be careful, Amy cheats."

"Thanks for the warning," She said over her shoulder, and walked away. I watched.

Going outside with the ice, Karen asked "What's up?"

Not much now, I thought, but what I said was "Hmmm?"

Karen walked over to me, our arms touching, and muttered in my ear. "When she first came in earlier, she strutted in like bom-chicka-pow, but now she's all blushing and stuff."

"Dunno," I lied.

"Burgers are mostly done, but the fries aren't, because I forgot to turn the oven ON." She made a dumb face and stuck her tongue out. "We've got about another 20 minutes. Do you feel like a dip?"

"Only when I forget to turn the oven on." I said, grinning. She gave me a shove.

"In the pool, you big jerk." She shook her fist under my nose.

"Are we going to eat in our suits?" I asked.

"Why not? It's warm enough out, and Lola and Amy are racing before dinner. If you'll watch Amy, I'll go put my suit on." She said.

"Well," I started to say, I think I'll skip this time, but then Lola came out. I think I just stood there with my mouth open for like ten seconds. Luckily, Karen and Amy didn't notice, as they were kinda looking at her too.

She walked, no, she stalked out of the kitchen in this skin-tight, high-cut, sleeveless, turtleneck, navy blue swimsuit that just about stopped my heart. (I KNOW it stopped my brain.)

I'm not a leg man, per se, but Lola's legs would inspire poetry. The legholes (is that the right term?) of her suit were cut really high, almost where a belt would be, so her legs looked about a mile long. Then, the armpits of the suit went straight up to the turtleneck, so her shoulders and arms were completely bare. And it clung to her body like paint. My imagination was immediately fueled 100%. She had an athletic physique. Not bony or like man-muscles, but she looked toned and supple, like a tiger or other large jungle cat. Her breasts had to be a nice B or C cup, and they were high up, and kinda close together, (as opposed to way far apart.)

"Wow!" Karen said quietly. Amy, on the other hand, put two fingers in her mouth and shattered the moment with a piercing whistle. "Look at YOU! Yowza!" She cried. Lola blushed and made a hand gesture like "oh, pshaw."

"This was the only suit I could bring!" She said, putting her clothes on her purse. "Don't make fun!"

"Who's making fun?!" Amy yelled. "You're gorgeous! I totally want to look like that when I grow up!"

Amy gives compliments like some people throw punches. Fast, hard, and right in your face.

"Oh, stop," Lola said, laughing nervously.

"I'm still gonna whoop your butt in this race," Amy grinned, angelic.

"You're on, sister!" Lola trotted (oh my lord) over to the steps leading down into the shallow end. Tiny angels appeared in my vision singing "beautiful asss!!!!"

After some adorable "Ooh, the water's cold!" reactions, she submerged, and glided over to Amy, who was clutching the edge of the pool.

"COOL! You have a tattoo!" Amy shrieked. (Being in the pool makes Amy about 50% louder. We don't know why.)

"Yeah, it's brand new." Lola said, a little sheepishly. "I got it the day the divorce was final, but I kinda

regret it now."

"It's TOTALLY classy, though." Amy said. "Come here and look at this, you guys!"

I unfroze about a second before Karen did, so I was looking at her when she shot me an embarrassed glance. We walked away from the grill, and stood by the edge of the pool, while Amy made Lola turn around so we could see her shoulder. On it was a red and orange hawk rising from a small patch of flames. A phoenix.

"It's a phoenix," Lola said unnecessarily, not looking up at me. "Symbol of rebirth, starting over, rising from the ashes, you know."

"Also immortality." Karen said.

Lola blinked, and looked happier. "Yeah, that too."

"I'm going to go change," Karen said softly, to me. Her eyes were kinda downcast a bit.

I followed her back towards the house. "I'll watch Amy."

Karen shot me a wry glance back over her shoulder. "I'll BET you will."

"Hey hold on," I said, grabbing her hand. We were back under the awning, away from the pool. "What's up? You look kinda down all of the sudden."

"I suddenly feel sorta fat and unattractive," she stated simply, not making eye contact.

"Oh come on," I said gently, pulling her closer.

"Look, she's gorgeous, ok?" Karen said, starting to sound a bit upset. "I work out and stuff, but I KNOW I won't ever look like that."

"You don't have to look like that." I glanced behind me. Amy was talking and drawing on her arm with her finger, no doubt explaining the tattoo I wouldn't let her get when she was younger.

"Come here." I said. I led her by the hand quickly into the house. I trotted through the kitchen, around the stairs, and into the bathroom.

"Whoa, hey!" she said, but I flipped on the light, and turned her towards the giant mirror over the sink. I positioned her in front of me and looked over her shoulder, so we could both see ourselves in the reflection.

"Do you see that?"

"What?" she said, self consciously.

"That beautiful girl in the mirror." I said.

She flushed deeply. "Stop it."

"No, look!" I said, and reached forward to raise her chin.

"This is Karen Humbert. She is the most beautiful girl in the entire county."

She shook her head, but I ignored it. "This young lady is smart, funny, and drop-dead gorgeous. Every straight male in school wanted her." She made a face.

"Do you know how many times I kicked the crap out of guys who were treating you like some kind of porn fantasy?"

"Like nine." She said quietly.

"Fifteen." I stated. She looked shocked.

"You didn't even tell me!"

"Earlier you asked me what happened when we were gone? Dennis (name omitted) was running the register at that mini mart. He made a comment about me to Lola, and she told him to shut the hell up."

"He was that creep with the new phone, right?" She said, a look of disgust on her face.

"Guys don't act that way around someone who is unattractive. I've never told you this before, but if I knew another girl like you *I* would be doing everything I could to get her to go out with me."

"You're not serious," She said softly, looking down.

"I'm totally serious." I turned her around.

Softly, I said: "You're the most beautiful young woman, no, the most beautiful PERSON I've ever known. Do NOT feel bad about yourself, and I mean it. Lola is very pretty, but so are you. This isn't a contest." I leaned forward until our foreheads were touching. "I love you. Please don't feel bad."

A tear rolled down her cheek. Before I could move, she raised her head and kissed me, right on the corner of my mouth. She clutched me tightly. The moment seemed to last forever.

"I'm gonna go get my swimsuit," she croaked, her voice full of emotion. She brushed past me gently, and left. I kinda leaned against the counter for a moment. Karen's kisses always fueled a feeling in me that I was pretty sure I shouldn't be feeling. I took some deep breaths and went out to the pool again. On my way through the kitchen, I turned off the oven.

"Where'd you go?" Amy yelled. "We need a judge for the race."

"Ok, ok." I walked over to one end of the pool, and called. "Ladies, take your places!"

They swam over to my feet. I immediately noticed a difference in styles. Amy gets on top of the water and thrashes around like a paddleboat. Lola kicked off against the side of the pool, and swam in large, firm strokes. She glided over a good five seconds before Amy.

"Am I allowed to win?" she muttered, looking up at me with those pretty eyes.

I nodded reassuringly. Amy arrived in a typhoon of splashing.

"Let's do this thang!" Amy cried.

"Ok, once out and back. Stay in your lanes, no tickling, no kicking, no grabbing of ankles, no intentional splashing when someone is trying to breathe," I announced, trying to remember any more of Amy's tricks. Amy made a face like "Who would do that?"

"On your mark, get set, GO!" and they were off. Amy churned up the water in a style that usually let her win by sheer energy, but Lola knew how to swim for real. She pushed off against the pool wall and rocketed off underwater. Rising to the surface about five feet away, she established again that long, firm crawl. Reaching the other side well before Amy, she did this little roll in the water (I had a nanosecond's view of the crotch of her suit) and kicked off again underwater, just like you see Olympic swimmers do, and she was back at my feet before Amy had made it halfway back.

"The Winnah!" I yelled, and Amy yelled "Awwww!" she finally clawed her way to the side and huffed.

"Looks like I lose the talent competition AND the swimsuit competition." she grumbled.

"Looks like we both lose that one," Lola said admiringly. I turned.

Karen was just taking off my bathrobe, and underneath she was wearing a swimsuit I had never seen before. It was a two-piece, the bottoms in a style I believe are called boyshorts, very low rise, and the top was a spaghetti-strap, VERY low-cut tank top that only went halfway down her ribcage. It was all in a metallic, green, blue, gold, and white fishscale pattern. She. Looked. Amazing. "Wow" was all I could say.

Behind me, Amy and Lola both said "Yeah, wow."

Karen draped my bathrobe over the back of one of the adirondack chairs, and struck a pose, her hand on one hip, her chest magnificently thrust out, and gave me a big smile, with only a hint of blush. "What do you think?"

Can't think, no blood in brain, I thought feverishly. "You look awesome!" Amy shouted, splashing water up over the edge of the pool. "Is that the new one?"

"VERY nice!" Lola said admiringly, maybe with just a hint of jealousy. After all, Karen had a much more voluptuous figure; Lola had what you'd call a swimmer's physique. A hot swimmer, but still a swimmer. As I said earlier, Karen looks like a love goddess.

Karen nodded, still looking at me. I grinned the biggest, dumbest, most helpless grin I've ever had. She

got this wicked little smile, and turned away. "I'm getting the fries," she called back over her shoulder. "Will, you wanna get the buns and stuff?"

Right as she said buns, my eyes had found her ass. The bottoms of the suit were really tight, so there was this adorable little wedgie. Karen's butt cheeks were slightly lifted and separated, and my eyes were glued to the left-right, left-right, sway. "Ok," I stammered.

"Earth to William!" Amy drawled. I jumped, afraid that I had been busted staring at my sister's (gorgeous) ass, but Amy was hanging onto the edge of the pool, waving one arm. "Pull me out," she said, "I don't wanna swim back to the steps." I grabbed her hand and hoisted her up. "Thanks!" she chirped, and gave me a soaking wet hug, making my whole front damp.

"Now YOU have to go change!" She grinned.

"You got me, all right." I said, slightly annoyed. "but right now I have to get the buns."

"I'll go get the buns," Lola volunteered, a bit quickly. She sailed over to the steps, and climbed up out like that scene in Fast Times.

"Karen will show you where everything is," I said, walking in behind her. (duh!)

"I think her swimsuit already did THAT." I barely heard Amy mutter. Lola didn't seem to hear, so I shot a look at Amy, only to find her looking down at herself, arranging her bikini, and kind of giving up. She shrugged to herself, put on my bathrobe, and flopped down on the adirondack chair.

Inside, Lola was already retrieving the tray of sliced toppings, Karen was getting paper plates in their wicker holders, and I was still damp from Amy's hug, so I trotted upstairs.

In my closet, I looked for my surf trunks, but couldn't find them. I had hoped to wear the baggy, knee-length, lime green and royal blue "jams" but they were evading capture. I DID find my old pair, which were about five years old, dark navy blue with white piping and a big white drawstring, but I didn't think they were going to fit, so I kept looking.

I looked for about five minutes, until Karen called "Will, we're ready to eat. You coming?"

"Yes," I said, grabbing the older trunks in desperation. "Let me get a towel and I'll be right out."

I shucked off my clothes. My penis was about halfway hard, seven inches long and dangling away from my body at a downwards 30 degree angle. Oops. Gorgeous women in swimsuits will do that for you. I tugged on the old trunks, and got them up to my waist. When I looked in the bathroom mirror, I was a little dismayed. The old trunks fit, but really tightly. Think of football pants, and you've got the idea. My main problem was that my cock was REALLY visible as this giant bulge. I tried shifting it down one pant leg, but it was only slightly less obvious. My junk looked HUGE. Not the best time for it, either. I grabbed the biggest fluffiest towel I could find, wrapped it around my waist, and took off.

I got outside to find everyone clustered around the grill, getting burgers. Amy saw me first and did the two-finger whistle again. "Woo woo!" she yelled.

"Stop that," I said. Because everyone was staring, I left the towel on, and grabbed a plate. I could feel the heat from the grill on the bare skin of my chest.

"What's with the towel?" Amy asked, refusing to not draw attention to me. "Didn't you find any swimtrunks?" she leered.

"I'm . . . cold." I said, not making eye contact. "Plus, these don't fit very well, and I'm kinda self-conscious right now, so let's eat and stop harassing the big brother."

"I was just kidding," Amy said, a little contritely. She turned towards Lola.

"Whadya think, pretty handsome, huh?" said my youngest sister the pimp-ette. Lola blushed.

"Amy," Karen said in a warning tone. "Ok, ok" Amy said.

"Sorry, Will," She said, sounding mostly sincere, so I said "It's ok. Save me some cheese."

"So anyway," Karen said, "Who won the race?"

"I got whooped." Amy stated flatly.

"I used to swim competitively in college, so I was a ringer for sure." Lola said, smiling.

"Which college?" Karen asked. Lola said the name and we were all impressed.

"I always thought they were super expensive," Karen said.

"Well, I worked my ass off for a scholarship," Lol said, almost apologetically. "It was brutal."

"I'll bet," I said. I assembled two hamburgers and grabbed a handful of fries and went back to my seat. Lola and the girls proceeded to futz around with lettuce and stuff, taking forever to get their plates ready. I seized the opportunity to remove the towel and sit down. Hopefully my half stock would relax a bit before I stood up, or anyone noticed.

"When did you graduate?" Amy asked. "From law school, I mean."

(Oh yeah, Lola is, or at least was, a lawyer when she lived in Chicago. Apparently both my sisters already knew this.)

"Well, I graduated in (year withheld) and passed the bar exam the same year, so I was pretty much ready to go." I did some quick mental calculations. If my math is correct, she is about 34 years old. Lola is REALLY hot for a 34-year-old. Really really hot. Supernova hot.

"I meant to ask earlier," Karen said, concerned. "How is your mother? Please tell me she's ok."

"Mom's been having trouble with her left side for little while now. She'll drop stuff with her left hand, her

left foot kinda drags a little. We're hoping it isn't brain-related, but with everything on her left side, it's kinda hard to mistake. They keep doing blood tests, and they are going to try for a CAT-scan I think. Plus, Mom has been having trouble with her memory, and everyday tasks. She would forget to feed all the cats, only putting out enough food for some of them, stuff like that. While my sisters and I are worried, we're also trying to prepare ourselves for the worst. Mother is 74, and that's a long, long time. Dad passed away at 50, when I was 21. Mom has missed him for 13 years. We wouldn't hold it against her if she needed to go. We love her so much." She choked up for a moment.

"But she's resting comfortably, asking about the cats, asking about you three. I was going to call you tomorrow or the next day to introduce myself and check up on you. I've only been in town two days, and already I'm up to my elbows in work." She gave a wry smile. "My background in family law is going to come in handy, though. She's your legal guardian still, am I correct?"

We nodded. "If this turns out to be her time, we'll need to contact your father and get your status taken care of. That's even more important than settling her estate. I know it may sound callous, but if they can't help her, then we need to get ourselves ready for some serious changes." She took a long drink. "I'm trying to be practical, but all I can think is 'I hope she's ok.'" Each of us spoke up and agreed. It was quiet for a moment, and we concentrated on eating.

The sun had just barely begun to sink behind the trees, when Lola stood up and stretched. I watched appreciatively, as she spoke up again. "It really is lovely out here. I can't remember the last time I was this comfortable, or could actually take a moment's pleasure in enjoying being where I was. I've been too lonely for a while now."

I balanced my plate on one of the wide arms of my adirondack chair and relaxed, my legs sticking way out. "You might as well tell us your life story." I said kindly. "Otherwise we're going to pepper you with questions until it all comes out in no particular order."

Lola made a wry face. "We've got a lot of catching up to do," Karen said, "and you're family. We'll tell you our story if you tell us yours. Trade?"

After a moment, Lola nodded. "Mom told me about you guys, but I'm sure you've got more to tell. It's just that some of my life I've never really shared with anyone before. When the subject is *me,* I'm not usually much of a talker." She sat down thoughtfully.

"Maybe it's a good idea. Talking about it might be better than keeping it wrapped up forever in my mind. I can't guarantee it'll be funny, or even interesting, but. . . ."

"Tell us as much or as little as you feel like," Amy said. "We're not trying to be nebbly, but we would like to know more about you."

So, as we ate, Lola told us about herself. Born in Virginia, the youngest of three sisters, the family moved here when she was about six. Our school district had originally been a different one, so she went to a high school that was now shut down, students from our area being bussed elsewhere. (they drew a line right down the middle of her old school district, and sent half this way and the other half that way.) Her graduating class was the last one in the old high school, before it got turned into an office complex.

She had been a good student, lettered on the swim team, and had worked really hard in school. "No boyfriends," was her exact phrasing, "I didn't even kiss a *boy* until I was 21."

I noticed her tiny emphasis on kiss a *boy* and wondered what she meant by that. I might have said "I didn't even kiss anyone." Her choice of words seemed to say she kissed someone who wasn't a boy. I glanced over, and noticed Karen's thoughtful lift of eyebrow. Amy, on the other hand, was totally entranced. "Didn't you go crazy with no boys?"

"I found other ways to not go crazy," Lola said, with a tiny smug smile. "Pre-law and law school were pretty complicated, and my free time was taken up with the swim team, so I spent most of my free nights in the girl's dorm. I didn't even join a sorority, although I did get offers. I made a few very good friends who were in sororities, and they all wanted me. To join, I mean."

The idea of a young Dolores "Lola" Klemp spending her free nights in the girl's dorm, kissing someone who was not a boy, made my state of arousal a little more concrete. The phrase "Queer for a year" popped into my head, and it made the image even more erotic. (I don't know if my dick felt warm from my thigh, or if my thigh felt warm from my dick, but something felt warmth from somewhere, and it actually felt kinda nice. I was just as hard as I was when I went upstairs.)

"And then one day I met (name withheld by Lola's request). He was handsome, seemed very kind, and he seemed interested in me. He came to my swim meets and cheered me on, and I totally fell for him. I mean head over heels. My girlfriends at the dorm, and in the sororities, and on the swim team all warned me that he was kind of a rake, but he wasn't really dating anyone at the time, so I figured that it was normal guy behavior. We started dating, and I started spending all my free time with him, without letting my grades slip, of course."

"He was pretty much guaranteed a job, because his grandfather had founded a law firm. Donal, Enfield, Ennis, & Patrick. He used to laugh about being part of a law firm named D.E.E.P., but he said it could have been worse. They might have named it P.E.E.D."

"We got married right after graduation, and off we went to Chicago. I got hired at D.E.E.P., mostly for things like estate law, inheritances, stuff like that. We had some goofy stuff there. This crazy old lady left \$50,000 to her parakeet, another woman committed suicide and left her house to that guy who plays Luke on General Hospital; luckily, a judge changed that."

"I was so busy with work that I failed to notice (asshole) was starting to get bored with marriage. I mean, there were little differences between us, of course. After all, two people getting together and living in the same space isn't the smoothest thing in the world. I wanted children, he wanted a Caribbean vacation every winter, and a European vacation every summer. I really really wanted children." She wiped her eyes. "He said no way. He said children are forever. I said when we got married, we promised our marriage would be forever, and he was willing to do that. He almost laughed."

"For several years I just tried to make myself be happy, but when you're not, you're not. He started to be more cold towards me, even as I asked him again and again for a child. Other things too. When we got married, we spent tons of time together. Now, he would work late, or go out of town, and when he came back, he'd be just as withdrawn as before. One day at work, I got a badly smudged fax in an Interoffice mail envelope. It had been addressed to him, presumably, but his first name had been smudged by the

machine, and they sent it to me instead. It was in reference to a paternity suit against him from a woman I didn't even recognize. As I sat there holding it, it was like my whole world was breaking into pieces and collapsing. I suddenly realized that he and I had not been intimate for almost eight months. I was so used to him not being home, or having a headache or a stomachache, or getting drunk after dinner, that we hadn't even touched in eight goddamn months." She was crying freely now. Amy, who's chair was right next to Lola's reached out and held her hand. Karen got her a napkin, and she wiped her eyes. "I've never told anyone about this." She sniffled.

"Sorry if we brought up something bad," Amy said, her eyes wet with unshed tears. Lola shook her head. After a moment, she continued on.

"I investigated more and found out that he had been screwing a total of three secretaries from the firm, in addition to a woman who wasn't even really a client of the law firm, she just came in for weekly "consultations." THIS was the woman whom he impregnated. I couldn't believe it. His own wife begs him for a child, and he knocks up some slut." She shuddered angrily.

"Of course, everyone knew it but me. My supervisor, the girls in the secretarial pool, nearly the whole world. They stayed out of it because they felt it was a domestic issue, even though he was having sex IN HIS OFFICE!" Her voice rang, and more tears fell. I've always had a very hard time watching beautiful women cry. It makes me want to go kill or at least dismember whoever or whatever caused it.

"So we had a big nasty divorce. We were both lawyers, so that made it even more brutal. I went to work on him like nothing else I've ever done. I went and got every AIDS or STD test known to modern medicine. I was so relieved when they all came back clean. I took hair from his hairbrush and sent it to the woman with the paternity suit, in case his DNA would help her; I burned the legal papers he had at the house, I basically went nuts. I left the firm, obviously."

"Our divorce actually made the local news in Chicago when the whore he impregnated went public with the positive results of the paternity test. Jay Leno even made a quip about it one night on his show. He didn't say any names of course, it just went something like "There was a big divorce case this week in Chicago. Two lawyers split up amidst this big paternity suit after the man had been giving a client the old "pro bono." The only thing they're still fighting about is which one has to take custody of the conscience." So, our lives are a laughingstock." She wiped her eyes again. Amy borrowed her napkin and did the same. Karen looked wretched, and I'm sure I did too. My erection was gone and forgotten.

"I had a few weeks where I was too drunk to remember anything. I got this phoenix tattoo the day the divorce was final. I found an apartment, and just huddled there. I had a bed, and a microwave, and a freezer. No chairs, no TV, no computer. I just holed up with myself. Divorce can make you hate everyone, including yourself. I don't think I specifically did anything wrong. I mean maybe I wasn't the easiest person to live with, but I loved him, I really did. Your mind tends to replay every conversation, every lowering of defenses, every moment of intimacy, whether physical or emotional. Memories that once filled you with happiness now drag you down into disgust and self-recrimination. I never should have done this, or that." She was calmer now.

"But you get up and go on, even when there isn't a reason why. I wasn't going to kill myself, so that meant I would just have to keep living. I quit drinking, and I started putting myself back together." She patted the arm of her chair, in a 'that's that' gesture.

"Good job!" Amy said, smiling, still a little sniffly.

"I think I'm a stronger person now, but I wouldn't want to do it ever, ever, again." Lola said sadly. "bluntly, it really sucks, and it probably almost killed me."

Karen had been sitting with her hand over her mouth. "I'm glad you made it." She said thickly. She wiped her nose.

"Still making it. Little things remind me of him, or of the happiness I thought we had, and it hits all over again, but every day gets better." Lola smiled sadly.

"I can't even imagine it." I said. "That's good. I wouldn't recommend it." Lola said with a sigh.

She continued. "So I made a new me. Mom had always told us rules to go by when picking a mate, and I'd done poorly. Did she tell you the same things, Karen?"

"Don't even think about having sex with ANYONE you don't love. Don't date anyone who wouldn't be a good mate. Don't be a tease. Don't expect someone to change. Don't always be the first to apologize, but always apologize if you hurt someone, or do the wrong thing. Don't think you'll never feel this much in love again. Don't just marry someone you can live with, make sure you marry someone you can't live without." Karen counted off on her fingers.

"Always tell the person you love, if they love you. Always forgive the person you love, if they love you. Always do your best for the person you love. You don't need to apologize for anything that happens in bed, or the bathroom. Marriage is hard work." Lola finished the list. "I got many of those wrong, but I definitely understand them all now."

"The new me is looking for someone honest, someone kind, someone gentle,-" Lola began.

"That's three people so far," Amy interrupted, smiling.

Lola laughed. "No, silly, I mean someone who IS honest, kind, gentle, caring, fun, patient, smart, strong, and let's throw in sexy, too." She giggled.

"All of those other traits sounded pretty sexy already, " Karen said sagely.

"You know, you're right." Lola said, thoughtfully. "I guess a guy with all that would be sexy enough just so. But it wouldn't hurt if he was super hot as well. Merely super hot by itself wouldn't do it for me. He'd have to have it all. I kinda feel like damaged goods sometimes, but I'm not settling for a bad guy again." This last sentence was delivered firmly. Amy applauded.

"I deserve a chance to be happy. I'm WORTH loving. I just have to find the right guy." She shrugged. "I'm not giving up, either. I just hope it doesn't take too long. I know the phrase "biological clock" is such a cliché these days, but I really really want to be a mother."

She paused. "It's kinda strange, but I'm not actually looking for a marriage this time. I'm looking for a

lifelong love, and a father for my future children, but part of me feels allergic to marriage." She smiled sadly. "I guess that's about it. I've never told anyone before."

Karen and Amy both looked sympathetic. I was moved, because here was this grown woman opening herself up to three strangers, minors in fact. It took a certain amount of trust to tell us all this, when she had only met us two hours ago.

I stood, and walked over to her. She watched me approach with an unreadable expression, her eyes still red from earlier crying. I reached out my hand. "Here, stand up," I said gently. She looked up at me and shyly put her hand in mine, and stood.

"We're adopting you." I said, and gave her a big firm hug. She was stiff for an instant, but melted into it. "Wha-at?" she kinda whimpered/giggled.

"You are officially part of the family. Welcome to the Humberts." I let go of her, although not breaking contact. When I turned around, I kept one arm on her shoulders. Karen had tears in her eyes, and Amy was grinning.

Karen stood, and came over for another big hug. "I second that motion," Karen said, kissing Lola on the cheek. Lola looked as if you could have knocked her over with a feather.

"Yeah!" Amy yelled, right behind Karen, and squeezed Lola around the waist with both arms. Lola grunted from Amy's constriction, and then stood on her own feet again. "I - I don't know what to say," She said happily, wiping away new tears.

She turned towards me, and went to hug me again, so I swept her up in both arms in a big bear hug. After a moment, I went to let go, but she was still holding me tightly, so I held on. I could feel new life flowing into my penis, so I quietly hoped for a chance to let go before it became more obvious. After a few more moments, she sighed against my shoulder and stood back.

"You guys are really huggy! I love it!" she sniffled, smiling. "Earlier when I got here, Karen hugged me tight, and I suddenly realized that other than a few business handshakes, no one has touched me in almost a year. No human contact, like I had some kind of horrible disease. And now I get five big hugs!" She wiped her eyes happily. "I feel better already."

"We hug a lot!" Amy said. "You should try some of our massage!"

"Oh my!" Lola's eyes were big. "I'm certainly not used to this."

"SIX big hugs," Karen said, and gently slid her arms around Lola's waist, pulling her in close for another squeeze. I watched, amazed, as Karen went to give Lola a kiss on the cheek, at the same time as Lola apparently went to do the same thing. Their lips brushed, ever so gently, and they both jumped back as if electrified. "Oops," Lola blurted, blushing heavily.

"It's - it's ok, I think," Karen said, blushing just as hard. She crossed her arms over her chest, as if cold.

"Let's all get in the pool," Amy said, a bit wild-eyed, having observed the kiss, just like me. Everyone

quickly agreed.

So in we went. Amy immediately started diving for golf balls, and horsing around. Karen did a few laps, then a few flips, and finally grabbed a one of our big foam noodles and floated around aimlessly, relaxing. Lola and I had already chosen to float with noodles, and were randomly drifting back and forth, our paths momentarily interrupted whenever Amy would barge into us or grab our ankles for balance. On one of her loops past, Karen smiled at me. "Look at Lola," She mouthed silently.

I looked over my shoulder to see Lola drifting by, a big smile on her face, her eyes closed, looking very peaceful. I grinned at Karen. "Looks happy," I mouthed, but right then Amy, trying to get to the surface with a golf ball in her hand, grabbed Lola's ankle and pulled her right off her noodle, dunking her.

"Ack!" she spluttered, coughing. "Amy!"

"Sorree!" Amy sang, probably 80% sincere.

I suddenly realized we had neglected to tell her our story. I swam over to Lola, and connected our noodles at the ends. "Time for you to hear OUR tragic tale." I said.

"Oh, right," She said. "I know a little, but you can tell me the whole thing."

With our combined weight on them, the noodles no longer held us afloat. There was one left, so I went and got it. We laid our shoulders on our connected noodles, and put the remaining single noodle under our butts, so it was like sitting on a couch, kinda.

I told her our story about the way I told you, Dear Reader, skipping a few details, such as any talk of sexuality. I DID tell her about the fights, and when I threw the guy out of the house, which made her laugh and cheer. I told her about Mom being dead. Karen cried again, and so did Lola. (Amy was still thrashing around and didn't hear.) When I was telling her about the last fight, and getting thrown out of school, she had this set to her jaw that said she wished she could've punched the guy too. She asked few questions, mostly just listening.

Karen and Amy had never heard all the details about the fights before. Over the course of the narrative, Karen floated closer to me and used her legs to grip my left knee, to prevent herself floating away. Lola had slid down the noodle until our hips were touching (I think initially because of gravity) and she stayed there, tucked up against my right side. I started to get yet another erection. Beautiful woman snuggled up against my right side, beautiful girl clutching my left leg with her legs, you can't blame me. Amy swam up and clutched my left arm, gently kicking her legs to stay afloat. My erection was going straight out, and it was hitting the seam that was dead center, and it wasn't comfortable at all. I couldn't adjust it, because all three ladies were glued to me. It was beginning to hurt.

"I don't mean to sound like I'm complaining, but I'm sinking from all the passengers." I said gently.

"And I'm freezing." Amy said, our activity director, "So it's time for the hot tub!"

We laughed, but agreed. The sun had set completely, and the air was getting cooler. Amy churned away, dousing us all with her splashing, and climbed out of the pool. She ran goofily over to the house

and flicked on the lights that ran around the patio, little garden lamps that looked like pagodas or birdhouses.

Lola disentagled herself from the noodles, leaving my side regretfully, it seemed, and said "I hate to sound judgemental, but I'm not a big fan of either of your parents right now."

"Well, neither are we," Karen said, half sad, half bitter. There was a loud clunk as Amy wrestled the big cover off of the hot tub.

"You three are the most amazing kids I think I've ever met, and your dad is missing all of it." She began to swim over to the steps. Karen quickly pulled herself closer to me. As she did so, her legs slid over mine, and her knee actually bumped my cock. It kinda sproinged over to the right, and (thankfully) slipped down that pant leg. "Oh my god, did I just hit you in the crotch?" She asked, alarmed. (It was dark in the water, and you couldn't see.)

"No, I'm fine. You hit my thigh." I lied. Actually it was more comfortable now than it was before she did so.

Karen snuggled right up to me, her legs still straddling mine. She gave me a little squeeze with her thighs, practically humping my leg as she wrapped her arms around my waist. "You never told me about all those fights. Did you really have to defend me that much?" She murmured in my ear. Her body was pressed very close against mine. I duck-walked us over towards the steps. "Yes." I said simply.

"I'm so sorry. I never knew." She put her head on my shoulder. As I waddled/floated/bounced over towards the shallow end, I could feel my left thigh pressing rythmically against her crotch. She sighed happily and squeezed me with both her arms and legs. "I owe you some very significant thanks. More than I already thought I did."

"Hey, don't mention it. I did it because I love you, and because it was the right thing to do. You don't owe me anything for that, ever." We were almost there. She unwrapped herself from my body.

"Earlier, when you told me I was beautiful, and that if we weren't related, you would be trying to date me like crazy, did you really mean it?" She asked me quietly, her hands on my chest, her face inches from mine, as we huddled in the shadows of the end of the pool.

While those weren't my exact words, she had the idea. "Yeah," I blushed.

"I would be the best girlfriend you ever had."

"Oh yeah?" I grinned.

"I would rock your world. In this hypothetical situation, I mean." She blushed, but she looked like she meant it.

"I love you." I said, hugging her close, forgetting about my erection. She pressed her body against mine momentarily. Looking back, I think she HAD to have felt it, but she didn't jump, or yelp. We just held each other.

"You guys coming?" We heard Amy howl.

"Nearly there!" Karen called, sounding breathless. She gave me another quick kiss on the corner of my mouth. (And again, it hit me like a Stun Gun) She stood, her swimsuit cleavage scooping up water in an adorable way, and turned to climb the steps. From my crouching viewpoint, her butt looked magnificent as she climbed out. I was in pure sensory overload.

I clambered out of the pool awkwardly, my now nearly complete erection throbbing right down my leg. I looked down, and panicked a little. The too-tight swim trunks had it outlined waaaaayyy more than necessary. It looked like I was trying to smuggle a cucumber or something.

I decided to buy some time. Climbing over the side of an occupied hot tub with an erection in tight pants was going to be impossible to do nonchalantly. Ah, the fireplace was down to coals.

"I'm getting wood!" I called. DAMMIT. "For the fire!"

I hobbled around behind the fireplace, trying to stay out of the light. I selected a few chunks of wood (in the dark) and brought them around to the front. Karen had climbed into the hot tub, and sat facing away from me. Lola was facing towards me, and I could tell she was watching me as she talked to Karen. All I could see of Amy was her little butt, as she was bent over the edge of the hot tub, reaching down for something in the dark.

I looked for the metal hook to drag the grill off, so the fireplace would just be a fireplace, and I could pile the wood higher.

"The stars are beautiful out here!" Lola was saying. "I forgot how much I missed them, living in a city. There's a lot less light pollution out here, and you can see everything. I wish I had thought to bring my camera."

Amy's butt wiggled as she rooted around in the dark. I could hear a hollow plastic clunking, so she must be in the little bucket of hot tub toys. (We had a little boat, and some other silly things that were fun to watch float around on the water. Wind-up swans, a plastic shark, you get the idea.)

"Do you do a lot of photography?" Karen asked, interested. "Lately I've been thinking it would be fun."

"I'll be your model!" Amy volunteered, grunting, still looking for something.

"I took photography as an elective in college, and really liked it. I just got myself a new digital camera, and am trying to get back into it."

I found the metal hook, and stood the grill up against the side of the bricks, and shoved the wood in, stirring up the coals. Fire flared up almost instantly. I heard Karen ask "What kind?" and then several things happened very quickly.

1. I stood up and turned towards the hot tub, forgetting that I had just built a big light source right at crotch level.

2. Light from the fireplace cast my groin in sharp relief, and I actually saw, out of the corner of my eye, a shadow of myself cast against the back wall of the house. My erection was plainly visible (although forced by my trunks to point down) like the World's Dirtiest Shadow Puppet.

3. Lola, who had been looking towards me while talking, said, "It's a Nikor, with 10.1 mega-penis-" and clapped her hands over her mouth in dismay.

4. Simultaneously, Amy, leaning too far, fell out of the hot tub with a yell.

So, Karen leapt up to check on Amy, I quickly jumped past the fireplace so the light was behind me, and Lola just sank lower in the water and shut her eyes in embarrassment. Amy jumped up. "My foot slipped and I lost my balance!" She laughed. Karen groaned and sat down again. Lola, still looking horrorstruck at her slip of the tongue, watched me approach.

"What's all the commotion?" I asked. "What'd I miss?"

"I fell out of the tub!" Amy giggled, "I was trying to get Seymour." She held up the black rubber duck with devil horns that I got when I bought AXE body wash. She tossed him in the tub, where he floated about, lecherously.

"Lola was saying she does photography," Karen told me. "It sounded really neat."

"What kind of camera do you use?" I asked, pretending not to have heard anything.

"Uh, I," She blinked, surprised to find herself off the hook. "It's a Nikor with 10.1 mega-pixels." She tried to regain her composure.

"Is that good?" Amy asked brightly.

"It's not bad," Lola said.

I threw a leg (and a hard-on) over the side of the hot tub, and slid into the warm foamy water. I took the only unoccupied side, which put me right between Karen and Lola, facing Amy. It was a very nice place to be. I immediately began to relax. Did I mention I LOVE our hot tub? I put my arms on the back of the tub and just went Aaaaaaahhhh.

Amy, sitting by the controls, turned the jets up to maximum thrust and really bubbly, and we all just enjoyed it.

"I was telling Karen that the stars out here are so beautiful, I wish I had brought my camera." Lola said, more composed now.

"I can see the Big Dipper, and Orion," I said, "I don't know the names of many others."

"Where's Orion?" Lola asked.

"Right there," I pointed to just over the house. "You might be too close to the porch to see it from there."

Lola slid over and came to rest right against my right side, as she had been in the pool. I almost jumped straight up. "I see him now." She said, but she didn't move back. After a moment, she rested her head on my arm. In the dim light, I could see Amy grin, but she didn't speak.

Looking back down from the heavens, Karen gave a momentary frown, but then her expression softened. She shifted herself closer a tiny bit, and draped her right leg over my left knee. She smiled at me, and went back to looking at the stars. I was in heaven.

I barely dared breathe, not wanting the moment to end, not wanting either of them to get uncomfortable and move. There was peace, and a quiet clunking as Seymour bonked into the sides, riding the current around and around.

"Ow," Karen said, about twenty minutes later, and something under the water kinda whacked against my cock, which made me jump, jarring Lola, who sat up, saying "What?"

Amy's wiggling toes rose into view right in front of me. "Piggy shark!" she announced, which was her way of saying "rub my foot." in the hot tub. Grimly, I grabbed her foot.

"You kicked me," Karen said accusingly.

"And me." I said, annoyed.

"Sorry!" Amy lied. She wiggled her toes and gave me a hopeful innocent look. I began rubbing them. "Ooh, not so hard!"

Lola laughed, and leaned against me again. "I almost went to sleep just now," She said. "What time is it?"

I squinted at the clock in dim firelight. "About ten o'clock." I said.

"I should probably go check on the cats," She said sounding very reluctant. "Thank you so much for inviting me over, AND for listening to my sob story."

"I told you, we adopted you." I said. "You're welcome here any time you want."

She gave us all a big smile. "You guys really are the best, I mean it."

Karen waved her hand and said "Pfft!" Amy nodded her head and said "Yep!"

Lola put her hand on my leg to push herself to a standing position. As she achieved balance, she gave my leg a momentary squeeze, and slid her hand up my thigh about four inches before letting go. Standing, she cocked her hips to one side and stretched her arms theatrically over her head. Her breasts bounced a little as she finished stretching. "I'll do the dishes." She said, with a wriggle and a grunt.

I sat entranced. Amy kicked me, gently, with the foot I was holding. I glanced at her as Lola turned away, climbing out of the hot tub, and Amy rolled her eyes and made an exaggerated kissy face. I let go of her foot abruptly. Karen meanwhile, was reaching for a towel, and had missed this exchange. "Oh, no you won't. You're the guest, remember?" Karen said, lunging to her feet. I grabbed her arm and hip as she almost toppled back over on me. "Sorry," she panted. "S'okay" I said.

Lola stood by the fire, drying herself with the towel. "No, you adopted me, remember? that means I can do chores here." She smiled warmly at us. "Honestly, I want to help."

"I'll let you help. Tonight is my dish night, anyway." Amy called, and clambered out of the hot tub. Karen began gathering dishes and towels.

I busied myself making sure the fire would burn out safely. (It sucks to pour water in an enclosed firepit. everything gets nasty and it stays soggy.) I put the cover back on the hot tub, after fishing Seymour out and consigning him once again to his Bucket of Misfit Toys. When the back porch was clean, I went inside.

Amy and Lola were both crowded around the sink, giggling and splashing. They had put on aprons over their swimsuits. I recognized Amy's as the green one that said "May I Cut The Cheese?" and Lola's as the white-and-red gingham one that said "Kill the Cook." They seemed to be having fun, bumping butts and elbowing each other uproariously. I could hear water running from upstairs, too, which meant Karen must be in the shower. This meant I had to wait. I pulled out a barstool and sat at the kitchen island.

Lola, hearing me, whipped around and in two steps, leaned on the counter across from me. "What'll it be, sailor?" she drawled. This sent Amy into gales of laughter. I smirked. "Whad'ya got?" I said, raising one eyebrow. Lola's eyes flashed at me, and she gave me an evil grin. "Why, we got anything you'd like, pardner."

Amy flounced over holding a tall glass of dishwater. She set it in front of me with a flourish. It was nasty. "Here you go!" She announced. "Your usual, sir."

"My usual what?" I asked, moderately grossed out. "Your usual disgusting soapy beverage!" She laughed.

I made a grab for her head. "Why, I oughta . . ." but she ducked away laughing. Amy returned to the sink, and resumed scrubbing.

Still doing the sexy waitress act, Lola said "Shall I freshen this up for you, sir?"

"I'd like something a little less . . ." I surveyed the soap bubbles and the swirly water with food chunks in it. " . . .clean."

"Right away, toots." She grabbed the glass and put it back in the sink. Passing Amy, she gave her a swat on her bikini-clad butt, which made Amy jump and squeal. Opening the fridge, she got out a can of root beer, and grabbed a clean glass out of the dish drainer. She then commenced to pour the root beer from such an extreme height that there was only an inch of soda in the bottom before the foam threatened to flow over the rim. She set the ridiculously foamy soft drink in front of me. I had to laugh,

because she did it all with an expression of utmost seriousness.

"Do you need anything else, Dah-lin?" She said in a fake southern accent. Amy snickered.

"Thanks, but no. This will be just fine." I laughed. Behind me, Karen sauntered into the kitchen, wearing a t-shirt and some running shorts, which looked like mine.

"Ana-thing for you, sugah?" Lola drawled. Amy snorted with laughter again.

Karen eyed my root beer. "No, thanks," She smiled.

She sat next to me on the other barstool, and looked at me tiredly. "I stole your shorts," she confessed. Either Lola or Amy clunked something loudly in the sink, and they both started giggling again.

"Not like that!" Karen protested, but they were just having a good time. "It's cool." I said, putting my arm around her. I was pretty worn out myself. Emotionally (and sexually) today had a lot of ups and downs, a metaphor that was particularly applicable. Pulling the drain from the sink, Lola slung the apron over a cabinet door. Amy dried her hands and shimmied out of hers through the neckhole, a maneuver that required lots of wiggling. "I hate to put an end to what has been the best evening I have had in a long time, but I'm bushed. I'm not even going to change out of my swimsuit, I'm just going to put my clothes on over this and drive home." She paused for breath, and then looked a little sad. "You guys are wonderful and amazing, and I am so jealous. I have had more fun tonight than I think I've had in years, but it seems like you guys always live like this."

"Come back anytime you want. You're our big sister now." Amy said, hugging her.

"I know, I know, I just . . . I just wish I had met you all sooner." She wiped a tear from her eye, and smiled. She grabbed Amy in a big hug, and shook her, growling. Amy squealed happily.

Karen stood, and came around the island for another long, happy hug. When they parted, they both kissed each other on the cheek, and they both looked misty.

She gave me a look filled with gratitude. "And you," she said, walking over to me slowly, and put her arms around my waist as I hugged her shoulders. Hugging her in a swimsuit was way sexier than hugging her in clothes. My cock twitched, and I know she felt it, because she gave this tiny little jump. She didn't let go, however, although she did push back a bit, to look at me. Her expression was somewhat unreadable. "You're quite an outstanding young man, aren't you," She said softly. She bit her lip for a second, and then hugged me again. I turned a bit, trying to move myself where my cock wasn't pushing right at her groin, and she used the opportunity to give my earlobe a tiny bite. I almost moaned, but I held it in.

"You're going to be trouble for the ladies, I know," She stroked my cheek gently, and stepped away, taking a deep breath. I did the same, and stepped back around the kitchen island to hide my lower half from anyone's direct gaze.

"Come back Friday night!" Amy cheered, "I'll make my famous Green Peppers Au Gratin!"

Karen gave Lola a tiny shake of the head, and made a face.

"How about I get pizzas and some movies?" Lola said.

"OK!" Amy jumped up and down, just as happy. Karen looked relieved.

"Wait, isn't Liu Si coming over again this Friday?" I asked.

"Oh yeah," Amy said, "You'll get to meet my best friend! She's so great!"

"Lucy? Sounds neat." Lola said. Karen shook her head.

"Her name is Liu Si. Two words. She's chinese, and her family are slaves at the Dragon Garden restaurant." Karen stated.

"Why does it seem like you aren't joking about the slave part?" Lola asked, a little nervously.

"It's not that much of a joke," I said.

"Oh geez," Lola said.

"Not much we can do, but we try to let Liu Si have as much fun as possible."

"Oh my god, I forgot your shirt!" Lola blurted. "It's still hanging up in the laundry room. I'm so sorry!"

"I'll get it next time I cut the grass, or whatever," I said.

With a few more hugs and tears, Lola made her way out the back porch to her car and drove away. We finished putting dishes away, turned out the lights, and went upstairs. Amy wandered through the bathroom, where she shucked her swimsuit, and trudded naked into her room, half asleep.

Karen paused by my door and followed me into my room, unnoticed by me at first. I turned on the light and turned to go to the bathroom, and there she was. "Oh, hi." I said, startled.

She looked like she wanted to say something, but instead held her arms out wordlessly. I stepped into her embrace. We held each other for a long moment, and again I noticed that her hair smelled like strawberries. I remembered the night with the wet dream, and the sheets that needed changing. "I love you, Will," she whispered.

"I love you too," I said, feeling a bit nervous.

"You said I didn't need to thank you for defending me all the time, but I still feel like I should. I'll figure out a way." she said softly.

"No, I meant it. I did it because I love you, that's enough for me." I gave her a squeeze.

"You're my knight protector. You deserve a lady's favor." I could tell she was very sleepy. I kissed her

forehead, and she sighed happily. She squeezed me tight. "No need." I said again.

"I'll figure out a way." She said firmly, and turned and left. Not sure what else to do, I changed into my boxer briefs and went to bed. I thought about masturbating, (lord knows I had enough material in my imagination from tonight,) but the evening's up-down-up-down-up had left me sore and tired. I just rolled over and went to sleep.

Growing up with two girls and one boy in the house, we were no strangers to accidental or even intentional nudity. Karen always wore shorts and a sports bra, or a skirt and a halter top, no matter how hot the weather got. I always wore running shorts or boxerbriefs at least, having given up on standard tighty-whiteys when I was eleven. It was not unheard of for me to go shirtless, although I had a large selection of tank tops or sleeveless "muscle" shirts to choose from. I usually had some kind of shirt. Amy, on the other hand, lordy. When the weather got hot, you could barely keep clothes on that girl. She would strip down to her diaper when she was a toddler, she would strip down to her panties up until she was six, and from then on, we convinced her to wear SOMETHING, even indoors, no matter how hot it got.

The only exception was nighttime. In her bedroom, when she went to bed, she could wear (or not) anything she wanted. This meant that she often slept bare-ass naked in summertime. I made her promise to put on something if she was going to sneak into my bed, because naked girls shouldn't sleep with boys. She immediately wanted to know why. Karen told her it was because it was a bad thing to do.

Going in to wake up Amy therefore involved a lot of seeing her naked, usually sprawled across her rumpled blankets in an ungainly way. I became desensitized to seeing Amy naked. Karen's body, on the other hand, was still a mystery.

I did my best to make sure that my nudity was likewise hidden from them at all times. I occasionally had to leave the bathroom door unlocked when I was taking a shower, for their emergency necessity. (It isn't fair to lock young girls out of a bathroom. They will make you regret it.) The only time it was ok to lock the door was if you were using the toilet itself. Amy and Karen took showers with the door unlocked as well. Amy would pee with the door open, as I may have already mentioned.

But back to my original point, I was lucky enough to never be naked around either of them by the time they were old enough to remember it. (Karen and I were bathed together up until she was 3.) This all worked fine until about three days after Lola first visited us. In fact, it was four days, because it was Friday, the night she was coming over again.

I was taking a shower, and the combination of warm water, washing myself, and the fact that I was about two days overdue for masturbating had me up and hard in very little time. I had started my new job about a month or so ago, (pizza driver, I'll explain more in a minute) so I wasn't used to having less free time. School was already taking lots of my time, and what with working part-time most nights delivering pizzas, I just didn't get much quality time to myself. I still spent as much time as I could with the girls, but "me" time had been in short supply.

As I have stated before, I usually tried to do it about every three days, but it needs to be the right kind of time. I don't do it right before bed, because I then have to clean it up, and by then, I'm less sleepy. I had originally been planning to do it on the day Lola came to dinner, but as events unfolded, by bedtime I

was worn out, and my junk was just as tired from straining against those too-small swim trunks all night.

So I'm in the shower, it's early afternoon, I was done with school for the day and I was getting ready for Lola to come over, and then to go get Liu Si. I had shaved already, and was getting my shower. (I've been shaving since I was fourteen, whether I really needed it or not. Amy used to be fascinated by watching me, and once I even let her put on shaving cream and scrape it off with a safety razor I had de-bladed with a pair of pliers. She was six at the time, and Karen thought we were both being ridiculous.)

So in the shower, I was getting really horny. I *may* have been a little over-indulgent when washing my cock and balls, but it was definitely getting impossible to ignore. Guys know what I'm talking about. There's this moment when you have to decide whether or not to ignore an erection, or to just go find some privacy and beat it. The moment came (ha ha) and went rather quickly. It was like "Erection? Heck yeah!" I wouldn't do it in the shower, though. Karen or Amy stepping in spooge was not my idea of good planning.

I hurried myself along, planning to get to my room and spank it, so I imagined naked soapy women rubbing up against me in the shower. It was nice. (erection 90%, angled about ten degrees up from horizontal.) I rubbed my cock occasionally, trying to finish my shower without losing any momentum.

I went to get shampoo, and I realized my bottle was totally empty. I had been storing it upside down for about four days, but now it was really completely empty. I looked around, and grabbed the only other shampoo I saw. As I opened the bottle, the scent of strawberries enveloped me. It was Karen's.

I started shampooing with it, again hurrying myself, but now all the naked imaginary women were Karen. Before I had been imagining Brandy Talore, or Masuimi Max or somebody, but now, without exception, I was surrounded by three or four naked Karens, rubbing their breasts against me, biting their lower lips, and looking up at me with sultry intent. I was shocked at myself, and tried to imagine someone else, but I couldn't. It just wouldn't change.

I think it was the shampoo. The lovely strawberry scent, and the fact that I was rubbing and massaging my own scalp, the way Karen often rubbed my head, made her image inseparable from my masturbation fantasy co-stars. I felt guilty at first, but then I thought "who's going to know?" So I went with it, and man, was it good. (erection 100%, angled up thirty degrees.) I quickly finished, rinsed my hair, and stepped out of the shower with my eyes shut from the water. I grabbed the little towel off the rack by the shower stall, and threw it over my head, and started drying my face vigorously. I could feel my erect penis bouncing around with my efforts. Then I heard this little gasp.

I whipped the towel off my head and froze, clutching it to my chest in shock, to see Karen standing by the sink with her hairbrush in her hand. She was wearing black jean shorts, and a lacy purple bra. In that instant, I realized that the bra cups were sheer, and I could see her nipples. They were pink, and about the size of a half dollar. Her breasts were just as beautiful as my imagination had pictured. (Erection 125%, ten inches achieved, pointing up at 45 degrees!) I was dumbstruck.

If I was dumbstruck, she was rooted to the spot. Her mouth was open, her eyes the size of dinner plates, and her face and chest blossomed with a rosy blush. She was staring directly at my boner, and she didn't even look like she could breathe. As I watched, similarly frozen, her nipples went erect so fast they

almost made a noise. (poink!) She blinked, and gasped again, and suddenly dropped her hairbrush with a clatter and covered her chest with her arms. I quickly made to cover myself with the towel I was clutching stupidly to my chest, but the minute her line of sight with my cock was broken, she wailed "OH MY GOD!!" and ran out of the room

I grabbed my bathrobe, and heard her bedroom door slam. Running out of the room after her, I stepped on her hairbrush, which hurt a LOT. "Karen!" I yelled.

I got to her door to find it locked. "Karen, wait!" I cried. I knocked on the door, and it sounded more solid than usual. I put my ear to the door. Was that her heartbeat or mine? I could definitely hear her breathing. "Please believe me, I had no idea you were in there!" I called. I could see the shadows from under the door as her feet moved away. "Karen, come back!" I stood helplessly, dripping water onto the hardwood floor.

Moments later, a small piece of paper slid out from under the door, and made a forlorn pirouette. I quickly snatched it up. In Karen's handwriting, much shakier than usual, it said: I AM SO SORRY. PLZ PLZ DONT BE MAD.

"Karen, I'm not mad! It was an accident, right?" I said loudly. "Are you ok?"

Another moment, another scrap of paper. I CAN'T TALK TO YOU RIGHT NOW.

"Are you ok?" I asked again, sadly. I felt SO guilty I wanted to die.

Paper again. I DON'T KNOW. PLZ GO AWAY. I'M VERY SORRY.

Before I could say anything else, a fourth paper, the final piece from the sheet she had torn, spun under the door. I LOVE YOU. PLZ FORGIVE ME, BUT PLZ GO AWAY.

"I'm the one who should be asking for forgiveness." I said. "But I'll go away."

I trudged down the hall, passed through the bathroom, grabbing my towel, and shut myself into my bedroom. After drying off, my erection was down to eight inches again, and still standing up pretty high. I lay back on the bed. I WAS really horny, but the feelings of what had just happened left me all messed up inside. I was fantasizing about my own sister, and she caught me, sorta. That was bad. I had seen her nipples, and gotten the best view of her breasts I'd ever had. That was also bad, because now I thought of her even more sexually than before, even though it was kinda good too.

I heard the cover slap on the hot tub. Amy must be getting ready for the sleepover, I thought. I heard a door open, and light came from under the bathroom door. Karen was back in the bathroom. My cock ached. It was impossible to ignore. Geez. It had been too long, I was going to have to masturbate just to get some relief. I grabbed the remote for the tiny tv I had, and turned it on, with the volume way down. I put in P.O.V. Suckfest #7, and lay back on the bed. As it turns out, it didn't take long. I grabbed the crusty towel I kept for such emergencies, and unloaded into it. Ahhhhh, much better.

Then the phone rang. I killed the TV, and grabbed the phone with my least slipper hand. It was Lola. "Hiya, tiger," She purred.

"Hello," I said, still a little loopy from the orgasm. I quickly dried off my hands, and put the towel over my groin to catch any drips.

"I forgot to ask, what kind of pizza do you guys like?" She sounded as if she were driving.

"Anything but anchovies or hot peppers," I said. Those are two toppings that even when you pick them off, you still taste them.

"Ewww, gross. Does anyone still eat anchovies these days?" She gagged.

"You'd be surprised," I said. "I work at Timpanelli's Pizza Subs and Wings! and we get some weird requests."

"I'll take your word for it," She said. "OK, no fish, no peppers. What time should I be there?"

I looked at my alarm clock. It was 4:30 now. "Amy and I are going to the video rental place right now, so six?" I said. "Amy and I will be leaving at 9:15 to go get Liu Si, but I think we'll be ready to eat dinner around six. Plus, that'll give them plenty of time to make the pizza. Friday nights are rush hour for Pizza places."

"All right," Lola said. "I'll be your pizza delivery girl at six!"

"Sounds good," I grinned, my mind filled with sexy imagery.

"I'm glad you like it," She flirted right back. "You'd better be ready to tip me!"

I'll tip you right over the kitchen table, I thought to myself. My cock gave a little post-orgasmic twinge. Well, maybe not, I thought again.

"You bet." I said. We said our goodbyes, and I got myself cleaned up and dressed, Karen apparently still in the bathroom, so I went downstairs. I had forgotten my own rule about not masturbating right before you go somewhere, so I was a little wobbly and sleepy.

I still had no idea what I was going to do to fix things with Karen. I had accidentally exposed myself to her (along with the biggest erection I think I've ever had) AND seen her in her bra with her nipples showing. This was the kind of event that would call for therapy among some people. Maybe us.

I had left the icemaker on all day, and had been tipping the ice into a plastic grocery bag in the freezer, so we had plenty of ice. Much of the soda was left from last time Lola visited, so we were in good shape there as well. I sat on a barstool and fretted.

Amy came charging through with a pair of candles on a candelabra shaped like a lady holding two bowls. "Whoa, where are you going with that?"

"Ummm," She said, slightly embarrassed. "I was going to put it on the edge of the hot tub."

"And set your hair on fire?" I growled. "I don't think so. Put it back. You're not allowed to play with matches."

She groaned, and stomped back into the living room. Upstairs, I could faintly hear the toilet flush, and then running water, and then a door closing. Karen must still be hiding. I felt like dirt.

"Let's go get your mattress ready again." I called to Amy, who was still pouting a little about the candles.

She trudged upstairs with the air of someone who is being greatly mistreated, and we got her mattress out and wrestled it down the stairs again, moving the coffee table out of the center of the room.

"Ready to go to the video store?" I asked. She cheered. "Scary movie night!!!"

"Give me a minute," I said, and walked upstairs to Karen's door.

"We're going to the video store," I called. After a moment of silence, I heard Karen's voice, muffled. "Ok."

"When we get back, I want to talk to you." I said gently.

More silence. "Do we have to?" She said, sounding apprehensive.

"Yes, I think we do." I said. The floor creaked as she moved in her room.

"I'll be back in a bit," I said kindly, and Amy and I left.

All the way to the video store I thought about what the hell I was going to do. Amy must have noticed, because she had been chattering away at first, but I suddenly got the feeling something funny was going on. I tuned back in to find her looking out the window saying something like "and then the aliens came and got me pregnant, so I had like a hundred little mutant babies, and they were running around making long distance calls and voting democrat, so I said -"

"Ex-cuse me?" I said. Amy flustered, "Uh, I mean, well you weren't even paying attention to me!"

"Sorry," I said. "I've got a lot to think about. Let's start over. What movies are you getting?"

"Murder In The Whore Academy, Blood-Drinking Hell Guys," she counted on her fingers, "and Don't Go In The Outhouse."

"No." I said flatly.

"Oh, come on, Grampa!" Amy whined. "Michaela (name withheld) has seen all those, along with Stripper Ripper parts 1 - 5. I'm not keeping up with my age group!"

"Michaela's parents must be idiots. And your age group is ridiculous." I said. "There's perfectly scary stuff that isn't stupid as well. Let's get some real honest-to-goodness scary movies that aren't just fake blood splashed on has-been playboy models."

"You have no taste in cinema!" Amy announced, and pouted for just a moment. "Ok, like what?"

"Well, Phantoms, Fallen, R.S.V.P., Night Of The Living Dead, Dawn of the Dead. Oooh, Sixth Sense! You know, GOOD ones." I said.

"Aren't those all like, old?" She said with disdain.

"Well, Night Of The Living Dead is black and white, and kinda slow in places, but I promise it'll freak you out. You might want to take it easy, though. I'm not sure if Liu Si is ready for this stuff."

"Scary movies were her idea." Amy said simply. "Ok, you help me pick some that won't make us barf, ok?"

"Deal," I said, and we did. The video place is one of those "We (heart) Family!" places that has a back room full of grubby porno anyway. Other than one 20-something woman who actually checks ID, a 17-year-old guy and his 9-year-old sister can rent any R title that doesn't have naked people on the cover. Besides the one woman, no one else who works there even cares. God Bless America! We got Phantoms, Scream, and the original Dawn of the Dead. I also convinced her to get Shaun of the Dead as kind of a palate cleanser for right before sleep, because that one has a funny ending, despite being legitimately scary at times.

So then, home we went, to see if Karen had called the cops, or moved out, or gouged her eyes out or worse. We got home at about 5:53, so it wouldn't be long before Lola arrived. Karen was sitting in the living room, watching a Simpsons rerun. The kitchen was clean, and the table was set. Here goes nothing. I walked into the living room, and sat next to Karen on the couch.

"Listen, I-" I started to say, but Karen said "Shh!"

And then she cuddled up against my left side, put her head on my shoulder, and put her arm around mine. We sat in silence for a few more moments.

"We-" I began again, but again she said "Shh!" and gave my knee a slap.

Amy came barging in, and flopped on the mattress, stacking the movies in front of the tv.

Karen finally gave my arm a squeeze, looked up, and said simply "Sorry." The look on her face was one of shame.

"Well, me too." I said gently. I tried to give her a smile, but I don't think it worked.

"Never happened, ok?" She said hopefully. She looked so nervous and unhappy, like I was going to hit her or something. I took my arm out of her grasp and put it around her shoulders. Amy laughed at something stupid Homer was doing, completely oblivious to us.

"I'll forgive you if you forgive me." I said quietly.

"Deal!" She said, and then kinda collapsed against me with relief. "I thought you were going to totally

hate me after that."

"I was more worried about you being traumatized." I said.

"I wasn't exactly traumatized, but I . . . I can't talk about it." She blushed, and looked away.

"What are you guys muttering about?" Amy called.

"Your birthday present. I want to get you soap, she wants to get you canned peas." I lied.

"That is SO not funny!" Amy glared. I heard a knocking on the back door. "I'll get it!" Amy yelled, leapt to her feet, and vanished in a flurry of footsteps.

"I was so afraid that it was going to be weird for the rest of our lives. I totally panicked." Karen said, still a bit sadly.

"Well I didn't know what to do either. Still love me?" I asked.

"Are you *kidding?!*" Karen said quietly. "You should totally hate me right now, and you're concerned about MY feelings. I love you more than ever."

I kissed her on top of her head. "I can live with that."

In the kitchen, I could hear Lola's voice, distantly, saying "I have a pizza for Aim-eye Hoom-bear?" and Amy's mock outraged "WHAT?!"

"Company's here." I said, and gave Karen a pat. She got up, all long legs and tanned skin, and stretched. "I don't think I budged from the moment I got down here, which was right after you left. I was so scared." She said.

"Fugheddaboutit," I said, in my best Sopranos voice. She rolled her eyes at me.

I could hear all kinds of activity in the kitchen, so we went in to find four pizzas stacked on the counter, and Lola and Amy attacking some cheesy breadsticks.

"Oh, look who's arrived," Amy said around a mouthful of cheese.

"I got pepperoni, sausage, extra cheese/mushroom, and supreme because I wasn't sure what you'd be in the mood for." Lola said. She was wearing little khaki shorts, a light blue silk blouse, and a baseball cap, apparently for the pizza delivery gag.

"That's a lot of pizza, seriously. You didn't have to bring so much." Karen protested.

"Well, mother used to bring you food twice a week, right? Plus Amy's friend is coming over tonight, so it won't go to waste, I'm sure." Lola smiled.

Sensing this was an argument Karen wasn't going to win, I grabbed a plate. She smiled and did the

same. The pizza was good. It was a major chain brand which has the best crust ever. Timpanelli's (where I work) doesn't really have the kind of crust I like, so it doesn't bother me to enjoy someone else's brand.

"I brought a movie too," Lola said. "You guys see 28 Days Later yet?"

"Awesome," I said. I had seen parts of it at work (Timpanelli's has a tv in the dining area with HBO and everything.) but I knew it was cool.

So we watched it right after dinner. I won't ruin it for you, but I like Brendan Gleeson, (he's like that cool uncle you wish you had,) so parts of the movie were sad. But when the character Jim (the hero) comes back to the manor house, he's like the Fist of God. It was fantastic.

As the credits rolled, I stretched my legs. Karen was sitting between my feet getting her shoulders rubbed., and on the either side of me sat Lola and then Amy. Lola had been going to sit on the other couch, but Amy called her over to the main one. She sat down at what I would call a chaste distance, but seeing the way Karen and Amy practically piled up on me, she scooted over closer and got REALLY comfortable. It was nice. I could feel her hip pressed against mine, and I enjoyed it, I'll admit.

But, all good things must come to an end. It was about 9:05, so I told Amy to get her shoes on. Karen volunteered to stay home, because she wanted to talk to Lola about something girl-related, (which to me meant periods or yeast infections or something.) I left in a bit of a hurry.

So we get to the Dragon Garden, at about 9:50, and Liu Si was waiting just in the doors. She immediately started jumping up and down. Amy ran inside, and the two of them vanished for a moment, and then came running back out, once again with Liu Si's plastic shopping bag luggage. Giggling uproariously, they piled into the car, Amy into the back seat, Liu Si in the front.

"Time for FUN!" Liu Si yelled. "You got that right, Hu Die," Amy laughed. Liu Si jumped, and laughed. "You are calling me Hu Die? I will make nickname for you!" Amy made a scary face. "I will call you White Devil!" Liu Si laughed.

"What does Hu Die mean?" I asked, left out of the loop.

"It means butterfly." Liu Si said happily. She then sobered up quickly. "I have bad news. My butterfly hair band was stolen from me."

"Oh no!" Amy said.

"There is a girl about 17 years old who works in the nail salon who is mean and cruel. My hair band dissappeared from the shelf over my cot, and she returned it to me two days later with the butterfly part broken off. She told me I should be more careful with my belongings, and that I shouldn't have something so gaudy anyway." Liu Si said sadly. "There was nothing I could do. she must have taken it while I was working in the kitchen. I hate her very strongly."

"I'll get you another one." Amy said firmly.

"I could not really stop it from happening again. We have no door on any of our rooms." Liu Si said with a frown.

"I'll think of something." Amy said.

They soon began talking about other things, some parts english, some parts chinese. We got back home to find Lola's car still in the driveway. Liu Si went "Ooooh, that is a neat car!"

"Let me show you the hot tub!" Amy said, excitedly. "You lost the game last time so you have to do what I say, and I say we're getting in!"

"Oh no!" Liu Si said, about 50% sincere. "I still have no suit!"

"I've got another bikini, and they're adjustable with string ties, so we can make it fit."

Liu Si shook her head, smiling. "I cannot escape, can I?"

"Nope!" Amy said happily, with a gleam in her eye. "You're mine, Hu Die! And I say into the hot tub with you!" She pointed dramatically, and gave an evil cackle.

"EEEEEEK!" Liu Si said, adorably. They went running over to view the tub.

When I walked into the kitchen, I could hear their conversation wrapping up. Karen was saying, "Well, thanks for listening. I miss being able to talk to your mother, and I needed some advice."

"I'm probably not the best person to give advice, considering my own situation, but there are some things that never change. I'm sure you'll make the right decision." Lola said.

"My brain isn't sure, but my heart has already made up it's mind, I think." Karen said wistfully.

"Well, being ready means more than just having an opportunity. Opportunities abound. Being ready and knowing the right time is hard. Don't confuse temptation with the real thing." Lola said. Sounded like good advice to me, whatever she was talking about.

Not wanting to overhear anything private, I clattered my keys onto the table and cleared my throat. I banged a new bag of microwave popcorn into the oven, and beeped it for 3:50 (My secret recipe.) Seconds later, Amy and Liu Si burst through the patio doors and thundered into the living room. Liu Si skidded to a stop when she saw Lola, and was instantly shy.

"Hi Lola!" Amy said proudly. "This is my best friend, Liu Si Han! Isn't she pretty?!"

Liu Si blushed hard and covered her face with one hand, laughing nervously. Lola smiled at her kindly.

"You've got to stop introducing her like that, Amy." I said, "Can't you see how much it embarasses her?" I brought a big bowl into the room.

"But it's true! She's gorgeous." Amy said, annoyed at us.

"Anyone you're introducing her to can already see that she is very pretty. You don't need to point it out." Lola said, reaching out to shake hands with Liu Si, who did so, still blushing. "Hi, I'm Lola Klemp."

"Dragging her into the room and announcing how beautiful she is is kinda like bringing her in and then yanking her clothes off. She probably doesn't need to be spotlighted like that." Karen said.

"It is not so bad," Liu Si said, still embarrassed, but happy. "Amy thinks I am pretty, and it feels nice to hear her say it. I think she is pretty too. She is the first person to ever say that to me."

"Well, I know I agree with her. You are a very pretty girl." Lola said, seriously but still smiling.

"Thank you," Liu Si gave a little nervous bow. "And you are also a very beautiful woman."

"Thank you," Lola said. "In fact, I'd say everyone in this room is extremely good looking, not counting myself."

"You really should count yourself too," Karen said, before I could voice a similar opinion.

"All this sweet talk is going to my head," I fanned myself with my hand, and everyone laughed.

"Now that we've established how gorgeous we all are, let's watch some scary stuff!" Amy cried, and leapt onto the couch. Liu Si followed her, and the two of them sat hip-to-hip. I put the big empty bowl in the middle of the coffee table, and sat down between Karen and Lola again. Karen snuggled right up against my left side again, clutching my arm, and I hit play on the DVD. Amy had put in *Scream*, and right as the movie started, the microwave beeped.

"Be right back," I grunted, and got up, taking the empty bowl with me.

"Turn out the lights when you come back, ok?" Amy called.

I poured the hot popcorn into the bowl, and gave it a few quick spritzes with the little spray bottle of *That Ain't Butter!*, and then returned to the living room, smacking the light switch as I entered. I put the bowl of popcorn on the coffee table, and Amy quickly grabbed it and sat it in her and Liu Si's laps. "Hey," I said.

"No talking during the movie!" Amy whispered loudly. She and Liu Si scarfed handfuls of popcorn.

Karen pulled me back down into my seat, and intertwined her fingers in mine. "Maybe I should have brought back in a pizza," I muttered.

"I'm not really hungry," Karen sighed. "Me neither," Lola said softly.

"Ok, I guess." I said. Lola leaned over and put her head against my shoulder. "I can't stay very late tonight. I've been up all day at the hospital, and I could probably go to sleep right here."

We watched the movie for a bit, and after about ten minutes, Lola shifted herself and rested her hand on my leg, just above my knee, and started doodling on my leg with her finger, just kinda tracing this way

and that in little swirls and loops. It was pleasant, but I could tell she was getting sleepy, because she was going slower. Soon she stopped altogether, and kinda drooped off my shoulder and tipped into my lap.

"Do you need to go to bed?" I asked gently. She jolted awake, and blinked at me sheepishly. "I'm so sorry," she said, "I didn't realize just how knocked out I was." She shifted herself more upright, and took a deep breath. "You make a good pillow." She chuckled.

"Any time," I grinned, but I was more concerned with her. Karen looked over. "Are you going to be ok to get home?" She asked sincerely.

"Yeah, I'll be fine. Once I get up and moving, I'll have enough energy to make it to bed." She struggled to get up, and I disentangled from Karen, and both of us kinda escorted her to the kitchen. She looked really out of it. "Man, I was really asleep," She said, rubbing her eyes. "I've been up since four am, Mom's first test was scheduled for 6:00, because the MRI has a busy schedule. I'm beat. Lemme go use the restroom, and I'll go." She walked down the hall, holding the wall for balance.

Karen smiled at me. "Remind you of anyone? 'I'm not that sleepy! Bonk!'" She mimed falling over.

"Yeah, Amy." I grinned. "I'm wrapping up some of this pizza for her to take home, no matter what she says."

"Good idea. Let me condense what's left into fewer boxes." Karen bustled about, and I wrapped up three slices in tin foil.

"You guys have a good talk?" I asked, to fill the silence. Squeals came from the living room as some other teen doofus met a grisly end.

"Pretty good," Karen said, noncommittally. "Just about girl stuff, you know. Growing up. Womanhood, that stuff."

"Ok," I said, getting a sense that she didn't want to discuss it with her older brother. In the living room, I could hear Liu Si happily saying "Eeeewwww" and Amy chiming in with an "Oh My God!"

Karen stuffed the two empty pizza boxes behind the garbage can, and looked around the kitchen. Everything seemed to be in order. Except, no Lola.

"Umm, maybe you need to go check on her." I said. Karen nodded. "I just had the same thought myself."

She went down the hall and I heard her knock. I also very faintly heard the sound of the toilet tank lid being jarred, that kind of scrape-clonk noise when you lean back too fast.

"Are you ok?" I heard her ask, worried. A tiny wail came from the bathroom (I was in the hallway by now) and I called "Do you need help?"

"Oh God, no," Lola's groggy voice came. "I just need to get home to bed. I can't believe this! Please go back to the kitchen, both of you. I'm so embarassed."

We did as instructed, and soon, we heard toilet flushing, water running, and Lola came plodding out into the kitchen, her face burning red. "I've never been so embarrassed in my life. I ACTUALLY fell asleep in the bathroom. I sat down, and I shut my eyes for just a SECOND, and I almost fell off the toilet. I feel like such an idiot." She put her hands on her cheeks, but she was still a bit wobbly, and had to grab the counter for balance.

"I'm taking you home." I said flatly.

"I can drive myself," Lola protested, reaching into her purse, and looking for her keys.

"Forget it," Karen said. She handed Lola the tin-foiled pizza, and me the keys.

"They were on the counter." She said, smiling smugly. "Scramble some eggs on that pizza in the morning, and you've got a good breakfast."

"I'm obviously outnumbered." Lola accused, not angrily. "Tell the truth, it would be nice to just ride along. Ok, you convinced me. Let's go, hotshot."

I opened the door for her, and we went outside, The stars shone like crazy, and I could see her car in the light of the half-moon.

"It got cold out here!" Lola said, and rubbed her arms briskly, stumbling on the bottom step of the patio. "You'd think I was drunk! I can't even walk." She sounded mad at herself.

"I've been that tired before, don't feel bad." I said. I went around to the driver's side door, and got in, unlocking the door for her. The top had been down, and there was a chill on the seats. "I'm freezing!" She said. She reached into the space behind the passenger side and brought out a flannel blanket, folded neatly.

She wrapped this around herself and hunched over against me like a caterpillar. "Home, James," She said tiredly, and settled against me with a sigh.

Driving a convertible at night is very distracting. The headlights go up over you like a halo, and the stars and everything seem very close. Add to that a beautiful woman wrapped up in a blanket snuggled next to you, and you've got something to keep your mind off the road.

I made it back to Mrs. Klemp's house, and put my arm around her. The drive took about a minute, but she was asleep again. I squeezed her gently. "Hey," I said.

She snorted a bit, and woke up. "I keep sleeping for like a minute and then waking up. I'm getting a headache." She squinted. "You must think I'm ridiculous."

"Not at all, Sleeping Beauty." I said, grinning. She smiled back at me. "You are such a NICE young man," She purred. "Help me get my tired butt inside, if you would, and I'll give you a reward. I mean, I'll give you your shirt back." She blushed, and leaned against me for a second. "Arrgh. Need sleep."

"How did you get this tired in one day?" I asked. I had the keys, so I planned to walk her to the door and unlock it for her. She pressed the button to put the roof up. It smoothly levered out of the trunk, and flopped over us. We clamped it in place.

"Haven't been sleeping very well lately." She said. "I think it's all catching up to me at once."

"Ah, Sleep Debt," I said, having just learned about that in cyber health class.

"Yeah." She got out of the car, still wrapped in the blanket, and wobbled down the sidewalk. I grabbed the pizza and her little clutch purse, and followed her.

Halfway to the door, she stopped. "Oh crap," She said. "I was supposed to do some more laundry today, and I totally forgot. Unnnnnh!" She moaned.

"How bad is it?" I asked. She shook her head. "All I have left in my suitcase is socks and pantyhose. Everything else is covered in cat hair. In fact, this morning Buttons threw up on my PJs. If I had clean ones, I'd just collapse in bed and worry about it in the morning, but I need something for tonight, so I guess I have to stay up and do laundry. This really sucks. Stupid cats." She sounded miserable. I unlocked the door for her, and got a much-gentler-than-before whiff of Eau de Gato from inside.

The night air outside, of course, was pure and crisp, if a little chilly. "Tell you what," I said.

She looked up at me, sleepily. I walked back down the little steps and steadied her with my arms. "You said you washed my shirt last time and forgot to give it to me?"

"Yeah, it's on a hanger, right inside the kitchen. I hung it up so the cats wouldn't get to it." She made a cute little face.

"Keep it. You said if you had a clean nightgown you'd go to bed and worry about laundry later, so wear my shirt tonight, and get some sleep." I said gently.

"I couldn't- " She blinked at me, wide-eyed, "Are you sure? Oh my god, that would be so nice! I mean, you don't mind an old woman wearing your shirt to bed?" I couldn't see if she was blushing, but it certainly sounded like she might be.

"You're not an old woman, and no I don't mind." I grinned at her, a bit evilly. "In fact, I kinda like the idea. Promise not to tell my sisters, and you could keep it for as long as you like."

She ducked her head at that, and I knew she was blushing; so was I. "It would be kinda naughty," She said.

"How many guys my age can say they have a beautiful woman wearing their shirts to bed?" I asked. "Not too many."

"You didn't even ask if I was going to wear anything under it or not," She purred sleepily.

"Surprise me," I shrugged. Then, realizing how first-person that sounded, I quickly added "I mean, your

choice."

She shook the blanket off of her shoulders, and threw it over mine. "You'll need this for the walk home." She mounted the steps, and then turned. She was very close to me, and she cocked her head. "You know, since I'm wearing your shirt to bed, I don't have a reward to give you for driving me home."

I almost said Don't worry about it, but I suddenly realized I should keep my mouth shut and something good was going to happen. I just looked at her.

"So here you go instead," She said, and stepped forward quickly and kissed me. I mean right on the lips, for about five seconds. I must have jumped at first, because she put her right arm around me, and her left hand stroked the side of my face.

Those of you who are reading this should already be old enough to have had your first kiss, so I don't need to explain the feeling too much, but I swear it was like I had no nerves anywhere in my body except for my lips and my face, where her nose brushed mine, her hand stroked my cheek. I was stunned. Her lips rubbed against mine, and I could feel her tongue caress my lower lip. She stepped back after a five-second eternity, and I had to remind myself that I was standing up, because I almost fell over backwards. I almost cried. I wanted more, and I wanted it bad, but by the time I got control of my mind again, she was walking inside.

"Don't tell your sisters. Thanks for everything, Will. I'll see you later," She smiled very warmly at me, and shut the door. I had to leave before I did something dumber than just stand there like a moron. Before I beat on the door and begged for another kiss. I staggered off through the yard, and headed for our dark driveway.

If it hadn't been for the fact that it was nighttime, and with the moonlight I had to watch where I was walking, I'd swear I just floated home. I took some deep breaths, and tried to calm down. It was a kiss. It didn't mean she wanted to marry me. It didn't mean I would get more from her. it was just a kiss. A nice kiss. But just one kiss.

3 - First Date, Two Girls

I still felt happy about it, but at least I wasn't completely lovestruck. I managed to get myself under control, and climbed the steps to the front door. And paused. Inside, I could see Amy and Liu Si watching *Scream* still. The glow from the tv illuminated their faces, Amy scared and amused, Liu Si scared and enthralled. I looked down at myself. The flannel blanket was a deep navy blue. With a little creativity, I could scare the crap out of them. I saw Karen move in the doorway of the kitchen, getting a glass out of the cupboard. Aha, an accomplice. I stepped off the porch and ran around to the kitchen. Opening the door quietly, I motioned Karen for silence.

"Let's scare them really good," I whispered.

"What did you have in mind," she asked, interested.

"I'm going to get my cell phone and call the house, and pretend to be the killer." I grinned.

"I don't know if that will do it," Karen said, skeptically.

I looked at the kitchen garbage can, and saw an empty pickle jar near the top. I grabbed it, and handed it to Karen, who took it with a slight air of disgust. "That was in the garbage," She said.

"I'll call and mess with them, when they get up and turn the porch lights on, you throw that in the sink so it breaks, and come running into the living room and yell that there is someone in the house." I grabbed the bottle of ketchup from beside the fridge, then moved to the top of the cellar stairs, where the big clothes hamper is, and took out an older undershirt.

I trotted back over to Karen, and whispered "Then I'll come in, looking stabbed or hurt or something. They'll totally freak out!"

Karen frowned. "That's not very nice."

"MORE POPCORN!" Amy yelled from the living room.

"Let's do it," Karen said.

I grabbed my cellphone off the table where I had left it after coming home from the video store, took the blanket outside to the porch, and then came inside, tucked the ketchup along the side of my body away from the girls, and went through the living room, upstairs.

"You're missing the whole movie!" Amy called at me.

"I'll be right back," I said, without a trace of foreshadowing.

Liu Si said "Do not say that!"

Once in my room, I put on the old t-shirt, opened my window and climbed out onto the porch roof, walked carefully to the edge, and let myself down onto the deck. I grabbed the blanket, and ran around the house into the yard. Creeping up on the front porch, I called the house.

The phone rang several times before Amy answered it, annoyed. "Hello," she said.

"Hi, is this Amy?" I growled in a high-pitched, fakey-sounding voice.

"Yeah, who's this?" She asked, still annoyed.

"I'm going to ask you some questions, ok?"

"I don't do telemarketing surveys." She said. "Hanging up now." Click.

I called right back. It rang three times this time, and she answered it again.

"Hello?" She said, even more annoyed.

"Don't you ever hang up on me again, you little witch!" I snarled. "I'll gut you like a fish!"

"Who the hell IS THIS?" She growled. "You are SO not funny." Through the window, I could see her sit bolt upright. Liu Si stopped watching the movie, and started looking at Amy, very concerned.

"Are you in the house alone?" I asked evilly, still in the fake voice.

"NO, there's lots of people here. We're having a party."

"I think you're lying. I only see a Chinese girl, and some babe in the kitchen."

"My big brother's here too! He'll beat your ass! . . .Wait a minute what do you mean you SEE a chinese girl?! KAREN!"

I deliberately knocked over the empty coal bucket we keep by the front door for decoration, and it clanged against the front door. I could see Amy leap up, and come running my way, so I spun around, threw the blanket over my head like a cloak, and the moment she got the lights turned on, I leapt off the front steps and went sprinting away to the left around the house. On the phone I could hear her shrieking.

As I neared the side of the back porch, I could hear glass breaking in the kitchen, and Karen yelling "AAAHHH, Someone's in the house!!!"

I stood on the little brick half-wall and pulled myself back up onto the porch roof, and scrambled in through my open window. I ditched the cell phone and the blanket, and slopped a handful of ketchup onto my chest, rubbing it in, and covering both hands with it.

Within seconds, Amy and Liu Si were beating on my door screaming. I unlocked it, and stumbled out into

the hallway, coughing and acting like I was dying. I actually got ketchup on Liu Si's face by grabbing for her the second the door opened. She shrieked, and Amy almost crapped herself. As I stumbled and fell on the floor, they both just clutched each other, screaming. Karen came running up the steps behind them, and went "OH MY GOD NOOOO!"

I lay there for a few seconds, and then went "Bleeeahhhhhh!" in a very corny voice. Right then, Liu Si said "This is ketchup!" angrily, and Karen just started laughing. Realization dawning on them both, Amy and Liu Si let go of each other, and reacted very differently. Liu Si started giggling. Relieved, but amused. Amy got pissed. She aimed a kick at my head, which I barely blocked with my hand as I started to get up. She had actual tears in her eyes.

"You big jerk!" She shouted, and beat on my chest with both fists as I got to my feet.

"Aawwww, hey," Karen chuckled, trying to calm her down.

"I thought you were really hurt, you asshole!" Amy cried, punching at my stomach. Liu Si stopped laughing, and tried to comfort Amy, who wiped away a few angry tears and backed off.

"I just wanted to give you a scare," I said, holding my hands out defensively. "I thought you'd be entertained."

"IF you want to give me a scare, tell me you saw someone in the yard, don't come stumbling out looking like you're dying. It was kinda ok up until then." She wiped her nose, and gave a chuckle. "I mean it was really good up until then, but there's nothing cool about you or Karen getting stabbed or killed or whatever. Even as a joke, that is no good."

Liu Si was looking solemnly at Amy. "Or you," Amy said, and gave her a big hug. "Nobody gets hurt around here, got it? I love all three of you. Never play like that." Liu Si hugged her back.

Karen shot me a look that said *apologize, buster* but I didn't need it. "I'm sorry." I said. "That WAS too far."

"How did you get from upstairs to the porch to your room again?" Liu Si asked.

"I climbed across the porch roof," I said. "It wasn't hard."

"I threw a jar in the sink." Karen said.

"I'll pick out the pieces," I said.

"Yes, you will," Karen said, "and I'll make big bowls of ice cream. How's that sound?"

Amy and Liu Si both cheered, and I took off my ketchupy T-shirt and wiped off my hands. I gestured to Liu Si. "Come here," I said. She came over shyly, and I wiped the ketchup off her face gently.

"Thank you," She blushed, and went downstairs demurely. Amy shot me a calculating look.

"You tryna steal my woman?" She said in a Sopranos kind of voice. "Suddenly youse is too sexy for your shirt?"

I laughed, and said "No, I was just trying to get all the ketchup."

She grinned at me, and then frowned. "I forgot. I'm still mad at you."

"Oh boy. How long will it last?"

"Until you bring me ice cream." She huffed, and stomped exaggeratedly downstairs.

So, off I went. Cleaned up glass, got ice cream (frozen yogurt for Liu Si), and watched part of the next movie. Amy and Liu Si took their usual places on the mattress, this time snuggled under the same blanket right from the start. Karen went to bed first, and I stayed up long enough to see the elevator open in Dawn Of The Dead. (If you've seen the original, you know what I mean.) Then off to bed for myself. As I lay in bed, drifting off to sleep, I kept reliving that kiss. My first kiss, ever. With a woman exactly twice my age. I don't regret it a bit. It was quite a day.

At about two am, I was awakened by noises coming from outside. I had forgotten to close my window (luckily, it was summer.) I heard whispering, and giggling, and feet slapping on the patio below my window. Quietly, I got up, and crept to the window, to witness Amy and Liu Si getting into the hot tub. The cover coming off had been the sound that awakened me. That thing is heavy, like a big mattress that folds in the middle. Their voices carried up to my ears quite well, considering the total silence of the surrounding environment. Only the whirring of the motor in the tub was making any noise.

"Everybody's asleep, it's cool!" Amy was saying. They were wearing bikinis, Liu Si wearing one of Amy's spares, a tie-on string bikini, obviously re-tied to fit her slightly smaller figure.

"I do not know if this is a good idea," Liu Si said doubtfully.

"Well, we can just do tops, ok? How about that? I promise it's really fun!" Amy said, and added a few toys to the tub. A canoe, a whale, and of course, the devilish Seymour. She climbed up, and held out both arms to Liu Si. "Besides, you lost the game last time, and now you have to do what I say."

Liu Si stepped closer and took Amy's arms, and let herself be helped into the tub. She oohed and giggled at the sensation. "Okay. What do I do now, O master?" She said coquettishly.

"Turn around," Amy made a stirring motion with her finger. Liu Si turned around, and Amy reached for the strings of her bikini top. Suddenly, I realized what they had been talking about. My jaw dropped. Amy began untying Liu Si's top.

Behind me, I heard the bathroom door shut, and I glanced back at the door. The light/fan combo built into the ceiling had turned on. Karen was awake, but in the bathroom. If she overheard any of this, she'd kill Amy for sure. As it was, the idea of my 9-year-old sister trying to get her friend naked was a shocker for me too.

I looked back down, to see Liu Si sitting up to her shoulders in the water, her (partial) nudity concealed

by the bubbling surface. Amy removed her own top with a flourish, and did a little twirl with her arms over her head. In the dim light, I could see her tiny little breasts, barely protruding from her chest. She put her arms down with a sigh. "I wish I had Karen's boobs." She said, a bit sadly. "Even if only to play with." She made a little two-handed squeeze motion and my jaw dropped again. With an evil chuckle, she slid into the water.

"You are so bad," Liu Si said, and I could hear the blush in her voice. Amy cranked the bubbles and the jets, and I couldn't hear any more, although they did scooch over and sit next to each other.

I stumbled back to bed and pulled the covers over my head. My littlest sister might be a lesbian, I thought to myself, right before I fell back asleep.

So a few pages ago I think I mentioned that I got a job as a pizza delivery guy. It's kinda interesting, but just like a female of any age can walk in and get a job as a waitress, with no prior experience, a teenage guy with a car and a driver's license can get a job delivering pizzas.

I was one of about five drivers for Timpanelli's Pizza Subs and Wings(!). Pretty cool place to work. The name of the place was supposed to indicate three distinct types of food, but so many idiots called to order pizza subs that they actually made one up and put it on the menu.

The job itself wasn't too bad, but I did really get annoyed when you'd show up to deliver a pizza, and the people didn't have the money together, or they didn't figure out sales tax or a tip. Pizza drivers live on tips, people. You want pizza at sticker price, you come get it yourself, ok? You'd show up with two large pizzas, and they'd be all like "Whoops lemme go find some money or something," like they weren't actually expecting you to show up. It's ridiculous.

Other than that, and the occasional person trying to bargain for a lower price, and the occasional unhip teenager thinking he could buy drugs off of you, things went pretty smoothly. I never got robbed or bitten by some moron's pit bull. On second thought, maybe some of my co-workers WERE selling drugs on the side, I've no idea.

One of the things that I had thought was just a stereotype was the sexual aspect of pizza delivery. If you've ever partaken of porn, or those titty movies Cinemax plays instead of porn, you've seen the old "Pay The Pizza Guy With Sex Instead of Money" routine. This would occasionally be attempted. Fat college girls would bat their eyes at you and ask if you had time to give them "some extra Pepperoni (wink wink wink)." Some 60-something woman in a bathrobe would ask you if you'd stay for "dessert." This happened to all of us drivers, even Fat Lenny, who LOOKS like a pizza.

About the craziest was the fat old bald guy who lived over the comic book shop. He invited me in for a beer (I was 16) and said he'd just gotten a special bootleg extended cut of Gladiator. I quickly caught the creepy vibe and said "No thanks, the pizza comes to \$13.50" and got the hell out of there. (Fat Lenny says the beer tastes funny, and the "bootleg" part of the movie is a 20-minute inserted scene of the fat old bald guy in a leather bra, playing with himself. I did not ask him how he came by this knowledge, and he did not volunteer to tell me. That's the way we like it.)

I've been propositioned twice by women I would call attractive, but since I won't have sex with random strangers (thanks mom) I always politely declined. One woman had toys in the yard, which meant she

had kids. The other woman, much prettier, had a two-car driveway with an oil spot on the empty side, which told me that hubby wasn't home. No thanks.

I think I've worked there (as I'm writing this) for almost a year. About three months ago, I'm sent to deliver a large sausage pizza to one of the nicer new neighborhoods.

The house was large, but the grass and the driveway looked new, so I'm guessing the house was just built. I drove up (in the mustang, of course) and got out with the pizza, and walked up to the door. I was wearing a North Carolina basketball jersey (sleeveless) and matching shorts, that baby-blue satiny kind, and my Timpanelli's Pizza Subs and Wings! hat.

I rang the doorbell, and it was opened by a dark-haired teenage girl wearing a shaving cream bikini. I think it was supposed to be a whipped cream bikini, but the texture looked wrong, and I could definitely smell menthol. She looked at me and froze, her fake smile being replaced by a look of utter shock and surprise. "Guh," She said.

I like to think I rose to the occasion rather smoothly. "One large sausage?" I said.

She gave a little wail and slammed the door. I could hear lots of derisive laughter, and calls of "youuu looooooose!"

"SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP!" I could hear an earsplitting whisper. "THAT'S WILL HUMBERT FROM SCHOOL! WHERE THE FUCK ARE MY CLOTHES?!"

The laughter got quieter, and turned to giggles. "I HATE YOU GUYS SO BAD!" came the panicked whisper again.

More giggling, but also a stampede of feet getting closer. I stood calmly, and looked at my watch. The curtains beside the door and in the windows in the adjoining rooms (right and left) twitched and billowed as if a swarm of bees were behind them. The tiny speck of light from the security peephole blinked on and off like morse code. More whispers and giggles. Someone said "oooooh" very quietly. Did they realize I could hear all this?

Moments later, I heard the Hoarse Whisperer returning. "BE COOL, BE COOL, GO SIT DOWN!"

The door opened once more, to find the same girl, now in a tiny halter top, and those super-short shorts that are in danger of slipping off, even when yanked up to Maximum Camel Toe. She posed in the doorway. "Hi," she panted, having just spent the last minute running, apparently.

"Hi." I said. "Is everything ok?"

"What? Oh, sure. No problem." She adjusted her hair. I held up the pizza as a reminder.

"OH, um, well, we all went together to pay for the pizza, so let me get the money from the girls. Could you bring it in and put it on the table?"

Normally a request like that would get you glared at, but this time it didn't bother me at all. It was both

cute and aroused my . . . sympathy, actually. I followed the menthol-scented nymphet into a large rec-room, currently decorated like a den of sin.

Sleeping bags were spread out on the floor, candles, both lit and unlit, were arrayed over nearly every flat surface, and the whole place reeked of incense. Someone had thrown a red silk scarf over the room's one table lamp, putting the whole room in a kind of warm pink shadow. A bedsheet had been draped over what appeared to be a pool table, and sitting on it were napkins, cups, and a little box of wine coolers. A TV was on MTV, although muted, and a stereo was playing some R&B groove. A large hand-lettered banner said SWEAT SIXTEEN SANDI.

And, of course, there were girls. Lots of them. I'd guess about eleven or twelve girls, between the ages of 13 and 15, were lounging around like models in some pre-teen fashion magazine. Some stood, hips cocked, chests (such as each had) thrust out. Some sat (or draped) on the room's two sofas. One girl was seated on the ottoman, her (currently removed) shirt clutched to her chest, while another girl painted henna designs on her shoulder blades. Cumulatively, there wasn't enough clothing on display to keep any one of them warm on a fall afternoon, but as warm as the room was, they looked quite comfortable.

Walking into that room was like walking into the tiger cage at the zoo. I could practically FEEL every eye on me. The song stopped about the moment I cleared the doorway and you could have heard a condom drop in the sudden silence. I walked over to the pool table, and put the pizza down. (That was a major rule break right there. NEVER let go of the pizza until you've got the money in hand.) A Nelly Furtado song began playing on the stereo.

I turned around, and saw the shaving cream girl still in the doorway, trying to look sultry, and every girl in the room had taken out a dollar and was holding it up. I got the crazy idea that they were going to stick the dollars in the waistband of my shorts. There was nothing left to do except walk along each side of the room and collect the dollar bills. This of course, gave each one the opportunity to flirt, be it smiling at me and batting their lashes, stroking their hand against mine in the act of paying me, or, in three distinct cases, leaning forward and trying to give me a view down their top. When I got to the henna artist, she wagged the slim brush at me and said "Want some?"

"No thanks," I said, smiling. "I like it the way it is." I flexed my arm muscles just a bit, and a tiny flurry of giggles swept the room. Crossing the room to the other side, I accidentally trod on some sleeping bags, and inside one, I stepped on something hard and cylindrical, like those little maglite flashlights. It didn't break, so I didn't look; I didn't need to, I already had a pretty good idea.

The last girl before I got to the doorway was sitting at the end of the couch. Laying next to her on the little end table was a plain white taper candle, unlit, although a little bent, as if it had been too warm at some point. She saw my glance, and quickly slapped it back down behind the table. She then clasped her hands in her lap and blushed a deep crimson. Hmmm.

I got to the doorway to find the dark-haired girl holding a five. "Will this do it?" She asked breathlessly.

I gently took the five-spot from her fingers. "This'll do it just fine," I said, in my sexiest voice. I walked towards the door. In the room behind me, I could hear sudden activity.

"I'd invite you to stay, but I'm not allowed to have any men at my party," The girl said, following me. Ah, I thought, this must be SANDI, of today's SWEAT SIXTEEN fame.

"That's too bad," I said, without a trace of sarcasm.

"You're Will Humbert, right? How come I never see you around school? Did you graduate early?" She tripped along behind me. I glanced back at her, to see she was wearing platform high heels. On the tile floor they sounded like hooves; clip-clop clip-clop.

"I'm doing the cyber-school thing now. It's very cool." I stopped at the door and turned back to her. She skidded up to me with a little squeak. I noticed her eyes were too light blue, most likely contact lenses. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see girls peeking down the hallway towards us. I looked her up and down, slowly. "Thanks for . . . everything." I winked at her and gave her a grin. Someone down the hall jealously whispered "oh my god!"

"Umm, hey-" she said, reaching out and grabbing my arm nervously. "What time do you get off work tonight?"

"Why do you ask?" I said politely. She began tracing designs on my bicep with her finger. "What if we want more?" she said. I looked down at her hand on my arm, and she let go self-consciously.

I touched my hat. "We deliver until 11:30. Just don't order anchovies because they stink up the car." I actually went off shift at eight, but she didn't really need to know that. I opened the door, and prepared to step out. The sun was beginning to set, and it was starting to get orange and shady everywhere.

"Are you doing anything tomorrow night?" She blurted. I could hear a collective gasp from the other room. I looked at her objectively. A little dippy, but cute in a virgin airhead way. Her figure still had traces of puppy fat, but not bad-looking overall. (Growing up with Karen makes it hard to judge fairly.) She had a patina of over-tanning, through which was now appearing patches of blotchy pink, in the shape of her previous shaving-cream bikini.

"Not yet," I said. She looked terrified, but she continued, "My friend Jessica and I were going to the mall to buy new swimsuits. Would you like to come with us?" She twisted her hands in front of her.

No stranger to entendre, I said, "Ok, coming with you two sounds like fun." I mean what the heck, it's her party, right? Let her be the cool girl. "Do I meet you there, or am I picking you up?" I opened the door and stepped outside, holding the door for her to follow.

"Well, actually we OH MY GOD is that your car?!" She galloped past me and ran straight to the mustang. She bent over, cupping her hands to peer in the window. Her camel toe looked nice from the back too. (On a quick side note, girls wearing microscopic shorts should not bend over. At that point, they are little more than a cock target.)

"This car is SO hot!" She squealed. "Is it leather?" Her butt wiggled left and right as she looked inside. Ok, so I'm not just being polite to the birthday girl, I told myself, I'm doing this for me, too. "Yeah," I said, finally out of cool. In the space of a few seconds, I went from "cool pizza delivery guy/sex object" to "guy staring at her ass." I pulled myself together.

Behind me, I could hear that stampede of footsteps again, and I walked towards the car to give them some privacy. As I neared the car, I could hear her murmuring to herself "That back seat has *plenty* of room."

"Aren't you moving a little fast?" I said, quietly enough so that it wouldn't carry back to the house.

She stood up and played with her hair, blushing. "I meant for our packages from shopping. Could you pick us up? I've always wanted a ride in a mustang!" She gave a little hop; nice things happened in her halter top. "Your car is so sexy!"

I grinned at her. "Glad you like it. Ok, what time?"

"5:30? No, wait, 5:00! Jessica and I will be ready to go. I can hardly wait!" She squeaked, hopping again. Boing, boing, boing.

"Ok. I hate to say goodbye, but I need to get back to work." I smiled at her, and folded up the pizza pouch under one arm.

She swept her hair back and flounced past me towards the house, strutting like a runway model. As I turned towards the house again, I could see two girls in the doorway, and both sets of curtains twitching and fidgeting. One of the girls in the doorway was a tallish redhead, wearing a microskirt and one of those little sweater things that barely covers the tits, and the other was eating a red popsicle in what could only be described as a sexual way. One of those is probably Jessica, I thought to myself. Is it the redhead with the vacant expression, or the Popsicle Fellator?

At the end of the sidewalk, Sandi turned, posing, and tossed her hair. "I'll call you later, Will! See you tomorrow!" She said loudly, for her audience.

I almost said 'wouldn't you need my number?' but instead I said "Let me know if you ladies need *anything*." I got in the car, and considered laying rubber in the driveway, just to give her a thrill. Instead, I pulled the exhaust cut-outs, so when the car started up it sounded like three Harleys. As I roared out of the driveway, I could see her running back to the house with her arms in the air like a victorious soccer player. I could only imagine the shrill squealing that was going on in that house. This was my last delivery of the night, so I went back to the shop to ring the transactions and punch out. I tossed the pizza bag onto the shelf, rang the delivery, pocketed my tip, and walked over to Pop's office, where the time clock was located. On the whiteboard/work schedule, Fat Lenny and Spiro were slated as tonight's drivers. I hope the slumber party didn't order any more pizzas; Spiro is about 60, and Fat Lenny needs no further description, I'm sure.

Spiro is a veteran, a really cool old guy, but he pretty much hates teenagers. He did demonstrate a kickass choke hold on Carl one time. That was priceless.

I decided to tell Pops about the party. He usually got a kick out of ridiculous events surrounding pizza deliveries. His real name is Arnold, but we call him Pops just to piss him off. I mean, he's an overweight Italian guy in a wifebeater, often sweaty, with a gravelly voice. You can't run a pizza shop looking like that and not get the name Pops. It's just impossible.

Luckily, he's a really nice guy, so he doesn't get mad about it.

I rounded the corner into his office, and said "Hey Pops, you'll never . . ." and kinda stopped dead. I found myself looking at a gorgeous girl, bent over his desk, one foot tipped up for balance as she reached for his pencil cup. High heels, white fishnets, and a tiny leather skirt were all I could see. The skirt was so short, and she was bent over so far, I got a tiny glimpse of ass cheek, there in the shady paradise up her skirt. She turned, still bent over, and glanced at me over her shoulder, but I couldn't look away from her legs and butt. "Do you like what you see?" she said teasingly, perhaps a tiny bit annoyed. She grabbed a pencil at last, and stood up, sweeping her long blonde hair up into a bun and stabbing it in place with the pencil. "Ta-da!" She said, and swiveled to look at me. My gaze finally made it up to her face, on the way noting the bustier top she was wearing, dark green velvet with black ribbons for trim and lacing. (I think it's called a bustier, right? kinda like a corset, but with bra cups and no straps?)

She was gorgeous. Rich golden hair, blazing green eyes, and cherry red lips. A light dusting of freckles graced her nose and her bare shoulders. She put her hands on her hips and looked at me more closely. "huh?" I finally said, dumbfounded.

"I said-" She stalked over to me, and thumped my chest with her finger. "Do. You. Liiiike. What you see?" She smiled at me like a shark. She was very close now, and I could tell she smelled a little bit like cinnamon. She was about four inches taller than me, which, combined with her predatory smile, her beauty, and obvious fearlessness, was more than a little intimidating. She didn't seem annoyed now, she seemed pleased. She arched an eyebrow at me, still smiling. She obviously expected an answer.

Danger, Will Humbert, Danger! I thought.

Luckily, right then Pops swept into the room, drying his hands on a towel. He hustled over to the desk, and sat down, sighing. "So where were we?" He then looked up and saw me, nearly backed into the corner.

"Oh hey, Will, I'd like you to meet my daughter, Jenni."

Without breaking eye contact with me, she said "We've met."

"She's the first Timpanelli to go to college. I'm so proud of her. Which classes am I paying for this semester, honey?" He shuffled some papers on his desk, not really looking at us.

She rolled her eyes a little. "Accounting, Psychology, Speech," She looked at me intently. "Human Sexuality."

"They teach you that?" He asked, a little concerned, still ruffling papers on his messy desk.

"Oh yes, Daddy." She said sweetly, not breaking eye contact with me. It sounded SO dirty when she said it. I suddenly realized that if the slumber party had been like walking into the tiger cage at the zoo, Jenni Timpanelli was like meeting a tiger in the jungle. THIS metaphorical tiger had never been tamed. I almost gulped.

"Jenni's going to get lots of education, and then come help me run the business, if I can convince her."

Pops said, tired but happy. On his desk, he finally found what he was looking for (a TV remote.) He leaned over and aimed it out the door into the dining area. The TV switched from Cartoon Network to Fox News. Fat Lenny groaned in the distance somewhere.

"You're about done for the day, right, Will?" Pops was always aware of everyone's hours. Overtime was not in his vocabulary.

"Yeah, I just wanted to tell you what happened at my last delivery. It was pretty funny." I stammered. Jenni fluttered her lashes at me, and turned slowly, walking to Pops' desk, and sitting on the edge, her long legs stretched out, her ankles crossed.

"Yeah?" Pops said.

"I got asked on a date." I said.

"Not that gladiator guy again? I swear to God, this time I'm calling the cops!" Pops growled.

"No, no it was a girl at her sweet sixteen party. She asked me in front of all of her friends, so I said ok. She's kinda cute." Jenni looked at me unblinkingly, and bit her lip.

"No kiddin'?" Pops laughed. "You rascal! Why if I had your looks, I'd -" Jenni's lazer-gaze swiveled to stare at him instead. He faltered, realizing she was sitting right there. "I'd . . . have a wonderful time on your date!" He finished hopefully. Jenni turned her searchlights back to me. "Where ya takin' her?" she asked, with false innocence.

"We're going to the mall tomorrow evening." I said, thinking nothing of it. Pops silently waggled his eyebrows at me. "I'm punching out and heading home. Bye, you guys!" I waved, and skedaddled.

"See you later, Will." Jenni called after me. At the time, I thought nothing of it, it was just an expression.

When I got home, the news did not go over well.

"Sandra *Wickers*?" Karen asked, raising one eyebrow and curling her lip.

"I hate her!" Amy announced.

"Do you even know her?" I asked.

"I don't see how that makes any difference!" Amy said tartly, crossing her arms.

"Sandi was about two years ahead of me," Karen said, remembering. "Her dad is D.J. Wickers."

"What, like a radio DJ, or is he a rapper?" I asked, surprised.

"It's his initials. He's a contractor, he usually builds houses and other stuff." Karen said. "She was kind of a spoiled little princess, you know? Medium pretty, but with a rich daddy."

"She's stupid." Amy said, still mad.

I decided to skip the part about the shaving cream bikini. "I delivered a pizza to her sweet sixteen party, and she asked me if I would take her and a friend to the mall. No big deal."

"Did she say what they were shopping for?" Karen asked, her voice calm, without inflection.

"Umm," Suddenly I was in a minefield. "Swimsuits?"

Amy flipped. "WHAT?! NO WAY!!"

Karen tried to calm her down, but Amy was MAD. "Two bimbos are going to be prancing in front of you nearly naked! Don't tell me you didn't know what it meant!"

"Amy, relax a little. This is Will we're talking about." Karen said. "It's not his fault. I'm sure LOTS of girls would like to go out with him."

Amy huffed. "They're just going to fling themselves at him, and you know it."

"Probably, yes, but it's not like he's going to encourage them, right?" She shot me a pointed look.

I held up my hands. "Absolutely not!" I said, as innocently as possible. "I said yes more because I was kinda amused and felt sorry for her. She's not as pretty as either of you two. You have to admit, I don't get a chance to meet many girls anyway."

Amy wasn't on board yet. "So you're not attracted to her?"

This question wasn't so easy. "Well, she is a little bit attractive, but not really up to my standards, I guess. Personality means more than looks to me anyway, but no, there's no chemistry or anything there." yet, I thought to myself.

" 'She's a fat stupid cow' would have been a perfectly acceptable answer," Karen said dryly. "Anyway, we both know you wouldn't do anything . . . inappropriate with her. We would be very disappointed in you if you did."

"Arm's length at all times!" Amy snapped, pointing at me, although most of the fire was gone now.

"Yes, Mother Superior." I sighed theatrically.

"This is your first date, isn't it?" Karen asked thoughtfully.

"Yeah, pretty much," I said.

"I know we should be more supportive, but you're our big brother. Some little floozy is going to be just about naked in front of you, and we're . . . over-protective." Karen said awkwardly.

Amy still had her lower lip stuck out, but she was starting to look sadder than mad. I put my arm around

her, and she leaned against me. "I'm not getting married, you guys, I'm just taking two girls to the mall. I'll still come home afterwards." I said. Amy sighed.

"I still hate her." She said softly. "OK," I said.

Amy and Karen both stayed extra close to me all that night. Amy sat on my lap for TV, Karen curled right against my side. I got a neck and scalp massage, etc. They were both extra clingy. I felt like I was leaving for Iraq or something, not just the mall.

Next day, after cyber-school, I started getting ready. Karen and Amy started helping. Well, Karen helped, Amy tried for sabotage in subtle ways. Karen announced that she would pick my outfit, and while I shaved, Amy sat on the bathroom counter and watched me.

"You missed a spot!" She chimed, sitting there, kicking her feet.

"I'm looking in a mirror, Ames," I said. "I can see that."

A few moments passed. Amy looked at me thoughtfully. "What will you do if she tries to kiss you?"

I hadn't thought about this yet, so I just said "Well, she'll be there with her friend, so I'm not sure how much of a date she thinks this is going to be. I know if I was trying to get romantic, I'd want to be alone with somebody. Three's a crowd."

"Unless both of them are planning to kiss you." Amy said, both convinced and worried.

"I don't think we need to worry about that," I said soothingly, although my imagination had lit up like a christmas tree. Mmmm! Teenage threesome! I mentally shook it off.

"I'm just thinking ahead." Amy said, still a little defensive.

"I think you can relax. She's not going to jump down my pants, and neither is her friend. Even if they tried, I wouldn't let them." I said, wiping off the last of the shaving cream.

"Promise?" Amy said, suddenly very serious.

I looked at her closely, suddenly realizing how she felt. Not just grumpy, but genuinely scared. "I promise." I kissed her cheek and gave her a big hug.

"I just worry that someday you're going to meet a girl, get married, and move out and leave us." Amy said, a little sniffly.

"It won't be like that." I said. We went into my bedroom, where Karen had gone through my wardrobe. Three outfits lay on the bed.

"Blue, red, or green and brown?" Karen asked. I looked at the outfits. I'm not sure what girls want when they look at a guy, but these outfits did look kinda cool. Karen, at least, was actually helping me. I picked the most conservative outfit, the green and brown. A brown shirt over a faded green henley, with khaki

cargo shorts.

"And you should wear this, too!" Amy brought over a bottle of some kind of Stetson Cologne left over from Dad.

"Why that?" I asked, dubious.

"It smells . . . grown-up."

"You said that smelled like buffalo farts." I pointed out.

"I didn't MEAN it," She said, unconvincingly.

Karen took it from her, and put it on the dresser. "Let's leave, so he can get dressed."

They did, and I did. Coming back downstairs, they were both sitting in the kitchen, waiting for me. Uh oh. This looks like Kid Court.

"Court is now in session." Karen whacked a wooden meat tenderizer on a coaster.

Great, I thought. Kid Court is something we used to do when we needed to make new rules and we wanted to make sure they were fair. One for, one against, and the most neutral person in the conflict got to be judge. When Amy wanted her tattoo, she was defense, I was prosecution, and Karen was judge. When Karen wanted Amy to stop taking her clothes for dressup and wearing them outside, Amy was defense, Karen was prosecution, and I was judge. This was the best way to make sure everyone could agree on the outcome. Everybody made their best argument, and the final decision stood.

I sat. "For the Defense, William Daniel Humbert."

"For the Prosecution, Amy Margaret Humbert."

"Honorable Judge Karen Louise Humbert presiding."

"The case is Sisters v. William in the matter of acceptable physical contact on dates."

"Objection! The Judge appears to be a claimant in the case. Conflict of Interest." I said, knowing what would come next.

"Overruled." Karen said, not unkindly.

"The case stands as such," Amy pronounced, "First date, handshake. Fourth date, kiss, if desired. Tenth date, Second base."

"Didn't you leave some things out?"

"NO." Amy said, her eyes flashing.

"Order." Karen banged her meat tenderizer.

"What comes after that?" I asked.

"NOTHING comes after that." Amy said firmly. "Prosecution rests."

"For precedent, the Defense would like to point out the Three Date Rule." I said, playing along.

Karen frowned. Amy looked clueless.

"The widely accepted Three Date Rule states that if both parties are interested in one another, after the third date they may comport themselves in any means they feel comfortable with. Usually this means kiss. After that, it is up to the parties involved as to what their behavior will be."

"Prosecution finds that unacceptable." Amy said.

"I'm not going to do anything bad." I said. "Just because one girl, or two girls are going to be modeling swimsuits in front of me doesn't mean I'm going to lose my mind with lust. It would be disrespectful to myself, first of all, secondly, I would feel like I was betraying you two. I trust you both, and as such, I wouldn't make myself unworthy of YOUR trust. I'll be fine."

Karen put the ersatz gavel down. "I find in favor of the defense."

"WHAT?!" Amy squawked.

"He's our brother, Amy. We have to trust him, and I do. He won't let us down."

Amy groaned, but came over and let me hug her. "I know, I just . . . I just don't like this dating thing."

"Someday you're going to date. Someday Karen is going to date. We all have to get ready for this. We're growing up." I said gently.

"Ever since I've been a baby, we three have been all we need." Amy did a twirl with her finger to indicate the three of us. "I mean, we've adopted Lola, and Liu Si is like my twin or something, but they both still feel like family. You're going to be giving some of your love to a total stranger, and that makes me sad."

"Not tonight, I won't," I reiterated.

"I mean SOMEDAY." Amy rolled her eyes theatrically. "You're going to love someone other than me and Karen."

"That doesn't mean I'll love you less," I said.

"THAT makes no sense," Amy huffed sadly. "If you love someone else, there's less to go around."

"Less time, perhaps, but not less love. It's not like pouring water out of a bottle, it's like an onion." Karen said.

"Shrek quotes?" I said, puzzled.

"No, silly," Karen said. "When you cut a stalk off of a green onion growing in the ground, it grows new stalks. If you take a little at a time, the same onion can be enjoyed all summer long. It just makes more onion. Love just makes more love, it doesn't really run out."

"Are you sure?" Amy put her head on my shoulder.

"Liu Si is your best friend, right?" I asked.

"You betcher butt." Amy said tartly.

"Am I still your friend? What about Karen? Did we lose status with the addition of her?" I asked.

"Of course not ok, I get it." Amy sighed. "I still don't like the idea of some slutty bimbo getting her hands all over you."

"She might not be a" I thought of the shaving cream. Slutty and bimboic. Damn. "She's not getting her hands on me. Relax."

"Please try to have fun tonight, anyway." Karen said, kindly. "I mean it. Dates should be free of outside stress." There'll be plenty of inside stress, her tone said.

I gave Amy a squeeze. "You can interrogate me when I get home, ok?"

"I will." She said, and smiled, and hugged me back. "I wasn't REALLY trying to ruin your evening. I just didn't want you to forget about us and elope with some ditz."

"Not to worry," I said. "I probably won't even be out that late. The mall closes at 9."

Amy took that as good news, and I kissed her and Karen both. Karen gave me an extra squeeze. "Watch yourself," She whispered in my ear. When I shot her a quizzical look, she just winked.

I got in the mustang, and off I went. I thought about Amy's concerns. It would make sense that she had abandonment fears, but I just needed to show her that I would never stop loving her.

I got to the Wickers residence, and as I was getting out of the car, the front door burst open, and Sandi and the vapid redhead came charging out, and nearly galloped towards the car.

"Ok, lets go!" Sandi said. She was wearing platform heels, REALLY low rise white capris, which meant that they were translucent on her tanned skin (cherry red G-string undies) and a Tshirt that said Hawt! The redhead was wearing high heels with straps that went up her calf, a short vinyl skirt, a blue 3/4-sleeve V-neck shirt, and a pink cloth hairband about three inches wide. Both of them were carrying enormous purses, and wearing HUGE sunglasses.

Let me just pause for a moment and say God damn Paris Hilton. I blame that spoiled whore for the

current state of girl's fashion. A girl works hard to look sexy, and then she puts on sunglasses that cover half of her entire face. A girl tries to dress sexy, with tight clothes, low-cut tops (not that Paris has anything in the boob department anyway,) and then she buys a purse so large she can hide behind it, and it obscures her body. How is a guy supposed to be attracted to her when she's pretty much wearing a disguise? Ladies, if you want to be attractive, you have to let people SEE you. Those giant ugly sunglasses are about as attractive as a Scuba mask. Besides, Paris Hilton is a whore who always looks greasy. Don't emulate her, please. If she weren't rich, she'd be on her fourth pregnancy, flipping burgers somewhere after she lost her job as a stripper because of all the stretch marks.

Sandi cranked the passenger seat forward, and the redhead got in the back, a little awkwardly, but fast. Sandi hopped into the passenger seat, and kinda hopped up and down again. "We're ready."

I shrugged. "Ok, buckle up." They did so, although the redhead, Jessica I presume, was leaning so far forward that I almost elbowed her in the face when I put my arm up so I could see out the back.

I pulled out of the driveway, but they were both watching the house. As we raced away, they both visibly relaxed. "We made it." Jessica said, and Sandi said "Yes!" and did the little fist pump thing.

"What's up?" I asked, not liking the weird vibe.

"We wanted to get out of the house without Linda seeing us," Jessica said.

"My Evil Stepmother." Sandi explained. "She was all like 'You're not wearing that, blah blah blah.' "

"Ok, time to change!" Jessica announced. "Shut your eyes!"

"I'm driving." I reminded her drolly.

"Just don't look in your mirror, then! Promise?" She said, unbuttoning her shirt.

"Ok," I said, but beside me, Sandi was already taking off her T-shirt. There was lots of clunking and bustling from the back, and I snuck a peek in the mirror anyway, to see that Jessica had removed her shirt, and had pulled her cloth hairband down over her ribcage, so it functioned (barely) as a teeny tiny tube top. Wow, creative, I thought. Too bad she's so skinny she has nothing to cover.

Sandi got her T-shirt over her head to reveal an orange halter top that had her (puppy fat) breasts squeezed up and strapped into place, with straps criss-crossing over, yet not in any way obscuring her cleavage. I have to admit, it looked pretty nice.

"Oh my," I said appreciatively. Sandi giggled, and I realized she was struggling to keep her stomach sucked in. Sitting down in low-rise pants with a halter top must be difficult if you've got a little too much belly.

Jessica was trying to fix her hair again in the rearview mirror, and kept at it the entire way to the mall.

"So you snuck past your stepmom? This costume change was for my benefit?" I asked.

"Well, yeah, it was." Sandi said. "Plus we're going to the mall, so we want to look good. I'm sure you don't need to be seen at the mall with two girls dressed like Amish people."

"I hadn't really thought about it before." I said honestly.

"It totally matters," Jessica said. "Going to the mall dressed like a home-schooler will totally get you ragged on at school. People hang out at the food court just to see who's there. Mary Klein wore a yellow dress with those rubber garden shoes, Crocks? For a month they called her Mary Mary Quite Contrary."

I hadn't been aware of the drama of choosing your mall wardrobe. Sandi was about to say something, when Jessica interrupted her. "Ohmigod, lean forward, the back of your hair is all mashed." She looked embarrassed, but leaned forward so Jessica could attack her hair with a hair pick.

We had arrived at the mall, and I asked which entrance we should park at. They both said "Food court." My suspicions were confirmed when, upon exiting the car, each of them clung to one of my arms. Standing, Jessica was nearly naked. Short vinyl skirt and hairband/tubetop means lots of skin on display. She shivered the entire way in. Sandi looked very nice, halter top bouncing along, her white low-rise capris nearly displaying her goodies. Her G-string straps were visible from front and back. Apparently I was part of the show, because when we entered the food court, they both strutted like runway models. I did my best not to look like a dork, but the artificial aspect of this date so far was starting to bug me.

After we had cleared the food court, Jessica announced "That was great! I saw Connie and Jennifer and Teresa! They looked so jealous!"

"Did we win?" I asked, with a tiny touch of sarcasm. Sandi looked at me with an equally tiny touch of guilt. "Sorry." She said. "I didn't mean to make you into some kind of circus act. We just wanted to make some stupid bitches from school jealous." She squeezed my bicep, which didn't move. She gave a happy little shiver. "And you definitely make it easy."

We wandered around first, going into Hot Tropic, and Spenser's. They strolled to the back where they sell vibrators and Motion Lotion, but I stayed up front near the obscene birthday cards and KISS band merchandise (both of which I hate.) I just wasn't going back near Pineapple Butt Lotion on a first date. Jessica ended up buying an aspirin bottle full of blue diamond-shaped Sweet-tarts labeled LUV PILLZ.

We walked past The Dub, The Clap, and Stacy's. "We want to go to Vanessa's Chambre, and American Ogle." Sandi said. "They have the hottest swimsuits." They both clung to my arms and we strolled into American Ogle. I wandered around and looked at blue jeans and identical fleece pullovers piled everywhere, while they selected armloads of bathing suits to try on. Just as I was thinking ""Who'd buy a \$110 pair of blue jeans?" Sandi came bouncing up to me, a sight I definitely enjoyed. "We're ready!"

If this were a movie, instead of a story, what comes next would have been a humorous musical montage of swimsuit modeling by two girls, perhaps set to the music of The Jay Geils Band. As it was, I honestly had a lot of fun, lasting about a minute at a time, interspersed with five minutes of waiting for the next one. It was like yay bored yay bored yay bored yay. It was definitely pretty hot, and I was definitely getting kinda horny, but the long periods of them getting ready before coming out helped me cool off. Sandi went for one-piece swimsuits, often metallic jewel-tones (which I think look nice.) She tried on a

few bikini/tankini things, but without something to hold her stomach in, her chub kinda made itself evident. Jessica, on the other hand, who was practically a stick, went nuts with the g-string bikini etc.

I thought it was a state law, or at least good manners, that you have to wear something under clothing that you are trying on. Like you can't try on underwear or swimsuits right against your skin, and then hang it back on the rack. Maybe I'm not remembering that correctly, but Sandi and Jessica were putting stuff right ON. Perhaps Sandi kept her G-string on, but there was no way Jessica was wearing anything under some of the stuff she was trying on. Maybe she was wearing two band-aids and a cork. I would have said two corks, but she was going for the whole butt-floss look. (Like I said, I was having a wonderful time.)

I was asked to rate the swimsuits from one to ten, one being not so great, five being pretty hot, and ten being "speechless with desire" as Sandi put it. Jessica told me to be as brutally honest as possible. There were several sixes and sevens, one four, and two eights. They seemed very happy with this result, and each bought several.

We went on to Vanessa's Chambre, and things got even sexier. That store sells lingerie, sleepwear, and "playwear." The swimsuits there were very, very hot, and all of them were above six. Jessica had two nines, and Sandi found one with ruffles on the butt that would have been a ten if I hadn't lied. I think she could see it in my face. That store had a little VIP room in the back with a seat outside the dressing area, so we were hidden from the rest of the store, but the salespeople check on you every two minutes. The women who staffed the store kept giving me glances that said "You must be a lucky guy." To tell the truth, I felt pretty damn lucky. I really did have a wonderful time. Two girls modeling swimsuits for me in a lingerie store decorated with pink silk and satin, it was like being in a harem.

Sandi came over and sat on my knee when she was wearing the ruffly-butt one, and said "What do you think?" I was about to tell her when the manager came charging in through the beaded curtain and blurted "is-there-anything-else-we-can-help-you-with?" all in one breath. Sandi jumped up, embarrassed, and yelped, "No, thanks!" Jessica peeked her head out to see what was going on. Sandi walked carefully back to the dressing room and shut the door, and the manager (a fifty-year-old woman with a stern expression) shot me a look. I sheepishly grinned and held up my hands like "it wasn't me" and she left with a snort.

All too soon, the fun was over. it was about 7:30, and the girls were getting hungry, me too. They purchased several more swimsuits, all nines and eights, including the ruffly-butt one that almost had me. I could see why Amy was so concerned. It's hard to stay objective when a girl is trying to get your attention. I took a few deep breaths and calmed down a bit.

We went to the food court, and got pizza. (Sandi got a salad instead.) Sandi also went by the snooty coffee shop (Grounds for Approval) and got a \$7 coffee beverage that took two minutes to order. By the time they handed it to her, it looked like about 50% cream and sugar.

As we sat down, Jessica commented "It's FREEZING in here!" I didn't say a word, but Sandi shot her a look that almost made me laugh out loud. She looked at me next, and I gave her a grin and a wink. she blushed, and concentrated on her salad, flipping the hard-boiled egg slices out onto the tray.

"So your sisters are Karen and Amy, right?" Jessica asked.

"Correct," I said, blowing on my double-pepperoni-and-olive pizza slice.

"I think I might have been in a few classes with Karen," Jessica said thoughtfully. I blinked. Jessica was 14? She had been trying on outfits that would make a 30-year-old stripper feel exposed.

As Jessica wolfed down her pizza, I turned to Sandi and asked "So, did you get your license yet?"

"No, my Evil Stepmother won't let me learn in her car, and Daddy's always got his truck at work. He's buying me a Volkswagon Beetle Convertible though, but it's supposed to be a secret. Not from me, from Linda." She said happily. "Traci got her first car, a Miata, when she turned sixteen, and Daddy traded it in for something new every year. I can't wait to see what I get next year!"

I fought to keep my eyes from rolling. Some people.

"Mom and Dad promised to get me a Navigator when I turn 16, if there's any money left." Jessica said, with her mouth full. Before I could figure out what that meant, I heard a voice behind me that I had not expected to hear.

"Hiiiiiiii, Willlll," Jenni Timpanelli purred. Wuh oh, I thought immediately. Sandi bristled instantly, and Jessica kinda got her pizza down the wrong pipe. I turned my head.

Jenni Timpanelli was stalking towards the table, and she looked absolutely fantastic. She was wearing a long gray wool skirt, slit almost up to her waist, showing plenty of leg, a very tight gray sweater (making her nipples poke out visibly), and little horn-rimmed glasses. Her long blonde hair was in a loose braid, and it dangled down over one shoulder. She looked amazing. I was momentarily mesmerized by her chest. The way her nipples were standing out, it looked like she wasn't wearing a bra, but her C-cup breasts were up high, like she was. I quickly closed my mouth, which had actually begun to water. She was holding a clipboard with some papers on it. The long skirt, the glasses, the clipboard, all made her look like some Sex-Ed teacher from an expensive porno. I was kinda stunned. "Uh, hi Jenni." I said.

Jenni stopped right next to me and put her hand on my shoulder lightly. She smelled like S'mores. "I didn't expect to run into you," she purred. Sandi cleared her throat angrily. Jenni looked across the table at her and Jessica. "Oh, I'm sorry. Are these your little sisters? I thought you had a date tonight?" She smiled at them.

Oh crap, I thought, this is war. "This is Sandi, and her friend Jessica. Sandi is the one who invited me out tonight. I'm here with her." I said, neutrally.

"How nice!" Jenni said. "I'm here doing a survey for my Psychology class. It's about intimacy in relationships." She gave my shoulder a little squeeze. "Maybe I could give you the survey. It'd be interesting to know what a 17-year-old male knows about the subject. I'd appreciate your input." When she said it, input sounded dirty. It also sounded good.

"Uh," I said, but Sandi burst in angrily. "He's busy right now." Jenni made a sad little pout at her. "If you say so, sweetie." She looked pointedly at Sandi's midsection, and asked lightly "How's the salad?" Sandi flushed. Jenni leaned over a bit further, looking at Sandi's tray. "Chocolate milk?"

Sandi snapped at her. "Haven't you ever had a (long drawn-out name of coffee using words like Koopacino half-caf etc) before?"

"They can't make it the way I like it." She said, silkily.

She leaned down and breathed right in my ear, which almost made me jump. "When you're done babysitting, give me a call, ok?" Across the table, she said "Bye, kids!" and breezed away.

Jessica sat there with her mouth hanging open. "Was she talking about us?" She said.

I apologized immediately to Sandi. "She's the boss's daughter, I had no idea she would come here, I just met her today, I swear."

Sandi put her fork down and tried to be cool about it. "How old was she, anyway?"

"Like 20, I think." I said.

"Geez, she can even buy beer." Sandi put her head in her hands momentarily.

"Forget it," I said, "I'm not here with her, I'm here with you."

She smiled weakly at me, and pushed her salad away. "What do you want to do now?"

I remembered a favorite pastime of Karen's. "Wanna go to the pet store and look at the puppies?"

They both went "Yayy!" and off we went.

About an hour later, after narrowly avoiding a puppy accident, and Jessica's unpleasant encounter with an African Gray parrot (it bit her finger, hard), the mall was starting to close, and it was time to go. As we walked across the parking lot, Sandi gave a yelp.

"What day is today? Crap, it's Thursday!" Sandi said. She grabbed my wrist to look at my watch, but I wasn't wearing one. She growled, and dug in her purse for her cell phone. Flipping it open, she gave a whimper of dismay. "We've gotta get going! Daddy will be picking me up in about half an hour!"

"Picking you up where?" I asked, a bit surprised.

"Her house," Sandi said, indicating Jessica, who was jogging rapidly in place in an attempt to warm up. "It's f-f-f-freezing out here!" Jessica chattered, rubbing her arms and shivering. Her tiny nipples stood out like pencil erasers under her hairband. "Jeezus!"

Striding to the car, I unlocked it, and she clambered into the backseat, inadvertently flashing me an upskirt. (pink satin thong.) She immediately put on the shirt she had doffed previously. "uuh-h-h-h-h-h." She chattered, huddling on the seat, and propping her purse and shopping bags against herself. "It's December out here!"

Sandi climbed into the passenger seat much more calmly, and laid her T-shirt across her lap. "We told Linda that we were going to Jessi's house, and that Dad could pick me up at 9:30. Linda is so nosy about where I am, who am I with, how am I dressed. It's so Gestapo."

It didn't sound unreasonable to me, but I kept my mouth shut. "So she doesn't know you went to the mall to buy swimsuits, and you went with the pizza guy?"

"No, she'd totally shit. But you're not just the pizza guy, you're Will Humbert, from school!" She leaned over and clasped my arm to her nice soft bosoms.

"Aren't you afraid she'd call Jessica's house and ask for you?" I asked, thinking logically.

"Nah, Jessi's parents are totally cool." Sandi said.

"My Mom is the coolest," Jessica said, proudly. "She doesn't stress about anything I do. I told her we're going out, and would be back later, and she was just like "Eat some dinner while you're out.!"

"Your parents are so awesome. I can wrap Daddy around my finger, but Linda is a real bitch. I can't date until I'm seventeen, I have to keep my grades up, blah blah blah. I told her "School isn't about grades, it's about social networking." and she looked at me like I was crazy." Sandi waved her hand, exasperated.

"Mom said I can have a boyfriend any time I want, but I have to practice safe sex ALL THE TIME. It was like the only thing she was concerned about." Jessica said.

"Seriously?" Sandi asked, jealous and shocked. "You're *allowed* to have sex? Linda would murder me!"

I kept my silence as Jessica replied "Well, only SAFE sex. Mom was all like "Getting pregnant RUINS your life. Promise me you'll be safe all the time." So I went online and looked up stuff, and it turns out there's lots of fun stuff you can do that won't get you pregnant."

I fought the urge to reach back and slap her. What an IDIOT, I thought.

"Your mom is SO cool." Sandi said, wistfully.

Jessica gave me directions, and we made it to her house at 9:28. "We don't have much time!" She squealed, and Sandi hopped up and let her out of the backseat. Sandi replaced the passenger seat and sat back down again demurely. She IS kinda cute, I thought. When she remembers to try.

"I had a really good time tonight." She said, batting her lashes at me.

"It was fun," I said, still annoyed at Jessica (and her parents.)

"When are you going to come over and go swimming with me? I've got all kinds of things I can show you. . . ." She trailed off, and looked at me hungrily.

"You just said you can't date until you're seventeen. Won't I get you in trouble?" I asked, smiling.

"Crap!" She said quickly. "I've got to think of something else, then." Her phone started playing "The Way I Are" and she jumped. "That's Daddy! I have to go! I'll call you later!" She scrambled out of the car and shooed me away. I obediently left, a little annoyed at her dismissal, a little relieved that she didn't go for a kiss or something. I was still slightly freaked out about Jessica's admittal of both her parent's unfitness, and of her obvious lack of intelligence about love and life. Sandi, on the other hand, was cute, but about as shallow as spit on a flat rock. If I was the kind of guy who just dated girls for sex, both of them would be on my "to do" list.

But since I'm not, they were a disappointment. I thought about it on the way home. My dream girl would be smart, sexual, kind, funny, patient, and a circus contortionist. Just kidding about that last one. I want a girl with a short skirt and a loooooooooooooong jacket!

When I got home, Amy stood triumphantly in the kitchen, her feet wide apart, her hands on her hips. "You've been blogged!" She crowed.

"I never touched her," I said, taken aback.

"No, silly, you've been talked about in a web log. An Internet diary! Check this out!" She pranced into the room we used for school. Karen sat before one of the monitors with a very amused look on her face. "This is hysterical! Is she really this much of an airhead?"

"Umm, probably?" I said, looking past her. Immediately, I recognized a picture of Sandra Wickers, taken with a webcam, way too close and apparently by candlelight.

"How did you find this?" I asked. "We Googled her." Amy said proudly.

"I thought Googling wasn't allowed until the 30th date," I said. Karen laughed, but Amy glowered. "That's not funny."

"Oh crap," I said, noticing things on the page, like the nickname "bigguns46_34_42" More like 44_38_48, I thought, remembering the shopping spree.

"She likes you a lot," Amy said, teasingly. "On the day she met you, she put her mood as 'Soaked.' And why didn't you tell us about the shaving cream?!"

"Because it was dumb and embarassing. Why, did she write about it?" I leaned closer, to read the text, but Karen stood with a flourish, and offered me her chair. "Here you go!" She said with undisguised schadenfreude. "My favorite part is her inventions! She "invented" the LoveLeg, a vibrating fake leg for dogs to hump. She said you tell your dog to get off, but that's what they were already trying to do!" She laughed. "Oh lord," I said, amused and disgusted.

I sat, and here is what mine eyes beheld. I copy/pasted this, so the spelling and punctuation are all Sandi's.

* * * * *

Date: XX/XX/2007

Mood: Soaked!

OMFG!!!! I have met the man of my dreams! The Girlz & I ordered a pizza for dinner at my Sweet Sixteen (YAY!!!!!!) and the juiciest boy EVER brought it! OMG OMG OMG OMG!!

Stupid Tiffani almost ruined our first meeting, with her stupid Truth Or Dare. We started out with the usual things, but it started getting way more competitive. I dared her to finger herself with a candle from the tornado closet, thinking she'd never do it, but she did it for like five minutes, the whore! So then she's all like "I dare you to wear a whipped cream bikini and answer the door when the pizza guy gets here, and pay him like nothing's going on." So I'm all like "SHit!" She did the candle, so I can't puss out now, in my own house, at my own party, So I got Jessi to help me, but we couldn't find whipped cream, so we used shaving cream instead, only now my skin's all rashy and red.

Tiffani is such a bitch, I hate her so bad. N-E-way, I open the door, and it's not the fat one, It's Will H., a G*O*R*G*E*U*S guy that used to go to our school, except he got expelled for beating up too many guys, which is totally unfair. JEssi said his sister used to be in her class, and he would get in those fights because some A-hole said stuff about her or their mom, who I think died.

So here I am, wearing the Schick Bikini, which is totally starting to burn, and he looks me over once, and says "one large sausage?" and I just go all JUICY! Like any second my "bikini bottom" is going to rinse off, and schloop onto the floor! (I'll bet his sausage is hella large. MMMMM!) I was totally speechless at first, but I momentarily excused myself and ran to the shower. I got myself rinsed, and dried off, and threw on some clothes, and ran back. All the Girlz were clustered in the tv room or the guest room, staring at him through the curtains, but I made them all go sit down and be cool. I mean, seriously, I'm the birthday girl, I get first dibs on delicious boys.

So I open the door again & there he is, SO HAWT! HE was wearing this sleeveless basketball outfit, and his arms were like BOOM! He was all tan, and sexified! I invited him in, and he strode right into the game room, where the Girlz had arrayed themselves like some kind of sexy buffet. He was totally cool, though. He put the pizza on the pool table and collected the money from everybody. (I think he busted Tiffani on the candle, because she left it on the end table, and he saw it, and she got all nervous and hid it.) It was pretty cool watching him. If that fat delivery guy had come into a room like that, he probably would have soiled himself or something, but Will was totally unworried, and he still flirted iwth me when he got to the door. I was like "I totally got to ask him out, or something! I can't let this meeting pass by, it's destiny or some shit like that!" So I was trying to be cool, but I totally acted like a major dork. He was cool anyway, and said yes. AND HIS CAR!!! OMFG!! He opened the door to go out, and I saw his car!!!! IT was a black Mustang, and so hot! I almost creamed again right there! I am totally a Pony Girl! I seriously want to lose my cherry in a Mustang! Will + Mustang = I'm gonna have to wear a diaper on this date!!!! I can't wait! *Shudders happily* When he left, the car was all like VROOOOOOOOOOM super loud and sexy! I think I squealed for about five minutes. Oh, and went I turned around to go back in the house, Becky was standing in the doorway, blowing a popsicle. Tres Gauche. I'll be sure and let you all know what happens on my dream date! JEssi is coming too, and She's going to do our makeup and hair, because she used to be a model, you know. I told him we needed to buy new swimsuits (even though I have like six) so I'll get a chance to really strut my stuff and work it for him! TTYL BFF LOL OMG!!!

P.S. The Sweet sixteen party went pretty well, although Tiffani was a bitch pretty much all night. Carrie

drew big boobs on her back in henna though, it was HILARIOUS!!!! Nobody told her!!!! BYEEEEEE!!!!

* * * * *

"O-M-G," I said weakly. "Doesn't she realize that other people can read this?"

"I'm guessing no," Karen said, both amused and full of pity. For whom, I couldn't tell.

"So Amy read this? Is she mad?" I looked around apprehensively, but Amy was in the kitchen. I could hear the fridge door close.

"Well, the shaving cream bikini thing caught us both off guard, but reading the whole story actually made us laugh, so you're off the hook. She's really this dumb, isn't she?" Karen asked, sympathetically.

"Yeah, sorta. Although Jessica is worse. She used to be a model? She's only 14, when did she USED to be anything?" I asked.

"Well, the only "Jessi" in my class had to be Jessica Tuchik. Dippy redhead, stick-thin, no clothes?" Karen said wryly.

"Bingo," I said, as Amy came back into the room.

"She used to have a 'Child Modeling' website, but Congress or the FBI shut it down. She was actually kinda famous, in small circles on the Internet. I actually saw a Dateline about it, although they blurred out her face." Karen said.

"Geez, why?" I asked. Amy said "Congress?"

"Well for a while there, there were a bunch of websites for "young models" or "Budding Beauties" and it was girls as young as eight being photographed in swimsuits, lingerie, little costumes, like nurses or cheerleaders or pajamas, or dancewear, which could be leotards and legwarmers, or it could be nothing but suspenders and sparkly panties." Karen said, matter-of-factly.

"Uh oh," I said, immediately seeing the problem. "There's no legitimate professional modeling jobs where they NEED a nine-year-old girl to model lingerie, are there?"

"Nope. It was basically non-nude softcore kiddy porn. Why would you need an eight year old girl bending over in a thong bikini? Legitimately, you don't. So the FBI cracked down on that kind of thing. Two big examples were websites like Peachez16 or Kirsten's Bedroom, where it was a "modeling site" until the day the girl turned 18, when it suddenly became a completely stocked porn paysite, with hours of video and nude photo sets." Karen smiled thinly. "It was a little suspicious, to say the least."

"Wow," Amy said.

"Yeah, so Jessica's website, with pictures of her getting out of the shower wrapped in a small towel, or the galleries of closeups of her feet in various heels and stockings, got her website dumped. She was so sad. I think her mom did most of the photography, and apparently they made some money while the site

was open. It wasn't cool though. Her parents were obviously whoring her out on the internet." Karen said sadly. "She used to jabber on and on about it at school. She apparently had a fan club, although she was never allowed to meet any of them, but people who paid extra on her site got to see dirtier pictures or something. Jessica said that members got a little more than regular visitors, but she never really elaborated. Her mom was a total bitch though. She came to a little thanksgiving play once during fifth grade, and invited three other girls to come over for a "pool party" and told them they could be on Jessica's website if they wanted. The other parents totally freaked out. It was SO creepy."

"They're still in that mode," I said. "I'll bet when she hits eighteen they'll be doing the paysite thing. You should hear how they let her live. She's pretty much allowed to do anything she wants that won't get her pregnant. She's going to get kidnapped or something, I just know it." I said. I turned to Amy. "Would you like to debrief me?"

"Do you even wear briefs anymore?" She asked, innocently, with a twinkle in her eye. Karen giggled.

"I mean, did you want to ask me about the date?" I said, pretending to glare at her.

"No need. bigguns28_45_50 will type it all up nice and neat, I'm sure. I'm bookmarking that website. This was hysterical." Amy said.

"Just keep in mind that what she thinks isn't necessarily what is really going on." I said.

"Oh, I know," Amy said. "I'm not nervous or anything anymore, just amused. Were you aware that you were Hawt?" She pronounced this "how-t."

"As long as you're making fun of me, I know you're not mad." I grinned at her, a little embarrassed still.

"Did you really say 'one large sausage?' " Karen chuckled.

"I was referring to the large sausage pizza I was holding, which is how I usually make sure I have the right order at the right house, but yes. It seemed like the thing to say. She totally freaked. She didn't excuse herself, she just squealed and slammed the door." I laughed with the memory. "I just felt bad for her. I mean, yes, she's kinda cute, but it's more like pity than actual attraction. I thought about it all the way home."

Amy was shifting from foot to foot, so I pulled her onto my lap and gave her a big hug. "I'm still all yours. I haven't found my dream girl yet." She sighed happily. "Well, good." She said. "Wanna watch My Name Is Earl? I taped it for you."

"Sure." I said, and the three of us trooped into the living room, where we snuggled up on the couch and laughed at other dumb people for a while.

The next day, after "school," I headed into work. When I got in, Pops handed me a greasy post-it note. "Hey there, Romeo." The note said "SANDY" and had a number on it, the area code identifying it as a cell phone. "Um," I said.

"She called here asking if you worked tonight, and then begged me to give you this. I told her we're not a

message center, but she was insistent. Your date must have gone pretty well." He chuckled, giving me a wink.

"It had its moments," I said evasively.

"Jenni said she saw you there with TWO little girls." Pops looked at me, an eyebrow raised. Pops is the type of old guy that calls all young women little girls, regardless of whether or not they are actually little or teenagers.

"Well, Sandi brought her friend." I said, trying to play it off.

"Heh heh heh." Pops rumbled. "Some guys have all the luck."

I got to work, but on my third delivery, it was two large pepperoni and mushroom to the Wickers residence. I checked the order slip, but the callback number was different than the one on the post-it note. It was about 7:00 at night by this time. "Uh, oh, looks like I'm meeting the parents," I thought. Spiro was out on another delivery, so it looks like I was stuck with this one. Oh, well, nothing to it but to do it. Off I went.

I pulled into the driveway again, and this time, I could see the doors up on the two-car garage. Inside was a big black Avalanche and a smaller Outback. Looks like mom and dad are home, I thought. I hefted the pizzas and walked to the door.

When I rang the doorbell, I could hear Sandi call "I'll get it!" from upstairs, but the door was opened moments later by a short, thin, plain woman with big glasses and mousy-blah hair.

"Two large pepperoni and mushroom?" I said. Sandi thundered into view, as the woman paid me from her pocket. "Here you go," the woman said

"Oh, hi Will!" Sandi said, fake-surprised. "Linda, this is Will from school! Will, this is Linda, my STEPmother."

The woman actually looked at me for the first time. I smiled awkwardly. "Hello," I said.

She gave me a polite smile, which was very brief. I handed her the pizzas, but Sandi pushed past her to talk to me. "Are you going to the Community Days tomorrow night? I know I can't wait."

Sensing that she was working from a script, I played along. "Yeah, I never miss it. I love the games and stuff."

"I love the funnelcake. Jessi and I will be there around 6:00. Maybe we'll see you?" She winked theatrically.

"That'd be cool. I'll keep an eye out." I smiled.

"If you'll excuse us, Will, it's time for dinner." Linda said, not unkindly. "Sandra, help me with these, please?"

Sandi gave me an aggrieved look, and said "Bye, Will."

I said bye, and Sandi did the "Hang Loose" finger gesture by her cheek, mouthing 'call me!'

I waited until after work, and called the cell phone number on my way home. Sandi answered quickly. "Hello?"

"Hi, this is Will." I shifted the phone to my other ear. Sandi went "Yay!"

"I was hoping you would call." Sandi said.

"You asked me to call, remember?"

"Well, right, ok." There was some muffled conversation, and Sandi said "It's Jessi."

"Am I pretending to be Jessi?" I asked.

"Yeah, that's cool." Sandi said. I rolled my eyes. The more I thought about it, the more annoying this got. "So, the Community Days?"

"I know, I can't wait. Will Humbert delivered some pizzas here tonight, and he said he was going too!" Sandi said, enthusiastically.

"And I'm to meet you by the funnel cake stand at six, right?" I asked.

"That's right. No, he didn't ask about you. Why would he do that?" Sandi said, pretending to be annoyed.

There was a muffled interruption in the background. "Not yet," Sandi said, genuinely annoyed. More mumbling, a woman's voice. "I will in a minute, Linda, please!"

"So I'll see you there, right? Dress sexy, I promise it'll be worth it." Sandi gushed.

What the hell did that mean? "Are you still talking to me, or is that the kind of thing you say to Jessica?" I asked. Sandi giggled. "Mayyyybe." she said. Hmm, I thought.

The muffled voice off-mike finally broke through. "HOMEWORK FIRST!" I could hear clearly.

"Geez," Sandi said.

"I don't want to get you into trouble, so I'll see you there, ok?" I said.

"Thank you. I'll see you." Sandi hung up the phone. I did likewise.

I was almost home, so I thought about it more as I drove on. Dress sexy, huh. Is this a situation I want to get into? I thought about Sandi bending over in front of the Mustang. I thought of her happy little bouncing, and her jiggy halter top. Mmmmmmm. Maybe it wouldn't hurt to see what happens, right?

When I got home, Amy was in the computer room, on the computer, reading Sandi's blog. "Your date has been posted!" she called. Great, I thought.

I trudged in, and sat on the chair next to hers. "You did good." Amy said.

This caught me by surprise. "Pardon?" I said. Amy smiled at me. "She was obviously gunning for you, and you kept your cool, it seems. I'm proud of you."

"Can I read it?" I asked. Amy gave me a look. "Whhyyyyyy?" she asked, teasingly.

"She asked me out again, and maybe this will give me a clue as to what I'm up against."

"AGAIN?" Amy said. Karen walked in with a can of Diet Fruit Cola. "What's up?" She asked.

"Will's going on another date with Ditzzy Tits." Amy pointed. I shrugged sheepishly.

"I thought you said you didn't really like her that much," Karen said.

"Well, I've decided to give her another chance?" I said, a little embarrassed.

"I'll bet." Amy said, starting to get angry again.

Karen shot me a knowing look, but then softened.. "I still trust him," She said. Ouch. Here I am, ready to grab ahold of Sandi's rack, and Karen says she trusts me. Sigh.

"One date, with an idiot friend towing along, and an active attack from another female isn't fair judgement material." Karen said to Amy.

"Attack? I didn't get that far yet!" She spun around and re-applied herself to the screen. "What happened?"

"Jenni Timpanelli came up and challenged her pretty much." I said. "It was totally cold-blooded."

"For real," Karen agreed, smiling. "I can't believe she just marked her territory like that."

"Marked her territory?" I said.

Karen ticked on her fingers. "She put her hands on you right in front of your date, she offered to quiz you about sex, she called Sandra fat, and she called them both kids. She totally made it clear that they were inadequate for you. Believe, me, Sandi felt it. Wait'll you read her blog. She definitely felt threatened, although she tries to play it off."

"That would explain why she tried so hard to get another date with me, calling the pizza place, getting her parents to order pizza, begging me to call her." I said. Karen nodded.

"She thinks she has to fight for you if she wants to keep you." Amy said, an evil smile in her voice. "She

says so right here."

"I'm not hers in the first place, she can't KEEP me," I said, a bit miffed. "Besides, I'm not the kind of person that can be "stolen" from somebody else. I would date a person until I was done dating them, it's not like a hotter girl can sweep me away."

"I know," said Karen, "but she doesn't. MOST high school guys are like that, I'll bet. A hotter girl makes an offer and they're gone."

"Not our Will," said Amy. "But that's why you're unique."

"Personality is still most important." I said.

"Well, I have to say, especially after reading this, some of her personality traits are "unlovely." Karen said.

"Besides ditzy and shallow?" I said, twisting my mouth wryly. "I know, I know. I'm giving her another chance, but I don't have good feelings about changing my mind. She's just too much of a spoiled rich child."

"Then why go at all?" Amy said, hopefully.

"Because I already told her I would, plus I'd already decided to give her one more chance." I said. Amy got up from the computer. "Your turn to read about your date, Alpha Male."

I sat again, and here is what it said:

* * * * *

Date: XX/XX/2007

Mood: Crafty

OMG! What a rollercoaster tonight was! It went from totally cool to totally UNCOOL, and then back to cool again. Ugh! OK, so first Jessi and I totally made it out of the house without the Evil Stepmother seeing what we were wearing, although we were camouflaged just in case. We changed in the car! It was so cool. Will was totally like "Yeah, that's cool." Jessica did her hairband-into-a-tube-top thing and he totally didn't even glance at her. I was so happy. He only had eyes for me. *bats lashes*

So we get to the mall, and Jessi and I do the big strut in, and he's like right there with us! IT was great! I saw Connie G., and Jessi said she saw Jennifer T. and Theresa F., and that they all looked super jealous!!! Jennifer is cousins with that bitch Tiffani, and she thinks's she so cool, because she thinks she looks like Taylor Swift, which is total crap.

("Who's Taylor Swift?" I asked. "Some bimbo-stick who pretends to play guitar on the Country Music Channel." Amy said.)

So we Glam through the Food Court, and totally steal the show, and then we get down to shopping. We went to Spenser's, and I was looking at the Love Lotions, trying to guess which would taste best, and

Jessi says she's buying these little blue candies labeled LUV PILLZ because they look like V1agra, and I'm all like "Why do you need that?" and she's all "I can totally play a prank on my Dad with these." and I'm thinking "What? Ew!" Will was kinda standing up front near the humorous shot glasses, and I realized he's so sweet! he doesn't want to crowd us in the Intimate Aecessories aisle. It's time to show him why we're here!!!!

(What follows is a garment-by-garment map of the evening, including prices, styles and colors, and my imagined sexual alertness, which I am skipping, because it is all rather tedious, and bored the hell out of me in my first attempt to read it.)

SO THEN I found this one that had a really low-cut back, and it had ruffles on the ass for a slimming effect, but it kinda looked like a cross between 1940's pin-up girl and a little two-year-old's diaper cover. I wore it and Will's jaw totally dropped. I thought it was cute, but apparently he really liked it. IT was like the biggest reaction I got from him all night. He said it was a nine, but he kinda stuttered, so I KNOW it was a ten! So then I walk over and sit on his knee and said "What do you think?" in my sexiest voice, and he's about to kiss me, and the dried-up old prune manager of the place comes galloping in and yells "CAN I HELP YOU?" like some kind of Turett's sufferer, and I got all embarassed and ran back to my dressing room. I totally felt like a dork.

(additional boring descriptions of prices and styles, and a brief complaint about Linda trying to set a budget on sandi's spending.)

All that shopping and posing makes a girl hungry, so we went to the food court to feast. I felt so good! I had several suits that got Will's attention, and one that TOTALLY had him hot. I got a chef's salad, because I don't want to scarf down greasy mall pizza right in front of him. He got pizza, and so did Jessi. Jessi really pisses me off sometimes. She can eat anything and she never seems to have trouble with weight. I mean she used to be kind of a chubby kid? but now she's so skinny I get jealous.

So we're sitting there talking and stuff, totally cool, and then IT HAPPENED. No, I don't mean my period, although this was pretty bad. This other girl walks up and like lays on Will's shoulder. She's older than us, older than him, because she mentioned stuff about college, and she pretty much called us little girls. But she totally glommed onto him and was all like "I'll lick your cock, little boy. Come with me!" She was dressed kinda preppy, but she wore her clothes like they could come off any minute. She reminded me of that teacher they arrested down south for having sex with boys in her class, you know, hot, blonde, and perverted?

(I think she means Debora LeFave, if I spelled that right. --Will)

So I was all like "Back off, bitch, go find some old man to marry for his billions." and then she was like "How's the diet, fatso?" and I just totally got mad and felt like crap at the same time. Will was like "I'm here with Sandi, I'm not on the menu." and I totally got hot for him all over again. So then this older bitch says something like "When you're done babysitting, give me a try." and calls us kid again, and then struts off like she knows she's hot shit.

Will explained that she was his bosses daughter, and that he had just met her that day, and that he was sorry, but it was like she slapped me in the face. I totally feel like I'm going to have to kick her ass next time I see her. I'm just a girl, but I'll scratch her eyes out!!! Some college girl can't just strut up and steal

my man like he's some kind of novelty cigarette lighter at the gas station.

Besides, if she think's I'm too chubby, I'll steamroll her old ass.

So then Will was all like Cheer up! and we went to the petstore, and they had the most adorable little puppiiiiieeeeees! I totally dodged getting peed on by this little black one, it was hysterical. Jessi was screwing around with the big angry parrot and got herself chomped, which I totally warned her would happen. That thing is evil. I mean, the name card even says "Attila" how much more warning do you need? They wouldn't have named it after a famous vampire if it was NICE, right?

Then we had to run home because it was a school night and I had told Daddy that I was over at Jessi's. On the way home we were talking about why I had to sneak around, because Linda is TOTALLY in the Dark Ages about dating. I mean, most girls get their period around ten or eleven, right? That means their bodies are medically ready to fuck. Why should I have to wait until I'm seventeen to go on a date? Jessi has it so good. Her mom told her she can have boys, even though she's only 15, I think. Just as long as she doesn't get pregnant. I could have all the fun in the world under that rule, geez. I was so pissed. My life is totally fucking unfair. When we got to her house, I was totally hitting on Will, but Daddy called and was like two minutes away, so Will had to leave quick, but I felt the chemistry there, I know.

Jessi says If I'm gonna fight for my man, then the battle is fought with him, not with that bitch. Like, she means that I have to impress him and make him want me more, so that when other girls come sniffing around he'll ignore them, because he's so into me. I have to admit, that sounds better than getting in a bunch of fights. Plus, it sounds like more fun anyway.

So, Operation "All Mine" begins tomorrow! I've been telling Dad and the Evil Stepmother that the pizza I had at my Sweet Sixteen party was the best, and that they should really try it. When Will (codename: Alpha Male) delivers the pizza, then I (codename: Lady Marmalade) will strike up a conversation about the Community Days and invite him syrupticiously to meet me and Jessi (codename: Supa Model) there. Hopefully I can also introduce him to Linda (codename: Wicked Witch) and so then when we are dating, it'll be easier for her to accept, having already met him. Anyway, while at the Community Days, I will be most charming (and least dressed) and will make him mine, because like the song says "I Know What Boys Like." I'll make him forget all about the bosses slut daughter (codename: Cunt Cheese)

Supa Model is coming ovr, and we are doing super girllified makeovers, so I will look my best ever. I may require her to wear a fake mustache, or a big fake wart or something, jsut to make sure I get all the attention. At the mall, she was strutting it just as hard as I was, and I don't want her thinking she can compete for my man. Hmm. This needs more thought. WISH ME LUCK! I need to get lucky!

* * * * *

"Wuh oh," I said. "Looks like I'm letting her start over, and she thinks she's going in for the kill."

"Yeah, I'm not happy about this either." said Amy. Karen sighed.

"The whole time you were gone she was pacing the floor, until I googled Sandi and we found her blog. Then, we were busy being amused at her." Karen said.

"And now Jenni? You've got girls coming from everywhere." Amy said, then she blushed. "That sounded dirty."

Karen laughed, because it was funny, but she still looked uncomfortable. "We're just concerned, is all. I trust you to be good, and I know that deep down, Amy does too, but it's like you're going into a battle zone here. You ARE a guy. If a girl or girls throw themselves at you long enough, your resistance is probably going to wear down, right?"

I thought again about Sandi's bouncy halter top, and Jessica's pink satin thong, and prepared myself to concede the point. "You're right. My willpower is only so much, I guess. Too long around temptation, and I'll convince MYSELF to do it." It felt strange to talk this frankly in front of my sisters about sex, but we have always been able to talk about anything else, so I guess it was just the awkwardness of the topic in general.

"See, admitting it is really cool." Amy said. "If you had been like 'No way, not me!' I would have totally freaked out. I love you." She came over and hugged me tight. "I know you would try to do the right thing, but I know how girls can be. Given enough time, we could wear down almost any guy."

"We?" I said, smiling.

"Oh yeah," Amy said silkily, tilted her head so that she was looking up at me, and gently licked her lips. Watching her, I got a little tingle of shock (and arousal, dammit.) I must have shown surprise on my face, because Amy laughed delightedly. "That was easier than I thought!"

"Hey, no fair." Karen said. "You shouldn't do that to him."

Amy kissed me on the cheek. "Forgive me?" She pouted.

"Of course," I mumbled, still full of surprise.

"I've been practicing in the mirror." Amy admitted. "Does it work?"

"It would probably work," I stammered. "Why would you need to practice it, though? Who would you use it on?"

Amy shrugged. "People." She said, turning away a bit awkwardly.

Karen stepped up and put her soft drink in her left hand. She put her cool right hand against the back of my neck. It was like a cold shower, and it actually felt really good. I looked up at Karen. Did she know I had been a little bit aroused by Amy? If she did, she wasn't angry. She winked at me, and smiled gently. "You looked tense." She said kindly.

"A little, yeah. These past few days have been kinda stressful, one way or another."

"Let's go in the living room, and I'll give your neck and shoulders a good rub." She said. It was the best thing I'd heard all day. I pretty much just melted into her hands.

After the second time Amy fell asleep watching TV, we sent her to bed. She grumbled a bit, but then went on ahead.

"I think I'm going to break it to Sandi this time, you know, that it's not working out." I mused to Karen, who was sorta laying across me, on the sofa. She had started sitting next to me, but kept wiggling around to get comfortable, and now kinda had her head in my lap. She looked up at me.

"If you've already decided it isn't working out, then you should call her and tell her now. Don't go on another date with her to tell her there, that's not cool." She said.

"I know, but . . ." I sighed. "I'm just already deciding against her. Maybe I should just chill out and wait and see how it goes."

"You seem really unhappy about it." Karen said.

"I already told her I'd go, though. So I will." I said. Thoughts of Jenni Timpanelli pole-danced in my head, though. If she asked me out, I'd definitely say yes.

Karen stretched luxuriously, and thoughts of Jenni paled to the young woman in my lap. Geez, I need to get a real girlfriend quick, I thought. Even the slightest provocation, and I'm lusting after my sister again. Whew!

"Time for bed, I think." I said, as I felt blood flow to my cock. Karen groaned and sat up out of my lap. Her hair smelled like strawberries again.

"I'm not as jumpy as Amy, but I'm still kinda sad about you dating." Karen said softly.

"Oh?" I said. "I thought you said you trusted me."

"I do, but," She tossed her hair out of her eyes, "I know how she feels. Sharing you with someone else isn't all that welcome an idea, no matter how much I defend you in front of her. You've been mine, I mean ours, ever since I could remember. You're OUR guy. We love you. I'm not happy about having you be some other girl's guy, but I know it has to be that way, I guess. Sorry."

"It's ok," I said, touching her shoulder and neck. "I'll still be your guy."

She smiled sadly, and kissed my hand. My throat went dry. "Time for bed," I croaked.

"I know," She murmured. "But if you get a real girlfriend, you'll be her guy a lot more than you'll be ours. You'll still be William the Brother, but she'll get William the Boyfriend, maybe even William the Husband. Does that make any sense? She'll get ALL of you. And that's what's making us sad."

"I don't know what to say to that." I said honestly.

"I'm not sure there IS anything TO say." Karen said. "We're all growing up. Six years ago, when I was just a little girl, all I needed out of life was a grilled cheese sandwich, and a frisbee, and my big brother to play with. I didn't think about the future. I didn't think about my body, unless I was getting teased about

these." Here she clutched her breasts gently. More energy flowed to my growing erection. "Now I need a lot more. In addition to the old needs, I have new ones, and I know you do too. It's just sad that "we" aren't enough for us anymore."

"I think I get it." I said.

"I don't miss Mom, sorry to say, and I don't think I've ever exchanged more than a few dozen words with Dad ever, but you've been here for me every day and night my whole life. When you are going out on dates, to find someone else to meet your needs, it kinda makes me feel like you're outgrowing us. And that is what makes me sad." Karen sighed.

"I'm sorry." I said. "I'll never OUTGROW you, it's just you're right. We are growing up."

"You don't need to be sorry, it's not like you're doing anything wrong." Karen said, and smiled at me. "I had no business dumping all this emotional crap on you. Forgive your little sister for blubbering in your lap." She rubbed my knee. My penis twitched. I groaned involuntarily, but suddenly stretched, and played it off like a yawn.

Karen stood gracefully and turned off the TV set and lights, and I followed her up the stairs, watching her shapely hips sway left-right left-right as she climbed the stairs in front of me. For a crazy half-second I imagined grabbing her lovely butt with both hands, but quickly fought down the idea. I needed to masturbate, and quick!

"Good night," She murmured, and went on to her room. I darted inside mine, and looked to make sure the doors to Amy's room and the bathroom were closed, and lay down on my bed. Shimming out of my pants, I quickly sat up to remove my shirt. Only my bedside lamp illuminated the room as my erect penis sprang out of my boxer shorts. I grabbed the towel I wedge under the edge of the mattress, and spat in my hand two or three times, and started to masturbate. As I did, I thought helplessly of Karen rubbing up against me in the pool that first night Lola came over, Karen in the bathroom in her bra, staring at my cock, Karen, Karen, Karen. I imagined her underneath me on my bed, moaning and clutching at me, thrusting her hips up to meet mine as I fucked her pussy. I thought of her open mouth, her eyes wide as she came around my hard, thrusting ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

I came harder than I had in weeks, hot semen squirting up into the air, and landing on my stomach and chest. I had cum so quickly, I hadn't had time to get the towel clamped over the head of my cock, the way I usually avoid splattering. I quickly got the towel into position, and caught several more squirts, as my hips bucked involuntarily. I gasped for air, and tried to breathe slower, but this orgasm was big. It washed over me like a warm, solid wave. I would almost swear my ears popped. I lay there for a few moments in a delighted stupor, but I suddenly thought I heard a noise. Sitting up partially, I looked towards the doors of my room, but the light was off in the bathroom, and Amy would have been already asleep in her room. I wiped my chest and stomach with the towel, and pulled my undershorts back on, and collapsed back on the bed. As I turned out the light, I felt shame.

I need to get a girlfriend, I thought to myself. Lusting after my sister is unacceptable. She just got done telling me how much she loves me, and I go masturbate to fantasies of her. I am a major jerk. Hell, even Amy got me aroused tonight. I need someone to fuck, even if it is just to get my mind off of Karen (and now to a lesser extent, Amy.) Sandi was too childish and just generally not right for me. I could only

hope Jenni was suitable. My thoughts suddenly included Lola. She HAD given me my first kiss, a thought which still made me happy and warm.

I mentally shook it off. Nah, she'd neveror would she? Nah again. That's not the right way to be thinking. We adopted HER, after all. I don't want to have sex with someone I'm not in love with, or a stranger, but the sheer biological need of it is starting to drive me out of my mind! What do you do?

The people I really truly love are my sisters, whom I can't fuck. The people who I know want to fuck me, I SHOULDN'T fuck. There's almost no middle ground here. At least Lola or Jenni are not my sister. Maybe I should be including Lola on the unfuckable list. I don't know.

I eventually dropped off to sleep, still troubled.

The next morning we got up and got ready for "school," and Karen came over and kissed my cheek. "Hey, I'm sorry about last night."

I started guiltily. Oh wait, the conversation. "Hey, it's cool."

"No, it isn't." She said, shaking her head. Her ponytail bobbed back and forth. "I shouldn't have dumped all that emotional baggage on you. It wasn't fair of me." She put her arms around me, and her head against my chest. The scent of strawberries wafted up to me, and my traitorous penis stirred, blood flowing into it. I held her at arm's length, like I was going to impart great wisdom. "I appreciate that you told me how you feel. You can do that any time."

"Promise?" She gave me an apologetic smile, half worried, half embarrassed.

"I promise." I said.

"I might hold you to it someday." She said nervously.

"Cool." I said, and Amy came trampling into the room. "Aaaawwwww, wookit da cute wittle peoples, awwwwww." She galloped over and clamped us in a big bear hug, which made my 30% erection jam into Karen's pelvis. She blinked, but I instantly looked away and disentangled Amy and began tickling her. She shrieked and tried to twist away, but I managed to pick her up and squeeze her as she laughed helplessly. By then, it was time for "class." Karen shot a few glances my way, but the incident passed with barely any more fanfare. (I've since learned that the best way to avoid uncomfortable situations is to just pretend they don't exist. Imagine a silent fart in a crowded elevator. Just act like nothing's going on, and get the hell past it.)

After "School," the phone rang. It was Lola, and she sounded terrible. "Hi, Will, It's me."

"Hi, Lola, what's wrong?" I said, instantly concerned.

"Bad news about Mom," She said, and blew her nose. "I'm leaving the hospital now, she's gone to bed for the day."

"It's only 3:00." I said.

"I know," she sniffled. "She's tired though, so she's going to bed. She told me to go feed the cats, and just went to sleep."

"Well, you come right over after you put down the food." I said.

"Should I? I mean, you guys have better things to do than pick me up off the floor." She said brokenly.

"No, we don't. So feed the cats and get over here. Bring your swimsuit, and you can float in the hot tub again." I said.

"God, that would feel good. Ok, you win." She paused. "Hey, um . . . I'm sorry about the other night."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I'm sorry I just kissed you like that. I was sleepy and horny and I seized an opportunity that I had no business seizing." She said sadly. "I've felt terrible ever since."

"Don't you dare," I said quickly.

"I took advantage of you." She said. "I was tired and lonely and I just acted on impulse. I feel like a dirty old woman."

"It was wonderful. Don't you dare apologize." I murmured quietly, in case Karen or Amy were in earshot. "And you're not old. It was totally hot."

"You liked it?" She said, surprised.

"I liked it very much, actually." I said truthfully.

"I don't know what to say," she said, sounding flustered.

"I mean it was my first one, so I didn't know what to expect, but it was very, very nice." I said, a little embarrassed.

"Oh my god!" Her voice sounded muffled, as if she were covering her mouth with one hand. "Your first?! I thought . . . Oh no!"

"It was an honor. Don't you feel bad at all. I was SO happy." I reassured her.

"Your sisters would KILL me!" She whimpered.

"I'm not planning on telling them." I said. "Anyway, hang up and drive. When you get here, you can hot tub and relax, and cheer up."

"Will you be joining us?" She said hopefully.

Whoops. "Unfortunately, no. I have a date tonight." I said, ashamedly.

"A date?" She faltered, then recovered bravely. "Well, of course you do. Congratulations! Is she a nice girl?"

"Not really. I'm giving her one more chance, though." I said.

"You are a special young man, Will Humbert. You deserve a special girl. Don't just settle for what you can get." She said.

"I know, which is why she only gets one more chance." I said.

"Well, I'm taking you up on your offer of relaxation. I hope your evening goes well. I might see you before you leave." She said. "But I'm a wreck."

"It's ok, we're all family, right? Just come over." I said kindly.

"I think I love you." She said, and then hung up. My heart beat wildly for a few seconds, and then I calmed myself down. She had said it lightly, but in a tone that made it possible for her to be more than just joking.

I immediately went and told the girls what had just happened, and of course they got really concerned, but there was nothing else for them to do until Lola got there.

I began to get ready for my last date with Sandi (even though I was trying to convince myself to be fair, I had pretty much already decided in my mind that this was our last date.) I debated not shaving, but then I decided to anyway. Unless you are especially going for the sexy stubble look, you should shave for a date. Not shaving makes it look like you don't even give a crap, and that's not polite.

"Dress Sexy" was a phrase still bouncing around in my head when the time came to pick out my wardrobe for the evening. I decided to just wear the same NC basketball outfit I had been wearing the night of Sandi's SWEAT SIXTEEN party. It didn't seem specifically sexy to me, although she (and her friends) seemed to really like it. This way I could convince myself that I wasn't actually dressing sexy for a last date, but now (as I type this) I realize it was just rationalization.

"This'll have to do," I told my reflection. I went downstairs to find Karen making dinner, and Amy wrestling the cover off the hot tub.

"For supper, we girls will be having comfort food." Karen announced. "Baked macaroni and cheese, hot dogs with chili, and big ol' salads."

"Sounds good," I said, slightly envious. "I'll probably get leathery funnel cake and deep-fried ferret on a stick."

"Agg," Amy gagged, coming in off the back porch. "That sounds lovely. We'll be sure and save you some, you big date-having jerk."

"Oh, come on!" I said, but I could tell by her expression she was only kidding. She stuck her tongue out

at me.

"When's Liu Si coming over next?" I asked.

"I'm not really sure," Amy said, suddenly quiet. "She called me today and said there was a rumor that her family was being sent either to Chicago, or he might "let" them get deported back to China. The owner of the restaurant might think it's time for them to get shuffled."

"Oh, no!" I said. Karen nodded. Apparently she already knew. "Will you get to see her again?"

"I really hope so. She's not gone or anything yet, it's just . . . scary. I can't believe how much this sucks. I wish we could like . . . kidnap her or something. Apparently her dad was all mad, because they had paid a lot of money to sneak over here, but the owner of those two businesses owns a lot of things, and if he wants, you might just disappear."

"That's really harsh." Karen said. "I wish we could do something."

"I know," Amy said sadly. "Liu Si is just so perfect, I mean honestly. I don't know how to say it, but she's like, more than a friend. Everything is just so much better with her around. I can almost totally speak Chinese by now, too." She turned to me and rolled off a lilting, yet twangy, sequence of syllables.

"What does that mean?" I asked. She blushed deeply. "Maybe I'll tell you someday."

I looked at the clock on the stove. Crap. Time to go to the Community Days. I groaned. "I have to leave. You ladies take good care of Lola, please. Tell her we miss her, and that she has to come over more often, OK?" I said.

"Deal!" Amy said, and held up her fist, to do the knuckle-punch thing Howie Mandel does on Deal or No Deal. I punched her fist accordingly. "Sandra is going to be gunning for you tonight, you know. She's gonna go for it, I'm sure." Amy said, with the attitude of a football coach psyching up their team. "Don't give it up."

Karen looked kinda shocked, and I said "Give what up?"

Amy gave me an appraising look, sighted along her finger, and sketched a circle around me. "You know . . . anything."

I had to grin. "Well, this is sure a departure from last time, when you were freaking out at the very idea of me dating."

Amy shook her head. "I talked with Karen about it, and we agreed that you're a man."

"I'm glad you could come to that conclusion," I said teasingly.

Amy rolled her eyes at me. "No, I KNOW you're a male, and how, but what I mean is that you're a grown-up. There are things you need out of life that we, your sisters, aren't providing. I know I was being selfish before." Her eyes fell.

"I told her someday she was going to want to chase boys, and that we all need to be able to get used to the idea of growing up." Karen said. "You and I had a similar conversation last night." I nodded. When we talked about needs, and each other. I couldn't forget.

"Just not Sandi, ok?" Amy said plaintively. "She's an idiot. Find a cool girl, a smart girl, and we'll promise to try to like her, but Sandi is a twit. She blabs every thought in her head on the internet, she has NO secrets, and her best friend is a child camwhore. This isn't good dating material."

"You're right." I said simply. "I've already decided about tonight, but I'm going anyway because I said I would. Don't worry. I'll protect the merchandise."

"You'd better!" Amy growled, pretending to be grim. "We get to help decide who the customer is going to be, after all. Think of your pants as a private club, and we're on the board of admissions. We've each got one vote, and to be fair, you get two."

Karen laughed, as did I, but it wasn't a bad idea, mostly. Very "Kid Court". Still though, my raging hormones made up the tie-breaker, but I wasn't mentioning that to either of them. "I'll think about that," I said.

I kissed them both goodbye, much to their surprise (as well as my own.) I mean we kissed each other on the cheek sometimes, but it wasn't really an every-day kind of thing. It just felt right. They both kinda smiled happily and blushed a little bit, and it made me feel good too. I grabbed my keys and my cell phone, and headed out to the car.

As I drove, I thought about a lot of things. I thought about Karen and Amy, about Lola, about needs. I thought about Liu Si and if there was anything we could do for her. Trying to contact the police, to get the owner investigated, would just guarantee them getting shipped back to China. Could we protect her family by non-law-enforcement means? I'm sure in the movies there are all kinds of ways to do that, but in real life, there just aren't. Amy had mentioned kidnapping her, but that just wasn't realistic. Sometimes you just have to let people go. I'm sure this isn't helping Amy's abandonment issues.

As I drove, I watched for Lola's car, half telling myself that if I saw her, and she looked really freaked out, I'd turn the car around and drive back, but I didn't see her. All too soon, I was at the Community Days.

4 - Sandi vs. Jenni (vs. Jessica)/Dad makes it official

This event takes place each year in late summer, like August, and is kinda halfway between a good flea market, and a traveling carnival. There are rickety rides, ethnic foods, handmade quilts and little wooden decorations and homespun crap, like wooden yo-yos and popguns. It's not like an actual fair, with animals and tractor pulls, but it does have some of the same ambience, pie baking contests, pie EATING contests (which I assume is for losers of the baking contest) and carnival-style games. You know, where you have to throw a ping-pong ball into a thimble, or break a milk bottle with a tennis ball, stuff like that. I actually do pretty well with that game where you whack the thing with the hammer, and the little weight shoots up and rings the bell.

They always set it up right in the center of town, in the big park, so that they can make as much money as possible on parking meters and tickets. I knew the secret, though. I parked in the parking lot of the presbyterian church across the street from the county courthouse, and just walked between the church and the dry-cleaner's (Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness!!!!) and there I was. Things seemed to be quite Communal (is that the right modifier?) so I looked forward to some fun, at least.

Pops had said something about sending someone down with fliers and free coupons (therefore skipping the \$300 charge for setting up an honest-to-goodness booth) but he hadn't told me to do it, so I reminded myself to look around and see who got stuck with that crap job.

I strolled a bit, looking for the funnel cake cart, but it's in a different spot every year, so it took me a few minutes. Finally, going against the flow of people eating, and following the smell of fried dough, it appeared before me. Over by the corner I immediately spotted Sandi and Jessica. Sandi was wearing skin-tight stretch pants (Which she was only SLIGHTLY too chubby for) and a belt that looked like big gold coins linked up, topped by this T-back halter top that was glittery gold in color. She was currently facing away from me, so I noticed that she had no pantylines in those black stretch pants, and no whale tail. Jessica was wearing a little leather mini-skirt, and a babydoll T-shirt that said "So Tight!" with a little * symbol dotting the I. When I saw her, she was sucking cotton candy residue off of her fingers, the massive puff of spun sugar clutched in her other hand. Seeing me, she perked up, and grabbed Sandi's bare shoulder with her sticky fingers. Sandi flinched away and snarled at her, but then turned and saw me, and brightened considerably, which was easy, because she was apparently wearing makeup with glitter in it.

Jessica bit a big mouthful of cotton candy off, and chewed it into her mouth, not unlike a goat might do. Her lips were surrounded by a faint blue nimbus, although the candy she was eating was pink..

"Hi Will!" Sandi gushed, staring at my arms when she thought I wasn't looking. If she'd had a tail, no doubt she'd have been wagging it like crazy.

"Hello, Sandi, Jessica," I smiled. I checked my watch, and I was right on time. "I hope you haven't been waiting long."

"We got here a little early, to avoid suspicion." Sandi said, confidentially. "We went to the petting zoo and

stuff."

"Stupid pony stole my snow cone." pouted Jessica, which almost made me laugh.

"Seriously?" I had to ask. She nodded. "Sandi bought me a blueberry snow cone, and we went to look at the little baby animals, which were so cute, but this pony just ATE my snow cone right out of my hand, the little bastard. So she bought me cotton candy instead."

"That was nice of her." I said. Sandi interjected "I totally owe her for a fashion makeover she did for me, so I get to buy junk food for the next week, it's a quit-poke-whoa arrangement."

"Interesting." I said, not laughing yet. "So what did you want to do?"

Sandi eyed me up and down. "Well, for now, I wanted to hang out and get to know each other better. Later, who knows?" she said, huskily. I smiled, although not in a conspirational sense.

"We kinda had to leave the petting zoo rather suddenly, after the cone theft. Wanna go check it out with me?" She asked, being cute, and leaning on my arm. She reeked of some no-doubt expensive perfume.

"Sure, sounds fun." I said, and let myself be steered towards the sound of goats.

They had a small tent/pavilion set up with baby rabbits, ducklings, and chicks on little tables, and a larger pen holding a pony, several goats, a calf, and two or three of those vietnamese pigs that used to be popular. Jessica entered the pen with her purse clutched tightly, and her cotton candy raised high over her head, looking like a parody of the Statue Of Liberty. She approached the tables with the baby chicks. "Awwww, lookit the little Peeps!"

Sandi picked up a baby rabbit and clutched him to her (nearly exposed) cleavage. "Feel how soft he is!" She said innocently, rubbing up against me. If I hadn't been on the lookout for aggressive sexual behavior, I would've been seriously turned on. The little bunny blinked at me from between the tanned swell of her breasts, and I knew that I was being offered a chance to touch her breasts in public. After a moment's internal argument with myself, I gently and carefully scratched the bunny's head with one finger. Sandi looked a bit disappointed for a moment, but she replaced the bunny and then clung to my arm as we walked on, looking at the other little animals. The pony was eyeing Jessica, and the pigs were snuffling around her feet, which made her giggle.

"We should probably leave before one of us steps in poop," Sandi said doubtfully. I agreed. We threaded our way out to the exit, and strolled on. Jessica came puffing up to us moments later. "You guys totally left me there!" She cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Sandi said with a distracted air, "I thought you were right behind us. Did you have dinner yet, Will?" She said, returning her attention to me. I said I hadn't, and we went strolling in search of food that wasn't fried onto a stick. We found a small dining area, with picnic tables, near several booths offering pierogies, kielbasa, regular hot dogs, and chili fries. Before we could order, Sandi said "Oh crap, I forgot about the snow cone and the cotton candy. I need to run to the MAC machine real quick! You guys wait here." and she scurried off.

I sat on one of the picnic tables, and Jessica planted herself right up against me. "So, how old are you, Will?" she asked, looking up at me

"Seventeen," I said. Seeing her pose for me, I had to bring things back down a bit and ask "How about you?" She made a little face. "You're not supposed to ask a lady her age," she said, touching (more like stroking) my arm.

"Well, Karen said something about being in the same class as you?" I said, looking at her closely.

"Well, yes, but. . . I mean I was just barely young enough to be there. I was like nine when she was eight." She said dismissively. *so you're 15* I thought.

"She also said you used to be a model?" I said, knowing this was a dangerous topic, but one I was still curious about.

She lit up like a neon burlesque sign. "It was great! I was probably one of the most famous internet models in my category!" She beamed, and batted her eyes, leaning closer to me. "I had a fan club and everything! They loved me!"

"What was that like?" I asked, innocently, remembering Karen's description.

"They used to send me all kinds of stuff! Especially clothes." She scooped over so her hip was right up against mine, and continued talking animatedly. "They would send me outfits, lots of shoes, pajamas, swimsuits, all kinds of stuff. People would send lots of intimates, too, but Mom threw most of that away, which was sad. Guys have it easy. Your underwear isn't \$24 a pair." She paused for breath, and kinda tossed her hair. "So I'd get a new outfit in the mail, and I'd model it, Mom would take the pictures, and then she'd email them to the member of my fan club that sent the items. It was awesome! Some of the things were kinda strange, though."

"Oh?" I chuckled. "Like what?"

"Well this one guy sent me a nice gown, almost like a prom dress or something, and a blindfold. Mom said he was really specific about what pictures he wanted, but she couldn't see anything wrong with them, so we did it. Me sitting in a straight-backed chair with my hands in my lap, me kneeling by the fireplace, me holding a man's hand, stuff like that. It was kinda weird, but, the dress was really pretty. One guy sent long lace gloves, and wanted pictures in which you couldn't see my face. I got lots of clothing with names on it, like stitched right here?" She rubbed her left breast with a fingertip; a nipple stood out. "Names that weren't mine, of course."

It sounded like serious fetish stuff to me, but I kept my face neutral.

"It's only too bad we had to stop, because I outgrew most of it, and some of it was really really hot. ' She finally stopped, looking sad.

"Why did you have to stop?" I said, playing dumb, curious about what her answer was going to be.

"Mom said that men can't stand to see a woman succeed on her own in business, and that other women

can't stand to see a woman succeed on her own if she's prettier than THEY are, so all these lawyer types started hassling us, threatening our webhost, threatening our bank where we processed the membership fees and cash donations, it was really ugly. Mom says we can start again when I'm 17, we'll just make me a fake name so no one tries to attack us again based on my old website. I can't wait. Plus, I'll be able to get more creative, and be even sexier. More members means more money." She grinned at me. "Most girls my age don't even think about business, you know. Dad says I'm very mature."

"You certainly know more about it than me." I admitted.

"So do you like Sandi? I mean, are you, you know, INTERESTED in her?" She asked suddenly, drawing on my arm with a fingertip. I looked at her. She bit her lower lip.

"Did she put you up to this?" I asked, smiling wryly. "That's kinda gradeschool isn't it?"

"What? Oh, no, no." She laughed a little too quickly, as if embarrassed. "She doesn't even know I'm asking you this."

"If she did know, would she be upset?" I asked. "Because that's kind of a personal question." And you don't seem to be the unselfish type, I thought silently.

"Well, don't tell her or anything, I mean, but . . ." She looked around, and returned her gaze to mine, batting her eyelashes. "All the boys at school are SO immature. I can't stand it. I'm ready to move up, you know? All I was asking was if you're into Sandi or not, because if not, I wondered if we could go out sometime. Like, and not take her along." She leaned against me.

"I'm pretty sure now isn't the time to be asking me that question," I said. Never mind that her cold-bloodedness, mixed with her unbelievable naivete/sluttiness rendered her almost completely unattractive. If I were just a cock and eyes (ok, and hands) I'd be all over that. But dammit, my brain just pulls to much weight around here. "Here she comes."

Jessica sat up, but didn't scooch away. Sandi shot a look at us both, blank expression at me, sheer venom at Jessica. "Comfy?" she snapped at Jessica.

"Umm, just . . . saving your seat, heh." she giggled, embarrassed, and scooched away.

I got to my feet in a non-guilty fashion. "What shall we have for dinner?" I said lightly. "Well, since I invited you, I'm buying." said Sandi firmly. "I'm a modern woman and all that."

I got pierogies and two hot dogs. Jessica got chilifries, and kielbasa, which she proceeded to slurp. Sandi got just plain fries, which she ate while glaring at Jessica. We kinda just made small talk about carnivals and county fairs. Jessica kept sucking the sauerkraut juice off of the kielbasa before she would take a bite, and it kinda resembled a blowjob. Sandi kicked her under the table at one point, but I pretended not to notice. At last we were done. I carried our plates over to the bee-infested trash barrel and returned.

"Wanna walk around and look at all the stuff?" I waved my arm to indicate the sea of booths, tents and townfolk. Sandi slid her arm around mine. "Love to," she said, and clung to me possessively as we

walked on. Jessica trudged along behind us.

For the next hour or so, Sandi was glued to me. I know she was trying to turn me on with physical proximity, because she kept my arm clutched right against her breasts, but it was like I couldn't even turn around without stepping on her. Instead of being close to a cute girl, it was more like being in a three-legged race. Jessica was pretty much cranky from then on, alternating between sullen silence and vague whining.

There was some really cool stuff in some of those booths, though. I mean there were about a million brown wooden snowmen, or old waterwheels painted on big sawblades, but some of the stuff was actually cool, like the guy who was handcarving flowers out of wood, and painting them. I would have gotten ones for Karen and Amy (and Liu Si and Lola,) but Sandi was practically humping my arm, so I couldn't get a moment alone. (I didn't think I could buy four of them right in front of her and not have to get one for her too. It just seemed rude.) One booth was just a lady with a BeaDazzler, and nothing else. I guess you were suppose to provide your own goods to be decorated, but she was working on a jean jacket as we walked past, putting a big unicorn head on it or something. It reminded me of that one Dane Cook CD, so I had to laugh. I think I may have said something like "Did we already pass the Braidini booth?"

After a while, when the sun was setting, we started running out of booths, drifting over towards the Port-a-Potties and the hastily-erected (heh) ATM machine. As we entered the last row of tents, I saw what I didn't realize until that moment I had been expecting to see: Jenni Timpanelli. She was wearing a skin-tight T-shirt with the pizza shop name on the front, printed right across her breasts, and when she turned around to hand out another flyer, I could see the back of the shirt said "Want a piece?" This shirt, worn as it was over tiny running shorts that said "SPICY" on the butt, accentuated her long legs and slim form. She looked smokin' hot. She was wearing clean white sneakers, and her hair was up, not in pigtails, but in two fanlike haircombs, so her blonde hair fell in loose, lazy curls down the back of her neck, spilling onto her shoulders. Imagine a Hooters girl with a really nice Prom hairdo. She looked excellent.

Jessica saw her about the same time as I did. "Uh oh, battle stations." she muttered, and Sandi's head darted around back and forth for a moment before she saw her up ahead. I felt her stiffen momentarily. She took a deep breath, and walked on, as if nothing was amiss.

As we got closer, Jenni saw me and smiled like a tiger. "Hi, Will." She grinned at Sandi and Jessica, and in a less polite tone said "Hi girls."

"Whatcha selling tonight?" Sandi asked archly, with accent on the 'tonight.'

"Pizza, subs and wings. You might be interested in our Big Ass Meal Deal." She said coolly. (It really is called the Big-Ass Meal Deal, but she enunciated it very clearly, so it was suddenly a fat joke. Which it might have been all along anyway.) She held out a sheet of coupons, which Sandi did not take. "We also have salads available." She said, delivering the coup de grace.

"We're. Not. Interested." Sandi said frostily, as Jessica reached for the coupons, but dropped her hand.

"No problem." Jenni smiled cattily, and plucked a folded piece of paper from *somewhere* (those shorts

were really small) and inserted it into my pocket, in plain view of Sandi. "What the fuck was that?!" Sandi almost shrieked.

"Will's shift changed for Friday. That was his new schedule." She said, in what was obviously (to me) a lie.

"Whatever." Sandi growled, seized my arm, and tried to yank me away. I hesitated just a moment, to remind her that I didn't belong to her, but then came along peacefully. As we headed back down the aisle, she positively seethed. She half-dragged me back to the picnic area, and sat down angrily. "Who the hell does she think she is?!" She growled, and drummed her fingers on the tabletop.

"Want me to go say something to her?" Jessica asked, hopping from foot to foot.

"She'll kick your ass, Jessi, you're a stick." Sandi said, as if she was very tired.

"I was just offering, I mean I have to go back there anyway, because I really have to pee." Jessica said, hopping some more. Sandi softened some, and said "I'm sorry. Thank you, but it's ok. Go pee."

I sat next to her as Jessica walked away like her knees didn't bend. "Jenni has nothing to do with whether or not I like you." I said.

"What would you do if some guy came up and started hitting on me?" She said, a little petulantly.

"Well, it all depends." I said, non-committally. "This isn't the Stone Age or something. If I beat up some guy, that doesn't mean you have to come home with me."

"What do you mean?" She asked.

"If some guy started hitting on you, you might decide you like him better. Even if I were to get in a fight with him, it wouldn't really prove anything. IT's not like two dogs fighting over a bone, winner take all. It's still your choice." I explained.

"So right now, it's your choice, then." She said, giving me a sultry, calculating look. "I know I don't really have any right to ask this, but can we see the paper she stuck in your pocket? IF you were my boyfriend, I'd demand to see it, but since we're just going out for fun, *wink wink*, I'll ask politely." she said, batting her lashes at me.

I reached into my pants pocket, dreading the outcome of this act, but not really able to think of a way to say no without arousing her suspicions. I unfolded the pink post-it note. It was written out like a schedule, but I immediately saw something amiss. the shifts written down made no sense:

S M T W R F S

5-5 _ 5-1 _ 2-3 4-? _

I mean, we're closed Sundays, after all, and a 1-hour shift on Thursday? And then it hit me. This a phone number, not a schedule. For the purposes of this re-telling, the phone number used was 555-1234. Sandi peeked over my shoulder. "Oh," She said, sounding genuinely surprised. "It IS a work schedule.

Huh." I said nothing, just smiled weakly and returned the paper to my pocket.

Jessica announced her return by hissing at us from about ten feet away, and motioning Sandi over to her frantically. They had a hurried, hushed huddle, and Sandi screeched angrily at one point, but they were making some serious plans, obviously, I could tell just by body language. After a bit of this, Sandi stood up straight, and walked over to me primly. Jessica scurried off back over towards the port-a-potties and Jenni.

"Umm, new plan. Could you take me home? Jessi's going to get a ride with her uncle who was at the Duck Pond game, so I need a ride home." She said this calmly and carefully, as if a moment ago she hadn't been whispering angrily.

"Her uncle?" I said doubtfully. I couldn't remember who had been at the Duck Pond game.

"Yeah, it's cool. Come on. I'll show you a *special* shortcut." After she said this, she lightly ran the tip of her tongue across her upper lip. Looking back, I should have been more alert, but I was busy thinking of Jenni Timpanelli, so I just smiled and said ok.

Sandi grabbed my hand and led me out of the Community Days, swinging her hips and tossing her hair. I started to notice her extra jiggle, when she suddenly stopped. "Crap." She muttered. She turned to me. "I have no idea where you parked."

"Over by the church," I said, and once again, she drew me along, taking care to stay in front of me just a bit, looking back over her shoulder at me and shooting me smoky looks. They were kinda hot, but it was like watching someone act like someone else.

She was pulling me along like someone in a hurry. "Are you in a hurry to get home?" I asked, smiling. "Not exaaaaaaactly." She purred, and squeezed my hand. My thoughts were a mixture of a horny "Hmmmmmm" and a tiny, logical "Uh-oh."

I beeped the car, and we got in. She sighed happily as she settled into the seat, and ran a hand lightly over the door handles and dashboard. "I LOVE your car." She said dreamily.

She turned in her seat gently, and leaned over towards me. "The other day when you first came to my house, when you left, it sounded like a race car. How did you do that?" She asked, smiling hungrily.

"There's a special exhaust valve between the engine and the muffler," I said, pointing at the knob down near the gear shift.

"They can't all be like that, can they?" She said. "I've never heard a Mustang as loud as yours."

"Actually, this one was put in special." I said, shrugging. "My dad had it done."

"Your dad must be pretty cool." She said, wistfully.

"Eh." I shrugged, trying to end the subject. Not something I wanted to be talking about.

"So, anyway, I wanted to ask you for a big favor." She leaned forward on the center console in such a way that her breasts pressed together, and then bulged out. She looked up at me in a way that was pleading as well as overtly sexual.

"Which is?" I smiled non-committally.

"Take me for a ride." She almost whispered. "I want to go fast, and I want it to be with you."

"Ummm," I said, trying to decide if she meant sex or driving.

"Carter Road is a good place. It's long, mostly flat, no big turns, and both sides are just old fields. My friend Courtney lives out there and I used to ride to her house on the bus. There won't be any cops, and it's dark, so we won't get in any trouble. Pleeeeeeeease? I promise it'll be fun. You won't regret it." She pouted deliciously at me. I gave in. "Sure," I said, and started the car.

Now I know what you're thinking. You're thinking "Will, when you came on this date you were going to dump her, now you're taking her racing at night in a car that she has already admitted (in her blog) makes her horny. You're just an opportunistic bastard." And to that I say "Shut up." I mean, 1. she obviously wanted to be there, 2. I was horny, and 3. it's impossible to impassively weigh all your options and make logical decisions when there's no blood in your brain. I'd had about half a stock (that means erection) since Jenni stuck her hand in my pocket. Sandi acting kittenish just made it harder to think about anything other than boobies and ass. I'm sure the blood pressure in my brain was getting lower every minute.

So we buckle up (safety first!) and head out to Carter Rd, which is just as she described. It was basically a two-lane farm road, good pavement, more or less flat (a few gentle hills), and not well-traveled at all. Not that many people lived on it, and there were better roads if you were trying to get from one place to another, so it was basically a glorified driveway, and the police had better places to hide. We started at the end furthest from civilization and worked our way back towards town.

I pulled the exhaust cutout as we started, and the car opened up with this big throaty roar. Sandi squealed with delight. I turned on the high beams, and off we went. I didn't exactly slam through the gears, but I may have shifted more than was strictly necessary, just to make it seem more exciting. Sandi was loving it. Her breath came faster, and she may have said something like "ohhhhhh yeahhhhhh."

After a few moments, she lifted her hair off of her shoulders and gave a little wriggle. I had my eyes on the road, so I didn't notice what she was up to until she put her hand on my right thigh. "Hey Will," she purred, and I looked over to see her breasts completely uncovered, her brown nipples standing out like little rocks. Her tits were slightly pointy, not that I was complaining, but they were kinda large and soft-looking, even if a bit conical. Her halter top was the kind that had a deep V-neck, with material sweeping down off her right shoulder, covering her right breast, then merging with the bottom of the garment, and ditto for the left side. I guess you just had to pull the material down, because suddenly both her breasts were right there, staring at my eyes. I think I may have been staring back at them. I had to remind myself I was driving, and driving fast. (erection 50% and rising. I shifted to let it down my right boxer-short leg.)

She was cupping them gently and massaging them. She licked her thumbs and gently rubbed them over her nipples. I was pretty fascinated. Remembering to drive was becoming harder. I think I took my foot off the gas, but she said "No, keep driving. If you pull over, we might get caught. If you keep driving, no one will know." (erection 65%, about six inches I think, and still rising.)

She continued to play with her tits, sending one hand sneaking down between her legs. "God, I wish I'd thought to wear a skirt or something," She moaned. Abruptly she popped her seat belt, and turned in the seat, practically climbing the center console. She held her left breast in her hand and stroked her hard nipple back and forth across my bare upper arm. Back and forth. Baaaaaaaaaack and foooooooooorth. I was getting hotter by the minute. I think I said something like "Ummm." She said "Shhhhhhhh."

She put her right hand on my leg, and her finger tips brushed the side of my dick. "Oh my," She moaned breathlessly, "Is that. . . Oh my god it is!" Her hand stroked along my inner thigh, and therefore also, my cock, felt easily through the thin satiny material of my shorts. "Oh my god, I KNEW it. How big ARE you?" she whispered delightedly, right into my ear, barely audible over the roar of the engine as I shot around a gentle curve and along a tree-lined straightaway. Her breath in my ear sent shivers down my spine. The tiny and weak voice of my conscience, in comparison, was millions of miles distant.

"This is my first time, ok? Please be patient with me, but I promise to do my best." She purred in my ear, stroking the shape of my cock, squeezing with her hands, as she licked my earlobe. I think I may have moaned. Driving and being groped was beginning to seem impossible to maintain, when she tugged at my waistband, and slid down, lowering her head into my crotch, between the steering wheel and my lap. I found the courage to speak up. "I don't think you should-" I began, but at that moment, we crested a slight rise, and there in my hi-beams, not even twenty yards away, were about four deer in the act of crossing the road. I yelled and tried to slam on the brakes, but we were moving very fast, and when I tried to stand on the brake, I got the clutch too. My seat belt slammed into me. Sandi, who wasn't belted in, slammed into the steering wheel with the side of her head, and the gear shift got her right in the chest. Her body hitting it popped it into neutral, and while the car spun around in a huge screeching fishtail, the engine flared and stalled. We both yelled and swore for a moment, but as the dust settled, all I could hear was the pinging of the engine, and her sobs. I quickly shifted to park, turned off the ignition, and turned on the interior lights. I rolled my neck quickly, and turned to her immediately. "Are you ok?"

She was cradling the right side of her face, which was blossoming with a huge red mark from her impact with the steering wheel, and she was huddled up, covering her breasts, the left of which had a big white patch, quickly flushing red. She cried almost silently, holding her face and breast gingerly, her mouth hung open, her breath coming in high-pitched whistling gasps as she fought for air.

"Wha . . . what happened?" she whimpered, clutching herself. A tear dripped down her face.

"There were deer in the road, like four of them. I barely saw them in time!" I said, reaching out to her. A thin trickle of blood appeared on her lower lip. I immediately dug a tissue out of the door pocket thingy. "You're bleeding!"

I touched it gently to her lip, and she winced. "This hurts so bad!" She worked her jaw as if trying to pop her ear, and then sobbed some more. I reached out for her, tentatively, but she shied away from me. "No, don't. I'm such a screw-up. I never should have tried this, and now I've wrecked your car."

"I don't think you wrecked my car, I think we just spun around and it stalled." I turned the key, and after a tiny hesitation, the car started up just fine. I turned it off again. "Now, forget about the car, I'm more worried about you. Come here."

She gingerly leaned over towards me, and I dabbed the tissue at her lower lip, which spotted blood onto the tissue. She looked down at me. "Oh shit, I ruined your shorts!"

I looked down at my crotch, to see several loops of thread pulled way out, causing 'runners' in the fabric going left and right. Tiny spots of glitter winked at me from my (now rapidly shrinking) erection bulge. "I think I accidentally bit down when you hit the brakes." She whimpered. "That must be why my lip is bleeding."

"Let me see," I said, and gently lowered her lip with my thumb. There were two tiny patches of skin missing from the inside of her lip. "You just barely nipped your lip. It's going to heal up pretty quick, I think."

"God, I'm such an idiot!" She cried, and clutched at her breast, now angry and red. She gently poked at it with a finger, and winced. "Owww!"

"You hit the gearshift with that one. We're lucky it only popped to neutral, and not reverse or park." I tried to comfort her, but it was just a really awkward and uncomfortable moment. I gently brushed her hair off of her forehead. She cried freely, and tucked her breasts ever-so-gently back into her top. Her face was starting to look a little puffy on the side where she had impacted the steering wheel. "Can you hear out of that ear? Do we need to go to the emergency room?" I asked, concerned.

"I think I'll be ok. Someday. I blew it, didn't I? That bitch was right." She cried, and used the tissue to wipe her nose. "What bitch?" I asked, confused.

"Jessica said something to your boss's daughter when she got out of the bathroom, but that bitch just said "Tell your fat friend that she doesn't know what it takes to interest a real man. She'd better just stick to little boys until she gets some experience." So I decided to go for it. And look what happened." She gestured not to herself, but at me, and my crotch. "I fucked up."

"I'm just worried about you." I said. "Are you going to be ok?"

"I was a quarter inch away from taking a bite out of you and you're worried about me?" She asked, with kind of a sob-chuckle. I re-started the car, and pulled back out onto the road, driving safely this time, as she pulled herself together. She rubbed the side of her face, which was starting to fade back towards her normal color. "Christ. I've got to be the dumbest chick in the world."

"No, there's always Jessica." I blurted. Shocked, I covered my mouth. Sandi's eyes widened, and then she burst out laughing, the last few tears rolling down her face. I grinned helplessly.

A few miles passed in silence. "Do you bruise easily?" I asked. "Neither of us would want to explain why you look like you got punched in the face and chest."

"I'm working on an excuse. God, I'm so mortified." She covered her face with both hands. "Can you ever

forgive me? I know I've probably screwed any chance of hooking up with you, but could you at least not hate me?"

"I don't hate you," I said, signaling a turn.

"If those deer had been further down, or if I had gotten my nerve up sooner, I might have bit your . . . you know, instead of just your shorts." She said sadly. "I might have really hurt you."

"Actually, I would have stopped you before you went any farther." I said, gently.

She looked at me. "For real?"

"Yeah."

"So this was never really going to happen, was it?" She said sadly.

"Probably not." I said, as kindly as possible. "And it had nothing to do with Jenni, or Jessica."

"Did she make a pass at you too?!" Sandi said, hurt.

"It doesn't matter. I would have told her no anyway."

"I think I hate her. That's what she was all humping your leg about, right?" Sandi fumed.

"She was just asking me if I was 'going out' with you, or if it was just for fun." I said, trying to make peace.

"I'm going to have a talk with HER." Sandi said, sniffing, and rubbing the side of her face.

"And I had already decided that Fun was as far as I was willing to take this." I said gently, but firmly. Sandi put her face in her hands.

"Would you mind terribly if we kept all this a secret? I mean what happened in your car tonight? I would DIE if my friends found out." Sandi half-whispered, muffled as she was by her hands.

"I wouldn't tell your friends OR your enemies." I said.

"Will, those are the same people." Sandi said, sounding very tired.

"I was actually just about to ask you not to put any of this in your blog. My sisters read it now, and none of this must ever see the light of day." I said, shooting her a glance, just in time to see her snap alert, her face drained of blood.

"YOU READ MY BLOG?" She gasped, horrified and embarrassed.

"Well, sorta. You DID just put it out there on the internet, you know." Not my proudest moment.

"OH MY GAWD!" She wailed. "No wonder I blew it. You must think I'm a complete retard! How much did you read?"

"Just since you asked me out that first time, at the pizza party." I said, sheepishly.

"I think I'm going to be sick." She clutched her stomach. "Oh god, I'm so sorry. Please take me home, and I swear I'll never bother you again, because I'm going to die of embarrassment."

"Don't do that." I said. "I just don't think we would have worked out, even if I hadn't known about Operation All Mine." She moaned as if in pain.

"You are cute, but we don't really have that much in common. It wouldn't have worked." I said. "I'm sure YOU wouldn't want to give it away for nothing." She covered her face with her hands again.

My cell phone rang unexpectedly. I dug it out and answered it. To my surprise, it was Jenni. "Hey, um, I'm sorry if I'm interrupting anything, but did you mean to leave that skinny little red-headed girl here? She's been walking around for the past twenty minutes, and everyone's packing it in for the night. Did she come with you?"

"No, she had another ride. I thought she was riding home with her uncle from the duck pond."

"The duck pond was an old lady and her ten-year-old grandson." She said. I looked at Sandi, who was still hiding behind her hands. "Hmmm." I said. Sandi sighed.

"Hey, quick question. What happened after we left, when you stuck my schedule in my pocket. Did the redhead say anything to you?" I asked, already suspicious.

"No, she just trotted past on the way to the Royal Flush. I thought she was going to mouth off, but she didn't. She gave me one mean look, though." Jenni said. "So did you look at your schedule yet?" This last was asked teasingly.

"Yes, WE did." She gave a knowing "aha" and I continued. "Sorry, but I can't talk right now."

"I figured. I called Daddy real quick to get your number, because I think the redhead is going to get kidnapped. Call me, Will, I mean it." She purred. I said bye and hung up.

"So, quick news update," I said, in a nonchalant tone of voice. "Jenni says she didn't say anything to Jessica, and Jessica doesn't have an uncle at the duck pond."

"Shit." Sandi said quietly. She then sat up straighter. "SHIT! Jessica made it all up! That stupid whore! Ooooooh, I'm glad I ditched her! Fuck!"

"Well, you're taking Jenni's word for it," I cautioned, but Sandi was convinced.

"Right after Jessica hits on you? It makes sense. Jenni may still be a bitch, but Jessica is a back-stabbing creep! RRRRRRGH!" She put her face in her hands again. "I let her goad me into something stupid, and now I've blown it."

"You didn't blow it," I said. (You almost bit it) I thought. "I was going to tell you politely tonight anyway, I just had a hard time getting to it. I'm sorry if I strung you along."

She shook her head. "You don't have to be so noble. I know I screwed up tonight, but thanks for trying to give me some dignity."

She was still blaming herself. "I-" I began, but she cut me off. "Please just take me home, ok? You've been very nice, and very patient, and I hope I might have another chance someday. When I get home, I'm going to lock myself in my room for a few years until my embarrassment fades a bit." She slumped down and stared out the window. I elected not to argue.

Carter Rd. was about 30 minutes from her house, so we had a long uncomfortable ride. As we neared her house, she pulled down the passenger side visor, and checked herself in the lighted mirror. "Oh god. I look like I've been punched, and anyone can see I've been crying. I'm such a mess." She rummaged in her purse. "Evil witch!" She snarled.

"What's up?" I asked.

"My wicked stepmother swiped the house key off of my keyring. She did this last time I went out too, so she would know what time I got home, because I would have to ring the doorbell." She fumed. "Perfect."

As I pulled into her driveway, she looked around. "That's strange. Daddy's truck's not here. He should be home by now." The house was ablaze with light. As I stopped the car, the front door opened, and I could see Sandi's stepmother silhouetted in the doorway. Sandi got out of the car, and leaned back down to talk to me. "Maybe you should just get out while you can. I think I'm in trouble." As she spoke, however, headlights swept in behind me, and with a low rumble, a Chevy Avalanche loomed in my rear window. "Shit. That's Daddy. Looks like you're going to have to say Hi. I'm so sorry."

I turned off the ignition and climbed out of the car. The pickup door slammed, and a tall somewhat-burly guy hopped down out of the pickup. He walked over to where Sandi stood with her hip cocked, and an angry look on her face. "I just got back from taking your little friend Jessica home from Community days. She called here about half an hour ago, freaking out because she said you left her there and went off with some boy." The man said gruffly. He was one of those guys that grows a big beard and then cuts all his hair to about a quarter inch.

"I'm not speaking to her!" Sandi said, already on the offensive. "She called me fat."

"You still can't just leave her there. Not in a shirt that says 'So Tight!'" He looked at me. "And you are?"

"Some boy." I said disarmingly, and held out my hand to shake. He smirked a half smile, and shook. Just like that, we were allies.

"I don't care what Jessica says, she's full of shit, Dad. What else did she say?" Sandi stomped towards the house.

"She said you ditched her because you wanted to be alone with some boy who was at your slumber

party and WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE?!" He yelled. I could hear Linda gasp.

"I wasn't sitting right and smacked my face on the Twirl'N'Hurl. It flipped left, and I went right and banged my head on the side of the little car thingy." Here she made a little flippy motion with her hand. "Will here was nice enough to drive me to Rite-Aid for an ice pack. I don't know WHAT Jessica was on about, but she and I are OUT." Sandi rubbed her face and sighed. "It still really hurts. But anyway, there were only girls at my slumber party, you know that." She sounded very tired. "I just want to go lay down. And I want my housekey back, because I STILL LIVE HERE!" She held out her hand to Linda, who had the good grace to blush.

"Folks, it was nice meeting you, but now that Sandi's home and safe, I'd better be going." I seized my chance for an exit.

"Bye Will, and thanks for everything." Sandi said, more or less sincerely.

"I appreciate what you did for my daughter." Her dad said. I waved him off. "No problem. See ya around." I walked calmly back to my car, and got the hell out of there.

I drove home with my nerves jangling. What a night! Jessica makes a pass at me and then throws a wrench in Sandi's plans, leading to a near auto accident and groin injury for Yours Truly. Jenni manages to plant her number on me in full view of Sandi, in a way that even allayed her suspicion. Sandi then displayed her formidable skill at lying to keep the both of us out of trouble. Geez.

I got home at about 9:30, to find Lola's car in our driveway, and the cover off the hot tub. Fading wet footprints heading in indicated that the hot tub was already used, so I dragged the cover back on it before I came inside. I entered the kitchen to see everyone in the living room, talking quietly, the fireplace lit. The threads pulled out of my shorts escaped notice in the dark at Sandi's house, but here in a well-lit living room with three females, I didn't think I would be so lucky. I headed for the stairs. "I'm home, but I have to make a quick stop." I said, and trotted upstairs. I quickly shed the jersey AND the shorts, which I guessed I was going to have to throw away. I pulled on some sweat shorts, and a plain t-shirt, flushed the toilet for effect, and came downstairs to find everyone in bathrobes lounging on the rug in front of the fireplace. Lola's hair looked dry, but Amy and Karen's hair was still visibly wet. Amy sat cross-legged, picking at her fingernails, while Karen and Lola talked quietly, Karen sitting and leaning on one arm, Lola stretched out full length on her stomach, her chin in her elbows.

"So how'd it go?" Amy asked brightly, being the first to see me join the group. Karen and Lola looked up. I selected a space between Karen and Amy, with my back towards the kitchen, and stuck my feet out towards the fire. "Interesting." I said, leaning back on my hands.

Karen pulled a comb out of her bathrobe pocket and started combing out her wet hair. "Interesting how?" She asked. "I LOVE your hair," Lola murmured.

"Well, Sandi and Jessica were there, so was Jenni. Jessica made a creepy pass at me, and Jenni stuck her phone number in my pocket. Then, Jessica and Sandi broke up." This statement was met with snorts of laughter from Amy, and a little chuckle from Karen. "Finally, after she tricked me into leaving Jessica unsupervised, a deer jumped out in the road, and since she hadn't buckled up, she smashed her face on the" -quick don't say steering wheel- "dashboard and got a huge black eye."

"Wait, you left Jessica at the Community Days?" Karen asked, starting to laugh.

"I had been told she had a ride, but it seems Sandi was done being friends with her, I don't know." I rolled my eyes. "And then the deer scared the crap out of us."

"Sounds like quite a night," Lola said, with half a smile.

"I'd much rather have been here." I said sincerely. "What'd I miss?"

"Well, Karen ruined my diet in the most wonderful way ever, then we waited an hour and went swimming and hot-tubbing, where I fell asleep to a foot-rub." Lola said, tired but happy.

"And we still owe her a backrub." Amy said.

"Oh geez," Lola said, happily. Karen shifted around so she was kneeling beside Lola. "Here." She grabbed the collar of the bathrobe, and after getting it free of her arms, slid it down to the small of her back. Lola was wearing her swimsuit underneath, but this suit was a one-piece that left most of her back bare. Karen started rubbing upwards with slow, circular motions. "Oh heavenly God," Lola moaned, and closed her eyes.

I rubbed my shoulder where the seat belt had bit into me, and cracked my neck, which turned out way louder than I had expected. *craaaack-ack* Everybody winced.

"Stop that, you're going to end up paralyzed!" Amy cried.

"I'm sorry, but my neck was really stiff. I got a good jolt when the deer jumped out. Sandi hit the dashboard, I almost got strangled by the seat belt." I tried to roll my head around on my neck, but it didn't feel good. I sat forward and tried to twist my neck, grabbing my chin with one hand and the back of my neck with the other.

"I SAID STOP IT!" Amy yelled. She got up on her knees and scrambled over to me, grabbing my arms. "You're going to hurt yourself! Lay down. NOW!"

I flipped around and started to lie on my stomach, but Amy snapped her fingers. "Shirt!" She commanded. I reached back with both arms and pulled my shirt off over my head. When I got my head free, I noticed Karen and Lola both looking at me. Lola's expression was one of attraction, with a little bit of blush and shame, Karen's was a look of pride, except she had this enigmatic little buddha smile. I laid on my stomach as smoothly as possible. Had I been three feet further left, Lola and I would have been shoulder to shoulder.

Lola watched me silently, her expression now unreadable. Karen had returned her attention to Lola's muscles. "You've got this big knot right here," She said, pressing right below Lola's shoulder blades. She stuck out her tongue in concentration, and leaned in. There was a muffled crack, and Lola's eyes flew entirely open as she gasped in shock. "Ha-ha-ha-hoooooowwwch!" She laugh/cried. "Jesus! That's that's amazing!" She wriggled a bit, and moved her arms. "Oh, baby!" She wiped her eyes. "I didn't even realize that was there! It feels like I just took off a really uncomfortable backpack or something. Oh

my." She settled again, panting a little. Karen continued with smooth rubbing motions, while Amy stood by my side and stepped onto the small of my back, which forced me to tense up.

"Wow!" Lola said, watching Amy carefully balance on my back. I grunted as Amy walked slowly up my spine. "I can't push as hard as Karen, so I walk on him." Amy said, concentrating. I tried not to wobble as she stepped gently, but firmly. "I walk allllll over him." She giggled, wiggling her toes. I gave a pained grin as little pops and cracks sounded faintly, barely audible over the similar noises being made in the fireplace. After a few more moments of pacing, Amy sat herself astride me, right at my buttocks, and began kneading the muscles of my back, starting down low, and slowly, sloooooowly working her way up. I sighed and immediately mimicked a big pile of Jell-O.

I think I may have occasionally grunted or groaned, and I know Lola was doing the same thing as Karen worked HER magic. The thought occurred to me that it all sounded kind of erotic, and with that fact in my mind, an erection began. I tried to curtail my own noises, but I LOVE backrubs, and Lola sounded like she was having a heavy make-out session. I was soon laying on about eight or nine inches of all-natural hardwood, my body weight pressing it into the fluffy rug, Amy's shifting weight reminding me that someone was pressed up against me. "If you want to roll over in a minute, I'll rub your shoulders and upper chest, where the seat belt hit," She said helpfully, but I quickly declined.

Another, much quieter popping noise from Lola's body, which she responded to with an "Ooh!" She opened her eyes a little. "Karen, would you take it the wrong way if I told you that I loved you? I mean really, really?"

Karen laughed. "Emotionally, physically, or just figuratively?"

"Uh huh." Lola said.

"No, I mean which one?" Karen squeezed Lola's shoulders, kneading and rubbing.

"Whichever one is better." Lola mumbled into the carpet.

"I hate to open a bad subject, but how is Mrs. Klemp?" I said, gently. "I didn't get to hear."

All three ladies sighed. "She had at least one massive stroke, in the right side of her brain, and there have been two more since. Thursday's MRI showed additional damage from Monday's, and they're not sure how much time she has left. They've put her on a couple of medications, but they can't be sure more won't come." Lola said, her voice steady but hopeless. "We spent the whole first 90 minutes after I got here crying, so we're all a bit drained. I don't even know what to do."

"Do they have grief counselors at the hospital? There's got to be someone you can talk to." I said, almost shedding tears myself. Once again, my erection was gone and forgotten.

"Yeah, probably." Lola said sadly and softly. Several moments passed in silence.

After a few minutes, Amy asked Karen a question about back muscles, and soon the conversation was a lot less painful. I thanked Amy and went to get up, at which point she clamped her legs around my hips and said "Giddyup, horse!" Amid much laughter, I stood, with Amy clinging to me like a monkey, her legs

still wrapped around me, her arms wrapped around my neck. I pretended to bite her arms, and then, still standing, wrestled her around where I could get a grip on her and pull her into my arms, where I proceeded to tickle her. Her bathrobe got all twisted up, and I could see she was wearing her pink one-piece swimsuit underneath. She squirmed and squealed, but I made a growling sound, and pretended to bite her shoulders and the back of her neck.

This all happened rather quickly, but when I bit the back of her neck, she shivered and then went stiff. "Lemme go, I, um . . . gotta pee." I put her down, and she ran out of the room, in a rather wobbly fashion. I sat back down on the carpet while Lola thanked Karen, and rose to her knees. She then turned and hugged Karen firmly, and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "That was wonderful! I can't thank you enough. You have absolutely magic hands." Lola said breathlessly.

"Thank you," Karen blushed. Lola kissed her cheek again. "I mean it." Karen was completely red.

Lola pulled her borrowed robe back up and sat with her knees under her. When she turned to me, she was much more serious. "You need to call your dad. Mom is still your legal guardian in loco parentis, and if . . .well, WHEN she passes away, your dad will be charged with child abandonment if he's not here, and you'll go to a foster home or something. He needs to come back here."

I gritted my teeth, and Karen sighed. "He won't." she said, "not for any real period of time." I nodded. "He's not the family type."

"Well, even with Mom in the hospital right now, you're at risk. If someone were to actually go check your status, they'd see that she is hospitalized, and probably not coming out." Her voice broke. "So the sooner he gets here the better."

I thought it over. "Am I old enough to take over?" I asked.

"You're still legally a minor at seventeen. You are a very MATURE seventeen, but legally, you're a child still." She said.

"Crap. I guess I have to call Dad then." I looked at the clock, and it was about 10:00. "If I knew where he was, I'd call him now, but if he's in LA, it's really really late."

"This sucks." Karen said sadly, and pulled her knees up, hugging them. "I don't want him here."

Amy ambled back into the room, her face flushed, and flopped onto the rug beside me. "You don't want WHO here?" She asked, breathlessly.

"Dad." Karen said, making "air quotes" with her fingers.

"Ugh. Why?" Amy said, looking at me in concern.

"Mrs. Klemp is still legally our guardian." I said. "If it's her time, then Dad has to be here. OR find someone else to foist us off onto." I didn't have any expectations that Dad was going to stay. Most likely he'd leave again as soon as he could legally do so.

"What about Lola?" Amy said, after a moment's silence. Lola blinked, but Karen immediately chastised Amy. "You can't just suggest that. This isn't like asking someone to get your mail while you're on vacation."

Amy defended herself. "I know, but we take care of ourselves, right? Mrs. Klemp barely checked on us this past year, and we're still fine. Will can drive, we have Dad's healthcare and money, we're good. We just need a name on some piece of paper at the courthouse, right?"

During this whole exchange, I had been watching Lola's face. At first surprise, and then thoughtfulness, and then joy was visible there, but when Amy said "we just need a name" her face kinda fell again. She finally looked up, and caught my gaze, and blushed and looked away again. Karen opened her mouth to rebut Amy, but I held up my hand for silence.

"I know it wasn't a very tactful way to broach the subject, but how WOULD you feel if asked to be our legal guardian?" I asked Lola. "Amy's right, we're totally low maintenance. We have our own income, house, and we can pay all our own bills and stuff like that. All we would need from you is . . ." I paused. Maybe she expected me to say 'a signature' or something equally businesslike, but what I said was " . . . the pleasure of your company."

Her face lit up with both a slow smile and a rosy blush. "I would be honored, if you guys would have me, I mean. I'll still live in Mom's house, of course, but. . . .If you guys want me, I'd absolutely be here for you." Tears came to her eyes. "This is so weird. It's like I'm losing my mother, but gaining a whole other family." Both Karen and I scooted closer. Karen held her hand and I put my arm around her shoulder.

"Didn't you say you really wanted to have kids?" Amy asked kindly. Lola laughed, and wiped a tear away. "Yeah, but two teenagers and a young lady was not really what I could have expected."

I squeezed her close. "Like we said, we take care of ourselves really well. You'll still be able to have your own life, and find whoever or whatever you need to find. Don't give up on the mom thing."

"Believe me, you guys aren't what's keeping me from having a life. Being with the three of you is the only life I have right now, besides hospitals and endless cat upkeep." She sighed. "If I hadn't met you, I don't know what kind of state I'd be in. I'd turn into the Crazy Cat Lady. You three are wonderful." She put her head on my shoulder.

"But we don't even know how your Dad is going to react," She continued after a moment.

"Pfffft!" Karen said, waving her hand. "He's going to take the path of least resistance. If he shows up, and we've got the paperwork all ready to sign, he's not going to waste too much time thinking it over. He's going to meet you, maybe talk to us, and get the heck out of here."

I agreed. Amy rolled over on her back and turned her head back until she was looking at us all upside down. "We adopted you first, it's only fair that you adopt us back."

"I wouldn't put it quite like that," I interjected, "but we'd love you- I mean love to have you be our guardian." Lola blushed, and smiled, closing her eyes.

"You three make me so happy, I have to tell you." she sighed, and squeezed Karen's hand.

"So you'll do it?" asked Amy. We all held our breaths.

Lola opened and closed her mouth helplessly, and shrugged. "How could I refuse? You guys are wonderful; anyone would be proud to have you as their kids."

Karen and I grinned and hugged Lola, Amy whooped in delight. "You totally have to spend more time here!" Amy chattered. "Your mom didn't visit with us for like the past two years, and I never got to see her at the house 'cause of the cats. You've got to come over all the time!"

"Well, truth be told, I was never really that fond of cats. If the doctors say Mom can't come home, then I'll have no choice but to get them adopted by someone else, or find a no-kill animal shelter somewhere around here." Lola said, matter-of-factly.

"I would miss Sheba, but not really any of the others." Karen said. "Sheba used to keep my lap warm while I was talking and visiting with your mother."

"Sheba used to be an outside cat, I'm pretty sure." said Lola thoughtfully. "Yeah, definitely. I remember her leaving paralyzed mice on the back doormat." She made a face.

"Maybe we could make her a little Kitty Condo in the barn." I said. "There's mice in there, I know. Maybe she could survive outside again?"

"It's worth a shot, right?" Lola said. Karen nodded, smiling. "That should also be far enough from the house not to kick up Amy's allergies."

"I don't go in the barn anyway." Amy made a face. "It's gross in there."

"Then it's settled!" I said. "Who wants ice cream?" Karen and Lola declined, Amy shouted her approval, and she and I relaxed moments later with medium-sized bowls of sugar and butterfat.

We stayed like that for about another hour, Amy and Karen taking turns telling Lola about my date adventures. Lola alternately laughed and looked pained, shooting glances at me from time to time, gauging my reaction to the re-telling. I was slightly embarrassed, but I laughed right along with her at some of Karen and Amy's descriptions.

"Oh my god, so Jessica was a child PORN model?!" She asked at one point, completely shocked.

"For the most part, yes." Karen said. "Strictly softcore, as far as we know, but yeah. Creepy, huh?"

"And she was the one hitting on you tonight?" Lola asked me. I nodded. "Geez!" Lola said.

At the end of the story, she looked at me, a bit wistfully, but also with some pride. "You handled yourself pretty well indeed, Will." I shrugged and waved my hand in a "pooh, pooh" gesture.

"So when are you calling Jenni back?" Amy asked nonchalantly, staring into her ice cream bowl. Her

robe had come open a bit more around her neck, and I could see a thin stripe of skin down towards her belly that made it clear she was (at least) topless under it.

"Aren't I supposed to wait three days before calling a girl? Isn't that the Guy Rule?" I asked, to a room full of women. They all regarded me with different expressions. Amy looked worried, Lola looked wistful, and Karen was completely unreadable. "Um, never mind." I said.

"Well, she's going to be at work everyday, so I can't avoid her or anything, even if I wanted to. Might as well just call her and see what she wants." I tried to play it off.

"Will, I think we all know what she wants, honey." Lola said, not unkindly. Karen smirked, and Amy stared into her ice cream bowl again.

"Jenni doesn't sound like a very nice person," Amy said, pouting a bit.

"Well, she's aggressive, yes, but all she really did was give Sandi a hard time. You would have done the same, I'm sure." I said. Karen shot a knowing smile at Amy.

"Amy said if she were there, she'd punch Sandi in the boob." Karen said, widening her eyes and making a funny voice for "boob." Lola snorted, and Amy grinned and blushed. "I MIGHT have said something like that." Amy giggled.

"She's older than Sandi, and less likely to be a bimbo, because she seems pretty smart so far." I said. "I'm giving her a chance, I think. At least she doesn't have a blog, as far as I know, and that's a plus."

"Bloggers seem really voyeuristic to me." Karen said.

"Exhibitionistic," Lola said absently. "Huh?" Karen said.

"A voyeur would read someone else's diary, an exhibitionist would spray-paint their own diary on a billboard and then dance naked in front of it." Lola laughed.

"Sounds like Sandi's website, all right," I said. Amy made a gagging gesture.

Lola climbed to her feet and winced as her knees cracked. All of us made a face.

"Yee-owch!" She said calmly. "Well, once again, an evening with you three has felt better than a week's vacation. I honestly don't know how you do it. I come here stressed and tired, and I leave here recharged and centered."

"It's the backrubs and stuff." Karen said, smiling, wiggling her fingers.

"I believe it. I really love you guys. You've done me so much good, I don't know how to repay you." Lola said, clasping her hands in front of her stomach.

"Well, you're adopting us, so that would have to count!" Amy said. I grinned, and Lola grinned back. She walked to the blue couch and picked up a bundle of clothes. "At least tonight I can drive myself home, although it'll seem lonely without my chauffeur." She pouted adorably, even as the little jolt shot through

me. Last time I got a kiss! Maybe I could

"Last time you almost fell asleep in our kitchen, while standing up." Karen smiled. "This time you're much safer to drive, I'm sure." She said with finality. Damn.

"I'm going to go change, so I can give you back your bathrobe." She said, with a tiny note of sadness. "Then I'll head home to The Cats."

"I'm gonna take a shower upstairs, or my hair's going to get all weird and stiff." Amy said, stretching her arms up high over her head. Her robe slid open about four inches, showing a wide strip of her torso from chin to navel. "Whoops!" She grabbed it closed, blushing hard. "Sorry! Thank God I was sitting down!" She mumbled, and clambered carefully to her feet. Still blushing, she scurried away to the stairs. "Bye Lola!" She yelped, and scampered up out of sight.

Lola smiled, a bit shocked, and headed for the bathroom, her eyes a little glazed. I looked for my shirt, and finding it, threw it over my shoulder. I turned, and reached a hand down to Karen, pulling her to her feet. I must have pulled too hard, because she stumbled against me, and the both of us almost toppled over. "Oops, oh my." She stopped herself by placing her hands on my chest, and regained her balance. Still a bit wobbly myself, I threw an arm around her waist as I got my feet back under me. That moment seemed to last for several seconds at least, as she looked up at me, her hands warm against my chest. I was struck again by just how beautiful she was. Even in a bathrobe with damp hair, she shone like a diamond. I could see myself reflected in those gorgeous sky-blue eyes, and her lips looked soft and sweet, inviting. I struggled to snap myself out of it, and stepped back a bit. "Sorry." I said.

She seemed to awaken as well. "For what?" she asked breathlessly, blinking and blushing. She nervously swept her hair behind her ear with one finger, and looked down. "I'll get the ice cream bowls." She said quickly, scooped them up, and escaped to the kitchen.

I slapped my face with both hands, rapidly, like you see people do on shaving commercials, and tried to snap out of it. God, I need someone to have sex with, I reminded myself. I CAN'T keep drifting towards Karen. Sandi is now out of the running, I hope Jenni is suitable.

I banked the fire so it would burn out, and closed the glass doors so less air would get in. Eventually, the fire would die out safely.

Lola came out of the bathroom, wearing a white blouse with red and gold embroidery on the collar and cuffs, over tight black slacks that laced on the sides. She looked great. "You know, I never see you in sweatpants or sweatshirts," I said. "You always look like you're going somewhere nice."

"Well, your house IS somewhere nice." She said, stepping close to me and tilting her head a little. A sparkly earring dangled hypnotically. "But mainly what I own is lawyer clothes, or "going out" clothes. Not a lot of sweat in my wardrobe. There IS this one t-shirt I wear to bed every night." She grinned at me. I grinned back, feeling the warmth rising in my face.

Just then Karen walked into the room. "Cool, you're done? I'm gonna go get ready to shower and change in that bathroom. Amy ought to be out of the shower by now. We'll see you later, Lola. Come back any time." She smiled sincerely.

"Oh, wait." Lola said, abandoning me, and running over to Karen. "Before you go." She grabbed Karen in a full-body hug, and squeezed her very close. "I love you. Thank you so much for EVERYTHING." Karen hugged her back, a bit choked up. "Don't worry about it." she said.

"No, I mean it. You are amazing, all three of you." Lola said, stepping back and holding Karen at arm's length. "Thank you. And I really do mean it when I say I love you."

Karen blushed and smiled. "We love you too. You're going to be a great "mom" to us, I know." She kissed Lola on the cheek and got a kiss in return, then said her goodbyes again, walking down the hallway towards the downstairs bathroom.

Lola sighed deeply, and returned to me. "She's SO beautiful! Does she even realize? Most women who are her level are insufferable bitches because they think they're perfect. How did she turn out so sweet and kind?"

"Miserable treatment at public school can do that to you. It gives you a healthy helping of self-doubt and humiliation, even if you don't deserve it. Plus, your mom helped ground her and teach her how to be a good woman." I said gently. "I mean WE told her she was beautiful, but at school she either got the cold shoulder from girls, or the sweaty stare from guys."

Lola clucked her tongue and shook her head. "That's such a shame."

I nodded, but said "Well, we're out of it now. Cyberschool is great!"

We drifted out to the kitchen, where she lingered a moment before grabbing her purse. "Did you mean what you said about missing your chauffeur?" I grinned. She blushed.

"Umm, did you park behind me or next to me?" she said. Before I could answer, she winked at me and said "I think you parked me in. Let's go check." She grabbed my hand, and led me outside.

We got off the back porch, over toward the cars. "Sorry about that, I wanted to talk to you but I didn't want your sisters to overhear. I really wanted to apologize for the other night. I KNOW you said I didn't have to, but I totally took advantage of you. I'm almost exactly twice your age, and I was coming on to you. I was sleepy and horny and I shouldn't have done that."

"I already told you I enjoyed it." I said, smiling in the dark. I took a step closer to her.

"Dammit, you're the victim here, don't say you liked it!" She said, a tiny bit exasperated.

I put my arm around her, and she didn't resist. She put one hand on my chest, ever so gently. "But I DID like it. In fact, you could victimize me some more, if you wanted to."

"Well, not tonight," She laughed. I gave her a squeeze, and she put her head on my shoulder. "God, you smell good." She mumbled. "I washed your t-shirt, and now it just smells like laundry soap and cat."

"Tell you what," I said. "Give me back the shirt for one day and I'll make it smell like me, how's that?"

"That's probably completely inappropriate, but I'm going to say yes, please?" She said in a tiny voice. "It's just that the whole house smells like lavender and cat, and you smell, well . . . masculine? and I admit I really like it. Please don't think I'm a pervert."

"I would never think that." I said, thinking of the effect that the smell of Karen's shampoo has on me. "It's probably the soap I use, but I'll wear it for a day just to make sure."

"I totally sound obsessive and stalker-ish." Lola muttered. "Is this unhealthy? I mean I know I'm getting over a nasty divorce, and I'm dealing with family stress, and I'm cooped up in a house full of cats, but do I sound *crazy?*" She laughed, so I knew it was safe to join in.

"Am I a dirty old woman?" She asked me sincerely. "Does this seem unhealthy to you?"

"I offered to do it," I reminded her.

"I know, I know, but you're a teenage male. You're in an age group that is the very definition of *inappropriate conduct.*"

I held her shoulders. "You're very stressed, lonely, and having trouble sleeping in a strange house that smells foreign. If what you need to help you relax at night is pajamas that smell good to you, then how could I refuse?"

She made a face, but I could tell she wanted to be convinced, the way she kinda bounced on her toes.

"You're not like some old man buying used panties over the internet, you're a woman who deserves to be comfortable, and if this helps, I'm happy to do it. Plus, I admit I still get a thrill out of the idea." I grinned devilishly at her.

"See, I KNEW it!" she pretended to throw her hands up in disgust, but she was smiling.

"You can't blame me. You're a very attractive woman, and I'm very attracted. It's perfectly natural. I'm just . . . aware of it. But don't let that change your mind. I LIKE the idea of you wearing my shirt to bed."

"You're not doing a good job of convincing me that this is innocent." She said, blushing.

"I didn't say it was. I said it was perfectly OK. I wasn't trying for innocent." I smiled.

"You're a real sweet-talker, you know that?" She said, punching my shoulder gently.

"I'm just telling you the truth." I shrugged. She squirmed against me happily for a moment.

"God, if I was about eighteen years younger, I'd . . . well you'd just have to watch out." She said, and yawned. "Ok, time for a safer topic. Call your dad tomorrow and get ahold of him, and we'll transfer you three to my custody, and life will go on."

I nodded and gave her a hug. "Goodnight, Lola," I murmured in her ear, which made her squirm a bit. "Don't DO that!" She pushed me away, albeit happily, and turned and wobbled towards her car. "Not funny! You send a shiver right down my spine! No fair!"

I laughed anyway. We said our goodnights, and I went back inside. It certainly was going to be interesting with her as our guardian. Very interesting indeed.

I walked back inside, to find Karen walking into the kitchen wearing a sports bra, some TINY shortyshorts that said KABOOM! on the butt, and a towel wrapped around her head like a turban. "Did she get out ok?" Karen asked, reaching up on tiptoe to get a glass out of the cupboard. I watched her lithe body stretch as she got one down. "Yeah," I mumbled. Whew. I gotta snap out of this! I told myself angrily. No Touchee!

"I really like Lola," Karen said, "but sometimes she makes me feel . . . I dunno."

"Hmm?" I perked up. "Bad or good?"

"Well, just funny, I guess." Karen said thoughtfully, filling the glass at the fridge door, but not facing me.

"Funny ha-ha or the other one?"

"Well," Karen sighed and paused. "It's complicated." She pulled the towel off her hair and shook it out a little.

"Maybe you should try to uncomplicate it for me." I said gently. "Tomorrow I was going to call Dad and ask him to make her our legal guardian, but I won't do it if she gives you a bad feeling." I watched Karen carefully. She turned and sat down at one of the barstools around the kitchen island.

"Not a bad feeling, just an unusual one." Karen said, not meeting my gaze, but starting to blush. "Like the way she looks at me sometimes."

I sat as well. "Like how?"

"Sometimes it feels like she's looking at me the way she looks at you." Karen speared me with her gaze, albeit shyly.

My turn to disassemble. "Um, how is that?" I stammered. Karen grinned evilly. "Oh, come on, don't you DARE pretend you don't know what I'm talking about!" She took a sip of her water as I shrugged and forced myself to meet her gaze.

"You're honestly trying to tell me you don't know that she's totally hot for you?" Karen laughed.

"I wouldn't say 'totally hot' is applicable . . ." I started, and trailed off.

"Well, at least 'good 'n' warm' has to be correct." Karen said. "Oh, come on, relax, I'm not busting you or anything, it's just she's definitely noticed you."

I tried to return the subject to Karen. "So you're saying you think she's noticing you? as in attracted?"

"Maybe?" Karen winced/smiled. "Am I totally conceited or just crazy? I'm just saying that a few times I get a feeling that maybe she's trying to tell me something. Like there's an invisible signal being broadcast, and I'm right on the fuzzy edge of it. Like when I wore my new swimsuit the other night, she had the same look you had." Karen blushed and grinned.

"The same look?" I asked, arching an eyebrow.

"Yeah, dumbfounded and delighted." Karen giggled into her hand.

I blushed, but I knew she was right. She giggled happily.

"And did you hear how she practically said she was a lesbian in college?" Karen added.

I nodded. "That's not really unusual, from the rumors I've heard." (and the pornos I've seen.)

"And it's not like she's freaking me out or making me that uncomfortable, so it's not like it's unwelcome attention. I mean, I KNOW I like boys, but . . . she's very pretty, and nice, and fun to hug, and stuff, so . . . she makes me feel funny. I have no idea what to call the feeling." Karen took a long drink of her water. "Am I crazy?"

I shook my head. "I don't think you're crazy. I think if she IS bisexual, then it makes sense that she's noticed you, after all. Ray Charles would be capable of noticing you." I smiled.

"If he weren't dead, you mean." Karen said shyly, blushing from the compliment.

"Well, maybe even then. You're absolutely stunning, and I know she knows you're prettier than she is. WHICH, by the way, is a good measure of her character. When I look at the way lots of women behave, on tv and when we were in school at least, the fact that she thinks you're prettier than her and is still kind to you is a pretty big deal. No back-stabbing or catty behavior." I said.

"You think I'm stunning?" Karen said quietly. I nodded, my heart pounding. "I told you before, I think you're the most beautiful girl, and the most beautiful person I've ever met."

Her finger traced little nonsense shapes on the countertop. "Thank you for saying that."

"I'm not just saying it, I really mean it."

Her finger stopped. She looked at me from under her lashes. "Will, you've got to be the best brother in the world." She sighed.

"Nah," I said, nervous as hell. When did we get off the topic of Lola? Suddenly I'm letting out too much about how Karen makes me feel.

Karen rose to her feet and walked slowly around the kitchen island. My heart starting climbing up my ribcage, headed for my throat as she stalked over to me. She pivoted me on my barstool (which is easy,

ours have those swivel tops) and wrapped her arms around me. "I love you, William." I wrapped my arms around her in response, gingerly, not wanting to just grab onto her, but she squeezed me tighter, so I hugged her right back. "You really make me feel beautiful." She said.

Now, quick description of the situation. I'm just wearing sweat shorts, having taken off my shirt for Amy's backrub and never put it back on. Karen is wearing a sports bra (which gives her amazing cleavage, let me tell you) and teensy little cotton running shorts that are smaller than some panties I've seen in catalogs, and her hair is wet, so when I hug her, practically all I'm touching is warm, soft skin, with her wet hair tickling my arms. Furthermore, I'm seated on a barstool, so she's right between my knees, her lower abdomen pressing against my crotch. I was in HEAVEN. Complete overload.

I suddenly became aware of my penis, as it began to harden. Karen was showing no signs of letting go. It was only moments before she would feel it. "Umm," I said, and fidgeted.

"Shhh, I'm hugging you." Karen said. She wriggled slowly a bit, grinding against me.

"I know, and it's very nice, but you should probably scooch back just a bit?" I said, helplessly, as I felt my cock harden and press against her abdomen. Too late. Shit!

"You worry too much." She said gently, and continued hugging me. I was about five inches at that point, and growing, but she didn't flinch back. "It's OK, relax."

"You're very calm about this," I stammered, weakly hugging her once again.

"Well, you're a boy. It's my understanding that you can't really control when that happens, so I'm not offended by it." She said, repositioning her lower half so my cock could poke past her and not directly into her.

"That's verymature." I mumbled, still terrified. She doesn't know as much about it as she thinks, then. As long as she doesn't put two and two together.

"I've felt it before now, you know. Like last time we were in the pool." She said, and I felt her skin warm as she blushed. A moment went by. She seemed thoughtful. My heart leapt back and forth in my chest.

"Hey, um, if I asked you a REALLY embarrassing and personal question, would you give me an honest answer?" She said, looking up at me, nervous and blushing.

"No." I said.

"Oh." She said, a bit deflated. Suddenly, her eyes widened. "OH!"

"Yeah," I said, disentangling myself gently. "Let's change the subject, ok? Please?"

"So I . . . ?" She pointed at herself, faltering. I pulled more slack into the front of my pants and turned away, not making eye contact. "Is it ME?" Karen asked, shocked.

I cleared my throat uncomfortably. I had gone right past blushing with embarrassment and straight on into

pale and shivering. This was NOT good.

"I didn't realize I was actually CAUSING it!" Karen pressed her hands to her face. "Will, I'm so sorry!"

"Can we not talk about this, please?" I slid off the bar stool and quickly walked to the other side of the kitchen island.

"I'm so sorry! Is there anything I can do?" Her concern was almost palpable. (Oh my god, the things you could do!) I thought shakily, but I said "No, it'll . . . just go away by itself in a few minutes." I closed my eyes and leaned on the counter. This was terrible, and I had to get out of here, but I was still shaking badly.

"Is it uncomfortable?" Karen asked, wringing her hands. I sighed. "Not as uncomfortable as this conversation."

"God, I'm so sorry! I I didn't know. I should have been more considerate." She said. "I scolded Amy for licking her lips at you the other day, and then I went and . . ." She gestured helplessly at me.

"It's ok, let's just . . . forget about it." I said, and took a deep breath. Karen bit her lip anxiously. "I owe you such an apology." She said sadly. I shook my head.

"You're being all noble about it, but I do." She said firmly. "I'll think of something."

"Forget it, it's ok, I'm not mad, let's just get past it, ok?" I said quickly. Her expression showed she disagreed, but she kept silent. "Were were we?"

"We were saying that Lola is awesome, and that you're the most wonderful man in the world and I love you with all my heart." Karen said softly. I opened my mouth to say something, but she continued. "I know now isn't the best time, but I want to hug you some more at the earliest opportunity. You're so patient with both Amy AND myself, and I'm sure we don't really deserve it. I really really love you, William." And with that, she fled the room. I put my forehead on the counter. Great. I got wood over my sister, and she found out. I am SO going to hell, and right now, my dick aches.

The next morning before breakfast I called the number for Dad's office, and got a cranky secretary.

"He's got a 9 o'clock presentation for the Executive V.P. of Communications for Transcorp in Sacramento, but other than that, I have no idea where he is." She sniffed. "If you get ahold of him, tell him to check in with the home office occasionally. I've been calling his hotel and getting nothing."

"Do you think he'd be upset if I called his Blackberry?" I asked the total stranger. She snorted. "Pfff! WE don't even have that number. Good luck, sir."

I sat at the table in the dining room, and looked out the big windows over the side yard. (Our dining room sits at the corner of the house, so one wall of windows looks out over the back patio and the hot tub, the other over the side yard, and presumably, the Pee Bush. Normally we just eat in the kitchen.) I dialed the

number I had, and after three rings, I heard my father's sleepy voice. "Hello?" he growled.

"Dad? It's Will." I said. I looked at the clock. Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific? Whoops. It gets EARLIER as you go west, not later. That would make it close to 5 am in Sacramento, right?

"Who?" He grunted. "WILL!" I said louder. "Oh. What's wrong?"

In the background of the call, I could hear a woman's voice. "Who is it?"

A shuffling noise as he covered the receiver ineffectively with his hand. "A colleague."

"What time is it?" She said. "About five," He said. "Don't worry, they won't start the meeting without us."

"Well, they could start it without you, but without me, there's no one to have the meeting FOR." I could hear her chuckle.

"Dad, Mrs. Klemp had two strokes." I decided to cut right to the point, as Dad seemed to be busy (and disgusting.) "You've got to come home."

"Umm. That's not great." He said. "I've got an important meeting at nine, which I don't mind telling you is already in the bag." He muttered.

"Don't you mean it's in the sack?" I said sarcastically. He chuckled. "Too true, too true." I rolled my eyes. "I can maybe jet back there tonight, or first thing tomorrow." He continued.

"She's currently in the hospital. If anyone checks up on this, we're all in big trouble. We're in a foster home, and you're in court." I said flatly.

"Cool your jets, big guy! I'll be on a plane tonight." He spoke thoughtfully. "I'm in the middle of a really big shift here, so I'll need to move on by morning. We need to come up with a plan B."

"We've already got it covered. Mrs. Klemp's daughter, Lola. Just get here, please. All we need from you is a signature or two." I stated.

"Well, that's great!" He said, sounding sincere. "Really great! I'm proud of you, shooter. Way to work for the team." I could have gagged. "Well, I'll hop a flight tonight, and drive straight through, and be there at about nine. We'll get this baby to bed, and life back to normal, huh?"

"Yeah," I said. "See ya then."

"Great, great. Well, catch you later!" and he hung up. I wanted to hurl the phone across the room. Jerk.

I thought about last night, and Karen. I got out the number Jenni gave me, and called it.

When she answered, she sounded sleepy and annoyed. "Hello?"

"Hi, Jenni, it's Will. You said to give you a call when I was done babysitting." I tried to sound cool.

"Yeah, but I didn't mean this early in the morning. What time is it?" She yawned.

Whoops again. "Almost eight. Sorry!"

"It's not a big deal. I know 'morning' for high school starts at eight, but you should be aware that 'morning' for college students starts at 11:00 am." I could hear her stretching.

"My bad."

"You're really cute, so I won't hold it against you. This time." She said. I was unable to tell how much of that was a joke.

"Well, I could call back later, if you want." I said.

"Mmmmm, that's ok. So you said you're done babysitting? No more little girls?" She breathed into the phone.

"Nope." I said. "I'm ready to move up."

"Good choice." She purred. "So, what's on your plate for this evening? Got any time to get to know each other?" The way she said it, "get to know each other" sounded like "fuck like crazed weasels."

"I've always got time for that," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "But my dad is flying into town tonight to sign some papers, and I've got to be back home around eight thirtyish."

"Wow, early bedtime." She chuckled. "Doesn't your mom allow you out?"

"She's dead." I said flatly. There was a awkward silence at the other end. I decided to move on. "Is eight thirty too much of a problem?"

"Ehh, not really. I was hoping to spend a bit more time with you tonight, but I can live with that." She pouted. "I should probably follow my own three-date rule, but I was prepared to waive it. You're a really cute guy, and this sleepy little town is driving me crazy."

"Used to the college lifestyle, eh?" I asked, pretending to know what I was talking about.

"They're really not kidding when they tell you there's a party every night, but most of all, I miss the boys. A girl needs some activity! What's a girl to do in this one-horse town?"

"Maybe you need some special attention, or a new horse." I flirted clumsily.

"Are you saying you're a horse?" She laughed.

"Certain comparisons could be made," I bluffed.

She purred. "Mmmmm, I'll just have to see if you're bragging or not."

My heart leapt. I'm gonna get laid!

"You just tell me when," I blurted.

"MMM! Will, I think you and I are going to play really well together. I'm enforcing the Three-Date rule, though. Don't forget!" She said in a sultry voice.

"I'm familiar with the Three-Date Rule," I said.

"Not like mine, I'll bet. You'll see. Since we're on time restriction tonight, did you want to do that survey after all? It's kinda fun, plus it'll give us something to talk about"

"I can't wait. How about five this evening? We'll get some dinner and talk?" I said.

"Sounds good to me, hot shot." She said playfully. "See you at the pizza shop at five."

"See you then." I said, and she rang off. I heard a tiny noise.

I turned around, and saw Karen in a housecoat, a blush burning on her face. Her eyes were downcast. "What would you like for breakfast?" she asked quietly. I've never seen her look so ashamed. I immediately felt like a heel. How much had she overheard?

"It's cool, I can get it," I started, but she shook her head, her usual ponytail snapping back and forth. "No! I'll . . . I'll make whatever you want. Eggs, bacon, cereal, oatmeal, what?" Her voice was subdued, and she wasn't looking at me.

"Eggs, and toast?" I hazarded, and she nodded and turned away quickly. I rose and followed her into the kitchen. "What's wrong?" I asked her.

"I didn't sleep well." She said softly. I began to relax a bit. "So I had plenty of time to think about last night." She continued, and my stomach immediately filled with hornets.

"I thought we agreed not to talk about it." I said, unsteadily.

"I need to talk about it, but I'm not ready yet." She said. She sighed. "I'm just all jumbled up right now. I don't think I could speak clearly to save my life."

"Are you mad at me yet?" I said, gently. "You have every right to be."

"Are you kidding?" She said, her voice going higher. "You are the one who should be. . rrrrrgh!" She put her hands on the sink and hung her head.

I started to speak, but she interrupted me. "I'm really confused right now. I've got to figure some stuff out for myself, and I'm having a bad time of it. You didn't do anything wrong, so I'm not mad at you; I'm mad at myself, and I can't even really decide what for. Please be patient with me."

Knowing Amy would be downstairs any moment, I walked up behind Karen and put my arms around her. She stiffened at first, but then melted against me. She turned and put her arms around me. "I'm sorry. I must sound absolutely crazy to you." I could feel her start to cry.

"No, no," I said. "Just don't be too hard on yourself. I certainly don't blame you for anything, but then I'm not sure what you're mad at yourself about. It's probably not that bad. I know I'm not mad at you over anything." She sniffled a laugh.

"You should be," She said. I held her at arm's length, but she wouldn't look at me.

"What for?" I asked. She wiped her eyes. "I can't tell you."

I looked at her helplessly, which made her chuckle again, and snuffle. "I sound nuts." She said. "I don't even know what the hell I'm saying."

"You ARE scaring me a little bit," I winced.

"I'm scared too, that's why I'm crying." She said. "No, that sounds crazy. God, this is so stupid." She stomped her bare foot. "A lot of big changes are happening at once, and I'm not dealing with them well. Mrs. Klemp is in really bad shape, Dad's coming home, you're dating someone else, and . . . other stuff." Her eyes briefly flickered to me, guiltily.

"Is this the other stuff you can't tell me about?" I asked. She nodded. I immediately became concerned. "Did something happen?" I asked her seriously. "What's going on?"

She tried to calm me down. "I knew you would do this, just relax. Nobody's hurt or anything, just . . . I'm trying to figure out how I feel about something. The minute I decide, I'll tell you, I promise, but right now I'm just all twisted up."

"How you feel? Is this about me dating?" I asked. "I did call Jenni this morning. Should I have not done that?" I asked her gently.

"Well, sorta. I mean it IS about you dating, but it's really complicated. And I did overhear your phone calls, I know it was none of my business and I didn't mean to, but . . . yeah, it's what got me started." She wiped her eyes again. "I know I sound crazy and weird, but please be patient with me. I'll be ok, as soon as I figure out what ok is."

I had no idea what to say about that, so I just hugged her. She hugged me back desperately. "That feels really good. I need more of your hugs." I held her close for a few more moments. "Mmmmmmmmm." She said. "Better already."

I heard water running, which meant that Amy was awake. Karen let go and stepped back, already looking less weepy. "I love you, Will. Very, very much." She wiped her eyes. "I'm gonna chop some onions so Amy won't see I've been crying, want some in your omelet?"

"Sure, but not too much." I said, absently. I drifted back to the kitchen island and sat on a barstool. "Are you sure you're ok?"

"Yeah," She said, grabbing a cutting board and a knife, and going to the fridge. "I just slept really badly, and I'm kinda wiggled out. I'm sorry I went to pieces."

"I thought somebody had hurt you or something." I said.

"Nothing like that. I just need to grow up a little." Karen began chopping a red onion.

I would have responded to that, but Amy came blasting into the kitchen. "I'm coo-coo for Cocoa Puffs!"

I faked a chuckle and threw an apple at her, which she caught deftly. "I said Cocoa Puffs, not apples!" She said.

Karen scraped the onion into the skillet and turned on the heat. As the onions began to sizzle, she went to the fridge and grabbed eggs and some cheese. I watched her for a few moments more, but she seemed to be ok again. Amy clattered into the cupboard and got out a bowl and her cereal.

"I called Dad." I announced. Amy made a face. "He's flying back tonight, and he should be here about nine or so, but he's leaving again first thing in the morning."

"Geez," Karen laughed bitterly. "We need to call Lola and have her here so Dad can meet her." I continued. "We should probably dress nice, too, just so he doesn't think we're living like savages."

"Booga booga!" Amy said, which made Karen laugh sincerely.

"I intend to be home by then, so I'll try to do most of the talking." I sighed.

"Good." Karen said. "Home from where?" Amy asked.

"Um, I'm meeting Jenni tonight at the pizza shop to take that survey for her class." I said nonchalantly.

"Erk." Amy coughed on her mouthful of cereal. Karen stepped away from the skillet and thumped Amy on the back until she recovered herself. When she regained her composure, she resumed eating silently, staring at the countertop.

Karen put the eggs on two plates and handed one to me. The awkward silence continued as she made toast. Amy glanced at me once or twice as she ate her cereal mechanically, but she didn't speak.

"Somebody say SOMETHING," I half-joked. "Please."

Amy sighed and put down her spoon. "What did Dad say?"

"He was in the middle of something when I called, but he says he's really busy right now, so he can only stay overnight, and has to leave right away tomorrow morning. When I told him about Mrs. Klemp he just took it like I was cancelling a meeting or something. He barely reacted, just said we need a Plan B. When I told him we already had one, he was just like 'thank god.'" I sighed. Amy and Karen both looked mad.

"What a jerk!" Karen said. "Didn't he care about her at some point? She was like his favorite teacher or something?"

I shrugged. "He's been jetting around for so long I guess he thinks he's left everything behind. When I called at first he didn't know who I was. When the lady asked him who was calling, he told her 'a colleague.'"

"Not like I even care, but what lady?" Amy asked.

"He sounded like he had been asleep, and then there was a lady's voice, not like a young woman, but older and deeper, like she was in her forties or fifties. She made some kind of comment like she was important to a meeting he was having this morning at nine. Of course, in Sacramento right now it's just after 5 am." I said.

"Ugh." Amy and Karen said, almost in unison. I looked at the clock, and it was almost time for "school." Good news was, we were in the last week of it for the year. "Last week of school!" I said. Karen smiled and Amy cheered.

Last week of school for us was finals week, which meant lots of studying and testing, because with the No Child Left Behind laws, our tests were a bit more strenuous than someone who had been slouching to public school all year. Not like I'm complaining. I've always been good at tests. I used to love taking the "Iowa Tests" every year or whatever. I know some people whine about not being good at tests, but I've never bought that particular crock of crap.

Maybe this isn't very politically correct of me, but if you're "bad at tests" that just sounds like you "don't know the material." Nobody write me angry e-mails about this, because you aren't going to change my mind. I believe in stuff like dyslexia and A.D.D./A.D.H.D. but if you knew your shit, you wouldn't be that bad at the test that measures your knowledge of the aforementioned shit. I'm sure Barry Bonds tells people he's bad at drug tests. But I digress.

So anyway, school stress was up, because if we didn't get above a certain score on the tests, not only would we possibly have to repeat a grade, we might lose our privilege of being in the program, and life would totally suck again. I mean, we're pretty smart kids, but we each have our weaknesses. Karen doesn't care for history too much, and Amy has no patience for math, but mine is that I get to learn everything first. In school it wasn't so bad, because I had teachers to ask, and other kids, etc. Here, though, I'm working without a net. Karen can ask me stuff, and Amy can ask the two of us, but I'm totally on my own here. And just for the record, calculus was invented by Nazi torturers during The Holocaust. I mean there's no other explanation for it! Algebra wasn't THAT bad, Plane Geometry was interesting, Trigonometry was really rough until I got the hang of it, and Physics was downright fun, but Calculus is like slamming my head in a goddamn car door. Arrgh.

We also had to find someone to proctor our year-end tests, because this part actually required input from the adult who had supposedly been there every day. They had to put in their social security number, and print out a page that they had to sign and mail to a certain address saying we weren't cheating, etc. I had been planning to ask Lola, but I kept forgetting when she was here, due to other things on my mind.

So we got through the day of school. I called Lola at lunch to tell her about the Dad fly-by tonight, as well as ask her if she could help us out by proctoring our finals which would be on thursday and friday, all day. She sounded delighted.

"Should I wear my schoolteacher outfit?" She asked playfully.

"I'd love that, but it might make it hard. For me to concentrate, I mean." I fumbled. She laughed, a genuinely happy laugh, deep in her throat. Can women "chortle?" That sounds so masculine.

"I'll see you tonight, then, William." She drew out my name for emphasis. Will-yum.

"Buh-bye." I said carefully. We hung up. Whew. I'm never sure how that's going to go, I realized. It's kinda fun.

After school we cleaned up the house some, made sure the master bedroom wasn't a mess, and basically got ready for the Dad visit.

I got ready for Jenni by changing into something non-pajama like. (You should see us. If we're not going somewhere, or company coming over, we dress like crap around the house. Clothes with holes or old stains that never came out are par for the course. At least for me. This time of year Amy goes close to just undies, but Karen at least puts a little care into her outfits, making them match, making sure they are clean, etc.) My matching basketball outfit had what was basically a hole bitten in it, so I just grabbed some cargo shorts and a button-up shirt.

Karen was in the kitchen when I came back down, but Amy was nowhere to be seen.

"Be careful tonight, ok?" Karen said, with an unmistakeable note of sadness in her voice.

"I will." I said. "Are you ok?"

She smiled weakly. "Not really, but I'll deal with it."

I hesitated, torn. She pushed me towards the door. "Go, you're not making it easier."

"I'll be back later." I said.

"Just be careful, ok? She's probably going to be all over you." Karen said sadly.

"Ok." That's kinda the idea, I thought to myself. This is too complicated.

We are definitely on opposite sides here. Karen and Amy want me to stay "untouched," but masturbation is starting to not be enough anymore. Karen has gotten me hard several times now without even meaning to. Even Amy gave me an erection that time with the lip licking! I'm becoming sexually aware of my sisters. THIS ISN'T NORMAL! I have to find some new focus for my desires and sweaty fantasies or I am going to lose my mind. Period.

I hugged Karen briefly, and left. I felt like an absolute bastard. What am I supposed to do?

I drove to the pizza shop, and walked in to find Jenni waiting. Her hair was up in a big bouncy ponytail, stabbed across with a pencil. She had on a white linen shirt with a deep, deep, v-neck. Her breasts were wedged together, looking absolutely delicious, and she was wearing a little pleated cotton skirt and white thigh-high nylons with sneakers. She had a clipboard, and was chewing playfully on a pencil, grinning at me with perfect teeth. It was like what a stripper would wear on "schoolgirl nite." Any other time, I might have rolled my eyes, but at the moment, this was exactly what I wanted to see.

Her eyes sparkled as she asked me "Ready?"

"Sure," I smiled, and she slid her arm in mine, twirled me around, and marched me right back out the door.

"I thought we were doing this here?" I said, a bit surprised.

"No. Here, it's too, uh . . ." She glanced quickly back over her shoulder. "crowded."

Her breasts rubbed against my elbow as we walked. "I already scouted out the perfect place. The local community college has a three-story library with study rooms. We'll go there."

I was just thinking to myself that it sounded like I was actually helping her with homework, when she added. "They never check those study rooms. I guess they think no one would misbehave in a library!" She laughed. My cock twitched.

We walked up to the Mustang. "OOoohhh, sweet ride!" She exclaimed. "Very nice!"

She ran her hand lightly along the roof. "What were you saying about horses?" She grinned at me.

"What were you saying about a three date rule?" I asked, my heart pounding.

She pouted a moment, then grinned lasciviously. "Get in and drive." She commanded in a husky voice. Sandi's desire to suck me in the car flitted through my head, but I didn't really expect anything like that from Jenni. At least not this quick.

I got in, to find her already perched in the passenger seat, legs crossed demurely, seat belt buckled, her hands and clipboard in her lap. It was interesting, I thought. Even when she's trying to look innocent, she radiates sex like a flashing neon sign. "So judging by the fact that I gave you my number last night, and here we are, your date with whats-her-tits must not have gone very well? Or are you getting in some extra credit?" She smiled at me.

"It didn't go well. Last night was her chance to convince me that she was someone suitable for dating, and that didn't happen." I said, not wanting to go into detail.

"Oh?" Jenni said, picking up her clipboard and leafing through a few pages. "And what is suitable for dating, to you?"

I thought about this for a moment, but decided to tell her the truth anyway. "Well, she needs to not be a stupid little girl. Every time Jessica opened her mouth to talk, or to voice an opinion or idea, I was like 'geez, you're an idiot.' "

"So less talking, more shutting up?" Jenni asked, making notes.

"No, talking is totally cool, but practically everything she was saying was just really really dumb. I want a girl who is smart, or who is at least able to think properly. She doesn't have to be a genius, but she at least needs to know how to take care of herself, or what obvious mistakes to avoid. If YOU walked into a room and saw a loaded mousetrap on a table, you'd know to leave it alone. SHE might have just been like "OOH! Cheese!"

Jenni laughed.

"Sandi, on the other hand, was living like her life was some daytime drama and she was the star. Everyone had to see her and how cool she was. She blogged every single thought in her head, no matter how private it should have been. Her stepmother was SOOOO harsh, her father was SOOOO rich, and her body and wardrobe were SOOOO hot and irresistible. Everything was larger than life."

"Including her waistline." Jenni muttered.

"She was just a spoiled little girl who had watched way too much daytime TV, and I didn't want to become a character in her soap opera. I want someone real. Plus, my sisters read her blog, and Sandi went into WAY too much detail about everything, and I DO mean everything. On the day we met, she described her mood as 'Soaked!' "

"Classy!" Jenni laughed, making more notes.

"So it was basically a train wreck. Last night she almost took a bite out of me, ruined a pair of my good shorts instead, and got her face bashed on the steering wheel when a deer jumped out."

"Shit!" Jenni said. There was a moment's pause. "Wait, she almost bit you at the same time as ruining your shorts? Where was her mouth?" Jenni grinned at me evilly, and I blushed, hard.

"She was trying to launch a certain activity while I was driving. It kinda took me by surprise, but if I had known, I probably would have tried to stop her." I said, still blushing.

"Probably." Jenni repeated, in a tone that insinuated disbelief. I was too embarrassed to speak, but she just giggled. "Relax, I'm not going to tell anyone, and I don't use any names on my survey. My, my, my, this IS going to be fun."

I tried not to sweat, but my heart was hammering.

"So, anyway, tonight is all about the meet and greet, so this is the perfect time to introduce you to my concept of the Three Date Rule. It goes as follows. It's kind of a point system, kind of an obstacle course. The first date could be called Show & Tell. I'm going to ask you a bunch of questions, both for my project, and for my own dirty curiosity, because I like the way you blush." She grinned at me

predatorialy.

"If I like your answers, then I'll give you a little show. How big or little the show depends on how you do, and how much time we have." She said. I tried to smile, but I was almost terrified, I was so nervous.

"Second date is Jenni Says. At some point in the evening, I'm going to tell you to do something, and you have to do it, whatever it is. I might tell you to touch me in public, under the dinner table, or I might tell you to whip it out and let me play with it for a while. Either way, I'll think of something sexual to do, and you must cooperate. This is how I make sure you can take directions." She ticked off on her fingers.

"And the third date, if the first two went well, and I think you're gonna be good, I'll screw your brains out." She placed her hands in her lap matter-of-factly.

I was a bit taken aback. "What about romance? What about chemistry?"

"I got a C in Chemistry, and I'm completely over romance. You don't need romance to get a good fuck on. All I need is a guy who is healthy, horny, and hung. If you're all three, you win, and I'll take good care of you. You've never had a girl like me." She sat back, confident and self-satisfied. The whole idea was very businesslike, which at that moment, appealed to me greatly.

"So, basically, if I prove myself up to your standards, I get No-Strings Sex?" I asked, trying to make sure I got it right.

"Pretty much. Although there are a few strings, after all, IF you get to date three. You don't fuck anyone else while you're fucking me; this is a health reason. You don't tell ANYONE at the pizza shop, or any of your friends, because what happens between us is OUR business, not theirs. And, this arrangement is just for the summer, no falling "in love." If you can't let go when I say let go, then turn around and take me back now. I won't tolerate some stalker mooning around after me if I decide I'm done with you. On the other hand, I might decide to keep you, but don't get your heart set on it. Whatever will be, will be." She seemed rather cold about this, not to mention really conceited, but at that particular moment, it escaped my notice.

Sex on demand, no attachments? That's exactly what I thought I needed right now. I made a mental note to buy some industrial-strength condoms, however. It sounded as if I wasn't the first guy to get this speech. (I know, I know, you're reading this thinking Will, you idiot, you're going to get the clap, but at the time I was just concerned with transferring my lust focus to someone who wasn't my sister, and I wasn't really thinking objectively anyway.)

Besides, SOME of you are just thinking "GR4B H3R TITIES!!!!!!1111"

So we get to the college library, which is the nicest building in the whole place. Our County Community College is something of a local joke. If someone says they couldn't get in, the usual response is "Why, did the check bounce?" Admission standards are LOOOWWW. Plus, I think this is the only college where you can major in locksmithing, or VCR repair, a field which must be BOOMING here in 2008.

We cruise past the front desk, playing it nonchalant. The students manning the front desk didn't give us too much of a look, but the old man at the back desk did the usual "gawping at Jenni" bit. We headed up

in a rickety old elevator, and Jenni quickly led me to the far back of the top floor, where tucked away behind the last row of books was a small door, which led to a small room, with no windows, a large meeting room table, and several chairs.

Jenni took the seat closest to the door, placing her back towards it, and gestured me to take the seat opposite her. She perched her elbows on the table, and dropped her notebook onto the table with a *plop.*

I checked my watch. It was about five thirty. I sat in the chair opposite her, and she smiled at me. "Now, normally, this would be a pencil and paper survey, but I'm going to make it an oral survey, because I like the way you blush, and "oral" is fun to say." I may have blushed right then. She giggled, and pulled the pencil out of her hair, which made it flop down on her shoulders in a very attractive way.

She started by asking my age, and then went on to ask about sexual history, how many girlfriends, any diseases, etc. I, of course, had none of any.

"You're a virgin?" She asked, surprised. "To look at you, I never would have guessed it. How did a guy as cute as you not get any?"

"Well, I've been home schooled this past year, so not a lot of opportunity, I suppose. Is that a problem?"

Jenni snorted. "Hell no, it's not a problem. You actually get more points for that. You don't have any bad habits to unlearn. My my my." She looked delighted. "There might be some stamina problems right at first, though, but we'll deal with that problem when it . . . comes up." She gave me a lecherous look. My heart and my pants gave a flip.

The questioning went on, about what is acceptable sexual behavior; oral, vaginal, anal, bondage/S&M, watersports, coprophilia, and swinging.

My responses were, in order; please, please, if you want, no thanks/hell no, eww, huh?, and "aren't all those people over 50 anyway?" She didn't define what coprophilia was. (I looked it up later and was thoroughly grossed out.) She did speak up and say that bondage could be fun if you trusted the person who was conducting the training session. That sounded way too complicated to be any fun. That sounded like chores. I politely indicated that I wasn't interested, but she just shrugged and went on.

She asked about relationship stuff, how often should a couple talk (I said every day) How often should a couple be intimate (I said every night, ha ha) although to me, I always thought of intimacy as being more than sex. To me intimacy means sex, yes, but it also means spending time together, lazy mornings when you wake up, quiet evenings lounging, that kind of stuff. You can be intimate with someone, and have all your clothes on, right?

Jenni kinda laughed at me when I brought that up. "You're awfully mushy for a seventeen year old male," She ribbed me. "What about 'You and me baby ain't nothin' but mammals, let's do it like they do on the Discovery Channel?' "

I shrugged. "You asked what I thought."

"Oh don't feel bad, I wasn't really crackin' on you, it's just that I get that answer from males 30-45, not 15-21." She said, making marks on her paper.

"You gave this survey to 15-year-olds?" I asked, a bit shocked.

"Well, not all the sex stuff. I just asked them if they'd ever had sexual relations with anyone, and left it at that." She looked at me over the tops of her glasses. "But for you, though, think of it as a job interview." I tried to look cool.

She glanced over her shoulder and made sure the door was closed, and then unbuttoned her shirt about four buttons. She calmly drew apart the front of her blouse, just barely exposing her (very nice) breasts. She was wearing one of those bras with no cups (yellow satin), so they were supported, but her nipples were uncovered. It was about the sexiest thing I'd ever seen in person.

She lazily dragged a finger under one nipple, which was already hard, so it kind of skidded gently along the top of her finger. I was mesmerized.

"So if you could do anything you wanted to do with me, right now, what would it be?" She said huskily. My mouth was very, very dry. "Well, THAT looks like fun." I rasped.

"Too bad tonight's rule is No Touching," She said, pouting, turning her head to watch her own nipple as she gently pinched and rolled it between her fingertips. She gave a little gasp as she pulled it slowly.

"Well, I have to tell you, Will, you did really well tonight. I think we're right on schedule for the Jenni Says. But while we're in Show and Tell, it's time for me to do some telling. You told me what you like, so I might as well tell you what I like." She released her nipple with a silent pop, and turned her laser gaze on me.

"I don't kiss. I like giving blow jobs, but no one's ever licked my pussy well enough to be worth the time spent. I like when guys play with my breasts, but too much foreplay bores the hell out of me. Keep in mind that my pussy is your goal, don't get lost in the boobs. Some guys want to suck and pinch all night, but it's like "Hey, I'm not your mother, nothing's coming out of there, get to the good part." You WILL warn me if you're going to cum, as much as you can, I mean."

She smiled at me, and touched her cherry red lips with a sparkly fingernail. "If I like you, cum goes in here. It doesn't go here," She twirled her finger to indicate her face, "or in here." She lifted the hem of her skirt about an inch, right in front. "Cum NEVER goes there, but sometimes I'll let you put it here." She cupped her breasts and squeezed them, just a little. I could barely hear her over the blood pounding in my ears, which was amazing, because I thought it was all in my cock by now.

"I only had watersports and coprophilia in the survey because I wanted to see how popular it was. I find both of those things incredibly gross. However," and she looked at me appraisingly, "from time to time I find myself wanting a good hard dick in my ass. When that time comes, I will tell you. Otherwise, stay away from the back door, got it?" I nodded, perhaps a trifle too quickly. "Anyway, it will only be after I've come the regular way. Anal sex is definitely a "second orgasm" attempt, never the first shot."

She counted on her fingers. "Missionary position is best left for missionaries, doggy style makes me wag

my tail, cowgirl is for good riding, and I'm guessing that's all you'll know, so I'll teach you others. Have you ever seen the Kama Sutra?"

I'd seen a fair number of pornos, but they didn't name their positions except on rare occasions. I shook my head again. Jenni grinned. "I'll teach you more than just lovemaking, I'll teach you how to Fuck." My watch beeped. I glanced down. Dammit! Right at the good part, it's time to leave.

"Bedtime already?" Jenni teased, stroking her nipple again. As turned-on as I was, the tone irritated me a bit anyway. I kept that irritation to myself, however. "My dad's flying in tonight to sign some paperwork, and I need to be there." I reminded her.

"Well, I'm not really in any position to complain." Jenni sighed, and stretched her arms up over her head, making her breasts bounce a little. "When are you available next? I hope it's soon."

I took a few deep breaths as she re-buttoned her blouse to where it had been before, and bit the inside of my cheek in an attempt to get my erection to subside a bit. Something must have worked, because I could feel it begin to droop from 90 degrees to an easier-to-conceal 30 degrees (give-or-take a few degrees.)

We stood, she scooping up her notebook, me trying to adjust my pants so that the bulge would be less noticeable, and we walked to the door of the study room. Before I could open it, the knob turned, and the old man from behind the desk stuck his head into the room. He and I both seemed equally surprised.

"Um, just checking to see if you folks were alright," he stammered.

"Yeah, we were just LEAVING," Jenni snarled at him. He backed out of the doorway, and skedaddled.

"Yuck." Jenni spat. "He was probably hoping to sneak a free peek or something. Old creep."

We went back down the squeaky elevator, and passed the front desk without any more interruptions. On the way out to the car, Jenni said "Well, we won't be able to come here again."

"Oh?" I said, stupidly. I had been momentarily hypnotized watching Jenni's butt swish back and forth in her little skirt all the way up the stairs to the visitor's parking lot.

"Yeah, Grandpa Munster there was onto us. Or at least he wanted to be onto me. Did you see the way he stared when we went in? and then just "happening" to barge into our room without knocking?" She said, annoyed.

"I guess you're right." I said.

"Oh, I'm always right. Don't you worry." She flashed me a big ol' smile as she got into the car. I failed to notice that arrogance, and got in my own seat. I started the car, and we drove back towards the pizza shop.

"So the little chubby girl tried to give you road head and a deer jumped out?" She said, teasing.

"Yeah," I grunted. Not a moment I was proud of.

"Can't blame her, really. Sitting here right now it's all I can think about." She looked at me appraisingly. My cock twitched and started climbing. (erection 40%)

"Oh?" I asked, my heart hammering.

"Oh, yeah," Jenni breathed, undoing her shirt again. The sun had begun to set, but there was still plenty of light in the sky, so she turned her upper torso towards me and played with her nipples again. "Pulling your shorts down, putting my lips on your cockhead and just slurping you right down." (erection 60%, becoming visible as a bulge, even with my legs pressed together attempting to hide it.)

I had already adjusted my erection down my right pantleg when I got in the car, but it was rising as a thick bulge along the inside of my leg. I took a deep breath.

"I can't wait to taste your cum." She sighed. "God, I wish I hadn't decided to be good. I'd be sucking on that cock right now." She leaned over and looked at my bulge. (erection 80%, plainly visible.) "Oh my, oh my. THAT looks nice. REALLY nice."

"Um, heh, I, uh. . . " I stammered.

"You ARE a big boy, aren't you? Awesome! That's one of the bigger lumps I've seen, in person I mean. My my my." She leaned down very close. "Mmmmm."

I could practically feel her breath on my leg, even though I was wearing pants. My heart thundered in my ears. Luckily, we reached the pizza shop. "Here we are!" I gasped.

"Tomorrow night! You HAVE to go out with me tomorrow night, so we can get to the third date on Thursday." She said, seriously. She reached over and clutched my erection firmly. I felt like I was going to come right there. "Oh my god," She moaned. "It's thicker than I thought. Tomorrow night! Say it!" She gave me a sexy squeeze.

I groaned, half with embarrassment, half with sheer animal lust. "T-tomorrow n-night."

She stroked my bulge with a huge smile on her face. "We are going to have so much fun, I swear to god."

"What happened to the no touching rule?" I said weakly.

"I didn't realize how big your cock was, that's what happened. And I mean, I've seen a few cocks, you know, around, but this is a keeper. Whew." She reluctantly let go, and quickly buttoning her blouse, got out of the car.

She walked around to the driver's side window and motioned for me to roll it down. Once I did, she leaned in a bit, giving me a magnificent view down her top. Even though I had seen those breasts exposed twice tonight, the cleavage was still exciting. "Tomorrow night at six we're going to the mall, and you'd better not have a curfew, that's all I can say, because you're going to be late. Now I told you

tonight was Show and Tell, and you passed with flying colors, so roll up your window."

I did, and she quickly turned around, flipped up her skirt just enough, and bent over, pressing her ass right up against the window. God, it was nice. A moan escaped my lips as I involuntarily stroked my side of the window glass with two fingers. She made a heart-shaped silhouette of pressed flesh. Ass cheeks, perky little pucker, and I could see just a hint of pussy.

As she bent over, as if to tie her shoe, more of her pussy rotated into view, and therefore contact with the glass. It was downright beautiful. I've seen some pussies (on film) before, and this was so far one of the top ten I'd ever seen. Not too big, soft outer labia, spread apart by pressure against the glass, allowing just a peek of rosy pink flesh between. A small trace of moisture blossomed on the glass. I may have moaned "Holy shit!" but don't hold me to it. As she reached the bottom of her bend, I could see she was shaved bare. No pubic hair, not even razor bumps. Clean as a whistle. Maybe she used that Veet! stuff, or maybe she'd been shaving a long time, but god damn. I was smitten.

Much too soon, she was standing up, blowing me a kiss and a wink, and strutting away. I took me a minute to realize I was sitting there with my mouth open, and another two to remember that I was in a car, and another five before I could get ahold of myself enough to drive away without hitting anything.

As I drove dazedly home, I couldn't think of anything but pouty pink pussy, separated from my yearning fingers by a few millimeters of tinted auto glass. WOW!!!! I don't care what was on my schedule tomorrow night, but I'm going with Jenni. Her attitude and bossy arrogance were forgotten in that display of deliciously forbidden flesh. My mouth watered, and my erection practically got tangled in the steering wheel all the way home.

When I got there, Lola's convertible was snuggled right up against the house, and Dad was just getting out of his silver Celica. He had a suit on, although the tie was loosened, and the coat was thrown over his arm as he stood. He looked older. I parked beside him, giving him enough room to back out and leave (as soon as possible, we all hoped.) Delicious memories of Jenni paled quickly in the searing light of sheer uncomfortableness.

As I killed the engine and got out warily, he grinned at the car. "I'm glad someone is getting some use out of that car." He said insincerely. He looked at me for the first time in almost a year and a half. "Goodness, who is this handsome young man?! Could it be William?"

He came over and crushed my hand in a solo handshake contest. "Dad," I admitted.

"So my condolences about Mrs. Klemp," he said, as if continuing some conversation we had already started. "I hope they're taking good care of her." This sounded at least somewhat sincere, but the whole "this is such an inconvenience to me" flag was still flying. "Yeah, me too." I said, and went to pass by him to go inside.

He grabbed my shoulder, but quickly let go when I turned. "Hey, Tiger, I need a quick briefing before our little powwow here. This "Lola" person. What is she like? Can she be trusted? Will she do right by you and . . . the girls? Gimme your gut feeling, here." He leaned on her convertible and studied me, his head tilted.

"Well, she's Mrs. Klemp's daughter. She's a licensed estate law attorney, so she's very smart, she just moved back here from Chicago, and you're sitting on her car." He had the good grace to hop to his feet.

"Where is she going to be living?" He asked. "She has her own place, right? Because I'm certainly not inviting her to live here."

"She's living in her mother's house." I said. "Currently she's trying to find good homes for all the cats."

"Taking over the old homestead, eh?" He cracked his knuckles and looked at the large gold watch on his wrist. "Ok, I guess it's showtime." I followed him to the sliding glass doors, which had the curtains drawn. "For your sake, I hope she's not TOO much of a goody-goody." He muttered out of the corner of his mouth.

The words died on his lips, however, for when he opened the door to go inside the first thing either of us saw was Lola in a power suit. High heels with pantyhose, a tight knee-length skirt, a tailored blazer over what had to be a lace camisole, Lola looked A-MAZE-ING. "Hooooof!" Dad spoke/exhaled.

She was standing over in the dining room, talking to Karen, who was also dressed nicely, with black jeans and a fitted blouse. Karen's hair was up in a hairclip of some kind, so it cascaded down the back of her head and over her shoulders in a gorgeous flood. Amy was on her knees on a dining room chair, hunched over the table reading some of the paperwork spread out there. Amy was just wearing a t-shirt and shorts, although her hair had been wrestled away from her forehead and pinned into place with two bright pink barrettes.

Karen saw us first, and her facial expression alerted Lola, who turned fully towards us. She walked over, smiling, and extended her hand to shake.

"Mr. Humbert, I'm Dolores Klemp." She smiled politely as she shook his hand. She seemed aloof, professional. "Thank you for coming."

"No problem, no problem," He said, looking her up and down while shaking her hand. "And call me Don."

I slipped around him while he was leering at Lola, and went to join the girls. Karen gave me a strained smile, while Amy shot me a look like pure venom. "How was your date?" she asked quietly.

Fun. Sexy. Intimidating. Lustful. Dangerous. "Short." I finally said.

"Good." Amy said, grimly satisfied. Karen took my hand and didn't let go. When I looked at her face she looked like a big ball of stress. "You ok?" I asked gently.

"No," she said quietly. "This is really awkward. Do you see the way "Dad" is looking at Lola?"

I had, so I nodded without looking again. I rolled my eyes.

Still holding onto my hand, Karen led me over to the table. "Lola got all the paperwork ready, but they're not going to be able to sign all of it tonight. Two of them need to be notarized."

"Some of this stuff is cool. Legal guardianship, papers so she can take us to the doctor if we need it, stuff like that." Amy said. The minute I got close, she jumped up and squeezed me really tight. "I'm sorry about the date comment. I'm glad you're home."

"Me too." I half lied. The memory of Jenni Under Glass sent some warmth blossoming into my crotch for just a moment.

Amy pulled me down into a chair at the table, and Karen quickly slipped into the one at my right, still clutching my hand. Our table usually had six chairs, but right now four were on the same side, and number six was pushed back against the wall, so it was four on one side, and a single chair on the other. "Geez, you made sure Dad knew which side he was on."

"Well *I* don't want to sit with him." Amy muttered.

The chit-chat between Dad and Lola had just about ground out, so we sat as they turned towards the table. Lola must have known what was up, because as she turned, Dad's eyes went straight to her ass and he pursed his lips momentarily in an "oooooh" gesture. Lola shot us a wink. She walked around the table and took a seat next to Amy, who scootched right up against her.

As Dad sat at the table, he tried to charm my sisters. "Karen, you remind me very much of your mother," he began.

"Sorry." Karen said blankly, and he blanched. "I meant you're growing up into a beautiful young lady." He said in a colossal understatement.

"Thanks." Karen said in the same colorless tone. He gave up and turned to Amy.

"And you . . ." He started.

"Amy." Amy said flatly. A hurt frown creased his forehead. "Of course, I know who you are!"

Amy just shrugged and looked down. Dad was at a loss for words, so he looked to Lola, who simply began explaining the paperwork. After she was done, he looked at me. "Is this what you guys want?"

"Yes." Karen said quietly.

"Yes." I said firmly.

"Absolutely." Amy said emphatically.

"Definitely." Lola said warmly. She put her arm around Amy and squeezed her shoulder. Amy relaxed a bit, and put her head on Lola's shoulder. "You've got some fantastic kids here, Don. They're smart, kind, independent, and really great. They asked me if I would be their guardian and I'm absolutely honored to do it. They don't even seem to need any supervision, they're so mature. But when I moved back here, they made me feel so welcome and appreciated that I can't help but love them. I promise to take the best care of them they've ever had."

Amy's face made it clear that that was a low hurdle to jump over, but Lola's sincerity was obvious. Dad's expression was a little hard to read, but he picked up the pen and started signing things. Two of the papers were set aside, but he still signed about six things.

"The last two we'll have to have notarized. When is your flight out?" Lola asked.

"Nine a.m." Dad said quietly, just staring at the paperwork.

"I found a place that's a state vehicle inspection station, but the owner has a snowplow and landscaping business, so they open at six. Do you know where McCloskey's is?" Lola said, businesslike.

"Yes." Dad said. He shook himself out of whatever melancholy had been setting in, and tried another pass at Lola. "With it almost bedtime for the kids here, what do you say we discuss things over a nightcap? I know a nice little place just down the road."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Humbert, I don't drink." Her tone seemed to say 'I don't have sex either.' She gathered up the papers briskly. "Besides, I have to get home and feed the cats. Thanks for coming home on such short notice, I know you must be very busy."

He waved his hand dismissively, still smarting from being shot down so effortlessly. "No problem," he said weakly.

"So if we meet at McCloskey's at 6:30, that'll give us time to sign, plus the hour drive to the airport so you can get there an hour before your flight time, the way they insist." Lola said, the papers now neatly stacked in front of her.

"Great," Dad said, looking as if he had been slam-dunked. Which of course he had.

Lola stood and gently adjusted her suit coat. "Well, I've got to go check on the cats. Let me say goodnight to Will and the girls, and I'll see you at McCloskey's."

Dad nodded, and stood as well. "I've got to bring my suitcase in from the car anyway. I'll see you then. And thanks." He left the room and headed out through the kitchen.

When we heard the sliding door close, a very quiet celebration took place. Amy leaped up and started doing a touchdown dance, Karen clasped her hands in front of her and beamed, and Lola and I just grinned like idiots.

"We did it!" Karen said, and jumped up to hug Lola, who hugged her right back. I grabbed Amy up in my arms and spun her around as she squealed.

"At last I have you in my crutches!" Lola quipped. Karen giggled and gave her an even bigger squeeze. "You're officially ours now." She said, and kissed Lola on the cheek.

Lola blushed heavily. "I can't remember the last time I was this happy. You guys are amazing, and now you're all mine." I put Amy down, and she immediately slammed into Karen and Lola for an even bigger hug. It took them a moment to disentangle, and I stepped in to put my arms around her.

"Welcome to the family. Officially this time."

"Mmmmm," she sighed in my ear. "Don't let go, ok?" I held her close, while Amy and Karen high-fived and jumped around. All the nervous tension they had when Dad arrived evaporated in spontaneous celebration. Lola stole the opportunity to give me a quick peck on the lips, which made me jump. She quickly stepped back, blushing, but smiled at me shyly when she saw I was grinning. I wagged a finger at her gently, but gave her an even bigger smile. "Any time." I reminded her. She blushed harder, and punched me on the shoulder.

"You keep saying that, and you might eventually convince me. I'm not made of steel, you know." She said quietly. I just laughed.

Noise from the kitchen let us know that Dad was back. We sobered up, and Karen and Amy took off upstairs. I assumed they were gone for the night.

Lola swept up the papers and stalked into the kitchen. "Goodnight, Don, I'll see you at McCloskey's in the morning." Dad had set down his suitcases, and he leaned on the counter as he watched her leave. I drifted into the kitchen, aware of my role as emissary between the family and Dad.

"I was expecting some frumpy librarian with a brown sweater and thick glasses. You might have warned me that she was a stone cold fox." Dad said to me, perhaps a bit annoyed. I shrugged indifferently. "Didn't seem relevant." I said.

Dad looked closely at me. "I seem to be getting the cold shoulder here."

"Sorry," I said, my voice calm. "But you have to admit, you're a stranger around here." I pulled out a barstool and sat at the kitchen island. "You've been home how much in all these years?"

"I've been trying to provide for you kids," Dad said defensively. "It's a rough world out there, and I've been trying to make sure you have whatever you need. I didn't have it this good when I was growing up." He waved his hand to indicate the house. I put up my hands, gesturing for him to calm down.

"Nobody's blaming you for anything right now," I said. The hell we aren't. "But if everyone seems a bit stand-offish, it's just because you don't live here. You're a good provider, but it's not like you've really been a father."

"Do you know what my dad did for a living?" Dad asked me quietly. I shook my head. How the hell would I know that?

"He sold vacuum cleaners door-to-door eleven months out of the year. We only ever saw him in January, and we were still dirt poor. At least you kids enjoy a substantial amount of luxury." Dad said, with some heat.

"And we're grateful for that, don't get me wrong. VERY grateful. We know how busy you are, and we know that you're doing it to provide for us." THAT was a lie. Whew. "But it's always a little awkward when you're home." I smiled and shrugged, to show him that there was nothing he could do about it. He seemed placated.

"Well, alright. Just for a second there, it felt like I was on goddamn Dr. Phil." Dad settled down. "Anyway, I told you that something big was up. Here it is." He flipped a business card across the counter towards me. I picked it up.

"Humbert Consultation Services, LLC." I read. "You're leaving WorldCorp? Or SysCon or whatever?"

"It's TransCo now, but yes. Son, you'll never get rich working for someone else. I'm starting my own company, doing exactly what I'm already doing, only as an outside consultant. I've even managed to keep almost all of my former clients. It turns out that lots of companies will pay an outside consultant three times as much for information they wouldn't listen to from their OWN employees. I'd be a fool not to snap that up." He sat back, seeming very proud of himself.

"Wow," I said, subtly feigning awe. "Sounds pretty good."

"It IS good." Dad said, still gloating. "Someday I might finally be able to retire a rich man. Then I'll - I mean WE'LL travel the world, swim with sharks, hunt elephants, or whatever the hell it is rich people do all day."

I think most of them WORK. That's the type of behavioral pattern that got them rich in the first place. "Sounds exciting." I said.

"I'm actually making a few rounds this week and the next, making sure I've got my best clients on board, so when I finally split I've got all the contacts I've worked so hard for." He said smugly.

"Was that what was going on when I called you?" I asked nonchalantly. I didn't look at him.

He froze for a moment, but then chuckled. "Not exactly. That was something else. Just strengthening a business relationship. Heh."

He must think I didn't hear anything, I realized. It wasn't worth goading him about it, so I just let it go. "Well, good luck on the new business. I hope everything works out well." I gave him back the card and stood, stretching. "If you'll excuse me, It's been a long day. I think I'm going to turn in."

Dad waved his hand. "Go ahead, champ. I'm still a bit jet-lagged, so I'm going to sit up for a while. Is the master bedroom set up or do I need to get sheets?"

"I'm sure Karen got it aired out and put fresh sheets on for you." I said.

"I'm a bit surprised how much she looks like her mother," Dad said, half to himself. "But I guess I shouldn't be."

Not sure how to respond to that statement, I said goodnight and left. As soon as I got upstairs in my room, though, the door to Amy's room opened, and both Amy and Karen, dressed in their PJ's, crept out.

"It's so creepy having him here!" Karen whispered to me. Amy nodded.

Karen was wearing her usual sports bra and boxers, but Amy had on an old Rainbow Brite T-shirt and pink socks. She scratched her hip as she asked me "Is he going to bed or what?"

"He said he's jet-lagged, so he's staying up." I said, also whispering. I pulled off my shirt over my head and chucked it towards my hamper. "How about you two?"

"We're not sleepy." Amy insisted.

"And we both missed you." Karen admitted, smiling shyly at me. "You've been gone several evenings out of the past week, and we missed our big brother."

"Wanna play a board game? We could play in my room, where he'll be less likely to hear us." Amy suggested, grabbing my hand.

I had been thinking about Jenni ever since the Pussy Under Glass show, but suddenly I was reminded of my sisters. How selfish had I been? I'd been almost ignoring them, and usually we're inseparable. "Lead the way." I said, smiling. I went to grab a t-shirt, but Karen grabbed my other hand. "No," She said quickly, then smiled. "It'll be a pajama party!"

"Well, let me get my 'pajamas' on then." I said, disentangling myself from my grabby siblings. Usually this time of year, my pajamas just consist of my boxer briefs. I felt a little weird changing clothes in front of my two (very attentive) sisters, so I grabbed a pair of running shorts and trotted to the bathroom to change. I usually wasn't this self-conscious, but they were both looking at me, so I suddenly felt embarrassed to just drop my pants. "Get the game set up, I'll be in there in just a minute," I said. Karen nodded, Amy gave a tiny pout, and then nodded.

As I shut the door and turned on the lights, I looked at myself in the mirror. I've never thought of myself as all that attractive, but sometimes you see yourself in the mirror and you're happy with what you see. I flexed a tiny bit, feeling utterly ridiculous, but otherwise pleased with how I look. "Not bad," I admitted near-silently. I dropped my cargo shorts and stepped into the running shorts. I grabbed a comb and tried to get my hair to lie down, and then went through the door into Amy's room.

There was a blanket spread out on the floor, and Karen and Amy were laying/sitting on either side of a Clue! board. Amy still had her hair barrettes in, but Karen had removed her hairclip, her hair spilling down over one shoulder, leaving one side of her neck bare. I was struck again by just how gorgeous Karen is, and when I glanced at Amy, I could see what a beautiful young lady she was quickly growing into.

I was glad I had put on running shorts instead of just wearing my underwear. Getting aroused by my sisters had me not trusting my body to behave anymore. I sat at the end of the board where they had their feet, but they both switched around until their heads were almost in my lap. I quickly laid on my stomach. The two of them scootched right up against me, Karen sighing happily, Amy putting her head on my shoulder. "Mmmmm." Amy said. "I wish we could go sit on the couch the way we normally do."

"Am I being ambushed?" I asked playfully. The game board was now upside down to the three of us, so I reached up and spun it 180 degrees. "Not ambushed, just . . . loved on. We missed you." Karen purred. Her breath came right in my ear, and my cock leapt, at least as far as it could with me laying on

it. Yeowch.

"So how did your date go? What did you guys do?" Amy asked uncomfortably, trying to play it off coolly. I answered it about the same way. "Well, we went to the community college library, where I took the survey for her psychology class. Then I drove her back to the pizza shop. We agreed to go to the mall tomorrow night, and we were talking about Thursday night too, but I don't know what we're doing then." The hell I didn't. I hoped and prayed I knew what we'd be doing then.

"Every single night?" Karen asked, hurt and annoyed. "When do we get to see you again?"

"No fair!" Amy said, also hurt, also annoyed. She tried to grab me in a headlock. "I want my brother back, you big jerk!"

"Amy, not so loud." Karen cautioned, trying to pry Amy's arm from my neck. "But she's right, Will. We miss you big time."

"You just got done promising us that you weren't leaving us behind, and now you tell us you're not coming home again!" Amy growled. I felt terrible, but how could I possibly explain this to either of them?

Let's recap: If I don't fuck somebody, I'm going to lose my mind, or worse. Lola seemed receptive to my clumsy charms, but I didn't think she'd just "do it". Plus, I care about Lola. She's not to be used like a Kleenex and then thrown away. Lola was worthy of romance, and sincere feelings, and love. Right this moment, I don't have time for that. I have a BEAUTIFUL 14-yr-old sister lying along my left side, and a cute 9-yr old climbing all over me on my right. A guy in the throes of hormone poisoning doesn't have time for romance.

Jenni represented just sex and not much else, and seemed to be exactly what I wanted. She was a sure thing, she was ready to go, just hot sweaty monkeysex. I thought that she would be the solution to my problems.

Another factoid: After the shampoo incident in which Karen saw my cock, I had been unable to picture anyone else during my masturbation fantasies. I couldn't get Karen out of my head, and to make things worse, Amy was starting to creep in there too. Twice now (once in a dream while I was dozing one morning, once in a waking fantasy,) Karen's lush imaginary body bouncing atop me or writhing beneath me had morphed into Amy's slim athletic body. The fact that it felt so right scared me even more. I was having full-on sex fantasies about BOTH my sisters, and it felt good. I must be insane!

So my normally exacting standards for possible girlfriend material had been trashed, and I was trying to score with Jenni as soon as possible. If I actually have sex with someone, I can stop thinking about anyone else, right? Right? We now rejoin our memoir, already in progress.

Karen got Amy's arm unwrapped from my throat, and I held Amy at arm's length, tickling her until she had had enough.

"You're not off the hook," she gasped as she lay there. "We miss you a lot, you know. You promised."

"She's right. You did promise." Karen said, looking up at me with her big gorgeous eyes. She leaned

against me, and I smelled the now sexually charged scent of strawberry shampoo. I swear my cock went *clunk* against the floor as it tried to rise.

Amy clambered onto my back, and lay down on top of me as if I were a surfboard she was paddling out to catch a big wave. She smelled of soap and a little bit of sweat. When she spoke, her breath came right against my neck, just under my ear. I almost jumped out of my skin as she said "Thursday night, bring her here."

I flinched away from the ticklish and arousing feeling of her breath. "W-what?" I stammered. Bad idea, bad idea! Thursday I'm having my first sex with Jenni. "Here?" I croaked. Amy's weight on my butt ground my 80% erect cock against the floor.

"That's a great idea." Karen said thoughtfully. "We could have a movie night here, and get to know Jenni. Right now I'm sure we're only thinking the worst of her. If we get to meet her, we'll get to see she's a real person, not just some skank who wants in your pants."

But she IS just some - I started to think, when Amy leaned down and exhaled a full breath of warm air right on my neck again. I squirmed and scrunched up my neck. "AMY! Stop that!" I said, as loudly as I dared.

"Look at you!" Amy giggled, and clamped her legs around my hips. "I wanna do it with my tongue this time! Karen, watch him squeal!" Oh crap. Not the tongue.

I panicked. I forcefully bucked up and left, which tossed Amy over onto Karen, who gave a loud squawk. I hopped up on all fours and scuttled a few feet away. Amy rolled off on the other side of Karen and hit the floor with a clunk. I got a split-second flash of her naked ass as she went over. Amy wasn't wearing any underwear.

"What are-" Karen cried, but shut up when she looked over at me. Her jaw dropped and her eyes bugged out. I looked at her for a second, confused, until I followed her line of sight. My dick was sticking about two inches out of the bottom of my left pant leg. I mean granted, they were shorts, but two inches of thick plum-colored cock was plainly visible. I dropped painfully onto my chin as I attempted to use both hands to cover and adjust, balance be damned.

When I looked back up, Karen had clamped both hands over her mouth, and what portion of her face was visible was burning red. Her eyes bored into me, wide and wild. Amy sat up behind her, rubbing her elbow. "Oww. You suck."

Right about then, Karen remembered to breathe, her nostrils heaving air in and out. The blush crept down her neck and shoulders. Amy got up on her knees. "What's wrong with you guys? What happened?"

I floundered. "Umm, uh, I think Karen bit her tongue?!" I gasped, still laying flat on my arms, as I attempted to tuck it back in my pants. Running shorts are a lousy tool for masking an erection. Blue jeans, sure, but running shorts pop out like a freakin' pup tent.

My cock positively ACHED. Mostly from being ground into the floor like a chisel, and partly because of

strawberry shampoo and hot breath on my neck. Had I known that Amy was going commando, I'm sure it would have been even more raunchy to have her straddling me and clamping on. I tried to breathe deeply.

Karen was still beet red, but she nodded frantically. "Mm hmm." she whimpered, still staring at me wild-eyed. As I winced at her helplessly, she shakily looked away and put her head down on the floor weakly.

Detective Amy hadn't given up yet. "So why are you all red too?" she fixed me with a piercing stare.

"Um, I was really ticklish, and then my back popped, and it really hurt." I lied clumsily.

The look on Amy's face said she wasn't buying it. I pulled my hands out from underneath my pelvis and tried to nonchalantly position them normally. I also arched my back and twisted slightly right and left, in an attempt to corroborate my alibi.

Karen still had her face pressed to the floor. I wasn't expecting any help there.

"Professor Plum in the Dining Room with the Lead Pipe." Karen said, muffled.

"What?" Amy said, looking at the board. "We're not even playing yet."

Karen shot me a look that said, simultaneously "Here's your excuse." and "I KNOW YOU."

"So make your move, and let's get started." I stammered. I crawled back over to the board, as gently as I could, and laid down again, on my cock. I mean stomach. Hell, both.

Amy looked at the board, and then back at us. "I'm still missing something, aren't I?"

I shook my head. Karen again came to my rescue. "Actually, I'm surprised you haven't gone to pee yet."

"What?" Amy asked, confused by the shifting of topics. "What does that have to do with. . ."

Karen interrupted. "I saw you drink a HUGE glass of iced tea at supper, and you haven't peed once. Don't you need to pee?"

"I . . ." Amy started, but her forehead squinched up with concentration. Karen's powers of suggestion did their magic. "Dang it, now I DO have to pee."

She scrambled to her feet and stumped off quickly to the bathroom. I relaxed slightly, but Karen went completely limp on the floor. "My god," she whispered. Propping herself up on one elbow, she fanned herself with her other hand. "What is WITH you?"

"I'm so sorry." I whispered back. "I swear I can't control it!"

"But over Amy?" Karen whispered, staring at me.

"Hey, you BOTH cuddled up to me, and then she started licking my neck. It was too much!" I laughed nervously.

"It really isn't funny." Karen shushed, looking concerned.

"Are you kidding? It scares me to death!" I said as quietly as I could. "I love the two of you, but I'm only human."

"Are you ok now? Does it hurt?" Karen breathed, and I realized her concern was still for me, not necessarily over my erection being caused by her and Amy. She was more concerned about me being hurt than about the overall impropriety of it. My cock was still mostly hard, and pressing against the floor firmly.

"Yes. And then no." I lied for her sake. She shot me a sideways look. "You can't keep doing this to me, you know."

"Huh?" I said.

"Whipping it out in front of me. I just about had another heart attack." Karen grinned, embarrassed. "I mean my god, you could scare a girl to death." She fanned herself again.

I had no idea how to respond to that, but then Amy came bouncing back into the room.

"Let's get this party started!" She said, and slammed down onto the floor again. We set up the board and played.

Before too long, Amy was falling asleep in between turns, so Karen and I decided to call it a night. I scooped up Amy, one arm under her knees, one arm under her shoulders, and picked her up to carry her to her bed. As I turned, Karen made a face, but kept her silence. I tucked in Amy, and Karen scooped up the game.

Karen motioned for me to follow her into her room. I did so. "Did you KNOW she was bareass under her night shirt?" Karen hissed.

"Not until she fell over you." I whispered. Karen rolled her eyes and grinned. "Our little nudist." She said.

"I remember." I also grinned. Karen looked like a dream in the dim light. I was suddenly wondered what it would be like to kiss her. Would it be like when Lola kissed me? I cleared my throat uncomfortably, and turned to go. "Well, goodnight."

Karen grabbed my arm. "Not yet. I want a hug." I put an arm around her shoulders and gave a little squeeze. "No, a real hug." she said, and grabbed me close in a full-body hug. I could feel her breasts against my chest, and her pelvis against mine. It was wonderful. Luckily my cock didn't respond, already tired from being ground into the floor all night.

I just held her there, breathing in her scent, in the dim light of her bedroom.

Before she let me go, she kissed me on the cheek gently. I almost moaned.

"Thanks. I need more of your hugs, but that will do for tonight." She turned away from me, and I watched her hips sway as she walked to her bed. "Goodnight," I breathed, and stumbled to my room.

I lay awake in my bed for a while, my mind a whirl. Had I ever been so content to just live in a moment? Would I ever be again?

What was that other girl's name? Oh yeah, Jenni. Whatever. Maybe I could just use her for some sex, but I already suspected that my heart belonged to Karen. I eventually drifted off to sleep, but I dreamed that Karen and I floated through a rose-colored sunrise wrapped in each other's arms, her head laying softly on my chest.

5 - Jenni Says/ Hot tub with Lola/ Jenni's Surprise

I awoke Wednesday morning feeling pretty darn good. I got up, got my shower, etc, and got dressed, all in kind of a happy haze. My cock was about 20% hard, not enough to poke out, but it felt good just to walk around. Every movement of my body felt like someone was gently rubbing my dick.

I put on "school clothes," and went downstairs to find Lola and Karen in the kitchen. Lola was wearing another suit, Karen was wearing another tight t-shirt over jean shorts. It was a very attractive scene. Karen and Lola were sharing a little pot of hot tea, and talking quietly. They both smiled when I came in.

"There he is!" Lola whispered theatrically. "Let's talk about something else, quick!"

Karen laughed, and took a drink of tea. Her eyes sparkled at me over the rim of her cup.

"So how'd it go?" I asked, pulling out some bowls and looking for spoons in the dish drainer.

"We signed the papers this morning, and he took off for the airport." Lola smiled.

"Sweet!" I said.

"He even found time to make another clumsy pass at me." Lola snorted.

"Well, can you blame him?" I asked, at the same time Karen said "Duh!"

Lola glanced at us both. "What?"

"Of course he would." I said. "He's a major dog."

"And you look absolutely fabulous." Karen said, turning her cup around in her fingers.

Lola blushed. "You guys!"

I selected a box of cereal out of the cabinet. Amy tends to like chocolate or neon shapes, but Karen and I tend to like things with nutty/oaty clusters.

"You have to at least be honest with yourself." Karen said, looking slyly at Lola. "You're smokin' hot." Lola's jaw dropped open.

"Did you have breakfast yet?" I interrupted. Lola blinked and looked at me, her face still rosy with her blush. "Umm, no . . . not yet."

"Would you like to join us?" I set three bowls down on the counter and went to the fridge for some milk.

"I can't have dairy this early or I get stomach aches all day." Lola winced. "Sorry."

"I could make you something else, like eggs or grits. I think we have a canteloupe in the fridge." Karen said.

Lola waved her hands, smiling. "I really appreciate the offer, but I need to get going. I want to get the paperwork to the courthouse first thing. Plus, today is the day they're having a consult on whether or not Mom can be moved to a skilled care facility, or if she's just going to stay at the hospital." Her face fell.

Karen was instantly concerned. "That doesn't sound good."

"It isn't. The fact that they're even talking about keeping her at the hospital at this stage probably means they don't expect it to be for very long." Lola sighed. The happy flirty mood that was in the room had now totally evaporated. Lola stood. "You guys make me so happy that I forget all my problems. I wish I could just stay here and I don't know."

Karen stood and put her arms around Lola. "Come here."

Lola put her head on Karen's shoulder. "You smell like strawberries." She pouted.

"Our school is done on Friday. Do you think I could go visit Mrs. Klemp on Saturday?" Karen asked.

"That would be fine, but I have to warn you, she doesn't know who anybody is. Last time she was able to speak she thought I was her sister, Claire." Lola said sadly.

"I know, but I want to see her, if only to say goodbye." Karen sniffed.

Lola held her tightly. "I'd almost rather you not visit her, to remember her as she was, not like this, but it's up to you."

"I think I'd like to see her." Karen said.

A loud clunking and banging upstairs meant that Amy was awake. Karen and Lola separated gently, both of them holding back tears. "Are you still going to be able to proctor our finals for us tomorrow and Friday?" Karen asked gently.

"I wouldn't miss it." Lola tried to smile. "What time does it start?"

"If you were here at 8:30, it would be fine." I said. "We'll have breakfast on, and then get to class."

She wiped her eyes, and tried a shaky smile. "Ok. This sounds like fun."

"Boring fun." I said. "You're mostly going to just sit and make sure that we're not cheating."

She shrugged. "I call that fun. You should try being a lawyer sometime. THAT can be boring." She looked at her watch. "Geez, I gotta get going."

"Well, gimme a kiss first." Karen said, and hugged her tightly again, kissing her cheek gently. Lola gave

a little happy shudder. She kissed Karen's cheek in return, and then turned to me.

I grabbed her in a giant hug and twisted, sweeping her off her feet and dipping her down, like *Gone With The Wind*. She squealed, surprised, and clutched at me.

"Miss us, ok?" I said, and lifted her back up. I hugged her close, where once again she bit my earlobe. "Mmm hmm." she breathed in my ear. When I let her go she swatted my shoulder. "You." she said, a real smile on her face now.

She took two steps towards the living room and called "Bye, Amy!" Way off upstairs I could hear "BYEEEE!"

Lola said goodbye to us and left. "I really really like her." Karen said.

"We got SO lucky." I agreed.

"Who knew that Dad's willingness to throw us away would work in our favor?" She said.

I nodded. "He's an ass."

"I really like Lola, though." Karen smiled.

"She doesn't make you feel . . . funny anymore?" I watched her closely.

"No, she does, but I've decided it's a good feeling. It's harmless, I'm sure." Karen seemed to glow happily. She smiled to herself, and then at me. "How about you?"

"Umm, no comment?" I blushed. Karen laughed. "You're so red." She said.

Amy thundered down the stairs and came bounding in. "Crap, she's gone! I was hoping she was still here talking with you guys."

"You just missed her." I said. "She'll be back tomorrow to proctor our finals."

"That's pretty cool." Amy said, getting out her neon-colored cereal. "So we can cheat and stuff?"

I knew she was kidding, so I just said. "Sure."

We ate breakfast quickly, and the day began.

After school, we did our usual chores around the house. Karen started some laundry, Amy vacuumed, I took out some garbage. Long ago, we had divided up the chores along the lines of what we hated the least. I don't mind taking out the garbage, Karen likes the laundry because it has brief periods of activity followed by long stretches of relaxation. Amy likes making lines in the carpet with the vacuum cleaner, plus it's loud. Everybody's happy.

Soon, perhaps all too soon, it became time again for me to get ready for my second date with Jenni. The

girls once again reverted to their moods. Karen looking sad and worried, Amy looking pissed off.

Amy manifested her mood by glaring at me while I shaved, and then vanishing somewhere. When I got to my room to get dressed, there was an outfit of clothing laying on my bed. It looked pretty good, but when I went to put it on, I found that someone had clumsily sewn the zipper shut. This would have to be Amy's doing. I broke the threads, guilty with the knowledge that I would probably be breaking their trust tonight as well. It's not as if I had a choice. I HAVE to do this, right?

On one hand, I'll be lying to my sisters, and trying to score with an obvious slut.

On the other hand, I'd be lusting after my sisters, instead of treating them with the kind of respect that they deserve. That seems like a MUCH larger betrayal of trust. That sounds like a fundamental breakdown of our entire lives.

So, the slut wins. I went downstairs.

Karen was once again in the kitchen. She was sitting at the island, with a pencil and paper, but the moment I entered, she crumpled up the paper tightly. She sighed.

"Is everything ok?" I asked gently. She gave me a glare that lasted an instant, but immediately softened into a look of sadness. "No." She said.

I sat down beside her. "Wanna talk about it?"

She opened her mouth, and for a second, it looked as if she was going to open up, but then she shut her mouth with a snap. "Not right now. I'll . . . I'll just say this. Remember when I said I was basically ok with you dating? I think I lied." She looked up at me, searching for a response.

"I remember that when you said that, you also said you trusted me." Oh great, you big jerk, lay on the guilt. And you KNOW you're lying to her about all of this.

She crumpled a bit. "I trust you, but it's not enough. I don't trust the girls you've gone out with, and no matter how strong you are, they've got the advantage here. Like Amy said, enough tries and they WILL break you down. You're just a guy."

"I'll try to keep that in mind." Why was I being so cold and defensive to her? She was right, but she was still reaching out to me. Not very deep down, I wanted sex. Yes, I wanted to make my sisters happy, and yes, I wanted to love them the way they deserve, but I also wanted SEX. I think I reacted this way because I felt I was really close to sex with Jenni, and I didn't want anything to get in my way. Karen was obviously in some emotional stress about this, but right at that second, I didn't much care.

Karen ran out of words. She just sat and looked at me, heartbreak plain on her face. I forced myself to take a deep breath. "I'm sorry you feel that way, but I don't really know what else to do." I said, not unkindly.

She gestured at the pencil and the crumpled paper. "I sat here trying to corral my thoughts, to write down how I feel, and I can't make it make sense. I love you, and I care about you, but when I see you

going off on dates with Sandi or Jenni, I just die inside. I don't know what to call it. And it's not just anybody. When Lola looks at you like she's imagining you naked, I don't get so upset or feel sick inside. But these girls I don't know just drive me crazy. I could read Sandi's blog and know something about her, albeit bad, but Jenni is a total mystery. I know she challenged Sandi right to her face about you, but other than that sterling example of character, I don't know anything about her, and I feel like it's really important that I should. She feels bad." Karen hit her hand on the table, and then seemed to realize I was sitting there.

"You must think I'm crazy. Maybe I AM crazy." She put her elbows on the kitchen island and her head in her hands.

Surprised by her outburst, I just sat and thought about it. "She feels bad?"

Karen said softly "Will, you are the greatest, kindest, most awesomest guy in the entire world, and you deserve a girlfriend who is at LEAST half as cool as you are. I don't think Jenni is it. She doesn't seem like a nice person, she's rude to people, even if it was just Sandi. I haven't met her, but she gives me a bad feeling."

"I'm bringing her to the house tomorrow night, remember? Maybe she'll turn out ok."
I put my arm around Karen and she leaned into me. She sighed. "I'm sorry, Will. I'm still not really ready to talk about all this, I just don't know what I'm doing."

"All of that was you NOT being ready to talk about this?" I asked, surprised.

"Yeah. It's really complicated, and I'm still trying to decide if I'm insane or not. Depending on whether or not I'm sane, I'll tell you about it as soon as I figure it out. Please be patient." Karen closed her eyes, and put her head on my shoulder. She smelled nice.

"Did Amy do anything to sabotage you?" Karen asked after a moment.

"I think she sewed my zipper shut." I said.

Karen snorted. "Smart girl."

I shrugged.

"Amy has been invited to Michaela's birthday sleepover on Friday night. I told her it was ok with me if it was ok with you." Karen said.

"Sure." Friday night, last day of school, why not? Wait, why did I recognize the name Michaela? Probably nothing.

"Listen, don't pay too much attention to me, ok? Go have fun, but please be careful." Karen said, her voice very small. "I don't have any right to make you stay home when I can't even figure out what I'm trying to tell you."

Sweet. "Ok, but the minute you figure it out, I want to know, ok?" I patted her on the shoulder. She

sighed.

I stood, and looked down at her for a moment. She was looking at her hands, not meeting my eyes, but she looked very sad. I knew that I was hurting her somehow, but I couldn't make myself care. I was so full of thoughts about sex with Jenni that I was ignoring Karen, who I deeply loved. I know this looking back, but right then it seemed less important than getting to the mall with Jenni.

I said goodbye and left quietly. I'd like to be able to say that I struggled with it all the way to the mall, but in reality I was pretty much blind to anything but Jenni.

I called Jenni on my cell, and she said to meet her in the food court. Ah, the food court, hotbed of gossip. I imagined what all the little high school friends of Sandi and Jessica would make of this.

Tonight was Date Two: Jenni Says. I wondered what that would mean for Our Hero.

I walked in, and saw her immediately. She was leaning against the edge of a table, dressed to kill. Tiny little purse, apparently made of glass or clear plastic. Platform heels with straps up her calf, a leather microskirt, and an emerald green camisole so tight you could see where her belly button was. Her earrings looked like little showers of silver, and she had a small diamond mecklace, sparkling right against her collarbone. I had never noticed it before, but collarbones can be sexy. Her hair was down, her eyes were sparkling, and she was wearing pearly white lipstick, you know, the kind that makes it look like she's got cum on her lips. My heart hammered at the very sight of her.

I walked up to her, but before I could say anything, she reached out, grabbed my belt, and pulled me right up against her. "There you arrrrre." She said in a singsong, minty fresh.

"Hi." I stammered. She still had her hand on my belt, which means her thumb was on my fly, and her four fingers were actually down inside my pants.

She tossed her hair to one side, tilted her head, and looked up at me. "Did you enjoy the show last time?" She pouted.

"God, yes." I said, as steadily as I could. "I barely made it home."

"That's what I like to hear," she purred. She wiggled her fingers gently, inside my waistline. "I've been trying to think what to do for tonight. I know I said tonight would be Jenni Says, but I think I underestimated my desire to just get it on. Once again, I'm tempted to just waive the rules and fuck your brains out." She looked up at me and licked her lips, which reminded me firmly of Amy. My knees almost buckled.

I suddenly remembered Karen and Amy, both in thoughts of a sexual nature, and secondly, in thoughts of my own responsibility towards them. I swallowed in a very dry throat.

"Well, I don't think it would hurt to exercise a little self-control. Let's go walk around or something." I said. "We could always sneak away later."

She blinked, and then looked at me with no expression. "Dammit, you're not supposed to be all mature,

you're supposed to say "ok."

"Was that the test?" I asked, surprised.

"No, that was just me being too horny. But you're right. We need to go walk around. If we stay here like this I'll just end up sucking your dick in the middle of the food court." She said this matter-of-factly. I just kind of stared at her. I honestly don't think she was kidding.

She clicked her tongue, released my belt and stood, tilting her head to one side, and stretching her arms up over her head, which made her breasts lift up and together. "Mmm!" she grunted, and did a little twirl. "You ready?" She purred.

Hell, yeah. "Yep," I said, and followed her into the mall.

She grabbed onto my arm and strolled along beside me. "So what did you and the kids do last time you were here? The chubby girl and her naked redhead."

"We looked at the pet store, and Spenser's. They also shopped for . . . umm . . . swimsuits." I mumbled.

Jenni laughed out loud. "Oh my god, no they didn't. You're kidding me! Let me guess, they had a little fashion show and you had to pick your favorites."

"Pretty much," I said sheepishly. Jenni laughed again. "That is SO Hannah Montana."

She squeezed my arm. "Well, I can't really blame them for trying, but that's still pretty childish."

"It had its moments," I said. "but yeah, overall, kinda goofy."

She bit my shoulder playfully. "I'll give you *moments*." She looked around. "What to do, what to do. . ."

I cleared my throat. "By the way, Karen and Amy are insisting that I bring you to the house tomorrow night."

"What?" She said, seeming shocked. "They want us to fuck at your house?!"

"Well, they don't know that there's going to be any . . . activities, but they are insisting on meeting you." I could feel her disapproval.

"Will, I'm not interested in meeting the family. I hope I made that clear already."

"Still, I have to do this. I live with them, I can't have them freaking out and hating me. It won't be for long, they just want to meet you." I said.

She growled. "When I'm about to rock your world, you want to have a tea party with your little sisters." She let go of my arm.

"Come on, it won't be that bad."

She sighed disgustedly. "I wish you had a pair of balls to go with that big cock. Then you could just tell them NO."

An insult. I gritted my teeth and tried to let it pass. "All I'm saying is, once they meet you, if they think you're nice, they'll get off my back. I have to live in that house, and lately they've really been putting the heat on me. I'm thinking an hour at most, and then we can excuse ourselves, find somewhere nice, and do whatever we want."

She growled angrily, then let out a long puff of air. "So I've got no choice in this, right? You're going to let your little sisters boss you around."

I was starting to get angry. "I'm trying to get them to relax a bit. This will work out good for all of us."

She sneered. I had expected some resistance, but she was also really being a bitch about it. I frowned. "Did I mention this is important?"

"Shit." She spat. "Fine."

I looked at her as she pinched the bridge of her nose. "You better recognize that you owe me big time. You just lost a lot of points for this little stunt." Stunt? Why you - "But I'll just make you work it off tomorrow night after we're done babysitting. You are officially in the doghouse."

If she hadn't already promised to fuck me, I probably would have told her to go fuck herself. I mean, its not like I was asking her to come to Church and meet Jesus. I was asking her to come to my house and meet my sisters. Bitch. I tried to calm down.

"What are you frowning about? I said I'd do it." She snapped at me. I gritted my teeth again. Well, was I in this or not? I sighed.

"Where were we?" She said, and stalked off. I followed, allowing myself to be mesmerized by the right-left right-left sway of her hips. I kept trying to tell myself that it was all worth it.

"Man, what a mood-killer." Jenni sighed, "Let's try and start over, ok? Geez."

"Allright." I said flatly. Jenni turned around and grabbed my arm.

"Ok, so I was trying to think of something sexy to make you do for me." We walked up to the big fountain at the center of the mall. After admiring it for a few moments, Jenni stamped her foot. "Dammit, now I have to pee. Wait here." and she strutted off. I sat down on one of the benches provided and rethought the situation.

"Buddy, what's your secret?" Came a strange voice. Startled, I looked around. There was a janitor in his fifties (i guess) standing behind me with a grubby cleaning cart.

"Pardon?" I said, not in the best of moods.

"You're here the other night, strutting around with double jailbait, and now you're here with an internet porn star. How do you do it?" He leered at me.

"You must be mistaken." I stated, and turned my back on him again.

"No, I'm sure I've seen that girl naked. Dubya-dubya-dubya dot-"

"You **MUST** be **MISTAKEN**." I said firmly, cutting him off.

"Fine, fine. You know your own business, I suppose." His hoarse voice sounded hurt. I heard a series of squeaks as he trundled away. What the hell was that all about?

After a moment it occurred to me that maybe I should have let him finish that web address, just in case he turned out to be right. I turned around to look for him, but Jenni arrived at that moment. "Back!" she announced.

I took a deep breath and decided I was still in the game. I stood and waited patiently.

She looked around, calculating. Her eyes lit up when she spotted our local coffee bar, Grounds For Approval. (Starbucks wanted to get into the mall, but since the mall management has a strict no-competition clause, Starbucks had to buy a storefront down the road. If you want faggy coffee in OUR mall, it's strictly G.F.A.) "Come with meeeee." She drawled evilly, and led me towards the smell of roasted beans and chocolate.

We stood in line for a minute or two. She kept looking at me over her shoulder and giggling. When we got to the register, one of the *baristas* (that means coffee bartender) took her order, which took several seconds to dictate. It was a "large Cafe (something) with (something something), half-caf, blah blah steam."

While I was watching them do their little pipe organ/steam engine thing to make her drink, her cell phone rang. She dug it out of her purse and walked away. When the guy in the apron was done, he set this tall cup on the counter and looked at me pointedly. "It's for her." I said, pointing to Jenni, who was now at least twenty feet away, hunched with the cell phone against her ear.

"That'll be \$7.50." The guy said. I looked at him in surprise. "We take credit, if you need to."

"Jenni!" I called. Damned if I was - she waved her hand at me impatiently.

"That'll be \$7.50, *sir.*" the guy said again, glaring at me. Crap. I dug out a ten, and handed it to the guy, who proceeded to bump the tip jar on the counter when he handed me my change. I ignored this, carefully grabbed the hot cup, and walked over to Jenni.

She shut her phone with an angry growl. "Dad burned his hand on the oven and needs me to come back and close the shop." She took the coffee from my hand without a thank-you.

"Well, is he ok?" I asked, concerned. "How bad is it?"

"He said it's like a second degree burn, all blistered, but nothing like cooked or anything." She sighed.

"Is he going to the hospital?" I asked.

"Pfffft." she said. "He's probably going to go home, pop the blisters, put ice on it, and then drink the pain away. The shop's open for another three hours or so, so I've gotta go sit behind the register and make sure Fat Lenny actually delivers something. Shit."

"Looks like fate has conspired against us tonight," I said.

"Maybe not. Listen, I need a ride to the shop, and we can still do Jenni Says." She said, blowing on the coffee with her white-edged lips.

"You need a ride? What about your car?" I asked.

"Don't have one right now. Took a taxi up here." She sipped and made a face. "Let's go."

We got to the car, and I beeped it to let us in. As I pulled out, I remembered something she had said to Sandi when we were at the mall that first time. "I thought you said they couldn't make coffee they way you liked it."

She chuckled lecherously. "True, but that's where you come in."

"Me?"

"Yeah. Turn right, up here." She pointed to a secondary road off the main road. It connected back up to the main road further down, allowing access to several old homesteads and at least one auto junkyard. I turned, and slowed immediately for the poorer grade of asphalt. It had been an old truck road about fifty years ago, so there were a few wider areas of the shoulder, designed for logging trucks or whatever to pull aside to let traffic or emergency vehicles go by, back when this was the only road. Instead of a guardrail, it had thick rusty cable strung along wooden posts down the righthand side of the road where the hillside dropped off.

"Pull off on one of those wide areas, and give us about three feet between the posts and your car." She said. "This is your big test."

"Ok," I said, suddenly a bit nervous.

I soon found a wide spot (i think they are called turnouts) and parked the car as she asked. She unbuckled her seatbelt first, then mine. Turning to me, she curled up against my right side. "Ok, here's what you have to do. Get out of the car, and stand between the car and the guardrail." She breathed into my ear.

"Ok," I said, a little lost. Slightly paranoid about this, I pocketed the car keys as I got out. At least I can't get left by the side of the road.

I walked around to the passenger side, as she opened her door and made a show of getting out. She held her coffee up high as she shut her door behind her, and she then balanced the coffee cup on top of the wooden post at my right knee. Removing the lid, she stepped back level with the passenger side mirror.

She put one hand on her hip, and her eyes sparkled as she said "Now, Jenni Says I want you to pull out your cock, and jack yourself off. When you cum, I want you to shoot it into my coffee without spilling a single drop."

My penis gave a twitch, but it wasn't erect yet. I looked around, making sure there were no houses or anyone to see us. "Umm," I croaked. "Someone might come by."

She shrugged and pouted. "We'll just have to hope they don't. I need your cream in my coffee, Will. Can you make me some?" This last was delivered in a pouty, little-girl voice, and my penis was already halfway up.

I shifted. "Are you going to stand there and watch?" She grinned and nodded. "I'm going to give you something to think about."

She then carefully squatted down, and spread her knees wide. I could instantly see that she wasn't wearing any panties, because her puffy pink slit was immediately exposed. She put one hand on the car for balance, but she used her other hand to finish hiking up her skirt in the back, so her naked ass cheeks were sitting directly on her heels as she squatted there in the gravel.

She rubbed her open palm against her pussy, reaching back underneath herself, trailing her fingertips over her anus, cupping her pussy in her hand for a moment. A little moan escaped her lips, as she tilted her head and looked at me. "Jenni Says get your cock out."

My heart thundered in my ears. I was extremely nervous. This was going to be the first time I had intentionally let anyone see my penis. Jenni slowly rubbed her pussy, letting her fingers tease and open her pussy lips slightly. My cock practically vibrated with excitement.

After throwing one more quick look around, I unzipped my pants and pulled them open. I was already hard enough and long enough that I wasn't going to be able to pull it through my fly, so I had to shuck my pants down a bit. I braced my feet apart so they didn't fall all the way to my ankles. Reaching down, I pushed down my boxers and pulled out my penis.

"OOoooh!" Jenni squealed appreciatively. "Look at YOU! My god!"

I (somewhat sheepishly) stroked my cock, tilting it upwards. Jenni's eyes were glued to my meat, and she started stroking her pussy with more vigor, actually trailing fingers through it, instead of just rubbing on the outside. "Mmmmm, yeah. Rub that gorgeous cock! Squeeze it for me!"

I spat in my hand a few times and started masturbating for real, watching her finger herself and rub her clit. She had her mouth open, panting, her eyes wide as she stared at my dick. "Make it cum for me! Gimme some of your hot cum!" She moaned, working her fingers harder and harder in her pussy. I know I was enjoying watching her, but it looked like she was REALLY enjoying watching me as well. We

continued. "Your dick is SO big! I can't WAIT until tomorrow night. Oh my god." She groaned.

Pretty soon the good feelings started getting stronger. I was going to cum, and it was going to be moderately hard. My breath came in short gasps, my hips bucked and twitched involuntarily, and I had to concentrate on keeping my balance. My dick was almost nine inches long now, my cockhead a nice rosy plum color, as I beat it firmly. "In the coffee?" I grunted.

"Right into my coffee, Will! Don't spill any!" She panted, pulling on her pussy lips and clit as she thrust two fingers deep inside.

I looked, but the coffee was only down about a half inch from the top. "I might overflow it, but I'll do my best." I lurched over towards the cup, but she cried "Wait, don't do it yet, I want to hold it!" She stood clumsily and darted over, squatting again, so her face was level with my cock. She grabbed the coffee cup and held it low in front of me, clutching it in both hands.

The sight of her flushed face looking up at me expectantly was all I needed. I stepped up closer to her and pointed my penis right down into the cup. I could feel the warmth from the coffee rising to meet the head of my cock an inch away.

I went off like a shotgun. My first shot actually splashed a few drops of the coffee out onto her hands, but she didn't flinch. Her eyes were glued to my cock, and she had a huge smile on her face. "Oh, yeah, baby, gimme more!" And I did.

Squirt after squirt after squirt went into her cup as I fought to maintain my balance. I grunted with the pleasure as my balls emptied themselves, and by the time I got to the point where I had to milk it out, the cup was near overflowing, like I had predicted. Her look of delight now included a shade of amazement. "Holy shit that's a lot of cum! Wow!" She gulped. "I didn't think you were serious when you said you'd overflow it!"

I staggered back and leaned against the car, gasping for breath. My legs and arms were shaking. I don't think I'd ever had an orgasm standing up before. It's hard.

"Not only are you hung like a horse, you cum like one too. Geez!" She laughed. She got unsteadily to her feet, and put the lid back on her coffee. "You're definitely somebody special, aren't you?"

She carefully placed the cup on the roof of the car, and stepped up right in front of me. She leaned against me, gently nipped the side of my neck, and grabbed my dick like it was a handle, using the hand she had kept on the car for balance. She tugged on me gently. I may have moaned. "And you're still mostly hard! Excellent!" She tugged it a few more times. "I should probably take care of this for you, huh?" She purred.

Suddenly I could hear a car or something driving up the road towards us. "Somebody's coming!" I blurted, and disentangling myself from her, I put my erection away and fixed my pants.

"Fuck!" She spat, and glared down the road. "Ok, we'd better get to the pizza shop. Goddammit! I was having SUCH a good time!"

A tow truck growled into view, coming up the hill. I stumbled around to the driver's door and found my keys. The driver of the truck pointed to me as if to say "need any help?" but I waved him off. Jenni gave him the finger. She carefully grabbed her cum-coffee and got back in the car.

When I started the engine, she put the cup in a cupholder and sighed. "Now I'm all hot, but I have to go to work. That totally fucking sucks."

"Well, at least you don't have to drive right now." I tried to cheer her up. "I'm a little groggy here."

"You poor, poor thing." she pouted, laying a hand on my leg. "But I gotta admit, you put on one hell of a show. Mmmmm." she sighed. "Your cock is magnificent!" A moment passed in silence.

"Wait, a minute. You're right!" She perked up. "I'm not driving, am I?"

"No." I said, still fuzzy from the orgasm. Where was she going with this?

She scootched around in her seat for a minute, and pulled her right knee way up, bracing it against the passenger side door. Reaching under her seatbelt, she hiked the front of her skirt up to her waist, once again exposing her pussy, which now looked puffier and a little swollen. "You just keep us on the road, Will. I'm gonna pet my pussy for a while." she purred, leaning back and closing her eyes.

I had a hard time concentrating on driving. When there's a beautiful girl masturbating right next to you, it is hard to ignore. Jenni used her left hand to press down on her mons and tickle her clit, and she used her right hand to spread her pussy lips and slip two fingers inside. "Ooooh, yeah." She moaned. "I'm still wet from watching you." She bit her lip and moaned, as her fingers curled into her pussy, stroking in and out.

I could actually hear little sticky wet sounds as she worked her fingers in and out of herself. Her nipples stood out from her camisole like rocks. She arched her back and whimpered, both hands working even harder. "Uh, unh, unh, yeah, yeah, oh." She grunted rhythmically, her hips thrusting at her invading fingers.

I don't remember any of the drive. Literally, I may have just stared at her the entire time.

As her moans and grunts increased in speed and volume, she called out to me. "Will! Pinch my nipples! Do it gently!" I reached across with my right hand, backwards clumsily, and carefully squeezed one, then the other. She squealed. "Yes! A little harder!" Her right hand was practically a blur, her slick fingers hooking in and out of her pussy.

"Almost there, oh my god, I'm almost there!" She cried, gasping for breath. "Grab my hair!" I shifted, and grabbed a big handful at the back of her head. "Pull!" She gasped, writhing in her seat. I pulled it, a bit gingerly, I'm afraid. "I said PULL IT, motherfucker!"

I didn't yank it sharply, but I pulled firmly, so hard it forced her neck to bend back. She screamed. Her orgasm followed about a second later.

"OH GOD! OH SHIT!" She cried, twisting in her seat, bucking against the seatbelt. I maintained my hold

on her hair, as she gradually calmed down.

Still breathing hard, she breathed "You can let go now." I did. "Whew." she rolled down her window a bit and put her face in the cool air flowing in. "That was . . . pretty damn good."

She gingerly put her knee down, and looked at her right hand, wet with her juices. "I wish girls could cum like boys. I know mine would taste really good." She said thoughtfully, and proceeded to suck her own pussy juices off of her fingers, one at a time, pulling each one out of her mouth with a little pop.

Riding in the car with her while she masturbated had been EXTREMELY sexy, but the finger-sucking almost made me pass out. "Haven't you seen female ejaculation?" I asked weakly. She made a face.

"I don't actually believe that's real. I swear they're just peeing. Nasty." She smoothed her skirt back down. "God, that was about the best. You even make finger-fucking myself extra special." She said breathlessly.

My penis was so hard it actually hurt. I had no idea what to say. "Mmm, god, my pussy is still tingling." She cooed. "I wanna fuck so BAD."

I turned into the parking lot of Timpanelli's Pizza Subs and Wings! and pulled up to the door. "I think I'm gonna come inside and see if Pops is ok."

"I told you he's fine," she sighed. She tossed her hair, and made sure the rest of her appearance was presentable. "Ok, time to pretend like nothing happened."

I got out of the car, and saw her climb to her feet, carefully holding the cup of coffee. My heart flipped as I remembered she was still holding a cup of my semen. She shot me a flirty look over her shoulder as she walked ahead of me. "Shhhh." She shushed, holding a finger up to her white-rimmed lips.

Inside, Pops was wrapping toilet paper around his hand. "Hey, honey, thanks for coming in." He looked up and saw me as well. "What's up, Will? You don't work tonight."

"I ran into Will at the mall, Daddy." Jenni cooed. "He gave me a lift back here."

"Well, then thanks, son." Pops said. "I'm gonna get home and put some ice on this. I oughta be alrighty by tomorrow."

Jenni slurped her coffee and went "Mmmm," her eyes sparkling at me over the edge of the cup. My knees almost buckled. "Thanks for cumming, Will." She purred at me.

"Yeah, thanks for driving her out here." Pops said, heading for the door. "I owe ya."

"No problem," I said weakly. A thought occurred to me. "How're you getting home?" I asked her. She shrugged. "I'll get Carl or Fat Lenny to drive me." Another slurp of coffee.

"Bye." She wagged her fingers at me. "Thanks for the coffee. Call me later."

I guess I was dismissed. I looked at my watch. It was about eight. Maybe I could get home and spend some time with my girls. I headed home.

Riding in the car I was surprised to realize that I didn't really feel anything towards Jenni. I mean I felt *nothing.* Watching her cum right after I shot my load in her cup was really kinky, but for some reason, it wasn't making me any more attracted to her. I mean, she was still really pretty, and the sex play was pretty exciting, but after I cooled off, it was like nothing had happened at all.

You'd expect to feel warm towards someone you just had almost-sex with, but there was no feeling at all. After the afterglow from the orgasm faded, and there wasn't the physical hunger there, there wasn't anything else there either. It was wierd. I guess the rest of my brain had already voted on Jenni. She wasn't that nice, she wasn't easy to talk to, she was bossy and condescending. But she wanted to have sex with me, so I was still in the game. I guess I thought since sex was all I was after, maybe it would be enough.

What I forgot at the time was that sex was supposed to help me get attached to someone other than Karen. I had forgotten why the sex was important. Looking back now, I realize this. As a romantic distraction, Jenni had already failed.

I pulled into the driveway, and parked. I trudged into the house, (literally) drained.

Amy came running into the kitchen in her white bikini. "Awesome! You're home! Get your trunks on!" She reached into the freezer and turned on the icemaker. The cold air washing across her body made her nipples poke out. "Brrrrrrr." she shuddered, and slammed the freezer door.

"Why?" I asked, surprised at her frenetic energy.

"Lola is coming over. She's had a bad day, and we're going to take care of her again. You and I are on hot tub duty, Karen is going to make her some supper, because she hasn't eaten all day." Amy shot off into the living room. I followed her at a more sedate pace. Karen was building a fire in the fireplace. As Amy galloped upstairs, I removed my shoes and kicked them under the back edge of the couch.

"Hey, you." Karen smiled at me. Her eyes were red, as if she had been crying.

"Are you ok?" I asked, concerned.

Karen shrugged. "Sure."

"Have you been crying?" Now that the date with Jenni was over, I was once again able to make myself notice Karen's discomfort.

"Damn," She muttered; then, louder: "No?" She wiped at her eyes with the back of a hand.

"Your eyes are all red. Are you sure you're ok?" I went over to her, and put my hand on her shoulder. She grabbed my hand for a minute, and then let go.

"Might be allergies." She lied, then looked at the clock on the mantle. "Aren't you home early?"

"Yeah. Pops burned his hand on the oven and called Jenni in to run the shop until closing." I looked around. "We get to entertain Lola again?"

"She called from the hospital at about 7:30. She's had a really bad day and sounded terrible, so I told her to come over and we'd pamper her again." Karen said, her voice clearly mirroring her unhappiness. "I think we're losing Mrs. Klemp."

"I'm very sorry." I said.

Karen jumped to her feet and hugged me tightly. I wrapped my arms around her and squeezed her in return. She gave a little sigh and just clung to me. "I'm glad you're home." She whispered.

"Me too." I just stood and held her. How could I have ignored her this afternoon? I LOVE her. We held each other for several long moments.

Amy thundered back downstairs. "Will! Trunks! Now!" She barked, and continued outside with a stack of big fluffy towels.

"I'd better go," I murmured into Karen's ear. She tightened her grip on me. "Please don't." She whispered.

I held her for a moment, and then tapped her on the shoulder. She reluctantly let go and stepped back, taking a deep breath. Her eyes looked even redder than before.

"Is this about Mrs. Klemp, or . . .?" I trailed off. She shook her head sharply, her ponytail bouncing. She knelt silently and began lighting the fire she had set.

"I'd better help Amy with the hot tub. Can we talk about this later?" I asked. She nodded. Off I went.

My trunks were laid out on the bed. Not the way-too-tight ones from last time, but the ones that actually fit. I quickly shucked my clothes and darted into the bathroom for a quick spot-shower. (I have this nightmare that I'll get into the pool or the hot tub after jacking off, and one of the girls will get pregnant from a sperm that washes off my body into the water. Not very likely, I know, but it might be possible. Who would want to find out?)

I pulled on my trunks and put back on my white t-shirt, and went back downstairs. Fire burning merrily in the fireplace, Karen absent. I went into the kitchen. Karen still absent. I went outside.

Amy was arranging candles on the picnic table. "Could you take the cover off the hot tub for me?" She asked. I did, and also checked the pH quickly. It was still pretty close to "optimal" so I left it alone. Because it was a warmish evening, I turned off the heat.

"Lola didn't mention anything about the hot tub, but she sounded terrible, so I decided that we're making her get in." Amy announced. "She gets so comfy in there, she practically dissolves. So we get her in the hot tub, she relaxes and talks to us, then we go inside and eat whatever Karen is cooking. We finish up with relaxing by the fire. I'm going to try to convince her to sleep over, because after all, she is proctoring

our finals tomorrow and the next day."

"You've got this all planned out." I grinned.

"She needs us to take care of her." Amy said, soberly. "She's got nobody, Will. Could you even imagine what that would feel like?"

It was one of those moments that Amy surprised me with a very mature viewpoint. Usually Amy was thoughtlessly selfish in a friendly, harmless way, just like most kids can be; wanting everything her way, forgetting to share things like cookies, drinking all the milk and putting the empty jug back in the fridge, that kind of thing. But to hear her express genuine concern for someone else was touching, and I was suddenly reminded that Amy was growing up. She wasn't a little girl anymore, she was a young woman.

"No, I can't imagine that. It must be pretty bad." I said gently.

She walked over and put her arms around my ribcage. "I've always had you and Karen, but Lola's just got a bunch of cats in her house. It's not fair." She sounded very small and sad.

I sat down at the picnic table and pulled her into my arms. "We need to make sure she knows she has us as well." I said.

"That's exactly what I'm talking about." Amy said. She hugged me for a few moments. "I know when I feel crappy I can always come and sit in your lap, or hug on you, and pretty soon I'll feel better. You're halfway between a big warm teddy bear and a suit of armor. I feel warm, fuzzy, and protected from bad stuff." There was a pause. "By the way, you made Karen cry, you big stupid jerk."

I winced. "I did?"

"Yeah, because you went on your date after she asked you not to."

"She told me she COULDN'T ask me not to, and that I should go and have a good time."

"Duh, and that meant you should have stayed home. When a girl specifically points out that she doesn't have the right to ask you to do something, that means she IS asking you." Amy fixed me with a stare as if this was the most obvious thing in the world.

I felt like shit. "Oh geez, I gotta go find her and apologize."

Amy nodded. "Good, you should. And since Lola needs distraction, could you show off the goods a little? This ain't no convent." She pulled my T-shirt upwards, yanking on it until I removed it. Her face lit up in a lecherous grin. "Much better." She put on my T-shirt over her bikini. "I'll just keep this. Now go apologize to Karen." She swatted me and ran over to the hot tub.

I rose and walked inside. Karen was wearing an apron, stirring something in a large pot on the stove. "I was thinking chicken soup and fresh bread." She said, not looking up. "I can get it started, and it'll cook while we relax, that way I can join you guys in the hot tub."

"Hey," I said gently, approaching her. She jumped and turned around. "Oh! I thought you were Amy coming in."

I took the spoon out of her hand and laid it across the top of the pot. I then turned and grabbed her gently in a big hug. "What-?" She stammered, and then fell silent, wrapping her arms around me in response.

"I'm sorry." I breathed in her ear. She sighed. "For what?"

"Amy said I made you cry. She said you were asking me not to go to the mall, even though you told me to go."

"Amy needs to keep her big mouth shut." Karen mumbled into my shoulder. I stroked the small of her back with my thumb, and she sighed.

"Well, she's certainly smarter than me. I'm sorry I didn't understand." I said.

"There's nothing TO understand." Karen said. "If I can't get up the courage to actually tell you, then it's my fault if my feelings get hurt. I'm the big baby here."

"Can you tell me yet?" I asked gently. Karen shook her head against my shoulder.

"I think I've almost got it figured out, but I'm not ready to talk about it yet." She said. She tried again. "I mean I've decided what's going on, but I'm too chicken to talk about it."

"You don't have to be afraid to talk about it." I said, squeezing her.

"Yes, I do." She quickly disagreed.

"I've always said you were allowed to tell me anything." I murmured in her ear.

"Not like this." She said with a small nervous chuckle.

"How bad could it be?" I asked her seriously. She pushed back and gave me a worried, searching look. "What if it was really bad?" she asked, her voice tiny. Surprised, I looked at her, and opened my mouth to reassure her that it could never be THAT bad, when Amy burst into the kitchen.

"Lola's here! Places, people, places!" She clapped her hands briskly like an angry stage director. Karen and I jumped, she turning back to the stove quickly, and me wandering over to Amy. "What WAS I supposed to be tonight?" I asked. Amy was pulling my shirt off over her head, stripping back down to her little white bikini.

"Lifeguard and Teddy Bear." Amy snapped, and threw a towel over my bare shoulder. "Stand here and look handsome!" She positioned me by the kitchen island. Karen looked over her shoulder at me. "Teddy bear?" She mouthed silently. I gave her a wide-eyed look, and shrugged helplessly.

Lola trudged up to the door and opened it. She was wearing slacks and a red brocade vest over a white

blouse. The vest was very tight, making her bust almost appear to spill out of the top, where the vest did not button. Her eyes were red, but she smiled at us. "Howdy, folks."

"Welcome to the *Just For Lola* Spa and Restaurant." Amy said grandly. "My name is Amy, and I'll be your hostess this evening. May I take your clothes?"

Lola kind of goggled at her. "Goodness. I DO seem to be a bit . . . overdressed. And I must say, I've never been asked so politely. But I don't think I have my swimsuit with me."

"Madam could skinny dip, if she wishes." Amy said, in the same snooty voice.

Lola blushed hard, her expression extremely shocked. "Um," she blurted, and shot a glance at me, then Karen.

"AMY!" Karen reprimanded. "What's wrong with you!"

"Joking!" Amy said to Karen, patting the air placatingly. She turned back to Lola.

"Madam will find that on her last visit, she forgot her swimsuit hanging in the downstairs lavatory." Amy's fake accent made the word sound like lava-tree. "It has since been washed and pressed, and is once again prepared for an evening's relaxation."

Lola looked impressed. "Thank you very much." She seemed to be getting into the charade. "And what is your special of the day?"

"Chicken soup and fresh bread." Karen smiled, and bobbed a little curtsy. Lola laughed.

"AFTER a long soak in the hot tub." Amy held up one finger. "I believe you have already met our lifeguard, Armando?" She turned and indicated me with a theatrical sweep of one hand.

"Buenos dias," I said, wiggling one eyebrow. Everybody laughed. Lola fanned herself. "Oh my." she chuckled, and in an exaggerated southern accent said "I do de-clay-uh, I find this awl so chah-min'." She batted her lashes.

"If Madam would be so kind as to disrobe, we can begin the evening's therapy." Amy gestured down the hallway.

"Once again, I've never been asked so politely." Lola smiled, and reached out to muss up Amy's hair. "But you can stop talking about me in the third person, cutie."

Amy grabbed Lola in a big hug. "We love you." she said simply. Lola immediately got misty. "Thank you, Amy." she hugged Amy back.

After a moment, Amy straightened back up again. "Ok, woman, get into your swimsuit! We got a schedule to keep."

"A schedule?" Karen said, putting down the ladle and pushing buttons on the stove timer. "That sounds

REALLY relaxing."

"You know what I mean. Shoo!" she told Lola, who smiled, put her purse on a barstool, and headed off towards the bathroom.

"Soup's almost done," Karen said, getting frozen bread dough out of the freezer and banging it on the counter to separate the loaves. "It just needs about another twenty minutes. This is the first time I've tried this frozen bread stuff, though, so I'm not real confident about it."

"You'll do awesome, you always do." Amy waved away her concerns.

"So what exactly is Teddy Bear duty?" I asked. Karen raised an eyebrow and we both looked at Amy, who blushed.

"Look, teddy bears make you feel better because they're soft and fuzzy and after a minute or two they're warm, right? They feel really good to hug." She took a deep breath and continued. "Sooooo, I remembered Lola being very happy to get hugs from us, because she's lonely and doesn't have anyone who loves her. She needs us."

Here Amy began twisting her fingers with her other hand. "So I wanted us to hug on her to help her feel better. I know it always works for me, no matter how crappy I feel, sitting on your lap or cuddling up next to you makes me forget about feeling sad. Karen was going to be cooking, so I was going to be the Teddy Bear, but then you came home, and I know you can do it better than me. So basically I wanted to share you with Lola. I wanted you to comfort her the way you always comfort me."

"What makes you so sure she'll want that right now?" Karen asked.

"Oh, please have you seen her? She wants LOTS of things from Will, and she wants it "right now."" Amy gave an evil little grin.

"Hey, now." Karen admonished, but she too had to smile just a bit. "You can't know that for sure. Besides, it's not nice to be a tease."

"That's why I'm going with them, to be a chaperone." Her grin looked decidedly lecherous.

"Amy! What did Karen just say?" I warned.

"I think she meant you teasing Lola, not me teasing you." Amy leered.

"I meant either or." Karen said, still fighting a smile.

I made a "see there?" gesture at Amy, who stuck out her tongue. I could hear the bathroom door open.

Lola limped into view, wearing the same swimsuit she had worn on her first visit. High neck, bare shoulders, impossibly long legs. "My shoes gave me a blister today, and I accidentally popped it with a fingernail when I was taking off my pantyhose." She winced as she took another step. "Oops, I'm sorry, that was probably way too gross."

Amy punched me in the elbow. "Carry her!" she mouthed silently. I was dumbfounded. Adults don't just pick each other up. Lola took another step and winced again. "Ouchie!" She whimpered. Amy punched me harder. I sighed and trotted over to Lola.

"Eef Madom would permeet," I said in a ridiculous Spanish accent, "Armando would be honored to carry you."

"Wha-at?" Lola laughed, shocked.

"Geeve to me." I said, and swept her up in my arms. She gave a squeal, and clung to me. "Will!" She squawked, kicking her feet. Amy snickered. Karen rolled her eyes, but smiled.

"Armando shall be your beast of burden." I grinned, carrying her through the kitchen. "He will bring relief to your poor, tortured tootsies." Behind me, Karen gave a snort of laughter. Amy ran ahead of me to open the sliding glass door with a flourish.

"Put me down! I'm too heavy!" Lola whispered to me, embarrassed. She still clung to me, her body twisted sideways. My left arm was under her knees, my right arm supported her back. "No no no nononono." I said. "You are, how you say, light as the feathers."

We swept through the doorway and out onto the porch, heading for the hot tub. "I haven't been carried since I was a little girl." Lola said, wonderingly. "It feels . . . strange."

"It seemed preferable to walking on a blister." I said, dropping the Armando act.

"You're very strong," Lola said quietly, touching my arm. I would have shrugged, but that would have just jostled her. "You're lighter than you think." I said.

"It is kinda neat." She smiled, and put her head on my shoulder. We arrived at the hot tub, and I set her on the side, dropping her feet into the water. "Ooooh." She said.

"Is it too hot or cold?" I asked, turning up the bubbles and jets.

"No," She shook her head. "It's really nice." Blush still showed on her cheeks. "Are you getting in?" She glanced at me, shyly.

"I think so, but first I gotta go ask the boss." I jerked a thumb over my shoulder. "I'll be right back. Get all the way in, if you want."

"Not until the lifeguard gets back," She smiled. "Armando."

I bowed deeply. "My heart bubbles weeth happiness." I said, once again in the goofy accent.

"Eww," She laughed, covering her mouth with the back of one hand.

"Armando has ways with the words." I grinned.

"I noticed." She giggled.

I went back inside. "Any other tasks for me?"

Amy had been setting the table, and now she threw me a box of kitchen matches. "Turn off the bright lights, so it's just the patio lights, and light all the candles on the picnic table. Then get in the hot tub and be a teddy bear."

I looked at Karen. "Everything cool?"

She made a face. "The bread dough doesn't have a cook time on it, it just says when it has reached the desired level of brown, to turn it off, so it looks like I'm babysitting this one."

"That shouldn't take too long, right?" I asked, hopefully. She shrugged.

"Get going!" Amy called from the dining room.

"Love you," I said softly to Karen. She blushed a little, but smiled. "Love you too."

I went back outside, turning off the overhead light as I stepped onto the patio. Lola was still perched on the side of the hot tub, looking gorgeous. She had her head tilted back and her eyes closed, and I could tell she was just lazily kicking her feet. I lit the candles carefully, and then went over to her. "Ready?" I asked. She opened her eyes and looked at me. "Yeah." She smiled, but before she could stand and move, I picked her up again. "Hey!"

I carefully threw one leg over the side, swung us around so I could put my other leg in, and stood up in the tub. I moved around to the widest seat, and sat down, lowering her onto my lap as I did so. I released her legs, but kept my arm under her back. After freeing her legs, I put my other arm around her waist, so I was hugging her under the water. "My goodness." She said. "I wasn't expecting to be sitting on your lap." She was blushing heavily.

"As lifeguard, Armando is all about the duty." I said softly.

"Really?" Lola said quietly, smiling. "Do you like working here, Armando?"

"Armando works very hard, but Miss Amy, she is a hard woman." I said with mock sadness. "Still, some duties at the "Just For Lola" spa are better than others. Lifeguard is Armando's favorite." I gave her a squeeze.

She giggled. "So Miss Amy doesn't treat you well?"

"She is all of the time making Armando not to wear the shirt." I said, giving her sad puppy dog eyes. "If Armando complains, he must put on cocoa butter and do the one-handed poosh-ups, while Miss Amy counts. Also she say that is illegal for Armando to bathe in the house, because he does not have a Green Card, so he must bathe outside with the garden hose."

"Goodness!" Lola pretended to be astonished. "That does sound harsh."

"Yes," I said sadly. "sometimes Armando feels dirty . . .inside."

Lola sighed. "Tell me Armando, what country are you from?" She lay her head on my shoulder.

Uh-oh. I struggled to make up a fake South American country. "Para . . .zuela?"

"Sounds exotic." Lola grinned. "You must miss it a lot."

"Sometimes I do, but then I remember why I had to leave."

"Oh?"

"Yes." I said with a frightened shudder. "Monkeys."

Lola broke into laughter. "How about you come work for me, Armando? You could be my houseboy."

"Armando can clean houses!" I said, enthusiastically.

"Not so much cleaning, as . . . well, I don't really know what a houseboy does, I have to admit." Lola said, puzzled.

Amy came flouncing out, holding a tall glass of something with ice in it. "I brought you some iced tea!" She called.

"I'm trying to hire your lifeguard to come be my houseboy." Lola admitted, her head still on my shoulder. She reached out and took the glass from Amy.

Amy threw a leg over the side of the hot tub and splashed down into it. "Well, it's only safe to warn you, he's a bit of a whiner."

"He says you make him bathe outside with a garden hose because it's illegal to bathe inside unless he has a green card." Lola said, mock accusingly.

Amy shrugged. "I don't make the laws, I'm not a congressman. Congressperson."

"I might just steal him from you." Lola said, stroking my neck and chest with one hand, looking at Amy.

"Pfffft!" Amy rolled her eyes. "He's always saying "Amy, I don't want to pose for more pictures", or "Amy, when can I stop rubbing?" Honestly, I don't know how I manage." She waved her hand dismissively.

"Goodness!" Lola snorted. "That sounds very inappropriate."

"Armando feels dirty again." I said in a tiny, sad voice.

"You poor thing!" Lola soothed, looking up at me. I rolled my eyes and grinned, to signify that the

Armando joke was over. We soaked in relative silence for several minutes.

"Drat!" Amy muttered. She flipped over on her stomach and peeked over the edge of the hot tub. Seeing that Karen wasn't in the kitchen, she whispered back over to us. "Ok, you didn't see any of this!" She sprang up, clumsily launched herself over the side of the hot tub, and went running stiffly towards the side of the patio, over near the bushes by the dining room windows.

"Uh oh," I said, catching on. "Where did she go?" Lola asked, craning her neck.

"You don't wanna know." I said flatly. "What is she doing?" Lola asked. "You really don't wanna know." I repeated. I could see Amy squatting down in the bushes, light from one of the dining room windows making her visible from the waist up, her back to us.

"I can totally see you!" I called.

"Then shut your eyes!" She snarled back, not looking at me.

"You're right in front of a window!" I said.

"Shut up! You're not making this any easier!" She yelled, looking up at the stars.

"Is she peeing in the bushes?" Lola asked, half laughing, half incredulous.

"Maybe." I dissembled.

"God," She laughed. "Amy is SUCH a tomboy."

"Karen will kill her if she gets caught." I shook my head. Amy was looking down, and slowly rocking back and forth.

"Are you watching her pee?" Lola asked, her head still on my chest.

"Not really, she's in shadows from the waist down, but . . . I don't know, I feel like if I look away, Karen will see her, and she'll get in major trouble." I said.

"Kind of 'a watched pot never boils' kind of thing?" Lola asked thoughtfully.

"Yeah." I said. Amy stood, and came running back over to the hot tub, where she flopped in with a bigger splash. "You suck. How'm I supposed to take care of business with you yelling at me?"

"He was just looking out for you." Lola said. I gave her a squeeze under water. "Mmmmm." She said.

"So how do you like our hot tub?" Amy smiled at Lola.

"It's extra nice tonight." Lola said, rubbing her head against my shoulder.

"I hoped you would like it. Hugging on Will always helps me feel better no matter what's going on." Amy

said gently.

"I almost feel guilty feeling this good when Mom is dying, but I can't help it. Is that selfish?" Lola asked.

"It's not selfish to take care of yourself when you need to." I said.

"Besides, you were a wreck. Your mom wouldn't WANT you to self-destruct." Amy pointed out. "She loves you right back, she'd understand."

Karen appeared in the kitchen, dressed once again in her metallic fish-scaled swimsuit. Also once again, she took my breath completely away. I could see her fussing about the oven for a moment, but then she turned and walked towards the patio door. She looked amazing. I must have given some sort of sign, because Lola glanced at me, then looked back at the house just as Karen opened the door and stepped out. Lola sighed. "She is so gorgeous! I would kill to look like that. Just look at her!"

Karen's walk to the hot tub was incredibly sexy, all the more so for it being completely unintentional. The sway of her hips, the luscious gravity of her breasts, every movement seemed to project the comfort and delights a body like that could produce. "Geez," Lola muttered jealously. "That outfit should be classified as a deadly weapon."

Amy, facing away from the house, towards us, said loudly "Karen must be coming over, because you two look totally lovestruck." I could hear some annoyance in her tone.

"What's going on?" Karen asked, walking up and leaning on the edge of the hot tub. Her cleavage was magnificent. Amy looked up at her, with just a hint of jealousy. "Every time you put that swimsuit on, conversation with these two becomes impossible."

"Really?" Karen blushed, but did not move to cover herself or show any other sign of self-consciousness.

"I just wish I had a figure like that." Lola said, in her own defense. "You look incredible, and you make me jealous."

"YOU look incredible." Karen said. "I wish I had your legs."

"Honey, you don't need them, you already have it all." Lola said. "I only got some of it, and some of THAT I've probably lost."

"No you didn't." I murmured in her ear. She looked at me and blushed, hitting me on the chest. "Stop that."

"For goodness sake, will you people all stop complimenting each other!" Amy said in a loud voice. "You beautiful swans are going on and on while the Flat Scrawny Duckling is sitting RIGHT HERE!"

Karen ruffled her hair. "Knock off the act, I've seen you in front of the mirror."

"I wish I had your hair, seriously." Lola said to Amy.

Karen sat gracefully on the edge of the hot tub, and pivoted her whole body, swinging her legs up and over. As she turned, the bare skin of her thighs/buttocks made a loud *squooooonnnk* noise as it squeaked across the fiberglass of the hot tub. We all winced. "Yeowchie!" She whimpered, and sank into the water.

"How's your blister?" Amy asked Lola, reaching out and touching her leg under water.

"Doesn't hurt now." Lola smiled tiredly. "Armando carried me all the way here."

"I put some manicure scissors, neosporin, and bandaids on the counter in the downstairs bathroom, so you can get it fixed up when you get out." Karen said gently.

"Thank you so much." Lola sighed. "You three amaze me. I've never met anyone so kind."

I shrugged. "You're family. That means something to us."

"I'm also kind of surprised that I've been allowed to sit on your lap this long, the way they've been upset about you going on dates." Lola said. There was a sudden awkward silence.

"Where did you hear about that?" I asked with false calm. Amy looked guilty and mad, Karen looked guilty and sad, and Lola suddenly caught the vibe and looked up at me in dismay. "Uh-oh, I think I was supposed to keep that a secret."

I sighed and leaned my head back. After a moment, I heard Karen. "It's not like we were gossiping or anything, but she's the only other person we can talk to about stuff."

"Besides," Amy muttered, "we HAD to talk to somebody."

"Hey," Lola stroked my chest, "they're just concerned for you. Really really concerned. They love you a LOT and they don't want you to get hurt, even a little bit. Don't be upset with them."

"I'm not. Not really." It's all so futile, I thought to myself. I'm so attracted to them I can barely even THINK about someone else, even when that someone else is masturbating right in front of me, drinking my cum in a cup of chocolate coffee. I'm trying to protect them by focusing my desires elsewhere, and they're trying just as hard to trip me up. "They just don't understand, and it's too hard to explain." I finished lamely.

"Well, for one thing, they're both girls, and you're a boy. A man, actually." Lola began. I gave her a surreptitious squeeze under the water, making her moan, which she quickly changed into a word. "MMmmmaybe there's a way to come to an understanding." She finished, blushing.

"We came to a good one, it's just He's ours. Period. We don't want to share him with anyone." Amy said flatly.

Lola's hand found my thigh underwater. "Anyone?" she asked, doodling on my skin with her fingernail. It was nice, and got my attention immediately. I snaked a finger under the seat of her suit and traced a

gentle line up her buttock. She gave a tiny gasp of surprise, but since Amy was looking at Karen, who had her eyes shut, neither of them noticed.

"At least none of the girls he's been dating." Karen said, sadly. She opened her eyes and looked at me, still talking to Lola. "Will is absolutely one-of-a-kind. He deserves the most perfect girl in the world, and we're going to hate anyone who isn't."

I continued my one-finger butt massage while Lola tried to continue a serious conversation. "Those standards seem kind of harsh. Perhaps impossible. I've never met a *perfect* girl, although you two are the closest I HAVE met." I parted my lips just a fraction of an inch on the side and blew air in her ear. She dug all five fingernails into my thigh.

"I think I'm going to stick with my answer that he's ours, and no one else gets to share him. I know that sounds selfish, but I don't care. Mom's dead, Dad hates us girls, and I'm not about to give up my brother. You can get close to him, because you're part of the family." Amy waved her hand. "I can share him with you, because you're one of us now. But *nobody else.*"

Karen looked at her, sad but annoyed. "He's not our property, Amy. We have to let him grow up and find somebody."

Lola leaned back against me and whispered. "Stop it. You're making me crazy."

"Oh?" I murmured. She reached back as nonchalantly as she could and withdrew my hand from her suit.

"Lovely, but not good timing." Lola whispered, barely audible over the sounds of the hot tub.

Amy said petulantly. "I don't know why he has to FIND anybody, he's got us!"

Karen blushed, and continued unevenly. "It's not the same. You'll understand someday."

Amy lapsed into sullen silence, and Karen just put her head down. Several uncomfortable moments passed. I cleared my throat. "Now that the happy, soaky, restful hot tub mood is kind of smashed, why don't you tell us about how Mrs. Klemp is doing."

Amy winced. "I'm sorry. I had hoped to avoid any stress for a while, but that wasn't a good topic. Are you ready to talk about it?"

Lola sighed. "I think this is it. She spends most of her days sleeping, and when she does wake up, she doesn't recognize anyone. She doesn't speak hardly at all, but she looks around the room wildly, and doesn't give any sign of knowing who I am. The last time she DID speak, she thought I was Doris. The doctors say we're down to weeks-" Here she choked up and started to cry again.

Karen was already crying, Amy was biting her lip, and I was fighting it. Karen moved out into the center of the hot tub, where she knelt and put her arms around Lola, right below mine, and hugged her tightly. I think Karen's breast was pressed up against my hands, but right then I didn't even notice. Lola moved her arms from me to Karen, and clutched her. Amy looked at me tearfully, then came over and sat next to me, and put her head on my shoulder. Karen and Amy and Lola wept together for several minutes.

After a while, Karen sat back and wiped her eyes. "Is she in any pain?"

Lola shook her head. "The doctors don't think so."

"That's good, then." I said. Amy nodded. We all sat in silence for a while.

There's not really much else to say about it, really. Karen asked if she and Amy could still go see Mrs. Klemp on Saturday, and Lola said yes. Forgive me if I don't go into detail about our grief, but that is a kind of private that even this memoir is not going to expose.

After we all got cold, we gathered up and trooped inside, me still carrying Lola, and her still protesting half-heartedly.

"I'm going to change upstairs," Karen said. "That way I can get supper on the table while other people are changing." She trotted off, my eyes following every jiggle and bounce.

"Damn." Lola said quietly, watching her exit. She looked up at me from my arms. "I'd do that too, but I've got a blister, so you'll have to settle for a sexy hobble."

"Ok," I said, smiling. I placed her on her feet.

"Bro-THER," Amy sighed at us, as Lola gimped away, one hand on her hip.

I scooped Amy up in my arms instead and hugged her. "How was that? Did Armando do well?"

"You did ok." She said. "Less flirting with the guests, please."

"Awww, was Armando too naughty?" I murmured in her ear, caught up in the moment. She squealed and pushed me away.

"Guests and staff!" She giggled, "Less flirting with guests and staff!"

Laughing, I put her back down, where she adjusted her bikini and slumped in a chair. "Whew!"

Karen was back in the kitchen almost immediately, her wet hair in a scrunchie, wearing cut-off jeans and a white tanktop. "Soup and bread time!" She sang, and started getting everything ready. Amy shot off upstairs. I sat at a barstool and shivered.

"So do you guys really like my swimsuit that much?" She asked, looking back at me over her shoulder. I blushed, but nodded.

"You look ten kinds of fantastic." I said simply.

"On the Sandi Scale, what would it rate?" She asked teasingly, clattering with bowls on the counter.

"Speaking for myself, and once again in the hypothetical situation in which you were not my sister, I

would have to give it a fifty? I know the scale only went to ten, but that scale is too weak for how amazing you look." I suddenly realized how candid I was being about my attraction to my sister. "I mean, you know. Officially." I blushed and shut up.

The back of Karen's neck was red from blush, but she peeked back at me again. "I'm glad you liked it," She said, in a tiny satisfied voice. I blushed even harder.

Lola walked into the kitchen with remarkably less limp. "Ta-da!" She struck a pose. "All bandaged up, and already feeling a little better."

Amy came barreling down the stairs and careened into the kitchen. "FOOD!" She bellowed.

I stood. "Lemme get dried off, and I'll join you ladies." The soup smelled excellent, besides, it was like 9:30 at this point. I was hungry. I trotted up the stairs to my room and grabbed sweatpants and a T-shirt.

Changing in our bathroom, I noticed one of the differences between my two sisters. Amy's bikini was crumpled in a heap at the base of the bathtub. Karen's suit was carefully hanging on the shower rod. I resisted a momentary urge to touch it. Geez, next thing you know I'll be sniffing her panties in the hamper. I ain't going down that road.

Dry and once again dressed, I padded barefoot back down to the dining room, to find the lights out, and candles lit on the table. The ladies were seated around the table, waiting for me with smiles.

"Goodness!" I said. "Fancy!"

I sat down, and Amy yelled "GRACE!" We began eating.

"This may be the first time anyone has ever had a candlelit dinner of chicken noodle soup." Karen grinned.

"I wanted it to feel special and nice." Amy said, a little bit defensively.

"It does, don't worry. Wow, this is good. I thought I saw you using canned soup?" Lola said, confused.

"Sorta." Karen smiled. "When I use canned food I never leave it alone, I always add stuff. Usually spices or something."

Usually when I'm eating plain bread with a meal I find myself wanting butter for it too, but this bread was nice and moist already. Dipped in the soup, it was heavenly. "I'd call the bread experiment a success for sure." I said. Karen glowed.

"So can you sleep over tonight?" Amy said, looking at Lola, who was momentarily confused. "Huh?"

"You're proctoring our tests tomorrow at 8:30, and it's almost ten now, so why don't you just sleep over?" Amy smiled innocently. "We can make smores and stuff."

"Amy, honey, I wish it were that easy, but I don't think I can. Besides, you won't do well on tests if you

were up all night." Lola said. "I don't have pajamas or anything, and I still need to feed and clean up after the cats, I've been gone all day. Maybe after school has ended for the year."

Amy pouted, but Lola was right, of course. "Well, what about tomorrow evening? Will's bringing Jenni here for their date instead of going to the mall or something."

"Well, not for the whole evening, just for some of it." I interjected. I got looks from Amy and Karen.

Lola shook her head again. "Right after you guys are done with your tests, I'm heading to the hospital. I can sit with Mom until they kick me out. I can come over after that, but it's going to be about 8 or 9 by the time I get here. Are you going to be here or gone by then?"

"Probably gone," I said, not looking at my sisters.

"Then I'm probably not going to get to meet her." Lola said, "But I can still come over and ask the girls what she's like? I admit, I'm curious about her."

"You're welcome here any time, day or night." Karen said.

"Plus we'll have lots of horrible things to say about her, so it'll be really entertaining." Amy chirped, studying her bowl of soup.

"You can't know that, Amy." I protested weakly, well aware of how full of crap I was. "Maybe you'll like her."

"And maybe I'll magically transform into a tap-dancing hippopotamus. Does that also sound likely?" Amy snapped.

"Hold on, hold on," Karen soothed, trying not to laugh. "Will's bringing her here because we asked him to. We have to give her a chance."

Amy muttered something I couldn't hear.

"What was that?" Lola asked, smiling.

"Nuthin'" Amy grunted, and slurped her soup loudly.

The moment passed, and we ate in silence for a while. Lola broke the silence again. "So do I need to bring anything tomorrow? What kind of equipment is required to proctor something?"

I shrugged. "Pencil, clock, that's pretty much all of it. We've got all of those things here."

"Can I read a book or something, or do I have to stare at you all day?"

"Whichever you like." Karen joked. "You just can't go watch TV or swim or something. You pretty much have to be nearby."

"I think I'll bring a crossword puzzle book, in case the staring gets to be boring." Lola said.

"Excellent choice." I said. More awkward silence, broken only by the muffled clink of spoons on bowls, and an occasional slurp from Amy.

"So you're only going to be here for a while?" Karen asked lightly.

"Well, I mean, we ARE going to be here for a WHILE, but we're probably going to go somewhere else too after a couple hours here." I soothed. Amy frowned at her soup, but Karen smiled weakly. "I guess that's reasonable." She looked really down, though.

Lola started talking to Karen about recipes and stuff, and gradually the mood lightened.

After we were done eating, it was really late, so Lola kissed us all goodnight. (She gently bit my earlobe again during the hug.) I cleaned up the table with Amy, who by then had forgotten that she wasn't speaking to me.

"Do you think Lola is pretty?" She asked me, looking at me sidelong.

"Why do you ask?" I dodged.

"Well, I mean, I'm curious to know what you find pretty. Different guys like different things, right?" She shrugged.

I nodded. "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, it's true. But beauty is more than just pretty. Pretty people can be totally ugly inside. I've gotta say, I'm not just interested in pretty, I'm interested in beautiful. Beautiful is the inside stuff."

Amy sat down and twisted a napkin in her hands. "So is she beautiful?"

"We haven't known her all that long, but yes, I think so. She just seems to kind of . . . fit with us, you know? Like she belongs with us." I looked at Amy, who was staring at her toes.

"Yeah, I noticed that too." She sighed. Then, in a sad little voice, she asked "Do you think I'm pretty?"

I stopped what I was doing and looked at her closely. She glanced up at me, then immediately blushed and looked down. I sat next to her and put my arm around her. "Of course I think you're pretty. I think you're beautiful, too. You're more than just pretty."

"I don't look like Karen or Lola, though. Lola is all athletic, and Karen's got all that . . ." her hands traced an hourglass in the air ". . . luxury upholstery. I'm not anything like that, I'm just scrawny."

I gave her a squeeze. "Which is better, stuffed-crust pizza or enchalupas?"

They are her two favorite foods. "Better? Neither one is better, they're both super awesome." She looked at me like I was stupid.

"So two things can be very different but each one is still the best?" I asked.

"Yeah. Oh." She blushed a bit. "Are you telling me it's like that?"

"One of the things that makes you beautiful, and Karen and Lola, is that you are each unique. There's nobody just like you. So you don't have to look like either of them. You've got your own beauty, all by yourself." I kissed the top of her head.

"So if you're surrounded by beautiful women, why do you need bimbos like Sandi, Jessi and Jenni?" She asked pointedly.

Dammit. "That's different. It's also complicated. I'll explain some other time, maybe." I took my arm from around her.

"Is it about the birds and bees having sex? Because I know all about that already." She said tartly. "I'm not a little baby, you know."

"Some Other Time." I announced, and got back up.

"Oh, come on!" Amy whined.

"Huh uh," I said, but I smiled, so she wouldn't think I was angry or anything.

"But what if-" she said, and then quickly stopped.

"What if what?" I said, having lost the thread of the conversation. What was she saying?

"Nothing!" Amy said, and turned and left the room, walking stiffly, her face covered with one hand. What was that about? I put away the last few dishes.

Walking into the living room, I saw where Karen had put the fire out before she went to bed. We never actually got into the living room, we spent so much time in the hot tub and at the dinner table. It was a waste of firewood, but no big deal.

The house clean and safe, I went to bed. Tomorrow was going to be a big day.

The next day began normally enough. I awoke, and stumbled to the bathroom for the morning routine, pulled on some clean clothes, and trudged downstairs.

Then I remembered that today was going to be anything BUT normal. Lola was coming over for our finals, then Jenni was coming over for a bit before we found some place to have sex. What a day, indeed..

I turned on the stove and put some water in a glass teapot, for tea or coffee or oatmeal or whatever. Moments later, Karen trotted into the kitchen, and, with a few flicks of her outstretched fingers, banished me from the food prep area. She bustled about, getting out eggs and cracking them into a skillet.

"I'll do toast." I volunteered, and loaded up our four-slicer on medium. Fetching butter and jelly, I placed them on the kitchen island and sat down to wait for my singed bread.

"You ready for finals?" I asked, mainly to make conversation.

"Yep." Karen said. She was wearing white linen shorts, and an olive green tank top/ camisole thing. Her hair was loosely gathered in a scrunchie at the back of her neck, not tight enough to be up in a ponytail, but just enough to keep it from flowing everywhere. She looked fantastic, darting back and forth, making breakfast look like some fluid dance. Bacon followed eggs into the skillet, hash brown potatoes went into the microwave, all with the greatest of ease. I was slightly awestruck. Had I ever just sat and watched her cook before? Was she always this graceful?

She looked at me out of the corner of her eye. "Are you staring at me?" she giggled.

I snapped out of it, embarrassed. "Um, . . . sorry." The toast popped up, rescuing me from the awkward silence. I buttered a few and jellied the rest.

Amy scrambled into the kitchen. "How do I look?" she demanded. I turned.

She was wearing a skin-tight pink t-shirt that looked painted on, and short-shorts. The T-shirt had cherries on it and said "Pick me!" in cursive script.

"You look nice," I said. She looked almost naked, with the microshorts and the pink shirt so tight.

"No, dummy, the toenails!" She pointed impatiently. Her (wiggling) toes were each painted a different color of polish. "Does it look cool or does it look stupid?"

Karen leaned over the counter and gave me an inadvertent view right down her top. Damn. "I like it."

Amy sighed with relief. "Awesome. They took forever and I was suddenly worried that I would look like a dork." She came over and climbed up on a stool.

She grabbed a piece of jelly toast and crunched it. "Too dark." she complained at me, and took another bite. (Amy likes her toast to be still white, just warm.) "When school is finally done, can I have Liu Si over like every night? Pleeeeease?"

"We'll see." Karen said. "When did you talk to her last? Did they ever find out about whether they were being sent somewhere?"

Amy shook her head. "It was like three days ago, but I'm scared to death for her. I miss her SO bad!" She kicked her feet. "I wanna kidnap her and keep her here. That restaurant totally treats her like crap. Her mother is sometimes nice, but her father is always a jerk to her."

I shook my head, commiserating.

"And that's not the worst part. She says the owner has been there a lot more lately, and is getting all creepy." Amy made a face, and then resumed looking worried.

"Creepy like how?" Karen asked, shoveling delicious food onto paper plates with a spatula.

"Like showing up all the time and hanging around her, smiling. He brought her a soccer ball and asked her to start calling him "uncle." What's that word for when you're smiling at someone, but also staring at them like you're trying to imagine them naked?" Amy asked.

"The word is "leering."" I said, uncomfortable.

Amy snapped her fingers at me. "THAT'S what he's doing."

"Did she tell her parents?" Karen asked, putting the plates on the counter and leaning on her hands, looking at Amy.

"Her mom didn't believe her, and her Dad told her to be very respectful to Mr. Long."

"Who's Mr. Long?" I asked.

"He's the owner. His name is Kai Long, or at least, that's the name he goes by, and it's the name on the business permit they have framed at the counter." Amy said.

"Geez," I said. "This is starting to sound pretty messed up."

"I wanna get her here as soon as I can." Amy said. "We need to figure something out."

"Like what? Have her run away?" Karen asked. "That plan won't work."

"I need to do SOMETHING, though." Amy said.

"Maybe all you can do is just be a really good friend, and hope it works out for her." Karen said.

Amy's expression made it clear she wanted to do more than that, but she didn't say any more. She just sat and frowned, eating toast.

A knock at the back door heralded Lola's arrival. "Hellooooo!" she chirped, opening the sliding doors with her hip, balancing a coffee cup and a box of baked goods. "I brought danishes-" she began, and then stopped when she saw the food we'd prepared, "but I guess we don't need them." she finished sheepishly. "I didn't want to show up empty-handed."

Lola was wearing white slacks with green leaves embroidered up from the cuffs, a very tight white tank top, and an open emerald-green blouse that had poofy 3/4 sleeves. She looked very bright and cheery, like springtime. Emerald pendants twinkled from her earlobes.

"I LOVE danishes!" Amy cried, and jumped up to take the box from her.

"Only one!" Karen said. "You eat too many and you'll be sick!"

Amy stuck out her tongue, but only put one at the edge of her plate.

Lola looked down at the plates and sighed happily. "I can definitely see that Mom's cooking skills have been passed on. This looks fantastic."

"Grab a plate and let's go sit down. We've still got some time." I said, and we all trooped over to the dining room. I brought orange juice, Karen brought milk.

"I love your pants!" Amy said to Lola as we sat down.

"Thanks. They were just too cute to pass up." Lola confided.

"YOU'RE too cute to pass up!" Amy said, and then laughed at Lola's look of surprise. "It's true, Will, tell her!"

"You do look very nice." I said, a bit nervous about being thrown into this by Amy.

"Thank you," She blushed, shooting a look at Amy, who grinned at her unabashedly, kicking her feet on her chair.

"Meet any cute doctors?" Amy asked, eating her danish first.

"No, but I'm not really looking, either." Lola said, re-buttering some toast. "Why do you ask?"

Amy shrugged. "I just want you to be happy. And you said you wanted to be a mommy."

Lola blushed again.

"Amy, this isn't polite." Karen scolded. "That's really personal, and you're being rude."

Lola soothed Karen. "It's ok, I don't mind."

"She's just prying into your love life." Karen said.

"She's curious. It's ok." Lola said.

"We've been dissecting Will's love life like crazy lately, I was just wondering how Lola was doing." Amy said with exaggerated innocence.

"Not that I HAVE a love life." I lied.

"Tonight we meet the Other Woman." Amy stated.

"Is that what you're calling her?" Lola laughed.

"No, I've been calling her what Sandi called her." Amy said, stroking her chin, pretending to remember. "Now what was it?"

"Not at the table!" Karen snapped. "And you're not allowed to use that kind of language anyway."

That kind of language? What did Sandi call Jenni? Oh yeah. Cunt Cheese. Yuck. I put down my danish.

Amy shrugged expansively, and resumed eating.

Lola smiled at me, her eyes sparkling. "So you're bringing a date into this war zone? You're braver than I would be."

I shrugged helplessly. What else could I do? I had to make this work or I was going to go crazy. Incest is out, so outsourcing my lust had to be in. Not much other choice.

Karen patted my hand. "I promise to give her a fair chance. Unless she ticks me off."

I rolled my eyes, but had to grin. "Thanks ever so much."

Soon breakfast was over, and we trooped into the computer room. Our three computers were set up on simple desks along the wall, and there was a bigger desk with a nicer chair in the middle of the room. It had originally been an office, but we had now made it into a school room, albeit one where the students faced AWAY from the big desk.

Finals were always a stressful blur for me, as with mid-terms, but I feel I did ok. Part of it was electronic, and a little of it was written, with Lola signing our worksheets.

Q: In what years were the American Civil War fought?

A: 1861-1865

Fun stuff like that. After our last question, we turned off the computers, signed all the various things, and Lola put them in the big envelope. One day done, one to go.

"I'll see you guys tonight! Don't kill Will or his date! Toodle-oo!" And off Lola went, leaving Karen and Amy to focus on me.

Karen seemed agitated and depressed, but wouldn't talk to me, staying busy, and out of my way. I didn't exactly chase her around, either. I guess even then I felt guilty about what I was planning on doing.

Amy just followed me around, drinking out of a big cup. "So where are you going after you leave here? You said you were only staying for a little while."

Sex. "I dunno. Probably a movie." I said. I was tempted to tease her about going up to Makeout Point and 'going all the way,' but she wouldn't see it as a joke. Which of course, it wasn't. Never mind.

I did some laundry, and called Jenni.

"Dammit, Will, if your cock was smaller I'd tell you to go pound sand, but since I want you pounding my

pussy, I suppose I'm going to have to put up with this." She was still annoyed. I was also annoyed, but not at my sisters.

"This isn't a big deal. I just need you to come over and make nice for a while, and then we can go elsewhere." I stopped myself because I knew I wasn't safe from being overheard.

"This is so childish!" She snapped. *my thoughts EXACTLY.*

I sighed. "What time shall I pick you up?"

"No, no no no. I'm borrowing Daddy's station wagon, and I'm driving, that way we're running on MY schedule. You're staying out late, curfew or not." She gloated.

"I have finals tomorrow." I said.

"You're getting fucked tonight. Finals be damned. I'm not waiting any longer, I'm going crazy here, do you understand?" She declared. "It's Go time."

I suppose I should have felt a thrill, but mostly what I felt was annoyed. I had already lost focus on what the whole project had been, and that was to get my lust/attraction away from the girls, onto someone else. This project had already failed, but at the time, I wasn't even remembering my real motives. I was just like "Sex? Oh well, if it's here, I'll take it." Right here and now, I should have just scrapped the whole idea. As it was, though

"What time shall I expect you?" I said, trying to ignore my annoyance long enough to get laid.

"Well, I'm NOT sitting through dinner, so what time is after dinner?" Jenni asked.

"Probably seven, seven-thirty." I said. Amy walked past the doorway, still drinking out of the huge cup. "Dress warm." My sisters are going to give you a downright frosty reception, I thought to myself.

"What the hell does that mean?" Jenni asked. "It's like eighty out."

"I don't know, never mind." I said. I rubbed my eyes. "You got a pen?" I gave her careful directions.

"Oh crap!" A thought suddenly occurred to me. "I don't have any, um, party hats."

"I didn't know we were expected to wear them. Your sisters are weird."

"No, no," I lowered my voice. "You know, condoms." I muttered sotto voce.

"Oh!" she laughed. "Forget it. I have that NuvaRing thing. Don't worry, no babies."

"Well, it's a health thing too, right?" I asked. I didn't want to say "birth control" here in the house where it would might be audible to Karen and Amy. I also didn't want to say "venereal disease."

"I already gave you the interview. If you told me the truth, then you're clean, right?" She asked.

"Yeah, I told you the truth." I said.

"Then I've got nothing to worry about." Jenni said brightly. "Safe sex just isn't the same, believe me. Get ready to enjoy REAL sex." And with that, she hung up.

(Hey kids! Were you paying attention! Did you spot Will's big mistake? Well, pipe down! Nobody likes a know-it-all!)

I went into the kitchen to find Karen looking into the fridge, an expression of consternation on her face. "Who drank all the Gatorade? I just bought it."

I shrugged. "Not me." I walked up next to her and got a clean glass out of the dishdrainer.

Karen seemed unprepared to see me, as she immediately stared at the floor with a sad look on her face. "Oh. Hi."

"Hi." I looked at her closely. "Are you avoiding me?"

"No." Her eyes finally rose to meet mine, and she sighed and looked down again. "Maybe."

"Why?" I asked softly. I stuck the glass in the door and filled it with ice.

It took her a moment to look at me again. "Will, could I ask you to please not go on this date tonight? Not to go out with Jenni anymore?" She twisted her hands nervously.

"Why not?" I asked, not angrily, but looking at her closely. "I thought we talked about this. I thought you understood."

"We did, and I sorta do understand, but it doesn't change the way I feel. Could I ask you not to go?" She looked like she was about to cry.

I stepped closer to her and raised her chin. "Why not?" I asked. "If you can give me a reason, a real reason, then I'll listen, but if it's just because you don't want me to, I'm afraid this time it's not enough. This is what's been bothering you lately, right? Me dating, all this crap? and I don't mean like you've been giving me crap, but something is bothering you, and it's gotta be more than just not wanting me to go out, right? So talk to me. What's the big secret?"

She shook her head, and started to cry. I immediately put down the glass and hugged her close. "Karen, what's bothering you? You have to tell me. This isn't good."

She shook her head firmly, buried against my shoulder. We stood like that for a few moments, and she visibly pulled herself together. "Don't pay attention to me right now, I'm allcrazy."

"Karen, if you'll talk to me, I'll listen. I promise. I'll always listen. But you can't just say 'don't go.' It's gotta be more than that. Give me a reason."

"I can't." She sniffed.

"Can't or won't?" I asked kindly.

"Both." She shrugged. "Go on your date. Just please please please be careful."

"Careful like how?" I asked. Karen wiped her nose, and looked at me. After a moment, she spoke.

"Do you remember when we were talking about how if a girl makes enough passes at you, she'll probably eventually wear you down?"

"Yes." I said, trying not to expose myself as a willing victim.

"I think you're underestimating how much of a target you are." She said. "You're exactly what most girls want. You're strong, you're sweet, you're funny, and you're absolutely gorgeous. You're all kinds of things." Here she blushed. "I'm just scared that Jenni's got her sights set on you. She seems like the aggressive type, but not in a good way."

She stepped up close to me and put her hands on my chest. She looked up at me, her eyes a little red from her tears. I SO wanted to kiss her right at that moment, to tell her everything was going to be ok. "Just remember your promise, ok? To me and to Amy. Not that you weren't planning to, but please make an extra effort. I get the feeling she's not going to make it easy for you, and we love you."

Arrgh. I felt my heart tearing in half. I need to get attracted to someone else, to save me from lusting after my sister, who is begging me not to get with someone else, and who right now is sad and in need of comforting. I knew if I put my arms around her, I would end up kissing her, she was just so vulnerable. I knew it like I knew that fire is hot, and dirt is dirty.

I took a step back, and sighed. She put her hands down, and lowered her head. "Please be careful." She said, and quickly left the room. I leaned on the counter and rubbed my face.

After a minute, Amy came in and put her cup down. "I'm making dinner tonight." She said flatly. "Karen doesn't feel well." Here she shot me a venomous look.

"What are we having?" I said, resignedly.

"Beans and garlic." Amy said, but couldn't hold it. She laughed. "That oughta keep her off of you."

I looked at her angrily. She was unfazed. "Actually, it's corn dogs and macaroni & cheese. I'm not putting out the good stuff tonight."

"She's not coming over for dinner anyway." I said.

Amy shrugged. "Fine with me." She left the room.

I leaned on the counter and took stock of my situation.

1. Problem: Horny for sister(s) Solution: Find other lust target Result: Sisters mad and hurt|

2. Problem: Sisters mad and hurt. Solution: Spend time with them. Result: Horny for sister(s)

Damned if I do, damned if I don't, and damned if I know how to fix this. First things first, I needed to talk to Karen. I can't let this go on.

I went upstairs, walked through Amy's room into Karen's, and found Karen sitting on her bed, wiping her nose. "Sorry." She mumbled, and sniffed.

I sat cross-legged on the patch of floor she was staring at, right at her feet, and looked up at her. "What are you doing?" She asked, surprised.

"Coming to see you." I said. "I can't make you talk to me, but I can ask."

She shook her head, but I reached out and grabbed her ankles. "Please. Something's really bothering you, Amy's punishing me for it, and I still don't know exactly what it is."

"Amy should mind her own business." Karen said, and cleared her throat.

"I'm sure she feels that something making you this upset IS her business. And it's mine too. Please talk to me." I asked gently.

"I don't want you to go out on dates with these girls you've met. I didn't like Sandi, but she was basically a joke, so it wasn't so bad, but I don't know anything about Jenni, other than what Sandi said. Sandi made her sound even worse than she was. Amy and I both dislike the way Jenni has been represented to us so far. You've barely said ten words about her, but you're in a big hurry to go back out with her, so it must have been OK. Sandi at least you told us all about, and it wasn't so bad. Jenni has been out with you twice already, and all you said was that the dates were short. We asked you to bring her here so we could learn something about her, but she's coming late, and you're leaving early. Maybe I'm just crazy, but it feels like we're missing something going on here." The words came pouring out of her in a rush.

She wiped her eyes and then continued. "I know it's your life, and I know I've got no right to ask this stuff of you, other than that I love you, and I'm scared. When Amy talks about losing you to some stranger, I totally get how she feels, it's just up till now I've been better at hiding it." She reached for my hand and took it. "I must sound like some spoiled little girl."

I looked at her, expressionless. She didn't know how much I wanted her, how much I wanted to make her smile, how much I wanted to protect her. You can't protect someone and secretly want to make love to them at the same time, can you? She didn't know the frequency with which I dreamed about her, the times HER face and HER body fueled my guilty masturbation. She didn't know any of that. "Is that what's been bothering you? The fear that you're going to lose me?"

"Yes." She said, and looked away. "That's part of it. I know we DID talk about it, but I still worry."

"Well, what's the other part? Did we talk about that yet?" I asked. She shook her head quickly. "No, that's the part where I might actually be out of my mind for even thinking about, and I'm not talking about

that yet. Maybe never."

"You know you can tell me anything. I love you, I really really do." I reassured her.

She bit her lip and shook her head. "Can't."

"Ka-ren, come on," I said. "If it's worth crying about, it's worth talking about."

"I can't. I really can't." She said. "First I have to convince myself that I'm not a horrible person for thinking about it, THEN maybe I can THINK about telling you."

"You're not a horrible person." I said flatly. She shook her head. "You can't read my mind, so you don't know that."

I gave her a half smile. "Ok, fair enough. I'm glad you can't read my mind."

She rolled her eyes. "Oh please, I can totally read your mind. It's right there on your face most of the time. Amy does it too." At last, a smile. "I'll bet I'm right about 80-90% of the time."

"No way." I grinned. "Ok, I'm thinking about Jenni, what am I thinking?" Annoying, sex, bitch, condescending, sex, bossy, sex, sex.

"She slightly intimidates you and maybe irritates you somewhat too, and you're not really looking at her as your one true love, but she'll probably let you hit it, so you're thinking of exploring your options." Karen said, matter-of-factly.

I looked at her in shock. "No way all of that was on my face!"

She smiled at me sadly. "No, I was also adding in all the other times you've talked about her or been on the phone with her." She was silent for a moment. "See why I keep asking you to be careful? I know you promised us you wouldn't screw anybody without us liking them too, etc etc, but she's GOING to offer it up, I just KNOW she will, if she hasn't already. So I'm scared for you and worried about her."

"You ARE pretty good. You're probably right." I admitted. "What if I promise to be extra careful?" I began re-thinking the plan. Not Jenni, but maybe I can meet someone else, and maybe soon enough.

Karen shrugged. "I don't know. I trust you, but not her. I don't know what will happen. I don't know what she'll do. I don't know how good you'll be at resisting. I trust that you will, but you're going to have to be crazy strong."

"Um," I began, but Karen continued. "And I can only imagine how difficult it must be for you right now. Nearly every time I've seen you lately, you've been . . ." here she blushed, extended her index finger outward, and slowly tilted it upwards. When she got to about 45 degrees, she gently said "boing." I blushed guiltily.

We sat in silence for a moment. Karen finally spoke. "Downstairs you said if I could give you a reason, a real reason, you'd dump her. Did you mean it?"

"Yes." I said, looking up at her again.

"I promise you I will give her a chance, but I will be very observant." Karen said. "It's not going to be something like the way she talks or the way her hair is brushed, I'm only looking for real deal-breakers, ok?" I nodded.

"This will help you feel better about it? Less crying?" I asked. She shrugged.

"I don't know." She said. "Maybe it'll help me snap out of it."

I climbed to my feet and held out my hand for her. She took it demurely, and rose to her feet, her eyes still red. When I let go of her hand, she stepped in close and put her arms around me, burying her face in my chest. I hugged her right back. She smelled good. Sigh. "So when are you going to tell me about that other part? The part you're trying to convince yourself isn't horrible." She squeezed me tighter, but did not speak.

After a few moments, she let me go, and stepped back a bit, looking up at me. "OK, I think I'm better now. Your hugs always help me pull myself together." She smiled sadly, and, taking my hand, led me downstairs.

Amy was in the kitchen, getting out an onion and a cutting board. "Ames? You can quit torturing Will." Karen said, half joking. "He's not hurting our feelings intentionally."

Amy shot me an angry look. "Yes, he is."

"No, he's not. He's just being a normal guy." Karen said, taking the onion and putting it back in the fridge. "We're so used to him doing everything we ask, that when he NEEDS to do something for himself, it feels like he's being rude."

"He doesn't NEED bimbos around." Amy stated flatly. "We NEED him. That's what the need is around here. More Will, less whores."

"Amy," Karen said gently, but still with rebuke. "Ease up."

Amy put down the knife and shoved the cutting board away. After a moment, I grabbed her in a big hug, which she resisted at first, but then relaxed and hugged me back. "I'm only doing this because I love you. And because you're making both of us feel lonely and not good enough." She said, her voice tiny.

"Not good enough how?" I asked, surprised at that response.

"Well, look at who you've left the house to spend time with. Jessi: A slut. Sandi: a dumb slut. Jenni: A smart barracuda slut. You've been choosing them over us. That means you must like them more than us, right?" Amy said, looking up at me.

"It's different. I like you two more than anyone else in the world, but it's a different kind of thing. It'll never

be the same kind of situation." I said, lamely.

"Never?" Amy asked, her eyes searching my face. After a moment, she looked at Karen, who shook her head gently and stared at her hands. Amy's expression was unreadable, but she let go and stepped away.

The rest of dinner was made in subdued silence, but it wasn't an angry silence, it was more the sad thoughtful kind.

As we sat down to eat, I started a conversation about finals, and Karen mentioned visiting Mrs. Klemp in the hospital on Saturday, and life seemed to return to normal. When Amy got up again to refill her cup, Karen asked me. "So what are you guys doing after you leave here?"

Dammit. There's the guilt again. I tried to hide it. "Oh, probably a movie or something."

"Why not watch one here? There's got to be something on TV. We could buy a movie with On Demand." Amy called, waiting for the fridge door to finish filling her cup.

"That's a great idea!" Karen said, smiling genuinely. "You can stay a little longer, right?"

She looked so happy that I couldn't bring myself to refuse. I thought about it. If Jenni gets here at 7:30, and a movie is two hours long, that means we leave at 9:30, which is plenty of time for whatever. (Do I really need to have *sex* sex with her? Last time with the coffee it didn't make me any more attracted to her. She's just as bossy and rude as before. Maybe we could just do oral? I don't know.) "Maybe. That sounds ok."

"Let's get a really scary movie, that way you can't leave until it's over, because you have to see how it ends." Amy said, coming back to the table and putting her cup down.

I nodded, still thinking it over. Who knows? "That might be ok."

Amy grinned and took a big drink.

After dinner, I waited with one eye on the back driveway at all times. Eventually, a blue station wagon pulled in, and I trotted out to the back patio.

Jenni got out and stretched. "This place sure wasn't easy to find!" She was wearing a white, skin-tight, long-sleeve T-shirt that was just barely sheer, so her black bra was plainly visible. Her black silk skirt was knee-length, but slit on the sides almost all the way to her waist. Her shoes were platform heels, with straps going halfway up her calf, and she was wearing one of those belts that looks like a bunch of gold hoops strung together. She looked good, but at the same time, I knew she wasn't. Once again, she was carrying that little glass purse.

She stalked towards me, with a little extra sway, and looked around, at the pool, the hot tub, the house, and the yard. "Will, honey, are you rich?" She asked delightedly, her eyes wide. "Look at this place!"

I shrugged. Not something I spend time thinking about.

"I'm starting to think I've not been treating you properly." She batted her lashes at me.

"We'll be joining the girls for a movie." I said, preparing myself to be yelled at. Again. "It shouldn't take too long, and then we can spend the rest of our evening elsewhere."

She blinked, and a tiny expression of annoyance crossed her face, but she recovered quickly. "That's acceptable." She looked up at the house. "This place is gorgeous! You've got it all, don't you, Will?" She tucked her arm in mine and strolled towards the house.

Observing the way her attitude changed when she saw the house, I made a quick mental note: golddigger. *Sigh.*

In the kitchen, Karen was making popcorn in the microwave. "Karen, I'd like to introduce you to Jenni." I lied. Karen nodded politely, Jenni gave a brittle little smile. She was still clamped onto my arm, and she and Karen both gave each other the once-over. Jenni casually placed her purse on the kitchen island.

Nothing good looked like it was going to happen here, so we continued on into the living room. Amy was scrolling through the digital cable On Demand selector, looking for a scary movie. She settled on "The Ring" just as we approached.

She turned around on the couch, apparently to yell into the kitchen, and was a bit surprised to see us right there. "Jenni, this is my youngest sister, Amy." Amy gave her a smile that wouldn't have even fooled Hellen Keller. "Hello." Jenni said. "Yep." Amy said. Ouch.

This was shaping up to be really uncomfortable, but I was stuck in it. I led Jenni around to the smaller couch, and indicated that we would be sitting there. "Can I get you something to drink?"

"Is there anything alcoholic?" She joked quietly, smoothing her skirt and sitting down.

"Nope." I said. She waved her hand. "I'm fine."

I went into the kitchen to get myself a glass of ice water, and Karen was pouring popcorn into bowls. "So far?" I asked weakly.

"So far, I can see the only underwear she has on." Karen said quietly. "Classy."

I grinned weakly. Karen handed me two bowls of popcorn, and I went back into the living room, to find Amy and Jenni in a strained conversation.

"Mostly just to help out Dad, but it's not really something I'm interested in." Jenni was saying. "It's just while I'm on a break from school."

"So where do you work when you're at school?" Amy asked, feigning interest.

Jenni laughed. "Oh, honey, I don't WORK." She tossed her hair.

Being halfway between them, I could just barely discern Amy muttering "So you just *give* it away?" I quickly glanced at Jenni, but she was looking at her shoes and gave no indication of having heard. I shot a quick glance at Amy who positively radiated innocence.

I sat down as Karen came in and killed the lights. Amy pressed play, and the movie began. Amy and Karen were on the big couch, Jenni and I were on the little couch.

That is a pretty awesome movie. I was totally hooked. Creepy as hell. When they dug up the well and found the body, and it looked like everything was going to be ok, Jenni pulled the quilt off the couch behind us and spread it over our laps. The minute she had done so, I felt her hand snaking into my crotch region.

I glanced over at her, a bit surprised, and a bit apprehensive. I mean, Amy and Karen were RIGHT THERE. In the flickering darkness, Jenni grinned mischevously at me. This was NOT a good idea. "Hey," I whispered, but she shushed me quietly. She began to stroke my crotch through the material of my pants, and my cock instantly began to respond.

On screen, the lady was talking to the little boy who looked like he never slept, saying how it was ok, they got her buried, etc. The little boy responds with "You let her OUT? Why would you do that?!" and suddenly the movie goes to hell again. If you've seen it, then you know what I'm talking about, if not then this contains spoilers, but it serves you right for not seeing it already.

So when the little boy reacts with terror, like suddenly everything is way worse, Amy gave this little squeal of terror, and jumped off the couch and came running over. Jenni yanked her hands out of the way about a second before Amy yanked the quilt off and jumped up into my lap. "Will, I'm scared!" She cried. She landed firmly on my blooming erection, and stayed on it, quaking with terror.

As I tried to readjust the way I was sitting, Jenni snapped at her. "Go sit on your own sofa!" Amy shook her head violently. "No way!"

On the TV, the husband/boyfriend/whatever was sitting in his room and the TV kicked on, only this time the little dead girl got alllllllll the way out of the well. I think we were all riveted by what was happening. Even Jenni quit snarling at Amy and kinda stared at the screen.

When the dead girl stuck her arm OUT of the TV, though, I think we all jumped. I said "whoa!", Karen said "Geez!", Jenni said "Fuck!", and Amy went "EEP!" and went as stiff as a board, her hands covering her face.

A second later, I felt warmth blossoming in my crotch. A lot of warmth, that spread down between my legs and pooled under me. It took me a few seconds to realize what was going on.

"Um, Amy?!" I stammered, trying to move.

Amy had wet herself, and therefore also me. I pushed her off of my lap, and as she rose, still not facing me, I saw a giant dark wet spot on the seat of her khaki shorts. She turned towards me, terrified. "I couldn't help it!" She wailed, beginning to cry. "It just happened!"

"WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?!" Jenni screeched in rage. "DID SHE JUST PISS ON YOU?"

"I couldn't help it!" Amy cried, still dripping. "Will, I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!"

Karen had jumped up, and turned on the lights. The movie was utterly forgotten in the chaos. I was trying to figure out how to stand with the least amount of squishiness. Amy was crying on the rug, Karen was running to the bathroom (I presume for towels) and Jenni was losing her mind.

"WHAT ARE YOU, RETARDED?! WHAT THE FUCK!!" She screamed at Amy. "YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE!"

"No, I didn't!" Amy wailed. "It just . . . came out! I couldn't hold it!"

"She didn't mean it. Let me get changed and we'll go." I said to Jenni, but she quickly turned on me.

"If you think I'm gonna put my mouth on ANYTHING that she just PISSED ALL OVER, then you can forget that shit!" She said angrily, jabbing her finger at Amy. She turned back to me. "Tonight is OFF! Go take like five showers and I'll think about tomorrow night!"

Amy's jaw dropped, and her red, teary eyes narrowed. "You can't talk to him like that! He doesn't even like you!"

Jenni put her hands on her hips, and gave Amy her full attention. "What do you think you're talkin' about?! You just pissed in your pants like a baby! I'm supposed to fuckin' listen to you?! I'll talk to him any way I want, you soggy little shit!"

"That's enough!" I thundered, as Karen ran back in with towels.

Karen tossed me a towel, and one to Amy as well. As Amy wrapped the towel angrily around her waist, Karen turned to Jenni. "I think you should leave." She said this firmly and without room for argument. Jenni argued anyway.

"You think I should leave?! I don't think I should have been here in the first place! I wanted to find a quiet place to finally get his pants off but we had to come here for a little fuckin' tea party with two little girls!" Jenni waved her hands in the air. Amy ran out of the room, into the kitchen. "It's past your bedtime, anyway, isn't it?!"

"Hey, easy!" I said. She whirled on me. "You're lucky you're rich and hung, but I swear to god, if one more thing. . . ."

"Don't forget your purse, you whore!" Amy yelled, and Jenni's purse came hurtling out of the dark kitchen. Jenni made a grab for it, but it struck the corner of the coffee table and just exploded. It must have been plastic after all, because it didn't shatter, but the hinges broke and both sides flew apart. Stuff went *everywhere*. Pennies, a pack of gum, a tampon, a lighter, a pen, all kinds of crap went flying. A prescription pill bottle spun to a stop at Karen's feet, and she quickly bent down and picked it up.

"YOU STUPID CUNT!" Jenni shrieked at the kitchen.

"Valtrex?" Karen said quietly, the only sound in that second of tense silence. The whole room froze. I mean we all stopped, but I also felt as if I had been dipped in ice. Jenni shot a guilty glance at me, but then turned back to Karen. Karen held up the bottle to show me, and then tossed it across the room to me.

Jenni made an attempt to catch it in the air as it went past, but she missed. I caught it, and looked at it. Valtrex, prescribed to Jennifer Timpanelli, 10 refills left. It was nearly empty.

"For herpes?" Karen asked, her voice light, but her expression steely.

"You . . . bitch." Jenni snarled.

I felt like I had just dodged a real bullet aimed right at my face. The room spun as I tried to withstand the chills shooting down my spine and to all of my extremities. "We're done." I croaked. Herpes. Jesus Christ!

"I was going to tell you," Jenni stammered, "but I haven't had an outbreak in weeks! I'm totally safe."

I shook my head. "Get your stuff and get out." I heard my voice as if from a distance.

Amy stood in the kitchen doorway, her arms crossed. The look of triumph in her puffy red eyes was offset by the pink beach towel wrapped around her waist. "I THOUGHT I smelled something." She said.

"Hey, fuck you!" Jenni snapped, but the fire was gone now. She turned back to me. "Listen, don't you dare tell my dad. He doesn't know."

"Just leave. I won't talk if you don't, but get the hell out of my house." I said firmly.

"Sweet!" Amy cheered, but Karen snapped "Go clean up, Amy. Beat it."

Jenni had gathered her things, and glared at Amy and Karen, but she kept her mouth shut. I pointed out at the back door, and she started walking.

"You were so close." She stated flatly, angrily, as she stalked across the darkened kitchen. "I was so hot for you I could practically taste your cum. Again."

Praying that neither of the girls had heard that, I just shook my head and opened the back door for her, as her hands were full of purse shrapnel. "You don't know what you're missing." she said desperately.

"Let's keep it that way." I said, looking her right in the eye. "I didn't know what I would be catching either."

"Oh, come on." She said, rolling her eyes. "I take the medicine!"

"Sexually transmitted diseases are the ultimate deal-breaker, plus you lied. You even told me not to worry about condoms!" I said, angrily.

"Listen, Pollyanna, nobody likes condoms. That's how those diseases get sexually transmitted in the first place. If condoms didn't suck, nobody would pass them on." She tried to rationalize her total reckless endangerment. I wasn't buying.

"Get lost." I said.

"I'm not going to tell Daddy about any of this, but if he really intends to give me the pizza shop to run for him, your job is shit from now on." She said, evilly.

"At least I'm clean." I shot back. "Enjoy your disease." I shut the door. I watched as she swore at the sky, got in her car and left. I suddenly remembered that I was soaked in urine.

I walked gingerly back into the living room. Amy was still there. "You were so cool!" she said. Karen rolled her eyes, but gave me a brave look.

"I've been peed on, shouted at, and a girl was planning on giving me herpes. I'm going to shower, and then bed." I said flatly. I felt like I was having a stroke. The idea of being within 30 minutes of herpes infection made my stomach feel like a war zone. I had gotten too close to destroying my life.

"Lola's coming over later, you're not going to see her?" Karen asked, concerned.

"I'm going to sleep. I feel very ill." I said, and trudged upstairs. I think I used all the hot water in the house, just standing under the spray.

What the hell am I going to do now? Personal ads? I don't know anybody, I'm not in that giant dating pool known as high school, and I respect Lola too much to just start humping her leg. I'm losing my goddamn mind! These were the thoughts whirling through my head as I stood in the shower. Oh, yeah, also the weak-kneed feeling of nausea triggered by ALMOST catching herpes tonight. If I wasn't so distressed, I would have been incredibly horny, because I had been saving it up for the sex that was supposed to have taken place. As it stood, however, there was absolutely no life in my cock. I toweled off and sat naked on the edge of my bed. I spent the next twenty minutes staring off into space. I don't know if it was the shock or what, but my limbs felt like concrete. I felt like I could barely move.

I heard Amy yelp as she got into the shower to find only cold water in the pipes. I smiled a little smile. Serves you right for peeing in my lap, I thought without malice.

I pulled on some shorts, and went to bed. I slept almost immediately. Bad dreams interspersed with sex dreams ruined my rest all night. I'd be having sex with some faceless girl, and then my penis would rot off, leaving creeping black sores up my stomach and down my legs while I tried to scream. Or, I'd kiss Lola, Karen, Amy or even Liu Si and they would wither and die in seconds.

6 - Karen makes her move/Amy's sleepover/The gazebo

The next morning came like a hammer hitting me in the eyes. I pried my eyelids up and stumbled to the bathroom, to find Amy brushing her teeth in a nightgown that was probably from when she was seven, as it barely covered her little backside. Not used to seeing her up this early, I frowned. Then I remembered everything from last night.

Amy saw me in the mirror and turned, startled. "Oh! Um. . ." She turned and spat toothpaste into the sink. "I'll get out of your way. I'm so sorry about last night!" She said, agitated. "Please forgive me! It was totally an accident!"

Irritated, I waved away her apologies. "Forget it." I croaked.

"And Jenni had herpes?! Aren't you glad we found out!" Amy tried to brighten up, but I fought another wave of nausea.

"Let's just drop it, OK?" I growled. "I don't want to talk about it."

Amy ran up to me and hugged me around the waist. "Not until you forgive me!" Her mouth was smiling, but her eyes were sad. She was trying to silly her way out of the guilt she no doubt felt.

I frowned down at her. "If you don't let go of me and get out of the bathroom, I might end up peeing on YOU."

She threw her head back and squinched her eyes shut. "Go ahead! I deserve it!" She declared theatrically. I had no choice but to snort a laugh. She gripped me tighter. "Quit laughing at me! I deserve to be punished!" She laughed, trying to keep up the martyr act.

I gently pushed her away. "Look, I'll get over it, ok? But right now I'm still freaked out about it. So go to your room and let me use the bathroom, ok? We'll negotiate your punishment later." I smiled at her so she would calm down.

"Just don't ground me. I REALLY REALLY want to go to Michaela's sleepover tonight, you already said I could." She skipped to the doorway and turned around. In the little nightgown, her legs looked a mile long. She tossed her hair over her shoulder, leaned on the doorframe, and batted her lashes at me. "Pleeeeeeeeeeease?" She said, posing.

"OUT!" I bellowed, pointing out the door. She pouted at me, but stepped back and shut the door. It wasn't until I was halfway done peeing that I realized she had left through the door to MY room. I groaned.

When Amy is in trouble, she acts extra childlike and cute, because she thinks this will help get her off the hook. She knows you can't really be that mad at someone who is adorable, and she KNOWS that she is adorable. So, she acts super cute and clings to you wherever you go until you let her out of trouble. It

really works, too.

I went back into my room to find her bouncing up and down on the edge of my bed, kicking her long legs in the air. She gave me a big smile when she saw me.

"Hey, don't pee on that. I need to sleep there tonight." I said. She pretended to give me a shocked look. "You should have told me that BE-FORE I did it." She said, with a sparkling grin.

I sighed. "What's it gonna take for you to give me some space today?"

She slowly climbed down from the bed and walked over to me. "Forgive me for peeing on you. Tell me you don't hate me, even if you do, just tell me anyway. And hug me and tell me that you love me. I feel terrible about last night. Not the Jenni leaving part, I feel no guilt about that, but the making you mad part." She said. When she looked up at me, I could tell that all the pretense was gone. She was completely serious. She chewed her lip nervously while she waited to see what I would say.

"Hey," I said, and gathered her into my arms gently. "Listen," I began, but faltered. She looked up at me with her big eyes. I sighed. "I don't hate you, ok? I'm just freaked out because I came really close to catching an incurable disease. It's like finding out you almost drank poison. And also, you peed all over me last night." I looked at her, and she had the grace to blush. "Actually the peeing's not so bad, it's just been about seven years since the last time you did it."

"Really?" She was surprised. "Did I pee on you when I was a baby?"

"You peed on *everything* when you were a baby." I told her. "You were a pee *machine.*"

She covered her face with her hand, still blushing. She was so cute. Then and now.

I sighed. "Let's go take some tests." I said. "Last day of school." I patted her on the shoulder.

"Yay!" She said, and took off. I got dressed and trudged downstairs. I just felt kind of lifeless. Last night was extremely taxing.

When I got to the kitchen, it was a lively place. Karen was zinging around, cooking up a storm, Amy was talking animatedly with Lola, who was sitting at the kitchen island with a cup of coffee.

Karen was wearing a tight blouse (well, tight for someone with her bust) and shorts, Amy was wearing a super-tight t-shirt that said You Wish and denim daisy dukes. Lola, on the other hand, looked anything but casual. She was wearing a short-sleeved white blouse that buttoned up the front, and then overtop of that she had on a pinstriped sheath dress that went all the way to her knees. The top of the dress, however, only came up her ribcage, which made her blouse (and therefore her breasts) seem to pop out of the top. Imagine St. Pauli Girl's beer wench blouse and you'll know what I mean.

When I came into the room, she put down her coffee and stood. Long legs, slim hips, narrow waist, and then white breasts and sleeves. She walked over to me on high heels and put her arms around me. She smelled nice.

"Karen told me about the fireworks last night." She said. "Sounds like you had a terrible evening. I'm so sorry."

I hugged her back, not because I really felt I needed emotional support, but because I would be a fool to pass up a chance to put my arms around her. "You look nice today." I said, giving her an extra squeeze.

She chuckled quietly. "This was the sexy schoolteacher outfit I warned you about." She murmured in my ear. "I felt you could use some cheering up."

"Always a good choice." I said, and reluctantly let go of her. Sigh. So sexy, so out of my reach. All of them, I realized, looking at my sisters as well. This is going nowhere. I'm just going to end up some middle-aged guy slowly masturbating to death, dying eventually of sheer dehydration. But what a way to go.

I trudged over to the kitchen island, just in time for Karen to put a plate in front of me. Biscuits and gravy, fried eggs, and sausage patties. My favorite. "Your favorite!" She said, giving me a hopeful smile. "I feel responsible for last night's disaster, so starting today, I'm going to make it up to you."

I was touched. "You don't have to do that," I said. "And what do you mean "starting today?" Continuing until when?" She shrugged.

"Last night you just seemed to shut down." she said, looking at me. "You trudged off upstairs and went to bed. You didn't even wait to see Lola."

"Yeah!" Lola said, pretending to be mad.

"Soooo," Karen smiled at me, tilting her head. "I'm going to get you out of this doom and gloom mood you're in. I'm going to make it up to you."

I shook my head. So much she doesn't know about this, I thought. "You don't have to make anything up to me." I said.

"I didn't say I HAD to, I said I was GOING to." She clarified, and squeezed my hand.

"And I'm gonna let you take all my tests, so you'll feel extra smart because you can ace them all." Amy announced, giggling.

"Hey, you're still in trouble from last night." Karen said. "You peed on him."

"Nuh-uh!" Amy debated. "He forgave me already!"

"Yeah, but I haven't." Karen glared at Amy. "I WATCHED you drink like ten cups of water at dinner. Plus, I'll bet YOU drank all the new Gatorade I bought."

"Um, I don't remember." Amy answered evasively. I slowly turned to look at her. She blushed and would not meet my gaze.

"If I find out that was on purpose, I'm going to be mad." I said.

"But it saved you from herpes, right?" Amy asked, whining a little.

"That was AFTER the fact. You didn't KNOW she had herpes when you peed." Karen said.

"Guys, I hate to interfere, but if you're going to eat this lovely breakfast, you need to do it. Class is starting soon." Lola said gently. "I declare this court in recess." She banged her spoon on the countertop.

We got down to the business of eating. "Karen and Amy told me about the court thing you guys do." Lola confided to me, as we enjoyed the delicious meal. "How'd I do?"

"Excellent, your honor." I said, grinning.

"I'd like to see you in chambers." Karen leered, wiggling her eyebrows. Amy laughed, Lola blushed. I just ate. Not much seemed funny today.

Tests were a drudge. Blah blah blah blah. I think I severely messed up the Trig portion, but I'm not sure. Who knows. I just felt numb. My sisters had run off my best chance at lusting after someone else. The fact that it had been the right thing to do didn't make it any easier.

Soon, another year of school was in the can, as they say. In this case, it felt more like in the mail. We signed some stuff, Lola signed some stuff, and then we sealed the last envelope.

Before she left for the hospital, Lola put her arm around my shoulder. "Karen told me what happened. Don't feel bad. It'll get better."

"I know, I just. . . I don't know what to do now." I said. "It's kinda complicated."

"I understand, but just remember it'll get better. Trust me." She gave me a squeeze. "You and Karen are both growing up so fast. But I can tell both of you that sometimes it takes a while. You can't rush things. You'll find your perfect girl. I KNOW you will." She kissed me on the cheek. (We were in the kitchen after all, in broad daylight.)

"How about you?" I asked, aware of the unclear meaning. She looked at me slyly. "What ABOUT me, William Humbert?"

"Have you met anyone yet?" I asked, all innocence. "Any Mr. Right?"

"I met Mr. Hands, and Mr. Liar, but no." She said, disappointed. "It's harder for me, I think. I'm not innocent enough to fall for b.s., not trashy enough to accept it anyway."

"Well, I think you're just right." I said. "Any man would be lucky to have you. I know *I* would feel lucky." Doesn't hurt to get a flirt in, I thought.

"Don't you say the sweetest things?" She looked at me again. "Well, you've certainly given me

something to think about." She tilted her head. "I'm running to the hospital now, but . . . maybe we can talk later this week?" She looked at me, half hopeful, half nervous.

"I'd love that." I said sincerely. "You know where to find me." She gave me a long look, and then stepped in close. My heart leapt. "Listen," she began, but Amy came galloping into the kitchen, so she quickly stepped back again. She blushed, wished us a good night, and left. I watched her walk away down the patio and steps, but she seemed to be talking to herself, clenching her fists and waving her hand sideways in a "no" kind of gesture. I hoped she was ok. She was under a lot of stress.

"Sleepover, sleepover!" Amy was singing to herself. "Slu-huh-humber parteeeee!" she was dancing and grooving at the icemaker, filling a cup.

"Sounds like you've got a full evening." I said, sitting down at the kitchen island.

"Yep!" She chirped. "Michaela invited four of us over for her sleepover, and she just got a Wii for her birthday, so it's going to be fun!"

She got out some purple beverage and poured a big glass. "We're going to stay up laaaaaate, and watch moooooovies, and play Truth or Daaaaaare, all kinds of cool stuff."

Her mention of Truth or Dare reminded me of Sandi's party. "Well, don't let it get out of control." I said. "Don't do anything stupid or dangerous."

She snorted. "Could you imagine the police having to come and shut down a slumber party for nine and ten year olds? That would be hilarious."

I shook my head. "Not as hilarious as you think," I said. "let's try to keep police activity to a minimum."

"Fine, grampa." Amy pretended to be annoyed, rolling her eyes, but I could see the twinkle in them.

"So am I driving you or what?" I asked. She shook her head.

"Destiny's mom is coming past here anyway, so she'll stop and pick me up. Same thing for coming home tomorrow."

I suddenly realized that all Amy's friends from school had stripper names. "So who all is going to be there?" I asked, innocently.

"Me, Michaela, Crystal, Destiny, and Brandi." She counted off. This is hilarious, I thought, I have to tell Karen later.

"Do you need to pack?" I asked.

"No, we're all going to sleep naked!" Amy snapped. "Why so many questions?"

I shrugged. "Lately you've said I'm ignoring you, so I'm trying to pay attention. Plus, you haven't really told me much about this party. Where is Micheala's house, who are her parents, and so on."

"Well, her mom has some kind of disease that keeps her in bed most of the time, so they've got this actual hospital bed upstairs, and a nurse come over three times a week. It's nothing contagious, it's like Parkinsons or MS or something. Her dad works in the photo booth at (horrible major superstore) so he always smells funny, like bleach or something. I've never been to her house, but Crystal says it's really nice, although Crystal's house is terrible, so who knows." Amy said.

"See? That wasn't so hard." I said.

Amy put down her cup and came over and hugged me. "I'm sorry I snapped at you." She said. "I love you. I missed you. It was like you were here, but you weren't here." She smelled fruity, but exotic somehow, and I couldn't identify it. "New shampoo?" I asked, lightly.

"I got blueberry bodywash. Do you like it?" She grinned up at me. "Karen's rockin' the strawberry shampoo, and she always smells so good, but I didn't want to copy her. Do you think it's good?"

"I think it's very nice." I said evenly. Dammit, now blueberries are going to make me horny too! AAIIIIIEEEE!

"I was going to get cherry, but it smelled like medicine." She hugged me tighter. "So if I was a blueberry, would you pick me?" Her tongue ran lightly along her lips.

"Absolutely." I said, with complete honesty. Dammit. She grinned up at me lasciviously, but then laughed. "You're SO blushing right now!" She said delightedly.

I let go of her and rubbed my face briskly. "Too late!" She sang. "I already saaawww it!" She remained hugged up to me, laughing. "Hee hee!"

"Do I need to yell for Karen to come and rescue me?" I asked, trying to disentangle myself.

"Do you NEED rescued? How do you know she's not on my side?" Amy teased, but let go of me. "It's good to have you back. I missed you a LOT." She said, calming down.

"It was only like a week." I said, defensively.

"Too long!" Amy said, pointing her finger at me like a gun. "I need my big brother all the time! Bros before hoes, or however they say that."

"No more MTV for you." I said, smiling.

"Awww! Without MTV how am I expected to corrupt myself?" She asked. She did a little dance move that involved licking her finger and then tracing a line up her torso. "And what about that?"

I laughed, but just between me and you it WAS kinda hot. Get ahold of yourself! I ordered myself silently. Amy was on 100% full blast cute, and loving it. She grinned at me. I went at her like I was going to tickle her, and she squealed and ran. Whew.

Ok, my Karen attraction was because she was a beautiful woman with curves, grace, and sheer sex appeal just radiating from her. That was understandable to me. I'm a regular, red-blooded guy, and she's a goddamn knockout. It makes perfect animal sense that I want to mate with her. But Amy? No real curves to speak of, other than her butt, total tomboy, more likely to wear pigtails than perfume, but somehow she was getting me aroused too. Am I a pedophile? I thought to myself. I just can't explain it. Maybe I'm seeing the beautiful woman she'll become soon, and I'm nah, it's her, and it's now. Damn.

I was tempted to go hold my pants open under the icemaker. I even knew if I went to my room to masturbate, that it would be Amy fucking me, her little pink tongue sticking out of her mouth in concentration as she ground her little pussy against my pelvis. How my cock managed to fit inside of her was never part of the fantasy. It was always buried to the hilt, and she was always working hard for it. There must be something wrong with me.

Karen came in to make dinner, and saw me sitting there. "What's up? You look like you're sick." She asked, concerned. She got under the sink and hauled out a cookie sheet.

(Oh, I most certainly am.) I thought, but I said. "Ahh, nothing. Just sitting."

"Fish for supper?" She asked, holding up a box of breaded fish "filets" with a ruddy bearded fisherman on the cover. That guy never looked sober to me.

"Sure." I said dully.

"Are you still upset about last night?" She asked gently.

I shrugged. "It's complicated." I said. "I'm still mostly freaked out about the herpes thing."

Karen gave me a look over her shoulder. "Well, you haven't been in any situations where you might have caught it, RIGHT?" she asked, a little something extra in her tone.

"No." I said. (but just barely.)

"So aren't you glad we're so pushy?" She asked, a bit embarrassed. "Otherwise you might never have found out before. . . .you know. When she was yelling at you she was talking about putting her mouth on 'it.' She must have thought she was pretty close to getting it."

I could see the blush creeping up the back of her neck. She put the pan in the oven.

"Yeah." I said, without much enthusiasm. Karen looked at me, and I could see she was blushing. "I mean I'm glad you guys were looking out for me." I said, a bit more warmly.

"Amy's having pizza at Michaela's house, so it's just us tonight." Karen said. "What else would you like to have?" I shrugged.

"Rice and brussel sprouts?" Karen smiled hopefully. I nodded. Amy didn't care for brussels sprouts, but Karen loved it, so we didn't have it very often, or at least not without a fight. Karen reached over and

grabbed my hand. "Hey!" She said gently. "Cheer up! I'm going to take extra good care of you tonight. Back rub, foot rub, anything you want to make up for last night."

"I already told you that you don't have anything to make up." I said. "She had herpes. I got rid of HER, you guys didn't really run her off."

"I already told YOU that I don't care. Good times tonight. You'll see." She went back to cooking, humming a happy little repetitive tune.

After a couple of minutes, I went outside to the patio and flopped down on a chair. The afternoon sun was kind of soothing, and I soon fell asleep. My total lack of rest the night before meant that I was totally asleep when Amy came blasting out of the kitchen with her Hannah Montana duffel bag. I kinda jolted awake, groggily sitting up. I couldn't have been asleep for more than ten minutes, but my brain was totally out of whack.

"I'm sorry, I didn't see you sitting there!" Amy said breathlessly.

"It's cool," I said, grinding my hands into my eyes, trying to pull it together.

"Destiny's going to be here any minute, so I wanted to wait outside. Her mom is dropping us off on the way to work, so I don't want to make her late." Amy said, and came over and sat on the edge of my deck chair. She tossed her hair back and looked at me. "You ok?" I shrugged.

"I'm sorry to be running off on your first night home in a week, but this party was planned back in December. I just couldn't miss it." She fiddled with her earrings, which were big hoops. "Gotta look good for the girls." She joked.

A station wagon pulled recklessly around the house, and a black girl Amy's age leaned halfway out of the rear window and yelled "Holla!" The woman driving, also black, was wearing silver lipstick and glitter makeup that I could see from here.

"What does Destiny's mom do?" I asked casually, as Amy stood up and shouldered her duffel bag.

"She's a dancer." Amy said. "Can you tell?" She shot me a grin.

"Yeah, I had a suspicion." I grinned back. Just being around my sisters made me feel better, I have to admit. Just little moments sharing a laugh or a smile make a world of difference. "Stool Pigeons?" I asked quietly.

"Community Chest, over in (other local town.) It's way classier." Amy said in a sarcastic tone. "Miss me, ok?" She gave me a kiss on the cheek, with a hint of blueberry.

"I will." I promised.

Amy jogged over to the car and hugged the girl sticking out of it. They both piled back in, and she waved excitedly as the car sped out of sight around the corner.

I got up and walked back inside, to find Karen in the freezer. I walked up behind her and said "Hey." She jumped.

"Geez! What-" but stopped as I grabbed her up in a big hug. She sighed happily and put her arms around me too, but squealed when I picked her up. Her breasts were mashed against me, and I took a moment to enjoy the feeling before I set her back on her feet. "Whew. What was that for?"

I shrugged. "Do I need a reason?"

"No, you don't." Karen said happily. "That felt really nice. Plus you seem to be cheering up."

"I realized that all I need to feel better is you." I said. She blushed. "How do you-"

"I just need to spend time with you and Amy and I'll feel better in no time. My funky mood was while I was not with you two. It's probably related." It wasn't as simple as that, but it was still at least partly true. Separate from them = not feeling great. Plus, I only felt bad because I chose to do so. I could CHOOSE to feel better about all this.

"Welllll," She said, still blushing. "I promise to take over Amy's share of the cheering up duties." She gave a little curtsey, and smiled.

"I really did miss you guys, no kidding." I said.

"We missed you, too. A lot." Karen said, but threw her arms around me again. "More hugs, please?" I buried my face in her neck as I squeezed her. "Mmmmmmm." She sighed. "I needed that. And I still need more, but right now dinner's almost done."

"Awww," I said, but I let her go. Man, that was nice! Maybe I can just control myself around her. She seems to love the hugs and physical closeness. Maybe I can get through this without doing anything horrible to her. Maybe I can just police myself carefully when I'm around her, and spend the rest of my time masturbating quietly. Maybe the devil will pop up and just take me straight to hell! I kicked myself mentally.

"Let's have dinner and then I'm all yours, though." She grinned. Oh how I wish, I thought. I turned towards the table and she exclaimed "Eww! there's something on your shirt!"

I looked down at my right shoulder and could just barely see some kind of splotch. "Uh, I think a bird got me. Nasty!"

She waved her hands in disgust. "I'm so glad I went left on those hugs! I almost put my face on it! Ugh!"

"I'll go change." I said, and headed upstairs. I ditched the shirt in the hamper and went to the closet. Looking back, I realize now that I was picking out a "date" shirt, a nice button-up shirt when normally I would have just grabbed another tee shirt. At the time though, I was only thinking about looking nice for Karen. WHY I should look nice wasn't a thought I spent any time analyzing.

Getting back downstairs, I found the dining room lit by candles. Karen was carrying in our plates, and

gave me a smile. "I thought it was candle time. We did it for Lola the other night, so I thought our dinner tonight could be fancy."

"Sure." I said. Watching as she flitted around, I noticed something. "You seem lot more cheerful as well."

"Hmm?" She said.

"Well, for several days now you've been nearly on the edge of tears every time I saw you. You look all happy now." I said.

She gave me a look, but then smiled. "Ok, you're right. I was confused and stressed out, but now I think I'm better." She put our cups on the table.

"Does that mean you're ready to talk to me?" I asked. "About whatever it was?"

"Maybe. After supper." She said evasively. "White grape juice? We're having fish, after all."

"Sure," I chuckled. She returned in a moment with two stemmed glasses and set one in front of me. "Wow," I said. She positively sparkled with a smile. When I took a sip, the juice tasted fizzy and a little tart. "I added some ginger ale for some fizz," She admitted, seating herself at my right. "It's nice." I said truthfully.

We began to eat. Everything was delicious, and soon I began to relax. Karen actually got up to refill my glass (twice) so all I had to do was sit and chew. I felt pampered already. We made small talk about school being over, Lola being really cool (Karen called her "totally hot" at least twice that I remember), and summer being finally here.

"So you and Amy are going to visit Mrs. Klemp tomorrow?" I asked, taking another drink. "Are you looking forward to it or dreading it?"

"A little of both?" Karen winced. "I mean I love her and I miss her, but from what Lola says, that's not really her anymore, just her body. The real her is already gone on. I'm basically going to her tomorrow to say goodbye." She looked at me clear-eyed. "I've already shed all of my selfish tears, but tomorrow I'm going to say goodbye with love and dignity. I'll show her respect instead of blubbering all over her."

It was touching and surprisingly mature. I reached out and touched her hand. "She'd be so proud of you." I said. "You're an excellent young woman."

Karen blushed. "I'm not sure how proud she'd be or how excellent I am, but I know I owe her that respect. She was my mom, emotionally and I guess spiritually too." She took a big drink from her glass. "But I might cry anyway, when I get home."

"That's ok, too." I said, and we resumed eating.

After a few minutes, I mentioned what I had learned about Amy's friends and the fact that they all had names suitable for strippers. Karen laughed. "I think one of them's mom actually IS a stripper."

"How come she's a stripper and her kid is fine, but WE got branded by our mother sleeping around?" I asked, lightly.

"Just cause she dances go-go, that don't make her a ho, no." Karen sang, and we laughed. Dinner was soon concluded, and Karen took my hand and led me into the living room, where she installed me on the floor in front of the couch, and began rubbing my neck and shoulders.

Her fingers found and unwound every knot in my shoulders, and pure pleasure flowed all the way to my fingertips. It felt like warm honey was flowing down my back. She then rubbed up my neck, gently pulling my ears, and massaged my scalp with her fingernails. If I had been a dog, my leg would have been thumping like crazy. I was practically mesmerized.

We ended up with both of us on the couch, the fireplace lit, watching one of those Planet Earth documentaries the Discovery Channel occasionally reruns. We started out sitting side by side, but Karen kept fidgeting against me, so I ended up kinda laying down against one arm of the couch, one foot on the floor, the other leg behind her. She sat halfway in my lap, halfway laying on my stomach and chest.

The whole room was kinda warm and fuzzy. I was about to doze off, when Karen gently took the remote off the back of the couch and turned the TV off.

"So after much deliberation, and tears, and sleepless nights, and stomach aches, I think I'm ready to talk to you about what's been making me upset." Karen said calmly, resting her hands on my ribcage and her chin on her hands.

"Ok," I said, comfy but awake. "I'm ready."

"But first, I need a promise." She said. "If it turns out I'm totally off base, and wrong, and crazy, please don't get mad. Let's pretend this is a save point, like in a video game. If I die in a minute, we can reload our lives from here and it's like it never happened. Can we do that?" She sounded nervous.

"So if this isn't cool, you want me to rewind and unlisten?" I said, a little apprehensive.

"Yeah." She said. "Please? I've never been so serious in my life. I'm begging you."

"Sure. I keep telling you you can tell me anything. I love you, you know, I'm not going to run away and freak out." I murmured, my eyes closed in relaxation.

"Well, you might. Let's just say tonight I'm finally going to cash in that promise. Ok?"

"Ok." I said. "Save point made."

She took a deep breath. "I'm not happy with you dating. I mean really not happy. It's driving me crazy, in fact, that you're leaving us to go look for love, and you're finding plenty of tramps. It's just no good." She said seriously. "I know I already said this, but every time you go out, I die a little inside. I can't escape the feeling that you're slipping away from me, from us, and I can't live with that feeling, even for an evening. It really hurts. So I wanted to talk to you about some things. I've been trying to convince myself that it is ok to tell you these things in my heart, because not telling you feels like I'm going to die."

"There's no alternative that I can see." I said. "I mean about not going out on dates with girls. Are you asking me to never find romance?"

"Let's just forget about that for a moment, and concentrate on the problem first." Karen said. "The girls you've dated so far have been total trash. This has been especially hard on Amy and myself, because we know you know that they're trash. But you're still chasing them."

"One of them was chasing me," I protested weakly, but I knew she was right.

"Describe your perfect girl. If you could wave a magic wand and create her, who would she be? Be as specific as you can, and don't leave anything out." She poked me with her finger. "Be brutally honest. I know this may be a weird request, but please, do it for me." Her voice was soothing and gentle.

You. You you you you you YOU! Everything about you, your eyes, your lips, your hair, your smile, your gorgeous body, your amazing mind, your sense of humor, your gentleness, your dirty laugh, your cooking, your kindness, you you you! I choked back the words. "I, uh. . ." I faltered.

"Big or little breasts?" Karen asked, with a smile.

"Big, please." I mumbled.

"Blonde, brunette, or bald?" She giggled.

"Not the bald one." I said weakly.

"Smart or dumb?"

"Oh, very smart." I said. "Smarter than me, I'd bet."

"See how easy it is? Now your turn." She rubbed my chest reassuringly.

"Kind." I said. "Thoughtful. Gentle. Patient. Forgiving. Graceful. Sweet. Positive. Caring. Funny. Sexy. Brave." I said.

She smiled. "That's all?"

I made myself grin, although I was about terrified. "She'd have a lot in common with you."

"Will, I need to ask you a very important question. And I need a real, honest, complete answer, no matter how it sounds."

I gestured for her to ask me. She looked me right in the eye and said "I need your promise that you'll tell me the truth, and not try to spare my feelings or sugarcoat it. It won't be an easy question, but I will need to know your answer." I nodded.

"You've said before that if you knew another girl like me, you'd do anything to be with her. So how do

you feel about me? I mean really really really. Were you telling the truth? Do you want a girl like me? What ABOUT me? Would you COULD you love me?"

I cleared my throat, and prepared to downplay the truth, but she grabbed the collar of my shirt firmly. "The truth! This is the most important question in your life!" She wasn't angry, but there was a desperation there. She was begging me.

So I told her. I didn't know why, but it all just came tumbling out.

"Going out with Sandi and Jenni was an attempt to find someone else to care about, because my feelings for you were getting too . . . intense. I couldn't allow myself to be so attracted to you, but I couldn't just pick up on another girl either, I tried. As far back as I can remember, you've been sort of the yardstick I was judging all other women by. Knowing you, how smart, kind and all-around perfect I think you are, I'd been subconsciously comparing them all to you. I didn't even realize it until a few weeks ago, but it's always been you that I was trying to find a girl like. A girl with your personality, your soul, and your total and complete beauty. And I can't. You're the only one there is. The standard you've set is impossible for them to attain. You've ruined me for other women."

"Oh." Karen just stared at me, her eyes huge and unreadable. I faltered. What the hell was I DOING? "Maybe I should have asked YOU for a go-back." I stammered, horrified at what I had just admitted.

Tears welled in her eyes. "No, I was hoping you'd say something like that." And then the next thing I know we were kissing.

At first, I was electrified with shock. Her kisses were light and sweet, and when she came back for the third one, she nibbled gently on my lower lip. My paralysis was broken, but only so I could reflexively put my arms around her.

She kept her hand on my collar, holding me down, as it were, her lips light on mine, but each contact rocked me like a hammer blow.

Some (tiny, stupid, ethical) part of my brain knew that I shouldn't be doing this, but a willing Karen in my arms wholly drowns out that annoying mental itch.

Our kisses grew more heated. She rubbed my chest with her hands; I rubbed her back. Little growls of pleasure/impatience escaped her lips when they were not pressed directly against mine. I was in heaven.

She rucked my shirt up to my neck and put her hands right on my skin, not scratching me, but definitely making her presence known. I took this as a sign to put my hands under HER shirt, but she pushed herself up with an impatient grunt and whipped her shirt off in one big sweep. I had a moment's glimpse of a white lacy bra on her magnificent torso before it was once again thrust against me.

Some of the shock was wearing off, so I was starting to enjoy the kissing and groping. God, it was fantastic. After a few more minutes with her delicious lips and tongue, she lunged forward and nibbled my ear. I began kissing her neck, gently tracing my tongue along her sensitive skin. She groaned in my ear and straddled me firmly. I think my penis must have been rock hard at this point, but there was so

much going on that I didn't pay attention to it.

After a few moments, she ran her thumbs across my nipples, which kinda jolted me. I've never felt anything sexual from my nipples, but they are definitely sensitive to touch. When she pinched them, I gave a little "ow" sound and she let go.

"Sorry!" She gasped, and stuck her tongue in my mouth, where it was welcomed by mine.

She ground her lips and hips against me. My cock at this point became noticeable to me as something:

*A) rubbing near my bellybutton

*B) hurting from being bent so much

I tried to readjust myself, but the move did not go unnoticed. "Are you ok? Am I crushing you?" Karen asked, all concern.

"Not at all! I mean, I'm fine, I'm just a bit folded." I stammered.

"I know." She grinned. "I've been rubbing against it since we started. I hope it doesn't hurt."

"It's a little bent," I allowed, still trying to reposition it.

"It's not a *little* anything." She smiled, and changed her attack. She kissed my lips, my chin, my neck, my collarbone, my chest, right above my navel, and then she was right at The Bulge. My fevered brain suddenly realized what she was about to do when she looked up at me and licked her lips.

"Wait!" I gasped, but she did not.

"Ha-ha!" She smiled, and yanked my shorts down before I could grab her wrists to stop her. My hard-on flung up like a catapult and actually bopped her on the chin.

"Oh!" she cried, startled at first, and then amazed. "Ohhhhhhhh."

I tried to cover myself, but she practically slapped my hands away. "Look at YOU," she purred, grabbing my cock firmly and giving it a squeeze. "Wow. It's so warm!" Her hand was holding the base of it. She gave it an experimental wiggle, and then a waggle. Her fingertip stroked it, and I swear I got an inch longer. "It's hard and soft at the same time," She murmured, her eyes wide.

She made eye contact with me finally, and blushed. "Will, it's beautiful."

"It's just an erection." I stammered, afraid to even move.

"No, it's *your* erection, and it's definitely a BIG one." She stroked it again, upwards, and a bead of pre-cum appeared at the tip. (Which was weird, because I didn't think I did that.)

"Oh my god," She sighed. "Look!" She wiped it off with her fingertip, which caused more to be produced immediately.

Harvesting the second drop, she rolled it between her thumb and forefinger, and then smelled it. "Mmm." She sighed.

"Umm, I think we should definitely-" I began, but she had already licked her finger with a thoughtful expression. "Oh god," I gulped.

She daintily licked her thumb and sighed happily. "Oh, yeah." She swallowed. "I was worried it might taste bad or something, but this is definitely a good taste." She gave me a squeeze and more beaded up.

She leaned forward and LICKED MY COCK HEAD!!!!

Now, I cannot tell a lie. It felt holy jeebus fucking great, but my conscience made a final stand at that moment.

"Karen, stop! You can't do this!" It said, using my voice.

"Maybe not yet, but I promise you I will try my best." She said earnestly, and put her mouth on my cock.

The next several minutes are jumbled in my memory. I mean, there **were** some false starts, and a few encounters with her teeth accidentally scraping, but in general, I can only call it a suck-cess. Good times. It being a first time for both of us, neither REALLY knew what to expect, but sweet heavens, that girl learned quick!

She started using her mouth and her hands in unison, then alternately, then hands sliding up while her mouth slid down, etc. And her tongue! All the time it was fluttering like a hummingbird. I could barely hold still, I was writhing in so much pleasure. She wasn't able to take me all the way in, but what she did was in HEAVEN.

I could barely keep my eyes open (or focused) but Karen kept her attention on me. Her big eyes never left my face.

"I love you." I gasped, and her eyes crinkled in a smile. "I always have."

"I know." She said happily, after sliding her mouth off with a wet slurp. She licked the entire underside, from the base to the tip, and then thrust her mouth back down onto it again.

I was running out of time. I was going to cum so hard, my balls felt like they were revving like race car engines.

"Karen, I can't hold it! I'm gonna cum!" I gasped. "Soon!"

"Mmmmmmm," She hummed, making my whole dick vibrate. Oh god, so much closer now! She pulled back until just her lips were on my cockhead, stroking firmly with one hand, the other holding the base firmly. She intended to have me cum in her mouth!

I was gone, like a leaf swept over a waterfall. I came harder than I have ever cum in my life, just wave

after wave of pleasure. My toes curled so hard that all my toe knuckles *popped.* There may have been screaming involved, outcries to a certain "ohgod" but my memory of specifics is totally washed out on this point.

Karen was caught a bit by surprise, I think. Her breath had been whooshing in and out through her nose, quite fast in her excitement, but it suddenly stopped and started, in a sort of nasal gasp, as she tried to contain what I was producing.

"MMMFFF!" She squealed through her nose, not letting go, not giving up. She swallowed several times, more than twice, but other than that, I can't remember. I was gone.

Did you ever hear that urban legend about how if you can grab a rattlesnake by its tail and crack it like a whip, its head will pop off? That's about what I felt like. I almost passed out.

When I came to, Karen had her cheek resting on my thigh, just slowly stroking my cock upwards. "It's still hard," she murmured, as if there wasn't anything else to talk about.

I struggled to regain the ability to speak. "I don't know HOW," I said, almost drunkenly. "Holy cow."

"Was that ok?" Karen asked, still stroking. "I read how to do it online, but this was a real experience."

"That was completely amazing!" I said. "I've never . . . I mean it was SO wow!"

She was quietly delighted. "Good! I wanted it to be. And your cum! I think that was my favorite part. You made so much of it!"

I tried to shrug helplessly, but I was laying down, so it didn't really look right.

She stroked my cock a bit more, her eyes bright, and a crafty look appeared on her beautiful, flushed face. "Don't move." She breathed, and stood, turning her back to me.

In the dim light of the room, I could see her taking down her shorts, her ass swaying left and right as she inched them down her gorgeous hips. She stepped out of them, laying them down on the floor near our shirts.

She turned, quickly stepped up and threw her leg over my hips, straddling me, one foot on the floor.

"What?" I startled, once again stricken by conscience.

Her gentle weight, and the warmth of her skin pressed against me finished the recharging of my erection to full strength. It was once again rubbing at my bellybutton, and she was once again sitting on it, keeping it bent up.

"We're not done yet," She purred, leaning down to kiss my forehead. "I want some more."

She gently ground her hips against mine, and my penis could feel moisture from where she straddled it.

"But you're my sister," I said, stupidly, and FAR too late.

"HALF sister, and we both know it." She said dismissively. "Did you really mean what you said?" She asked rhetorically, sliding her pussy up and down the underside of my cock. Her eyelids fluttered with the sensation. "Ohhhh." She whimpered.

"Absolutely. All that and so much more." I said.

"Then this is what I want." She breathed. "More than anything."

I stroked my hands up her back, not trusting myself to speak anymore. After a moment, I got one of my fingers jammed under her bra strap. "Ow, sorry." I grunted.

She smiled at me, and said "Take it off."

"Huh?" I articulated.

"My bra is in the way. Please take it off." She asked. She leaned all the way down until her breasts were pressed against me, and I could see over her shoulder to unhook the lacy undergarment.

When she sat back up, she let the straps slide down her arms, and her breasts swung free, gently boinging together as she straightened up. I was completely mesmerized. She slowly slid her empty bra off my chest and threw it on the floor with a flourish. "Much better," She purred, and gave a little shoulder shimmy, which made them sway and bounce.

My cock actually got harder and tried to stand up even with her sitting on it. She felt it, because I could see the blush spreading down her collarbone onto her chest. (Right at this moment, my eyes were locked in to the breasts, so I only knew she was blushing when it got there.)

"Do you like them?" She asked, half teasing, half self-conscious.

"They are the most beautiful things I have ever seen. I love them." I said, breathlessly.

"Touch them please." She asked, and reached back for my hands. She practically clapped them onto her breasts, she put them on so enthusiastically. When I cupped and lifted her breasts, she gave a sigh of delight.

"I've been meaning to apply for a job as your bra," I joked, even though that was not the time for lame jokes. I ran my thumbs over her nipples, and she gave a whimper. A trickle of moisture ran down the base of my cock and tracked down my balls. "Oh my god," She gasped. I placed my thumbs carefully on the tips of her (very erect) nipples and twiddled them slowly, like analog joysticks for a Sony Playstation. (Sorry if that isn't a sexy description, but that's what it reminded me of.) She groaned in pleasure and almost drove her fingernails into my chest. "You're hired!" She whimpered, straightening her legs and raising up off me about a foot.

She reached back with one hand and I could feel her grip my shaft. She stuck her tongue out in concentration, re-positioning herself left and right, back and forth. "No matter what happens, I love you."

She said, and slipped the tip inside, where it didn't really go very far.

"Ow," She grunted, and changed her angle, leaning closer to me. She bore down on my cock, and got about halfway down.

"Whew," She sighed, almost to herself. "That is REALLY big. It almost feels TOO big." She gingerly raised up until just the tip was in her again.

"Sorry," I gasped, still cradling her breasts. Have you ever stuck your arm into hot summer sunlight from a shaded area? Just feeling the radiant warmth of the sun on your previously cool skin? That's what my dick felt.

"No, no." She gasped, sliding deliciously down again, a little farther this time. "I said almost. It feels incredible." Up, down. "Besides, even if I did get all stretched out, this is worth it." Up, down. She grabbed my shoulders. "This feels better than I ever hoped," She gasped, almost as if she was losing her breath. Up, down.

This time she got all the way down, her hips resting firmly on mine. She stopped and took a deep breath. "Wow." She sighed, leaning forward and back just a little. "I got it all in!"

"Wow is right," I said. I reached down and grabbed her hips lightly. She wriggled a bit, my entrapped cock moving just a little.

"I'm half afraid to move." She admitted breathlessly. "It feels good, but also like I'm going to split in half."

I reached up and clasped her hands, intertwining our fingers. "Let's just start slowly, and see if it gets better." And we did. Up, down, her pussy almost sucking in air on the trip up, and grabbing me so tightly on the trip down. "Oh!" she gasped. "More!"

We began to move faster, our breaths likewise getting louder, sweat starting to come from our skin. Faster and harder, her pussy extremely tight, but also very, very wet. I could feel her juices trickling down my balls in a warm flood. It was amazing!

After what seemed like a short time, she began giving little cries on every downthrust. Her enthusiasm was such that her breasts were really starting to bounce. I let go of her hands and cupped them, trying to ease the jarring motion they were undergoing. She leaned forward, rested her hands on my shoulders again, and got down to the business of fucking. I squeezed her breasts and thumbed her nipples, while she thrust and ground against me, her gasps and cries increasing in volume and frequency.

"Oh god!" She cried, "I'm gonna cum! Don't stop! Aaaahhhhh!"

She was pounding me into the couch, but I felt my balls tighten up almost before I realized I was cumming too! "Me too!" I gasped, and let go of her breasts to grab her hips.

As I pulled her down onto me one, two, three, times, I felt my cock explode in her pussy, my balls yanked up tight against the base of my shaft. "AAAHHHHH!" I grunted, thrusting up into her with all of my strength. I felt her vagina clench spasmodically, and she screamed into her own orgasm. "I can feel

it! AAAAAA!!!!" She humped clumsily against me as she lost muscle control, and literally collapsed onto my chest, gasping for breath, her pussy milking me over and over as she shuddered through a massive climax.

After the blood quit hammering in my head, and the lightning bolts of pleasure quit exploding in my brain, I was dimly aware of Karen putting one foot on the floor and standing up. My penis slid out of her with a wet, delicious, slurping *pop.* I could feel some warm liquid drip onto my abdomen, as she stood balanced, and caught her breath. "Oh my god," She moaned. "Oh my god."

I groaned happily, and reached for her, but she gingerly moved down to where she had lain while sucking my dick. I felt her hands gently rubbing my balls, and her tongue actually licking me again. She was licking me clean! Had I had ANYTHING left, I would have gotten hard again, but I was totally spent. My existing erection was gently fading, although the tender ministrations of her tongue felt amazing. Now that I look back, she had to be tasting some of her own blood, mixed in with our juices, but that didn't slow her down at all.

She licked me clean, from top to bottom, all the while fondling and caressing me. I felt like I was floating back to earth on a silk parachute. "Oh, you big beautiful cock," She murmured to it, "you worked so hard! You poor thing! You made me cum so big! Rest now, good boy."

I could feel her breath on my tender skin as she whispered to it, telling it what a good job it did, and how much she liked it. The combination of soothing caresses and my extreme state of post-coital exhaustion carried me off to a wonderful slumber. I experienced my first Sex Coma.

* * * * *

My blissfully tired sleep was interrupted by someone hammering on the door. When I first woke up, I was so groggy that at first I had no idea where I was, but then it all came back to me. I was asleep on the couch, where I had just made love with Karen! Holy shit!

I sat up, severely disoriented, and looked around the dark living room. Karen was nowhere to be seen, and someone was positively *beating* on the door. The clock on the cable box said 3:30. I looked down to find that my clothing had been mostly replaced, so I lunged up and staggered towards the door on legs that felt like rubber.

I flicked on the light and opened the door to find a small, fat, very angry-looking man clutching what looked like DVD's in one hand, with his other hand gripping Amy around the upper arm. She had her head down, staring at the floor, her sleeping bag dragging in her other hand. She looked absolutely wretched.

"Where is your father?!" The angry little man demanded, his chin jutting out angrily.

"Right this second, he's on a business trip." I repeated the old family half-truth. This and every other second. "What's going on?"

"This little girl has soiled my household with filth!" He snapped, and actually shook Amy back and forth via her arm, still gripped tightly in his hand. He shook his other hand, the one holding the DVD's,

right under my nose. I recognized the top one, "Pretty Pussy Party," as being a porno that I owned. "She brought this trash into my home and actually PLAYED IT in front of my daughter and several other girls. I should call the police and charge her with Corruption of Minors!" Amy stared at the floor, ashen-faced and terrified.

First things first. I reached out and got Amy's other arm and pulled her into the house. The man let go of her, perhaps just in a natural reflex to me pulling her in. He didn't look happy about it afterwards. "Considering that she IS a minor, I don't think that charge will go anywhere. Besides, you just said it took place in YOUR house." I said calmly. He bristled.

"Well what about THIS?!" He waved the DVD's at me again. I had already had enough of this. I was exhausted, groggy from sleep (and amazing sex) and this little pissant was mad about porn? Too fucking bad.

With a swiftness that shocked even me, I deftly plucked the movies from his hand and tossed them over my shoulder, into the dark house. I could hear them clattering onto the floor somewhere behind me. "Problem solved. I'm sure if you wash your hands when you get home, you'll be just fine."

"HEY! You can't-" He began, and shifted his weight as if he were going to step forward, but I interrupted him.

"You try to set one foot in this house and I WILL call the police. They won't find any dirty movies when they get here, but they will find a scared girl with a big red mark on her arm where a man grabbed her." He narrowed his eyes at me but I continued. "I'd say you've done enough for one evening. You brought Amy home, and your house is once again "clean." Now get lost. It's late, or should I say early."

He opened his mouth once again. "She NEEDS to be punished!"

"YOU need to be leaving!" I growled. He fumed and glared at me, but finally he turned around and stomped off the porch. I slammed the door for good measure, then turned off the porch light.

I turned around to find Amy down on one knee, ashamedly gathering up the DVD's, some of which had popped out of their cases when they struck the floor. I quickly grabbed them out of her hand, and stumbled back to the couch, where I sat down, exhausted. I leaned my head back and stared at the ceiling.

She trudged after me, her face pale, looking as if she were dying. When I sat on the couch, instead of her usual place next to me, she sat on the coffee table across from me and stared at her hands. She eventually looked at me miserably.

"Can we not talk about this?" She asked in a tiny voice.

Totally unprepared to talk about this, with her, ever, I said. "No, I think we have to. What were you thinking?"

"I didn't think we were going to get caught." Amy said, whining a bit.

"No one ever does." I sighed, too tired (and freshly fucked) to be truly that angry about it. I was more surprised and more than a little bit freaked out by it. Amy knew about porn, and worse, she knew about MY porn. Also, apparently, where I hid it.

I looked at what was in my hand. There was Pretty Pussy Party (ironically, a sleepover themed all-girl porno), and then three I had never seen before. Box Lunch, a lesbian sex-in-public collection; Fortune Nookie, with asian girls on the cover; and Black In Back, an interracial anal compilation. "She's Coo-coo For Cocoa Cock!" the box proclaimed.

"Where did THESE come from?" I asked, tiredly. "I recognize the first one, but these three?"

"Each of us brought one," Amy mumbled. "there were five of us at the slumber party."

She nervously picked at her nails. "There was another one, but that was the one Michaela brought, so her dad took it back before he drove me over here and yelled. It was called 'Buster Hyman presents Daddy's Little Anals.' " Her voice was barely audible, and she looked like she was about to throw up.

I sighed. "So that was Michaela's dad just now?"

She nodded. "We were each going to bring a dirty movie and watch them in the middle of the night in their rec room in the basement, but somehow her dad came busting in at like three am, and started yelling. He was going to just take them all, but when I spoke up about getting mine back, I guess he assumed they were all mine. He made me throw all my stuff in my sleeping bag and then drove me home, yelling at me the whole way." Big tears rolled down her cheek. "He said horrible things to me in the car."

"Like what?" I asked.

"He was just fussing at me like "I'll bet you're proud of yourself, you nasty little whore. Are you coo-coo for black cocks?" Only he didn't say black, he said something worse." She wiped her eyes. "At one point in his rant he actually talked about stopping the car and making me show him what I learned from that smut, but I threatened to throw up in his car."

"He threatened you?" I asked, ready to call the police immediately. Amy shrugged.

"I don't think he actually meant it, but he was trying to scare me and hurt my feelings. It worked." She wiped her eyes again. "All I wanted was to get home. I hate him."

I sighed again.

"Am I in trouble?" She asked, sniffing.

"Yes, but I'm too tired and weirded out to go over it right now." I stood up. "Get to bed. You're grounded."

"What about the other girls?" She asked. I was confused. "What about them?"

"They're going to need their movies back. They'll get in big trouble too when their dads or brothers or

whatever notice them missing. Although Crystal said Black in Back was her mom's." Amy stood, shoulders drooping.

"If you can figure out a way to give them back without getting them in trouble automatically, then we'll discuss it, but for right now get your ass to bed." I was tired, and completely out of words. When I got up to my room, I fell on my bed and slept like a rock.

When morning came I felt surprisingly rested, considering. I got up and took a shower. Parts of me (you know which parts I mean) were a bit itchy, but I wasn't crusty or anything. Karen's last move HAD been to clean me off, after all. Just remembering that gave me an erection in the shower. I pulled on some clothes and went downstairs.

When I was no longer in the heat of the moment, my conscience had free rein to punish me. What was I *thinking* last night? I had sex with my sister, and then came inside of her. What if she gets pregnant?! I am SO dead meat. No matter how good it felt at the time, after the fact all I felt was guilt. She's going to regret it, and it's going to be my fault. How could I have let her do that? How could I have opened my big mouth and told her how I felt? Why did I think that making love to her was going to turn out ok?

Breakfast was on the table, in triplicate. Cereal, eggs, biscuits, fruit, sausage, all kinds of stuff was set out, and Karen was seated at the table, Amy getting juice from the fridge when I came in.

"Good morning, everyone." I said, unsure of how awkward breakfast was going to be.

Karen had a kind of glow, but she kept blushing every time she looked at me. When she got up to get jelly, she almost limped, but not quite. Let's just describe it as she walked very gingerly. Uh oh. That's probably my fault.

Amy looked almost sick with guilt, shying away from eye contact, and basically keeping her head down.. Neither one of them really noticed the change in the other, as they were both kinda just watching me. Breakfast conversation was quiet and noncommittal.

"You guys are going to say goodbye to Mrs. Klemp today, right?" I asked solemnly.

Karen nodded, but Amy looked sidelong at me. "I was going to spend the day there, with Lola, but Amy said she needed your help fixing something." Karen said. "I assume it has to do with why she left yesterday, but I wake up and here she is this morning?"

"Yep," I said, about to explain, but Amy looked at me with pleading in her eyes, and shook her head quickly. "Amy, she's going to find out. It's not like you have any right to privacy about this, anyway."

Amy wrung her hands. "She's about to go say goodbye to Mrs. Klemp, and spend the day with Lola. Can we not ruin that right now? Tell her later after she gets home, but let's be respectful and not send her there mad."

It was actually a pretty good argument for not talking about it over breakfast. After a moment, I nodded. "That's fair. It can wait." Amy visibly relaxed.

Karen looked at the two of us. "How bad could it be? What, did she pee outside? Did she smoke a cigarette?" I waved my hand. "It'll goof up your day. Let it wait. It's ok."

"Kid court?" Karen asked, eating. I shook my head. "I don't think so. We'll discuss it later." Karen shrugged. "Ok," she said.

"The way I see it, you take us to the hospital, I go in and say goodbye, we leave, Karen stays and she and Lola come home together whenever they do." Amy said, after clearing her throat nervously.

"And us?" I asked.

"We go run errands. You said if I could think of a way to fix it, you'd help me." She said.

"I said we'd discuss it." I said. She pulled a face. "Pleeeeeeeeeeease! Punish me as much as you want, but don't let my friends get in trouble too. I got caught, let's not drag them through this at THEIR houses."

I sighed. "You'll have to tell me the plan before I agree to it, but if it's reasonable, I'm willing to help."

Karen ate silently, looking at the two of us. "Sounds exciting, at least." She said, after a moment. I thought back to Michaela's dad pounding on the door. "It was, momentarily." I said.

Amy looked stricken, and just ate her food without any further input.

I kept shooting glances at Karen, but she was keeping her eyes down. She looked a little nervous and shy, but not angry or anything. Not like a rape victim. *I have to talk with her.* I thought. *but when?*

After breakfast, Karen went upstairs to change. Amy got out three brown lunch bags. "Put them in these," She said, "I called Destiny on her cell phone last night, so she's going to tell the other girls the plan. We call her again when we're done with the hospital, and she'll find some excuse to get out of the house. We give her back her movie, and then she'll call the other girls and get instructions from them about where to hide at their houses, so bring your cell phone."

"Where to hide?" I asked.

"Well, I can't just ring the doorbell, can I? 'Here's your movie!'" She said.

"Fine," I said. "Enjoy today, because it's your last trip out for a while. Don't forget how grounded you are."

"I know, I know," Amy said. "But Will? Thanks for letting me try to get my friends out of trouble." She grabbed my hand and held it for a moment. I ruffled her hair with my other hand. "Can't let your friends hang for your idea."

Amy rolled her eyes. "It wasn't even MY idea! Stupid Crystal!" She ran off to get dressed.

I went upstairs and brown-bagged the borrowed pornos. Fortune Nookie and Box Lunch looked decent,

but Black in Back was about the perfect definition of what I don't want to see. Sounds like prison. I bundled them in an old shirt and took them out to the car. Into the trunk they went.

Karen came downstairs to the kitchen as I got there. She was dressed rather plainly. Dark slacks, flat dress shoes and a nice blouse. Small diamond-looking earrings sparkled from her earlobes. "How do I look?" She asked, nervously, alone with me for the first time since making love on the couch.

"You look wonderful, as always." I said, and then lowered my voice. "We need to talk."

"I know, I know." She said, blushing and looking a bit scared. "I promise we will, but not right now. Tonight? I have so much I need to talk to you about."

I looked at her closely. "Me too. I'm kinda freakin out here."

She wouldn't meet my gaze. "Just just promise me you won't make any decisions about last night until we talk, ok? Please?"

I took her hand. "What do you mean?" She looked up at me, blushed again, and looked away.

"Last night really didn't go the way I planned. I got caught up in the moment. If I had it to do over again, I would have definitely done things differently." She cleared her throat.

My heart fell, but also we seemed a few steps closer to normal. I started to ask her if she wanted to pretend it never happened, but Amy came charging into the kitchen, dressed in a dark green and brown outfit. Karen gave my hand a quick squeeze and stepped away from me. "I'm ready." She said, as if we hadn't been whispering.

"Roll out!" Amy said, and hurried out the door. I followed Karen out to the car, and we got in. Amy was looking around in the car. "Did you forget my sunglasses?" She asked, looking pointedly at me in the mirror. "No, they're in here somewhere." I said lightly. She nodded, and sat back, keeping silent all the way there.

Karen followed suit, which meant it was the quietest car trip we'd had in a long time. I turned on the radio briefly, but there wasn't much to listen to.

Lola met us in the foyer (lobby?) when we got there, and led us up to a quiet room with bright wallpaper and sickly yellow lights. I didn't really want to go in, preferring to remember her as the fiesty old lady who brought us food and took us places we needed to go instead of seeing her as the dying old lady who'd had several strokes. I waited uncomfortably in the hall.

Karen and Amy went in, Lola drifted back out to the hall. Her eyes were red, but it looked as if she had been trying NOT to cry. I held my arms open, and she wordlessly put her arms around me, and her head on my shoulder. We held each other, and didn't speak.

Amy came out about ten minutes later, wiped her eyes, and nodded to me. I patted Lola's back, and she straightened up and looked around. Amy stepped up and hugged her in turn. "We have to leave, but Karen's staying." Amy said. "Could you just bring her home tonight?" Lola nodded, and kissed Amy on

top of the head.

"Forgive me if I don't come over tonight to visit?" Lola asked, her voice a croak. "I'm just so drained that I want to go home and go to sleep." Amy nodded somberly.

"You can do that if it helps," Amy said, "but not for too long. You need some therapeutic time with us. Don't go crazy."

"I'll try not to," Lola said. I gave her one last squeeze before we left. I could see Karen just sitting silently by the bedside as we walked past the door on our way out.

The somber mood lasted until we got down to the parking lot. I beeped the trunk, and Amy dug around until she found the shirt with the DVDs in it. "Ok, I need your phone." She said, climbing into the passenger seat. I handed it to her. "Hey, when can I get my own phone? Destiny has had hers for like a year now."

"We'll need to have this conversation sometime when you're not trying to return stolen pornos." I said flatly. She blushed hard and shut up.

She gave me directions to Destiny's house, and then called her on the phone. "Strawberry Cheesecake to Hot Chocolate. The chicken is in the barnyard."

"10-4, good buddy." I muttered.

Amy listened on the phone for a minute, and then said "Affirmative. The eggs are about to hatch." She turned off the cell phone, and gave me further directions. When we got near her house, which was right down in town, Amy had me park across the street, about three houses down. The house was on a corner lot, with waist-high hedges on three sides.

Amy double-checked to make sure she had the right DVD for Destiny, and got out of the car and darted across the street.

Nearing Destiny's house, she hunched over below the level of the hedges, and scurried along to where the sidewalk cut through. She squatted down to wait, but within moments, Destiny marched out of the house and tossed a frisbee against the hedges near where Amy was. Nonchalantly (or so she imagined) walking over to retrieve it, she bent down low out of sight.

A hand plunged through the hedge about a six inches from Amy's face. She put the brown paper parcel into it, and it vanished again. Destiny popped back into view, and marched back into the house without a backwards glance. Amy scuttled back to the car. "Whew!" She said. "One down, two to go."

"Who's next?" I asked.

"Brandi. Stupid Crystal is last. I'll let her sweat a little." Amy said, annoyed.

Amy called Destiny (Hot Chocolate) again, and got the plan for Brandi's house. Amy was to let herself in through the back gate, and look for a window on the first floor with a scarf hanging out of it. Once there,

she was to tap on the glass, and Brandi would open the window to take the package.

"I've never been to Brandi's house before, so I don't know which room is hers." Amy explained. It turned out to be a house with a serious privacy fence, at the end of a residential cul-de-sac.

"Turn the car around first," Amy ordered. "Park about halfway back down the street. There's a footpath back behind all the yards that goes all the way around. That's what she told me to use."

As we passed the house in preparation for turning around, I saw the name on the mailbox: The Alexanders. "Wait, her name is *Brandi Alexander*? You've got to be KIDDING me!!" I said in disbelief.

"No, that's right, why?" Amy asked, confused.

"Brandi Alexander?" I looked at her. "She's named after a mixed drink?!"

"No, she's named after that lame old song about the waitress at the sailor's bar." Amy said. "Her parents thought it was special."

"THEY must be 'special.'" I growled. "Poor kid."

Amy took off out of the car and ran down a gap between two houses. After several minutes, she trudged back, disgustedly. She slumped into the car and slammed the door.

"Mission accomplished?" I asked, looking at her demeanor. She waved her arms and sighed.

"Run down the path, sneak through the gate, look for the scarf, tap on the window, and she's the only freakin' person home!" She snarled. "I could have marched right up to her front door leading a parade, and it wouldn't have mattered."

"Well, one left." I said, amused despite myself. Crystal lived way the hell out in the rural areas, so we had a bit longer of a drive.

"Yeah, stupid Crystal. I should just put it in her mailbox. THAT would be fun. Especially if her dad finds it." She said, glaring out the window.

"Didn't you say the movie belonged to her mother, though?" I asked.

"THAT'S what I'm talking about." Amy said, grimly. "I'll need your cell phone again. I'm sure Destiny called her, but she'll have no way of knowing how close we are."

She called the number, and when someone picked up, said "Scapegoat to Guilty Princess, the Snickers Bar is IN the lunchbox." in an angry tone of voice. A shocked look appeared on her face. "Oh! I'm sorry, is Crystal home? May I speak with her?" She turned beet red.

"That was her mom! Yikes!" Amy winced. After a moment, Crystal must have picked up. "Hey, stupid. We're here." A pause "SO? I'm the one who got the Ride Of Disgrace. I don't care if I ruined your evening!" Another pause. "Not sorry enough." Yet another pause. "Fine, tell me later. Where am I

waiting?" I watched telephone poles race by. "Alright, bye."

She handed me back my phone, I put it in the little holder. "We need to park by the old bus shed, and I'll go sit by her mailbox. Apparently when I went home, things got worse at Michaela's. I'll get the gory details." I shrugged. I hadn't been worried about the gory details anyway.

We got to where we needed to be, an old farm road that crept up and down and back and forth across an ancient grassy hillside. A little mud creek crawled through a gully way down there. We passed single-strand electric fences, and several crummy little houses with big satellite dishes and new cars in the driveway. Brown grass, mud, and broken children's toys shared driveways with SUV's that looked like they had more cash value than the house itself.

"Nice neighborhood." I muttered. Amy nodded. "It's gross out here."

"What do her parents do?" I asked, curious. Amy shrugged.

"Her mom works as a waitress sometimes, between welfare stints or whatever, and her dad does as little as possible. Maybe he sells drugs." She sighed. "Mostly her mom wishes for a black boyfriend to take her away from all this, instead of her dad, who won't marry her anyway, so they can both collect a check. It's stupid and pointless." She pointed up ahead. "Park there."

I pulled in next to a dilapidated old wooden bus shelter, apparently built back in the forties, which may have been the last time anyone out this road cared about school, or the quality of their children's lives.

Amy got out of the car and hunched over, jogging to the mailbox, where she sat on an old tree stump and waited, shading her eyes from the sun.

After a few minutes, and girl in tiny running shorts and a tank top trudged down the road, dragging a Yorkshire Terrier on a pink leash. The dog seemed to want to run every direction except for the direction that the girl was walking. Twice it cut across in front of her and she had to disentangle herself from the leash.

As soon as it saw Amy, the dog launched at her, yapping shrilly. Crystal yanked on the leash hard enough to send the dog flying off it's feet, but it seemed unfazed and went right back on the assault.

Halfway to Amy, the dog apparently found something more interesting, because it leapt into the tall grass and fidgeted around while Crystal walked over to the mailbox. A few minutes of conversation ensued, and Amy handed Crystal the movie and shrugged. Crystal got the mail out of the mailbox and tucked the movie in amongst the flyers and envelopes. They said their goodbyes, and Crystal hauled the dog back out of the grass as she walked back down the long driveway.

Amy trotted back over to the car and flopped into the passenger seat. "Ok, NOW I'm grounded."

I drove back towards our house. "So what happened after you left?" I still needed to stall to think of a suitable punishment duration.

"Well, they found out why her dad came charging in. Apparently their parents have one of those clocks

with a hidden camera in it? A Nanny-cam, like the kind you use to spy on your babysitter or whatever? and it was in the room we were all sleeping in. That's how he knew what we were doing." She stared out the window. "Which brings up the issue of why he was on his computer watching us at 3 in the morning anyway." A moment's thoughtful silence. "I'm glad I changed clothes in the bathroom, though. I think Destiny and Michaela changed into their pajamas right in the room. I hope that's not on Youtube by now." She shuddered.

She turned to face me. "So how much trouble am I in? I mean, yes I was watching pornos, but I got it from you after all. If we're going to Kid Court this'll all come out in the trial." She looked at me sidelong.

I shook my head. "Don't even TRY to threaten me." Images of Karen sucking my dick and impaling herself on it moments later flashed through my mind. "Something tells me I won't get in as much trouble as you think. You're still the one who stole, transported stolen property, and you're the one who got busted with it. You're not going to be able to drag me down with you."

Amy sighed. I continued. "Besides, I don't HAVE to tell Karen about this at all. This could stay between you and me, and frankly, I think you have more to lose." She knew I was right.

"So if I exhibit good behavior, and a sincere desire to rehabilitate myself, you'll give me a lighter sentence and leave Karen out of this?" She asked. I thought it over, and nodded. She relaxed visibly. "Thank you. I knew you were going to be mad at me because I stole your movie, but it was Karen's reaction I was dreading the most. I think that being such a disappointment to her would hurt more than sneaking one of your pornos. That being said I'm sorry I did that too. Please forgive me." She said quietly.

"I will, but you need to THINK about things before you do them. And I hid that stuff for a reason. It's not for nine-year-olds." I said.

"Destiny's like twelve." Amy said, but even she knew that was crap. "Ok, I know, but we're so curious! At school they give us a diagram of a uterus, and talk to us about "woman troubles" and tell us it means we're grown-ups, but they don't treat us any differently. We wanted to understand what it was all about. We wanted to SEE it."

I could understand where she was coming from, but heck, ignorance is a valid part of the journey. "Still, it's not right, and it's not that simple. End of story. What you did was wrong, and you're grounded, whether you were just curious or not."

She sighed and slumped lower. "If I can have any leniency, or clemency, or whatever they call it, please don't let my grounding include restrictions on seeing Liu Si, please oh please oh please."

I looked at her. "So you don't want me to tell Karen, and you don't want me to ground you from Liu Si, what's left to punish? I'm willing to bargain a little, but pretty soon it won't be anything."

Amy counted on her fingers. "I'll do all the chores, dishes, trash, laundry and stuff, I won't watch anything over channel 50 on TV, and I'll give you foot and back rubs every night, all for two weeks." Channel 50 and below was all the boring channels on our cable tv provider. C-span, cnbc, msnbc, the catholic channel, the christian-other-than-catholic channel, local access bulletin board channels, and some craft

channel that always seemed to feature a lady hot-gluing fake plastic fruit to grapevine wreaths were all below 50.

"Chores for a month and no TV at all, unless we're all watching it together." I said, firmly.

Amy waited. "What about the backrubs and foot rubs? Two weeks, or a month, too?"

"Neither." I said. "None at all." I can't go awarding myself massages, I knew. Not only is it conflict of interest, but I shouldn't give her a punishment that directly benefits myself. Especially since it was my fault the porno was there for her to steal in the first place.

"None?" Amy said, starting to seem dismayed for the first time since she got brought home. "What if I wanted to?"

I shook my head. She searched my face. "But I LIKE rubbing on you. Especially now that we got you back from Jenni and Sandi and Jessi. Karen and I both lost like a week there."

Karen got hers back with interest, I thought but did not say. I relented just a bit. "No rubbing or cuddling for two weeks. I'm not giving you the silent treatment or anything, but no more rubs or massages, no more sitting on my lap on the couch, and if there's a thunderstorm, you'll have to stay in your own bed. Until two weeks are up."

She looked a little upset. "But, Will, we just got you back. Please don't make part of my punishment be isolation from my big brother."

I started to cave, but held myself resolute. "That's the deal." I said, with finality.

Amy slumped back over to her seat, looked seriously chastised. "Ouch." She said quietly, which was pretty good, because I knew that this was a real punishment that she wouldn't just forget about.

We drove in silence for a while. "Hey, Will?" Amy asked, her voice low.

"Yeah?" I asked, not unkindly.

"I really am sorry. I mean it." She said, quite sincerely. "I'll never do anything that stupid again."

"You probably will." I said gently. "We all do. You just have to make sure you learn from it."

We were silent the rest of the way home. Once at home, (it was late afternoon at this point,) I actually laid down and took a nap. Weird, but I just felt like sleeping more than I felt like being awake.

I woke up in the early evening, to find the house very quiet. I peeked into Amy's room, to find her sitting in her beanbag chair, listening to music on headphones, reading a book. Good for her. The "no TV" punishment would be especially harsh during summer vacation, because you've got all day to get bored, but she seemed to be coping.

I went downstairs to find that Karen wasn't home yet. I sat in the living room and tried to think of what I

was going to say to her. I felt the need to apologize, that's for sure, but SHE pulled my clothes off and made love to me. It's not like I forced myself on her, she was an enthusiastic participant. I still felt a sense of wrongdoing. I still wanted more. I still loved her with my entire heart and soul. Could we ever be the same again? Did we do something good last night, or something very very bad?

The air started to feel more humid, and I could see the sky darkening outside, as rainclouds swept in. I just kind of sat and worried.

At about 6:30, I heard a car pull up outside. I peeked out one of the front windows to see Karen getting out of Lola's convertible, which of course had the roof up, so I couldn't see Lola. Karen leaned down to say something to her, and then turned and headed up the front walk. Lola's car drove away. I opened the door for Karen when she got there.

"Hello," She said sadly.

"How'd it go?" I asked quietly. She shook her head.

"She never did wake up." Karen, her voice broken. "She doesn't seem to be in any pain, but . . . she doesn't seem to be in there anymore either. It's like her body's still running, but she's already gone." She held her arms out mutely, and I held her. She put her head against my shoulder and just clung to me. After several moments, she sighed. "I love you."

"I love you too." I said. "And I wanted to talk to you about last night."

"Could we do that later?" She asked. "I'm still torn up from today. How about after supper?"

My impatience must have transmitted itself somehow, even though I was trying to be cool about it. She patted my chest. "Please? Please don't be upset, it's just . . . I'm in like a million different directions right now. Give me a little time to pull myself together. I'll make it up to you."

I nodded, chastised. "You don't need to make anything up to me, I've just been worrying and going over things in my head all day."

Karen squeezed me one more time and let go. "I know, and I'm sorry. I . . . It's my fault things went the way they did. I should have . . . I didn't MEAN to" She put her face in her hands. "I'll go get dinner started, and try to get myself right."

"Can I help?" I asked, my guilt coming back. She shrugged.

"I'm just doing macaroni and meatballs. Everything just needs boiled or microwaved." She looked past me at the dark house. "What's Amy up to?"

"She's reading a book in her room, listening to music." I said. "She's grounded from the TV for two weeks."

"Wow. So what happened?" Karen asked.

"She made a plea bargain with me that included not telling you all the specifics. She's embarrassed by how stupid her crime was, and doesn't want you to be disappointed in her." I said.

"So no specifics then, how about generalities?" Karen asked. I thought it over.

"She and her friends were going to a very very strict household for a slumber party, and they brought stuff that they KNEW wasn't allowed by that girl's parents. So she got caught and booted out." I said carefully. That should be broad enough to include some crimes that weren't so bad.

"So like slutty makeup, or was I right earlier when I guessed cigarettes?" Karen walked towards the kitchen.

"That's as specific as I'm going to get." I said. "It turns out the girl's dad had a hidden camera in that room, so now the girls are worried that they are on tape somewhere. Amy's glad she changed in the bathroom."

"Eww, what?" Karen said, turning to me. "He was taping them? How is THAT legal?"

"Well, it was one of those Nannycams, the kind you use to make sure your babysitter isn't beating your kids, or your maid isn't stealing the good silver." I shrugged. "But his use of it in this context is very shady."

"I'm sure she's not going back there." Karen said, getting into the freezer. I thought of his piggy little face, red in the porch light. "Yeah."

I sat quietly at the counter while Karen put water on, and poured a bag of meatballs into a glass bowl, which she then placed in the microwave. "I'm going to go change." She said, and gave me a quick hug. Off she went. I sat and stared at my fingers. She doesn't seem mad or scared, but she doesn't seem all that happy, either. Are we screwed, because we screwed?

A hand thumped my shoulder, startling me. "Good job!" Amy said quietly. "When you mentioned the Nannycam she totally forgot about what I did. Thanks!" I was so pre-occupied I didn't even hear her approach. "No problem." I muttered. Amy sat down and looked at me.

"Hey, um." She looked at me carefully. "What's up with you? You seem weird. Karen too."

"Weird?" I asked, trying not to look guilty. "Weird how?"

Amy shrugged. "A lot of times today you just kind of stared off into space with a worried expression. Karen had the same look when she left just now."

I tried to come up with some kind of excuse. "Well, I slept really badly last night, for one." I shot her a pointed look, she blushed and looked guilty. "And secondly, all day has just felt . . . off. Like I forgot to do something important."

Amy nodded. "You looked pre-occupied."

I continued. "And Karen, well, you know where she was all day."

"I'm sorry," Amy said. "I guess I just felt jumpy."

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth." I said, and tousled her hair.

"What is that from?" She asked, blushing.

"I don't know, I think I saw it on Law And Order once." I said.

Amy went and started to set the table, and Karen returned. She was wearing just a baggy t-shirt and shorts, her bare feet making almost no noise on the tile floor. I got up and walked outside onto the patio. The air felt close and heavy, and the clouds looked like a painting. I could hear no thunder, but a serious rain seemed inevitable. After a few moments, I went back inside.

Amy was putting cups on the table, and Karen was scooping food onto plates, so it was time to eat. As you may well imagine, dinner conversation was strained. Amy and I had spent the day on a mission of secrecy, Karen had spent all day at Mrs. Klomp's deathbed, and Karen and I had a major world-changing conversation hanging over us like a million-pound weight.

After a rushed, uncomfortable dinner, I drifted into the living room after Karen, while Amy did the dishes. "When can we talk?" I whispered to Karen. She shook her head.

"Let's wait until Amy goes to sleep. I don't want any chance of her overhearing us."

I looked at the clock. It was 7:05. I had maybe like three hours yet. "I've been waiting all day." I whispered in her ear. She closed her eyes in a tiny shudder. "Let's watch TV or something," she said aloud.

We sat on the couch, and she tentatively snuggled up to me, as if afraid I would push her away. I put my arms around her and pulled her in close, which seemed to surprise her.

"You're not mad at me?" she whispered, surprised.

I was equally perplexed by her reaction. "No, why would I be *mad* at you?"

She relaxed, a lot, and brightened up considerably. "All day long I've been thinking that you'd be mad at me, or at least afraid of me or something. Because of what I did." Her whisper was barely audible.

"Well, we DO need to get some things figured out, but I still love you. I don't hate you over what happened." I whispered back, into her ear.

Her smile was large, and genuine. She squeezed my hand, and snuggled closer against me. "I've been panicking all day. I felt so guilty." She whispered.

"Well, maybe we *should* be feeling guilty, but I don't hate you." I whispered back.

She patted my arm. "Later, we'll talk."

Time seemed to crawl. Amy finished with the dishes, and came in and stood with her back to the TV to talk to us for a moment. "I'm going to go read my book. Later on, can I try to call Liu Si?" She looked at Karen snuggled up against me with an unreadable expression.

"Is she allowed to take calls at the restaraunt? I thought she usually called you?" I asked. Amy got a pained look, but said. "I hope so. I miss her a lot, and I don't want her to get moved without me seeing her again. I'll just have to hope."

"Ok," Karen said. "Call her and see if she can come over again, that's fine. I miss her too." Amy smiled weakly, and then stronger. "Got it."

Amy gave us a curtsey, which got a laugh from both of us, and stomped upstairs.

"Why did she keep giving me looks?" Karen murmured.

"Part of her punishment is that she can't cuddle with me." I said.

"Geez, why? You know we both love it. Why would you take that away from her?"

"Because she offered cuddling and backrubs as a way to lessen her punishment. I had no choice but to take all of it off the table." I said. "Plus, I want her to learn from this, not just wait it out and return to her behavior as before."

"I'll bet she learns something." Karen said, thumping my arm gently. "That was kinda harsh."

"Do you think I overdid it?" I asked, honestly.

"Well, I don't know what her crime was, but you usually don't go overboard." Karen leaned back against me. "So how long before you think Amy goes to sleep?"

"About ten? should be?" I said, unsure. "If we head up like we're going to bed around then, turn off lights, etc, she'll probably just do it too." Karen nodded.

Time seemed to pass slowly, but then it was ten o'clock in a flash. It was weird. I remember sitting there thinking it was taking forever, but then it was ten before I expected it.

"OK, go like you're getting ready for bed, and put your PJ's on, but keep your shoes." Karen whispered to me, getting up. I watched her as she stretched, with a pang. Man, was she beautiful.

Off she went. I turned out the lights and followed. When I got to my room, I checked in on Amy, who was still sitting in her beanbag chair, although kinda slumped over with a book in her lap. She was asleep.

"Hey, squirt." I said, shaking her shoulder. "Wake up and go to bed."

"That doesn't make any sense," she grumbled, but she put her book aside and struggled to her feet. As she began undressing, I left the room. I rustled around in my room, changing into my pj's which were

basically just sweat shorts and no shirt. I went to go pee, but Amy was brushing her teeth in a tank top and panties. I waited until she was done before I went in. As she was leaving, she turned to me. "Will?" she asked.

"Yes?" I said, needing to pee. "Can I have a hug? Please?" She asked softly.

"Let me pee and I'll be glad to hug you." I said. "Ok!" She jumped into her room and kicked the door closed. I peed. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

When I was done, I went through my room to hers, and found her sitting on her bed, her long legs stretched out over her comforter. She bounced to her knees and threw her arms out. When I gave her the hug, all I smelled was blueberry and toothpaste. She didn't let go right away. "I miss the cuddling. Already. A lot." She sighed.

"Thirteen days left," I reminded her. She growled. I patted her on the head. "Think next time. And don't look at porn anymore."

"YOU do it." She said plaintively. "We were curious."

"I know, you said that. Doesn't make it ok." I squeezed her again, and she released me. She laid down and yanked her covers up. "Thirteen days. I don't know if I can make it."

"Try." I said, and turned out her light and shut the door. Whew. I feel like a big meanie.

I pulled on my shoes, turned out my light and laid on top of the bed. The moment of truth was fast approaching. I began to get butterflies. How do we go on? We made love and I came inside of her. What if . . . ? My butterflies started turning into killer bees. What if she got pregnant?

I heard the shower running briefly, and then silence. About ten minutes later, the light went out, and my door to the bathroom opened slowly. Karen slipped into my room. She was a vision. She was wearing an ivory satin nightgown, which had spaghetti straps, a plunging neckline, and went almost to her ankles. It looked like a slinky evening gown, though, clinging to her curves and rippling when she moved. Her hair had been toweled mostly dry, but I could see a few damp hairs clinging to her neck and shoulders, while the rest of it drifted softly against her as she crept over to me.

"Are you ready?" She whispered.

"Yes," I croaked. I sat up, and she touched my shoulder briefly. "We're going on a little hike. I want a private place." She smelled like strawberries again, and looked like an angel. I realized I would gladly give her MY private places again, if she wanted.

I followed her quietly out of my room, down the stairs, wincing at every creak of the old wood, and into the kitchen. There, she grabbed a flashlight off the kitchen counter, and opened the door to the patio "Leave it open about an inch, so we can get back in."

Once on the patio, she grabbed my hand and we started off into the woods, along the path to the

gazebo. The air was warm and humid, and halfway there, it started to rain softly. We hurried, but we had to be careful. It wasn't unpleasant, just damp. She used her flashlight to help us down the path to the gazebo, but in our caution, we got soaked.

Getting there, she lit the citronella candles with a lighter we keep down there, and turned off the flashlight. We were lit in a kind of flickering, golden, citrus-scented glow. Wet, her nightgown clung to her gorgeous body like skin, making her look even more erotic.

Since she remained standing, I did as well. She slowly walked over to me and put her arms around my waist, and her head on my chest. I put my arms around her too. She felt warm, soft, and absolutely amazing. My heart pounded.

"Will, I have a confession to make, and I need to ask for your forgiveness." She said, her voice thick. I kissed the top of her head. "No, you don't. Not really." She looked up at me, her eyes wet, and a little bit of fear on her face.

"Yes, I do. I did something bad. Let me explain, and apologize, ok? Don't try to talk me out of it. Let me get it all out first." She swallowed. "Last night when you were drinking what you thought was grape juice, it was wine coolers. I gave you alcohol, because I was hoping that it would help me convince you to love me. I totally took advantage of you. I date-raped you, pretty much."

I shook my head, trying to calm her down. "There's not that much alcohol in those things, I don't think."

"You drank all four of them. I totally lied to you, and then I pressured you into sex. You kept saying no, and I kept not listening." Tears rolled down her cheeks. "That's why I was expecting you to hate me today. I didn't seduce you, I used you."

I led her over to one of the benches, and we sat down. "First of all, where did you get wine coolers?"

"I swiped them from Mrs. Klemp's house right after Lola got here. She's a recovering alcoholic, and Mrs. Klemp wasn't going to miss them, I thought. I was curious about drinking, and it seemed like a harmless experiment. It was stupid of me." She wiped her nose. "Now you know. Feel free to yell at me. Please just remember that I love you more than anyone else in the whole world. I did what I did last night because I want you, I need you, and I can't stand the thought of losing you. I should have been brave enough to be honest with you, instead of slipping you a mickey and then ripping your clothes off when you were buzzed."

My heart leapt. I didn't give two craps about the alcohol, although that was sort of a surprise, but she really really meant it. She loved me like I loved her She wanted me like I wanted her. That was the happiest moment of my life, up until then.

"Well, buzzed or not, I meant everything I said to you." I told her. "I love everything about you, and if you want me too, then that makes me the luckiest man on earth. Did you really mean what YOU said? Although you said very little. You mostly just sexed my brains out." Her face lit up with joy as I spoke and she clutched my hands. Tears trickled down her cheeks as she took a few deep breaths.

"Will, I have loved you for as long as I can remember, it just wasn't until recently that I realized it was

sexual as well. I mean you've always been the person I share my heart with, the person who makes me stronger, the person I want to be around. The other day I suddenly realized that I wanted your body too. I always had, on a subconscious level, but since I knew it wasn't possible, I'd never imagined exploring the possibility. It's like you see something nice that you'll never ever have, and you don't even think to wish for it, because it's just so impossible."

She took another deep breath, fresh tears traced paths down her flushed cheeks. "I've always known that you were a wonderful man, but ever since the day I knew we wouldn't be kids forever, that someday we'd grow up and go on, I've known that some girl is going to be incredibly lucky to have you. Deep in my heart I knew that, and I was very jealous, because I didn't think it could ever be me. It was just impossible."

She let go of one of my hands, and brushed a few strands of hair back from her eyes. "But then I started noticing you getting erections around me, when I touched you, or when you were looking at me a lot. At first I didn't even realize what it meant, I was just like 'awwww, poor guy.'" But then it hit me. You were getting aroused by ME! You had to feel SOME kind of attraction, besides just a platonic one. That realization made me analyze my own feelings about you, and I realized that I had been wanting you the same way, all this time. It's like I was holding some object in the dark, and the light clicks on, and I finally see it, and know that I always kinda knew what it was, I just couldn't be sure enough to guess."

She was looking at me closely, not blushing or keeping her eyes on the floor. "I mean I know a little bit of what horny is, when I would have to rub my clit so I could go to sleep and not just lay there all fidgety, but when sexual arousal is attached to and triggered by another person, I didn't really know how to recognize it. I didn't put two and two together until that time you came out of the shower. My pussy got SO wet, I could barely stand to touch my clit, and my nipples got so hard they hurt just a little. My body already knew what I hadn't realized: I want you to love me. I want to BE that lucky girl. I don't want to give you up. I love you, and need you, and I hoped you would feel the same about me. Or at least enough to let me try. That was my backup plan. If we got out here and you didn't hate me, but weren't really interested in continuing, I was going to beg you to let me try to be your lover. Like a test drive. I was hoping I could convince you to be with me. I love you, in every way, no matter what. Please, please, please, can we be together, like boyfriend and girlfriend, like a man and a woman?"

I smiled. "I was only thinking that we were coming out here for apologies and swearing to never speak of it again."

Karen chuckled softly. "Well, see there **was** that as a worst case scenario. If you hated me for it, I was going to swear never to mention it, and then I was probably going to have to spend the rest of my life crying." She wiped her eyes. "I'm so happy. You don't know how much this has been tearing me up over the past few days."

"Maybe I do." I said. I looked out at the rain pouring down. Karen was in love with me, and wanted me to love her back. Our waterfall was starting to pick up, the added volume of rain adding to its normal flow.

"Last night's plan kinda hatched when we got rid of Jenni." Karen said. "I finally dared hope that I might have a chance. That's when I decided to sneak the wine coolers into you. I was too scared to come clean."

"Well, I don't know how much they lowered my defenses, but they wouldn't have changed my answers. And last night was AMAZING. I've never ever felt that good." I said.

Now Karen blushed. "Really? I didn't really know what I was doing. I read some stuff online, and practiced putting two or three fingers inside me, to try and prepare for, well, YOU."

"I meant to ask about that." I said, my curiosity making a momentary appearance. "What about your hymen? Wouldn't that have broken last night and hurt?"

Karen shook her head. "I don't have one anymore. I already broke it when I was seven."

"Seven?" I asked, shocked. "What did you break it WITH?"

"The balance beam at TumbleBums." Karen said, a little bit ashamed.

"What?!" I gasped.

Karen took a deep breath and stared at the floor. "We had been practicing splits all day, and it was hurting me down here." She rubbed her silky little mons. "I tried to explain it to Mrs. Randolph, but she either didn't understand or didn't believe me. I couldn't just come out and tell her that my vagina hurt, so I said it made my stomach hurt. After an hour of painful stretchy splits, she finally told me I could go walk on the balance beam instead if I wanted."

I made a face. "Oh geez. I can imagine what happened." Karen nodded.

"I got up on the balance beam and went to do a cartwheel, but since I was sore, I couldn't keep my feet in line as I came over, and ended up forking myself right on the bar at full speed. I smashed my pussy so hard I thought I was going to die. I threw up almost immediately, and then everyone was freaking out. I was bleeding, I couldn't walk. Mrs. Randolph carried me to the locker room, and tried to check me out to see if I was ok. Mrs. Brooks was there, and she's a registered nurse, so she looked me over very carefully and told me that I had bruised my groin, and broken my hymen. She actually cried when she told me that part, and explained what a hymen was. I had no idea." Karen sighed. "But it quit bleeding after a while, and I got my clothes and went home. I never told anybody." Her head was down, and she wasn't looking me.

"It's ok. You didn't do anything wrong." I soothed, reaching out to rub her knee.

"Mrs. Brooks just made me feel like I was damaged somehow, and Mrs. Randolph made me promise to never tell anyone about it, ever, no matter what, so I guess I broke that promise." Karen said, finally looking up at me.

"You're not damaged." I smiled at her.

"I'm kinda sad that I can't give it to you." Karen said. "It just seems extra special. A little gross, maybe, but very special. Like I had a freshness seal."

"You're still totally fresh." I said. "I think it made it easier for you last night. One less obstacle."

"It kinda hurt anyway, and it bled, but that's just because you're so huge!" She looked at me wide-eyed, "God did that feel good after it stopped hurting! I've never come that hard before!"

"It really hurt? I'm sorry!" I said, ashamed.

She shook her head immediately. "No way! DON'T be sorry. It was incredible! When I touch myself, it's like those little jumping jack firecrackers. Last night with you was like an Atom Bomb!" She glowed with happiness. "I've never felt so good in my life! Sore afterwards yes, bleeding a little yes, but so beyond worth it!"

She reached forward and grabbed both my hands. "That's why I wanted to get to you tonight. Last night was just me giving in to temptation, but I really want it to be real. I want it to be permanent. I want to be your lover, and I want you to be mine. Please say yes." The earnestness in her eyes was absolute.

I grinned at her. "Yes yes yes yes yes YES!" I whooped. She gave a cry of delight and grabbed me in a big hug. "I promise you won't regret this!" She cried, literally, fresh tears of joy springing forth.

"We should move to West Virginia where a brother and sister can get married," I joked, but Karen slapped my shoulder lightly.

"Don't be mean," she said, "besides, you're officially disqualified from making jokes about it, since we're doing it." She reached up and lowered the straps holding up her nightgown. "And speaking of doing it, the girls missed you."

She slowly pulled the top of her nightgown down to her waist, unveiling her breasts, which looked even more gorgeous in the candlelight. I reached for them instinctively, just out of sheer monkey desire, but I hesitated. Karen smiled and grabbed my hands. "Go on. They're yours, after all." She rotated my hands palm up, arched her back just a little, and placed her breasts into my hands. God, it was wonderful. I gently lifted them, and gave them a squeeze. She gasped gently, and my cock practically shot down my shorts leg like an unrolling fire hose. I leaned down and kissed the top of the left one. Karen sighed happily "Mmmm."

"Here," I said, and leaned back, pulling ever-so-softly on her breasts. "Straddle me like you did last night."

I had to let go as she rose to her feet. She pulled up her wet nightgown to her knees and straddled me on the bench, reaching back behind me and holding on to the gazebo railing for balance. I put my arms around her waist to hold her tight, but she rose up on her knees and gave a shimmy, her large, firm breasts bouncing against my chin, boom boom boom boom. It felt amazing! She giggled, and went to do it again, but I let go of her waist and grabbed a luscious boob in each hand.

"Gotcha!" I murmured, and licked her right nipple, keeping my tongue as hard and pointy as I could. "Aah!" She gasped. I gave that breast a squeeze, and licked the other one. "Yes!" She whimpered.

I turned back to the right one and sucked it into my mouth, flicking it firmly with my tongue while sucking.

I gently pinched her left nipple and rolled it slightly clockwise and counter-clockwise. She writhed against me, and squealed. "Oh my god!" She panted. "Don't stop!" I didn't. Left and right, squeezing and sucking, I did some of the things I'd always wanted to do, and she apparently loved every second of it. Bucking and writhing against me, she couldn't keep her voice down. She let go of the railing with one hand and clutched my head, holding me against her, pressing her breasts into my open mouth. "Yeeeeessss."

After a few minutes of this, she let go of the railing and shakily stepped back, getting to her feet. "Oh my. I have to stop." The hem of her nightgown dropped back to her ankles.

"Was I too rough?" I asked. "No, no." She tried to catch her breath. "It's just that they are going crazy. They're not used to so much attention, and the girls are a bit overloaded. Whew!" She wiped her eyes.

I reached out and took her hand to help her maintain balance. "I used to think that breasts were just for feeding babies, but wow." She laughed, "I'll bet you could make me cum just from stuff like that." She rubbed her mons again, and moaned happily. "Before I totally lose control, do you have something *I* could play with?"

"I think so," I said, and stood. I reached for the waist band of my shorts, but Karen stopped me. "Can I?" She asked, excitedly.

"Sure, I guess," I said, and she quickly got to her knees right in front of me. She grabbed the bottoms of my shorts and slowly drew them downwards. My cock popped free and bounced in front of her once or twice. "God, I love that. Hello, you gorgeous cock! Remember me?" She grabbed the base of it and firmly licked the underside of my cockhead. "I missed you! Mmmmm!" She smacked her lips, and sucked the head of it about halfway into her mouth, where she flicked her tongue all over it. I wobbled and almost lost my balance.

"I need to sit down," I gasped. She shook her head playfully, my erection still half deep in her mouth, and grabbed my hips as if to hold me up. As I watched, amazed, she pulled my hips forward, driving me deeper into her mouth. "Mmmmmmm" she sighed, and again, my knees went weak.

"Seriously, I can't stand. This feels so good I'm gonna fall." I said. She pulled her mouth off, sucking and tonguing all the way. "Ok. Just hurry."

My shorts were around my knees, so I just kind of hopped backwards and sat. Karen rose to her feet, tossed her hair, and stalked the two steps to me, swinging her hips. She knelt again, putting her hands on my knees and sliding them up my legs until they met at my penis. "You know, I used to read about how girls referred to giving blow jobs as 'Penis worship' what with the kneeling and all." she said softly. "But I can't figure out what they were complaining about! This is great!" She reached down under her wet nightgown, between her legs, and sighed hungrily. "I'm wet enough for both of us. See?"

She pulled her hand back up and grasped the head of my cock. I could feel the moisture in her hand as she slid it slowly down my hard-on. "I'm definitely going to worship this one. Last night felt so good, I couldn't believe it."

"And the talking to it?" I asked, smiling.

Karen blushed delightedly. "I couldn't HELP it! He was just so good, I had to tell him. I love you, but I really love your cock too. It's like this amazing new toy. I want to give him a name, and dress him up in little outfits" She laughed. "Not really. That WOULD be crazy. But I just want to play with it for hours, that part I'm serious about. It's just so neat."

"Seriously?" I asked, a big dopey smile on my face.

"Will, you've had it your whole life. I'm just now getting the chance to see one and touch it. It's new and exciting, in lots of ways." She cupped one breast, and I could see her nipple standing at attention. "I love it. Just thinking about it makes my hands itch, my mouth water, and my pussy tingle."

A sudden thought forced its way through the thick layers of sex surrounding my brain. Pussy. Vagina. Cum. BABIES! "Oh hey," I said, suddenly apprehensive. "Last night I came inside you."

"Twice." Karen grinned. "Once in my mouth, once in my pussy. I can't tell you how cool that was. You taste good, and I could actually feel it squirting out in my pussy."

"I *mean* what about pregnancy? I didn't have a condom or anything." I was very worried.

"First of all, I'm never letting a condom come between me and this beautiful cock right here," she said, squeezing it. "And second, I've been on the pill since I was nine, silly. I won't get pregnant, so you can cum in me all you want." She grinned slyly. "And I wish you would."

"I hereby promise to try," I gasped, as she stroked my entire length. She giggled. "Good!" and sucked me into her mouth again. She licked me up and down, firmly stroking with her hands, literally pulling on my dick with the suction in her mouth. It felt great!

After a few minutes of her tender and amazing ministrations, I could feel my testicles loading up to fire. "Oh, god, Karen!" I squirmed, my whole lower body tensing up. "I'm gonna-oh! I'm gonna cum!"

Karen immediately drew back and stuck out her tongue, placing the head of my cock on the middle of it pointing towards her open mouth, and continued stroking me while going "Ahhhhhh" and looking me right in the eyes. It was indescribably hot, because when I came five seconds later, I could actually SEE my semen spurting into her open mouth. I could barely keep my eyes open as it was, but my stare was locked onto that sight. A lot came out, and she swallowed twice, with obvious delight. She milked every last drop out of me, licking my cockhead and swallowing every bit of it. I was just limp and amazed, although my penis was still practically rock-hard.

"Mmmm!" She said, still stroking the base of my erection, giving the sensitive head a rest. "That was even better than last night! You're like a cum machine!" She kissed my penis all over. "I love you!" She cooed.

"I love you too." I mumbled, still coming back down from the orgasm.

"I love you too, of course!" Karen smiled, "but I was talking to him." She kissed my cock again. "Does it still feel ok? It's still super hard."

"I feel great!" I laughed. "How about you?"

She smiled. "I feel pretty good, but I want more. And I want you." She let go of me, and stood, slowly drawing her nightgown up, and bunching it at her waist. I could see her knees, her thighs, and finally, her gorgeous pussy. Friends, it was every bit as beautiful as I might have imagined. She had her pubic hair trimmed into a little landing strip about an inch wide, and going up about three inches. It wasn't thick, but it looked soft and silky.

"I tried to make it look nice for you," She said. "I have to trim it anyway to wear a swimsuit, but I don't know what you like."

"It's beautiful," I said, my breath taken away. She beamed. "I'm glad you like it."

"Oh, believe me, this goes beyond like." I motioned her closer, and reached out to touch it. I stroked her soft mons, and tickled the silky hairs of her little trimmed bush, much to her delight. When I placed a single finger between her legs, and traced up the outside of her slit, her juices literally coated my finger. My fingertip bumped something firm amongst the soft, and she gave a gasp. Grabbing my shoulder for support, she took a deep breath. "Oh my," she said, breathless. "I think I'm going to need more than your finger."

I rose, and put my arms around her waist. Angling my penis in between her legs, I reached down and had her squeeze her thighs together. I began to thrust and pull my erection back and forth, rubbing across the outside of her slit. Her pussy juices coated my cock, and I slid back and forth over her clit, making her moan and clutch me. "Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god!" She whimpered, clinging to me as I ground back and forth, clutched between her legs. The rain continued to pour down all around the gazebo.

After a minute or two of this, she stepped back and grabbed my hard-on with her hand. "I can't wait any longer. I need this beautiful cock inside me RIGHT NOW!" And with that, she turned away, flipped the back of her nightgown up, and bent over, resting her elbows on the railing. "Don't tease me anymore, put it in my pussy! Please!" She wiggled her gorgeous posterior at me, and I could see the rosy lips of her pussy, almost beckoning me over. "Hurry!" She moaned plaintively.

I sprang to obey. Carefully positioning myself, (She's a little bit shorter than me, so I had to spread my legs way apart to get my penis low enough) I rubbed the head of my cock up and down across her pussy, getting it soaking wet. Then I placed the tip against her tight opening, and pushed slowly. A tiny bit of resistance at first, but then the head slipped in almost with a pop. Karen arched her back and cried out "Oh!"

"You ok?" I asked, concerned, and trying to concentrate on her. "I am *way* more than ok, it just feels extremely large. I thought tonight might feel a little smaller, but nooooo." She wiggled a bit. "So good. So big. God! Don't stop, keep going!"

I put my hands on her waist and pushed myself in deeper, then pulled out about an inch, then pushed in deeper again. She writhed and squirmed, gasping and moaning in pleasure. "More!" She panted, as I neared full insertion. I pulled almost all the way out, and thrust in firmly.

"AAhh!" She cried, almost musically. "Again!" I pulled out and thrust in again, harder this time, and felt the head of my cock hit the back of her vagina. I had hit her full depth. "I'm as deep as it fits." I said, rubbing the small of her back. She panted for breath and looked back over her shoulder at me. "It'll stretch deeper. At least it did last night. God, but your cock is freaking HUGE."

I pulled out agonisingly slowly, and gripped her waist, slipping my cock back up into her wet pussy with a little twist of my hips. "Aahh!" She gasped, "Quit teasing me and do it! Give it to me!"

"OK," I said. "I love you." And I started making love to her in earnest. She laid forward on the railing and just went with it as I thrust my penis in and out of her sopping wet pussy. In, out, in, out, in, out, I tried to maintain a steady speed, but in my arousal I think I may have been getting faster. Her excitement level rose as I increased speed, and it seemed like only a few minutes before she was crying out with every thrust, pushing back against me hard.

"Will! Oh god! I'm gonna cum!" She gasped, looking back at me with wide eyes. "Don't stop! Don't stop! Ohhhhhhhhhhh yeah yeah yeah yeah! AHHH!" She tossed her hair back and looked at me again. "It feels so good in my pussy, Will! It feels so good!"

I could feel her vaginal walls start to contract, but oddly, my orgasm wasn't quite near yet. I kept on fucking her, watching her body shake with each thrust. Her knees wobbled, and she almost lost her balance. I leaned over a bit and put my arms around her waist, literally holding her up, when her orgasm suddenly hit.

"AAAHH! AAAHH! OH GOD! YES! YES! AAAAAAAAAA!!" Karen threw back her head and *screamed.* Her pussy clenched and spasmed, and her legs shook as she roared through a very wet climax. Her juices poured over my balls and down both our legs. I slowed my movements, but did not withdraw. She clutched the railing and gradually regained control.

"Holy jeezus!" She literally gulped for air. "Did you . . .? Are you still?"

I flexed my PC muscle, which made my penis twitch inside her. "Still here," I smiled. "How about you?"

She stared back at me in amazement. I was still holding her up, as her legs were still shaking a little. "I didn't mean to leave you behind." She pushed her wet hair out of her eyes.

"Well, you didn't really," I said, pulling out about three inches and slipping back in. Her eyes rolled in pleasure, and she almost went limp again. "Do you mind if I . . . continue?"

"I can't stand on my own right now, I think, so you'll have to hold me up. Or I could lay down or something. God." She said, exhausted.

"Well, this is ok with me, right here." I said, standing to my full height, and lifting her hips up to my height. Her feet swung a few inches from the floorboards. She moaned, as my cock was still buried deep inside her. Every movement made it move within her.

"Do it." She breathed. "Use my pussy. Do whatever you want."

I began again, pulling out a little, slipping it back in. I began to thrust harder on the instroke, making her butt jiggle from the impact. She seemed to enjoy that, so I got braver, and started thrusting even harder, making an audible slap slap slap noise. My balls were slamming back and forth, and at one point, she moaned happily "Oooohh, your balls are hitting my clit, wow!"

Friends, I'd like to be able to say that I was gentle, or that I took her needs into account, but I didn't. I was as selfish as they come. I pounded her pussy like John Henry drove steel. Bam bam bam bam bam bam. From her cries, I know she was enjoying it too, but right at that moment, her pleasure was secondary to mine. I drilled her so fast and so hard I'm surprised I didn't whip her pussy juice into a froth. (The next day my abs and thigh muscles were sore, because of the overexertion I put them through.)

I could feel my balls hauling up, and I knew I was almost there. "I'm gonna cum," I growled. "Where do you want it?"

"In my pussy! In my pussy!" Karen cried, and actually fell into a SECOND orgasm. "AAAHHH! FUCK! YES! FUCK MEEEEEEEE!" (This was all startling, as Karen usually doesn't swear. She doesn't think of it as ladylike at all, but I guess there were just no other words for it.)

Her vaginal walls clamped down on me, and I exploded. My cock sent gush after gush of hot semen splashing deep into her, and MY knees started getting weak. "UUnnnnnnhhhh!" I grunted, staggering a bit. She grabbed the railing to keep herself from falling, as I was still clamped to her backside. I gave a few more weak thrusts, but I was completely spent as the last few spurts went into her.

"Oh, I could feel it squirting!" she moaned, "Mmmmmm."

"I have to put you down, or we're both gonna fall," I gasped. She straightened out her legs. "Ok, do it." She said, and then moaned when I pulled my cock out.

The air felt suddenly cold on my dick, as it was acclimated to her warm, tight pussy. I literally stumbled over the the bench and fell on it, butt first. Karen kinda slumped against the railing, falling almost into a squat. We both concentrated on getting air into our lungs, gasping hungrily the damp night air. The rain was unabated.

My cock was about half hard, still standing up a bit, but throbbing and twitching uncontrollably. "I think I broke my dick," I joked, laying back in a slouch.

"Your dick? What about my poor little pussy?" Karen laughed weakly. "It's STILL going crazy." Suddenly she looked down, "Awwww, noooo." she said, in a worried tone, and clamped a hand over her vagina.

"What's wrong?" I asked. Her nightgown had slipped back down when she fell, and she hitched it up again so she could reach under it.

"Your cum is dripping out." She said, "I don't want it to."

"Oh?" I asked, interested.

"We worked so hard for it, and it's trying to dribble out." She scooped something from her pussy and licked it off her fingers. "God," she moaned, "We taste good together."

She dipped into her pussy again, and again she sucked the liquids off her fingers. "Mmmmm!" She said happily. "So I don't want to waste any. It's like, how would you feel if you saw someone throwing away a chocolate cake? It's a waste."

"I never thought of it that way," I said, watching in amazement as she continued to harvest our juices.

She sucked each finger with a pop. "I think that should do it for now. The rest of it doesn't seem to be coming out just yet." She focused on my flagging erection. "Oooh! More!"

I held up a hand as she rose and wobbled over. "I can't take any more sucking," I begged. "I'm totally played out right now."

She knelt at my knees anyway. "How about I just lick it clean, no sucking? Would that be ok?"

I waved my hand. "You don't have to do that," I said, "You've already taken fantastic care of me, especially after you let me go wild on you just now."

"That WAS intense." She grinned, "But I WANT to do this, it's not a 'have to' situation. I'm happy that I 'get to' do it. Cleaning you off is just as important as getting you off." Her hands found the base of my dick. "Please?"

I relaxed helplessly, as she licked and swallowed all the semen and pussy juices coating my dick. "Mmmmm," she sighed. "So good."

A thoughtful look crossed her face. "I'm having the weirdest sense of Deja Vu. Every time I smell your cum, it feels like I don't know."

"Hand cream," I mumbled.

"What?"

"Years ago you came and got into my bed during a thunderstorm, and I had just had a wet dream. You accidentally found the wet spot, and I told you it was old hand cream that had spilled." I confessed.

Her eyes got huge. "REALLY? So THAT'S why" She started laughing. "Oh my god. I remember that! When I smelled it, it made me feel funny, like my clit went zing! You made me wash it off, but when you left with the sheet, I wrapped your blanket around me and stuck my hand in my panties to see what made my clit go crazy. That may have been my first real arousal, not just waking up horny. When you came back into the room with the sheet, you startled me so bad. I had forgotten I was in YOUR room. Geez!" She slapped me on the thigh, her other hand still gripping my (now kinda floppy) penis. "You big liar! Hand cream! Really!"

"What was I supposed to do? I couldn't tell you what it was." I defended myself weakly.

"You're right, I know." She sighed. "I would have really freaked out bad if I had known. Of course, now," she gave my penis a wiggle, it flopped back and forth. "Boing." She giggled.

A sudden gust of wind blew some raindrops under the eaves and sprinkled us. "Oof!" I grunted. I was exhausted, blissfully exhausted. "I think we need to get back inside."

She nodded, not letting go of my penis. "Thanks for coming out here to talk with me. I really appreciate it."

I grinned. "Me too. We should talk like this more often. I've never felt so close to you as I do right now."

"Wise guy." She squeezed my dick, and let go. "I think I'm going to need a wheelchair." She rose gingerly to her knees, and climbed to her feet with a groan. I stood to help her, but was just as weak and clumsy. "Oops." I stumbled. "Is it possible to screw yourself handicapped?"

She laughed. "I'll tell you in the morning. God, how big do you get? I felt like I was turning inside out!" She picked up the flashlight and turned it on. "You felt like you were bigger than this flashlight!" She wrapped her hands around it, gauging its thickness.

I shook my head. "Can't be." She gave me a disbelieving look, and said "Well, you're not going to convince me otherwise. God!" She limped down the little steps. "I can barely walk."

I was starting to feel guilty. "I'm sorry," I said sincerely, and she whirled around. "No, no, no! Don't you feel bad! You were magnificent!"

"I was too rough," I said. She shook her head. "No, you were incredible. I told you to do what you wanted, and you did. I'm so happy, I feel like I don't even need to walk back, I'll just float."

I blew out the candles, and went to the pool of light at her feet.

When I made it down the steps, she grabbed my hand and together we started walking back to the house. About 20 feet from the gazebo there was a big stand of rushes, maybe cattails or something, right next to the path. As the flashlight flitted over it, I saw something strange. "Hey, wait-" I started, and Karen turned and inadvertently shone the flashlight in my eyes. "Ack!" I winced.

"Sorry!" She said, and pointed it down. "I wasn't thinking."

"It's ok, just now you're going to have to lead me." I said. "I thought I saw something weird."

"Where?" Karen asked, and I pointed to the rushes. "It looked like something was in the rushes there."

"Like a bear?" Karen asked, clutching my hand. She's scared of bears, I guess, and we DO live in what is considered bear country, it's just never seemed like a likely danger to me.

"No, it wasn't big. It was just a shape. Maybe it was a raccoon." I said. She shone the flashlight steadily on the rushes, and gingerly moved towards it, but there was nothing there. The rain made enough noise falling on all the leaves around us, plus the ever-present splashing of the waterfall, that if there had been

something there, we wouldn't have been likely to hear it move off. "Gone now," she said.

I was trying to blink away the burnt spots in my eyes, when she came back and took my hand. "I love you," she said, happily.

I squeezed her hand. "I love you too. I think I always have."

"I know what you mean," She said. "It's always been you. Never really anybody else."

We walked in happy silence through the rain, back to the big, dark house. As we snuck into the kitchen, I turned to her. Walking back to the house reminded me that it wasn't just the two of us lovers, but other people were in our world as well. "How do we keep this a secret? What about Amy, and Lola?" I whispered.

"I don't know, we'll-" she paused, the flashlight flickered around her feet, zipped across the kitchen floor towards the living room, and then she quickly turned it off. "We'll think of something?" She finished weakly.

I was so tired I just wanted to go to sleep. Right there in the kitchen floor if necessary. "I'm dead on my feet. I need to go to bed right now." I mumbled, and squelched across the kitchen.

"Ok," Karen whispered, her voice distant. "Good night."

Up the stairs I went, quietly changed into dry shorts, and went to bed. Once again, I slept deeply and dreamlessly.

7 - Amy's breakdown/ Shopping fun/ Dinner and Dessert

I awoke to screaming. At first I didn't realize what it was; I just lay there, dazed, listening to the rain pour down. Watery gray light leaked in through the window, like the sun forgot to rise.

"WHY NOT?!" Amy howled from downstairs somewhere. I sat bolt upright.

"I DON'T CARE! IT'S NOT FAIR!!" came a second later. She was really shrieking.

I scrambled out of bed, and stumbled down the stairs. I could hear the quiet murmur of Karen's voice, earnestly saying something, and then Amy screamed again. "YOU HAD TO HAVE KNOWN!! HOW *COULD* YOU?!!"

As I charged into the kitchen, I saw Amy standing in the middle of the floor, her feet apart and her fists clenched. Karen was standing behind the kitchen island, one hand on her throat, one hand held up as if to ward off a blow. "I *HATE* Y-" Amy began, but faltered the minute she saw me.

Amy looked terrible. Her hair was wild, her eyes were puffy and red, and her cheeks were raw. It looked like she had been crying for hours. She drew in a gasping breath and just stared at me, wild-eyed and wary.

"What's going on in here?!" I asked, looking from Amy to Karen. Karen was pale and looked shocked. Unshed tears stood out in her eyes. "Will, she-" Karen began, but her voice was hoarse, and she faltered. She swallowed, and went to try again, but Amy wailed and ran to the door.

I turned to look at her, but she wrestled the door open in a flash, and ran out into the rain. "Amy!" I yelled, but she was off the porch and gone.

"Will, she saw us last night. In the gazebo. She saw everything!" Karen wailed. Oh shit.

Lightning strobed and the thunder boomed so loud and so long it seemed like the sky had to have split in half. Amy was out there. I charged out the door without another word.

It had been raining since yesterday, so the ground was pretty soft. I was able to follow Amy's footprints in the soft dirt near the back steps and again by the garden. Assuming she was just running in a straight line, she was heading for the woods. The gazebo! I took off, trying to stay in the grass, as I was barefoot, like Amy.

The air was turning colder, and thunder cracked and boomed again. I hurried down the gully, and soon I could see Amy huddled in the little gazebo, sitting on one of the benches, her legs drawn up, her head on her knees.

I stepped up on to the bottom step, and said "Amy?" She shook with the force of her weeping, sobbing so hard it sounded like she was going to throw up. She was literally crying so hard she was gagging.

I sat down about arm's length from her, and reached out to touch her shoulder. She startled and flinched away. "I'm right here," I said. I'd never seen anyone cry like that; heart-breaking, gut-wrenching sobs of pure pain and suffering. It was very difficult to sit there and listen to, but I knew what I'd done. I had to face the music.

After several minutes of heartsick sobbing, Amy raised her head and wiped at her eyes. Looking over at me, she seemed surprised to see me there. I held my arms out, and she went to climb into my lap, but then she hesitated and started crying again. I leaned over, and scooped her up, and she didn't fight me. Much.

I cradled her, gently rocking back and forth, trying to calm her down. I'd never seen her this upset before. She cried like she was dying. "Hey, c'mon," I soothed, "Talk to me."

She balled up her fist and hit me high in the chest, almost my shoulder, but she was weak from crying and there wasn't much force behind it. "Don't you *LOVE* me?" She croaked, her voice broken.

"Of COURSE I do, what kind of question is that?" I asked. She gulped in air and cried even harder.

"Then why won't you make love to *ME*?!" She wailed, her body shaking helplessly with her sobs. I was completely flummoxed. I would have never guessed that if Amy caught Karen and I having sex, her issue would be that she had been excluded. I had no idea what to even say or think.

"What?" I said. She clung to me and bawled. All I could do was hold her.

"SHE gets to have sex with you, to show you how much she loves you, and I can't even *cuddle* with you for two weeks?!" She sobbed. "How do you think that makes me feel?! I saw you guys last night and I wanted to die!"

"Amy, I-" I started, but she punched me again.

"How long?! How long have you been lovers?" She demanded, anger starting to rise through her sorrow.

I shrugged. "Two days?"

"TWO DAYS?!" She shrieked, gritting her teeth. "I've wanted you for TWO YEARS!!"

"You-" I started, but she buried her face in her hands and wailed. After a few moments, she tried again.

"Did you ever see me getting wet about the Jonas Brothers? Or Orlando Bloom? Or Zac Efron? NO!! I've wanted to be with you ever since I knew what sex was! Ever since I knew we could make each other feel good!" She straightened up and looked me in the eye. "I've been watching and wishing for you since I was seven! I almost told you like a thousand times, but I always chicken out. I've always been afraid of it being a mistake!"

"Seven?!" I asked, surprised. She took a deep breath and tried to calm down. "I used to always sneak around and watch you and Karen when you didn't know you were being watched. I was nosy, and it was

fun. I used to hide in the hallway and watch Karen cook, I used to hide along the trail and watch you chop wood. It always seemed like the longer I could go without you noticing, the more fun it was. I used to pretend I was invisible, like a ninja."

She wiped her eyes, and her nose, and stared at her fingers, continuing. "One day when I was about seven, I had been spying on Karen in the garden, when I came inside and heard creaking and clunking from upstairs. I snuck up and looked through the keyhole in Mom and Dad's old room, and saw you looking through a box on their bed. You were pulling out magazines that had pictures of women on them. Beautiful women, without the right clothes."

uh-oh I thought, *that means *

"So I watched you get out some VCR tapes, and put them in the thing, even though I couldn't see the TV from the keyhole. I could see you, though, and you looked all shocked. I knew something was going on. You ran over to the window, and then to the door, which thankfully you didn't open, because I was right there. I froze in panic, not even breathing, but you just went back to the bed and pulled your pants down."

"I remember," I said, ashamed. "You don't have to tell me the whole story."

"Shut up, I'm explaining something important." She said, wiping her eyes again. "I watched you masturbate. I knew you had a penis, that boys were different, but I'd never seen one like that. I watched you rubbing it, I saw that you obviously liked it. When you nutted, though, you fell off the bed, and it looked like you got hurt. I saw all this stuff flying out of your penis, and then you screamed and fell down. I was terrified."

"Wait, nutted? Where did you hear that term?" I blurted. "That one's kinda gross."

"Sorry." She winced. "It was on a DVD I found in the trash. HandCock?"

It had been a free DVD with an Adam and Eve order, a male masturbation compilation, which I definitely did not want. "That's why I threw it away." I told her. She nodded. "I watched it once, and then tossed it too."

"You watched it?" I asked. "How long have you been watching my porn? Or any porn?"

"Can I finish my story please?" She sniffled, and wiped her nose. "It will all become clear, alright?" I nodded. She took a deep, shaky breath, and went on. "So I see all this stuff squirt out of you, and it went *everywhere* and you screamed and fell off the bed. I was terrified, I thought you'd been really hurt, but the door was locked and I couldn't let you know I had been watching you. It seemed like I had spied on something really private and I felt guilty for the first time ever. I mean really. I used to peek on you or Karen in the bathroom sometimes, or when you were showering, but this felt like I had really done something wrong and invasive. I counted to five and then banged on the door, because if you were hurt, I wanted to get help as soon as possible. I couldn't just sneak away and act like nothing happened."

She was really starting to calm down. Her eyes were still red, and she still looked like hell, but she wasn't crying. Not right this second, anyway. "So when you opened the door, I acted all innocent, but I was

concerned about you. You seemed ok, and you made up some lame excuse, So I knew you weren't hurt, but I was also curious about what had happened, with your penis, and with the vcr tapes. I mean, I had seen you have erections before, from sleeping in your bed. When I would wake up before you in the mornings, sometimes I could stare at your bulge for a while and wonder what was causing it. I always thought maybe it was full of pee, because when you had a big penis in the morning, you'd always get up and pee."

She brushed her hair out of her eyes and continued. "But when you fell off the bed, you knocked the stuff everywhere, and then when you kicked it under the bed, you didn't get all of it out. After I left, I heard you go to your room. I snuck back up later and got under the bed and found two VCR tapes and two magazines."

"What?!" I asked. I knew I had originally found more than four tapes in the box!

"Yeah, a Playboy, a Hustler, and two tapes. One said Hustler's Barely Legal, and the other just had a black square pencilled on it. I looked at the magazines right away, but I had to wait until nighttime when you guys were asleep to sneak downstairs and watch the tapes. I had to know what you were doing, and why it happened like that. The Hustler had all kinds of stuff in it, with women putting things in their . . . vaginas, and making angry faces a lot. It didn't look nice, it looked like they didn't want to be photographed. The Playboy magazine, though, the women were beautiful, so perfect, and they looked . . . so amazing. They looked so calm and inviting and gloriously naked. In Hustler, the women looked like whores. Like Mom. In Playboy, they looked like goddesses."

She sighed, and looked up at me. "Do I sound crazy or evil yet?" I shook my head. Obviously she was sharing her heart. "I've always been scared to death to tell you any of this. After last night, though, I feel like I've got nothing to lose anymore." She began to cry again, quietly, weakly.

"So I finally got to watch the tapes, and I started with the one that didn't have any title. I put it in and was amazed to see kids my age having sex, with each other and adults." She said, but I interrupted her.

"Nine-year-olds?!!" I was shocked. Dad had kiddy porn? I knew I should be horrified, but I was more surprised.

"No, my age then. Six-year-olds." Amy wiped her eyes.

"That's child abuse! It's rape!" I said, offended. Amy rolled her eyes and shrugged. "Didn't look like rape to me. They were smiling, and everyone looked like they were having a great time. Nobody was crying or hurt or anything. It was obviously copied from other tapes, like in somebody's house, because it was all different clips mashed on one tape. They started and stopped at random times, or right in the middle of something. Some of the clips even had a logo, like B F I or Raygold or something. Dee & Desi with a Tazmanian devil on it." She looked completely calm about this. I was still floored, and I'm not sure how I felt about having it in the house, even unknowingly. Amy clearly wanted to get on with the story.

"The biggest clip on that tape was basically a how-to video. They had a girl called Vicky, and a woman narrated while she did things to a man, I guess her dad. The lady explained all about sex. How it worked, what all the body parts are called, how to make them feel really good. She also explained why people needed to be secret about it, and how to masturbate a man or a woman. She said people only

did it when they really loved each other, moms and dads did it to have babies, but parents and children, brothers and sisters did it just to show that they really really loved someone. She made it sound like every loving family had sex together, although I soon realized this wasn't true. The man in the video had a really small penis, so Vicky was able to suck it, and straddle him and slip it into her vagina. She looked so happy, and the lady and the man were so nice. I was incredibly jealous. Here I loved you and Karen both so much, and we'd never made each other cum. I wanted what Vicky had. I wanted it a lot!" Her voice was serious, as she looked at me closely.

"Do you remember the night I jacked you off?" She asked me. It felt like ice pouring down my back. ""What?!!" I whispered. She blushed, and lowered her eyes for a second, but got her courage up and looked me in the eyes again.

"It was a few weeks after I saw you masturbating in Mom and Dad's room, when we had a thunderstorm and I had an excuse to get in your bed. I decided that I was going to try some things from the video, and once you knew how much I loved you, you'd love me back. I stripped down to my panties and climbed into your bed. You were totally asleep and snoring, so I started rubbing the front of your underwear. Pretty soon you had this HUGE hard-on, and rolled onto your side, against me."

I closed my eyes. I don't know if I was feeling shame, shock, or what. I felt a little nauseous just remembering when it happened.

"I rubbed and stroked you until you came, but then I was too scared to admit what I had done. Your reaction was so terrified that I knew I had been wrong to try it. I just played asleep while you cleaned it up, although I did lick my lips and taste your cum. That part I couldn't resist, I mean I worked for it, I couldn't let it get thrown away. You looked like you were dying, I kept blaming myself. I swore never to try it again, and I settled for just going back to watching you."

"Watching me?" I said, eyes narrowing. She nodded, almost defiantly. "I'll bet I've watched you cum at least once a week since that night, maybe more. That's the nice thing about watching you through a keyhole, either from the bathroom or my room, I'm already squatting down, it's easy to just spread my legs and rub my clit while you rub your penis. We cum together, even if we're not *together* together." She took a deep breath, and wiped her eyes again. "So I've been loving you from afar since I knew what love was. I mean I know now the differences between sex and love, but I know I want both together, that it can't get any better than that. I know that I love you with all my heart and soul, and I want the chance to love you with my body too. I want to give you everything I have to give, so that maybe you can stop looking for whores and stay with us." Tears ran down her cheeks.

"Let me make sure I understand what you're telling me," I said. "You've been lusting after me for two years?" As if on cue, lightning flashed and thunder rumbled deeply.

"I'm nine years old! Do you honestly think I'm still scared of thunderstorms?!?!" she snapped. "Pay attention! I LOVE YOU!! I NEED YOU!! Karen's not the only person who wants your love! I love you at least as much as she does, and I made love to you first! I should have first pick." She sniffled, and tried to clear her throat, but her nose had stuffed up. "I swear you won't be sorry. I'll do anything and everything you could wish for. I promise I'll try hard. Please." She trailed off, crying again, only much more quietly, as if exhausted by her confession.

"All I've ever really wanted was to share my love with you and Karen, and here you've left me behind." She wept.

I heard Karen clear her throat, and I startled, turning my gaze away from Amy for the first time. She was standing at the base of the gazebo stairs, holding an umbrella in the rain. "How long have you been there?" I asked.

"She's been there a while," Amy said, before she could answer. She nodded, and put one foot on the stairs. "Can I join you?" Amy shrugged sullenly. Karen closed her umbrella and walked over to sit next to Amy. "I think I overheard most of that."

Amy clung to me possessively, and Karen noticed. "Relax, Amy, I didn't come down here to yell at you, I came down here to apologize." She reached out her hand and rubbed Amy's shoulder, which was turned away from her. Amy relaxed a little.

"I didn't know the whole situation." Karen said gently, "So I'm sorry I told you no."

She looked at me. "This morning, Amy came into the kitchen and told me she loved you and me both, and asked if she could join in this new part of our relationship. She said we were so beautiful together, and she wanted to do it too. I was so shocked, I just blurted out "no way." I didn't realize how long she'd been keeping all this a secret. Although knowing she's been spying on us is a bit of a creepy surprise. And the child porn." Karen looked annoyed, but she softened. Amy wiped her nose again, and just looked at Karen, with a slightly wary expression. Karen took a deep breath. "It seems to me that if you've felt this way for two years already, then it's not just infatuation. It's not just because it was a new thing that you'd get bored with."

Amy nodded silently. "But you said you feel the same way about me too?" Karen asked, her face difficult to read.

"Well, yes." and here Amy blushed. "I mean I love you so much, and you're so freakin' beautiful, I just . . . can't help it. I spied on Will more, because he has a penis, and it fascinates me, but i knew you had a vagina like me. On the tape that taught me how to do all this stuff, they have lots of things with two girls, and it looked SO good. I was always terrified to even approach you, though, because I knew you'd shoot me down, and I didn't want to deal with how we'd change after that."

Karen looked at me. I didn't know what to make of it. "Please, give me a chance." Amy begged. "I know you two are like magic together, but I promise I can add to that. Please."

I looked at Karen helplessly. Karen shrugged and looked down. "I know how she feels," She said simply. "I felt the same way, minus the voyeurism and the underage pornography. I don't want to live without you, and I especially don't want to live without your sex, now that I've been able to enjoy that too."

"So you're telling me to" I asked her, waiting for her to say yes or no. She just looked at me.

"She's asking you, mostly. I can't make that decision for you. I can't say what I think about her wanting to have sex with ME, that's kind of a surprise, but I see how much it's hurting her to be left out. I wouldn't be upset or offended if you said yes. In fact, if you did say yes, that would make me happier, knowing

that it would make her happy. As far as her wanting me," She looked at Amy.

"And I do," Amy almost whispered, blushing.

"We'd need to make some rules, of course, but I might be able to be convinced." Karen blushed and looked at her feet.

Amy lit up and turned to me. "Karen said yes! C'mon! It'll be SO good."

I took a deep breath. "Why do you want this? You said it was for love? We already love you, you know that."

She frowned. "Because it is the best, most complete way to show just how completely dedicated to someone you are. True Love. I could write you poetry all day, but nothing compares to using my body to give you pleasure. I was even willing to humiliate myself by peeing on you to keep Jenni away, and I was RIGHT! I love you, and I want you to love me back, just as much. Besides, I already saw you and Karen making love, so don't give me any moral high ground here. I love you two, completely and utterly. LET ME IN!" She stared at me.

"So you DID pee on me deliberately!!" I said, but Amy immediately waved her hands. "We're not talking about that right now!" She said firmly.

I looked at Karen, who smiled gently and nodded. "Ok." I said.

"Ok what?" Amy said, seeming shocked by my agreement. "Ok I answered your question, or ok I can make you both cum?" I winced a bit at the bluntness of the question, but that's our Amy. By way of answer, I kissed her cheek and squeezed her butt with my hand she was sitting on. She drew in a big breath and let out a whoop. She started crying tears of joy this time as she leapt to her feet and did an impromptu victory dance. "Yes yes yes yes yes!!"

Karen laughed at her reaction, and then reached out to take her hands. Amy jumped into her arms and gave her a huge hug. "Thank you! For accepting me, and for helping convince him!"

"I knew exactly how you felt. I couldn't be a stick-in-the-mud about this anyway." Karen smiled. "Plus, I was worrying about how to keep all this a secret. I totally saw your wet footprints in the kitchen last night."

"Oops." Amy said, wincing. She and Karen kept their arms around each other.

"Yeah, I'd been meaning to ask about the whole "you saw us in the gazebo" thing." I said, giving Amy a look. Amy shrugged, utterly unconcerned.

"I heard you guys sneaking out, so I followed you. I hid behind the weeds over there and tried to listen in, although I couldn't hear very well. There was no closer place to hide, although I sure saw everything." Amy took a deep breath. "At first I couldn't even believe what I was seeing, then I wanted to die, then I wanted to kill you two, then I just couldn't stop crying OR masturbating. God, you were both so gorgeous. Will, when you were really letting her have it, I swear *I* came three times. I can't believe how

sexy that was!"

"I thought I saw something in the rushes!" I said. "As we were leaving!" Amy nodded.

"After the third time I came from touching myself, I almost passed out. I literally forgot I was supposed to be hiding. Karen shining the light in my eyes woke me up, and I just ran off to the house and went straight to my bed to cry all night." Amy wiped her nose. "Thank you for including me. Thank you both. I don't think I can even explain how happy I am right now." Thunder rumbled softly in the distance. The storm was moving away, although the rain still fell hard.

The realization of what I had agreed to was just starting to sink in. "Umm, so what do we do now?" I asked.

"Well, I've had two years to fantasize, so I've got all kinds of ideas." Amy grinned. "It's like all my dreams just came true! I'm so happy!"

"Well, now seems like the time to set some rules." Karen said. "We need to decide a few things first of all." I nodded, although I couldn't think of anything right off the bat.

"The first rule I propose is no more spying. I didn't know that we haven't had any privacy, so I want that back. No more keyholes, or hiding to watch us." Karen gave Amy a pointed look, and Amy nodded meekly. "Sorry, by the way." She said.

"Second, There are probably going to be times where some of us are going to want to be sexy and some of us are not. How do we handle that?" Karen asked.

Amy shrugged. "I'm pretty much always up for it." She said lightly. "Like now?" I asked, indicating her disheveled look and puffy, bloodshot eyes. She was shocked. "No, not NOW, I look horrible!!" but then she laughed. "Ok, I get it."

"Maybe if whoever wants to make love makes sure to invite everybody? Like If Karen and I get the urge, we come and find you?" I said to Amy, and then turned to Karen. "Or if Amy and I get hot, we'll ask you to join us?"

She tilted her head, thinking it over. "That sounds better, but there are going to be times I want you all to myself."

Amy nodded. "Yeah, like if I want to surprise you in the shower, I want to DO it, not to lose the moment while I go find Karen and ask permission, basically."

We all thought a moment. "What if we just do as we like, but try to make sure everybody gets a chance to participate as often as possible. I mean yes, sometimes we'll want to seize the moment, but usually, we'll try to make it available to everyone. How's that?" I asked. "We'll play it by ear, but try to play fair."

Karen and Amy both agreed. "Now, about the me and you thing," Karen said to Amy. "I'm not 100% sure how I feel about that. I mean, I know how it works, but . . . I'm not sure I have that kind of feelings about you. I mean I love you, but I'm not sure I want to have sex with you."

"What if it was Lola?" Amy asked, and Karen blushed. "Ok, so you're not afraid of the concept, it's just that it's me and not her." Amy said.

"Sorry," Karen winced. "Even if it WAS Lola, I'm not sure I'd want to do things to her. I might let her do stuff to me, though." More blushing. Amy grinned. "That gives me something to work with. How's this, I'll only do stuff to you when you're also doing stuff to Will. That way you're already horny, and you'll be distracted, so it won't be that weird."

I grinned. "I can't believe how calmly you two are just sitting here discussing this."

Karen gave me a look. "Well, you're going to get most of the benefit here! Isn't it every guy's dream to be with two girls at once?" Amy nuzzled her neck, and she shivered. "Geez!" She looked at Amy, who started giggling merrily. "Ok, you've proved your point."

"She's acting like she's doing me a favor, but she's going to enjoy it too." Amy smiled at me. Karen blushed and smiled wryly. "Smartypants." She said, giving Amy a swat on the butt and letting go of her. Amy stood, cocked a hip and shot me a sexy look. Well, as sexy as possible after having spent all night crying.

"I have something forrrr yooouu," She cooed, putting her hand on her lower abdomen.

Karen shook her head. "I don't think you're ready just yet."

"Why not?" Amy asked, curious. "I've used my fingers and some other things, but I was always careful not to break my hymen. I saved it for this. So I could give it to him.."

"Well, hymen or not, you're still not ready for him." Karen said, kindly. "He's just really really big."

"I know." Amy grinned at me. "I'm going to have to practice up to get that thing in my pussy. I can't wait!"

"I don't think practice is the right thing," Karen shrugged. "Not if you want to preserve your hymen."

Amy seemed stymied. "Well, crap. You're right."

Karen waved her hand. "Worry about it later. Right now let's get inside out of the rain."

It sounded like a good idea to Amy and me, so I stood and stretched. As soon as I was standing, Amy clung to me in a full-body hug. "I love you!" She breathed. I hugged her back. "I love you too, squirt." I thought a moment. "I guess I should stop calling you by little pet names, now. I should treat you with more respect."

"No way," She insisted. "Squirt, kiddo, Aimers, all of those nicknames come from you. They make me feel special and loved. Don't stop."

Karen shook out her umbrella and opened it. She sighed, and took a halting step down off the gazebo. "Are you limping?" Amy asked.

Karen gave a weak smile. "Yeah, a little. When I told you he was too big for you, I knew what I was talking about. He was almost too big for *me.*"

"Hold on," I said. "Amy, you carry the umbrella, Karen, you come here."

I took Karen's hand and led her back up onto the gazebo, and then stepped down and turned around. "Get on my back. I'll piggy-back you to the house." I said.

Karen blushed, and shook her head. "I think walking is good for me, and I wasn't trying to make you feel guilty. I'll manage."

I turned to Amy. "How about you, then? Wanna ride?"

"*Do* I?" Amy crowed, and practically leapt on my back. Putting her arms around my neck, and her chin on my shoulder, she wrapped her legs around my lower back and squeezed. "I'll take any chance to get you between my legs." She giggled. I locked my arms under her knees, and off we started.

As Karen walked along primly beside us, I made sure to jostle Amy around a little bit, much to her delight. "We haven't done this in years!" She laughed. I pretended to drop her, which made her squeal and clutch me tighter. Karen laughed at us.

As we reached the top of the ravine, Amy spoke up. "Now, we told you all our secrets, you have to tell us yours."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Your last date with Fatty that she didn't blog about, and the whole Jenni thing. I KNOW you didn't tell us everything." Amy said. I winced. "Does it really matter?"

"Yes!" Amy said firmly. "You had these eloquent, elaborate explanations for why it was ok for you to go, then you come home and don't say squat about the date. Spill it. Something happened that last night with Sandi, and you were *this* close to letting Jenni give you crotch rot."

Karen eyed me as I trudged along. "Confession tiiiiiiiiime." She said in a singsong, and gave me a smile. So beautiful.

"Ok, well, in my defense, I only went on those dates because I was scared of my feelings for you two. I desperately wanted you, but I was convinced that I was horrible for feeling that way. I had hoped to find someone ELSE to lust after, so I wouldn't feel so guilty." I said. "Awww," Karen said, and put her arm around mine. Amy ducked the umbrella and snickered. "If you had only known"

"Soooo, the last date with Sandi, we went to the county fair, and the minute Sandi's back is turned, Jessi makes a pass at me, which I ignored." Karen and Amy both laughed. "I had already decided that Sandi wasn't for me, but she convinced me to take a moonlight drive anyway." Karen gave me a knowing look, and Amy just growled "Uh huh,"

"She told me to drive fast, then she pulled her top off and started fondling her breasts. She decided she wanted to perform oral sex on me, without asking for permission, and when she went to put her head down there, I almost hit a deer, and she got whopped by the steering wheel when I slammed on the brakes." Karen winced, and Amy cackled. "Serves her right!"

"We got back to her house and had this big run-in with both her parents, but she totally lied to keep us out of trouble. All in all, I think I escaped OK." We walked through the woods, heading back to the house.

"And Jenni?" Karen asked.

Guilty territory here. "Well, um, Jenni was just about the sex. I was desperate to find someone to lust after, so I was discarding all my standards and just going after any opportunity. She presented the opportunity, so I jumped at it."

Amy smacked me lightly on the head. "We would have taken care of that!" I pretended to drop her again. "Well, I didn't know."

"So the first night, we went to (Crappy Community Business College) and she gave me a survey for some college class she was taking. Then she flashed me a couple of times, and we came home, because Dad was coming to sign the papers."

Karen made a face. "Your dad creeps me out." Openly acknowledging that he wasn't her dad seemed unusual at first, but I could understand why she would want to distance herself.

"Even though I know he's not really our dad, saying it out loud makes it feel like we're not really a family." Amy said. "Could we just pretend he is?"

"Sorry," Karen said, and reached up to rub Amy's leg. "We'll always be family."

"Yeah, now." Amy squeezed me with her arms and legs. "So what about the night you came home early and got in the hot tub with us? What happened that time?"

"Well, she started off the evening by telling me that she was going to command me to do something, and I would have to do it, whatever it was. Like it was going to be something embarrassing or sexual. Or both."

"She was going to order you around?" Amy asked. "Kinky!" Karen rolled her eyes.

"But when we got to the mall, she got a call that Pops had burned his hand on the oven, and she had to go back and run the shop. She was SO mad, but when we got to the car, she made me pull over after a few minutes." I cleared my throat. "Then she made me jack off in her cup of mall coffee."

"She made you jack off in coffee? Eww!" Amy gagged. "Now hot chocolate, that would be totally sexy."

"And you DID it?" Karen asked, a bit shocked. I shrugged apologetically. "I was desperate. You wanted to know."

"I'm annoyed that she got to taste your cum before I did." Karen said.

"Well, I got it years ago, so the family team still takes first place." Amy said, trying to mollify her.

"Are you helping?" I asked Amy. Karen took a deep breath, and chuckled. "Well, I got the first kiss." Uh oh. It must have shown on my face, because she stopped dead. "Or *did* I? Did you kiss Jenni?" I shook my head firmly. "Not at all. Not even close."

"Good." Karen said.

"So who DID you kiss?" Amy asked, driving the hypothetical knife deeper into my hypothetical back. I did let go of her this time, but she grabbed onto me and scrabbled higher, not falling. "Hey! Come on!"

Karen was starting to look hurt. "So who was it? who else was there? or IS there?"

"That night I had to drive Lola home, she gave me a kiss for making sure she got in the door safely. It's ok." I said, stepping up to her. "Amy basically molested me. YOU made love to me. I think you deserve the credit. The coffee I did myself, it doesn't count."

"Hey, I didn'tok, fine, I guess I did." Amy huffed, still clinging to my back. I reached back my hands to hold her, and leaned in to give Karen a kiss. After we parted, Amy breathed in my ear. "It's so hot when you guys kiss. If you keep it up, I'm going to leave a wet spot on your back."

We got up on the porch, and back inside. "I call a five minute break while we get dry clothes on, and then we'll have breakfast and keep talking." I said, letting Amy down to the floor.

We all agreed, and off we went. I just threw on a blue t-shirt and some shorts. Back down in the kitchen, Karen was wearing a button-up blouse and capri's, Amy was wearing a tight pink poloshirt and a flouncy miniskirt.

Breakfast was good. We had cereal, because it was fast and easy. We continued the discussion over our empty bowls.

"Another thing," said Amy. "I want to be allowed to swear."

"Excuse me?" Karen said, a bit shocked.

"I don't mean just randomly, I mean in bedroom situations. It's so dorky to say something like 'Let's have sexual intercourse.' she said in a voice like Goofy.

She climbed up and straddled my lap, facing me. "Instead I want to be allowed to say things like this." She grabbed a handful of my shirt and brought her face inches from mine. "Fuck me, big brother, fuck me really hard." She breathed, barely above a whisper.

"Wow." I gasped. Very effective. "I vote yes." I stammered. My dick throbbed.

"You would." Karen said wryly. She made a face. "Really, though? Do you NEED to swear?"

"You did it last night." Amy said. Karen looked surprised. "What?"

Amy grinned. "You don't remember? 'fuuuuck meeeeeee'" She quietly mimicked Karen's orgasmic screaming last night. Karen shot a stunned look at me, and I nodded, blushing. "Um. I must have been really gone." Karen paused, then relaxed. "Ok. You can say the word fuck as long as you use it as a verb, and in a sincere way. Same rule for body parts. Ass, cock, dick, all those. I just better not catch you calling someone a f-ing a-hole or dickhead or something."

"Excellent!" Amy beamed, still straddling me. She threw her arms around me and squeezed tightly. "This is so great!"

I grinned and hugged her back. "Why was swearing on your wish list?"

"Well, some of your movies have a girl in them called Jenna Haze, and she's totally my hero." Amy grinned. "She's really sexy, and she has a serious potty mouth when she's getting laid. It makes me hot just hearing her, so I want to do that too." Amy looked up at me, and batted her lashes. "I know that for sex, you need physical attraction, and I don't have big bouncy boobies or super curvy hips like SOME people," She smiled back at Karen, "so I'm going to have to work harder. I'm going to talk dirty, and wear little outfits, and try to surprise you." She looked very happy about all of this. I shook my head, but she ignored me.

"I'm going to have to get you conditioned to wanting my scrawny little body, at least until I fill out." Amy said. "Then it might get easier. But even then, I'm not going to stop."

"You don't have to-" I started to say, but Amy quickly covered my mouth with her hand. "I just said I WANT to. I want to FEEL sexy as much as look sexy. That's what makes it so much fun."

Karen spoke up. "You can't go commando in public, or when we have guests. Not like now." Karen pointed at Amy's butt.

"What do you mean?" I asked. Amy grinned devilishly up at me. "She's not wearing any underwear, and I can see her butt, because since she's straddling you, her skirt rode way up." Karen said, half amused, half annoyed.

"It's awesome being a girl," Amy gloated. "Most of our fashions allow for easy access."

"I just think we shouldn't be naked all the time." Karen said. "You know, preserve some of the mystery. If I have to look at your butt every day, it's going to get commonplace. If I only see you completely naked when something's going to happen, it'll be more thrilling and fun."

Amy squinted up at me. "What do you think? Can I be a nudist now?"

"I tend to agree with her," I said. "Some modesty will definitely add to the sexiness."

"Ok," Amy said. "But I'm going to leave you guessing on the panties thing. Sometimes I will, sometimes I won't. Think of it as a dare. I dare you to find out." She gave me a huge grin.

"But NOT in public, or when we have guests." Karen repeated. Amy sighed. "Fine."

I looked at Karen. "We've created a monster." I grinned. Karen smiled back, but rolled her eyes. Amy hopped (humped?) up and down on my lap. "I am SO happy." she stated. "You have no idea."

"Maybe I do," I said, reaching one arm around her, the other reaching out to take Karen's hand. "Maybe we both do."

"So is that enough rules?" Amy asked. "Because we need to go shopping."

"We do?" Karen asked. Amy nodded. "Ever since I learned how to do it, I've been fantasizing about how I wanted my first time to be. It's going to be a little altered, because you're so big, and we can't actually have SEX sex, but I'd still like to have the same situation. We start with a romantic, candlelit dinner." Amy said.

Karen looked surprised. I did too. "What?" Amy asked.

"The first night WE made love, we had a candlelit dinner first, although I didn't realize what was coming afterwards." I said.

"You stole my fantasy!" Amy said over her shoulder to Karen. Karen shook her head. "I didn't know that. I just did what I thought was romantic."

"Besides," I said to Amy. "You want a romantic dinner, you got it. I would be honored to make your fantasies come true. Same goes for you." I said to Karen.

"Oh, I've got a couple." Karen said, happily. Amy beamed.

"So we need to go to the mall, because there is some stuff we need that we don't have." Amy said. "Ok?"

"Sure, what day is today anyway?" I asked.

"Sunday." Karen said.

"Well, nothing opens until ten or eleven, so by the time you go put underwear on," I said, poking Amy with my finger, "It'll be time to go."

"Sweet!" Amy crowed, and got herself unstraddled from my lap, holding her skirt down. "No peeking!"

As she hopped to her feet, she went around to Karen's chair. "I do have one thing I wanted to ask," She said, shyly.

"What's that?" Karen asked gently.

"Can I have a kiss? From you?" She looked up at Karen and batted her eyes. Karen blushed heavily.

"Uh, sure, I guess."

Amy put one hand on her shoulder, and leaned in. She hesitated, her lips a few inches from Karen's, and Karen closed her eyes. They kissed. Gently, softly, and then again. Amy brought up her other hand to stroke Karen's cheek, and kissed her again, harder, their mouths opening, their breaths coming faster. I just sat rooted to the spot. It was the hottest, dirtiest thing I had ever seen. All I could hear was my heart pounding.

Amy pulled back, and Karen opened her eyes, looking at Amy with a somewhat surprised expression. "You taste good," Amy murmured.

"You taste like Cocoa Pebbles," Karen said, still blushing. Amy hugged her, and she hugged Amy back. Karen looked at me. "She's a really good kisser. I think you two might be evenly matched here. Whew! Is it hot in here?" She fanned herself with one hand.

Amy danced out of the kitchen, humming energetically.

"Today has definitely not gone how I would have guessed." I said, watching Karen stand.

"Ditto." Karen walked over and straddled my lap, as Amy had just done. "My turn!"

I squeezed her close, mashing her breasts against my chest. She kissed me on the chin. "I love you." She said. "But the Amy thing caught me by surprise."

"I couldn't say no to her." I said, and she nodded. "I know, it's just . . . we're going to have to be really careful. You know what they say about secrets."

"Remind me."

She laid her head on my shoulder and held me tight. "If three people know it, it's not a secret anymore."

"Are you guys ready?" Amy thundered into the kitchen and looked at us. "Nope."

Karen released me and stood, straightening her clothes. Amy lifted her skirt in the front to show us her panties. "See? Bluuue ones."

Karen laughed. "Very nice, now put them away." Amy dropped her skirt and shrugged expansively.

We all got our shoes, I got my keys, and the girls got their purses, and off we went to the mall. Our local mall has been slowly fading for several years now. Right around the time that the economy went bad, they decided the best idea was to tear up all the paving and redesign all the stoplights that let cars into and out of their parking lot. So besides the thing being almost empty, the construction was so bad that it was a major pain just to get in. Most people just got out of the habit of going, and never went back. The mall management decided to combat this drop in foot traffic by raising everyone's rents, so the prices went up too.

I wasn't sure what Amy needed, but she and Karen huddled up as soon as we got there and soon they

had apparently hatched a plan. "Ok, we'll take the card." Karen said, and I handed it over. "Meet you at GamePlace? About an hour?" She asked.

"Ok, don't go nuts." I said, and watched them disappear with the bank card. I wandered towards GamePlace, looking in at the Science Educational Store, and the Comic Booke Shoppe. Halfway there, I saw the janitor that had spoken to me last time. "Hey, maybe you don't remember me, but I was here with a girl last time, and you said you had seen her online? What was the website?" I asked.

He looked at me. "I thought you didn't care. You were quite brusque during our last encounter."

"I didn't think a janitor would throw around words like 'brusque.'" I said, without thinking.

"Communications degree." He shrugged. "Not worth much."

"Sorry," I said, and he nodded. "www.justjenni.com," he said. (Don't bother. It's down now. -W.)

"Thanks." I said, walking away. "I broke up with her. She's got herpes."

"Thanks for the warning," He said sarcastically, and went back to his mop.

I finally got to GamePlace, and spent a while playing the in-store demos. The last game system we got was a Playstation 2, so I'm thinking we need to upgrade. Xbox 360, PS3, the Wii, I felt hopelessly out of date.

That feeling aside, Lego Rock Band seems like a useless mish-mash of two things that were probably fine by themselves. But I digress.

I blew stuff up, rocked out, punched cartoon people on the Wii, and basically amused myself for about an hour, until Karen and Amy came strutting in, looking very pleased with themselves. "Hi!" Amy grinned. Karen was also smiling. They were carrying bags from at least three different stores, but the ones turned towards me had the name of an ailing fashion/home decor/cosmetics department store. (I could probably just go ahead and say Boscov's, right? They'll probably be completely out of business by the time I get done writing this.)

"You guys look happy." I said, smiling at them. Amy had an evil sparkle in her eye, and Karen likewise looked crafty. "That's because we are!" Amy said. "And you will be too!"

"She's had lots of time to come up with some VERY good ideas," Karen said breathlessly. "I'm all excited just hearing about some of them."

"Although the salesgirl at Vanessa's Chambre looked really surprised when I asked-" Amy started to say, but I waved my hand frantically for her to stop, because the moment she said Vanessa's Chambre, the be-pimpled salesman behind the counter fumbled a stack of game cases. I think perhaps he heard us. "Let's walk." I suggested, and led them out into the mall.

"So what salesgirl did what?" I asked, as we strolled past the little train that kids ride in the food court.

"I'm thinking she should keep that story a secret until you've seen the garment in question." Karen said before Amy could respond.

Amy thought about it, her mouth still open to answer, but then agreed. "Good call, jie-jie." She said, slipping into chinese. She happily stuck her tongue out at me. "YOU'LL just have to wait to see it!" she cackled. Both she and Karen looked excited and happy.

"Before we leave, I have a special request." Amy said. "This is purely selfish on my part, but I've always been curious. Just so you know, I'm prepared to beg, if necessary."

I shrugged. "What? I need to know what it is, first. How bad is it?"

"Well," Amy began, but Karen interrupted her. "LOLA!" I turned to see Lola coming in through the food court entrance, looking a little lost. She brightened considerably when she saw us. "Heyyyyy!" Karen and Amy both ran over for hugs, and I followed. I also snuck in a hug when she was done with them. While I hugged Lola, Amy motioned for Karen to put the lingerie store bags inside the department store bags.

"I ran out of pages in my DayPlanner, and I was hoping the bookstore here might have some. You guys don't have an OfficePlace or a PaperClipz store around here, do you?" She asked, and I shook my head.

"I've never been to the mall here yet so I'm not sure where to go." She looked towards the big mall map YOU ARE HERE thing, but Amy piped up. "Lemme go ditch our bags and we'll come with you, ok? We've got nowhere else to be. Wanna hang out with us?"

Lola smiled gratefully. "That does sound pretty nice. Are you sure it's not a problem?"

"We're sure." Karen said, and handed me her bags. "Let's have a seat by the fountain and wait for them." She took Lola's hand, and the two of them strolled off towards the fountain. Lola waved over her shoulder. I grinned.

"That was cool. I'm glad we saw her." Amy said, and we went out to the car and put our bags in the back seat. As she shut the door, I asked "So what was it you wanted to ask me? The selfish thing?"

"Umm, I wanted to ask YOU to try on some clothes. Specifically, a suit." She looked at me sidelong.

Uh oh. "You mean a gorilla suit or a space suit, right?" I asked, kinda dreading the answer.

"No, I mean a dark two or three piece suit with a tie. That's what I mean. Like we were going somewhere too important for plaid work shirts or black jeans. A suit and tie. Pleeeease? It's like lingerie for girls. A guy in a suit is just automatically sexier. Plus you're going to need one for when Mrs. Klemp passes away. You're not going to her funeral in shorts and a t-shirt. You need a suit." She said. By this time, we were back at the mall entrance.

"Ok," I said. I don't really care for suits. I last remember wearing one when I was like 8 or 9. "I'll try one on." I told her, resignedly. She clapped her hands and jumped up and down. "Yes! I can't wait. Wait 'til Karen finds out!"

We found Karen and Lola sitting by the fountain, sitting very close together, talking happily. Lola looked better already. When we got there, Amy hugged her again, and she sighed. "I missed you guys."

"It was only one night," Amy said. "I know, but I still missed you." Lola said, not letting go of her. Amy squeezed her tighter. "Let's get your stuff, and then we're going suit shopping for Will."

Karen and Lola's jaws dropped a little. "Wait, how many people will be staring at me in a suit" I asked, starting to feel a bit self-conscious.

"*I* am," Karen said firmly. "I am," Amy said, raising her hand like a schoolgirl.

"I am if they are," Lola smiled.

"Go help her find her planner stuff and then meet us at J.C.Nickel, we're going to pick some stuff out. You'll get there in time for the show." Amy said to Karen, and Lola rose to her feet. Karen grabbed her hand and took her off towards the bookstore, giving me a happy look. Amy grabbed my hand and hauled me off towards the clothing store.

"Hurry!" She said, practically dragging me. I groaned, but I followed her.

When we got to the store, we went to the men's department, and found where the suit coats and stuff were. There was an elderly man, about 70, I'd guess, with a suit on and a measuring tape over his shoulder. "May I assist you?" He asked politely, in a posh British accent.

"We're looking for a suit." Amy announced happily. The old man nodded, and started taking my measurements. In no time at all, he had brought over several possibilities, hanging them on a little rack on wheels.

"Most of these are suitable for job interviews, weddings, and the like. Was there anything specific you had in mind?" The gentleman asked. Amy shuffled through the suits on the rack and gave me a thumb's up.. "No, this looks good." I said. "We'll need a couple of shirts and ties, as well." The old man nodded, and soon had two or three of each of those as well. The ties he'd picked out looked pretty cool, too. I'm not one for ties, but these looked colorful but not gay, and definitely not the boring old stripes kind.

"Go ahead and get in one," Amy said. "Karen and Lola should be here before too long." We headed over to the changing rooms. They had a little half-circle of chairs in front of three big mirrors, and Amy sat in one. "We'll be here. Shoo!" I took my wheeled rack down the narrow hallway, to find several changing rooms, with a desk in the middle. A 60-ish woman was re-folding and hanging all kinds of clothes from a pile. "You'll be in #5," She told me, and so in I went.

I did fine until I got to the tie. I had no idea how to tie one. I poked my head out of the changing room door and spoke to the lady. "Excuse me, but I need a little help." And I held up the tie. She smiled.

I stepped back into the changing booth as she walked over. "Well, I can help, but you have to lay down." She said.

"What?" I said. I wasn't that much taller than her.

"I only learned how to tie it if you're laying down." She said. I hung the suit coat on the hook and stretched out apprehensively on the bench in the changing booth. She leaned over me and with several deft movements, had the tie knotted around my collar. "There you go." She said, and walked away.

"Why did I have to lie down?" I asked, getting up. "Why did you only learn it that way?"

"I used to work in a funeral home." she said.

I peeked my head out of the hallway to see Amy sitting in one of the half-circle chairs, picking at her nails. I walked up next to her and changed my voice. "Can I help you, miss?"

Without looking up, she shook her head. "No, I'm just waiting for my-" And then she looked up. "WILL!" She got a huge, dopey smile. "Look at you!" She practically squealed. She grabbed at me with both hands, but then pulled them quickly back. "Oh my god! Mirrors! Turn around!"

I walked over to the mirrors (barefoot) and got a good look at myself. I'm not Daniel Craig, but I don't look too bad in a suit. I turned this way and that, while Amy squirmed in her seat and clutched her knees together so hard her fingers turned white. She was grinning like her face would split.

"What do YOU think?" I asked, turning back to her. She hopped up and down in her seat giddily. "I love it I love it I love it!" She gushed.

Off amongst the racks, I caught sight of Lola and Karen making their way towards us. I waited there to catch eye contact with one of them, when I felt Amy reach up and tentatively stroke the bottom end of my tie. "So hot!" She whimpered happily.

"Cool it!" I muttered. "We're in public." A whimper/sigh was all I got in response.

Lola looked up and laid eyes on me first, and stopped so suddenly that Karen kinda bonked into her from behind. "Showtime." I said softly, and Amy spun around and hopped up onto her knees. "Come on!" She yelled, and Lola sheepishly started walking again, while Karen giggled behind her.

They got up to us right about the time the salesman reappeared. "Doing well thus far?" He asked politely. Amy nodded, and Karen and Lola smiled.

"I do have a request." I said, and raised the end of the tie. "Could you show me how to tie one of these?"

"You seem to have done well enough on that one, sir." He said.

"No, the lady running the changing rooms tied it, but I had to lie down on the bench. I'd prefer to do it myself while standing." I said.

"Lie down on the bench?" He seemed shocked. "That seems an unusual stipulation."

"She only knew how to tie it if the wearer was lying down. She said she used to work in a funeral home."

The salesman blanched. "Good heavens. How morbid." He stood even straighter. "Well, let's see if we can't get you sorted out."

He walked over to the big mirrors and motioned for me to join him. Standing side by side, we untied our ties, letting the one big end hang way the hell down. "I assume the classic Windsor Knot will be sufficient? Unless you have another preference?"

I shrugged. "Whatever the usual one is, is fine with me."

"Right-o." He said, and began tying his tie slowly, explaining each step as he went. There were a few false attempts on my part, but soon I was able to do it twice in a row, meeting with his approval. "I learned from my father when I was but a young sprout of a lad. It's the kind of thing one doesn't forget. How do you put it? It's like falling off a log."

"I think you mean it's like riding a bike." I said, finishing my knot and adjusting it carefully. He smiled and tapped the side of his nose. "Just so."

Turning to Lola and the girls, he gave a little bow. "Now with such a lovely audience, I am proud to say that for you, ties shall no longer remain a mystery." He applauded me politely, and my ladies happily followed suit.

"There are certain things that every gentleman should know, certain skills he should possess, and this is certainly one of them." He said. I felt like I had done something brave or momentous. "Thanks," I said. He waved it off.

"Do alert me if I can be of any further assistance," He bowed, and took his leave. (Now I'M talking fancy. sheesh. -W.)

"That guy was great." Karen laughed. "I want to take him home and put him on the mantel."

"I know, and the accent? It was almost TOO adorable." Lola chuckled.

"More suits!" Amy demanded. I laughed and went to change.

I tried on a total of three more, each time to wide-eyed delight and hungry looks. We (pffft, *WE* nuthin') settled on a dark navy suit with a baby blue shirt, and a pinstripe charcoal three-piece with a white shirt. I got two of each shirt, and several cool ties. Our total bill was almost \$3,000, which made me a little light-headed, but they convinced me that it was worth it. Not like we're broke, but I'd never spent anywhere near that much at once, ever.

All three ladies were super happy as we left. I just kinda felt vaguely queasy. \$3,000. Good gravy.

"Well, I'm off to go scout some animal shelters. Make sure it's not just some lady in a big house by herself taking in cats." Lola announced.

"Isn't that what you've got now?" Amy joked. Lola made a face. "No, it was a lady in a SMALL house

taking in cats. Totally different."

We hugged our goodbyes. Lola squeezed me tightly. "Thanks for inviting me to the fashion show." She said to me. I grinned.

"When are you coming over next?" Amy asked. Lola shook her head. "I don't know. I have to meet with some people about legal stuff. Mom's car, her house. I told her so many times, but I don't think she had a will, so this is going to be messy." Karen hugged her again. "Well, make some time off, and let us know, ok? We miss you."

"I promise I will." Lola said, and smiled. "Bye guys." and she walked off into the parking lot.

"Allright. Time to go home!" Amy cheered, and Karen grinned at me. "Wait till you see what we've got. You're gonna love it!"

"I can't wait." I said, and put my arm around her. My other arm was holding the suits slung over my shoulder, but Amy put her arm around my waist on that side, and we walked to the car like a six-legged horse. "If this is Amy's big dinner, what are you going to do?"

Karen smiled devilishly. "Oh, I get to help. It's not all her. There's plenty of room for me too."

"I kinda lusted about BOTH of you, just not together." Amy said. "I never even *dreamed* I'd get a chance, but all my fantasies are adaptable. I'm so happy!" She jumped up and down, still clamped onto me, so I jostled Karen, and we almost fell. As Karen laughed, I cautioned her. "Careful! If you break our necks in this parking lot, we'll never get to dinner."

We piled into the car, Karen in the passenger seat as usual, Amy in the back, digging through bags and making happy sounds. I got us home somehow. The reality of our situation was starting to sink in again. Underage incest threesome! The underage part didn't bother me so much at this point, after Karen's performance, and Amy's meticulous planning. Obviously, they wanted it as much as I did, if not more. The incest part was still kind of a shock, but Karen is right, we're surely only half-related, and besides, we've always had a very close relationship anyway. But the threesome part, yow wow. Did I have what it takes for two girls at once? Can I concentrate on doing someone if someone else is doing me? I promised myself I'd do my best!

When we got home, it was still only about 3pm, so we carried everything in the house. I took the suits to my room, and the girls took all the other bags to Karen's room, where they shut the door. I could hear lots of whispering and giggling. After a few minutes, Amy came through her room and politely knocked on the open door of mine.

"Dinner will be served at 6, formal dress is required. Wear the blue one, because it has less buttons." She said. "And please shave. You're a little bristly."

"Less buttons?" I asked. She nodded. "The charcoal suit has a vest and all, and it takes too long to remove. So, wear the blue one. Karen and I will be getting ready, so after about 5 o'clock, could you stay in your room? We want everything to be perfect when you finally see it."

"Ok. I'll just read a book in here, then." I said.

"From about 4 to 5, Karen and I are going to be in the bathroom, so you can't go in there either." Amy announced.

"BOTH of you? Why together?" I asked, surprised.

"Girl stuff. We're going to get Pretty." Amy said, blushing. I grabbed her up in my arms and spun her around. "You're both already super pretty. Beautiful, in fact."

Amy clutched me as I spun her. "You know what I mean. I only get one chance to have a first time. I want it to be perfect for you. And for me." I pretended to let go of her in mid-spin, and she squealed. I slowed, and set her on her feet, but did not let go of her.

"I love you just the way you are." I said. "You don't have to get all artificial."

"I know." She glowed. "We're not going to paint ourselves up or anything, but we're going to look extra special."

"Just don't overdo it." I said. She rolled her eyes at me. "Will you relax? We're perfectly capable of looking nice, without getting lost in Lady Gaga territory."

"Who?" I asked. She waved her hand as if to say never mind. "So go shave, and we'll come get you at six."

I agreed, and she left. I took a quick shower, washing all the important parts, and began shaving. A knock on the door from Karen's room, and Amy stuck her head in. "Hey, hot stuff! White or black?"

"White or black what?" I asked, trying to get the tricky part on my upper lip.

"Just pick one!" She said, grinning. "White." I said.

"Ok, now for Karen, white or black?" Well, I said white last time, so . . . "Black." I said.

"Cool, thanks!" Amy shut the door. She was back a second later. "We're changing our plans. We're going to be working downstairs from 4 to 5, and in the bathroom from 5 till dinner. Take your time." And she vanished again.

Makes sense, I thought. Probably easier to cook and THEN get pretty than to get dressed up and then cook. I looked at myself in the mirror. What am I in for?

I brushed at my hair, although usually it is too short to really lay down, and went into my room and stretched out on the bed to read a book. I heard the girls go downstairs, and there was activity in the kitchen for a while. I continued laying there, although I was more listening than reading. (I couldn't even tell you for sure what book I was holding.)

After a while, Amy trotted into the bathroom, and made a detour into my room. "Hi!" She said brightly,

and climbed up on my bed, to sit cross-legged next to me.

"Hi." I said. "I thought you were going to be busy."

"Most of the cooking is a one-woman job, and I think we all know Karen is the best woman for it." She said. "No offense."

"None taken." I said. I'm perfectly at peace with the fact that I can't cook. It is not a skill I possess.

Amy reached out and took the book from my grasp, closed it, and laid it neatly on the bed. "So since all I was doing was getting in her way," She rolled her eyes. "I decided that making you a prisoner in your room while we get ready wasn't very much fun either." She took my hand and started playing with my fingers, stroking her fingers up and down my palm, massaging my knuckles and rubbing my wrist.

When I had gotten out of the shower, I had just put on some sweat shorts and a t-shirt. I had planned to spend my time lying down reading, and I hadn't wanted to wrinkle my suit, so I just dressed like crap. Amy scooped so close her toes were actually touching my side, and continued massaging my hand.

"Annnnd, I wanted to thank you." She said, concentrating on my hand.

"What for?" I asked, putting my other hand behind my head.

"All kinds of stuff, really. Being cool. Being here. For not selling me to the circus when I was little."

I laughed. "You weren't that bad. In fact, you were really good most of the time. I've always loved you and Karen, no matter what."

"I know," She said, shooting a glance at me. "But I've crossed the line a lot. Spying on you. Jacking you off when you were asleep and then letting you feel guilty by not owning up to it. When I ran out to the gazebo, I wasn't going to admit to anything, but I got so mad I just let it all out. It could have gone so wrong. I've been so terrified for so long that if you ever found out how I wanted you, you'd punish me or leave or something." She sighed. "But you just took me in your arms and told me that it was ok. That you loved me too, even if you hadn't meant sexually, but that you'd give me a chance, since that's what I wanted so badly." She looked like she was going to start getting teary.

I spoke up. "Well, it's not like those thoughts were totally foreign to me. You were starting to get through to me, with the blueberry bodywash, and the time you licked your lips right in front of me. I was getting turned on by you. I just felt totally guilty about it."

"Really?" She brightened. "It was working? Allright! So you DO think I'm sexy?"

"Yes, in a very dirty, illegal, totally sexy way." I said, and she hopped up and down in delight, jostling me on the bed.

"I was worried I was going to have to really work hard to convince you." Amy said, "but you already LIKE-like me?" She put her hand on my stomach, and slowly slid it downwards. My cock jumped about an inch, and a slowly rising bulge became visible in my shorts. Amy turned and looked at me, her mouth open in delight. She quickly threw herself down on the bed next to me and hugged me close. I got my

arms around her and held her.

"This is SO great!" She gushed excitedly. "I can't even TELL you how happy I am!"

Karen walked into the bathroom, and saw Amy on my bed. "Hey, no fair!"

"I didn't do anything yet." Amy said, happily.

Karen walked into my room and sat on the other side of me. "Oh yeah? Mr. Stiffy here seems to disagree." She stroked her hand up my thigh and then right over my boner bulge. It felt great.

"We were just talking." I gasped. Karen's look softened and she stroked my bulge again. Another gasp from me.

"Well, I'm sorry to tease you, but I'm downstairs cooking a big dinner so Amy can have us for dessert, and I find her upstairs trying to open her presents early." She pointed a finger at Amy, who was already apologizing.

"I just wanted to talk to him, the erection was an accident, but still my fault." Amy said sincerely, and Karen put her finger down. I sat up. "It's ok." I said. "If nobody is sexy around me, it'll go away in a minute."

"We'd better leave then, and start getting ready." Karen said, and stood. Amy leaned in, kissed me quickly on the cheek, and scampered to her room. Karen shot me a wink and a smile, and then walked to the bathroom, shutting the door behind her. I stood and did some stretching, and soon my cock had settled back down. Mr. Stiffy? Really? That's not what we're going to call it.

I dressed carefully, getting the tie right on my second try, and made sure everything was perfectly in place. I dusted off my "good" shoes, even though they didn't go with the suit (brown loafers) and put them on. Then, since I still had about ten minutes to kill, I just stood around so the suit wouldn't get wrinkled. Sigh.

At last, the moment had arrived. Amy knocked on our shared door and yelled. "Give us about three minutes, and then go straight to the dining room through the school room and sit at the end of the table."

I did as I was told, exiting my room, going down the stairs and into the living room, then the school room (which I think used to be called a parlor), and finally entering the dining room. All the lights in the house had been out, but the warm glow of candles came from the dining room before I even got there.

All the chairs save three had been removed, so there was one chair at the end of the table, and one on either side, both close to the end chair. A white tablecloth had been put on the table, although all the candles, place settings, and salt and pepper were on our end of the table. The far side was completely, conspicuously bare.

I took my seat, just as the sliding doors to the kitchen parted, and Amy came through, followed by Karen. I rose respectfully and bowed, because it seemed like the right moment.

They were both wearing dresses, which was unusual all by itself, but they were also wearing aprons. Not the barbecue ones that said "May I Cut The Cheese?" and stuff, but big white, frilly aprons with full fronts and even poofs on the shoulders, like something out of *Gone With The Wind*. They both paused (and posed) in the doorway, smiling.

"Welcome, sir, please be seated, and we will be delighted to serve you." Amy said. She was carrying a pitcher with ice water in it, and Karen was carrying a basket of bread.

I sat, grinning, while Amy poured ice water for everyone. Karen placed the bread gently in front of my place setting, and stroked my shoulder hungrily. She then turned and disappeared into the kitchen, returning with salads. Amy took the pitcher back to the kitchen and returned with butter. She and Karen took their seats on either side of me, and we began dinner.

"I love your suit." Karen smiled. "Amy was right on when she suggested that one."

I looked down at myself. "Is it really that special?"

"Oh, yeah." Amy grinned, "It REALLY is."

We enjoyed our salads with a little small talk. When we were done with our salads and bread, Amy and Karen scooped up our plates and carried them back to the kitchen, shutting the sliding doors behind them. There was some activity in the kitchen, and then the doors opened. As they stalked back into the room, I immediately noticed that something was different. As they got closer, I realized what it was. They were still wearing the aprons, but they had removed their dresses. They each carried a plate of pasta, which looked like fettucini alfredo with broccoli in it.

Amy was wearing white high heels, white thigh-highs, and when she turned around to walk back to the kitchen, I could see she was wearing a shimmery babydoll gowny thing that didn't quite cover her butt. She made sure to put a little extra wiggle in her walk as she strutted back to the kitchen.

Karen was wearing black thigh-high stockings with a garter belt, underneath which she was wearing a sheer black bodysuit that had no sleeves, and ended in a lace-topped turtleneck. It made her look SO tall and gorgeous. They actually took turns walking back to the kitchen, so I wouldn't miss anything. I just sat there in awe. My heart was absolutely hammering in my chest, and my mouth was parched in excitement.

When they came back in, they both grinned at me, and sat demurely, carefully adjusting their aprons, and went right back to eating. I couldn't concentrate on the food at all. Seated, the aprons were large enough to keep them covered, but the black lace around Karen's neck, and the way Amy's apron covered ALL of her clothing made them both look especially alluring. I toyed with my noodles half-heartedly, all thoughts of dinner burned from my brain in the flood of excitement, both physical and mental.

"Will, you need to eat," Karen laughed gently. I blinked at my plate, annoyed it was still there.

"Yeah, you need to keep up your strength." Amy said. "You'll need your energy." She slurped some noddles and licked a dot of sauce off of her knuckles. I stared for a second, and then smiled. "I know

you're doing this on purpose." I said.

"We even picked alfredo sauce intentionally." Karen admitted, blushing. "Do you like it?"

I wasn't sure what she meant, but it tasted great.. "Absolutely." Both girls grinned happily.

"Well, eat up. You won't have to suffer much longer." Amy said. "Oh, wait, Karen, you have some sauce on your chin."

Karen tossed her hair to one side, and tilted her head back. "Where?" There were three little drips of sauce on her chin, right below the left corner of her ruby-red lips. She leaned a bit forward.

"You-" I started to motion, but Amy jumped up with a napkin in her hand. "I'll get it!" She chirped, and darted over to Karen's side of the table.

When she got there, she held out the napkin, but then slipped in and s-l-o-w-l-y licked the sauce off of Karen's chin! "Oh my god!" I groaned, dropping my fork with a clatter, while Amy said "MMmmmm!" Karen gave me an evil smile while Amy laughed.

"Want me to do it again?" Amy asked. I shook my head. "I may not survive it." I gasped. My dick was so hard it literally hurt, and it wasn't even wedged up against anything. It had shot down my right pant leg as soon as they had come back without their dresses, but Amy licking cream sauce off of Karen's chin had made it swell so much it ached. "Oh my god," I repeated.

"I think he likes it." Amy smiled. I wanted to close my eyes and put my head on the table, before I realized that I didn't have to be ashamed. It was OK to want them both.

"No fair," I sighed, trying to pick up my fork again.

"Ok, we won't do anything else." Karen soothed. "But we're not really teasing you."

"Yes, you are!" I said, raising my eyebrows. Amy shook her head. "It would be teasing if we had no intention of following through. And believe me, we do have EVERY intention of doing you."

"Well, until I get to play too, it's teasing." I said, not really upset. Karen winked at me. "Finish your dinner." was all she said.

I ate most of it. Karen carefully twirled her noodles on her fork and ate them daintily. Amy kept picking out broccoli florets and eating them with her fingers, sucking the sauce off of her fingers with the occasional slurp. I stopped about when I realized I was almost full. It wouldn't do to be all full and sleepy when dessert rolled around.

The girls had been watching me closely, I guess, because they put down their silverware when I did, and whisked the dishes away. I watched them both as they walked to the kitchen, peeks of Amy's buttocks appearing beneath the short short gown she wore, and admiring the lush shape of Karen's figure as she stalked away. Right before she left the room, Amy whirled and grabbed the tablecloth. Slowly, she pulled on it, so the candles moved from the center of the table to about two thirds. The hem of the table cloth

was just below my edge of the table when she stopped. Shooting me a wink, she strutted out of the room, and shut the sliding doors with a snap.

A few minutes passed, and I heard bustling in the kitchen. At one point, there was a brief clatter, and a laugh from Amy, but soon, the sliding doors once again drew open.

"I need to turn on the light, get ready," Amy said. "And scoot your chair back about another foot from the table." I quickly did as directed. The lights came on, and my two ladies stood in the doorway of the kitchen. Amy had her hands on her hips, feet apart, one hip cocked, and Karen stood ramrod straight, carrying a large silver platter on one shoulder, with a huge silver dome cover over it, like the kind you'd use to cover a roast turkey. Karen walking first, and Amy following her carefully, they marched to my left, and Karen gently placed the entire platter, cover and all, on my placemat.

"Are you ready?" She asked, and I nodded. "Dessert is served!" She removed the cover with a flourish, and I saw what was on the platter. Nothing. The platter was polished to a mirror shine, but empty. I looked up in surprise. "What's dessert?" I asked.

"First," Amy said, and as Karen stepped aside, she whipped off her apron with a flourish. She was only wearing her white thigh-high stockings, and she had tied a huge red velvet ribbon around her neck in a big bow, slightly to the left. The trailing ends of the bow knot framed her left nipple. I was stunned. Her little pubic mound was completely bare, and she stood proudly for a moment, turning a little left and right, watching me intently.

"Oh my," I said, and she lit up with a huge smile. "You like?" She asked, sincerely.

"You're beautiful." I said, and she reached out to take my hand. She stepped up closer to me, put one foot right in between my legs, nestled her toes underneath me, and used the seat of my chair to step up and actually SIT on the silver platter, right in front of me. She pressed her knees together and blushed.

"I must have imagined this moment in my head a million times, but it's not making me any braver." Amy stammered.

"We can stop," I said gently. Karen nodded. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to."

"But I DO want to, very much, I just I'm just full of butterflies." Amy said. "I just need to grit my teeth and go for it." She took a deep breath, and squeezed my hand.

"I'm giving myself to you, like a present," She flipped her bow with her free hand. "But I want to show you everything first. Then, I want you to lick my pussy. I don't know if you've ever done that yet, but it's been my biggest fantasy ever." She blushed.

"Really?" I asked, a little surprised. She nodded emphatically.

"I've wanted you to lick my little pussy almost as long as I've wanted to suck your cock." She was blushing, still nervous, but still powering through it. She took a deep breath, and slowly spread her legs.

The surface of the silver platter was so highly polished it was like a mirror. I was seeing two tiny pussies

at once, one on top of the other. And now that I mention it, Amy's pussy seemed small at first glance. Like, smaller than you would expect from a person her height. And it was completely hairless.

"Ooooh, how do you get it so smooth?" Karen asked, leaning over my shoulder a little. She had shed her apron while Amy was talking, and I could feel her breasts pressed firmly against my back.

"I pluck." Amy stated simply. She waved her hand at me. "I love the clean look, but I know when Will shaves he gets stubble, and I couldn't imagine getting stubble burn somewhere so . . .tender."

"I have to admit, I'd never thought of plucking down there." Karen said, "But then again, some people wax, so I guess it's not that far out." She paused. "I don't think I could do that, though."

"Well, I started when they first started showing up." Amy said. "I mean I was so glad when they actually DID, but I don't want a briar patch down there, I want a smooth, silky, little pussycat. Besides, your landing strip looks totally hot. You look like a super-sexy woman!"

"Can I take this coat off?" I asked. The girls were talking shop, and I was getting hot under the collar. Amy wagged her finger at me. "At least wait until after Show and Tell. You really look sexy with it on. I mean even sexier than usual, which is a lot."

The sexy mood had returned. "Now where was I? Oh yeah! Right here!" She pulled her left foot up onto the table and reached around underneath her leg to hold her pussy open. "See? All goooood."

It was amazing. Her little pink pussy was stretched open about an inch or two, and I could see her little clit, and even the tight little rosebud of her anus, as she raised her other foot up and reached around to hold herself open. I could see a thin membrane of skin that mostly covered her actual vaginal opening, about half an inch in. Her hymen. I shivered with excitement. A drop of moisture dribbled down from behind her hymen, and ran over her anus, finally spilling onto the silver platter. "Oooh!" She jumped, and then laughed. "I'm all excited just doing this. See my clit?" She tickled it with a fingertip, and moaned. I could see her pussy clench momentarily.

"It's very sensitive, so don't touch it with anything dry. Wet your fingers and it'll love you forever. Just like me." She smiled breathlessly. "My pussy is yours for the taking, of course."

"Well, it's even smaller than I thought." Karen said. Amy frowned, but I reassured her. "That's not a bad thing, but it means that you're definitely going to have to grow some before making love to me, otherwise I might hurt you badly." I said, and Amy pouted.

"Your pussy is really cute, but his dick is really really big. We're talking major size difference here. He could really tear you up. He ALMOST tore me up." Karen said soothingly.

"I'd never want to hurt a pussy this gorgeous." I said firmly, at which point Amy seemed to cheer up. "We'll just have to think of other ways to make love until I grow some." Amy said matter-of-factly.

"Speaking of which," I said, and stood, removing my coat, which Karen took in the manner of a hostess. I loosened my tie, lifted it over my head, and put it around Karen's neck. She grinned, and pointed to Amy. Amy reached for me gleefully with both hands, and quickly unbuttoned my shirt and my pants.

While I removed my shirt, she tugged at my pants and my undershorts. As I pulled my t-shirt off over my head, she freed my erection from its cloth prison.

"Oh, so good!" She cooed, rubbing it gently, and squeezing it. I couldn't really move while she was hanging on to it, so I wobbled for balance. I settled for trying to shimmy off my pants and underwear, but Karen was there in a flash. She knelt to untie my shoes, and helped me slip them off, at which point she finished taking down my pants and folded them neatly.

Amy, meanwhile, was a determined wang hanger, never letting go. Her eyes were wide and happy as she stroked my cock, gently pulling it hand-over-hand. It was about as big as it has ever been, and she couldn't take her eyes off of it. "You know, I've seen it a couple hundred times, but each time is like the first time. Or, more like the second or third time, when I knew what it was for." She said, as if to herself.

I gently (and reluctantly) disentangled myself from her grasp and sat, scooching my chair closer to the table. Amy still had her feet up on the table, still had her legs spread, and was still dripping with excitement onto the silver platter. "Hi." She stammered, suddenly nervous.

"Hi." I said, leaning in for a kiss, before putting my hands on her little breasts (and there was something there) and running both thumbs over her hard little nipples. She almost squealed into my mouth. As I drew back from the kiss, she gasped. I did it again, and she moaned. "Lay back." I whispered, and she threw an arm back and started lowering herself onto the table.

As she arranged herself on the table, making sure she wasn't laying on her hair, I turned to Karen and stole a quick kiss. "You next?" I asked. She grinned, but shook her head. "I think you're next," She said. "Amy has this whole evening choreographed." Karen started stroking my shoulders, and rubbing against me.

Amy meanwhile was fully reclined, looking at me, happy but anxious, I could tell. "I-I don't know if you'll like the way I taste," She stammered, "but I tried to wash really well. I usually taste myself when I'm touching myself, but I hope you like it. If you don't, we can-"

"Amy!" I interrupted her. "Stop worrying." Her knees were still up and pressed together, her feet on the edge of the table. I quickly rubbed my hands together under the table to get them good and warm, and gently placed my hands on her knees.

Slowly spreading her knees apart, I began kissing down her right thigh. She moaned in excitement as I neared her little pink pussy. As I got there, her legs were completely apart, so I started on her left thigh, kissing at the knee and working my way closer. "Here, gimme your hands." I said, and had her hold her knees apart, almost all the way back to her armpits. Her little vagina and anus were right there, her legs wide open, her secrets completely exposed to my view. More juice trickled down from her pussy, coating her little rosebud, and dripping onto the reflective platter.

"Wow!" Karen said, appreciatively. Amy smiled, but still looked a little terrified. I knew I should start slow, so I leaned down until my mouth was about an inch away, and just breathed out a long, slow warm breath across her entire pussy. Amy moaned happily, and writhed a little.

Amy's clitoris was standing up like a little pencil eraser, but she didn't really have any labia to speak of,

everything was tucked up inside the smooth sides of her vulva. No meat curtains here. I placed the palms of my hands on her extreme inner thighs, and pulled apart a little. With my thumbs I started gently massaging her anus, which clenched as I softly smoothed it back and forth, up and down. Amy moaned again, her breath catching in her throat. "Oh god," She mumbled, watching me with huge eyes.

"Still good?" I asked, my voice soft, and she nodded emphatically. I leaned forward and licked sloooooowly up one side of her vulva, stopping before I got to her clit, and repeated on the other side. Amy bit her lip and groaned. Karen faltered in her rubbing. "I'm going to get my chair and sit so I can actually see what you're doing." She said quickly. "This is so hot I don't want to miss anything."

While I teased Amy's pussy some more, Karen folded her apron across the seat and pulled right up to my left elbow. With her left hand she reached in and grasped my cock. "I'll hold this so it doesn't get lonely," She purred. I just grunted approval, and stuck my tongue into Amy's pussy slit again, this time tickling her clit with the barest of touches. She threw her head back and gasped. I flattened my tongue to its widest and licked up the entire length of her pussy with a slurp, flicking her clit with the tip as I finished. She squirmed in delight.

It was at this point that I got a real taste of Amy's juices. Amy tastes almost like a cross between a peach and a plum. Not like peach flavoring, but like an actual peach tastes. Sweet, and a little tart. In other words, very good. "Mmmmm!" I growled happily, and burrowed my tongue back into her sweet little slit. Licking her clit firmly again, I pulled up. "You taste great!" I said, and she looked so happy. "This is sooooo great!" She moaned. "You like the way I taste."

"What does it taste like?" Karen murmured into my ear, and stroked my cock a little.

"Very good, almost like fresh fruit. Would you like a taste?" I grinned at her. She blushed but didn't answer, she just looked at me, searching my face as if for permission to ask another question. "I'm sure Amy wouldn't mind." I whispered, my voice barely a murmur.

"Not right now. Maybe later." Karen blushed. She shot a look at Amy, who had her eyes closed as my thumbs continued rubbing her rectum.

I turned back to Amy and dove in again, wiggling my tongue back and forth, starting at her vaginal opening, working my way up to her clit. She almost ground her crotch against me in her excitement. My hands still spread on her inner thighs, I pressed her pelvis back down onto the platter. She moaned a little in frustration, but I increased the pressure of my tongue, tracing the various wrinkles and folds of her delicious little pussy. I actually inserted the tip of my tongue into her vagina, at least as far as her hymen, and wiggled it around. She nearly squealed in surprise, and then laughed breathlessly. "Careful, don't push too hard!" She cautioned, although how sincere she was I don't know.

Karen was slowly stroking my cock, and I could feel her breath on my shoulder as she watched me lick Amy. Her breathing was increasing, almost the same way Amy's was. I used my right index finger to gently stroke Amy's clit while I turned to Karen. "Are you doing ok?" I asked her quietly, and she tore her gaze away from Amy's little quim to look at me and blush.

"I'm a little jealous, actually. Which came as a surprise." She gave me a tight squeeze and looked down. "I think I'm getting as excited as she is. Do . . . Do you think you could do that to me sometime? I'd make

it worth your while." She gave my cock a gentle twist.

I smiled. "Karen, you couldn't keep me away. No need to reward me." She rubbed my back and smiled. "I'm so lucky." She said, and kissed my cheek. "Now lick that little girl. I want you next."

I turned back to Amy to find her panting with each flick I gave her clit. I leaned in and got down to business, licking, flicking, and actually sucking her clit between my lips very carefully. She began taking deeper breaths and squirming with excitement, as I licked even faster. My thumbs continued to rub and pull at her anus, which began to relax a little with the pampering.

Her squirms and little cries got more pronounced as I covered her entire pussy with my mouth, and sucked in while burrowing and teasing with my tongue. Unable to help herself, she put her fingers in my hair and gripped my head.

"Yes, yes, more, oh!" She begged, and I was quick to obey. Making sure it was well lubricated with her juices and my saliva, I took my left thumb (it had almost no thumbnail) and began pressing it rhythmically against her rectum, gentle at first, but a little harder each time.

Amy's response was definitely favorable. "OOH! Yes, ah, ah ah ah AH!"

Karen had stopped rubbing my back, although to judge from the arrhythmic stroking of my penis, and her own quiet vocal additions to our lovemaking, I assumed she was rubbing her own pussy somehow.

I began gently pinching and pulling Amy's clit with my fingertips, while my thumb continued threatening the sanctity of her anus. I put my tongue into her pussy and started flicking her hymen with the tip of my tongue. She squirmed and hitched, pulling me closer and closer. Karen's breath on my shoulder became even more tortured and she began to whimper.

I pulled my tongue out of Amy's pussy and plowed it against her clit, basically making "numnumnumnumnum" noises as I twirled it on and around that hard little nubbin of pleasure.

Her cries reached a crescendo, and as she bucked against me, I sucked her clit into my mouth, hard, and pressed on it with my lips, almost as if biting it. My thumb slipped into her ass up to the first knuckle, and she came. Just like that. Ka-boom.

Amy's head bounced off the table with a bonk as she hit that first wave, and Karen actually bit my shoulder as she came too, with a squeal. Her grip on my cock was less than comfortable, but I kept up my activities. I wiggled my thumb and licked Amy's rock-hard clit as best I could until she was actually trying to push me away, at which point I sat up slowly, and pulled my thumb out of her little behind.

Amy's torso spasmed and twitched as she fought for air. She lost her grip on her legs, and they just kind of flopped off the edge of the table bonelessly. She lay there, gasping breath and voicing little moans as she came back down. The silver platter was a mess, covered in drips and little puddles of my saliva and her pussy juices.

Karen was resting her head against my shoulder, as if exhausted, but her hand had once again begun stroking me. "Ooh! drippy!" She cooed, and as I looked down, she used her fingertips to gather a rather

large drip of precum from the tip of my engorged, almost vibrating penis. She quickly licked her fingers clean and moaned happily. Her face, neck, and shoulders were flushed, and she took several deep breaths.

"Did you cum too?" I heard Amy ask, and when I turned to look at her, she was propped up on one elbow looking at Karen with an exhausted smile. Karen held her fingers up an inch apart. "A little one." She said, and smiled, tossing her (now a little sweaty) hair back from her face.

"Not me. That was amazing!" Amy said, and gently kicked me. "What did you put in my butt?" I sheepishly held up my thumb, and she grabbed my hand delightedly. "Naughty little trespasser! How did you know?!" She grabbed my thumb as if choking it, and shook it, giggling. "I sometimes finger my butt when I get really horny, because I was afraid to break my hymen. But I didn't tell you that! You just went and took it!" She didn't seem upset.

"Was that ok?" I asked. Amy threw her arms in the air. "God, it was ok. It was FANTASTIC. I've never felt that good, ever. It was like my top twenty self-induced orgasms all at once!" She flopped back down onto the table, and put her hands over her face.

"That's exactly how I felt." Karen said, smiling. "Touching myself is like a waste of time now."

"How are we going to survive?!" Amy asked. "I'm still having it, almost. Argh!"

"We'll find a way, I hope." Karen gave me a sideways grin, and then looked at Amy. "Who's next? I'm still all hot and horny."

Amy waved her hand weakly. "I need a minute. I thought I could just jump up and go on, but I'm knocked out here. Whew. That was really intense." She kicked me again, playfully. "I thought you'd never done that before!"

"I hadn't!" I insisted. (I had however, read some "how to eat pussy" wikis about a year earlier.)

"Gawd!" Amy squawked, and tried to climb down, but moving sluggishly, as if her nerves didn't work. Indeed, when I helped her down off the table, her knees buckled and she kinda plopped against me as I caught her. "Jeez! I'm handicapped!" She slumped onto her chair with a laugh.

I wiped off my chin as best I could with my shirttail, from the back of my chair, and Amy got a good look at the gooey mess on the platter. "Oh man! Was that all me?" She said in shock. "Well, you AND me." I said. She blinked in surprise. "I must have been really juicy." she said, and grabbed the platter. "I'm going to put this away. Creaming everywhere is kind of embarrassing."

"I don't think so, you shouldn't be embarrassed." I said, as she scooped it up.

"It was pretty hot. Plus, wait till you see how juicy HE gets." Karen purred. Amy brightened, and then got wobbily to her feet. "I'm at least going to put out the candles now, so we don't burn the house down. Will, you're up. Get on the table." She commanded, then darted in to kiss me on the lips. "Please." She added sweetly. I stood, and Karen clapped her hands happily. I sat on the edge of the table, and waited.

As Amy came back around to our end, Karen put her hand on my chest and gently but firmly pushed me down. "My turn to play!" She announced, and stepped right up against my crotch. My cock stood proudly between her breasts, which she grabbed with her hands and rubbed up and down against my straining shaft. Amy positioned my legs far apart and stepped up next to Karen, watching happily.

"Wanna give him a little lick?" Karen asked slyly. "DO I?!" Amy asked enthusiastically, and Karen grabbed the base of my cock, tilting it over to where Amy could just reach the tip of it with her outstretched tongue. "MMmm!" she purred, licking just the tip with the point of her tongue.

I was holding my head up so I could watch, but my neck was starting to protest. "Can I get something for my head?" I asked, and Karen laughed. "How about this?" She asked, and promptly put her mouth on my dick about two inches, swirling her tongue around and around it.

I groaned with pleasure, but Amy was already scooping up clothes and balling them up to make a pillow of sorts for my head. I got it into place, and she rubbed my thigh where she was standing. "Better?" she asked, and I nodded.

Karen was going to town, stroking me with her hands and sucking me with her mouth. I was in heaven! After a few minutes of this amazing display, she pulled her mouth off with a "Mmwwwah!" sound, and turned to Amy. "Would you like to try?"

"I was enjoying just watching you!" Amy chirped. "You really seem to know what he likes. Look how big it is now!" And indeed, my cock was almost ten or eleven inches long at this point. Sexy suction does a lot for your penis size.

Karen stepped back, but didn't let go until Amy had a hand on it. Amy stepped right up and stared at my dick in utter delight. "I'm still a little loopy from that huge orgasm I just had," She apologized, "but I'll do my best."

She licked me up and down for an agonizing minute or two, then slipped her mouth over my cockhead, sliding it almost all the way out of her mouth, and then sucking it back in with a pop. She began milking the remainder of my penis, but her hands were a little dry, so she pulled off momentarily.

"Hold on," she said, and then squatted a few inches, sticking her tongue out in concentration. When she brought her hands back up to my dick, they were slick with her own juices, which she then lovingly used to coat my throbbing erection. "I made my own lube!" She chirped happily, milking me firmly with both hands. I could only grin helplessly, awash in the pleasure I was feeling. Karen had pulled up a chair and was sitting next to where Amy was standing, rubbing my thigh, rubbing her breast against my thigh, basically adding lots of gentle, sexy caresses to what Amy was doing.

Amy licked her lips, and took me again in her mouth, sliding further than the head this time. I felt her teeth drag momentarily, and she pulled off again. "Sorry! It's so thick I'm having a hard time getting my teeth out of the way." She kissed the spot where they had scraped. "It's ok. My fault really," I joked. Amy said awww, and Karen giggled.

Amy licked her lips, and went down on me again, getting even further this time. I felt something press on the tip of my cock, and I realized it was the back of her throat. Before I could even react in amazement, I

was past it. Amy gagged or coughed just a bit and pulled off with a gasp. "Hey, are you ok?" I asked immediately. Her eyes were watering heavily, and a single tear slipped down her cheek, but she was smiling. "Yeah, I'm good, this is just more work than I thought." She cleared her throat and wiped her eyes. "Whew. One more time." And she gulped me down again.

I could actually tell when my cockhead slipped past the back of her mouth and started down her throat, because her eyes started watering again, making it look like she was crying, and I could feel the muscles of her throat massing the sensitive underside of my cock as she kept swallowing. Karen's jaw dropped in shock, as I'm sure mine did, as more and more of my dick disappeared into her rosy little mouth. "Dang, girl! How much are you taking?!" Karen asked in shock, and in answer, Amy thrust herself down until her nose rubbed amongst my pubic hair. "Holy shit!" I may have blurted. My entire cock was in her mouth and down her throat. I couldn't believe it.

"Amy?! Are you ok?" Karen demanded, putting a hand on her back, but Amy gave her the thumb's up and started sliding back off, still swallowing all the while. She finally got back to just my tip in her mouth, when she sucked enthusiastically several times, and then pulled it out of her mouth with a happy slurp. "Ah!" She wiped her eyes. "I can't talk with that much Will in my mouth."

"How did you DO that?" Karen asked, half surprised, maybe half scared. Amy stroked me while she tried to catch her breath. "I've been trying to suppress my gag reflex for years. Haven't you ever seen me eat popsicles?" A quick lick to my dick. "I must have missed that." Karen said, impressed. "That was totally amazing."

Amy grinned, and wiped her eyes again. "I have to keep swallowing or I lose it." She wiped her eyes again. "and my eyes go crazy. It's hard work, actually. Did you like it?" She asked me. "It was really something." I said. "You kind of shocked us both."

"Well, I'm going to get better at it," She said reassuringly. "I hope someday that you'll be able to just walk in, whip it out, and fuck my throat. I can't wait." She grinned, completely proud of herself. "Fuck your throat?" I asked, surprised. Amy blushed, and tried to explain. "I mean like if you're mowing the lawn, and the vibration on the riding mower gives you a wicked hard-on, you might walk in, find me watching tv, and just put it in my mouth, you know." There was a pause, and she blushed harder. "I mean, not like I've had a hundred fantasies about it or anything like that." She rolled her eyes and looked a little embarrassed. I smiled at her, so she would know I wasn't freaked out. "That could happen." I said, and she grinned.

"Well, maybe no more stunt sex for now." Karen said. Amy nodded. "Ok. I just wanted to try it. But now, do everything you can to draw it out." She instructed me. "Baseball. Kirstie Alley bending over. Try not to cum. I have things I want to try."

"I'll do my best, but you're already amazing." I said. "I'm only human."

She grinned evilly and licked me firmly. "Do your best." And then she went to town.

Let me give proper credit where it is most definitely due. Amy discovered my balls.

I had only ever thought of testicles as "Where sperm comes from" and "Things that should never be

struck with hard objects." I only knew of them as things that caused pain. Amy turned them into sex organs. Not just good feelings, but GREAT feelings. I was completely stunned.

She started by gently stroking them with her fingertips, soft enough not to hurt them, but firm enough not to tickle, either. Then she cupped them, lifting them carefully, rolling them between her fingers, tugging gently on my scrotum, just moving them around, while rubbing them gently with her thumb. Last but not least, she was stroking my cock with one hand, while she scooped my balls up with her other hand and just lavished attention with her tongue, like she was painting them with a very wide, very wet brush. Oh. My. God.

Amy giggled throatily, her mouth wide open as she sucked one, and then the other carefully into her mouth. Karen watched, enthralled, as I practically yodeled with pleasure. I'm sure I sounded like an idiot. "UhhhaaahhhhuuuuhhhhhhAAAAAAOooooohhhh." Etc.

Oh man. I was completely blown away, pun or no pun. I had no idea testicles could be made to feel this good. I saw a movie once where 1 guy did about 12 girls (Reverse Gang Bang) and they kept squeezing his nuts HARD to keep him from cumming until they had all had a chance, but holy cow.

Oddly, even though it felt amazingly good, and I mean wonderful, it didn't throw me over the Orgasm Cliff. It was like two entirely separate wonderful feelings taking place, not like one runaway train. I could savor and enjoy both without just shooting off and being over.

Amy took advantage of my extreme distraction to send one of her wet little fingers probing underneath my balls for MY anus, but I yelped out something like "NUH!" and my whole body tensed up, and she instantly stopped that particular experiment.

"Sorreee!" She gasped, spitting out my hard-on for a moment. "Just thought I'd try it! Never can tell!"

"N-not for me!" I stuttered. My tensing up actually helped me last longer, as it momentarily disconnected my sex circuits. When I got back into the swing of things, Karen was standing. "Can I help you finish him off?" She asked Amy, who looked like she was starting to flag. Amy nodded gratefully, and sucked my cockhead once more, with lots of swirly tongue, and then ducked under Karen's arms, to the chair.

"He's so big my jaw was starting to get tired." She said, never letting go of my testicles. Karen gave her a kiss on the head, and grabbed my cock. "Before he starts to cum, let me get it back. I want him to shoot his load right in my mouth." Amy said.

Karen stroked me and looked me in the eye. "Well, I want some of it too." She pouted, licking her lips and giving me a sad look. I grinned and gritted my teeth as she squeezed me.

"He makes a lot. Can we share?"

"IF he shoots it in my mouth, I'm willing to give some of it to you. But you'll have to kiss me for it." Amy grinned, and leaned in to give my balls a huge lick. I held my breath in anticipation.

"You're a hard negotiator," Karen teased, and ran her fingers through Amy's hair. "But not as hard as Will is right now. I think we can call that a deal." I couldn't believe it. I was going to cum in Amy's mouth, and she was going to snowball it to Karen. WOW!

Before I could even really react to their plans, Karen was working her magic on my cock. I mean Amy discovered (and still is the master of) testicle sex, and Amy can deep throat me, but Karen makes my cock WORK. Her hands, her mouth, are the complete and utter be-all, end-all of blowjobs. (Currently Amy has almost matched her skill, but she's still young. Karen's mouth is some magic size that makes it unbelievably perfect for me to just lose my mind.)

Very, very quickly I was floating on the edge of a massive orgasm, but Amy's constant lovely interference with my testicles and their usual tensing up was holding me right at the threshold. I mean I wanted to cum, but since Amy was working my balls like a master juggler, they couldn't decide what they were going to do. I literally couldn't stand it any more.

I meant to carefully reach out and touch Karen, but the extreme sensations I was undergoing completely wrecked my fine motor skills, and I just barely missed slapping her on top of her head. She had her eyes closed in concentration, so she didn't notice my arm lunging out, and only looked up when it ruffled her hair. "Mmmff, Amy!" she said, pulling my straining erection out of her mouth, and Amy hopped up and put her lips on it, letting go of my balls and clutching my slick shaft. As Amy started swirling her tongue all over my cockhead, I grabbed her wrists and jacked her hands up and down my cock once, twice, and boom. I was gone.

Free of manipulation, my balls probably shrunk to half their size as I emptied them into Amy's hot little mouth. Her eyes bulged in surprise, and she squealed happily as squirt after squirt of hot semen jetted onto her tongue. I couldn't keep my eyes open, it was so intense. I counted five squirts and then gave up, just laying on the table like a dead man, while she clung to my cock. It seemed like a long time before she let go, milking me gently and sucking the tip.

"Aaaaah!" She sang, and I managed to pry my eyes open and look. She had her mouth open, showing me the pool of cum within. Rolling her tongue in it, it threatened to spill out over her lips and down her chin, but she slurped it back into her mouth, tilting her head back, apparently trying not to swallow. "Mmmm." She made eye contact with Karen and pointed to her mouth, and then to Karen. "Muuh?" She grunted interrogatively. Karen grinned, nodded, and stepped up close.

Amy kept a hand on the base of my cock as she and Karen kissed. At first, Amy just held her mouth open while Karen's tongue darted in and returned, scooping out my cum, almost lapping it up like a cat, but soon they were kissing in earnest, and I could see both their tongues rubbing and dueling with one another. Needless to say, soon they both had my semen smeared around their mouths, and had to spend a few moments licking it off of each other. To this day, I have never seen anything hotter than this in my entire life. The happy little noises they made while kissing and basically playing in my cum would have made me cum again, had I not JUST done so. As it was, my dick straightened back up to full strength long before they had finished.

When they were done, Amy turned to me and stuck out her tongue, showing me her mouth was empty. "All gone!" She chirped, and rubbed my renewed erection, eyes bright.

Karen swept her hair back, and looked at me. "I need some love, right now." She rubbed one hand down her stomach, to her landing strip. "I can't wait any more. It's my turn, and I want it."

I scooted back until my thighs were supported by the table, just my lower legs hanging off, and held out my hand. Karen daintily took it, "I'm sorry you had to go last." I said gently, but she smiled.

"It's ok. It's Amy's night, but I literally can't wait another minute. I want your cock in my pussy and I want it NOW!" she growled. I bobbed my cock at her. "All yours, my love." She leaned down and gave my dick a wet kiss. "Remember me?" She murmured, her lips moving against it. "I'm baaaaaack."

Amy grinned, and reached out to help Karen up on the table.

Karen stood on the chair, and then stepped onto the table. She wobbled for balance momentarily, but I steadied her with my hands. "It looks even bigger than last time." She said, in a tone that was maybe a LITTLE worried. "Go slow, and we'll be ok." I said.

She got to one knee and put her other leg over me, my penis rubbing against her outstretched thigh. She took a moment to pet it, and looked up at me. "I love you so much." She said. "You make me so happy. I can't believe how lucky I am."

"I'm the one who's lucky." I said, but she shook her head. "I love you," She repeated, and began positioning herself over me. She reached back for my cock, but Amy piped up. "Got it! Just come right back a little!" I felt Amy's little hands guiding my cock, and the warmth of Karen's pussy against my cockhead.

Karen intertwined her fingers with mine, and slowwwwly sat back and up. It was (still) a very snug fit, but Karen was so wet by now that it slid all the way in. Her mouth was open, and her eyelids fluttered as she settled against my pelvis. "Oh my god." Karen sighed, and raised up a little, about five inches, and sat right back down again. "So good."

I could feel Amy's hands cupping my balls, and her head resting against my knee. She was completely out of sight behind Karen, but she must have been laying on the table, between my legs. Karen rose up on her knees, and impaled herself again, much to our mutual delight. "This is SO hot." I heard Amy murmur. Karen did it again, harder, and her breasts bounced, swinging together. I brought one of her hands up for a kiss, and then let go and cupped her breasts with my hands, so they couldn't jostle too much. "I'll hold these for you." I said gently. Karen smiled, and placed both her hands on my chest for balance.

She began bouncing slowly against me, impaling her pussy over and over again, panting with both the effort and the sensation, almost grinding me into the table. "Oh god," she moaned, stopping at the end of a downstroke and grinding her pelvis against mine. Her pussy felt amazing. Amy wasn't going too crazy with my balls, just cradling them and stroking them gently with her thumb, I presumed. Karen threw her head back and just rode me, eyes closed, a huge smile on her face as she began to moan.

After a few minutes of delicious riding, she began to falter. "Aw come on," She pouted, and slowed. "What's wrong?" I asked. "I'm starting to get a charley horse," She said sadly. "I'm going to have to stop for a minute, but I really don't want to. I can't stand it!"

She once again took my hands for balance, and stood slowly and painfully. When my cock slid out of her tight pussy with a wet slurp, she cried a little. "I don't ever want to stop, but my stupid legs. . ." As she

stood to her full height, both knees cracked, loud. Everybody winced. Amy took the opportunity to dart in and lick my erection, which was quite slick with Karen's juices. "Mmmmm!" Amy moaned. "This is SO good."

"Well, I want it back, but we need to do something else." Karen said, raising each foot and rotating the ankle, to the sound of more cracks and pops.

"Where was your charley horse?" Amy asked quickly, and Karen rubbed the tops of her thighs, right next to her little landing strip. "Right from my thighs to my ab muscles," Karen said. "Three days of glorious sex has kinda worn me out."

"So you can still kneel, you just can't hump?" Amy asked brightly. Karen thought about it, and nodded. "Probably."

Amy clapped her hands excitedly. "I know just what to do! Turn around this way, and straddle him again, but stay up on your knees."

Karen turned carefully, and stepped over me, so she was facing my feet and Amy. Her ass looked fantastic from my angle. I reached out to steady her as she knelt, holding her waist, and soon she was sitting on my pelvis again. As she got her lower legs positioned back along my sides, she rose up on her knees again, and Amy helped her get my cock back into her snug, warm pussy. She sighed happily, and wiggled her hips left and right.

Even with me laying flat, and her up on her knees, I still had about two inches of cock inside her. "Now, you stay put," Amy smiled at her, putting one hand on her shoulder, "And Will does YOU." She patted my knee. "Do it, Will. Give it to her!"

I experimented a little, and found that by rocking my pelvis up and forwards, I could get another three inches or so into her pussy without too much effort on my part. By pressing down with my heels and shoulders, I could bow my whole body up and put the whole thing into her, but it was some strain to do it every time, so it went like this: rock rock rock THRUST rock rock rock THRUST and so on. Karen's enjoyment was obvious, as her voice made clear. "Unh unh unh AHH! Unh unh unh AHH!"

I watched Karen's ass jiggle with each thrust, and I soon saw Amy's arms come sneaking around her waist. Amy was kneeling right in front of her, holding on to her in a full body hug. Karen clutched her right back. Amy's hands came down and squeezed her butt, lifting and pulling on her butt cheeks, leaving little hand prints, and Karen moaned louder. I concentrated on driving the cock, but Karen was starting to wobble a little.

Amy peeked at me from around Karen and grinned. "I think it's time to bring it home." I said, grunting with exertion. "She's ready." And I was starting to get tired. I don't mean to seem selfish, but I didn't have much oomph left.

"I couldn't agree more." Amy said lovingly. She turned her attention back to Karen, who just had her head back and her eyes closed, mouth open as she breathed between thrusts.

"Lean back a little, and reach back for balance." Amy cooed, and gently helped Karen lean back. I

reached up and held her arms, steadying her. Amy made sure Karen was comfortably posed, and looked at me. "Keep making love to her, but don't thrust so hard. Just go about halfway in. Is that ok?" I thought it over. "I can probably do that." I said, almost out of breath, "but I may need more than that to cum myself."

"Don't worry," Amy said, and dropped out of sight. I resumed the rocking motions, driving my dick up into Karen again and again. She was reclining back at about a 60 degree angle, her hands clutching my arms as I held her up. "Don't stop, ooohohhhhh, don't you ever stop," She sighed, and turned her head to look at me. "I loooooove youuuuu." She moaned, but then her eyes shot all the way open, and she gasped for air. "Amy!" She squawked, and I felt something happening, like my balls were lightly bumping a new obstruction. "Oh god! Uh! Uh! AAH!" Karen shook and gasped for air.

"What? What's going on?" I asked, suddenly concerned. "She's lickingMYAAAAAHHH!" Karen shrieked, and then I could feel her pussy spasm and constrict as she came, almost howling. "OHHHHH OHHH ohhh oh!" She cried, and wrenched an arm from my grasp and swatted at something in front of her. "Stop! I can't AH! . . . I can't breathe!" She half cried/half laughed.

Her orgasm brought me right up to the edge of my own. I was really really close, so I just started thrusting for all I was worth, over and over. I felt Amy cupping my balls, and trying to match my rythm. "Go, Will, go!" Amy cheered. "Yeah!"

Karen just wailed "Yesssssss oooh fuuuuuuuuck!" as I neared that wonderful moment of release. "I'm gonna cuuummmmm!" I groaned, buried it in her as deep as I could, and exploded. My head swam as I unloaded a major gusher into that amazing pussy. "I can see your balls shooting it!" Amy cried, and Karen whimpered "I can feel it squirting! Oh my god!" and she kinda collapsed sideways.

I rolled with her, keeping most of dick in her until she lay sprawled on her side. I grabbed her hips and pumped it in and out of her about three more times, as her pussy clutched at my cock. She just whimpered and breathed hard. "Will, I can't . . . I can't take any more." She swallowed on what must have been a dry throat. "I have to stop." Her hair hung off the edge of the table as she tried to get her hands under her.

Shaking and exhausted with my own orgasm, I gently pulled my dying erection out of her until it exited with a tiny, wet *pop* sound. She whimpered, and laboriously turned over, until she was laying in my arms. I lay on my side, she lay on her back. "Oh my god." She sighed. "My pussy is STILL going crazy. It's like it won't stop."

"Can I clean you two up?" Amy asked slyly, licking her lips expressively. "You're all sticky!" Karen glared at her for about a second, then snorted and smiled weakly.

"I shared Will's cum with you." Amy pointed out. "I just want some of what you got."

Karen gave a chuckle of the damned. "Sure. Why not? I can't even move. You'll have to get it yourself."

Amy nodded, and slowly licked up Karen's thigh, stopping at the top and planting a kiss on her silky landing strip. Karen gasped weakly, and shut her eyes. Amy began lapping at Karen's pussy. My angle wasn't good, but I could tell she was licking everything she could find. Karen writhed and gasped for

breath, clutching at my arms, which were still wrapped around her.

"I need to use my finger a little," Amy warned, "That cum is really deep in there."

Karen whimpered as if scared, and clutched me tighter. She moaned loudly about three times, then her eyes shot open a second later. "What's?! Oh! Amy! WHAT?!!" She cried, and then she took a deep breath, screamed hoarsely, another deep breath, and went limp. Her body continued to shake convulsively, and breath whistled through her mouth and nose, but her eyes were closed and her head was down, against my shoulder. She was unconscious.

"Amy!" I cried out. "What happened?!"

Amy rose into view, her face wet, eyes merry. "I rubbed her G-spot! She was right about to cum from *that!* It must have been the angle you were doing her!"

"She's fainted!" I snapped, and Amy leapt onto her hands and knees to move up and investigate. "Oh crap!" Amy said, genuinely scared. "Maybe I should have just left it alone!"

I could see the pulse in Karen's neck moving regularly, and she was still breathing, her breath cooling the sweat on my neck. "She's alive," I said wryly, exhausted from my own two orgasms, "but she's knocked out. What did you do to her?"

Amy wrung her hands. "I was licking up your cum, and I put my finger in her to get more out, and her G-spot was all noticeable. I just stroked it with my fingertip a few times. She must have been right on the edge of it." She reached out and smoothed a sweaty strand of hair out of Karen's face. "I couldn't help myself. She's just so sexy."

"I think you need to apologize for this one. Knocking her out probably isn't going to be cool." I said.

"Yeah I'll apologize as soon as she wakes up." Amy said, concerned. She lay down and suggled up against Karen's right shoulder, making a Karen sandwich. Whereas I had my arm across Karen's stomach, Amy put her arm across Karen's ribcage, and we both held her while she slept.

I rested, my eyes about half closed. Amy lay there and studied my face, across the slope of Karen's upper chest.. "Did I did I do good? I mean before she and for you too, I mean." Amy asked, her voice small and unsure.

"Wha?" I asked, starting to get a little sleepy. "What do you mean?"

Amy swallowed and tried again. "Did I do a good job? You made me cum so hard, but then I needed Karen's help to get you off. I needed help, I didn't do enough myself."

"No way, you were great." I said firmly. "I never knew balls could bring pleasure. You completely opened my eyes, and taught me something about my own body I didn't even know. You were incredible."

"So we can do more? Did I earn a place in your beds?" Amy brightened up.

I looked at her. "Did you think this was a test? Or a contest?" She blushed.

"I thought for sure if I totally sucked, then you might not be so happy about doing it again." Amy said softly. "I mean if I went to a restaurant and the food tasted like burnt dog crap, I'd never want to go back."

"Well, for the record, your sucking was phenomenal, and you do things with balls that Cirque Du Soleil never thought of." I said, exhausted.

"I'll bet they have," Amy giggled, and I smiled at her. "The fact that we let you join us means you've joined us. Even if you had accidentally bitten my penis, we'd still love you."

"But then I knocked Karen out," She said sadly.

"Hopefully it will be ok." I said. I was relatively sure it would be.

"And sorry about the "finger in your butt" attempt. I read in Cosmo that some men love that." Amy apologized.

"I'm sure the men who work at Cosmo love that, but that's because they wish it was really a-" I started, but Karen moved her head and tried to move her arms.

"Why is the room spinning?" Karen slurred, her eyes tightly closed.

"Are you ok?" Amy cried.

"Will, tell Amy that I want her to explain what the hell just happened to me, so I can kill her." Karen said, maybe kidding.

"When I put my finger in your pussy to scoop out some cum, I found your G-spot, and rubbed it a little. You had a G-spot orgasm immediately, with no warning. It must have been excited during the sex." Amy said, contritely.

"What is a G-spot?" Karen asked. I looked at Amy in surprise. Amy stared back at me. "I mean I've heard the phrase around, but I never actually knew what it was. It felt completely different from anything else." Karen had not opened her eyes so far.

"Um, it's a cluster of nerves along the front wall of the vagina, about an inch or two in. When it gets excited, they swell up, and if you keep pressing on it and rubbing it, it can sometimes cause very intense orgasms." I said.

Amy piped up. "It's kinda wired to a different part of the brain than a clitoris, (which Amy pronounced wrong. It's not cliTORis, it's CLIT-er-iss. -W.) or the walls of the vagina itself. Each place can have it's own distinct orgasm, hitting different pleasure centers in the brain, with different results."

"What?" Karen seemed surprised.

"Women can have three different types of orgasm, based on which parts of the brain get the nerve information. Clitoral, vaginal, G-spot, and anal, although anal and vaginal are the almost the same, because they share a wall, and therefore the nerves in it." Amy quoted.

"How do you-" I started, but Amy waved her hands. "TLC and PBS have some cool stuff if you know when to watch it."

She continued. "So when you were leaning back, and Will was only going about halfway in, he was probably rubbing right up against it, getting it all hot and swollen. I found it by accident, but you were practically already there. I'm sorry."

Karen pried one eye open, and found Amy. She raised her arm up and put it around Amy. "Forgiven." She sighed, "just don't do that again when I'm already screwed out. I couldn't handle it." Amy snuggled up to Karen happily. I held them both.

"I am SO sore right now." Karen said tiredly. "Sorry!" Amy and I said at the same time. She shushed us both.

"Are we done?" I asked, and Amy, wide-eyed, nodded. "I'M done." It was almost ten, but we were all dead tired.

"Let's get to our own beds, if we can." I said, and slowly sat up. Amy climbed down off the table without any problems, but Karen seemed weak and clumsy. "I think I need help." She said, embarrassed.

I took her arm in mine, and tried to help her off the table, but her legs buckled, and I had to catch her. "Whoops!" She said, now very embarrassed. "I think I need help walking, too."

I put her arm around my shoulder, and walked hunch over, as she limped along. "Everything from my knees to my waist is all jangly," She said weakly.

Amy gathered up all the clothes in a big ball and ran to the laundry room. She was back before we reached the foot of the stairs. "I hung up your suit." She said. "It's probably still good."

"Help me out, here." I said, and she stepped up and took Karen's arm on her shoulder, as Karen clutched the handrail.

As they started up slowly, Amy said "Ow, you've got my hair."

"I know." Karen said. "Next time you decided to kill me with orgasms, you'd better finish the job." Amy laughed, and up we went. Slowly.

At the top, I took over again, heading for her room, but she stopped me at the bathroom door. "Um, I need to pee. Sorry." I knew her face was burning with blush, but I pretended not to notice, helped her in, and got her situated on the toilet. I stood there like a moron, until she giggled nervously. "Um, alone." I blinked, and blushed myself. "Sorry! Forgot what was going on." and darted out of the bathroom, shutting the door.

In the hallway, I found Amy scratching her chin sleepily. "We're probably going to want to jump in the shower to rinse off, or we're going to be all sticky and itchy tomorrow." She yawned. She was right. I could already feel my skin drying where it had been wet.

"You wanna go first?" I asked, leaning against the wall. She gave me a tiny smile and shook her head. "Do you think we could go together? I'd LOVE a chance to wash you."

I grinned. "You HAVE had a long time to come up with ideas, haven't you?"

She nodded. "Two years. So can I? I'll be SO soft."

I chuckled, but nodded. "Sure." And she glommed onto me in a big hug. How could I have said no?

"Don't you want to save some stuff for later?" I asked. "Should you really do everything all at once?"

"Oh, this isn't everything." she smiled. "I've got loads more."

A toilet flush was audible from the bathroom, and a moment later, Karen called out. "I'm ready for my escort to bed."

I opened the door and stuck my head in. "Amy recommended a shower to rinse off, so we're not itchy or sticky tomorrow."

Karen perked up. "That's a good idea, too. Ok, well, who's first?"

"Um." I blushed. "Us? Wanna make it three?"

Karen chuckled wryly and put her head in her hands. "Why, oh why, oh why, am I not surprised?" I opened the door further and stepped into the bathroom, and Amy followed behind me, shyly. Karen pointed a finger at her. "YOU," She said, "are full of mischief tonight."

Amy knelt beside her, and put her hands on Karen's knee. "No more sex tonight, I promise. I just didn't want to go to bed sweaty and sticky, and I didn't want to leave you that way either. I thought a hot shower would be really good, especially after all that . . . exercise. I can help you stand." She said politely. Karen softened, and smiled at her.

"I'm not mad, it's fine, I just . . . look, you guys go ahead. If you'll give me a warm washcloth I'll just wipe off for now." She ruffled Amy's hair. "You just keep surprising me tonight."

I reached into Karen's room and got her robe, while Amy started the shower running. "Wanna sit here and talk to us while we're showering? I'd love it if you did." I said.

Karen smiled, and nodded. Amy brought her a warm soapy washcloth, and fetched her towel. "I love you." Amy said to her, blushing. Karen was touched, I could tell. "I love you too, Amy." She said sincerely, and started swabbing her chin and neck while I stepped into the shower. Amy joined me in a moment, and we both took turns standing in the water to get wet.

"So what did Liu Si say last night? Can she come over?" Karen called. Amy's jaw dropped. "Oh shoot! I was supposed to call her back today! What time is it?!"

"It's too late to call her without getting her in trouble, I'll bet." I said, looking for the soap, which Amy held up and motioned for me to turn around. "Crap!" Amy spat.

As she began soaping my back, Amy sighed. "I was supposed to call her back tonight, because last night she asked her mom, who asked her dad, who said he was going to think about it." She moved down to my butt, and I placed my hands against the wall for balance. It was kind of like a massage, albeit wet and soapy.

"Ok, turn around." Amy said, and when I did, she stepped up to kiss me. "Thanks!" she said, and started soaping/massaging my chest. I sighed happily. It felt good, and I was tired.

She worked her way down to my genitalia, and was very gentle, getting her hands extremely soapy and then just kind of caressing me. "This is SO much fun." Amy murmured, giving me a little tug with a soapy hand.

"Is Will still awake?" Karen teased.

"Yeah." I mumbled. "You should try this, it's really nice." Amy motioned for me to raise my arms, and soaped my armpits, which actually felt weirder than getting my balls washed.

"I think I've had enough "really nice" for a day or two." Karen said. "I need time to recover from what has been an amazing three days." She paused, and Amy motioned for me to get into the spray and rinse off.

"I love you so much. Both of you." I said, and Amy sighed happily. I stuck my head under the shower, and just ruffled my hair some, to get the sweat out, but I didn't shampoo.

Wiping the water out of my eyes, I turned back to Amy. "Thank you, that WAS fun. Now I think I'll get out and let you have the shower to yourself."

She pouted a little, but called "Karen, will you dry him?"

"Sure." Karen called back, so I kissed Amy on the forehead and stepped out. Karen was still sitting on the toilet, and though now she was wearing her robe, and the lid was down. She brushed her hair with both hands, her head tilted to the side. "Hiya." She smiled.

"Hello, beautiful." I said, and walked over to her. She put her brush on the counter, held up her towel with both hands, and began vigorously drying my stomach, legs, and sides as I turned.

When we got to the equipment, she blushed and handed me the towel, and I carefully dried everything. "How are you doing?" I asked, and she smiled. "I can stand at least, and I got my robe on, but I'm not ready to run a marathon yet."

"Well, worry not. I'm going to carry you to your bed and tuck you in." I said, and she beamed. "That sounds pretty good."

Amy stepped out of the shower and bundled up in her own towel. "Could you do that for me, too?" She begged. "That sounds so cool." I nodded.

Now completely as dry as I was going to get, I helped Karen to her feet, and then swept her up in my arms, like a newlywed. She only weighs about 130-140 (128 lbs. -K.) so I had no trouble carrying her in to her bed, and gently laying her down on it. She sighed so happily, and sat up, removing her robe, once again exposing her gorgeous breasts and hips. Reaching under her pillow, she pulled out an old sports bra and some boxers. I took her robe and hung it on the back of her door, while she got into her pajamas. I sighed and grinned like an idiot.

She caught me appreciating and giggled. "Down, boy." I pouted, and she held up her arms for a hug. She clung to me tightly, and murmured "I love you so much. I can't believe how lucky we are."

"How lucky *I* am, you mean," I said, helping tuck her blankets around her, "to have such beautiful, kind, horny sisters." She laughed, and I kissed her goodnight.

When I got back back to the bathroom, Amy was wearing a pair of white cotton panties with little butterflies on them, and a training bra. She held her hands up. "Carry me too?" She asked, looking excited.

I growled happily and swept her up in my arms also, and she gave a tiny squeal of delight, or fear, I don't know. As I carried her into her room, she sighed and rested her head against me, the very picture of contentment. "You were incredible tonight." She sighed.

"Not so bad yourself." I said gently, and laid her in her bed. She flopped around until she could drag some covers over herself. I helped, and tucked her in. Our kiss was soft and sweet.

As I got to the door to my room, I heard her speak again. "Will?"

"Yes?" I stopped and turned in the doorway.

"Am I still grounded?" her voice was tired.

"Heh. No, you're not. Just don't do that again." I finished, lamely.

She giggled. "I promise. Goodnight."

"Goodnight." I trudged to my room, dragged on a pair of undershorts, and crawled into bed. Sleep was quick, and absolute.

8 - Rescuing Liu Si/Liu Si joins our family

The next morning dawned ok, I guess, but I slept through it. First official day of summer vacation, and I spent it as one should. Lazily.

I was awakened by Amy dancing into the room, big leaps and booming landings. She looked happy and very energetic. "Good morning, big brother!" She sang out.

"Guh morn." I mumbled, and tried to roll over. She hopped over to the edge of my bed and sat. "What would you like for breakfast? I'm makin' it."

"Uh," I said, still trying to wake up. Amy was wearing shorts, and a T-shirt that had a dinosaur on it that said RAWR!

"Eggs and cheese? Ok!" Amy chirped, laughing. I grinned. "I'll make toast." I volunteered.

Karen limped into the room from the bathroom. I winced. "Still limping?" I asked, trying to get my other eye open.

"Not as bad," She said. "Plus, I didn't take it easy, did I? I got right back on the horse, so to speak."

"Oooh!" Amy said, excitedly. "That's what I'm going to call it when I can do it! Horsey rides!" I rolled my eyes.

Karen was dressed in light plaid capri's and a T-shirt that said "Visit The Mountains!" She looked rested, but still moved carefully when she sat on the edge of my bed. "What time is it?" I asked. "About ten thirty." Karen said. "How are you doing? Still in one piece?" She asked me, rubbing my knee under the sheet. I nodded. "I think it's all still there. No regrets, though."

"I called Liu Si!" Amy said, unable to hold it in any longer. "Her dad said she could come over if she did it tonight!"

"Honey, that's great." Karen said, smiling. I nodded. "You need to act normal, though. And no telling."

Amy waved her hand at me as if I had said something ridiculous. "C'mon, what am I going to do? I'll be the soul of discretion." Karen tried to cover a grin.

Amy huffed. "I kept it a secret for two years when I was watching kiddy porn and spying on you. I think I can keep a secret for one night!" I held up my hand for peace. "I concede the point." I said, and Amy relaxed. I reached out for both their hands. "Well, my beautiful ladies, I am officially the happiest man on earth. Today is a great day."

"Let's go eat a big breakfast. I'll help." Karen said, and Amy nodded. "Then Will has to take us to the video store." "I do?" I asked, sitting up and trying to stretch.

"Yes, Liu Si is coming over and we need movies!" Amy said, throwing her arms up in a cheer. I squinted at her. She seemed really chipper.

Seeing me looking at her, she darted in and gave me a kiss on the lips, with a little flick of tongue. "Forgive me if I seem bubbly. All my dreams are coming true, that's all."

Karen laughed, but Amy looked at her wide-eyed, maybe exaggerating just a little. "No, really. You guys don't have to get me anything for Christmas this year, I'm all set!"

This got a laugh even from me, so I got myself out of bed and got some clothes on while they went downstairs, Amy in a thunderous avalanche of footsteps on the stairs, Karen carefully and slowly.

I put on some cargo shorts and a t-shirt that had a robot on it, and went downstairs to breakfast. Karen was washing dishes in the sink when I came in. Amy was getting our breakfast ready on the little island in the kitchen. "Dining room's still a mess from last night." Amy said.

"That's fine, we were busy." I said lightly, and went into the dining room to maybe fix some of it. I put the chairs back, and got a good look at the table cloth, which was really spotty. Amy had been lying on a silver platter, but Karen and I had not. You could see where I had lain, and where she had eventually collapsed. Apparently, too, I was still causing Karen to bleed a little bit. I winced.

In fact, Amy's platter was still in one of the chairs. I grabbed it (now dried) and took it into the kitchen. "Check it out." I said, grinning.

"Eww!" Amy said, embarrassed. "Gimme that!" I held it up away from her.

"You can see a little butt outline here." I teased. Amy threw her arms around me and I held the platter off to the side. "I think it's cute." I said defensively.

Karen deftly plucked it from my fingertips and put it in the sink. "Gotcha." She said, satisfied. Amy let go of me and stuck her tongue out. "Meanie." She said.

I sat down at the island with a sigh, and the girls joined me. "I can't wait to see Liu Si again!" Amy gushed, shoveling food into her mouth.

"Slow down, geez." Karen cautioned. "Why do you have to eat so fast?"

"She said she could come over as soon as I got there, so I'm in a little bit of a hurry." Amy explained, her mouth full.

"Well, you at least have to wait for Will, and he's not eating as fast." Karen reminded her.

Amy shot me an imploring look and took a huge bite of toast. I laughed, and tried to change the subject. "So they're just letting her leave in the middle of the day? I thought she usually had to wait until it was the end of the day, and there wasn't any more work to do."

Amy swallowed the toast with effort and nodded. "I don't know why, but I don't want to miss the chance." She rasped, grabbing her glass of milk and taking a huge drink.

"Amy!" Karen warned. "If you choke on your breakfast, it's going to ruin the rest of your day!"

Amy rolled her eyes, but settled down. Breakfast finished at a more normal pace.

We all got ourselves ready to go out, and piled into the car. As we passed the Klemp homestead, we noticed Lola's car was gone. "She must be at the hospital," Karen murmured.

We drove in silence for a while, until we got to the video place. Amy rushed in, but I sat in the car for a moment with Karen. "You ok?" I asked. She seemed to snap out of it, and smiled at me. "Yeah, just having a moment." She said, and unbuckled her seatbelt.

We went in and steered Amy away from the R-rated stuff, although I'm not sure why anymore. Probably because of violence and gore. The sex stuff isn't so much of a concern at this point.

She ended up getting *The Princess Bride*, which I have seen (and love) and some movie called *D.E.B.S.*, which looked like a cross between *Charlie's Angels* and *Spy Kids*.

I asked Karen if she wanted anything, but she shrugged and held onto my arm.

Next stop, Liu Si!

We got to the Dragon Garden at about 1:00, and Amy went in to get Liu Si. Karen took my hand. "Mrs. Klemp doesn't have very long." She said.

I nodded solemnly. "A week ago, I would have suggested that we invite Lola to live with us when it happened, but our situation has changed." Karen said. "For the better, of course, but now it leaves her out."

"Well, plus Dad made it clear he doesn't want her living there." I said. Karen blinked. "Oh, I forgot about that."

"Even though she's our legal guardian, he doesn't want anyone "freeloading" off of him, besides us." I said, with chagrin.

"Besides Amy and me, you mean." Karen said. "He seems to get along with you ok."

I shrugged. Amy and Liu Si came out of the restaurant, holding hands and talking excitedly. Liu Si's luggage seemed to have been upgraded to a white kitchen garbage bag.

"Hel-looooo!" Liu Si sang as Karen got out to let her in the back seat. Karen gave her a hug as Amy dove into the car. "We missed you!" Karen said, and Liu Si beamed.

"I missed her more!" Amy called. "Get in here, you!"

Liu Si giggled, clambering into the back seat and tackling Amy. "Aack!" Amy cried, and they both started laughing.

Karen put the seat back in place and climbed in. There was apparently lots of wrestling and tickling going on in the backseat, because there was uncontrollable laughter and someone kept kicking my seat. "OK, time to buckle up!" Karen called, and the frivolity subsided.

In the mirror, I could see Liu Si sit back with a sigh, and brush her hair out of her face. "It has been too long!" She said happily. "I missed you all so much!"

"Well, we missed you too." I smiled, prompting Amy to pipe up again. "I missed her MORE!"

"Wanna go to the park?" I asked, and after a hasty discussion, they all agreed.

When we got there, Amy and Liu Si took off at a dead run, and were soon flipping and leaping all over the other playground equipment. Karen and I sat on the swings, and just barely swung back and forth.

"Um," I said, first making sure there was no one nearby. "I saw more blood on the tablecloth. Are you ok?"

Karn blushed immediately. "Yes, I'm fine. Do we have to talk about this?"

"Well, I mean, it makes me feel bad." I said, looking at her.

"Look, you're really big, and I'm not used to it yet, so there will be a little bit of that until my body is used to it. Everything feels great, and it doesn't really hurt, so much as . . ." She faltered.

"It hurts?" I asked, concerned.

"No, it's more like" She stared at the sky for a moment, arranging her thoughts. "It's like every time you slip it in, my body goes "Whoa, that's not supposed to be here!" and for a moment it feels really weird. THEN, it starts feeling good, and then it starts feeling REALLY REALLY good, but right at first, it's a bit of a jump."

"Does that mean we need more foreplay?" I asked, and she giggled. "No, I'm always super wet, it's just that something that big inserted somewhere that small takes a few seconds to adjust. Plus, we keep aggravating the over-stretching from the first time. It'll get better. Don't feel bad. I'm totally happy." She reached out and took my hand, and I started to feel better.

"I love you." I said after a few minutes of comfortable silence.

"I know." She smiled. "And I love you right back."

She and I just sat there, swinging idly, while Amy and Kiu Si played and ran themselves into a state of near exhaustion. Amy hooked a foot jumping off the jungle gym and skinned her elbow pretty good, not bleeding, but coming damn close. Liu Si remained unscathed, but both of them looked beat as they trudged back to us.

"You thinking what I'm thinking?" Amy squinted at me.

"No." I said honestly. "What?"

"Slurpees?" She asked. Sounded good, so I agreed. I got to my feet and stretched, Karen kicked off and gave herself one good swing, and then skidded to a stop.

"What are Slur-pees?" Liu Si asked as we walked back to the car. I noticed that she had wood chips in the back of her hair, so I brushed them out with my fingers.

"Wait'll you try one!" Amy crowed. "I recommend blue!"

Liu Si looked more confused, so I told her. "It's a drink, like a milkshake, only instead of being like ice cream you can drink, it's like a crushed popsicle or freeze-pop. More icy than creamy."

She looked thoughtful, and then smiled. "That sounds good." she said. I beeped the car, and she and Amy got in the back. Karen gave me a smile while we waited for them, and I SO wanted to kiss her right then, but we were in public, so I had to wait. In the days to come, I learned a lot about restraint.

We stopped at (Convenience store owned by large grocery chain) and got slurpees. I got orange cream, Karen got a suicide (that means everything mixed), and Amy and Liu Si both alternated between blue and Mountain Dew until their cups ranneth over.

On the way to the car, we forgot to warn Liu Si about brain freeze, so by the time we had gotten in and situated, she had drunk two inches off the top of hers and was clutching her head and wailing.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhaaaaaaa," She cried, her bluish tongue sticking out, "why does it huuuuuuurt?"

Amy was half concerned, half laughing. "Close your mouth, breathe IN through your nose, and out slowly through your lips."

She did so, and was soon ok again. "Why does it do that?" she asked, a little angrily, as if betrayed. "I don't know." Amy admitted.

"I just saw this on TV," Karen said. "The blood vessels in your mouth or throat go right past a nerve that controls pain in your head, so when the blood vessels shrink from the cold, they jiggle the nerve, and the brain interprets it as pain, or something like that."

Liu Si looked askance at her drink, but Amy reassured her. "Just drink it slowly, and you'll be fine."

So in a car that smelled like two sweaty nine-year-olds, we arrived home. (Not that it was THAT bad, but it was noticeable enough to mention. -W.) Amy must have noticed it, because upon getting out of the car, she stretched and made a face. "I think I'm going to jump in the pool, and get un-sweaty."

Liu Si had finally reached the bottom of her Slurpee cup, and was tamping her straw up and down, trying to get that last wad of ice that never comes out. She squinted at Amy, who grinned. "You can borrow my

other suit again! Wanna join me?" Amy asked, and Liu Si smiled and nodded. They ran off into the house, leaving me to carry in Liu Si's luggage.

The minute I was sure they were gone, I put an arm around Karen's waist and pulled her close to me. She gave a tiny happy squeal, and I kissed her neck. She whimpered, and grabbed me. "Yay!"

I kissed her again, on the lips this time, and she returned my attention with enthusiasm.

"I wanted to do that at the park, but it was too public." I said. She smiled and squeezed me. "Was it worth the wait?" She purred. I just gave her an evil smile in response.

"I think we need to take tonight off," she said, "or at least I do. Well, with Liu Si here, we should all be on our best behavior." I agreed. I was still fucked out from the last three nights, and besides, it was only one day and night.

I carried the trash bag inside, watching Karen's ass the whole way. She caught me looking and giggled, giving it a little extra oomph as she strutted inside. "Better now?" She smiled.

"Maybe a little worse," I said, wiggling my eyebrow. She gave a happy little shiver and stepped up to whisper in my ear. "Knowing you're looking makes me happy."

"You're so beautiful, I really can't help it." I whispered back, and she punched my arm lightly.

I put Liu Si's trash bag on the couch, and went upstairs to my room, to find two girls in the bathroom, chattering happily in english and chinese. The door was open, and I got a glimpse of Liu Si's naked back. "Oops!" I said, turning back to my room quickly. "Sorry!"

There was a burst of giggling, and Amy jokingly called me a Peeping Tom. I called to her that she should shut the door when they were changing. In a few moments, they thundered downstairs, and I was able to pee without interruption. (Here's a note on politeness. In the daytime, I pee standing up, as a man should. At night, when it's dark, I will often sit down to pee, that way I don't have to turn on the light and blind myself, and I know I won't miss. Since I share the bathroom with two girls, I try to leave the seat down at all times.)

I strolled back downstairs to find Karen in the kitchen, watching out the window as the girls ran around with the bug scooper. "I know Amy can swim like a fish, but I don't think she could pull Liu Si out if she needed to. Do you want to be the lifeguard? I'll make us all some lemonade and bring it out."

I put my arms around her waist from behind and put my chin on her shoulder. "Sure," I murmured, right against her neck, and she shivered happily. I released her and got my book (which I think at the time was *The Neutronium Alchemist*) and went outside. I dragged a chair into a shady spot and sat down to read.

Amy and Liu Si just splashed around and squealed and shot squirt guns everywhere, tried to drown a june bug, practiced holding their breath, mostly staying in the shallow end for Liu Si's sake.

It seemed like no time at all, Karen was there with a big jug of lemonade, and we passed the afternoon

in a most agreeable fashion.

Later, it was almost time for supper. I stood and cracked my back, and dragged my chair back over where it belonged. Amy called from where she and Liu Si were floating around on some pool noodles. "Can we grill hot dogs for supper?"

I looked at Karen, who shrugged and nodded. "Sure." I said, and began fetching wood for the outdoor fireplace, and setting the grill over it.

Karen went inside and started running the hot dogs under hot water (they had been in the freezer.) Amy and Liu Si climbed out of the pool and ran inside, shivering.

Soon, I had hot dogs on the grill, Karen had fries in the oven, Amy was making a salad or something. Liu Si had drifted outside, and was watching the fire cook the hot dogs. It was turning into evening, but the sun had not yet dropped below the trees.

"This one needs to turn over!" Liu Si said, concerned, and I simply handed her the tongs. She took them with glee, and with her tongue stuck out in concentration, endeavored to roll the hot dog over into the next grid.

"May I ask you a question?" She said presently. (With her accent, it sounded like she had said "quession.")

"Shoot." I said, and then when she looked at me confused, I said "Go ahead and ask."

"What is it like to grow up without parents?" She did not look at me, as if ashamed of the question, concentrating on the hot dogs. I took a deep breath and looked up at the sky.

"Well. . . . " I began, and then stopped. I didn't know the answer to her question, because I didn't really know what it was like to grow up WITH parents either. Mom seemed so long ago, that the daily particulars have mostly faded, besides the occasional drama-soaked crisis. "Well, we learned pretty quick that we can't eat ice cream all day and stay up late, and if nobody cleans the house it gets really gross, so it's not like every day is play day. There's nobody to talk to if you're scared, and if you need to know the answer to something you have to go find it out yourself. We have each other, so we never get all that lonely, but I think you are luckier to have parents than we are to not have them."

Liu Si thought for a moment, and then shook her head slowly. "I think I would rather live the way you live. My mother seems nice, but she is very strict, and always too busy to be with me. And I have to admit I am afraid of my father. He has never been kind to me, only disapproving."

"Sorry." I said, but she smiled and shook her head. "I am above it."

"I think you mean you're 'over it.' It means that it doesn't bother you anymore." I said.

"Correct." Liu Si said, and pushed another hot dog around.

Amy came out and called over. "Zhihao? Is he making you cook?" (Best friend.)

"I wanted to." Liu Si called back. "Do you *also* like yours burnt?" She winked at me.

"Yeah!" Amy said, completely unfooled. "I like them on fire."

"Good!" Liu Si said, as Amy reached her. "I will try to catch one on fire for you."

They both laughed, and Karen came outside. "Where are we eating? Inside or outside?" She asked.

Amy shrugged, so I voted for inside. That seemed acceptable to all, so I gathered the hot dogs and we all went inside. The table cloth was long gone, and the room showed no traces of having been used in a sex marathon last night. Just sitting at the table reminded me. I could tell that Karen and Amy had the same thought, because when Liu Si wasn't looking, Amy would make eye contact with me and lick the end of her hot dog suggestively, with a grin. Karen rolled her eyes and shot Amy a look.

Soon, supper was over, and I helped Amy and Liu Si get the mattress downstairs. Amy went and got a new sheet to put on it, which turned out to be pink. She and Liu Si began making popcorn and kool-aid, and Karen and I drifted out to the couch, where I turned on the TV, and she cuddled against me.

"I love you," I murmured to her as we settled down. She grinned at me in response.

Amy and Liu Si straggled in, armed with popcorn and recycled bottles of kool-aid. (bottles have lids, and don't spill if kicked over.) They made themselves comfortable, and we watched *The Princess Bride*. I don't like Fred Savage, so that part always bores me, but man, that sword fight between Inigo and the Dread Pirate Roberts is sweet!

Inigo is basically awesome throughout. "Hello, my name is Inigo Montoya. You keeled my father. Prepare to die." That part always gets me.

Plus, Andre the Giant is cool. "I AM DUH DWEAD PIWATE WOBWTS!"

Ok, ok, back to the story. We watched to the end of that, and then Karen and I said our goodbyes, and headed upstairs, where we shared a kiss that would have made the list from the movie. Then we trudged off to bed.

Later I awoke to a loud slap, and got up to find the girls scrambling around the hot tub, moving the cover off and turning up the bubbles. Amy was wearing her robe, and Liu Si had on a large t-shirt. After throwing a few toys in, Amy put their towels on a chair, and took off her robe. She was completely naked underneath. The sound from the hot tub on full blast made it difficult for me to hear what they were whispering, but she beckoned Liu Si over, and lifted the shirt off over her head.

Liu Si was also naked. My jaw almost hit the floor. She modestly tried to cover herself, but Amy took her hand and led her to the hot tub, where she helped her climb in. In the moonlight, I could see hint of a tiny poof of hair on Liu Si's mons. There was starting to be "grass on the field."

At first I was very concerned about this added development, but I began to calm down. Amy obviously had Liu Si's cooperation, and all they were doing was naked hot-tubbing. Like I haven't seen that a

million times on the internet. Girls just wanna have fun, right?

I decided to butt out, and as they snuggled into the warm water, I went back to bed and tried to quit thinking the worst.

* It turns out Amy had a hidden agenda almost from the moment Liu Si got permission to come over, but I will share that with you at the same time I found out about it. *

In the morning, I got up and took a shower, because I had work that afternoon, and headed downstairs. Both girls were sitting on the mattress awake, although looking severely sleep deprived. Amy's hair was all flat on one side, and Liu Si looked like she had been dragged backwards through a bush, as they say.

Both girls perked up a bit when I came downstairs, but neither seemed very talkative. "We were up all night," Amy said, and Liu Si blushed and looked exhausted. "Do you think we could grab a quick nap?"

"No sleep at all?" I asked, surprised. Karen came down the stairs behind me.

"Too busy." Amy grunted.

"Movies," Liu Si added, and yawned.

"We're not hungry, we'll just . . . rest a little." Amy said, laying back down. Liu Si snuggled right up against her, and soon they were both practically asleep.

Karen and I walked into the kitchen and slid the doors. "Geez," Karen said. "They look like crap."

"They made it all night," I shrugged. "I heard them in the hot tub at about 2am."

"Really?" Karen asked, quite surprised. "Wow. They do live the wild life."

We ate a quiet breakfast, she occasionally brushing my shin with her toes, and me enjoying it. We let the girls sleep until there was just enough time to get cleaned up before leaving, and I went in and woke them gently. They both yawned and grumbled, but got up and got dressed. Amy promised to clean everything up the minute she got home, so we let the mess slide temporarily.

We (Amy, Liu Si, and I) piled into the car, and took off. It was getting close to my work deadline, so I needed to get her there and Amy back as best I could. Halfway there, I noticed that they were holding hands. They did so all the way to the restaurant.

"Bye, zhihao!" Amy called, as Liu Si jumped out. Liu Si waved and ran towards the front door. I pulled out of the parking lot just as she was going inside. No time for long goodbyes. Work awaits.

I took Amy back home and immediately headed for work. Halfway there, my cell phone rang. I took the call, expecting it to be Karen or Amy, or even Lola, but much to my surprise it was Liu Si.

"Will, you have to help me!" She sobbed in anguish. "Please!"

"What's wrong?!" I said quickly.

"My parents are gone!" She wailed. I was shocked.

"Like GONE gone, or just not there right now?" I said, still a bit stunned.

"All of their belongings are gone, and they are not here! I think they have been sent away!" She cried. "I cannot stay here!"

"I'm coming to get you. Just sit tight." I said, quickly turning the car around.

"Meet me at the back! I will run out as soon as I see you! Hurry!" She said, and hung up.

"I'm hurrying, darlin'." I said grimly, and sped back towards town.

I called Timpanelli Pizza Subs and Wings! and told them that due to a family emergency I wasn't sure what time I would be in that afternoon. Pops wasn't happy. "Will, you used to be my most reliable driver. What happened?"

"Sorry, sir, but right now we're in the middle of a major emergency." I said, still driving fast.

"Fine. We'll talk later." He said, annoyed, and hung up.

As I got into town, I began to hear sirens. At first I had the panicked thought that maybe I was getting pulled over, but there was no one behind me. I decided to slow down and try to stick to the back streets.

I pulled down the little one-way alley behind the restaurant/nail salon and stopped the car near the dumpster, where I hoped to be at least partially out of sight from the rear doors, which were propped open. I noted several saucers of food placed on the pavement within a yard or so of the open doors. "That can't be good," I said to myself. It looked like someone was trying to attract animals.

A black trash bag came hurtling down out of the sky and just missed my hood. I heard it hit the busted asphalt with a kind of a *whud.* I leaned way forward and looked up from the windshield, to see Liu Si clambering down the fire escape from the third floor, moving as fast as she could, her long hair swinging in her face and being batted about by the weak breeze.

I opened the door to call out to her, and several things happened in a very short amount of time.

Liu Si shouted "Don't stop the motor!"

Several people came running out of the back door of the restaurant, turning to look back inside and shouting.

Something large, I'm guessing a chair or a small wooden crate, came smashing out of a third-story window, which quickly began to emit large puffs of greasy black smoke. The building was ON FIRE!

Right as I absorbed this fact, a man stuck his head out of the window at the top of the fire escape, and

shouted angrily at Liu Si. She ignored him, concentrating on climbing down. His head vanished, instead to be replaced by a leg as he climbed out after her. He appeared to be between 40 and 45, and was dressed in a red basketball jersey emblazoned with the logo of Ecko Unltd. I could see jewelry glinting on his fingers as he tried to follow her, although his agility was obviously far less than hers. He continued to shout at her, his face getting darker with the exertion of the climb down and the tirade.

I could hear sirens coming closer, and more people came running out of the door to stand in the alleyway, staring up at the building.

Liu Si reached the second floor of the fire escape, where the big hinged stairway was supposed to pivot towards the ground. She ran out along the horizontal staircase, although her weight was not enough to make it unlatch and lower down. She quickly knelt at the end, grabbed a handhold somehow, and flipped over the end so she was dangling from her hands. She then quickly let go and dropped the last four feet or so to the alley. Like a flash, she was at my passenger door, panic and fear on her face. She heaved the trash bag into the back seat and leaped into the car. "Please go!" she wailed.

The man on the fire escape had begun yelling at the restaurant personnel clustered in the alley, and a few of them looked our way. A few of the older men shook their heads, but the younger ones seemed to be listening. One or two stepped out into the lane and began walking towards us, preventing me from driving forward.

I shifted into reverse and started backing out as quickly as I could, which thankfully was pretty quick, as the alley wasn't all that narrow. I quickly outdistanced the cooks, and began looking for a break in the meager traffic long enough for me to back out, shift, and drive away.

Beside me, Liu Si gasped. I glanced back to see the guy who had been chasing her hit the last section of the fire escape. He began down the horizontal stair section, which snapped loose and began to bend down. Obviously this sudden move caught him by surprise, as he stumbled badly. A second later the end of the metal stairs hit the edge of the incorrectly placed dumpster, stopping with a jolt, turning his stumble into a headlong topple over the tiny railing. He fell off the fire escape, still a good seven feet off the ground. It looked like he landed with one leg under him, one leg out to the side, but he hit pretty hard.

Liu Si gave a tiny squeal of terror, but I looked back, saw the opening in traffic I had been looking for, backed out, and sped away.

Liu Si sat in the passenger seat, sobbing, curled into a little ball.

On our way out of town, we passed no less than two fire trucks and three police cars, all with lights blazing and sirens roaring, heading back towards the fire.

As we drove, I put my arm around Liu Si, who immediately latched onto my right side and buried her face in my shoulder. "Whoa, hey, you need to buckle up." I said. She did so, but kept ahold of my right hand, clutched in her lap, as she leaned on my arm, crying.

"What happened?" I asked. "Where did the fire come from?"

Liu Si wiped her nose with the back of her hand. "Tien Fe started it."

"Who?" I asked.

"Remember I told you that an older girl who worked in the nail salon took away my butterfly hairband and broke it? It was she who started the fire." Liu Si said, sad and angry.

"Why?" I asked, but Liu Si just shuddered and cried more. A moment later, she gave herself the hiccups.

All the way home, she just clutched at my hand, kneading it gently in her distress. After a while, she started to calm down, but she didn't let go, and she didn't stop sniffing. Some of the turns to get home were a little difficult, one-handed, but she obviously needed my hand more than I did.

We pulled into the the back driveway and I killed the engine. Immediately, she was in my lap, hugging me tightly, crying again. I held her, trying to think of something to say. Nothing came. All I can specifically remember is that her hair smelled nice, like Amy's shampoo.

"Wanna go inside?" I asked. She shook her head and clung to me tighter.

"Amy would love to see you," I pointed out. She nodded and began moving, at first I thought to get up, but she turned and put the palm of her hand against my cheek, and looked up into my eyes.

"You saved me." She said, her voice a bit hoarse from all the crying. I gently shook my head, but she sniffed again, and nodded. "Yes, you did. I do not know how to thank you."

I gave her a light squeeze. (She was in my lap after all.) "Forget about it. You really needed help, of course I'm going to be there."

She leaned forward quickly and shyly kissed my cheek. "I will never forget it." She told me solemnly.

"Time to go inside!" I yelled.

Amy must have heard the car pull in, because she met us on the back patio. "OH MY GOD! It's on the news!!" She had obviously been crying, but she grabbed onto Liu Si desperately, and the two of them cried so hard they almost fell down. I kind of held them up as they wailed. Liu si was crying harder than ever, and speaking rapidly in Chinese.

"That bastard!" Amy snarled, wiping tears away.

"Hey," I protested weakly. "language."

Amy spat a long string of syllables in Chinese that made Liu Si give a quick snort of laughter as she wiped her nose.

"That's not exactly what I meant," I said.

"Come inside! Karen's been freaking out too!" Amy said, and hauled the two of us inside, where Karen

was perched on the couch, watching the news with huge eyes. Seeing us, she leapt up and ran over, grabbing Liu Si in a big hug. "Oh, honey, I thought we'd lost you!" She began crying, and Liu Si and Amy both started up again. They rocked back and forth for a while, Amy kinda hugged up on the outside of the Karen/Liu Si hug.

"What about your parents? Are they ok?" Karen said. I winced, and went to make some kind of hand signal, but Amy piped up.

"Her parents left her there. They were long gone when she got back today." Amy's voice was cold with anger.

Karen's jaw dropped. "What?!"

Liu Si nodded, but Amy spoke again. "Her parents had packed and left when she was sleeping over. She got home to an empty room, and the owner of the shops told her she was coming to live at his house." Amy shuddered.

Karen hugged her close again, and they all stood in sniffly silence.

After a few moments of this, Liu Si spoke up. "I need to pee."

Karen let go of her, and smoothed Liu Si's hair with her fingers. "Sorry, I just . . .I'm so glad to see you."

Liu Si smiled weakly. "Me too, but I really really have to pee!" She hopped a little.

"I'll go with you!" Amy announced, and they thundered off down the hallway, still holding hands.

Karen wiped her eyes, walked over, put her arms around my waist and kissed me firmly. "Thank you so much."

"There's no need to thank me," I said.

"You saved the day. Look at this." She gestured at the TV, which was showing video of flames shooting out of windows. The camera zoomed out to show the front of the two shops, barely recognizable with all the smoke and fire. "Was it doing that when you were there?"

"Not so much. I saw some smoke, and some people running out, but no fire." I sat on the couch. "I hope everyone got out ok."

Karen sat next to me and rubbed my knee. "You are totally my hero all over again."

I shrugged. "I was just in the right place at the right time."

Karen smiled. "Sometimes that's all it takes. I love you."

"I love you too." I said.

"Wait till Amy realizes that this means Liu Si gets to live here now. She's going to explode." Karen grinned. "All she's been able to think about is how to get Liu Si to stay, and you bring her right home again."

"Oh geez." I grinned back.

Karen turned up the volume on the TV, and the on-scene reporter was just saying "The blaze started at the nail salon, but investigators say that it seems to have spread too quickly."

They cut to an older guy standing there in a grubby shirt, probably a firefighter of some kind: "The two buildings are built out of brick, so the fire should have stayed contained in the nail shop, but due to what appears to be some extensive remodeling of the upper floors, the fire was able to spread over because of doorways cut into the center wall between them, which is against code. That center wall is SUPPOSED to function as a firebreak. This was all done apparently without a permit."

The camera cut back to the reporter. "Also of concern is the number of employees evacuated from the apartments above the two shops. The fire marshall tells us that these apartments were only supposed to house up to twelve individuals, but first responders to the blaze found as many as 28 people already outside, or in the process of evacuation."

A quick shot of cooks and manicurists milling around, looking up at the flames. "State police are questioning the evacuees, in order to establish their identities and immigration status, but my sources tell me that progress is slow. Also, they are seeking the owner of the businesses as a "person of interest" in this case. Ironically, he seems to have been here earlier, because MediRescue EMT's tell me that they gave him emergency treatment for a badly sprained ankle, but the police were unable to subsequently locate him for help with their inquiries."

A laughable police sketch followed on-screen, with a telephone number displayed across the bottom of the image.

"Ankle, huh?" I said. "Good for him."

"What happened?" Karen said, looking at me.

"There was an older guy in expensive clothes chasing Liu Si down the fire escape when I got there," I said. "Right before we left, we saw him fall off the ladder into the alleyway."

Karen covered her mouth. "Wow."

Amy and Liu Si walked sedately back into the room, Amy's arm around Liu Si's shoulders possessively. "She forgot her bag in your car." Amy said. I jumped up and got my keys out.

They followed me into the kitchen. "You could just beep it from here," Amy said. I did so, and Liu Si went out onto the patio, headed for the car.

Amy tugged on my shirt. "Bend down a little." She said firmly. When I did, she threw her arms around my neck and gave me a huge hug. "You saved my best friend's life. I love you so much." Amy said,

beginning to cry again. "I'm going to figure out some way to thank you. Like a million back rubs, or I'll do all your chores forever. Plus," She whispered in my ear, "I am so gonna fuck your brains out."

"No," I said, severely weighed down by an excited girl. "That's not nec-"

"Shut up." Amy said. "I really mean it. I'm gonna INVENT new things to do."

We disentangled gently. "You don't have to do that." I said. "I would have helped her no matter what."

"You gave me everything I wanted most in the world. You accepted my love. You brought me Liu Si, to live here!" She said excitedly. "I WILL reward you."

"AHA!" Amy's eyes lit up, and giving me an evil grin, she turned slightly, struck a pose, and swatted herself on the butt.

"What?" I said, slightly nervous.

"I've got it." She said with evil glee, but Liu Si was returning with her trash bag, so Amy put her finger to her lips, with a smile.

"This is everything I have left in the world. A trash bag." Liu Si said sadly.

"We'll get you new clothes and stuff." I said. "Don't you worry."

"You mean I can stay?" Liu Si's jaw dropped, fresh tears welling in her eyes.

"Of COURSE!" Amy said. I nodded.

Liu Si clutched her trash bag and jumped up and down, starting to cry all over again. Amy reached out to her, but she dropped her trash bag and threw her arms around me. "I was so frightened! I didn't even let myself hope that you would let me really stay. You would let me live here until I found my parents." I held her gently.

"Did you think we were going to throw you out?" I asked.

"I do not know. I thought I might have to go to a home for orphans or something. I was so worried. This is so meihao!" (wonderful) She laughed and wiped her eyes. "I must thank you properly."

She let go of me, and before we could stop her, she got down on her knees and placed her hands and forehead on the kitchen floor. "Thank you so much for your hospitality and generosity. I am unworthy of such kindness. Xie xie ni." (Thank you.)

I was severely embarrassed by this point. I leaned down and helped her up. "Stop that. Nobody has to kowtow to anybody here."

"Kowtow?" She asked, confused. Oh yeah, kowtow is a Japanese word, not Chinese. At least I think it's Japanese.

"You don't have to grovel or beg on the floor. Welcome to our family." I said. She hugged me with a surprisingly strong grip, then she and Amy both squealed and hugged each other while jumping up and down.

Karen came into the kitchen. "What's going on in here?" she laughed, half nervous, half amused.

"Will said I can stay here!" Liu Si cried happily.

"Of course you can oof!" Karen began, but Liu Si grabbed her in a tight hug as well.

"Jie-jie!" (big sister) Liu Si said, "I am so happy!"

Karen laughed, but struggled to retain her balance. "Careful!"

"We are SO having a party!" Amy smirked.

"Well first I want to hear what all happened after Liu Si got back. The restaraunt and nail salon BURNT DOWN for goodness sake." I said. The mood sobered considerably. "Let's go sit down in the living room, and she can fill us in."

We trooped into the living room and sat down on the big couch. Amy and Karen sat down and placed Liu Si between them, and I sat across from them in the recliner so I could see them without having to keep my head turned sideways.

"When I got back home, I went up to my parent's room, and it was empty." Liu Si began. "At first I was confused, I thought I had gone into the wrong room, but I had not. My parents, and what few belongings we had were all gone. Before I could turn around, Tien Fe was standing in the doorway. She must have been waiting for me to get home, so she could gloat."

"Who is Tien Fe?" Karen asked.

"She is an older girl who works in the nail salon. I think she is about 16. She is the one who stole and broke the butterfly hairband that Amy gave me. She thinks she is beautiful, but she has shoulders like a man, and a big round moon face."

"Oh." Karen said. Amy rubbed Liu Si's knee.

"Tien Fe said that my parents left right after you picked me up. She said that they must have forgotten me, and that she could not blame them, because there is nothing special about me to make me worth remembering."

"She is such a liar!" Amy growled. "You're the greatest."

Liu Si smiled at her weakly, then continued. "Before I could even think of an answer to say to her, Kai Long swept into the room behind her and announced to me that I was to live at his house as his "special niece." He said that all of my clothing had already been moved there, and that we were leaving very

soon. He said it all with this sickening smile that made me feel very frightened."

Liu Si swallowed, then went on. "When he said all of this, Tien Fe's jaw dropped and she looked very shocked. "What about ME?" She demanded. "You said I was coming to live with you!" He angrily tried to silence her, saying he had changed his mind, and that he didn't need her after all. She said that she had done all of those things he asked her to do, and what man would want to marry her now. He said that was her problem, and that he COULD send her someplace where she would have to do those things all day."

"Geez," I said, and Karen and Amy both looked a little shocked.

"Tien Fe started crying and ran out of the room. Kai Long then approached me and tried to reach out and touch my shoulder, but I backed away into the corner, and I think I started to cry. This didn't seem to bother him, he just smiled and told me that in time, I would come to love him, but until then, I would need to learn "what was expected of me." He said he would teach me the things I would have to do to make him happy. I know he wasn't talking about housework." She shuddered again.

"Someone came running down the hall, shouting that Tien Fe was breaking things down in the nail salon, so Kai Long swore and told me to stay right there and wait until he got back. This was when I snuck downstairs to the restaurant kitchen and called you, Will." She gave me a very pretty smile, and continued. Amy and Karen both gave me beautiful smiles as well.

"Apparently the fire had already started when Kai Long got down there, because he was gone for about five minutes. I got my bag and waited near the top of the fire escape, because the bottom floors were getting very loud and chaotic. Will got there so fast!" She beamed at me.

"I threw my bag out of the top floor window, and started down the fire escape. Kai Long stuck his head out a moment later and started shouting at me to stop and come back, and that I was going to be punished a lot for running away from him. Then I got in the car and he fell off the fire escape." She gave a little shrug.

Karen put her arm around her. "I'm so sorry about your parents, but we're glad you're here with us."

Liu Si smiled and hugged her back. Suddenly, she got up, ran over to me, and kissed me on the cheek. "You are my hero!" She said, and giggled as she ran back to the couch. When she sat down, she was blushing. Amy and Karen both laughed, although Amy shot me what almost seemed like a warning look.

"So what happened to work?" Karen asked me after a moment. Crap.

I got up and found my keys. "I gotta go in. I'll be back later."

"Goodbye Will, and thank you so much." Liu Si said, still blushing.

"See you later." Karen grinned at me. Amy saluted.

The drive to work felt like it took forever. The whole day felt off now, twisted, off-kilter. I just knew I wasn't going to be able to think about anything else besides Liu Si and that fire.

Work went badly. I tripped on a rock and dropped a pizza on someone's sidewalk, then absent-mindedly took a second pizza to the house I had just left, instead of the proper address. Pops asked me if I was high. I couldn't tell him how my life had changed in just the past few days, so I just shook my head. Getting home at the end of my shift was a godsend.

I got home right before 11:00, but every light in the house was on, and Lola's convertible was in the driveway. I went inside to find Amy in the kitchen getting ice in a cup. Amy was wearing an old Tinkerbell t-shirt that said "Sassy!" and was about two sizes too small. The shirt was extremely tight, and repeated washing had made it nearly transparent. She was also wearing a ruffled denim skirt that was from when she was eight. The result made her legs look a mile long.

"He's home!" She shouted, to cheers from the living room. She grinned at me, and grabbed my hand, leading me into the living room.

Lola and Karen were sitting on the main couch, Liu Si was sitting on the floor on a pillow near Karen's feet, and another unoccupied pillow lay near Lola.

"Hey, Hero." Lola called, her beautiful smile giving me a little zing down my back. "They told me about your rescue today. That was pretty amazing." Lola was wearing dress slacks and a shimmery silver blouse that tied around her neck, leaving her shoulders bare.

"It wasn't much," I blushed. "I just did what anybody would have done."

Liu Si blushed at me prettily. "You are still a hero." She was seated demurely with her legs under her, wearing a white linen pair of Amy's shorts, and a white spaghetti strap tank top that tied on her shoulders. She looked very virginal. "You look nice," I said, and she blushed again.

"You ALL look very nice." I said, as Amy dragged me over and planted me on the couch between Karen and Lola.

"You look kinda disheveled." Karen smiled. "How was work?"

"Not good. After tonight, I don't think I'm employee of the month anymore. I couldn't get my mind off of Liu Si and what happened, and I screwed up a lot." I said. Lola entwined her fingers in mine and patted the back of my hand. Karen put her arm in mine.

"We were going to watch the 11:00 news and see if they caught the owner yet." Amy said, sitting on the pillow at Lola's feet and crunching an ice cube. Lola winced, and then smiled at me. "I hate that sound." she whispered right in my ear, tickling my ear lobe.

The news came on, and we watched while other stories got reported. A shooting here, highway construction there, this political candidate viciously attacked this other one, even though they were in the same party, etc. Karen put her head on my shoulder, and Lola proceeded to keep her fingers entwined with mine, tracing doodles on the back of my hand with her free hand. Even with Karen snuggled up against my left side, Lola was still pretty distracting.

Finally, the news anchor reported a fire in our town, and they cut to this afternoon's footage of flames shooting out of windows. The information itself was the same until an interview with an eyewitness came on. The screen showed a closeup of an elderly woman who was speaking animatedly into the microphone held by the reporter.

"We was just sittin' there, gettin' our nails done when this girl comes storming in and sits down at her workstation. She didn't have any customers or nothin', but she looked like she was cryin'. Then she just jumps up and starts throwing things at the wall and yelling in whatever language that is. She threw nail polish, her files and brushes, bottles of remover, just handfuls of stuff. All of the glass bottles were breakin' and even the plastic bottles were splashin' everywhere 'cause the lids was poppin' off, and then she throws her lamp. Well, it was still plugged in, so when the bulb broke, it set fire to all that polish and stuff. The whole wall was on fire in like two seconds. POOF!" The old woman threw her hands up to illustrate just how poofy it was.

Off-camera, the reporter asked, "And what did you do then?"

"I got the hell out of there!" The lady snapped.

The camera cut back to the reporter, standing in front of the blackened ruins of the nail salon/restaurant. "I also spoke with fire inspectors, who had a very grim explanation for why the fire got so out of control, so quickly."

A sloppy cut caught a man in mid-sentence. "-posed to have been fire suppression systems in place, such as extinguishers and sprinklers, but when we checked after the fire was out, there were no pipes leading to the sprinkler heads. The heads were THERE, visible in the ceiling, but all the piping had been removed. What fire extinguishers we did find were all about 12 years old. The only one that would have worked had been in the kitchen of the restaraunt, and nobody used it." The man said disgustedly.

"Why would someone remove water pipes from sprinklers?" The reporter asked.

"Well, they were probably copper, and scrap metal is really valuable these days, so I'll bet that who ever removed them figured they could sell them. It's just a shame. They had ventilators over the nail salon too, but there was no ductwork leading outside. All those fumes that got sucked up just pooled between the ceiling and the next floor, I guess you could say."

"What would that do?" The reporter asked.

"Well, I mean eventually the fumes would dissipate, but I'm sure some of it got breathed by the people upstairs, which is a health risk, and some of it probably saturated into the wood of the next floor up, the joists and such." The man said.

"Is that dangerous?" The reporter asked unnecessarily.

The man gave him a look, but continued. "Well, wood is porous and absorbs things. If you've got flammable vapors in an enclosed space, that wood is going to soak it up. It would take a while, but after several years of this, that wood's gonna burn like hell."

The camera cut back to the reporter in front of the burnt building. "Also at fault were several doorways cut through the cinderblock wall in between the two businesses. The doorways were cut to connect the apartments above the ground floor, but the wall was designed as a firebreak. The doorways allowed air to funnel through like a chimney, and spread the fire to the entire structure. Luckily no one was killed, and there were only minor injuries reported. I'm told the suspected arsonist, a nail technician, is already in custody. The police are still seeking the owner of the businesses, an Asian man by the name of Kai Long."

The ridiculously inaccurate police sketch flashed on screen, and Liu Si snorted. "That is NOT what he looks like." She said.

The reporter signed off, and the anchor went on to professional sports. Karen turned the tv off, and we all kinda sat for a moment.

"Wow." Lola said.

Amy scooped over and hugged Liu Si, who hugged her back. "I am so glad that no one was hurt. And that Tien Fe was arrested." She smiled weakly. Amy nodded.

"Bupa bushihuo, zhihao." Amy murmured into Liu Si's ear. Liu Si smiled and hugged her tighter. (All the conversation in Chinese I remember has been translated by Amy or Liu Si for the purposes of this memoir. Amy's statement here was simply "Don't worry, (you are my) Best Friend.")

After a few moments, Liu Si climbed up onto her knees and leaned into my lap, hugging me.

I held her gently as Amy rubbed her back. "It's ok," I said. "You're safe now."

Karen smiled at me, then reached out to smooth Liu Si's hair. "Sweetie," She said kindly, and Liu Si looked up at her, eyes wet with unshed tears. "We're so glad you're here."

Lola's eyes were wet as well. "You guys are so sweet."

"Are you staying in Amy's room, or would you like your own room?" I asked.

Liu Si swallowed and spoke. "I do not think I have ever slept in a room alone in my life. Amy said I could stay with her if I wanted. I would like to live with her." She shot a blushing look at Amy, who beamed.

"I think I'm going to need a bigger bed, though." Amy said.

"You two sleep in the same bed?" Lola asked.

Liu Si nodded quickly, and Amy just grinned. "It makes her happy." Amy said.

Liu Si grinned too, and gave Amy a playful push. "Bairen egui!" (white devil)

Amy held up her index fingers like horns and went "Bleeeahhh." which made Liu Si giggle.

"So we'll need to get some clothes, and other stuff." I said, "All she's got left is in that trash bag."

"Time to go shopping!" Amy cheered, but Liu Si blushed and waved her hands. "I'm sure I can wear Amy's old clothes, do not go to any trouble."

Karen smoothed her hair. "Honey, you're already a little taller than Amy. You need your own clothes."

"But I cannot repay you." Liu Si said, worried. Amy frowned and held her hand. "We don't WANT repaid. We're just happy to have you here, xinshangren. We're not poor, we'll be fine." (Beloved)

Lola spoke up. "I'll help with the funds, if you like." Liu Si looked at her and blushed.

"I just feel that I am going to be a drain on this household. I am a bad guest." Liu Si said, ashamed.

I grinned. "Well, there's the problem. You're not going to be a guest. You're going to be a sister." Liu Si's jaw dropped. "Do you mean . . .?"

"YES!" Amy cried, startling Lola. "You're in the family!" and nearly tackled Liu Si in a hug. Liu Si was overjoyed, and thanked us all over and over until we got her calmed down.

(Now for an explanation of her name. Her birth name is not Liu Si Han. Han is simply the biggest ethnic group in China, and as far as she knows she DOES actually belong to that. Just as our last name is not REALLY Humbert, and Lola's last name is not REALLY Klemp, we decided to give Liu Si a different pen name for the purpose of this retelling. She being undocumented, as well as having a non-English name, I wanted to make extra sure that no one could read this online and use it to find her, so we changed her first name as well.

It started around the time of the Pee Bush, when Karen had observed how the two of them were like Lucy and Ethel from I Love Lucy, having crazy schemes that eventually led to embarrassment or comical disaster; and there have been others, too. So, even though she tends to be more like Ethel, reluctant to cause trouble but willing to back up her crazy friend, we gave her the name Liu Si for this memoir, because that one sounds more Chinese than "Ethel."

The name Liu Si means Careful Hope, which is a good description of Liu Si's general attitude. {Liu Si says it also could mean Dead Willow, or Grow Retarded. Isn't the chinese language amazing?}

It was starting to get really late, nearly midnight by the time we all got calmed down again. Lola stretched (against me; awesome) and unfolded herself from the couch. "Well, I need to get back to the house. Tomorrow I have several appointments for cat adoption. You guys are so incredible, I wish I could spend MORE time here, but."

Amy pouted, but Karen stood and took her hand. "We know. Do what you need to do, we'll still be here. You're still adopted into this family." And she gave Lola a huge hug. Amy also stood for hugs, and even got Liu Si on her feet, although Liu Si was blushing intensely. When she got to Liu Si, Lola simply put out her hand for a handshake, which Liu Si took easily.

"I can tell you're not quite used to all the hugs. I wasn't at first, either." She said. Liu Si grinned shyly. "I

would LIKE to be used to it, but I am not quite there yet."

"It's wonderful. You'll get used to it." Lola said. I stood, and put an arm around both of them. "Half a hug each, how's that?" I joked.

When I let go of Liu Si, I put my other arm around Lola as well, and she wasn't disapproving. "Mmm." She said softly.

"How are you doing?" I asked, not leeringly like Joey from F*R*I*E*N*D*S, but sincerely. Lola studied my face for a moment, and then smiled a little more. "Better," she said, "each day gets a little brighter. You guys have really helped me perk up."

"I'm glad." I said gently, and released her. She took a deep breath and turned to the girls. "I wanted to thank you all. When I got here I was pretty badly broken inside, from the stupid divorce, and from Mom being sick, and the unlivable cat prison. But you guys have really cheered me up and given me something to be happy about. I really love you, and I am glad I get to be here."

Liu Si was grinning from ear to ear. "And now I get to be part of this family!" She cheered. We all laughed, and agreed.

I walked Lola to the porch, where I stole one more hug, a bit longer this time. "Baaad," Lola said in a singsong voice. I smiled and winked. She got in her car dreamily and drove out of sight around the house. I went back in, to find the girl party in full swing.

Music was turned up, and the girls were dancing in the living room. Not any specific kind of dance, just hip-shaking, hair-tossing touchdown dances. All three of them were just goofing around, having a great time. Even Karen, who is normally more reserved than Amy, was punching the air and shaking her ass with enthusiasm. Amy and Liu Si joined hands and spun around, falling on the couch at the end of the song.

"Ahhhh, man." Amy gasped for breath. I made eye contact with Karen and gave her kissy lips for a second, and she grinned. "Tomorrow, or rather, later today," looking at my watch it was 12:14, "We'll go get whatever things Liu Si needs, so start thinking about what we need to buy." I said. Amy clapped her hands and looked absolutely gleeful. Liu Si looked worried.

"I do not know how to make it up to you." She said, a tiny frown on her face. "I feel guilty for costing you money." All three of us immediately tried to reassure her, but she explained that her father always yelled at her whenever he had to spend money on her, for clothes, or medicine, or anything, really.

"I would try to sew my own clothes when they ripped, and he was especially angered at the way I outgrew shoes." She said, eyes downcast. "He said I was like an expensive pet, costing much money to keep, and giving no value in return."

"That is SO not true!" Amy snapped.

"Listen," I said, "forget all that. We're going to take care of you, and it doesn't matter what he used to say."

"We don't need repaid for ANYTHING." Karen added. "If you're happy here, then we would consider that repayment enough."

Liu Si gave us all a small, shy smile. "I am humbled by your kindness. Thank you."

I put my arm around Karen, and the other around Liu Si. Amy then hugged Liu Si and Karen, making a lopsided circle. "And now," I said, "It's probably time for bed."

"Aww, I wanted to stay up again tonight!" Amy whined a little.

"You've got all day forever to hang out now," Karen said, and Amy and Liu Si both brightened up and smiled at each other.

Amy stood, and held out her hand. "Let's go get ready for bed, meili." (Beautiful)

Liu Si demurely took her hand, and they thundered off upstairs.

Turning off the lights, Karen and I met at the bottom of the stairs. "Are you taking a shower before bed, or going right to sleep?" She asked lightly.

"I thought maybe a quick shower," I said, as she put her arm around me and tucked her fingers in the side of my waistband.

"Let me go first, but then when you get out of the shower, come into my room quietly, ok?" She asked, eyes sparkling.

"Ok, but-" I started to ask why, and she stopped me with a kiss. "No questions. Just please do it. And now" She said, and grabbed both my hands.

Stepping up onto the bottom step, she turned and placed my hands on her butt. I grabbed on, and kept them there the whole trip up. Good times. At the top step, she giggled and darted away, into the bathroom. I went on into my room and got partly undressed.

A few seconds later, I heard a toilet flush and water running briefly, then she opened the bathroom door into my room. "All yours!" She called, grinned and held her finger in front of her lips, and went into her room, shutting the door until just an inch remained open.

I went in, and got into the shower, not washing my hair, just rinsing off real quick, a little soap in the major zones, and then dried myself and put on boxers.

I peeked in the door to Karen's room, to find her waiting right there by the door. She motioned me in the room and then shut and locked the bathroom door. She was wearing a white nightie with tiny flowers or bees or something all over it, and her hair was tied back gently with a white silk ribbon. Smiling, she took my hand, and led me towards her bed, near which a few candles were burning.

Her room was warm, and romantically lit. Her happiness was evident when she smiled over her shoulder

at me, and I couldn't help but smile right back. "Did you want to talk to me about something?" I whispered, well aware of Amy and Liu Si next door. She shrugged and shook her head.

We reached the bed, and she turned and held out her arms for a hug, which I gladly supplied. "I love you." She murmured against my shoulder. "I love you too," I said, starting to get an erection.

"I wanted to thank you for rescuing Liu Si, and for making Amy insanely happy. Plus-" she interrupted me before I could wave it off, "I really wanted to suck your dick some more."

She pushed me back until I sat abruptly on the edge of her bed, placed her hands on my knees, and knelt in front of me. "Who told you to put on boxers?" She frowned, pretending to be annoyed. She grasped them gently with her fingertips and tugged until I raised up, at which point she slid them off and shot them to my ankles. My cock kinda boinged back and forth, and she leaned down and quickly kissed the tip. It sent a jolt right up my spine.

"I figure the sucking can be part of the thanking." She grinned, and reached up and pulled the nightie off over her head. She was braless, and her breasts looked so gorgeous, my mouth went dry.

"I don't need to be thanked, but . . . that doesn't mean I won't LET you," I whispered, as she leaned forward and placed my (yes, now erect) cock in between her breasts. It was very warm, and she rolled her breasts back and forth a little, moving my entrapped cock.

She looked up at me, and as I leaned back on my elbows, she batted her lashes, sighed happily, and slowly licked my cockhead, sucking it into her mouth, just about an inch, and played her tongue all over it. "Mmmmm," she sighed. Once again, I was in heaven.

(I've found that while I have pretty good stamina during actual sex sex, during oral sex I have almost none at all. As long as my partner is just playing, teasing me, then I can hang on, but the minute she decides she's going to get serious and do me, I've got less than two minutes before I'm emptying my balls into her mouth. I just can't make it last any longer. Getting sucked is just so hot, and feels so good, that my body just blows it all.)

So she licked and kissed and generally teased me, watching my face, her eyes dancing merrily (because her mouth was too busy.) Soon, however, she began stroking me with her hands, sucking and licking my cockhead, keeping it very wet and slippery, and I was nearing then end.

"I'm . . ." I grunted as quietly as I could, "I'm . . . gonna . . . oh . . ."

She withdrew her head a few inches, stuck out her tongue, and placed my dick on the top of it, tickling the sensitive underside of the head with the tip of her tongue, all the while stroking me tightly and firmly with one hand, the other lifting and cradling my balls. I was barely able to keep from screaming as my whole body spasmed. I saw one, two, three huge splurts of cum shoot into her mouth, but squirt number four went wild and arced across her left cheek, dripping down onto her breast.

She quickly closed her mouth on me, milking my last few squirts dry with her thumb and index finger, they way you try to get those last few drops out of those freezerpops that come in the clear plastic sleeve. I just slumped onto the bed and tried to breathe.

"Oh my god," I whispered hoarsely. "That was incredible."

I forced my eyes open to see her scooping the spilled semen from her skin with her fingertip and licking it clean. "Mmmm!" she sighed happily. "That was fun!"

I just gasped for breath, and tried to calm my pounding heart. She licked me completely clean, kissed my flagging erection, and whispered goodnight to it. "All done!" She whispered to me, and smiled.

"What about you?" I asked, wondering if she would like a chance to cum as well. She gave me a funny look. "THIS was for me." She murmured, stroking my cock gently with a fingertip. "Now shoo. It's bedtime."

She rose to her feet, and held out a hand to help me sit up. I did so with a satisfied grunt. At my sitting height, her breasts were just about level with my head, so I pulled her in for a hug, and buried my face in them. She giggled and hugged me back. After a few seconds of soft, pillowy delight, I released her and stood. She grinned at me, and said "I love you so much."

I grinned in response. "And I am both thankful and humbled by that. I love you too."

She walked me to the hallway door, and we said our goodnights. I trudged back to my room and basically collapsed. I could hear a few muffled thumps from Amy's room, and a burst of giggling. The party continues, I thought, as I fell into a deep, restful sleep.

I awoke the next morning feeling great. I practically had a spring in my step as I got up and got dressed.

When I came out of my room, Liu Si was just about to start down the stairs, wearing one of Amy's blouses with a pair of khaki shorts. I swept her up in my arms with a growl, and trotted down the stairs while she squealed, half in delight, half in terror. At the bottom, I placed her on her feet as she giggled helplessly. She gave me a light shove and stumbled into the kitchen, where Amy and Karen were already making the day's plans.

"No, slow down. What all do we really NEED?" Karen was saying. Amy rolled her eyes and started over, counting on her fingers. "Clothes, shoes, a toothbrush, shampoo, you know, girly stuff. And Will said it was ok if I got a bigger bed. I'm trying to think of anything else." Liu Si pulled a bar stool over and clambered up onto it. Amy reached over and grabbed her hand.

"You going to stay with the one bed? Are you sure?" Karen asked, with a little smile.

"Yeah, I mean," Amy blushed, "We like it." Karen waved her hands to indicate that it was ok.

I sat down, and we all ate cereal for breakfast while Karen and Amy plotted. First, they wanted to go to the mall, but then they decided on W@I-M@rt and the furniture store down the road from the mall. In addition to the new bed, we planned to get a new dresser for Liu Si's clothing, to go in Amy's room. We finished breakfast, then piled into the car, all excited.

It turns out Liu Si had never been to a W@I-M@rt supercentre before. When we went in, she was

slack-jawed in awe and intimidation. She clung to Amy's hand and stared around wide-eyed. "This is so big!" She practically whispered to Amy. "And so loud!" Amy patted her hand and reassured her. (I also learned that day that crowds make Liu Si nervous.)

They shopped and shopped and shopped for clothes. I mean really. They picked out shoes, pants, blouses, t-shirts, a few dresses, socks, and lingerie. She got belts, a purse, two swimsuits, a few pajamas, etc, etc, etc. I never stopped to think how much clothing a person uses, but it's a lot, and I'm not even talking about winter clothes.

I drifted away rather quickly, and went to the movie/music/videogame part of the store. I watched several trailers, old and new. (Does Ben Stiller ever get sick of himself? Why not?) Eventually I'm going to have to break down and get an Xbox 360. My PS2 is starting to show some age. Maybe a Wii, although they look SO gay.

I eventually went wandering around and came across them unexpectedly in the health and beauty care aisles. Liu Si had selected a toothbrush, and was picking out a bodywash and shampoo dealie when I found them. Karen was reading a bottle of conditioner, and Amy was nowhere to be seen. "Here," Liu Si handed a bottle to me. "Do you think this smells good?" I gave it a sniff. It was cool and refreshing, but smelled sweet somehow. "Yeah," I said, "that's pretty nice."

"I like it too." She said. "Karen smells like strawberries, and Amy smells like blueberries; I wanted my own smell, and for it to be nice." She showed me the flavor of the bottle. Cucumber Melon Mint. "It works. It smells nice, and awake." I said. She beamed. "Good."

Amy reappeared and nonchalantly placed a small package of something under a corner of the clothes. "What'd you get?" she asked Liu Si brightly. Liu Si held it out, and Amy opened the cap and gave it a sniff. "Hey, neat!" She said, her eyes lighting up. "That smells nice!"

As she was chatting with Liu Si, I drifted over to where Karen was leaning on the buggy. "Howdy." I said. "How goes it?"

"Pretty good." She said, absently at first, but then put down the bottle of conditioner and smiled at me. "We've been shopping a while, you've got to be bored to death."

"Nah," I said, reaching down into the buggy and sneaking a peek at what Amy hid. K-Y Jelly, not the warming, his'n'hers, sexy kind, the medical-looking kind.. "I've found things to keep my mind occupied." I directed Karen's attention to what I was holding, down low in the buggy, and her eyes widened. "Did YOU put that there?" she asked. I shook my head. She made a "Pfff" sound and rolled her eyes. I dropped it back down in the buggy.

"So what all did you get?" I asked. Karen smiled, and said "Well, we got her about ten normal outfits, with some parts that can mix and match, so she has enough to wear between laundry days that she doesn't have to wear the same things every week. We got her two nice dresses, and a blouse and slacks outfit as well. Tennis shoes, sandals, dressy shoes. A couple sweatshirt and sweaters, two pairs of blue jeans. And there's some more." Karen paused. "I guess when you're rebuilding someone's wardrobe, there's a lot to get." I nodded.

"She was all worried at first that we were spending too much money on her, but we convinced her that Amy will be able to wear it when she outgrows it." Karen said.

"I TOLD her not to worry about it," I said, looking to where she and Amy had drifted further down the aisle. Karen smiled. "You did, but she still feels responsible for it." Karen held her fingers up an inch apart. "At least a little bit."

"Well, I guess she'll just have to relax a little." I said gently. I walked down the aisle to the other girls. "How are we doing?" I asked.

"Great!" Amy cheered, and Liu Si grinned. "Are we going to have a fashion show later?" I asked. Liu Si's jaw dropped, and she blushed happily. Amy jumped straight up and gave a whoop. "YES! Yes, we are!"

"Well, what else do we need?" I asked.

"We need "girl stuff," so get lost for a while?" Amy said. "Like go look at guns or something manly until we come get you, ok? We won't be long, I promise."

I drifted off to sporting goods and looked at the airguns for a while. We have a few BB guns at the house in the form of two Daisy air rifles, and one CO2 pistol that looks like a Beretta. (We also have a 12-gauge shotgun and a .22 revolver in the master bedroom closet, but they won't even sell you ammo unless you are over 18.) Karen and I have both fired the shotgun AND the pistol, but we practice more with the air rifles, because ammunition for the actual firearms is difficult for us to replace until I turn 18 next year.

Before too long, the girls came and got me, and we headed for the checkout. (Is it W@I-M@rt policy to always have the oldest or most handicapped employee running what is supposed to be the express lane? We were at a regular register, and the girls whipped us through there. People just trying to buy milk and cigarettes in the line next to us seemed to take three times longer.)

We got everything stowed in the trunk and headed for the furniture store, which Amy and Liu Si both went through like it was a wonderland. They oohed and aahhed over everything. Amy liked a big square mission-style thing that looked like a medieval catapult, and Liu Si liked a brass one with tons of scrollwork and curlicues. "What size should we get?" Karen asked me.

"I'm thinking double bed." I said. "They might want their own beds or rooms by the time they outgrow it, so I don't want to get a queen-size if after a few months they hate it."

Karen agreed, so we got them focused on double beds. Soon, they had found one that they both liked, a canopy bed with wooden headboard and brass canopy rails. They were so excited. We also found a plain brown dresser that sorta matched the rest of Amy's room.

We arranged to have the bed and dresser delivered, even though THAT was like \$150, we don't own a truck, so we pay the folks who do. We headed home, giddy from shopping and looking forward to a late lunch.

We had fish sticks and fries for lunch, with broccoli from a freezer bag, which was actually really good. It

was agreed that the fashion show would take place in the schoolroom, with the girls changing in the living room. I sat in the back of the room with one chair turned around, and Karen stood by the door to announce who was wearing what. Amy put some light techno on the stereo in the living room, and turned it way up.

And so it started. In the interest of time, Amy modeled a few things of Lu Si's but it was mostly Liu Si doing the modeling. She had seemed excited when I mentioned it at the store, but when the time came to actually do it, she was very blushy and self-conscious. Amy helped by wearing a few things right at first, and I made sure to smile and applaud everything. They started with the long sleeve tops and long pants, working their way to shorts and t-shirts, then tank tops and skirts, with swimsuits dead last. (I later found out Amy wanted to go on to model the lingerie as well, but was voted down.) Before too long, Liu Si was smiling, strutting, tossing her hair and posing like she was enjoying it as much as Amy. The whole atmosphere was one of fun, and when she and Amy finally came out in swimsuits, I even added whistling to my applause.

In what had to have been a pre-planned move, Amy stood sideways in front of Liu Si and grabbed her own knees. Liu Si then drew back and gave Amy a swat on her bikini-ed bottom, and Amy put her hand to her mouth and gave me a wide-eyed look like "Oops!" Karen and I both laughed, and the fashion show was more or less over. Amy and Liu Si linked their arms around each other's shoulders, and double-strutted back to the living room.

Karen went into the room and turned off the music, while the girls got some clothes back on. I went into the kitchen and got a glass of Kool-aid.

After a few minutes, Amy and Liu Si came into the kitchen, hair tousled, Liu Si now wearing one of her new outfits, Amy back in her previous clothes. "Did ya like it?" Amy chirped.

"Oh yeah. You both looked very very nice." I said, smiling. Liu Si blushed.

"Did you like it better than Fatso and the Airhead?" Amy asked, watching me closely.

"Sandi and Jessica? Yes, very much." I grabbed Amy in a hug and whispered in her ear. "Forget them. You got me, they didn't."

"I know," She said, relaxing. "I just wanted to hear you say it."

The rest of the day passed in mostly uneventful fashion. Amy took Liu Si on a tour of the house, showing her what was in every closet and cabinet (except mine and Karen's.) We ate supper and watched a little TV (We LOVE Discovery Channel's Dirty Jobs. I could watch that all day long. Same goes for Mythbusters.)

When bedtime rolled around, Amy and Liu Si went to brush their teeth, and I decided to put fresh sheets on my bed, as my old ones smelled like, well, sweat. Or ass. Hard to tell sometimes. Let's call it sweaty ass.

I had gotten new sheets on, when Karen slipped into my room. "I'm here to confirm our one a.m. appointment," She whispered.

"One a.m.?" I whispered back. She nodded. "I figure the girls should be asleep by then."

"Appointment for what?" I grinned. Karen stepped up close to me. "It's been two nights, and I think I'm healed from the stretching. Did you notice I wasn't limping today?"

Truth is, I hadn't noticed. She continued "SO, I want that big cock of yours in my pussy. I need some love."

"One a.m. sounds good. MY schedule isn't too busy, I should be able to squeeze you in." I said.

"That's MY line." She thumped my chest with her finger and smiled. "I love you so much. See you at one." and she left quietly.

It's good to be me.

I took a quick shower when Amy and Liu Si left the bathroom, and shaved carefully, so as to be smooth and free from stubble. I peeked in and said good night to the girls, who were both sitting on the bed, talking happily. Liu Si waved, and Amy grinned. I also said good night to Karen, who blew me a kiss. I pretended to catch it, and put it down the front of my pants. She just rolled her eyes at me, and smiled. As I turned, she held up a single finger, and mouthed "One." I pointed to her bed, and then in the general direction of mine, and she pointed towards mine. The time and the place. Perfect.

I went to my room and laid down on top of the new sheets, put my hands behind my head, and just relaxed. Soon, I will admit, I was asleep.

I awoke to someone grabbing my toe. I awoke and looked down, to find Karen climbing onto the end of my bed on all fours, like a panther. She was wearing a short satin nightgown, and it shimmered in the dim light of my desk lamp. I could see behind her that the door to the bathroom was closed, and knowing I had locked the door to Amy's room, we were safe from discovery.

She slowly stalked up the bed, up my body, allowing her breasts to brush against me the whole way up. It was nice. When she got to eye level with me, I put my arms around her ribcage and hugged her close. "MMMmmmmmm," She said. and I kissed her.

Her lips are incredibly soft, and our tongues sparred gently as we savored our first kiss of the evening, one of many. I ran my hands down her back until I was cradling her butt, and squeezed it firmly with both hands, pulling her butt cheeks apart just a little. She enjoyed that, and lightly bit my lower lip.

"I have a request." She murmured against my neck, as I kneaded her butt. "Yes?" I asked, "Just name it."

"Two requests, actually." She writhed against me, a little. "Yes to both, now what are they?" I whispered, kissing her ear.

"Would you be willing to lick me, the way you did Amy?" I could tell by the sound of her voice that she was uncertain about this, like she was afraid I would say no. Time to quash that fear.

"Would I? I was about to ask you if I could." I said, and she raised her head and looked at me.

"Seriously? You WANT to?"

"Why wouldn't I?" I asked. She raised her hand and counted off reasons. "I pee out of there, it's often sticky, sometimes it's really gross. . . ."

I shook my head. "No use trying to talk me out of it. I've wanted to do that to you ever since you told me you loved me." She smiled, but then faltered. "What if it tastes bad?"

"It won't and I don't care. Besides, you've tasted it, you did when we made love in the gazebo." I reminded her, but she shook her head. "That had your cum mixed in, it's different."

"You pussy, me eat." I grunted, and grinned at her. She smiled back, still a little nervous. "Do you want this? You DID ask." I said, and she nodded.

"Can I try it now?" I asked. She tensed. "Right now?"

"Yep." I said, and rolled her off of me to the side. Her nightgown had a bra top, so her abundant charms were well supported. I cupped her left breast and gave it a gentle squeeze as I leaned in for more kisses, looming over her. She softened and kissed me back, reaching down and finding my erection with her right hand, which she clutched on my cock.

I squeezed her breast, she squeezed my cock. I pinched gently until I found her hard little nipple between my thumb and forefinger, and put some gentle pressure on it, pulling softly. She moaned and kissed me harder, pulling firmly on my dick. I let go of her and rose up on my knees, to better balance myself. She let go of my erection, quickly reached up and pulled her nightgown up to her neck, freeing her breasts from the bra portion.

I watched as they settled a little towards her armpits, and gently scooped them back up together. Both nipples were erect and hard, even the one I hadn't been squeezing. I ran my thumbs over them, and she gasped softly. "I love these." I admitted, and she smiled.

"I used to hate them, but now I'm enjoying them *ah!*." She said, gasping again as I carefully pinched both nipples. I bent down and smooshed her breasts together so I could get both nipples in my mouth at the same time. They just barely made it, and I bit down with my lips and flicked my tongue back and forth over both of them, as fast as I could. Karen entwined her fingers in my hair and moaned. "Oh goooooooodddddd!"

I released them from my mouth and clutched them gently with my hands, before letting them go and moving up for another kiss. Karen devoured my mouth, and actually sucked on my tongue once or twice before she released me, smoothing her hands down my neck and gripping my shoulders. She was squirming a little underneath me, as I spoke. "So what was your second request?" I asked.

"What?" She seemed a little distracted. She seemed to pull herself together a little, and laughed. "Sorry, you're driving me crazy."

"You said you had two requests. One was for me to lick your pussy until you cum, and what was the other one?" I said, enjoying spelling out her first request in detail. I ran my hands down her ribcage, stopping at her hips. She writhed again, happily.

"I wanted I wanted you to be on top." She took a deep breath. "The first time we made love, I was on top, then it was kind of doggy style in the gazebo, but I've always thought the Missionary Position seemed romantic. You lying on top of me, me wrapped around you and I want the lights on." She bit her lip.

"Lights on?" I grinned. She nodded. "At least your bedside lamp. I want to be able to see you, and for you to see me."

"Your wish is my command." I said, and stood to turn on my bedside lamp. We now had gentle light from both right and left, and she was no longer half in shadow. She was lying on my bed, her nightgown all smooshed up, her knees together. She was absolutely beautiful.

"I love you," I said helplessly, and she smiled in delight. She gave a happy little wiggle, and her breasts danced gently. "You're overdressed." She complained. I removed my shorts and kicked them against the side of the nightstand, making my erection bounce. "Ohhh, so good." She moaned, her eyes locked onto it.

I made it twitch up and down (via my PC muscle of course) as I walked back over to the bed. She giggled, eyes wide. "Down, boy! Did you miss me?"

"Well, you two DID have a play date last night." I said, putting one knee up onto the bed. Karen reached out to pat my erection. "Yes, I missed you too!" She cooed to it. Wrapping her fingers around it for a gentle tug, she looked up at me from under her long lashes. "Do you need some special attention before you do me?"

I grinned, and shook my head. "I'm good for now. Ladies first."

"I'm a little nervous," She admitted, as I leaned in for a kiss. "Don't be." I said firmly. "Now get ready."

"I've been ready ever since you kissed me the first time," She cooed, as I moved down near her feet. I gently took hold of her ankles, and smiled up at her. "Here, pull your knees up." I said. She did so, keeping them pressed together. I scooted up, and gently placed my hands on her knees.

"Open sesame," I said softly, and moved her knees apart. She gave a nervous little moan, and complied.

It was the first really close look I had gotten at Karen's pussy. It was heavenly. Her little landing strip of pubic hair stopped about an inch short of her actual vulva, almost leading my eyes to her gorgeous secret place. Her pussy resembled an orchid, the soft folds of her labia delicately framing her vaginal opening, her clit peeking out from under its little hood. She was visibly wet, the inside of her pussy folds glistening with clear moisture. I slid my palms under her butt cheeks a little, and used my thumbs to gently spread apart the bottom of her pussy, right on the edge of her perineum. A tiny trickle of clear liquid dribbled out and ran down over her anus, which was also really cute. I was enthralled.

I growled in anticipation, and gave her a hungry look. "This is SO amazing." I said. Her nervous look started to change into hopeful. "Really?" she asked softly. I massaged her perineum and watched her womb opening clench and relax. "I can't even describe how awesome this is." I breathed, and leaned down and exhaled heavily, sending a blanket of warm air pouring over her exposed secrets. She moaned happily.

Keeping my hands where they were, I kissed the inside of her left knee, then a little further down her thigh, then a little further, slowly kissing my way towards her pussy. Right when my next kiss would have landed on her labia, I switched and started over on her right knee. Kiss, kiss, kiss. She writhed and whimpered, "No fair." I pressed harder with my thumbs, spreading her vagina (and her little pucker) and releasing it again. I chuckled quietly, and settled down with my face near her juicy, delicious looking pussy.

Breathing warm air over her once again, I moved up until my face was only about an inch from her genitals, and extended my tongue. Starting from the bottom of her pussy, I used the tip of my tongue to trace up around the outside edges of her labia, delicately tracing each fold and wrinkle, working my way towards her clit, but stopping just shy of contact. She gasped and then moaned softly. I looked up, and was able to make eye contact with her, between the swell of her breasts. I repeated the process, fluttering my tongue gently, never quite reaching her clit. Her juices practically flooded onto my tongue, and more ran down past my thumbs, wetting her anus, and actually trickling onto the bed.

I stopped. "Here, let's get a pillow under you, so you'll be propped up higher." She groaned in anticipation, but let go of her knees for a moment, hunching her back up so I could cram a pillow under her hips. Once I got it placed, she lowered her butt back down, pulled her knees up to her chest, and spread her legs wide. I had a better angle on reaching her, and she could see me better. "Make sure you watch me," I said, kissing her softly, right on her pussy lips. She whimpered happily, and I got back to business.

I placed my hands against the underside of her legs, right alongside her pussy, and used my thumbs to pull from the edges, so it opened gently. I then lapped right up the middle, darting my tongue around her vaginal opening, tickling up the center, and burrowing under her clitoral hood, to tickle her little pink pearl itself. She gasped for air and almost cried out. Her eyes watched me hungrily, even as her nostrils flared with attempts to get enough air.

Maybe it was the way I had her folded up, her knees pulled all the way up, her knuckles white with the effort of holding her legs so high. Maybe it was the fact that I was energetically licking her pussy, burrowing in with my tongue, teasing and tickling. Either way, she was doing some seriously heavy breathing.

I alternated between tickling her clit with my tongue (and soon it was out of its hood and standing proud, somewhere between half an inch and a quarter inch long) and using my tongue like a scoop, to firmly press into her vagina and swipe all the way back up to the top again. Her juices flowed freely, and soon everything down from her clit down was completely lubed with her moisture. Vagina, perineum, anus, my pillow, everything was slick and damp. It was awesome.

Whereas Amy tasted like fresh fruit, Karen had her own taste, a little less sweet, a little more salty, but

still delicious. It's kinda hard to describe it in terms of other things you may have tasted (and I hate when people compare a woman's vagina to fish) but it was wonderful. Karen tastes like Karen, and I love it. I was quite enthusiastic in my activities.

Soon, but not TOO soon, I began focusing my attentions more heavily on her clit, flicking it, rubbing it, tickling it. I licked it slowly. I licked it fast. I nibbled at it with my lips. I rolled my tongue into a tube and tried to encircle it, as if it were a tiny cock and my tongue were a tiny pussy. I kept as much eye contact with Karen as I could, but I basically pounced on her clitoris and never let it go. Karen had begun writhing against me, whimpering these adorable little sounds of need and happiness, and I dove in with even more vigor.

I started tracing my thumbs up and down in between her clit and her vagina, massaging the soft tissue between her lovely labia. (Alliteration; you know I love it.) I alternated them up and down, pressing into her, holding one underneath her clit and then pinning it against my thumb with my tongue while I flicked it. Karen was past words, merely gasping with pleasure, her eyes starting to lose focus.

She started taking deeper breaths, working her way up to a climax, her pussy practically grabbing at me, and I put my lips on her clit and sucked it into my mouth. I gently bit down with my lips, holding it in place, and positively ground my tongue against the end of it. Seconds later, she hit an orgasm that made her body buck, and I lost my grip on her clit as she came. One leg slipped out of her grasp, and kinda crashed down over my shoulder, but she shook and gasped through a serious orgasm, grabbing my hair with her free hand, trying not to make any loud noises, but generally out of control.

As she settled down, still breathing hard, I tried to dart in and lick her a little more, but she grabbed my hair tightly, holding me immobile. "Not so fast, no way." She laughed breathlessly. "You have to let me breathe."

She disentangled herself from me, and I moved up to straddle her, as she stretched a little and settled. "So request number one? Was that good?" I asked, sincere, not teasing.

"OH yeah." She wrapped her hands around my biceps as I gently laid my lower half against her legs. "That was really good. Surprised me, a little too. It felt"

"Felt what? Good enough to do some more? Because I really liked it." I said gently.

She blushed. "Really?" I nodded. She looked at me shyly, and grinned. "Thank you."

"For what?" I kissed her chin.

"Mmmm, you smell like me." She purred, and kissed me on the lips. We kissed deeply.

"That felt . . . extra special." She said, after our kiss. "Like I was wide open and exposed, even more naked than I already was."

"Really?" I asked. "Was that good or bad?"

"Well, it was a little intimidating at first, like I felt very vulnerable and on display. But then your tongue, oh

my god." She rolled her eyes happily. "You took good care of my . . . exposed areas."

"I didn't mean for it to be intimidating." I said, contritely, but she shook her head.

"It's ok! I'm accustomed to thinking of my private areas as so private that no one is ever allowed to know they exist. It's like my pussy is a sacred, secret place. To lay myself wide open in front of you was a big step. I was self conscious at first. But you were so good . . . you're welcome to visit my secret places any time you want." She blushed. "I sound ridiculous."

I grinned. "No, you're fine. So I get an all-access pass?"

"More like you are the master of my hidden temple." She kissed me tenderly.

"Now," she said, "About request number two . . ." and I laughed.

I don't know why "missionary sex" is so derided by modern culture, as if it were boring or inferior. It is by far the most romantic, intimate form of sexual intercourse I've yet found. You're face to face, heart to heart, eye to eye, and I love it.

Karen wrapped her arms around my ribs, her legs around my waist, and I was in heaven. I actually let myself down onto her, not really holding myself up, and she growled happily as I pressed her into the mattress. "Oh yes," She murmured. "This is it!"

I positioned myself properly, and carefully slipped my cock into her. I saw her eyelids actually flutter as it slid about halfway in. "Oh!" she gasped, and shifted her hips up, pulling at me with her legs until she moved a little. "Do it again!" She whimpered breathlessly, and almost cried out when I withdrew a little, and sloooooowly thrust even deeper. It went in much deeper and more easily. "Oooh, that's better." I said.

"You have NO idea," Karen moaned, taking a few hard breaths. She flexed her legs, and actually bopped me in the butt with her heels. "Giddy-up."

I was quick to obey. Starting slowly, I made love to her, gradually increasing my speed, grinding myself against her, feeling her breasts pressing against me even while her arms and legs clutched at me. I could feel her breath hot against my face and neck, her voice raised in gasps of pleasure as her pussy gripped and grudgingly released my straining erection. "Unnh, anhh, unnh!" She cried, pulling at me, writhing beneath me. God, it was amazing. I LOVE THE MISSIONARY POSITION!

As I reached what I would call my cruising speed, I could really FEEL the interactions of our bodies. I swear I could sense our heartbeats, even as our bellies slapped together, even as our breathing grew more rapid. It was like hitting some kind of magical plane where we were truly, completely, connected. I had never felt anything like it. It was wonderful.

Karen was beyond words, gasping a cry with every thrust, moving beneath me, her hair splayed out beautifully around her on my pillow. I raised myself up about six inches, still working, and spoke to her gently. "Karen, my love." She didn't seem to hear me, so I spoke again. "Karen!"

She seemed to struggle with the effort of focusing. "Wh-what?" she gasped.

"Look down." I grunted, grinning. She did so, with effort, and her eyes widened.

Due to the angle she was positioned, looking down between her breasts, she could actually SEE my cock sliding in and out of her pussy, the little wet opening almost turning inside out in its efforts to grip my thrusting manhood. "Oh my god! I can see your . . . oh! Unnh!" She gasped, mesmerized by the vision of my dick, wet with her juices, pistoning firmly in and out of her. "My pussy is AH!"

I began pumping her harder, rolling my hips against her with each drive, as she hissed her breath in and out between gritted teeth. She slid her hands up my back and grabbed my shoulders from beneath, pulling me down until our foreheads were touching. "Do you like watching it?" I grunted, feeling my own orgasm about two minutes away.

"Unnh huhnnnnhh!" She whimpered, still clenching her teeth, pulling against me. "C'mon! Give it to meeeee!"

I put everything I had into it. I drove my cock into her as hard as I could, without changing the frequency too much. The bed practically bounced as I fucked her as deep and as hard as I could.

She was halfway between a moan and a wail, when I realized that we'd stopped being quiet about five minutes ago. As I threw the last of my energy into it, I just hoped that Liu Si was as heavy a sleeper as Amy was.

Karen snaked her fingers into my hair, and pulled my face down for a kiss. As she licked my lips and sucked on my tongue, I felt the dam break. This was it: I was going to blow.

I could feel my balls drawing up , ready to discharge, when her cries hit a crescendo, and it felt like her pussy shrank to about 2/3 it's original size. "AHHHHH HA HA HAAA!" She screamed, throwing her head back. I was two seconds behind her. I buried my cock in her spasming pussy, and came so hard I saw spots dancing before my eyes. I literally forgot to breathe, but then gasped air in hoarsely as I my arms gave out, and I basically fell on her. She caught me easily, wrapping her arms around me, holding me deep in her pussy by wrapping her legs around my hips, as squirt after squirt of my semen jetted into her. I whimpered helplessly with the exertion, but she was already rubbing my back, soothing me, kissing my neck and face, even as she coasted down from her own orgasm.

We lay there and shook, gasping for breath, covered in sweat, locked together as her body milked mine. I couldn't believe how it felt. There really aren't words for it. I was laying on her, soft and warm, while she hugged me close and gently squeezed rythmically with her legs. "Yes, yes, my darling!" She cooed. "Sooo good. Soooo goooooood." Her pussy was still squeezing me, coaxing every drop out of my balls. No second orgasm for me tonight, this one had emptied me.

Eventually, our bodies calmed, and I looked at her, her face practically glowing with love and satisfaction. "I LOVE you." I murmured, She opened her pretty mouth to respond, but in the momentary silence, something hit the door of my bedroom. Not hard and clanky like a golf ball, but softer and muted, like a thrown apple, or when you bang your elbow on something.

Karen and I both froze. This was not a sound we should have been hearing. She quickly let go of me, and I clambered to my feet as fast as I could, gently removing my (still hard) cock from her warm, wonderful pussy. I got to my feet and tried to shake off the huge orgasm I had just had; something was going on. I walked carefully to the center of my room, and tried to listen for it again, if it came again. All three doors to my room are at the opposite end from my bed, but it sounded like it came from either the bathroom, or Amy's door.

Annoyed, I strode over to that door and listened closely. I could faintly hear a high pitched sobbing, like somebody was hurt. As I reached for the knob, the bonking noise came again, louder this time. In my loopy state, I could only interpret the noises as cries for help. Something was wrong! It sounded like one of the girls was in pain!

I grabbed the knob, forgetting my state of erect nudity, and prepared to charge into the room. Several things then happened quickly:

1. I yanked the door open, to reveal Liu Si, kneeling in the dim light, eyes closed, mouth open, head thrown back, hands up as if to balance against the door.
2. With the door so suddenly removed as a source of balance, Liu Si toppled into the room, to reveal Amy, lying on the floor, face up, headfirst, wearing just a pair of pink cotton panties, her face wet and glistening from her nose to her neck. Amy was positioned to have her face beneath Liu Si as she knelt.
3. Liu Si hit the floor bonelessly, right at my feet, smashing her chin, even as Amy opened her eyes and saw me standing in the doorway. All this happened in like two seconds.

Hitting the floor seemed to jolt Liu Si alert, but she couldn't do much at first except squirm and shudder, because apparently she was undergoing a toe-curling orgasm. Amy proved this by jumping to her feet and cheering. "YEAH! I GOT HER!" She did a little dance, waving her fists in the air. "I GOT HER!"

I just stared at them both in shock. Liu Si managed to look up, struggling to get herself under control, and I saw pure terror in her eyes as we made eye contact around my (still very erect) penis. She wailed in fright, trying to cover her skinny little ass with her nightshirt, trying to crawl away, but she was still shaking too hard to fully coordinate her movements.

Karen was sitting up in my bed, getting her nightgown back up onto her shoulders, and chastised Amy. "Stop celebrating and help her! She's not doing too good!" She said, angry at Amy, concerned for Liu Si.

"What?" Amy said, pausing in her touchdown dance, and looked to where Liu Si cried and flailed on the floor, while I stood and gawped like an idiot.

Liu Si was starting to REALLY cry, wailing and speaking rapidly in Chinese, her normally clean pronunciation slurred and indistinct. Amy was on her knees beside her in an instant, trying to calm her, but Liu Si was beyond calming, staring up at me in terror. "Diu buzhu, diu buzhu," She kept sobbing, curling into a ball, as Amy tried desperately to soothe her. (I'm sorry, I'm sorry.)

"What's going on?" I asked, starting to get angry at Amy, upon whom I immediately placed the blame for this situation. "What on earth did you think-" But Liu Si saw my angry face and cried even harder, trying

again to crawl away, with better success this time.

"Will, she thinks you're mad at *her.*)" Amy said, worried. "Calm down for a second, please." Liu Si sobbed something I couldn't make out, and Amy looked up at me, dismay clear on her face. "She thinks you're going to beat her."

My heart broke. "I'm not going to beat her, tell her I'm not going-" I began, but Karen threw a blanket at me.

"Cover yourself, you're probably scaring her that way too." Karen said, softly. "I know if I was a little girl and had an angry guy standing over me with a huge erection, I'd be terrified out of my wits too."

Never thought of that. I quickly wrapped the blanket around my waist and tucked it, like a towel. Amy was still kneeling on the floor next to Liu Si, who was still crying, so I carefully scooped Liu Si up and carried her to the bed, where she practically leapt into Karen's outstretched arms.

Karen cradled her in her arms, rocking back and forth, murmuring "Bupabushi huo, meimei." (don't worry, little sister.) Liu Si began calming down, taking deeper breaths, although still crying. The looks I was getting from Liu Si still carried fear and something else.

"Why does she think I'm going to start beating her?" I asked, my palms outstretched to show her I meant no harm. Karen indicated the edge of my bed with a toss of her chin. "Sit down for a mintue and we'll get to the bottom of this. Amy!" She spat grimly.

Amy was still on the floor where she had knelt with Liu Si, staring at her knees and crying a little herself. At Karen's address, her head snapped up. She wiped her eyes.

"YOU did this, now get over here and translate, so we can fix it." Karen said flatly. Amy stumbled to her feet and trudged over, looking extremely repentant. Liu Si had reached the hiccuping stage of sobbing, trying to hold it in, but still weeping steadily.

Amy knelt in front of Liu Si, gathered both her hands, and kissed them. She spoke earnestly in Chinese, apologizing, and asking Liu Si why she was afraid of me beating her.

Liu Si spoke haltingly for several minutes, after Amy assured her that I was not angry, and would never beat her. At one point, she took Amy's hand and pressed it against her shoulder, right by her neck, and slid it back and forth a few inches. Amy's jaw dropped in surprise, but Liu Si kept talking. Amy listened carefully until she was done, and then kissed her hands again. "Ooo-kay, I think I've got it." Amy's eyes were wet with unshed tears as she reached out and lovingly brushed a strand of hair from Liu Si's forehead.

"She said she's shared a room, and sometimes a bed, with her parents ever since they got to the United States, practically for as long as she can remember. Usually she had her own pallet or cot across the room, but in places where they had to share a bed, she would sleep way over on on edge, while her mother slept in the middle, and her father on the opposite edge." Amy spoke to Karen and me, but her eyes never left Liu Si.

"Her mother felt that with Liu Si in the room, that it was improper for them to have "relations" as she called it, but her father felt no such obligation. If her mother knew that her father was horny, she would find an excuse to send Liu Si out of the room until it was over, but sometimes her father would just decide he wanted it, and if he thought Liu Si was asleep, he would just start going at her mother, who was too embarrassed to wake up Liu Si and send her out." Liu Si shed a few more tears silently, and Amy choked up. Karen kissed the top of Liu Si's head, which made her smile weakly. Amy continued.

"So sometimes she would have to lay there in the dark and listen to her parents screw. When she got a little older, she would try to peek and see what they were doing, even though her mother had once told her to cover her head and never make a sound. About two and a half years ago, she was listening to them, and out of curiosity, started touching herself. She turned her head so she could see them, and masturbated while they were doing it." Amy cleared her throat and asked Liu Si a question in Chinese. Liu Si shrugged and gave a brief answer.

"Somehow her father looked over and saw her, maybe she made a noise herself, she's not sure, but he saw her, and instantly guessed what she was doing. He flew into a rage, jumped out of bed, yanked her off her cot, and beat her within an inch of her life." Amy said, crying freely. Liu Si just shut her eyes, and laid against Karen.

"On top of the bruises and the black eye, he beat her so bad that he even broke her collarbone." Amy said, to a collective gasp from me and Karen. I had thought Amy was just speaking figuratively about "within an inch of her life" but she was as serious as could be. Liu Si took Karen's hand and placed it on her shoulder in the same place she had done with Amy, and Karen winced and sighed. I guess she was showing them the knot where the bone healed.

"What about her mother? Did she just stand by?:" Karen asked, shocked.

"She tried to inter-" Liu Si spoke up, but then looked to Amy for help with the word. "Intervene?" Amy asked, and Liu Si nodded, continuing. "To intervene, but my father struck her as well, hitting her face and then shoving her back onto the bed. When he was done hitting me, he left me on the floor and went back to bed with my mother, where he finished their encounter. I crawled away to the room of an old woman who knew something about healing. I stayed there the rest of the night, while she made sure my broken bone was straight and wrapped my arm to my body with strips of an old bedsheet. The next day my mother was so embarrassed that she could not look at me or even speak to me." Liu Si wiped her nose and looked at me.

"Please forgive me. I have behaved in a very shameful way." She said, her face burning. "I should not have looked. I got up to go pee and heard the sounds you were both making, and I looked through the keyhole. You both looked so happy, I could not help myself. I trespassed on your privacy. I am extremely sorry. Please, please, forgive me."

She gave Amy a look that was part sad, part embarrassed, and part angry. "And I am also sorry for touching myself. It was un-ladylike and wrong." Amy shook her head, dismayed.

"Hey." Karen kissed her on top of the head again. "Relax a little." She said gently. "I don't think we're as upset about it as you think we are. It's not like you're the first person to spy on us. Amy did it before you did."

Liu Si blinked in surprise and looked at Amy. Amy had the grace to blush, but then she grinned. "And you're not going to get in trouble for touching yourself. Not in THIS house." She giggled. Liu Si looked at Karen, who also blushed and smiled. "She's right. You're ok with us."

Karen refocused her gaze on Amy. "However, Amy might get in trouble. Did she have your permission to . . . do what she did? Or did she take advantage of your position?"

Amy held her hands up placatingly. "I surprised her, but she didn't push me away or stop me." Karen sharpened her expression, but Liu Si spoke up again. "I . . ." she blushed heavily, "I enjoyed what she did, I cannot be angry at her for . . . licking me with her tongue." Liu Si finished in a whisper. She shot a scared glance at me. "I am not in trouble?"

I sighed. I would have preferred not to have people spying on us, or Amy happily molesting her best friend, but all in all, what did I have to be angry about? If everyone else is happy, who am I to judge against it? "I'm sorry if I scared you." I said.

Liu Si apologized to me again, saying "When I was looking through the keyhole, I felt so guilty, but I could not help it, I could not look away. Then when I fell to the floor, all I could remember was how my father had beaten me, and I was terrified that it was going to happen again, that you would be so angry."

I reached out for her hand, which she carefully placed in mine. "I will never beat you, not for any reason. I am NOT your father. I will protect you, and make sure you are happy and safe. You are my little sister now, so you don't have to worry about those things anymore."

She leaned forward and put her arms around me, and I pulled her into my lap (which was now boner-free.) "I am so happy." She said. Amy and Karen both smiled.

I looked at Amy. "Now, about "getting her." Spill it. I know about the swimsuits, and the hot tub. What else has led up to you lying on the floor licking her?" I wasn't angry, but I spoke firmly. "What's been going on? I know this didn't start tonight."

"Um." Amy blushed and looked down, and Liu Si looked up at me in concern, but I winked at her. I just wanted to know what was going on in our house, because this seemed to be complicating things. (and we had just recently gotten much more complicated anyway.) I gave Liu Si a little squeeze, and she began to smile.

"At first I just really liked her, she was so cool and pretty." Amy began, still looking at her feet. "But when she started sleeping in the bed with me during our sleepovers, I started having . . . ideas."

She looked up at me, ashamed, but saw Liu Si trying to hide her smile with her hand. "Hey, wait, am I really in trouble?" She asked, looking at me with a half smile.

"Keep talking, and we'll decide." Karen said, and Amy turned to look at her. "Oh come on, either I am or I'm not." Amy said. Karen glanced at me as if for support, and continued. "You said you were able to keep the sex a secret, and here we find you performing oral sex on your best friend. That's not a secret."

"But that was totally different!" Amy said, dismayed. "I've been after Liu Si since before you guys were together. *I* kept that perfectly secret. She didn't know about that until she *heard* you."

"Everybody calm down." I soothed, patting the air with one hand, the other still holding Liu Si in my lap. "Just start at the beginning." An idea suddenly occurred to me. "Or we can ask Liu Si." I looked down at her and she blushed hard, covering her face with both hands. She shook her head rapidly.

Amy slumped in resignation and started talking. "Ok, first of all, I TOTALLY love her. She's cool, funny, smart, and so sexy I just want to MMMM!" Here she clenched the air with both hands. "But it started innocently. We played truth or dare, we told each other secrets, just all kinds of private stuff. When she would sleep, she would practically wrap around me. It was awesome, and the feelings I had for her just started getting stronger. It's like I just went from liking her, to like-liking her, and then I loved her." Liu Si took her hands away from her face, and just sat there with a quiet little smile. Amy went on.

"Soooo, we got in the hot tub every time, and each time I tried to encourage her to get more naked, and each time she would blush and say no, but then five minutes later she would do it, so I figured that she was cool with it. Was I wrong, xinshangren?" (beloved.) Liu Si blushed again, but shook her head, eyes sparkling.

"Then when she came over last time, I made sure to get movies that were cool, but were also romantic. Princess Bride was all kinds of romance, and um, D.E.B.S. was too." Amy blushed and looked down.

"A movie about girl secret agents?" I asked. Amy shook her head. "It's not about girl secret agents, really. I mean they're in it, but it's more about one of the girl secret agents falling in love with a villain, who is also a girl. About how it's ok (and lots of fun) to like girls. It's the entire plot, the rest of the movie is about everyone else trying to deal with it."

I guess I was surprised, but I don't really know why. It's not like I find lesbians objectionable, they're in most (all) of the pornos I bought. I guess I just didn't expect that to be out on the shelf at the "family" video place, with no clues whatsoever on the box. I'll bet there have been some angry parents out there, not knowing what they were renting.

"So we watched a movie about true love, that ended with a big kiss, and then we watched a movie about girls liking girls, and then we kissed." Amy blushed again. Liu Si looked at me and then Karen to see if we were upset, and then relaxed.

Karen shook her head, but I could see her trying not to smile. Amy missed this, and kept talking. "We kissed and it was really, really good. We both got really hot, and Liu Si got a little nervous, so we quit and went to get in the hot tub. This time we had to get naked, which we did, and . . ." Amy faltered, looking at Karen's raised eyebrows. "Each time we get in, we wear less." Amy said defensively, while Liu Si giggled.

"Once we were in the hot tub, I put my arm around her like I always do, and she came in for more kisses, even though in the house she got nervous." Amy looked at Liu Si, who shrugged nonchalantly. "They were very nice, and I decided I wanted more. You cannot blame me." she grinned. Amy grinned back.

"So after a while I showed her how to straddle the water jets, and cum in the hot tub." Amy said quickly.

"WHAT?!" Karen squawked, her eyes wide.

I laughed, but Amy was already explaining. "You turn off the bubbles, but you turn the flow up, and then you straddle the water jets in the corners, or on the recliner part, and let the water rush over your clit. It's easy. You've never done it?" Amy said, to Karen's shock.

"NO, I've never done it!" Karen said, surprised. "Where did YOU learn it?"

Amy considered. "I guess I just figured it out. I was in the hot tub one time, and was doing flips in the water, just rolling over and over, and the stream from a jet hit me just right. I stopped and figured out how to do it. You should totally try it, it feels really good!" Amy looked at me. "I don't think it would work for boys, though."

I waved my hand. "I figured." Nature favors the vagina after all.

"So after that, we've been . . . nupengyu?" Amy asked Liu Si. (Girlfriend)

"Nuxingtongxingliande." Liu Si rattled off, not looking very happy.

"Woman . . . same . . ." Amy murmured as she parsed the word. "Well, I think that just means "lesbian." I meant something nicer, more romantic, like . . . yehanzi!" (A woman's lover)

Liu Si thought it over, smiled a bit, and nodded. "You should see her when she cums, she's SO cute!" Amy said, but Liu Si made a "tch!" sound and kicked at her with her foot. *I already did* I thought but did not say. Her head bonking into the door was kind of a giveaway.

"So after we'd had all we could take from the hot tub, we staggered back inside and spent the rest of the night talking, and occasionally kissing. We didn't really DO anything else, because the hot tub wore us out, but I think we both enjoyed the closeness." Amy said, winding down.

She looked at Liu Si. "Sorry I got us caught." She looked back at Karen. "I woke up and saw her kneeling at the keyhole, and heard *you guys.* I figured out what was up, but I didn't want to miss this opportunity to really make love to her. I snuck up, laid down, scooped up, and just moved her fingers aside and stuck my tongue in her. She jumped a MILE but I was already going to town, so she let me do it. I should have asked, but I was greedy." She looked again at Liu Si. "Will you forgive me?"

Liu Si crawled out of my lap on all fours and kissed Amy gently on the lips. My cock twitched. "Meili meihao qingren. Of course I forgive you." Liu Si murmured. (beautiful, wonderful sweetheart.)

Karen wiped her forehead, but smiled. "Now tell her about the "no spying" rule. We don't like unauthorized spectators. Other than that, I think it's time for bed." She reached out to hug Liu Si, who kissed her on the cheek. "Welcome to the family, again."

Liu Si turned to me, while Amy hugged Karen in thanks. I went to hug Liu Si, who blushed and gave me a tiny shy smile. "Xie xie ni," She whispered, and also kissed me on the cheek. I kissed her cheek in

return, and she blushed even harder. "Don't worry about it." I said. "We love you."

"I love you too." She whispered, and then stood to take Amy's hand.

"Well, we're going back to bed, to sleep." Amy volunteered. "You guys try to keep it down in here." Karen blushed, but I shooed them to the door.

After shutting it, I returned to the bed. "That was unexpected." Karen said.

"Not completely." I said, unwrapping my sheet and flapping it in the air to straighten it out. "I've been seeing pieces of the puzzle for a little while now."

"Geez. Did we totally go wrong raising Amy?" Karen asked. I smiled. "We all raised each other. I think we did ok."

I climbed back in the bed, and propped my head up on my elbow. Karen cleared her throat, and blushed at me. "Thank you." She said.

"For what?" I asked easily.

"For the requests. Before the crisis, I mean." She mumbled. I grinned.

"I forgot to mention, there was one condition to me fulfilling your requests." I said, raising one eyebrow. Karen looked at me, smiling but suspicious. "Oh yeah?"

"You have to let me do it again and again and again. I want to lick your pussy every chance I get, and I want lots of chances." I growled at her. She pretended to drop her jaw in shock, but she was smiling. "Well, I don't know what to say to that, except thank you."

"I should be thanking YOU. I loved every second of it. And I think that's definitely my favorite sex position." I said, and Karen smiled warmly. "Mine too."

I looked at the clock. "There's not long before dawn. Would you do me a favor and just stay here? With me in my bed?" I asked her, and she looked delighted. "I would love to," she said, and we crawled under the covers. She snuggled up to me, spooning, her backside to my front side, and I fell asleep with my arms around her, breathing against her neck, in absolute bliss.

9 - Amy's show/Family Date Night / Playground fight

I woke up alone, which momentarily bummed me, but then I heard the shower running, and the echoing sound of Karen singing to herself (I'll Take You There by the Staples Singers) and I cheered up. Life is good.

The water shut off after a while, and Karen peeked into my room, wrapping her hair up in a towel, another towel chastely wrapped around her gorgeous frame. "Morning!" She said lightly. I grinned and stretched. Choosing to shower also, I wandered into the bathroom, to find Liu Si entering at the same time, from Amy's room. She was still dressed in a t-shirt, her hair all wild and crazy. "Sorree!" She sang, turning to leave, but I stopped her. "It's ok, you go ahead." I said.

"Will?" She asked. I turned, wiping my eye. "Yes?"

"I am very sorry about last night." She said earnestly. I waved my hands. "It's ok now, don't worry about it. Just . . . never mind, it's fine." Just don't spy on us anymore, I almost said, but that seemed mean. I'm sure she wouldn't.

"May I speak with you? After I am done in the bathroom, I mean?" She asked, shyly.

"Sure," I said. "Can I shower first, after you're done, and then we can talk?" I felt sticky and smelly and REALLY wanted that shower.

She nodded, and I stepped out and shut the door. A few minutes later, the toilet flushed, and she tapped on my door. "All done." She announced, and scurried back to her/Amy's room.

I took a good shower, although after Karen, there was less hot water than might have otherwise been the case. I made it count, and got dried off, dressing myself in jean shorts and a t-shirt.

A few minutes after I was dressed, a very gentle tap came on the door I share with Amy, and I called out. "Come in."

Liu Si came in, dressed very nicely in a tank top and a pair of knit shorts. "Hello." She said, and I smiled back at her. "Hello yourself. What did you want to talk about?" I sat on the edge of the bed, she sat in my desk chair.

"I wanted to ask about chores, and about . . . you and Karen . . . and Amy." She said, blushing at last.

Well, first things first. "Chores? Why that? You don't have any chores." I said. Damned if I was going to make her work around here, that's all she got at the restaurant. She nodded and said "But you have chores, and Karen does also, and I KNOW Amy does. You all work together to . . . make a home. I have thought about it, and I feel that if I am to live here as well, I should have some . . . responsibilities as well. I want to help. I want to . . . belong."

I just kinda sat and looked at her. She twisted her fingers and looked down. I was surprised. And also, a little impressed. "Ok. What are things you like to do? I know you don't like washing pots and dishes, or chopping cabbage." She looked up at me.

"I did not like chopping cabbage, but I think I might like to learn how to cook, actually cook. Amy brags about how Karen can cook everything, and I want to learn how to do it too. Do you think she will teach me?" Liu Si asked. I smiled. "She'd love it, I just know she would."

Liu Si smiled, and actually clapped her hands. I couldn't help but feel just as happy for her. "And if you want any other responsibilities, I'm sure Amy will share some of hers, just don't let her give you all of them. Keep it fair, but whatever you two work out is fine." I said, and she nodded again.

Now, I felt a little uneasy. "And you wanted to ask about me and Karen and Amy?" I said, my throat starting to get a little dry. Liu Si blushed and nodded. "How so?" I asked.

"How long have you been lovers?" She asked, blushing even harder. She looked up at me and I realized she wasn't ashamed, just very curious and nervous.

"Not that long, really. Less than a week." I said, and she nodded. "It seems different around the house now. Happier, warmer."

"Really?" I asked, not having thought about it. Not like we were cold and distant before, but I definitely know *I'M* happier now. Ok, yeah, I can see it.

"And . . . am *I* also expected to" She trailed off, and then just pointed from her to me, her face burning.

It took me a second, and then I was awash in freezing cold shock. "No! No, you're not expected to do anything!" I almost jumped to my feet, but didn't. "It's not like that! Karen and Amy do what they want to out of love." Geez, that would make me as bad as Kai Long!

Liu Si had her hands up placatingly. "Please forgive me. I did not mean to suggest that anything bad was happening here. And I did not think that you were going to force me to do things. I just I am sorry. I seem ungrateful. I merely wanted to know what was expected of me." She looked very contrite.

"All that I expect of you is that you be happy, that you tell us if you need anything, or if something is wrong, that you let us help you if you need it, and that you don't burn the house down." This last was said with a smile. Liu Si looked up at me with a shy smile. "Other than that, you may do as you like. We love you."

She stood and shyly walked over, where she suddenly grabbed me in a hug. I hugged her back. She smelled like cucumber mint, and it was nice. As we parted, she brushed her hair back behind her ear and smiled very prettily at me.

Amy trudged into the room, hair in a mop, wearing her shirt from yesterday, and the pink panties from last night. "Whu'd I miss?" She mumbled, stretching.

"Pants." Liu Si grinned. Amy looked down, and then cocked her hips. "Hey, you're lucky I'm wearing THIS much." Liu Si blushed and covered her face.

"But I'm glad you're both here." Amy said, turning serious. "Will, last night I told her all about *us.* You know, after we went back to bed." I nodded.

"I figured." I said. Didn't seem to be a secret any more, anyway.

"Is Karen mad? About any of it?" Amy asked, concerned.

I shook my head. "Once she realized that you were seducing Liu Si, not molesting her, she calmed way down. She was a little disappointed in you just on general principle, but she'll be cool by now. Liu Si seemed like a participant, not a victim."

Liu Si grinned, and grabbed Amy. Amy grabbed her in return. "I just didn't want you to think I didn't want you any more." She said to me. "I still love both you AND Karen, but I love her too. Is that ok?" She looked a little nervous.

"It's fine with me," I said, "although it DID come as a surprise."

"You mean SHE came and it was a surprise!" Amy laughed, at which point, Liu Si looked at her with a crafty expression.

"I'm sure it's fine with Karen too." I said. It was probably almost time for breakfast by now. "Was there anything else you wanted to talk about?"

"Oh!" Amy perked up, disentangled herself from Liu SI, and walked over to stand right in front of me. "When you saved her, I told her I was going to reward you. I told you I would invent new things to do to you."

I was already shaking my head. "And I keep telling you that you didn't have to, that I was happy to bring her home."

"Aannnnnd I told you I was going to do it anyway. Stop interrupting!" Amy snapped, but then softened. "I thought about what we could do, and I came up with this." Amy raised her hands slowly, and gracefully executed a half turn, until she was looking back at me over her shoulder. She put her hands on her hips and wiggled her pink pantied butt at me, batting her lashes.

"Butt wiggling? It IS nice." I grinned, not getting it.

Amy shook her head slowly, giving her butt a swat. "I'm not gonna wiggle it. YOU'RE going to fuck it."

My mouth went dry. Equal parts "Wow" and "uh-oh." Liu Si covered her mouth in surprise. "Uh-" I said, in shock. "How-?"

"Well, I mean, not TONIGHT, or anything, I'll have to do some practice first, but . . . I know I definitely want it. Your thumb felt incredible the other night, it was like two of my fingers. Plus, I want to give you

something that nobody else has. Lola got first kiss, Karen got first blowjob AND first sex."

"You got first handjob," I pointed out weakly, but she shook her head. "That was a BAD sexual first, because of the way I did it. I want a good one, and I want this. If you won't do it as thanks for saving my best friend, do it because I want you to do it. Please?" She stepped up close and put her arms around my neck. Morning breath damaged the sexiness of the moment, albeit not that much. "I want you to fuck my ass, big brother. Would you please?" She asked, in an innocent little girl voice, and I had a lump in my throat. And my pants.

Liu Si smiled when she heard the voice, but she was still a little shocked, especially when Amy added "Liu Si's going to help me get ready for it." Liu Si's jaw dropped, and she put her hands on her hips like *say WHAT now?*

"Pleeeeeeease?" Amy pouted, batting her lashes at me again.

"I really don't think-" I started and Amy interrupted me. "Good, then don't think, just say yes."

I cleared my throat and started again. "This is NOT a good idea. You could get hurt, bad."

"But I won't, because I'll be very careful." Amy said, calmly. "Listen, it's not going to be any time real soon, but I'm going to be practicing until I can do it." She looked me right in the eye. "I WANT this, ok? Lots of reasons." She counted off on her fingers. "It's for you, it's for me, I KNOW it feels good, because when I masturbate I can finger my butt and make myself cum from it, and I want to." She put her hand down. "And if Karen doesn't like it herself, then I'm your only chance for anal sex. I know most guys want it, right? It's in almost all of your movies. Here's your opportunity, and I don't think I should have to beg." She was starting to get annoyed.

I held up my hands. "You're completely serious?" I asked.

"One hundred percent." Amy said, her chin thrust out.

I relented. I was still a little scared of the idea, but yes, I've always wanted to try it. It's just one of those things. "Ok," I said. "I'm willing to go for it. You have to be ready, though, I mean really ready." but Amy was already celebrating.

"YES!" She whooped, jumping straight up. Liu Si just gave me a lopsided smile and shook her head in amazement. "This is gonna be SO great!" Amy crowed. She then darted in for a kiss. "Thankyouthankyouthankyou! Awesomeness!"

Any misgivings I had about taking advantage of her were gone. Amy was seriously jazzed about the idea. "I've seriously wanted to try it ever since I learned that my butt likes being fingered. I wanted to try it with the real thing!" Amy brushed her hair back out of her face, breathless with excitement.

She turned to Liu Si. "I'll need your help." Liu Si looked less than 100% committed. Amy read her expression, and tried to reassure her. "Don't worry, there won't be any poop. I know what to do." Liu Si just smiled and shook her head again. "You are crazy." She said, smiling. Amy calmed down a bit, and gave her a big hug. "I love you. Thanks for helping me."

Amy released Liu Si, and smiled huge at me. "Well, I suppose I should go get dressed, Karen's probably wondering where the heck we are." As she turned to walk towards her room, Liu Si grinned at me, and pointed to Amy like *watch this.*

Stepping up behind Amy, she deftly reached out and pinched the sides of Amy's panties, quickly yanking them to her knees, with a cry of "GOT YOU!"

Amy's cute little ass was instantly exposed, and with her panties around her knees she stumbled badly, catching herself on her hands, bent over fully, her pussy peeking at me. "Ack!" She cried, as Liu Si ran past her into their room, giggling maniacally. "YOU!"

Amy scrambled to her feet, pulling up her underwear with one hand, and gave chase. From their room came happy squeals and the sounds of cuddly violence. An aptly named throw pillow came rolling into my room and fell over.

(This by the way is now a game the two of them play. At random times, one will try to surprise the other one with a quick de-pantsing or pulling their top off or down. There will then be a quick foot chase, and some brutal tickling or pillow-whopping. The other day at the library, Amy was back in the stacks with Liu Si, who was wearing a polo shirt and a pleated denim skirt. Amy pointed to a book on a high shelf behind Liu Si, and when she turned to reach for it, Amy yanked the denim skirt straight up to Liu Si's armpits. Nobody saw it, but they DID get shushed at for making noise. A few days later, they were at the mall, and while Amy was trying on some new jeans, Liu Si managed to get ALL of the pants out of the dressing room. Karen found them, a red-faced Amy with her head sticking out the door trying to get Liu Si to bring them back, and Liu Si calmly hanging everything on hangers about fifteen feet away, including the shorts Amy had worn to the store. Needless to say, that game got limited to the house ONLY, never in public.)

Breakfast was good, and before long the truck called for better directions to deliver the new bed and dresser. For convenience's sake, we just told them Mrs. Klemp's address, and I drove the tractor and cart out to meet them there. I parked behind the house, and when the truck got there, I just had them lean the stuff against the side of the garage. Lola's car was gone, so I just called the house and left a message on the machine. "We love you! Come see us when you can!" I thought for a moment. "Call ahead!"

I balanced a few boxes on the tractor cart, and set off slowly for the house. I figured the front door would be easiest, so I unloaded on the front porch. I rounded up Amy and Liu Si, since it was for them after all, and got them to open up the boxes of bed parts and start carrying them upstairs. When I got back with the dresser box, I had them leave that one alone, figuring ONE piece of furniture spread all over the room was enough.

The mattress and the box springs were last (and biggest) and it took all four of us to navigate them upstairs, where we left them in the hallway. I put the tractor away, and Amy and Liu Si got her old bed stripped, and the mattress downstairs into the living room. We got her old bed apart, and the girls started getting it into the basement, while I began the construction of her new bed.

Karen had the foresight to get a queen bed set when we had been clothes shopping for Liu Si, so we

had dolphin-print sheets for it when I (finally) got it together, at which point we stopped for a late lunch. It was then that Amy dropped the bomb on Karen about the anal sex.

"You want to WHAT?!" Karen said in shock. "Amy!"

Amy held up her hands. "Calm down. We've already talked about this. It's cool."

Karen put her elbow on the table, her chin in her hand, and just looked at Amy. Amy met her gaze without hesitation. "I WANT this." Karen sighed.

"I just feel like if I don't try to keep you from jumping into things, you're going to get yourself killed." Karen said. Amy got defensive. "Not by Will! He'd never do anything to hurt me. Stop acting like I'm running naked into a frat house with "Screw me" written on my chest."

"Don't get angry." Karen said, "I just meant that some of the things you've already told me about are going to be dangerous for you, and you could get hurt. Will is not going to fit in your butt, just like he doesn't fit in your vagina."

"I'm going to take plenty of practice, until I'm good and ready. Hu Die is going to help." Liu Si looked ever so slightly nauseated, but bravely gave a thumb's up anyway. "Using that thumb, in fact." Amy continued, at which Liu Si looked at her thumb, made a face, and then giggled.

Karen looked at me. "And what do YOU have to say for yourself?"

I cleared my throat and spoke. "She convinced me first, that she really wants it, and second, that she'll be safe and clean. You saw how she went crazy the other night when it was just the tip of my thumb. I believe her. She wants me to do it. It wasn't my idea, but I'll participate."

"Well, don't think *I'm* going to want the same thing." Karen said. "Because I don't."

I shook my head. "I wasn't going to ask. I'm thrilled with what I already have, I'm not going to push for something you don't want."

Seemingly mollified, Karen relaxed a bit. "Just promise me that everyone will be totally careful, please?" She said, looking from me to Amy. Amy held up her hand like Scout's Honor, and I nodded.

We went back to eating. The silence stretched. Liu Si slurped her soda, and Karen put down her sandwich with a plop. "Am I a prude?" She asked, looking at us. "Am I no fun?"

Memories of our amazing sex last night flashed instantly through my head. "No way. Why?"

Karen rubbed her forehead. "I just suddenly realize how shrewish I sounded, like I was scolding both of you."

Amy reached out and touched Karen's other hand. "I didn't take it that way. You're just looking out for me. I know it's because you care."

Karen smiled at her, and took Amy's hand in hers. "I just don't want you to get hurt, and it sounded dangerous to me."

"I knew how you meant it. If you didn't care about me, then you wouldn't say stuff. I love you. I like when you watch out for me." Amy said, and raised Karen's hand to where she could kiss it. "Don't ever stop, ok? I might not always agree, but I know it means you love me."

"Ok, good." Karen said, relaxing. "Now finish your vegetables."

Liu Si snorted laughter, and I grinned, because the only thing on our plates that could be considered vegetables was the ruffled potato chips we were eating. Amy stuck out her tongue, and then laughed.

We all ate our vegetables, and then got back to work. The dresser was ridiculous, and if you followed the directions exactly, you'd install the drawer sliders upside down. Luckily, I had Liu Si to translate from the chinese, because the english directions were badly screwed up. On the one line where it was talking about using a screwdriver, not a drill, because the screw would go too far and punch out the top of the dresser, it literally said "Not to Twist abundantly!"

Finally, I got the dresser together, glue and all, and it was time for supper. I went into the kitchen and just put my arms around Karen. She gave me a happy "Mmmmm" and continued stirring the mac & cheese. I put my head on her shoulder and sighed happily. "I don't like furniture any more." I mumbled, and she laughed gently.

Amy came into the kitchen, having been in the basement with Liu Si, wedging the last of her old bed parts back in the corner. "We'll make it up to you, how's that? Super backrub and hand massage after supper, me and Liu Si both."

"I have to rub both of you?" I said, in mock dismay. Karen snickered. Amy just swatted me as she walked past. "I also wanted some more blow job practice, if that's ok with you."

Why wouldn't it be ok? I thought, but said "What's Liu Si going to do while you're doing me?" I released Karen and leaned on the counter. Amy leaned on the other side of the kitchen island, facing us. Liu Si walked in, brushing her hair back from her forehead, and leaned next to Amy.

"I was going to do it when she takes her shower." Amy said. "We talked about bathroom schedules earlier today while you were putting the bed together. Liu Si's going to bathe at 8:30 or nine." Karen usually took her showers at night, around ten, and I usually took mine in the mornings. Amy just did whatever Amy wanted, sometimes not bathing for a couple days. I took this hopefully as a sign she was going to start bathing more often. (Love ya, Amy, but everybody needs to bathe regularly. -W.) (>:-P -A.)

"So can I?" Amy purred. "It's been three days since I had it in my mouth, and I'm dyin' here." Liu Si blushed.

"I'll see what I can do." I smiled, but Amy corrected me. "No you'll see what *I* can do."

Liu Si turned and quietly whispered something into Amy's ear. "Liu Si wants to know if she can stay and watch." Amy said immediately. Liu Si gasped, turned bright red, punched Amy on the shoulder, hard,

and ducked out of sight below the counter in embarrassment. Karen covered her mouth, trying not to laugh. Amy grinned fearlessly at me. I sighed.

I quickly walked around the kitchen island to find Liu Si sitting on her heels, covering her face, her hair hanging down around her like a curtain. I leaned down and said "Pssst!" One eye peeked at me. I held out my hand with a gentle smile, and she slowly brushed her hair back, took my hand and stood, where she punched Amy's shoulder again, softer this time.

"You can stay." I said. "If you want to watch Amy and me, you don't have to hide."

"You know we're doing it," Amy said with a shrug, "Excluding you now would just be mean."

"I was told you had a no spying rule, so I was not sure if you would let me. That is why I WHISPERED to Amy." Liu Si said, giving Amy a dirty look.

"When we're doing stuff together, watching is allowed, as long as we KNOW you're watching." Karen said. "Then, it's usually ok." She put chopped-up keilbasa in with the macaroni. "It's the sneaking and spying that isn't cool. When you think you have privacy and you don't, then that's not a good feeling." She turned and gave Liu Si a little smile. "But if you want to watch her with Will tonight, then that's ok with me."

Liu Si smiled, still blushing. "Thank you." She said, in a tiny voice.

"Besides, I'm going to be watching tonight too." Karen said. "I've gotta learn how she does that." Amy just bounced up and down and grinned.

As I got drinks and cups out for supper, my inner chaos was belied by my calm exterior. Sex in front of an acknowledged audience? *shivers down spine* I couldn't tell if I was excited or worried.

We ate dinner, which was salad and keilbasa macaroni & cheese, before we headed into the living room. It was at dinner that I learned that Liu Si liked hot sauce. I usually put some on certain things, but she applied it liberally to her mac & cheese. She used about three times what I would have put on, but she seemed to enjoy it immensely.

We drifted into the living room, where Amy and Liu Si had me remove my shoes, socks, and shirt, and lay face down on the rug. Amy produced a bottle of lotion, and she and Liu Si both got their hands moist. They began at my feet, kneading each foot, working their way up to my ankles, then my calves, then my thighs, each girl working on one leg by herself. It felt great.

When they got to the top of my leg, the beginning of my buttocks, Amy straddled my butt and started on my lower back, while directing Liu Si to start on my hands. An erection began to grow. While Amy's hands began kneading the muscles of my back, her weight pressing my pelvis into the floor, Liu Si scooped up and began caressing my left hand, gently rubbing each finger, rolling each knuckle a little left and right, just loosening up my joints. I propped my chin on my other hand and watched her as she concentrated on her work.

After a few moments, she looked up and saw me watching her, and blushed a smile. "You have very

strong hands." She said, ducking her head. I grinned at her, and went to speak but right that second Amy got something in my back to crack loudly, and I winced and gasped instead.

"Got it!" Amy said to herself, and then addressed Liu Si. "His hands *are* really strong, you should play Treasure with him." I had almost completely forgotten about it, but Treasure was the name of a game Amy and I used to play when she was like 3, where I would put a quarter in my hand and make a fist, and if she could pry my fingers off of it and get it out, she could have it. We would play until I ran out of quarters, or one of us got mad.

Liu Si held my hand in both of hers and kneaded my palm with her thumbs. It was very nice. She was still blushing a little, but kept an eye on me to make sure I was still enjoying it. I was.

Amy had reached the middle of my back, and stretched out her legs along mine, holding herself up with her arms, using her weight to push and massage my muscles. Liu Si moved up my arm, rubbing my forearm and bicep, which I flexed under her fingers once or twice. Soon, she had moved back down to my hand, palm down this time, and was gently rubbing the back of my hand with her thumbs. She asked Amy a question in chinese. I could hear Amy's smile. "Sure, if you want to." Amy said. Liu Si quickly bent down and kissed the back of my hand. I almost jumped. Liu Si quickly scooped over to my right and tapped her finger on the rug right in front of her knees. I switched hands, and she started again on my right. Good times.

I slowly melted into the rug. Karen drifted in from the kitchen, and sat at my side, her knees tucked under her sideways. "He looks relaxed." She said approvingly.

"I could go to sleep right here." I mumbled.

Amy still laying on me, massaging my neck muscles at this point, stopped and tapped me on the back of the head. "You better not! Parts of you have to be awake for this."

"Don't worry." I said. "All present and accounted for." My penis was at about 60%, hard enough to feel, but not so much that being bent made it hurt. "Good." Amy said firmly, and then kissed the back of my neck. Zing! 80%, starting to hurt. I shifted a little. "Umm, I need to readjust it."

"No, I think you just need to roll over." Amy said smugly. "I'm ready if you are."

Moment Of Truth time. Amy got off of me, Liu Si released my hand after another quick kiss, and I rolled over onto my back. My bulge was quite prominent, much to Amy and Karen's interest. Liu Si moved from out of my field of vision, to way over by the ottoman, where she sat with her knees pressed together. Karen motioned her over. "You don't need to be so far away, honey." She pointed to the floor next to me, opposite from herself. Liu Si blushed, nervously crept over and sat, demurely on her knees, although still about four feet away

"I'm not sure how much I've got, as far as stamina goes." I said, not sure how to phrase it. "I've unloaded both the past two nights."

"BOTH the past two nights?" Amy said, surprised. Karen cleared her throat politely. "Um, the night he brought Liu Si home, I made sure to thank him." Amy gave her a thumb's up, and an evil grin. "Excellent

work!"

Amy tapped my ankles, pushing them a little apart, and I spread my legs. She scooched up to kneel between my knees, and looked down at me. "Are you ready? You're going to be my visual aid for Deep Throat class."

"Is this going to be on the test?" I joked weakly, and Amy grabbed my bulge. "No, but this is!"

She stuck her tongue out in concentration as she unbuttoned my jeans and unzipped my fly. Nothing much else happened, as my dick was already down my left pant leg, and too hard to pull out through my zipper. "I was hoping it would pop out, but it's already stuck!" She laughed, and tugged on my shorts. I lifted up my hips, and she shucked them (my shorts, not my hips) to my knees. Then, she lunged forward, putting her hands alongside my hips, and used both her legs like a donkey to kick the pants down to my ankles. It was a pretty good trick., and both Karen and I were impressed. "Ta-DA!" Amy sang.

My erection was (just barely) shrouded by my briefs (ran out of clean boxers that morning) and was clearly rarin' to go. Amy fluttered her eyelashes at me, and said "And now, the star of our show . . ." and pulled my briefs down. There it was, a happy erection, eight inches at least, twitching gently with my heartbeat.

Amy grasped the base of it, and gently tilted it back and forth, back and forth, like the World's Dirtiest Metronome. Her hand felt warm, and very good. "Ladiiiiiies and gentleman, before your *very* eyes, I will *once* again attempt to successfully navigate this giant cock *all* the way down my tender throat, milking it until it explodes in creamy splendor!" Amy cried, apparently enjoying being the center of attention. Karen sighed, but laughed. Liu Si was agog. "Hounianmayue!" She gasped. (Impossible!)

"No, it's not impossible, I did it before." Amy reassured her, dropping the carnival barker act. "I practiced for years, with popsicles, carrots, any food that was long and hard enough to suppress my gag reflex. Those big candy canes, too."

"But it looks . . ." Liu Si broke off, and looked at me guiltily, aware I was watching. " . . . guoda." She finished. She winced and held up her fingers an inch apart. "Lingrenhaipade." (Too big) and (a little scary)

Amy shook her head. "Mei far. It's neither of those things. What it IS, is meihao. You'll see." (No way) and (wonderful)

I missed most of that exchange, not speaking chinese, but I was too busy being dumb and happy. There wasn't enough blood in my brain at that point to think anything other than "Yay!"

"But how do you get it past your throat so far?" Karen asked, watching closely.

"Well, first you get it good and wet. Which reminds me, find your last Adam & Eve catalog and get us some flavored lubricant." Amy ordered me. "It'll make everything I want to do SO much easier. I got K/Y for my butt, but that stuff's not edible. A little Passionfruit Passion would make everything way more fun, and less work." She released my cock, and scooched down until she was laying between my legs.

Cupping my balls with both hands, she began licking from my balls all the way up the underside of my cock, until she got to the head. Big, wide juicy licks. I was in heaven. Something about getting my balls licked just makes me feel like I'm floating weightlessly.

She licked her fingers until they were shiny and wet, and then grasped the head of my cock, bending it over and licking up the sides, both left and right. Her other hand was busy cradling and rolling my testicles. It felt Grrrrreeeat!

"And then once it's wet enough, you just force it down your throat. The hard part is first when it goes past your tongue and hits the back of your throat, it may not want to bend, so you should try to get your throat as straight as possible, you've seen how sword swallows do it, with their heads way back?" Amy purred, stroking me gently with her hand. Karen nodded.

"But since he's laying on the floor, it's going to be hard for me to get my throat like that, so this really will be more of a workout than if he were upright and I was kneeling or something." Amy stated, but then smiled lovingly at me. "Besides, practice makes perfect." She kissed the side of my dick, right on my circumcision scar. "I'm going to do some regular blowjob stuff first, so you don't get bored, then I'm going to really go for it."

"I could never get bored of this, any of this." I said sincerely. She smiled at me. "Good." and went to work.

Whatever Amy may lack in practice, or technique, (which is not to say she lacks anything, but she IS new at this. Hell, so am I.) she more than makes up for in enthusiasm. Both hands stroking, tongue fluttering, plenty of attention to the balls, it's like a juggling act, and I've got the best seat in the house. Little happy growls, sighs, slurps, it is a feast for all senses, except perhaps smell.

Karen watched with an appreciative eye, but I could see the whites of Liu Si's eyes in my peripheral vision. She was obviously rooted to the spot, watching her best friend (and lover) delightedly sucking my straining erection.

After that point, I just kind of had tunnel vision, only able to see Amy working my dick, both Karen and Liu Si just fading out of my awareness. Amy continued to play, and suck, and kiss, and fondle, and I was completely at her mercy, loving every second of it. After a few glorious minutes of this, she stopped, cleared her throat, and gave me a nod. "Here goes." She said, and sucked me in about three or four inches.

Wiggling her tongue on the sensitive underside of my cock, she pulled off again. "After this, I won't be able to talk much, because once I get started, it's easier to keep going and not stop." She looked at Karen, who was spellbound. "I also find it easier if I keep swallowing, because it kinda fools my throat." Amy looked at me next. "Also, my eyes are going to be watering like crazy, and it may look like I'm crying, but I'm not, ok? Don't get worried. If I'm having trouble, or in pain or something, I would stop. As long as I'm doing it, I'm loving it, remember that." I nodded. She shifted up onto her knees, much closer, and then positioned herself so she was coming straight down at it, rather than in at an angle.

Amy cleared her throat again, and sucked me into her mouth about five inches. She slid off about two, and then pushed back down. I could feel the end of my cock hitting the back of her throat, but she shut

her eyes, pushed down even harder, and with a silent but very tactile *pop*, it had slipped past it. Her eyes began watering immediately, silent tears leaking from under her closed eyelids, glittering on her eyelashes before they either trickled down her nose or fell onto my skin. I could feel my erection bending as it made the turn from her mouth to her throat, but it wasn't unpleasant.

She pulled off until I was back in her mouth again, out of her throat, and took a deep breath through her nose. She let it out, took another one, and went right back down on me. I could feel her throat muscles massaging my length as she swallowed, again and again. It was amazing. Slow and careful, but amazing.

Her left hand gripped the base of my erection, her right hand cradled my testicles, not rolling them or squeezing them, but just holding them gently, as she forced my cock deeper and deeper into her throat. I was in heaven all over again.

After a minute, she slipped back off most of the way for another few deep breaths, but then she went alllllll the way down, her nose brushing my pubic hair, until it touched my pelvis. Tears positively coursed down from her eyes, shut tight in concentration. She let go of my balls and just ground it up and down, about three inches, my cock fucking deep into her throat with each thrust, her muscles milking me as she swallowed. I was right on the brink in almost no time, I just couldn't believe how good it felt. It was like last night when Karen was cumming, her pussy squeezing me tight as it spasmed through her climax. Amy's throat felt like a pussy at full blast orgasm, and I was rocketing towards my own.

Karen tapped me on the arm silently, and I almost jumped, having completely forgotten that Amy and I were not alone in the room. When I struggled to focus on her, she was pointing past me, her eyes alight, silently mouthing the word "look!" I turned to look, and saw Liu Si.

Liu Si was still kneeling about four feet away, but whereas before she was paying close attention, now she was not. Her left hand was up her shirt, rubbing her right nipple, and her right hand was down the front of her knit shorts. She had her head back, her mouth open, her eyes about half closed, and she was rocking gently back and forth, lost in her own little world of sexual ecstasy. It was adorable, and completely hot. I felt my testicles draw up, and knew I was done for.

"Amy!" I grunted, starting to shake. "I'm . . . I'm . . . AAAhhhhhh!"

I came so hard it was like my whole pelvis moved. Amy quickly withdrew until my cock was just in her mouth, and I could hear the breath whistling in and out of her nose, interrupted only by her occasional swallow, as I helplessly pumped squirt after squirt of hot seed into her mouth.

"MMMmmmMMMmmmmMMMmmm" She growled, stroking all of me that wasn't currently being licked by her tongue. My body began to calm, and the tremors stopped.

I heard a thump, and looked over to see Liu Si, now bent forward, propped up with her left hand, her right still busy between her legs. Her head hung down, and her hair blocked any view of her face, but I could tell from the little gasps she began making that she was right about to hit her own orgasm, or at least was damn close. Her whimpers must have caught Amy's attention, because there was a momentary hesitation in her slow stroking. I looked down, to see Amy, her eyes open at last, wiping the tears out of her eyes and looking in surprise at Liu Si, all with about two inches of me still in her mouth.

Amy snapped her fingers at Karen, and then quickly pointed to Liu Si and then her own eyes once or twice. In a moment, Karen understood. "LIU SI, LOOK AT AMY!" Karen called, loud enough to get through to her. Liu Si struggled to comply, and then Amy took her mouth off my cock and went "Ahhhhhhh!" showing Liu Si a mouthful of my cum. Liu Si's eyes widened, rolled upwards, and with a cry, Liu Si came. Pretty hard, too.

She lost her balance and just sort of slumped to the floor, rocking all the way forward on her knees, her feet now pointing straight up into the air. She was still laying on her right hand, but her whole body shook as she gasped and whimpered through her climax. Amy quickly swallowed my cum, kissed my cock, and jumped to her feet.

She ran over to Liu Si, and lay down next to her, putting her arms around her, and held her until her body was calm again. Liu Si gasped for breath, and weakly pushed her hair out of her face. She murmured something to Amy, who shushed her. "Nonsense! I'm glad you enjoyed it too." She kissed Liu Si's forehead. "Give me your hand for a second."

Liu Si held up her right hand, still visibly wet, and Amy began licking it, sucking on the fingers, cleaning it off. Liu Si sighed with satisfaction.

Karen meanwhile, had gotten up, and was just now seating herself between my legs. I looked down in surprise, but she smiled reassuringly and waved her hand. "Relax, I'm just helping with cleanup." She leaned forward and licked my cock clean, sucking gently at the tip to make sure it was empty. "I didn't get any this time, so I call next, whenever you're recovered, I mean."

"I love you." was all I could say. She gave me a gorgeous smile. "And *I* love you. I think Amy's got me beat in the oral sex department. I don't think I'll be able to do it like that any time soon, but I'll try."

I shook my head weakly. "It's not a contest. I love just being with you, so how you do it isn't so important." My dick was starting to calm down, and Karen rubbed it softly, also rubbing my thighs and my stomach, until my erection was fading, and I was once again relaxed.

Amy was still holding Liu Si, and it struck me as funny that she had made love to me, but was cuddling with someone else. No hard feelings, of course.

The phone rang. "PHONE!" Amy yelled, making Liu Si giggle.

Karen jumped up and got the cordless, answering it while she walked back into the living room. "Hello? Hi, Lola!" She sat next to me. "No, we're just-" she reached over to tickle my still exposed penis "-hanging out." I lurched and pulled up my underwear, which made her pout.

"SURE you could. We'd love to see you. How soon?" She blinked, and looked at me. "Ok, we'll be here. Love you, see you soon." and hung up.

"Lola's coming over. You two go wash your hands, and fix your clothes." Karen said, and Liu Si and Amy straggled to their feet and ran off upstairs. She patted me on the thigh. "Can you get yourself to the couch?" she smiled at me.

"I'll manage somehow." I grinned, and hoisted myself up. I made it to the couch, where I collapsed, still all warm and fuzzy. Karen went out to the kitchen, and returned with a pack of doublemint gum and a glass of iced tea, which she handed me. I accepted it gratefully. "I thought you might need to replenish your fluids." She said with a grin.

"Lola was calling me from her house, so any minute now." Karen said, sitting on the couch and leaning against me, one leg folded underneath herself. She toyed with the pack of gum. "So do you like that better?" she asked, looking up at me. I blinked.

"What, the throat thing? It's really good, but so is everything else we've done." I said. "Each time we make love, it's wonderful and amazing."

She nodded, turning the gum package over and over in her fingers. "I know you said it's not a contest, but that was rather impressive, and I wasn't sure if I could do it like she did."

"You don't have to. In fact, I'm glad we've all got different things we like or want to try. I think if you had the same thing every time, even sex could get boring." I leaned over and kissed her. "Besides, we'll always have the missionary position."

She smiled and bit her lower lip, eyes sparkling.

Amy trooped downstairs, looking very pleased with herself. Karen tossed her the pack of gum. "Here, chew one real quick."

"Huh?" Amy asked. "Why?"

"Your breath." Karen said. "What's the last thing you had in your mouth?"

"Um, Liu Si's fingers." Amy grinned and blushed.

"And before that?" Karen asked, arching one eyebrow.

"Will's . . .ok." Amy tore into the pack and put a piece in her mouth. "Can't have cum and pussy breath, can I?" I winced, but Amy laughed. I quickly drank more iced tea.

Liu Si came down the stairs quietly, just as we heard a knock on the glass doors in the kitchen. (bong bong bong) "I'll get it!" Amy announced, and skipped into the kitchen. Liu Si walked over towards us, blushing.

"Hello." She said meekly. Karen smiled and held her arms open. "C'mere. Hugs."

She fell into Karen's arms and squeezed her in return. I heard the back door open, and Amy welcoming Lola. "Get your butt in here, you!"

When Liu Si and Karen parted, I held my arms out also. Liu Si practically glowed as she hugged me. I kissed her ear and murmured "Thank you for the massage. Did you have fun?"

She nodded enthusiastically with a wide-eyed smile. Brushing her hair back with one finger, she fetched a pillow from one of the chairs and sat in front of the couch, next to Karen.

Lola duck-walked into the living room, hampered by Amy clinging to her. "Look who I found!" Amy said.

Lola laughed. "I might have to see a doctor and get this removed." She said patting Amy on the head. Amy pouted.

Lola was wearing slacks, and a white blouse with ruffled sleeves and a lace collar. A gold hoop strung with polished stones hung on a chain around her neck. She looked a little tired, but happy to be there. Amy released her and motioned her down, like she was going to tell her a secret. When Lola leaned down, Amy kissed her on the cheek. Lola's jaw dropped in surprise, and Amy laughed. "I stole a kiisssss," She sang, and ran over to where Liu Si was sitting, plopping down next to her. Liu Si gave her a look, but couldn't keep a straight face.

"You guys are so cute!" Lola said, and moved like she was going to sit somewhere else, but Karen said "Psst!" and scooped over, pointing at the couch between me and her. Lola blushed and came over. "I wasn't going to make you move, but if I can, I'd LOVE to sit right there."

She sat gently between us, and leaned back slowly, closing her eyes and sighing happily. "Today was a long day, and then when I get home, there's an invitation on my answering machine. Just what I needed."

Karen offered to make Amy go get her something to drink, but she declined politely. She blinked down at Amy. "That's so cute!" She said, at which point Amy blinked and shot me a blank look. "Your toenails!" Lola said, and Amy looked down. The remnants of her rainbow toenail polish were visible.

Amy looked up and grinned. "Yeah! Want us to do you?" She wiggled her eyebrows, but Lola reacted in mild shock. "No way, I've been wearing shoes all day, my feet are nasty!"

Amy shrugged. "So? Go run some water in the bathtub and stick your feet under it until you feel good about it, and we'll paint your toenails for you. Come onnnnnnn." She grabbed Lola's knee and shook her leg.

Lola laughed, paused, and thought about it. "It's been years since I painted my toenails."

Karen smiled. "It'll be fun."

Liu Si grinned, and Amy spoke up again. "I'll do one, and Hu Die will do one, come on." Lola looked like she wanted to object more, but loosened up. "Ok, you've convinced me. I'll go wash off." She climbed to her feet and walked over by the chair where she had set her purse. She kicked off her shoes and stood barefoot. "Man, it feels good just like that. I've been on these feet all day."

Amy was helping Liu Si to her feet. "We'll get the polish, you get washed up." And the two girls took off.

"Can't believe I'm doing this," Lola mumbled, and walked gingerly out of the living room, heading for the

downstairs bathroom. Karen got up and walked out as well, returning moments later with an old bath towel, which she spread out on the floor where Lola was sitting.

Moments later, Amy and Liu Si came back downstairs, each holding several bottles of nail polish. When Lola returned, they had her sit, and then each one started on a foot. "Don't move." Amy instructed.

Lola reached out and held hands with me and Karen both. "How are you guys doing? Do you need anything?" She looked at us both. "Liu Si fitting in ok?"

"You have NO idea." Amy piped up. "She's perfect."

Liu Si sighed happily, and kept painting.

"We're good." I said. "How about you?"

Lola shrugged her shoulders. "I could sure use more of you guys in my day. I had a crazy idea today, and wanted to run it by you."

"Go for it," Karen said.

"I know Mom used to cook for you twice a week, and lately it dropped to once a week. I wanted to restore that tradition, but since I don't cook as well as she did, I wanted to know if I could take you all OUT to dinner twice a week." Lola said. "Or at least bring you take-out or something. You wouldn't have to work so hard," here she looked at Karen, "and it would make me feel like I'm contributing something, instead of just being a name on some papers. You guys do more for me than I do for you, and I want to change that."

Karen waved her hand gently, like "forget it," but Lola was serious. "I mean it. You guys always cheer me up and recharge me, and all I did was bring pizza and Mountain Dew once. I owe you."

"We're not keeping score." I said, and she turned to me. "*I* am," she said.

"Well, don't." Amy said, preoccupied, painting Lola's middle toenail a vivid blue.

"We'll gladly go out to dinner with you if you like, but don't feel like you owe us anything, or that you're not already contributing." I said, squeezing her hand.

"We like just having you around." Karen smiled. "That's great just as it is."

Lola opened her mouth and then closed it. "You guys are so great." She sighed. "So you'll go to dinner with me?"

"It's a date!" Amy chirped, and Liu Si went "oooooOOOOOOooo." and giggled.

"We just have to be home by 4am," Karen joked.

"Actually, since school's out, and we're not doing dance or karate this summer, we could stay up as late

as we want." I said.

"Ooh! Midnight bowling!" Amy cheered. "Do people really do that?" Liu Si asked. Amy shrugged. "Sure."

Lola laughed. "That might be a fun idea, I haven't been bowling in years. Although, bowling alleys always seemed kind of . . . seedy."

"There's a nice one over in (other local town.) They have go-karts, laser tag, mini golf, and an arcade." Karen said, patting Lola's hand. "It's kinda new, so it hasn't had a chance to get gross yet."

It was all news to me. "Where did you hear about it?"

She shrugged and looked down. "Amanda Preston had her birthday party there last year. I heard about it at school because she put two balloons under her shirt and said "Guess who I am? I like to pretend I'm not like my mother!" She made a face.

"Maybe it wasn't supposed to be you." Lola said, looking stricken.

"No, she made sure I got told about it, so . . . there you are." Karen shrugged, but then made herself smile. "Screw her."

I stroked Lola's hand. "Anyway, we'd be delighted to go out with you. I have to warn you, we don't kiss on the first date."

"Yes we do!" Amy piped up, grabbing a new bottle of nail polish. Liu Si giggled.

Lola smiled. "I'm glad. It'll definitely help me feel like I'm doing more than just eating your food and getting pampered here."

"What's wrong with that? We like it." Karen said. "You're family, after all."

Lola sighed. "You guys are so great. I've got to be the luckiest - " She looked down at Amy and Liu Si and burst out laughing. They both looked up at her sudden outburst, and then at each other in surprise.

Karen saw it first. "Her toenails!" She gasped, covering her mouth.

I looked down and saw that while Amy had been doing each toenail a solid color, Liu Si had been doing stripes. "Oh no!" Liu Si cried, and Amy just slumped. Lola caught her breath and wiggled her toes. "Whoops!" She laughed again.

"We will fix it!" Liu Si said, but Lola shook her head. "No way. This is one-of-a-kind nail painting." She calmed down a bit, and smiled warmly at them both. "This is just fine. I mean it." She sighed.

"Want us to autograph it for you?" Amy asked, and Lola chuckled again. "Sure."

When they had each painted their last nail, Amy took red and made a tiny, clumsy AH on Lola's big toe. Liu Si took black and painted the chinese character for her name on the big toe of the foot she was

doing. They blew on her toes to dry them, which apparently tickled.

Lola was quite pleased with the final result. "I love it! Every time I see my toenails, I'll think of you two cuties. Normally, I don't like to let anyone touch my feet, but that was kinda nice."

"Sorry we messed it up." Amy said apologetically. Lola nudged her with her (solid colored) foot. "Stop apologizing. I love it."

"So where are you taking us first?" Karen smiled at Lola, biting her lower lip.

"Someplace dressy! Like Will could wear one of his suits and Hu Die could wear her new dress!" Amy clapped her hands, but Karen shook her head. "Not anywhere too expensive."

Lola squeezed Karen's hand. "Don't worry about how expensive it is, I don't." She looked at Amy. "Well, that rules out Burger Box."

Amy blushed. "I just meant it would be nice to look nice when we go out."

"How about The Olive Garden?" Lola asked. "You can dress nice there and not look out of place."

"Sweet!" Amy cheered. Sounded good to me, too. It was agreed.

"So when?" Karen asked. "How about tomorrow night?" Lola suggested. "About sixish?"

"Sounds good." I said.

Liu Si quietly asked Amy "Do they grow olives there?" Amy laughed. "No, did you guys grow dragons? It's the name of a restaurant company. They have spaghetti and soup and breadsticks and stuff."

I shifted sideways, pulling my left leg underneath me, and stretching my right leg over across near Lola's feet. I was starting to get a little sleepy (must have been from the giant cumshot earlier) but I was trying to hide it.

Lola and Karen started talking about finding homes for the rest of the cats, and Amy and Liu Si started painting their own fingernails. I just kinda settled back against the arm of the couch, and just closed my eyes for a second.

I opened my eyes and everyone was talking in hushed tones. Amy was facing towards me, and spoke louder. "Hey, sleepy!"

"Long day, huh?" Lola asked me. Karen was laying against her, resting her head on Lola's shoulder, and Amy was leaning back against her legs.

"I wasn't asleep." I said, clearing my throat and trying to sit up straighter.

"You were snoring." Liu Si grinned. "And how else would you explain this?" She pointed at my right foot, which had been on the floor. My toenails were now a bright array of candy colors. Dammit.

Lola laughed and said "Uh, oh!"

Karen was less amused. "You guys! I didn't know you were doing that!"

Amy and Liu Si just high-fived and giggled adorably, clearly very pleased with themselves. How could I be mad at TWO girls so cute? I sighed, and smiled. "Ok, maybe I was a little bit asleep."

"Those colors do look good on you," Lola laughed, and reached out to take my hand. "I'm glad you're not afraid of your feminine side."

If I had a feminine side, I'd probably have found a way to have sex with it, I thought to myself. I stretched, and my neck cracked, loud. Everybody winced. "How long was I asleep?" I asked. The clock said 10:30 "Geez, it must have been a while."

"I WOULD love to stay, but I have to go feed the cats and get some sleep." Lola said reluctantly. "I love you guys, I mean it."

Amy and Karen both got up and helped her stand, hauling on her arms with exaggerated effort. Liu Si stood and scooped up the pillows she and Amy had sat on. I unfolded my left leg, which was asleep, and got to my feet. Pins and needles OUCH.

We all took turns hugging Lola, much to her satisfaction. "Mmmmmm." She said when it was my turn at last. "I swear you're all going to make me cuddly. I wasn't like this when I moved here, but now I'm addicted."

"We'll keep it coming." I promised. Amy slapped a hand over her mouth and turned red. Karen swatted her half-heartedly.

As I released Lola, Amy regained her composure and took Liu Si's hand in an unconscious gesture. Liu Si had a shy little satisfied smile. "Goodnight." Amy said, and Liu Si added "Joi Gin." they headed off upstairs.

Karen and I walked with Lola into the kitchen. "We'll pick you up tomorrow at six?" I asked. "I think we can all fit in the Mustang."

Lola looked at me gratefully. "Whoops, didn't think of that, good idea."

She shouldered her purse and we both kissed her on the cheek. She gave a happy, tired little wriggle, and we all said goodnight.

As Karen and I turned off lights and headed upstairs, she asked me. "Do you want more tonight? Or did Amy drain you?"

I was actually pretty tired, and didn't feel that motivated for sex right then. "I'm pretty good, how about you?"

She waved her hand. "I'll save up for next time. I've got you next, after all." She grinned at me, but then stepped in and kissed me lightly on the lips. "Get some rest."

I headed into my room, shucked off my clothes, and went to bed. Ahhhhhhhhhhh.

When we all awoke the next morning, other than throwing in some laundry, most of the day was spent in excited preparation for going out with Lola. We hadn't actually been out to dinner in a while, and especially not anywhere that wasn't fast food.

Amy and Liu Si took a shower (together, I later found out) and Karen got her good dress (which thankfully still fit) out of the back of her closet.

I shaved again, and made sure my shoes were nice and shiny. They still didn't match the suit, but I at least wanted to make sure it looked like I was trying. I had forgotten about my toenails being painted (I never look down there) until it came time to put socks on. I made a mental note to get some nail polish remover and remove this graffiti.

Immediately, it seemed, it was almost six. We assembled in the kitchen.

I was wearing my second suit with the best-matching tie. Not much to say there, but Karen and Amy looked happy when they saw me, so I guess it was cool.

Karen was wearing her hair up, with pearl drop earrings and a triple strand of seed pearls, in whatever that necklace style is where they twist around like a rope. The pale cream dress she was wearing had a knee-length, close fitting skirt, not the poofy kind, with three quarter sleeves and a medium neckline. She was wearing white hose and low heel pumps that matched her dress. She looked bright and summery.

Liu Si had on her new party dress, which was a black velvety-looking material with little blue and silver flowers embroidered all over it. It was sleeveless, with a mid-calf length skirt. She had her hair back in a blue satin ribbon, with a blue beaded necklace, and she was wearing the white seashell bracelet Amy had given her the first time they met. Her ears were not pierced, so she had no earrings. White socks and shiny new mary janes completed her ensemble.

Amy had a lacy white blouse over a forest green, ankle-length skirt that swirled and waved every time she moved, as if it were silk or some other light material. Tiny butterfly earrings sparkled from her earlobes, which were plainly visible, because she had her hair up in two bouncy pigtails. "What do you think?" She asked me, twirling.

"You look very nice. In fact, you ALL look very nice." I said, looking at the three beautiful girls in the kitchen.

Amy cocked her hip, shot me an evil smile, and flipped her pigtails with both hands. "I like these pigtails. Just think of me as a blow job with handlebars." Karen rolled her eyes, but smiled.

"AND, we have to go to the mall soon so Liu Si can get her ears pierced. These are for her, but she can't wear them." Amy pointed to her ears, and the tiny twinkly butterflies adorning them.

I nodded, and turned to Liu Si. "Your new outfit looks very nice." She blushed and smiled. "I have never had anything this pretty, I think." She said softly. "I like it."

"Well, you look adorable." Karen said warmly.

"You look very fancy too." Liu Si said. "Like a president's wife or someone important."

"It's the pearls." Karen said, touching them. "You either look classy or trashy."

"I still love the suit!" Amy grabbed onto me. "So hot!"

I did my male model impression, (Say, look at the time!) and shooed everyone towards the car. "C'mon let's go get Lola! She's probably waiting."

"WAIT!" Karen called, and pointed at Amy. "Underwear check!"

"Oh come on," Amy said, but Karen was insistent. "You know the rules. Prove you're wearing them. Let's go."

Amy grimaced, but hoisted up her long skirt to show pink panties, embroidered with a little daisy. "Happy now?"

"Just checking." Karen said, and turned to leave, but Amy snapped her fingers. "Hold on a minute, jie-jie. You too. Let's see what you're hiding!"

Karen looked at me, but I just shrugged. I reached into my waistband and pulled up the front of mine, maroon boxer briefs. "I'm packin'." I said. "If we can spot-check her, she can spot-check us, right? Only fair."

Karen frowned, but then I added. "Plus, I'd love to see yours. Just because."

Karen laughed ruefully, but she was blushing as she turned and scrunched up the back of her dress, to reveal fire-engine red lace panties. MMM!

"Satan's panties, huh?" Amy leered. Karen blushed harder, yanking her dress back down. "I never should have rented Miss Congeniality!" She grumbled.

We got into the car carefully, not to muss ourselves, and headed out the driveway. I had to pull across in front of Mrs. Klemp's house to get from our driveway to hers. Once there, I looked towards the house, to see Lola waiting on the stoop.

Lola was a vision. Tight red sheath dress, and a shimmery gold scarf wrapped around her shoulders and draped over her bare arms. She was wearing a necklace that looked like one diamond set in a dime-sized gold disc, on a thin gold chain that suddenly made me notice how beautiful a woman's collarbones can be. She held a glossy black clutch purse, and as she turned her head to watch us pull up, earrings like little golden bells glimmered in the porch light. "She looks so gorgeous!" Karen admired. "Do you think we could check HER underwear?" Amy asked, and Liu Si swatted her.

As I stopped the car, Karen opened her door and got out. Lola strutted over to the car and hugged Karen. "Look at you! Beautiful!" Lola exclaimed.

"I almost wore that exact same thing!" Amy joked. "Lucky for us I changed my mind. How embarrassing THAT would have been!"

Lola laughed happily. "So where am I sitting?"

"Between us!" Amy called, and clambered out of the car. "Look how cute you are!" Lola said, playfully flipping one of Amy's ponytails. "And you!" She said, looking in at Liu Si, who was smiling and blushing, both as hard as she could.

Lola hunched over and carefully climbed into the middle, which is really not that much of a seat, but she looked pleased. Amy climbed back in and they all sat happily squished together. Karen replaced her seat and sat carefully, doing that butt-smoothing thing girls do when they sit in a dress. I love watching that.

As I pulled out of the driveway, Lola was talking to Amy and Liu Si. "Look!" She said, pointing down, and they both craned over to see the floor, then cheered.

"What's up?" Karen asked, turning in her seat.

"Her shoes have open toes, and you can see her nail polish!" Liu Si smiled.

"Gotta show it off, my two favorite girls did them." Lola said, pleased.

I drove for our local O1iv3 G4rd3n, which is actually almost 45 minutes away. The ladies all chattered away the miles.

"You smell good!" Amy said, actually putting her nose on Lola's shoulder and sniffing like a puppy.

"No, I just smell like soap." Lola pshawed. "Somebody smells like fruit, which is totally making me hungry."

I glanced over at Karen, who gave me a big smile. Tonight was going to be a lot of fun.

When we got to the restaurant, I parked as close as I could.

Going in, Lola led the way, arm in arm with Karen, followed by Liu Si and Amy, holding hands and practically skipping. I darted ahead to open both sets of doors, after which point Karen took one arm, and Lola my other, and they marched me right to the host stand.

The host was standing there, his right elbow clutched in his left palm, his right hand dangling limply. He eyed us appreciatively, lingering on me, it seemed. "Good evening, how many?"

"Five, please. Away from the bar." Lola said. He smiled too tightly at her. "Of course, madam. You folks

having a nice evening?" There was something in his tone. Lola stiffened a tiny degree.

Before I could stop myself, I said "Blind date." in a deadpan delivery. He struggled to hide his evident shock, looking from me to the ladies. Behind me, I could hear Amy barely stifle a snort.

"Um, well, I, " He stuttered, momentarily flummoxed. "Courtney will show you to your table. Enjoy your meal."

A young woman with her hair in a bun appeared at his elbow, and led us to our table with a smile. "That was hilarious." She muttered very quietly to me as she handed me a menu.

"Thank you." I said, not sure how to respond. She took our beverage order and left us to make our selections. The minute she was gone, Lola put her hand on mine and sputtered a laugh. "Blind date? What was that?"

I shrugged. "It felt like he was mocking you. It just kinda slipped out."

Courtney arrived with breadsticks and a big communal bowl of salad. After grating some cheese on the salad, she took our appetizer order and vanished again. We enjoyed our salad, all of us picking out the red onion that was liberally infecting an otherwise nice dish.

Amy and Liu Si took advantage of Karen's inattention to surreptitiously bop each other on the head with breadsticks until Lola caught them, at which point they immediately acted casual. Lola grinned and shook her finger silently.

Amy spent about five minutes with Liu Si, trying to figure out what she would like. She didn't want seafood, but didn't want red sauce, so they settled on a chicken alfredo dish.

We chatted about various things, news, tv, etc, until my root beer started to hit me. "If you will excuse me, I'm going to briefly step away." I said, not wanting to say "pee" in front of Lola.

"Have fun," Amy said, giggling.

I got turned around trying to find the restroom, and went past the kitchen doors, almost running into Courtney, our waitress. "Oh hey, I didn't mean to sound unprofessional out there, but I had to tell you, what you said to Gerald, that was great. The kitchen staff agrees."

"I'm sorry, I'm sure you get tons of rude customers, I shouldn't have . . ." I began, but she waved me off.

"That's the first time I've ever seen anyone stump His Royal Bitchiness. He usually makes people feel about two inches tall, believe me. You actually had him speechless. It was great!" She smiled. "Anyway, sorry for interrupting you. Your appetizer will be up any minute now."

"Thanks." I said, and headed down the hall to the men's room.

I got back to the table just as our appetizer arrived, and we placed our entree orders while we munched. Karen and I kept Lola talking about anything that wasn't cats or hospitals, and she seemed to unwind.

We talked too, but it was mostly about her. We tried to let her do most of the talking, and by the time our main course arrived, she was clearly relaxed and happy.

Courtney and another waitress arrived with two big platters, carrying those little flip-out table leg things that let them set the platters down, and passed out our meals. Everything looked and smelled great.

Seeing her obvious difficulty at first, Lola taught Liu Si how to twirl her noodles on a fork, while resting it in the bowl of her spoon, to make tidy little bites. Amy simply plowed a huge wad of noodles onto a fork and into her mouth. Everybody was having a good time.

Soon, we were all getting kinda full. Dessert was voted down, and Lola signalled Courtney for the check. Right as we got the check, Amy grabbed Liu Si's hand and announced that she needed to go to the bathroom, and off they scampered.

They were gone for almost fifteen minutes. During that time, Lola noticed that the check included drinks and our entrees, but not the appetizer. We got Courtney again.

"I'm sorry, but there must have been a mix-up." Courtney said with a smile, "Don't worry about it, it's on us."

"We had the sampler platter," Lola began, but Courtney waved her off.

"Happens all the time. No big deal." She winked slyly. "On behalf of myself and the kitchen crew, we hope you have a wonderful evening. Enjoy the rest of your blind date."

With that, she departed. Lola looked at me, and I shrugged. "I think they like that we confused the guy up front. She told me everyone else thought it was funny."

Finally, Lola got up to take the check to the register. Karen went to go check on Amy and Liu Si, but came back immediately, her face red and her eyes wild. "What's wrong?" I asked.

"I'm going to KILL them." She hissed, but right then Lola returned.

"Did they fall in?" Lola joked, but before Karen could respond, here they came, holding hands and blushing, although Amy had a smug little smile under her blush. "We're reeeeeeaaaddddyyyyy!" Amy sang.

We headed out to the car, (Gerald wasn't at the host stand when we went past) and took off. Karen was dead silent most of the way home, and everyone else was just kinda stuffed with pasta. Amy and Liu Si BOTH leaned against Lola and fell asleep.

"It's only eight thirty and they're both out?" She whispered.

"Busy day," I guessed, shooting Karen a glance. She sat stiffly. Something was up, but I wasn't sure what it was.

"Would you like to come back to our place?" I waggled my eyebrows suggestively. Lola smiled.

"Even though this is a first date, I would say yes, but I've got another long day tomorrow." Lola sighed. "Besides, the gruesome twosome here look like they need to get to bed."

We pulled into the driveway at Lola's house, and she awoke the girls, who blinked and yawned in surprise.

"We are home already?" Liu Si mumbled, looking out of the car, disoriented.

"Not just yet, sweetie." Lola cooed. "We're at my house. Good night, all of you, and thanks for a nice evening." She kissed Liu Si and Amy on top of their heads, and climbed out when Karen got out and moved her seat. Karen lightened up long enough to give Lola a warm hug. "Mmm!" Lola grunted happily. "We'll make plans for next time."

I waved as she walked towards her house, and I watched her athletic figure in that red dress. Whoo!

Karen got into the car, and as I backed out to get to our driveway, she immediately turned on the girls.

"Don't you EVER do anything like that again!" She growled.

Amy tried to look casual, but Liu Si immediately looked ashamed. "What do you mean?" Amy tried, but Karen wasn't having any of it.

"You guys were gone WAY too long, so I went into the bathroom to check on you, and I totally busted you. There was only one stall taken, and when I stepped up close, I could hear two sets of rapid, heavy breathing. You were up to something sexual!" Karen snapped.

Amy tried to shrug, but Liu Si pushed her shoulder. "I *told* you." She mumbled.

Amy slumped and sighed. "OK, fine. I saw what I thought was an opportunity and wanted to try it. I'm sorry."

"Amy, you've got to THINK about these things. Life is NOT a porno, people get caught and go to jail for these things. Public indecency?" I said quietly, but seriously. "What were you thinking?"

"First I just wanted to do something sexy, like trade underwear, or kiss her really good, but then . . . I don't know, it just got out of hand. I wanted to do SOMETHING, just to know that we'd done it, but We got in there, and the bathroom had little alcoves for each toilet, not like stalls, but actual floor-to-ceiling walls? And I thought we could be quick enough and quiet enough to get away with touching ourselves." She blinked up at Karen and me. "I'm sorry." She turned to Liu Si, who also looked ashamed. "I'm sorry. I convinced you to do something that wasn't safe. Please forgive me."

I parked the car and turned off the engine.

Liu Si put her arms around Amy for one of the saddest hugs I've ever seen. "You're not off the hook that easy," Karen said. "What if you'd gotten caught?"

"I swear nobody came in except you, because I only heard the door open and shut once, and that was

right as we were both cumming, so we left immediately after that. Nobody saw anything." Amy talked fast, her voice still subdued.

"Wouldn't they see two sets of feet?" I asked.

Amy shook her head. "We both stood on the toilet seat facing each other, and then just kinda squatted down, leaning against the walls. No feet should have been visible." She looked to Karen. "How many feet did you see?"

"None, but I could hear you both panting." Karen said, still annoyed.

Amy blushed. "I thought we were quieter than that. I guess I was wrong."

Karen rubbed her eyes. "Amy, what are we going to do with you?"

Liu Si spoke up. "I am sorry too. I am at least as guilty as she is."

When she said that, I realized that we had only been fussing at Amy. I immediately felt guilty, because it meant that I was thinking of Liu Si as someone who wasn't responsible for her actions, like Amy could just MAKE her do whatever. I wasn't thinking of her as a person, it was more like I was thinking of her as Amy's follower. Her wanting to take responsibility for her actions reminded me that to be fair, they both needed to share this fallout as well. I turned in the driver's seat and touched Karen's hand. "She's right." I said.

Karen glanced at me, and I explained. "We're only fussing at Amy." Karen gave me a look like 'well, YEAH," but then Liu Si spoke again.

"You were speaking as if I weren't here. As if I didn't matter." She said, her voice very small, and my heart broke. Karen's jaw dropped, and she looked as if she had been punched in the stomach.

"Honey, I . . ." Karen faltered, clearly feeling terrible.

"Let's get out of the car, and talk about this in the living room." I said, needing some time to think, and not wanting to sit there with my neck twisted around.

As we got out, Amy and Liu Si held hands. Karen stepped up next to me as we went in. "I didn't MEAN-" she whispered, anguished, but I waved her off. "I know, but we still hurt her feelings."

I left my suit coat in the kitchen, and we headed into the living room. Sitting on the edge of the couch, I rested my elbows on my knees. Amy stood side-by-side with Liu Si, and I motioned for them to sit on the ottoman. Karen sat next to me. "I'm sorry, Liu Si. I know that I'm blaming Amy for something that you both did wrong, because I'm used to scolding Amy, growing up with her. It wasn't my intention to leave you out of it, like you didn't matter. Of COURSE you matter. I just . . .I don't know, I didn't want to fuss at you, when I blame her for what happened." Karen said.

"But I did it too." Liu Si said stiffly. "You can't just blame her, I cooperated. She is my friend, and I deserve just as much of the blame."

"I didn't mean to talk about you like you weren't there. I wasn't ignoring you, I swear." Karen said sincerely. Liu Si softened. "I know. I just wanted you to understand how I felt. My best friend is in big trouble, and I am getting away with it? That was not right."

I looked at Liu Si with new respect, as she continued. "If I am truly welcome in this family, then I should also be subject to the rules." I was impressed again. It was like when she asked for chores. Families are not just fun and Christmas every day, there's work to be done if you all live together, and rules that need to be followed. Karen nodded soberly. "You're right. Please forgive me for not treating you equally. I am truly sorry."

Liu Si rose and took her hands. "I am not angry, I just wanted you to understand. I also wanted to ask about the punishment though."

"Yes?" Karen said, although all the steam had gone out of her anger.

"The proper function of punishment should be to correct bad behavior, not to seek revenge for bad behavior, right?" Liu Si asked carefully. I was stunned, but I tried not to show it. Karen nodded, a little surprised also. "At best, yes." She said.

"Then if Amy and I both give you our solemn promise that we will never again . . . touch ourselves anywhere in public, can we skip the actual punishment?" Liu Si winced hopefully. Karen looked at her with a thoughtful expression. Amy already had her hand up, prepared to swear.

"Sure." I said, and Karen nodded silently a second later. "As long as you've understood, and will never do it again, I'm prepared to call that lesson learned." I said. Liu Si smiled, and I motioned her over for a hug.

As I wrapped my arms around her, I said gently. "We weren't ignoring you. We're very glad you're here." She smiled at me prettily. "I know. I just didn't want her to get the blame while I was let go. It wasn't fair."

"That was very wise, too." I said, holding her at arm's length. "You're a very smart girl."

"We already knew you were smart, it just surprised me to hear it put so well." Karen said.

"Even *I* couldn't have talked my way out so smooth." Amy beamed.

-----A quick note from Liu Si-----

Forgive me if this sounds rude, but Americans tend to judge foreigners as smart or stupid based on how well they can speak English. Waiters and busgirls at the Dragon Garden who spoke the worst English got the worst tips, as if the customers thought they were too stupid to know the difference. Or, the customer just talked louder and slower, as if that would help.

Not speaking English very well at first, I was used to that idea even though I didn't like it, but when I met Amy, Will and Karen, and they did not do that. They treated me like I was somebody special, not just a dumb Chinese girl who could not talk. They encouraged me to learn, and to BE somebody special. Amy

still calls me Hu Die regularly.

Most immigrants who are trying to live here are also trying to learn english as best they can. They are perfectly fluent in their own home language, and have at least a partial grasp of english, which is not the easiest to learn, having lots of slang and foreign phrases boiled into it.

The next time you are getting mad at someone because you are having a hard time understanding their english ask yourself: How many languages can YOU communicate in?

-----thank you-----

Amy apologized again, and she and Liu Si both swore to use self-control, and not just do things because they thought it might be fun. Especially sexual things.

"Just because it's OK here does not make it a good idea to do anywhere else." I said. "Please think ahead." They both nodded.

(Of course, we had almost this same conversation again a few weeks later, after the dressing room clothes-stealing incident I mentioned earlier. Sigh.)

We got changed into more comfortable, less fancy clothes, and broke out a board game, although I was still pretty full and starting to get a little sleepy. Amy wanted to play Balderdash, but Liu Si was pretty much out of the loop on that one. (Plus, Amy always runs out of good ideas towards the end, and suggested definitions like "Octopus poop" start appearing in the choices.) We settled on Operation, which Karen won, and then Liu Si kicked everyone's butt in Connect Four.

Soon, I was dozing between turns, and everyone else was similarly drooping.

"Bedtime!" Karen announced, and we all straggled upstairs. I gave her a kiss, then Amy, and shook hands with a giggling Liu Si, and we all went to bed. I was up in the middle of the night with stomach cramps, because my Shrimp Con Patella decided it was leaving, but otherwise, we all got some rest.

Liu Si's assimilation into our lives was mostly without incident. I mean yes, we had another person in the house with us, but Liu Si is so quiet (when she's not around Amy) that she was almost invisible. She would be calmly reading in the living room, or goofing around on Amy's school computer, or in the kitchen with Karen, so it wasn't like having a guest in the house, it was literally like she belonged there, like she just fit with us.

I know some of that was because she was trying hard to stay out of the way, and not to be the sore thumb sticking out, but her transition to being in our house went very smoothly. She never drank the last of the milk, she always put her toothbrush away, and there was only one time I needed the upstairs bathroom and she was in it, which is a better average than Karen or Amy even have. Her naturally shy and meek personality made it all a very gentle change. Just imagine someone like Amy coming to live in your house. Loud, constantly in motion, a little reckless; it would be totally different.

On that note, I think Liu Si is the perfect complement to Amy, by which I mean that they go together very well. Amy is brassy, bold, and boisterous. She's not afraid to take the last slice of cake. Liu Si is polite,

shy, and quiet. She wouldn't take the last slice if there was even a chance someone else might want it. Which is not to say that Liu Si is a mouse, she's got steel in her spine, but she's very unobtrusive. Amy is anything BUT that. Liu Si is the Yin to Amy's Yang. They are perfect for each other.

* * * * *

Another thing that happened was we started going to the farmer's market in town, which they have every Saturday, across the street from the courthouse. There are some vegetables that we never get to grow right, so we like to get them from the farmer's market, where everything is usually better than W@l-m@rt. Unusual plants, heirloom varieties, cool stuff, usually.

Well, Liu Si got this big gallon-sized jar of preserved hot peppers, the long yellow kind, and proceeded to eat them with every meal afterwards. Lunch, dinner, and then again with breakfast, she had hot peppers on or beside everything.

THEN she learned something distressing. I heard her crying in the bathroom, and when Amy went in to check on her, we found out that the hot peppers had retained their acidity, through all forms of digestion. That means they burned coming OUT as well. Yikes.

Amy also confessed to her at that point that the hot peppers had made Liu Si, and this is her phrasing, "taste bad." Liu Si was embarrassed, apologetic, and very sore. I told her that I was pretty sure that if she ate them with less frequency, she could enjoy them without affecting Amy, or burning her butt. We ate blander food for the rest of the day, and she was fine.

* * * * *

Then, one day about a week after the day Liu Si came to our house to stay, she and Amy decided they wanted to go back to the park. I grabbed a book, and off we went.

So I get to the part where Robert Neville's watch has stopped, and he gets caught outside at sunset, when I heard Amy screaming my name. I looked up, and she was running at me, sheer terror plainly visible on her face. I scrambled to my feet, crammed the book in my back pocket, and started running to her.

"What's wrong?" I demanded.

"This guy just showed up and started screaming at Liu Si!" She panted, her voice shaking with fear. "She's up on the jungle gym, but she can't get down."

I looked around. I could see our car, but the jungle gym was on the other side of the bathrooms from here.

"What guy? What did he look like?" I asked, jogging towards the other end of the damn playground.

"Some old chinese guy with an aircast on his foot!" Amy clung to my hand.

Shit. Kai Long. I gave Amy my keys. "Get in the car, lock the door, start the engine, in that order. If you

see us coming back, unlock and get in the back seat. If you see him, grab the cellphone, call 911, and yell like crazy." I ran on.

I came around the corner of the bathrooms, and the little cosmetic patch of pine trees, and I saw them. Kai Long in a maroon polar fleece and jeans, screaming and (I presume) cursing at Liu Si in chinese. Liu Si was huddled at the top of the jungle gym, which is a big squarish pipe structure that apparently is supposed to look like a train.

He couldn't reach her, and he couldn't climb up, because the aircast obviously hampered his agility. I saw him grasp a pipe over his head in preparation for climbing up, and Liu Si's foot hit his fingers like a striking cobra. It actually made a dull noise like thoooooong as the impact reverberated through the metal of the jungle gym. He screamed more curses, clutching his stomped fingers in his armpit and shaking his other fist at her.

By now I had gotten within twenty yards, and I yelled "HEY!"

He turned and saw me. He was practically incandescent with rage. "Beat it." he spat.

I pointed right at his face. "Leave her alone!" I said firmly, trotting forward a few more steps.

"My daughter does not wish to leave the park. This is no concern of yours." He growled. "Fuck off!"

"That's not your daughter, asshole." I retorted, and took my favorite defensive combat stance (fig. A).

His eyes got big. Well, bigger, anyway. "What da fuck? You want to go to school? I teach YOU!" He snarled, stumping towards me, clawing for something in the kangaroo pocket of his polarfleece.

As I took two steps back, in my peripheral vision I saw Liu Si shift from a "sitting hugging her knees" stance to a "sprinter in the starting blocks" stance. I tried not to look directly at her, because I was trying to keep all of Kai Long's attention on me. Heck, if she can slip down and get around him, we'll just run. No way a crippled dirtbag can outrun two healthy kids.

As he neared the two-foot strip of gravel between the mulch and the grass, he finally got loose whatever he was reaching for inside his fleece, because he pulled out some small, black, oblong object and interrupted his angry muttering to grunt "hah!"

The next few moments seem, in retrospect, to replay in slow motion.

I jogged back another step, unable to see what he had pulled out of his pocket.

Kai Long began to brandish the black rectangular object with a smug, although furious, expression.

Liu Si actually began to sprint across the top edge of the jungle gym, running right along the one pipe like a balance beam.

I'd already stopped looking at Kai Long, irrevocably distracted by Liu Si's sudden lunge.

Kai Long's tone of voice raised, and there was a bzz-click-zzz-click-zzz-click-zzz sound, very rapid, while he continued to chatter in chinese.

Liu Si reached the edge of the jungle gym, the end of her pipe, and just leapt into the air, (like Trinity in The Matrix,) body vertical, arms out for balance.

I actually began to drop my hands from their boxing position, and just gape like an idiot.

Liu Si comes down with both feet on Kai Long's shoulders, and since he was in mid-step, on his bad foot no less, he crumpled like a styrofoam cup. BOOM!!!!!!!

Kai Long never had a chance.

If you threw one of those big 5-gallon Culligan Water bottles out of a second story window onto someone who wasn't looking, you'd probably get the same effect. His head snapped back, his arms went out, and he detonated a face plant. He was on the edge of the mulch, so when he went down, he hit the gravel. Little rocks actually flew up into the air from the force of the impact. Lordy!

Liu Si, meanwhile, knees bent for the impact, did a little hop and forward roll right as he bit, and came up on her feet, still running.

"Run!" She screamed unnecessarily. I needed no such instruction or encouragement. We ran. Up ahead, I could see Amy's face framed in the driver's side window, her mouth open in astonishment. Liu Si pulled ahead of me, her hair flying behind her like a cape.

As we neared the car, Amy threw the passenger door open, then the driver's side, and lunged over into the backseat. Liu Si dove in, and the instant my butt hit the seat, I shifted, stomped the gas, and yanked the exhaust cutout handle to "open." We roared out of there.

"Everybody buckle up!" I yelled over the noise.

I zig-zagged several blocks in the opposite direction from home (3 blocks zig, 2 blocks zag) then reset the exhaust to normal, hooked a U-turn around a bank, and drove back towards home. With any luck, I thought, if he was in ANY state to pursue, he'd have heard us roar off in the wrong direction, and then our sounds disappear. (Pretty clever, I thought, although as it turned out, it didn't work.)

We also needed to get out of town. I'm sure reports of an unmuffled black mustang were already being phoned in. Half of the old folks in this stuffy little town seemed to live with one hand on their phone, one hand on their curtains.

Amy broke the silence with a yell. "WOO HOO! You are my Ninja Princess!"

I jumped, startled by the yell, and looked over at Liu Si, who was huddled up, crying on the passenger seat, looking wretched.

"Whoa, whoa, Amy." I said. "She's not doing too well."

Amy popped her head forward between the seats to look at Liu Si, her expression immediately softening. "Hey, meili, what's wrong?" (beautiful) She said gently touching Liu Si's hair.

Liu Si leaned into Amy's hand and said something so softly that I couldn't hear.

"Come here, you." Amy said firmly, and sat back in the rear, patting the seat next to her.

Liu Si unbuckled her seat belt and climbed back to the middle seat, where she snuggled up against Amy, who wrapped her arms around Liu Si and squeezed her tight. Liu Si continued to cry, and Amy just held her as we drove towards home.

"Are you OK?" I asked after a few minutes.

"He said horrible things," She said, sniffing. "He said my parents sold me to him."

"Well, he's lying." I said.

"Maybe not. It is not unheard of in my situation." She said, heartbroken.

"You can't sell a person!" Amy said angrily. "That's WRONG!"

"It happens sometimes." Liu Si sniffled. "Many Chinese families are still very traditional. Girls are still judged to be less worthwhile than boys. When there was a ban on too many children, parents who came here to work might try to leave a girl somewhere, so as to try again for a boy. It's just the way that they think. Even though they were HERE, where there was no ban, they wanted a boy instead of a girl."

"That's bullshit!" I growled.

"No, it is true!" Liu Si said, her reddened eyes wide.

"I believe you," I said gently "I just mean that it sucks."

"Yes, it does suck." She said sadly.

"Who would sell YOU, though?" Amy said, cradling Liu Si's face and kissing her forehead, "You're the COOLEST! You are totally hao bung." (awesome)

Liu Si just smiled weakly and laid her head on Amy again.

"Is there any way to check his story?" I asked.

"If I knew where my parents went, I could ask them, but being undocumented as we were, I cannot effectively search for them. It is not as if I could write them a letter or call them."

"That REALLY sucks." Amy said.

"Yes it does." Liu Si agreed again.

Amy squeezed her. "Wo-aini. I know Will and Karen do too. You're totally part of our family now." (I love you.)

"It IS very nice," Liu Si smiled, "but it is not exactly the same."

Amy drew her chin over and kissed her sweetly, on the lips, for several moments. "Aren't you *glad* it's not the same, xinshangren?" (beloved)

(I have to admit that watching girls kiss is amazing. I could literally watch it all day long. As it was, I had to remind myself that I was driving the car.)

Liu Si was grinning. "Very glad." She blushed. "Besides, if what he said is really true, then they did not really love me. I think I am worth loving." She nodded her head once, emphatically.

"I agree!" Amy leered, and nibbled on her neck. "I can't wait until my next opportunity!" Liu Si squealed softly, and pretended to struggle.

As I drove, I tried to think of a solution to the question of whether or not Kai Long was lying. I couldn't come up with much. Not that it REALLY mattered, I mean it's not like whether he bought her or not means shit to us, but it certainly hurt her feelings that her parents would take money in exchange for ditching her.

"I don't know what to say except I'm sorry." I said.

"You have not done anything wrong." Liu Si said, beginning to cheer up again. "In fact, you and your sisters have been the happiest thing to ever happen to me. Whether my parents are working somewhere else in the US or have gone back to China, does not really matter to me right now. If they loved me, they would not have left me. My mother would, in the end, do whatever my father told her to do. And if he were given money I know he *would* leave me."

Amy still looked mad, but she held on to Liu Si protectively.

"I would rather be here." Liu Si said firmly. "Living with them meant kitchen chores all day every day, unless I snuck away to the park. If we had been back home in China, I probably would have had an arranged marriage at age 12 or 14."

She looked out of the window. "My mother allowed me to visit and to sleep over, but going back was always unpleasant, as there was always more cabbage to chop, or pans to scrub. In your house I was very, very happy. Happier than I have ever been." She turned to Amy. "I love you." She said solemnly.

Amy almost cried. "I love you too, Hu Die."

Liu Si smiled. "Bairen egui," She murmured, and kissed Amy firmly. This went on for a few moments. (White devil)

After she and Amy came up for air, she climbed up behind me and whispered. "And I think I love you,

too." She kissed my right earlobe, and I almost jumped out of my seat.

"Oh?" I stammered eloquently.

"Yes." she said happily, and after a moment's warm breath in my ear, she sat back down with Amy again. "I made a very good trade. My new family is so much better than my old family. I feel like a princess in one of those disnee movies."

"Now we only have to deal with the problem of Kai Long." Amy said grimly.

"I'm not sure how we would do that," I said. "This isn't a movie or something. We can't just hire a hit man or whatever."

"Maybe we'll get lucky and run into him again, only with the car this time." Amy snapped.

"If we're truly lucky, then we *wouldn't.*" I said.

"I hope we never see him again." Liu Si said firmly.

"Well, how hard could that be?" I asked foolishly.

(None of us even suspected how easy it would turn out to be.)

"So I have to ask, Liu, what was that trick? That was incredible!" I said, allowing myself a moment to be in awe.

"What?" Liu Si said.

"The running and jumping on Kai Long part. That was really surprising." I said.

Liu Si blushed. "It was not much. I just ran and jumped on him."

"You're my Ninja Princess. You are SO going in the hot tub tonight." Amy purred.

Liu Si blushed more, but then lunged over and bit Amy on her bare shoulder. "Rowrrr!" she growled playfully. Amy squealed, and Liu Si laughed delightedly.

I was still worried about Kai Long, though.

"Where does Kai Long live?" I asked. "I mean, was running into him just a blind coincidence, or does he know where you went to play?"

"I do not know where he lives, but it is not in the town." Liu Si said, "He seemed familiar enough with the park. He just marched right up to us and tried to grab me." She paused thoughtfully. "He could have learned about the park from one of the restaurant staff. They knew I used to sneak away."

"When he was telling you you were going to live with him, did he say where?" Amy asked.

"No, but before he just said it was a big, quiet house out in the country, only the way he said it, it felt like he was telling me that no one would hear me call for help." Liu Si said, with a shudder. Amy grimaced.

We headed the rest of the way home in thoughtful silence.

When we got inside, Karen was getting ready to make supper. "Just in time!" She said to Liu Si, but then stopped when she saw that she had been crying. "What's wrong?"

"Kai Long was at the park, and tried to grab her, but she kicked his ass." Amy stated.

"WHAT?!!" Karen sat suddenly on a bar stool. "Are you serious?!"

I nodded. "He came up to them in the park, and cornered her on the jungle gym, and then Amy came and got me."

"Hu Die ran and jumped on him from the top of the jungle gym when he turned to threaten Will! It was AMAZING!" Amy cheered. Liu Si blushed and smiled, her eyes still red and puffy.

"What can we do?" Karen asked, looking at me anxiously. I shrugged. "Lay low? Stay away from the park?"

"Can't we call the police?" Amy asked.

"And tell them what, exactly?" I said. "Hi, we're a bunch of kids living alone who need you to find and arrest this badguy while ignoring us completely?"

Amy slumped. "Ok, I get it." She went and hugged Liu Si again. "He's not gonna get you. I promise."

"I know." Liu Si said.

"I'm getting the shotgun and putting it by the front door, in the closet." I said, feeling like I needed to do something. "Nobody touches it."

"You don't think he's" Karen said, but I shook my head.

"I don't think he knows where she is, but after today, I'm going to be just a little more paranoid." I said. "It seems like a good idea at this point."

None of us even suspected that our final run-in with Kai Long was only six days away.

I got the shotgun down, and made sure there was a handful of shells lined up along the edge of the closet shelf. Just putting it there made me sick to my stomach with anxiety, but I had to protect my family. I would do anything, good or evil, to protect them. I prayed I would never be tested, though. I'm sure some guys would be like "Hell yeah, gonna shoot me a bad guy!" but not me. If we get to the point where I have to use that shotgun, we've already lost our best chance. I shut the door.

Liu Si had a scrape on her elbow from her crash landing, which Amy made a big deal out of disinfecting and putting band-aids on. When she was all bandaged up, she quietly went to the kitchen to help Karen make supper, as if nothing had happened. She's a very brave girl. I was still all jumpy and keyed-up, but she just wanted to focus on learning to cook.

We called Lola's cell and told her what had happened and she freaked. It had to be about four thirty in the afternoon, but she cancelled her last two meetings and came straight to our house, arriving about five.

She hugged Amy and myself when we met her in the driveway. "Oh my god! Are you guys ok?!"

"We're fine." I said, holding her close. "Liu Si has a scrape on her elbow, but you should have seen what happened to Kai Long."

"Well, whatever happened to him, it wasn't nearly enough." Lola said, frowning. "Where's Liu Si? How's she handling this?"

"In the kitchen, and better than any of us." Amy said.

We went inside to find Liu Si and Karen making steamed vegetables and chicken breasts with stuffing. Life, it seemed, was still going on as if nothing had happened.

"We made enough for you too, so I hope you can stay." Karen said to Lola, who smiled. "There is nowhere else in this world I would rather be." Lola said.

We got our plates and sat around the table. Amy proceeded to retell the entire playground incident, with lots of arm-waving and sound effects. Lola and Karen were in awe, looking at Liu Si with even more respect.

When we got to the part about Kai Long saying her parents had sold her to him, Lola dropped her fork and took Liu Si's hand. "It can't be true." She said. "He's just a lying jerk."

"It does not matter if he is lying or not. I do not care. He does not own me, and neither did they. I am mine. and Amy's." She blushed.

Karen leapt in before THAT point could be clarified. "And we are all glad you're part of our family. Forget him."

"I wanted to ask you." Amy said, after a moment. "How many cats are left?"

"Um, maybe about ten?" Lola replied. "Why?"

"I wanted to know if you could be here more. I know you've been told not to live here, but could you spend more time with us? We need you." Amy said, her voice small.

"Oh, honey." Lola said, and looked at me and Karen to gauge our reactions, which were surprised, but not in disagreement. "Maybe, um. . ." She faltered, but Amy pressed on.

"I wanted to call the police today, but we couldn't, because there wasn't a grownup around. I think if you were around more, we might all be safer." Amy said.

Lola looked touched. "Well, I can't fight off any intruders, but, I'd love to spend more time with you guys, I mean it." She paused. "It's just that there's stuff I have to do. All these days I've been gone, besides finding homes for the cats, I've been trying to get Mom's affairs dealt with. She signed the papers to give me power of attorney, but if she passes away before I've got it all set, then it falls to her last will and testament, and my power of attorney is no good. I've only got a limited time to get it all organized, or her assets and expenses can be tangled up for years."

"You're not in the will?" Karen asked.

"Well, I am, but I'm not the executor, my oldest sister is, and I know she doesn't want any of this responsibility, she's got her own family to worry about. I mean, the will is about 15 years old." Lola said.

"I'm sorry, I guess I was being selfish." Amy said.

"NO, not at all." Lola said. "I understand my mother was rarely ever here, leaving you guys on your own for the most part, and while you've all still turned out great, it shouldn't have been like that. She did not live up to her responsibilities, and I intend to correct that mistake, I'm just . . . up against a wall here. As soon as her affairs are in order, I promise I'll be here as much as you want me."

Amy smiled, and I know I did. "Well, we do want you." Karen said firmly.

Lola smiled, and glanced at me, at which point I wiggled my eyebrows lecherously. She blushed, and shot me an insincere warning look, but resumed eating with a little smile. Liu Si gave me a confused look, but didn't say anything.

After dinner, we dragged out some board games and spent a quiet evening relaxing together on the floor in the living room. We tried Monotony, I mean Monopoly, until Amy made what she termed "some bad investments with the chinese" at which point Liu Si jumped on top of her and their wrestling upset the game board.

It ended up that Lola and I were playing Stratego, with Amy, Liu Si, and Karen playing SORRY! because they couldn't find all the pieces for Mousetrap.

"So how's the dating going?" Lola asked quietly, as we maneuvered our mystery soldiers towards one another.

"I don't think I'm going to be going on any dates for a while." I said truthfully.

"Yeah, me neither." She sighed. "I know someone I'd *LIKE* to ask out, but I don't think it would be a good idea."

"Oh yeah?" I said, moving one of my little blue guys against one of her little red ones. "It's a nine."

"Mine's a seven." she said, and I handed over my guy, because he was dead now. "Yeah, it's not a

normal situation, and I'm definitely risking a major mistake. Right now is a little crazy for me emotionally, but did you ever meet someone and it just feels like . . . I don't know." She plopped her chin down on her hands. She realized it was her turn and moved her seven against my next piece. "Still a seven." She said.

"That's a bomb." I said, and she tossed her guy aside. "Who can fight bombs?" She asked.

"Number eights, the little guy with the helmet.." I said. "So who's the guy?"

"It's complicated, and I talk too much. I shouldn't even be thinking about him, I just know it. Forget I said anything, ok?" She sighed.

"We may just be kids, but we like you." I said. "We don't have dating tips, but you can share your troubles. It's what families are for."

She smiled at me. "I wish I grew up with you guys. I literally cannot believe how well you fit together, and how you make me jealous."

I used a number three to take one of her sixes. "Well, we've accepted you as one of us. You should try and see how well you can fit in together with us," I said, "and I didn't mean that in a dirty way." I grinned at her, and she blushed and grinned back.

"If you ask me again for another kiss, I might just cry." She said, her voice low enough so that the others wouldn't hear her, just me. "You and your devil eyes. Play the game."

I lost to her (just barely) and the evening went on. Soon, it was bedtime. We cleaned up the living room and took turns hugging her. I got to be last, and literally picked her up in a hug. The girls had all headed out of the room by this time, so I walked her out to the porch.

"Earlier you said that if I asked you for a kiss, you might cry." I said.

She shook her head. "I was talking too much."

"Then can I have a kiss?" I asked, seriously. She took a sudden breath.

"Don't. I . . . I can't." She shook her head, but did not step back.

"You COULD," I said. "But I won't push it."

"Good." She said, and clutched at me quickly, and stepped back, her eyes downcast. "I can't talk about this right now. You guys be safe. Call me if anything happens, and I'll try to be back tomorrow night." and she fled.

I went back inside, to find Karen getting ice. "She's so lonely." Karen said sadly.

"I know." I said helplessly.

"Amy asked her to stay with us because she needs to be around people who love her, I can just FEEL it." Karen said. I agreed.

"I wish I knew how to help her." I said. "She needs emotional support, but she also needs love. She needs to love somebody, and to BE loved by somebody. And I don't just mean sex."

"Although I'm sure she needs that, too." Karen said, filling her glass of ice at the sink and watching Lola's taillights retreat around the corner of the house. "But I know what you mean. It's not like she's a little helpless wounded bunny or something, but she needs someone to care for her, to help her be happy."

"I remember when we first met her, she was really flirty with me, almost to a fake degree, like a bad porno actress. But then when we got her here and hugged her, and listened to her, and reached out to her, it was like she was drowning and we threw her a rope." I said, sitting on a bar stool in the dark. "She dropped the "I'm a woman on the prowl, look out" act, and really opened up."

"She was probably still hurting from the divorce." Karen said, leaning on the kitchen island across from me. "She was probably at an all-time low, and just needed to feel like someone found her attractive, that someone thought she was worthwhile. I think she had a serious need for validation, and I can't blame her. It seems a little immature, but I can't imagine being betrayed the way she was. Maybe that's the only way she could think of to deal with it."

"I admit I flirted right back at her, especially because at the time I was trying to find someone to love besides you. But the more we know her better, the more I know that wasn't really her, and the more I really like her." I admitted.

Karen nodded. "Me too. We'll just have to keep loving on her, and hope it gets her through. I think that's all we can do right now."

I nodded. "I agree."

"And as for what else we can do right now, would you be so kind as to accompany me to my room?" Karen said melodically, offering her hand. I took it with a smile, and kissed the back of it. "I await your orders, milady."

"Every time you remind me of how you loved us but didn't dare tell us, I want to make love to you all over again. I want to make up for the lost time." She said, stepping into the curve of my arm.

"I can't wait." I said, giving her a squeeze. "But you don't have to make up for anything."

"I'll be the judge of that." Karen said archly, and kissed me, her lips warm and soft.

We strolled slowly to the stairs, arm in arm. "Did you know she calls here a lot? Like when you're at work? She calls here and we just talk?"

I didn't know that. "What do you talk about?"

"Tons of stuff, just all over the place, really. I think it's helping her though." Karen smiled gently. "She always starts out bored and sad, and when we're done, she's happy and . . . alive again."

"Did she ever mention the guy she wants to ask out?" I said.

Karen shot me a look. "No, not at all, why?"

"She was saying something tonight about this guy she wants to ask out, but she's afraid it might be a bad mistake, that she shouldn't even be thinking about him, etc." I said. "She made it sound like he's married or something, but I KNOW she would never do that."

"No, she never has. I mean she's talked to me about all kinds of stuff, some of it pretty personal, but . . . never that." Karen said. "I don't think she knows anybody but us, anyway. I swear she never goes anywhere but here, home, and the hospital."

We reached the top of the stairs, and Karen patted my arm. "Gimme a few seconds in the bathroom, and then I'll come get you."

"Deal." I said, and went into my room, stripped off my shirt, jeans, shoes and socks, so I was only wearing my boxer briefs. I put on about a drop of AXE "Touch" (I mean literally just about a drop. That stuff is strong.) and waited for my lover, my sister.

When the bathroom door opened, she looked at me and grinned, then gave me a fake pout. "You're already mostly naked. Sometimes I like to UNWRAP my presents."

"I could put on a tie," I joked. She opened her mouth in a silent laugh. "Do it, I dare you!"

I shrugged happily and went to my closet, quickly knotting a mostly blue tie around my neck. It was the closest match to my blue-grey boxer briefs. I turned around and held out my arms like "voila" and Karen giggled. "Perfect!" She crooked a finger at me and beckoned, giving me a steamy look. I quickly complied.

Following her through the bathroom into her room, I watched her butt sway as she strutted. I saw my razor by the sink and quickly felt my chin for stubble, but I had shaved yesterday, and was still pretty good.

In her room, she reached for my hand, and then slowly swung me around towards her bed, like I was a piece of laundry she was laying out. I sat on the edge of the bed, and she stepped right up against me, rubbing her stomach against my chest, pressing her breasts into my face. She put her hands on my shoulders and held me close.

No words were spoken as I gently reached up and unbuttoned her jeans, running my hands around inside the waistband until I could smooth them down over her butt, pushing the jeans off. She stepped out of them, her white floral panties revealed.

Next, I put my hands on her waist, and slowly ran them up her ribcage, rucking up her shirt until she raised her arms and pulled it off, her hair dropping deliciously down onto her shoulders as she flung the

shirt into a far corner of the room. She stepped up to me, almost challengingly, and gave me a hungry look, from right down her cleavage.

It was a white cotton bra, made of a soft material almost like her T-shirt, and I opened my mouth and gently bit one of those gorgeous mounds. She made the first sound since my room, as a whimper of need and excitement escaped her lips. I slid my hands around to the front of her chest and cradled her breasts, lifting them and squeezing them a little, while she reached back hurriedly for her bra strap. Getting it at last with a grunt, she whipped it off as well, leaving her large, warm, firm breasts to drop right into my hands again. I squeezed them, and then licked first one nipple, then the other. Karen shuddered happily and pushed me onto my back, my legs still dangling.

She slowly knelt, my tented erection in front of her, and didn't even take my shorts off, she just opened the fly and pulled it out. She gave it a little kiss, and murmured something to it, but the blood was roaring in my ears, and I couldn't make it out. I could feel the vibration, and the warmth of her breath, followed an instant later by the warmth and moisture of her mouth. God, it was fantastic.

She sucked me firmly, only about four inches worth, one hand on the base, one hand on my knee. In and out. Innnnnn and ouuuuut. It felt like electricity was racing through me, and I gasped for a breath.

She fellated me with agonizing slowness, with lavish use of her tongue and very strong suction. My dick got SO hard, I felt like I could fuck a cinderblock with it.

After just a few minutes of this, she pulled off with a pop, and gave it several big licks, like an ice cream cone. She let go of it and crawled up my body, so close that my cockhead skidded down her cleavage, stubbed into her bellybutton, and rubbed right down until it slipped past her pussy. She settled back a bit, over me, her eyes closed, her breasts dangling against my chest, and ground her pelvis against my abdomen, making my dick slip up and down between her legs, from her pussy to her butt and back, again and again. I could feel a trickle of moisture on the top of my cock. She was already wet, right through her panties.

I put my arms around her and rubbed the small of her back. "You want to be on top?" I whispered. She hesitated, thought about it for a second, and then shook her head.

"Do it again like last time," She whispered. "make me yours."

From Amy's room I could hear her cry out in ecstasy, only to be shushed a second later. I grinned. "Looks like tonight's the night." I grinned. "I guess we don't have to whisper."

Karen slapped me lightly on the chest, and moved up to her pillow, where she lay on her back. I kissed her thigh and went to draw off her panties. She allowed me, and pointed at my boxer briefs. "You too. Full monty."

I stood, on her bed, and pulled them to my knees, then allowed them to drop, stepped out with one foot, and used the other to kick them back off into her room somewhere. My cock bounced up and down during this, and she reached up and grabbed it like a handle. "Careful, I'm almost losing my balance as it is," I said, and she let go reluctantly.

I knelt over her and spread her legs, lifting them gently until her knees were against her breasts. I then happily licked and lapped at her pussy. She squirmed and gasped as my tongue explored every little fold, every secret nook and cranny. When I tickled her clit, she almost cried out loud. I gently slipped an index finger into her warm, tight, extremely wet pussy, and curled it, as if repeating the gesture she used to beckon me into her room tonight.

I continued to lick her clit, firmly with wide strokes of my tongue, and all the while my finger was curling, rubbing, probing. Karen positively **GROUND** her pussy against my finger, and tried to get her clit into my mouth, but I was too fast for her. Her gasps became whimpers, which in turn soon became cries. I stopped fooling around and began tonguing her clit for real, flicking it and poking it, practically drumming my tongue on it. Her movements became more frenzied, until finally, she gave a funny little grunt like "Hut . . .Unh!" and came. Her pussy practically grabbed at my finger as she shook and cried out.

I didn't give her a chance to finish, but I sprang onto my knees and lined up my cock with her still-cumming pussy. She opened her eyes when she felt me move, and stared at me in shock. "What?" She gasped, realizing what I was about to do. "You-

I grabbed her legs, which were still in the air, and slipped my cock into her blazing hot pussy, which was so wet that it went all the way in on the first try, but was so tight from her orgasm that it almost didn't go in at all. She took a deep breath and screamed in rapture, almost musically, just "AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!"

I began to make love to her, holding her legs against my chest, her feet going over my shoulders, as she bucked and gasped. One of her hands found my tie, and she used it like a leash, pulling me closer as I fucked her. Her other hand went back and pulled out one of her pillows, which she then clamped over her mouth, so she could scream with abandon.

With her cries somewhat muffled, I could hear something of a ruckus in Amy's room, like someone falling off a bed, and something between gasps and giggles. I **KNEW** they could hear us.

Karen's pussy was amazing. I wished for unlimited stamina, prayed for this feeling to never, ever stop, but all too soon I could sense myself losing control, as if every nerve in my body was shutting down and repositioning in my cock. I could actually hear wet little sounds as I pistoned in and out of her.

"Karen! I can't hold it! I-" I gasped, and she flung the pillow away, pulling me **HARD** with the necktie, until I was forced to bend down. She threw her arms around my neck and kissed me, and I **SWEAR** the instant our tongues touched, I exploded inside her.

I came with such force that I almost bit her tongue, but it had retreated to safety just in time. I could feel squirt after squirt pouring out of me, into her very core, as I shuddered and gasped for air. I began to lose my strength, and went to fall over to the side, but she wouldn't let me go. Her arms were wrapped round me, and she quickly repositioned her legs around my waist and held me there, deep inside her. I gently fell forward until I was laying on top of her, deep in both her pussy, and her embrace, totally spent.

As soon as my eyes would focus properly, I realized she was crying. "Are you ok?" I asked, concerned.

She nodded quickly. "I'm fine, I just. Whew." She wiped at her eyes and gave me a smile. "It just shocked me, that's all. I think I just had a religious experience." She ran her fingers through my hair. I sighed happily and lay my head on her chest. "Sorry I didn't last very long, you just felt so good I couldn't help it."

"Ok, three things," She said quickly. "One, you never have to apologize for anything that happens in the bedroom. I love you, and as long as you're having pleasure from it, then you don't have to apologize for anything. Two, I had one GIANT orgasm from the minute I first came, until the moment you did, and stopped moving inside me. I'm still twitching now. You made me cum for almost five straight minutes. And three," She grabbed two handfuls of my hair. "If you EVER do that again, I'm going to kick your ass." She laughed. "Five minutes! You've got to give me time to breathe! I thought I was going to die!" She wiped away new tears. "I swear I just saw God, and he was just as surprised as I was." She sniffed and chuckled. "If everybody could have a cum like that, there wouldn't be any wars, I just know it."

She smoothed my hair and squeezed me with her legs. Oh yeah. My dick is still in her pussy. I went to withdraw it, but she stopped me. "The minute you pull it out, bring it up here." She pointed to her mouth. "No excuses."

I pulled out, and she drew her knees up, her feet flat on the mattress. "This way it can't drip out." She said, exhausted but satisfied. "just knowing I've got a fresh load of your cum in me makes me feel so happy. Sorry if that's strange, but it's true."

I grinned, and knee-walked up to her pillow, where she gently licked me clean, cradling my balls and sucking lightly on my cock until she was satisfied. "There." She said.

I felt the need to pee. (sometimes after an erection or an orgasm, when your bladder reconnects to the penis, it wants to empty out. It has something to do with the blood vessels, but I'm not sure exactly how.) "I'm gonna run to the boy's room, and then to . . . my room." I finished lamely. "I love you."

"I love you too." Karen said, getting her pajamas out from under her other pillow. "I hope you sleep better tonight than last night."

I winced, remembering my stomach problems from the previous evening. She pulled her sports bra on and smiled at me. "I love you so much." She said.

"I love you too. See you tomorrow." I smiled.

"Drink some more liquids." She advised with a smile, and raised her legs high in the air, to pull on her boxers. I stared at her pussy and anus in appreciation. "You bet." I promised.

I went into the bathroom and took care of business. The minute the toilet flushed, a butt-naked Amy knocked and opened the door from her room. "YEAH!" She cheered. "High five?"

I laughed, but shook my head. "That doesn't seem respectful." was all I could say. Amy shrugged happily and went to the sink, washing her hands and wiping off her chin with a wet washcloth.

"As soon as I can make love to you properly, I want whatever she just got." Amy said. "It sounded

amazing. Nice tie, by the way. Classy."

"She threatened to kill me if I ever did it like that again," I said.

Amy stared at me in the mirror. "That good? I definitely want it, then."

"Don't you and Liu Si . . ." I began, but Amy interrupted me. "Of COURSE we do, but it's all different. I want it all. I wouldn't trade any of it for the world, but if it's there, I want it too. And I can afford to be a little greedy. She knows how much I love you both, and she's willing to share. We still take good care of each other, right xinshangren?" She raised her voice.

I glanced through the door into her room (although I really had no right to intrude on their privacy.) Liu Si was only visible as a head of glossy black hair protruding from a pile of blankets at the wrong end of a very messy bed. A slim arm appeared, and threw a jaunty thumbs up, then dropped back down bonelessly.

Amy grinned at me, proud enough to bust. I smiled and shook my head. "I'm going to bed. Goodnight, sprout." Amy smiled and grabbed me in a hug, her naked body warm against mine.

"Goodnight, Liu Si." I called, and then added "I love you."

She rolled around until she could see me, and gave me a big smile, her eyes sparkling but half-lidded, and blew me a kiss. Then she snuggled back down into her blanket pile.

"She's so cute," Amy murmured happily. "sometimes I can't even believe it."

I kissed her on top of her head, and she stroked her hand under my balls for a second, which made me jump. "I got next, right?" She asked.

"Yeah but not tonight." I said. "Go to bed, and for sleep this time."

She skipped off to her room, apparently still full of energy, and I trudged to mine. I was asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow.

10 - Passages/The Attack/ Hospital and Homecoming

The next morning did not dawn so well. Liu Si awoke with serious abdominal pain, way down, going all the way through to her back. She took ibuprofen, but it didn't go away. Amy was kind of in a nervous state all day, fetching her water and asking her what she wanted at any opportunity, to the point that Liu Si actually got annoyed at her for hovering around so much.

"I am fine, just let me have a moment's peace!" She actually said at one point. "If I die, I will be sure and say goodbye first. Go do something else!"

Amy left the room, hurt. I looked over to where Liu Si was sitting on the couch, hugging a pillow. "Do you need anything?" I asked, thinking maybe if it was me instead of Amy, she would tell me.

"I need people to stop asking me if I need anything. I do not know what I need!" She snapped. Almost immediately, she apologized. "I am sorry, I did not mean that. I am just hurting, and I feel full, like I need to go to the bathroom, but I cannot. I am just miserable."

I smiled gently. "You don't really need to apologize to me, but it might do Amy some good. She worships you, and when you're hurting, she feels helpless."

Liu Si rested her head on the pillow. "You are right. Thank you."

She threw her head back. "AMY!!!!"

Amy came galloping in, although a little bit wary. "Yes?"

"I need you to do two things, if you would." She said, looking at Amy closely. Amy nodded.

"I need you to forgive me for snapping at you. I am sorry, I am just very miserable. I should not have yelled at you. Please forgive me." She said sincerely. Amy grinned and shrugged. "Done. What else?"

"Do you have an ice pack?" She asked, her voice tiny. "Maybe that could help me."

Amy was off like a shot. Liu Si sighed, and put her head back on the pillow. "Thank you." She said, to the room.

Amy returned with an ice pack, which Liu Si put on the couch and laid down on, centering it in the small of her back. She sighed unhappily. "It is not feeling much better."

Karen came in to check on her, feeling her forehead, and asked her if a heating pad might feel better. Liu Si shrugged, and said she would try it. Amy was off, returning a few minutes later with a heating pad, which she plugged into the extension cord that powered the lamp.

After a few minutes, Liu Si announced that it seemed to be helping. Karen nodded, and looked at her

knowingly. "Tell me, honey, have you ever had your . . . monthly cycle yet?"

"My what?" Liu Si asked, and Karen shot a sideways glance at me. "Already leaving," I said, folding up my book and getting to my feet.

"You don't have to, it's just kind of . . . personal." Karen said, as I skedaddled.

"It's cool," I said, and headed outside. Don't get me wrong. I love women, and have a tremendous amount of respect for motherhood, womanhood, childbirth, and all of that stuff. My four favorite people on this entire earth are women, (well, 3 women, one girl,) but some of that "inner woman" stuff is NONE of my business. I'm not disrespectful, but I am perfectly happy to stay clear of it.

I got about two more chapters through my book when Amy came hopping outside. "Didja hear?"

"No, that's why I came outside, because I didn't WANT to." I said, not looking up.

"I'm SO glad we fooled around last night, it might be our only chance for a while." She said thoughtfully, kicking a rock off the patio.

"Actually, fooling around can help reduce the cramps," Karen said, joining us. "But you have to stop right before the, uh, . . . grand finale."

The menstrual conversation had followed me outside somehow. I got up again. "Heading for the bathroom," I announced. Maybe there I can get away from this.

"Oh, when you go in, could you look and see if there are any maxi pads left? Mine isn't for another week, and I don't remember what was left." Karen asked.

I groaned desperately. "Maybe the gazebo is safe." I muttered, turning on my heel, but Karen caught my elbow. "I was only kidding! Relax, I know how you feel about girl stuff!" She laughed. "Besides, we don't even know if that's what's bothering Liu Si."

Turns out, it was. Later that evening there was "convincing evidence," and just like that, our adopted sister Liu Si had passed through that metaphorical doorway from girlhood to womanhood. Liu Si was prepared to be embarrassed and uncomfortable about it, but Karen called Lola and after a brief stop at the grocery store, Lola brought ice cream (frozen yogurt for Liu Si) and the ladies all sat in front of the fireplace and ate ice cream, telling funny period stories and complaining about cramps. Or maybe they arm-wrestled and told dirty jokes, I don't know, I was in my room, listening to headphones and trying to stay out of it. Again, I love women, and have nothing but respect for the female gender, but I don't want to sit around and talk about menstruation or the wacky things that happen during or because of it. Sorry.

I was very proud of Karen, though, AND Amy and Lola. It seems to me that starting your period with almost no foreknowledge of what to expect would be very traumatic and embarrassing, but they really made Liu Si feel special, that it was something to be proud of, not ashamed of. The right people in your life can make all the difference. Never forget that.

I went downstairs at one point to get some more Kool-aid, and as I passed through the living room, I saw

that Liu Si was wearing one of Amy's plastic princess crowns, and had a cord coming from behind her back, so I assume the heating pad was still in use. Her menstrual majesty. Lola called me over.

"Will, there you are!" She said, putting her spoon back in her Ben & Jerry's, "Sorry we're excluding you tonight."

"With all due respect, I'd rather be EXcluded than INcluded." I waved politely. "I just came downstairs to get something to drink, and to say congratulations." I bowed. Liu Si blushed and smiled.

In the kitchen, I refilled my cup from the big pitcher, and Amy came in. "Hey, we all agreed we'd rather have you in there too, so no more 'woman talk,' ok?"

"I don't want to intrude on the special evening," I said, with extremely mild disgust.

"Trust me, there's only so many things to say about the ovaries." Amy made a face.

"Um, hey," She said quietly a second later. "I know I said I've got "next," but Liu Si is feeling kinda gross, so I think I should stay with her tonight, to show her she isn't. I mean, we're not going to DO anything, but I wouldn't feel right leaving her alone to spend time alone with you when she's feeling low."

"I totally understand." I said, smiling at her. Amy is actually a pretty good judge of when people need support.

"So if you need, um, attention, you don't have to wait for me." She said, her voice low, peeking over her shoulder towards the living room. "If you and Karen want to have some special time, that's totally cool. I didn't really mean to imply that we had to take turns, anyway."

"Actually, I'm pretty good right now." I said, putting my cup down and hugging her. "I can wait. I haven't been crazy horny for a while now, and it's not like I have to have it every night.. You've both been taking good care of me."

"Good!" She said, beaming. "That's our job! Now come on, Lola even got an ice cream for you. Join us."

I looked in the freezer to find Ben & Jerry's Magic Brownie, a tribute to the Dave Matthews Band. I checked the ingredients to make sure it didn't actually include pot, and got a spoon.

Heading back into the living room, I took a seat next to Lola on the couch, and began enjoying the ice cream. Liu Si had taken off the plastic crown, and was sitting happily next to Amy, eating strawberry frozen yogurt. Karen was sitting on the floor, reclining against the ottoman, facing us.

"So, I have some good news, and some bad news, although it's all kind of sad news." Lola said, staring into her Americone Dream. "The good news is, tomorrow morning, I should have the last of Mom's affairs prepared for her . . .passing."

Karen crawled over and sat next to her feet, and put her hand on Lola's knee. "And the bad news?" She asked gently.

Lola took a deep breath. "The bad news is that tomorrow afternoon we have a scheduled meeting with a hospice worker."

"What's that?" Amy asked.

"It's a person who basically comes in and helps you prepare. They are kind of like a death counselor, both for the patient, and for the loved ones." Lola said.

"Is that . . . normal? Is that what they do?" I asked, surprised.

Lola nodded sadly. "Mom's not getting better, and she's . . . not going to, either. Maybe the best thing I can do for her is . . . to let her go."

Not a lot to be said then. I sat quietly, until I realized that Lola was silently crying. I scooped over to put my arm around her, and she put her head on my shoulder. Karen reached up and took her hand, and we sat like that for a while. Amy and Liu Si also sat quietly, hip to hip.

Before long, the conversation revived, and we spoke of other things, but both Karen and I stayed close to Lola, and she seemed grateful for it.

That evening, we said quiet goodbyes to Lola, and went upstairs to our rooms. Liu Si and Amy took the heating pad with them, and I got to give Amy and Karen each a very nice kiss before we went off to bed. Liu Si got a good hug, and a hearty handshake, which made her laugh.

The next few days were bad, and I'm not going into a ton of detail here, because it's not part of this memoir. What details there are is only what specifically merits mention, and because we finally met Lola's sisters.

Lola called us the next afternoon, in tears, telling us about the visit with the hospice worker, how she was told to hold her mother's hand, and basically tell her that it was ok to die, that we all loved her, but that it was ok to just let go, and go on to heaven. I don't know if I could do something like that, it sounded awful. I can't imagine the kind of strength you would need to let someone go. I certainly don't have it.

I had the late shift at work that night, 6 to 11:30, so I didn't get to see Lola that night when she came over. Karen said they just cried a lot. They (all four of them) literally went upstairs to the king-sized bed in the master bedroom and just curled up and cried, laying on top of the comforter. After a while, they sat cross-legged, and told stories about Mrs. Klemp, Lola from when she lived there with her sisters, Karen from growing up with the cats. Amy said that when they broke up for the evening, Lola seemed to be more at peace.

The day after next, Mrs. Klemp passed away. She died peacefully, never regaining consciousness. Lola was actually on her way to the hospital in the morning when it happened, and she arrived to find that it was already over.

She called the house and got Karen. "Mom's gone!" She wailed.

"Oh, no!" Karen gasped.

"Oh, yes!" Lola bawled. We got ourselves out to the hospital as fast as we could, but there really wasn't much we could do, or needed to, anyway, besides be there for Lola, and for Karen. Those two knew her best, after all.

Lola's hard work in the weeks previous translated into very little responsibility when the moment came. She had to sign a few things, but other than that, it all just kind of happened by itself. She called her sisters and gave them the news. The viewing was set for the day after next, with the actual graveside ceremony set for the day after that. Mrs. Klemp's final resting place is about an hour and a half from where we live, next to the resting place of Mr. Klemp, a man I never met.

Her oldest sister, Donna, arrived very late that following night, and together she and Lola sat up with the body at the funeral home, a southern tradition, left over from the family's roots in South Carolina. Doris, the middle sister, didn't actually arrive until the viewing, and even then it seemed like she spent the whole time outside with her cellphone wedged in her ear.

(In the following weeks, when they were dividing up the assets and paying for the final expenses, Donna (the executor of the will) was the most cooperative. Doris was more like "Where's the money?" Because Lola was living in the house, they all agreed (after some resistance from Doris) to let her keep it as long as she needed it. If she moves, though, they split it three ways.)

During the viewing and funeral, Karen or I were never more than arm's length from Lola. Amy and Liu Si were a little freaked out by being in the same place as a dead body, so they stayed at the back of the room, around the corner where the couches were. Lola and Donna basically had to greet everybody, and it just seemed to drag on and on.

The graveside ceremony took place early in the morning, and it was a beautiful day, which helped, I think. After the funeral, the two older sisters came back with Lola to the Klemp homestead and each took some of the things they wanted, although both were somewhat dismayed by the amount of cats, and the general decline of the old family home. Donna made sure that they made a list of the things they were taking with them, so that maximum fairness was assured. They parted with a promise to get in touch later in the week for more arrangements.

That night, the day of the funeral, I had the late shift again, and they really had me traipsing all over our delivery service area. All the way north, all the way south, way the hell over to the east, likewise west. I spent most of the night driving. Had I not known that Jenni was working the shop that night, I might have chalked it all up to dumb fate, but instead I had to chalk it up to angry bitch. Spiro made about a dozen nearby deliveries in the time it took me to make seven or eight long-distance ones. Twelve tips for Spiro, seven for me, because the last guy lied about how close his address was, and it took me longer to find it. The guy practically lived in the next state, way out on some nasty back road in B.F.E., and he was pissed about a cold pizza.

So I drive all night, burn up a lot of gas, get less tips, and I almost get hit, too. Coming back from the last guy, who was a real jerk, I get most of the way across this little one-lane bridge at the bottom of a ravine, when a crappy pickup truck tries to get on the other end. I literally saw it as it turned onto the bridge, but then I just had headlights in my eyes.

I sat and waited, expecting him to see me and back off, but he just puts his lights on high and blows his horn, like I'm the one who can't fucking drive. Asshole.

I flashed my lights, indicating that I'm waiting, and he just blew his horn again. I was in a mood, I'll admit.

I opened the exhaust cutout, and was a fraction of a second away from gunning the engine, when I realized that it won't do any good. What am I, going to ram him? The glimpse of the truck I got before his high beams blinded me showed me that this truck was a P.O.S. Baby blue paint, scratches and dings going way down the side, like it drove through a fence at some point decades ago, rust on the fenders, this truck had nothing to lose. And I'm in a glorious black Mustang. Crap.

I closed the exhaust cutouts and backed off the bridge as smoothly as I could. The little Timpanelli Pizza Subs And Wings! windsock-on-a-stick that we drivers use actually blew backwards, and was visible in the top corner of my windshield, which is the only time that has ever happened. I pulled off the end of the bridge, and waited.

Blue Truck proceeds to just rollllllll across the bridge, like his foot isn't even on the gas, taking his sweet fucking time about it, showing me who's boss. I was pissed, but then I remembered something.

People like to rob delivery drivers. Carl had been robbed twice (which was why he eventually quit). First time, he made a delivery to an address that was a vacant house and a guy jumped out from behind the side of the house and threatened him with a baseball bat. Second time, someone blocked him in at the end of a narrow driveway, and the passenger of the car got out and stuck a gun in his face.

Not that I thought I was about to get robbed, but the thought of getting blocked off this bridge by this Truck Fucker made me think twice. My cell phone wouldn't even work down here, I was just sure. I backed up until I was about twenty feet from the end of the bridge, right before the road hair-pinned to go back up the other side of the ravine.

As Blue Truck got off the end of the bridge, he (or she, I couldn't tell, it was dark) kept their snails pace. The second I saw brake lights bloom behind that truck, indicating that they were stopping beside me, I was gone. I stomped the gas, threw gravel and dust everywhere, and yanked the exhaust cutouts, just to give them the Full Treatment. VRRROOOOWWWWMMMM!

"Enjoy that, Jackass!" I yelled, even though my windows were up, and the car was deafeningly loud, down in that little ravine.

I was still mad when I got back to the shop, but it was 11:45, quitting time. I took the windsock, the thermal pizza carrier, and the money in and settled up at the register.

"Fun night?" Jenni asked, with icy anger.

"The best." I replied, equally polite.

"Well, you're doing it again tomorrow, so, lucky you." She gave me a brittle, superior smile.

"Great."

Pops came out of the office, apparently doing a little late-night book juggling. "I barely saw you tonight, Will. How many trips?"

I looked at Jenni, who radiated apathy. "Eight, but they were all a little far away. We might want to be more careful when we take orders, because some of these deliveries tonight should have been pickups instead."

"We can't afford to turn away business. You just need to improve your customer service attitude!" Jenni spat.

"No need to 'flare up' at me," I said, and she turned red.

"She's just trying to take care of the business, that's all." Pops said. "This is the kind of thinking we can use around here."

"I'm sure she's going to do well, as long as she minds 'herpes' and Q's." I said, and Jenni turned white. Pops took no notice, just nodded his head. "I'm so proud of her."

I got the hell out of there. That probably wasn't wise, I thought afterwards, antagonizing someone who has the power to make my job miserable. I headed home, where I arrived well after midnight. I went straight to bed.

The next morning, before work, I spent some time hanging out with my ladies. "Lola came by last night, and you missed her again." Amy scolded me.

"I'm sorry," I said sincerely. "I spent all night exploring every back road in the dark. I'd MUCH rather have been here."

"Karen asked her who the mystery guy was and she looked like she was going to choke on her iced tea." Amy gloated.

"She did not, she just, ok, I guess she did panic a little." Karen said, chopping potatoes with Liu Si for some soup they were making. "I said that you had mentioned some guy she liked, and asked her about him, and she looked so surprised. Maybe it was supposed to stay a secret."

I shrugged. "She didn't SAY it was, so I didn't think like that."

Amy piped up. "I think I might know who it is." She beamed.

"Oh yeah?" I said. "Based on what?"

"Observation, my dear Watson." Amy said, with exaggerated aloofness. "Have you ever watched her body language?"

"No, I can't say that I have." I said, and Karen chuckled. "He's too busy watching her body." She said, and Liu Si grinned. I shot Karen an aggrieved look, and she stuck out her tongue to show she wasn't

upset.

"When we go places, it's always the same." Amy said. "Strangers, store employees, everyone at the funeral, even her own sisters, get this." Amy crossed her arms and legs and turned slightly at an angle, not making eye contact. "Closed posture, turned away, as if they smell bad or something. No contact, except for what is strictly necessary, no hugs, only short handshakes. Everything about her says don't touch me."

"I've seen her *do* that, too." Karen said, amused and intrigued. "So what else you got?"

"Well, Me, Hu Die, and until night before last, Karen, get this." Amy turned back towards me, uncrossed her arms, and sat up straight. Her legs were still crossed, but now she looked more relaxed, her hands laying loosely in her lap. "More of an open posture, smiling, comfortable, with hand holding, hugging, and laughing."

"Why 'until night before last' me?" Karen asked, surprised.

"I'm getting there," Amy smiled. "So then Will, and now Karen, get this behavior." Amy uncrossed her legs, and keeping her knees together, put her feet over to the left. She turned her upper body just a bit, but kept her face pointed at me, and smiled, making plenty of eye contact. "Completely open body language, maybe even posing a little, smiling, making a personal connection. Everything about this says please touch me, I'd enjoy it."

"So, what does all this mean?" I asked, a little slow on the uptake. "I thought you were going to tell us who the mystery guy is?"

"Duh." Amy said. "Karen already said she doesn't know anybody but us. I think it's you. I've never seen her look so inviting to anyone but you. And now Karen."

"Me?" Karen blushed. "Why do you think me?"

"Well, I'm just saying she seems like she's attracted to you. When you're talking, she even mimics your posture. You lean forward, she leans forward. You tilt your head, she tilts her head. It's such a basic form of attraction, even animals do it." Amy said sagely. "I don't think she's doing it consciously, but she's still doing it"

"How do you know so much about this?" I asked.

"It was on The Learning Channel Sunday night." Amy shrugged. "I can't blame Lola, anyway. You're both super hot. No one could ignore it for long."

"I don't think you're right." Karen shook her head, blushing. She looked at Liu Si. "What do you think? Are we so attractive that no one can resist us?" Liu Si gave her an appraising look, and then threw her arms around Karen's waist with a grin. Karen put down her knife and hugged her back, laughing.

"See?" Amy asked me. "Karen just stole my girlfriend." She laughed, and I had to chuckle too.

So Amy thinks Lola wants me and Karen both? I mean, I definitely thought *I* was on the list, but Karen too? The plot thickens..

All too soon, it was time for work again. I was seriously considering quitting. I only got the job so that I would feel like I was doing something other than just living off of Dad, and because someday I would need to get a real job, so some experience would help, but I wasn't interested in taking shit every shift I worked. Of course, getting mouthy last night wouldn't have helped me. The costs were definitely starting to outweigh the benefits.

I hugged everybody, kissed Karen, and headed off to work. Right as I was leaving sight of our driveway, my cell phone rang. The ID said "work" so I thought it might be Pops, so I answered it. It was Jenni.

"Make sure you've got a full tank of gas." She gloated. "You might need it."

"Oh, come on!" I said. "Give me a break."

"PLUS I wanted to warn you, try any more cute insult shit like last night, and I will pepper spray you right in the face, I don't care if Dad IS right there." Jenni snarled.

"Just leave me alone, ok?" I said. "I'll drop the attitude if you drop the revenge."

"You think so, tough guy?" She said, and my phone beeped. "You just wait-"

"Other call!" I said loudly, and disconnected her, picking up the other call. "Hello?"

I hadn't even gotten to see who it was, but I was pleased to hear it was Lola. "Will?"

"Lola!" I said. Make my day better, I thought.

"I just got home, and I think I heard someone go down your driveway." She sounded unsure.

"You probably heard me, I just left for work." I said, but she disagreed.

"I SAW you from the sidewalk, but you didn't see me wave. I mean I got into the kitchen and was setting the bags down, and it sounded like someone drove past my house, and turned into your driveway. I'm going outside to look, maybe I'm wrong." I started slowing down. I could hear wind blowing into the mouthpiece of her phone as she crossed the yard.

"Ok, this is weird. There's a pickup truck parked crooked, blocking your driveway about forty feet in, right where the trees make it the narrowest, I don't even think you could drive around it. And it's empty." I could hear concern in her tone.

It was like ice water poured down my back. A flash of dread hit me. "Lola, what color is the truck?"

"It's like a really awful robin's egg blue." She said. "Does it matter?"

I was already whipping the car around, and actually cut a corner in someone's yard, not having enough

room in their big double driveway. "Call the house right now, tell them to get inside and lock the doors! I'm coming home right now, I'm only about two minutes away! Please do it now!" I hung up and dropped my phone into the passenger seat.

I drove as fast as I thought I could keep the car on the road, just mash the pedal down and go go go! My phone rang about thirty seconds later, right before I rounded the turn that would bring Lola's house into view. "I got Karen on the cordless, but she was in the bathroom. She said Amy and Liu Si are outside by the pool!"

I could see Lola now, standing in the little side yard, looking down our driveway, her cell phone clutched to her ear. "I need to park in your yard!" I said, and she looked up and saw me. As she ran for the house, getting out of my way, she said, "Baby, park wherever you want!"

I braked off the driveway and skidded into the grass. Turning off the ignition, I yanked off my seatbelt, and jumped out of the car. "Who is it?" Lola shouted, scared.

"I don't know!" I yelled back, already running. "Call 911! Get the police out here!"

I ran as hard as I have ever run in my life. I dodged around the truck; last night's enemy, all right, door open, engine still running. It looked like they were trying to A: block the driveway, or B: get poised for a quicker turnaround, but the trees were a little too close for a three point turn in a vehicle that size.

As I ran, pure fear giving wings to my feet, I punched Speed Dial #1 on my phone. I don't know how people in movies run and talk on the cell phone, because it's really difficult. It answered on the first ring. "Is everyone-" I started, but Karen interrupted me.

"BY THE POOL! AMY!!!!!!!!!!!!!" she shrieked, and I just threw the phone away and ran.

The house was in view, and I ran along the driveway, my legs burning, my chest aching, when I heard a colossal, ringing crash. I pelted around the corner and up onto the patio to see that a soaking wet man had just hurled the metal grill grid from the outdoor fireplace through one of the giant glass panels alongside our sliding glass doors.

It was like a snapshot, one of those moments engraved on your brain for the rest of your life. You don't even remember looking around, but you can remember every detail.

Wet footsteps were all over the place, most of them small girl feet. A wooden end table, usually placed beside our deck chairs, was rolling and floating in the pool. A huge drip trail led from the side of the pool, towards the house, and then back to the grill, and then ended with the intruder, still dripping on the patio.

I didn't even recognize him at first. Water poured down off of him, running into his blackened eyes, over the two strips of medical tape that crossed the bridge of his bandaged nose. He snarled at me, his eyes wild, his teeth nasty, yellowed, and crooked. "Pizza boy!" He spat, and then laughed evilly. "I FOUND YOU!!!"

I didn't realize until I saw the aircast on his foot. It was Kai Long. I felt like I was going deaf. I suddenly couldn't hear anything except my heartbeat. Fuck fuck fuckety FUCK!

He grabbed at his pockets like he was expecting to find something, but came up with nothing. He shot an angry glance at the pool, then looked back at me.

"Pizza boy!" He snarled. "Last night I recognize your car, today I get to fuck you up! Today is a lucky day!"

"We'll see how lucky it is." I said, trying to catch my breath. I circled to get between him and the house.

"Not lucky for you!" He growled, and pulled a huge knife from the back of his belt. It was a type of cooking knife called a Santoku, and the blade was probably only between 8 and 10 inches long, but it looked plenty long enough. My mouth went dry. Don't watch the knife, watch his eyes, I told myself. I put my hands out, and tensed myself to spring.

I heard footsteps crunching the the broken glass behind me. "WILL?! What should I DO?" Karen called, terrified. I know she saw the knife.

"Where's Amy? You screamed about Amy?" I asked quickly.

"We're all in here, I sent them to hide." She said, very scared.

I called to her without taking my eyes off of him. "Get the shotgun and as many shells as you can carry and bring it to me." I could hear her footsteps move off quickly.

Kai Long had reacted to her arrival with a leer and a "well, well, well," look, but at the mention of "shotgun" he re-oriented on me. His blackened eyes narrowed.

"Give me the girl." He snarled.

"Eat shit and die." I responded as calmly as I could, although I was terrified. Where oh where were the police?

He took a step towards the broken window, and I shouted "Hold it!" He ignored me, turning the knife over until it was point down in his fist. Another limping step.

I could hear Karen's footsteps returning, and he must have done the same, because he made his move. He lunged, not at me, but as if he were trying to go past me, to get to her before she could bring me the shotgun.

I did something stupid.

I didn't want to get within range of that knife, but I knew I couldn't let him get past me, so I dropped down onto my hands and my left foot and kicked straight out at his good leg as hard as I could with my right foot. I aimed at his knee, and I got it.

I'd always heard that it only takes 12 pounds of pressure in the wrong direction to break a human knee, and his was certainly no exception. Even now, remembering the sound, kind of a wet crunching pop,

makes me shudder uncomfortably. The impact up my leg felt like I was kicking through the narrower end of a pool cue.

He threw his arms out for balance, but it was already over. He toppled forward, his broken knee bending fully in the wrong direction as his body weight collapsed it. His right arm was too far up to catch himself, so he literally bounced his face off the patio, smashing right down on his already ruined nose.

The stupid part of it was that I forgot to pull back fast enough. I was so focused on hitting him in the knee, I wasted time on the follow-through, and when he lurched forward in his fall, the santoku knife clutched in his left hand drove straight into the outside of my right calf, about six or seven inches below my knee. Straight fucking in.

I have never, ever, felt pain like that in my entire life. I'm not sure I could describe it accurately, although here goes. If you've ever accidentally jammed something up under your thumbnail, like a toothpick or a staple or a paperclip or something, take that feeling and multiply it as much as you like. Not only is there the pain of the puncture itself, there is the deep, deep animal-brain feeling that something DOES NOT BELONG. Like even after you pull a splinter out, it can feel like it's still there. My leg was on fire, as if it were literally burning. Pain? I've fucking BEEN THERE.

It hurt so bad at first I couldn't even make a sound, just gasp in air, my throat practically closing itself, my breath a whistle. Then, I found my voice. "YYYYAAAAARRRRRRRRRGGH!"

I heard Karen scream as well, a heartbroken roar of fear and anger. I scrambled backwards about three feet, and literally could not drag myself another inch, sitting on my butt, my right leg (plus the knife, still sticking out of it,) stretched straight out in front of me. It hadn't even begun to bleed yet, the vacuum seal of the wound wasn't broken.

Karen appeared over my shoulder, desperately trying to get a shell into the chamber. It was a 20-ga., single-shot, breech loading shotgun, and in her panicked state, putting a shell in and snapping it closed was giving her a hard time. One shell spun out of her fingers and struck me in the arm where I sat.

Kai Long hadn't moved after striking his face off the patio, but Karen finally got a shell in and the breech shut. As she raised it to her shoulder, I heard the hammer go back. "NO!!" I shouted up at her. "Don't shoot!"

"Fucking KILL him!" Karen sobbed, hissing through clenched teeth. The barrel shook wildly. I gulped a deep breath.

"The police are already on their way!" I said, as calmly as I could, although my voice was shaking. I couldn't seem to get enough air. Please God, don't let her do it. "I'm not dead, and he's not getting up from there. Don't shoot." My leg made it hard to concentrate. Unbelievable pain.

"Why not?!" She cried, furious. "He STABBED you! I've got him RIGHT HERE! WHY NOT?!"

"Karen, if you pull that trigger, there's no going back." I said, and reached up for the gun. She stepped away from me, still glaring at him.

"It's self defense!" She growled, sniffing hard, tears running down her cheeks.

"Shooting him in the top of the head as he lays on his face? With a broken leg, a busted nose and a sprained ankle? There's too much against you. Against us." She still wasn't looking at me. "Karen. KAREN!"

She glared at me, trying to catch her breath. "This can all still be ok. Lola called 911, I'm not dead, we'll be ok. If you kill him, it'll never be ok. It'll never be normal again." I spoke as calmly as I could. She started crying harder. I struggled with another deep breath.

"I need you to be strong." I asked her. "I need you to be strong and brave. Will you help me?" Still crying, after a moment, she nodded.

"Put the hammer back down and put the safety on." I said, and she did, albeit grudgingly. She stepped back over closer to me.

"If he moves, I'm GOING to shoot him." She said, firmly.

"Deal." I said. "Just let me yell at him first, ok?" My leg was starting to go numb, somehow without diminishing any of the pain I was feeling. Why couldn't I get enough air?

Somewhere, light years away, I thought I could hear a siren. Kai Long twitched, and tried to push himself up on his hands, blood and snot pouring out of his flattened nose, drool and blood running down from his smashed lips. His chin had split open from the impact on the patio. He finally got himself up on his hands, spread wide apart, and spat out two teeth. His eyes were streaming, and when he realized what he was laying on was his own foot, he shrieked.

"DON'T MOVE, YOU FUCKER!" Karen screamed at him, and his head snapped up.

His eyes burned with hate, and he started trying to slur something at us in chinese. He crouched there, arms out for support, the sole of his shoe pointing right at us.

"I told her if you move, she can blow your arms off." I shouted at him, even though he was only about two yards away. He glared pure murder at us, but he shut up. The sirens got closer, but still were forever away.

"Will, it's getting heavy," Karen said quietly, and I looked up to see the end of the barrel weaving slightly. I reached up with one hand, the other behind me for balance, and held it steady.

Time seemed to stand still.

Picture us there. Imagine it in your mind. A bright, beautiful afternoon, fluffy little clouds in the sky, birds flying and chirping all over the place. A young man sits on a water-strewn patio, one arm back for support, one arm holding up the front of a shotgun held by a young woman crying just this side of uncontrollably. A large knife glitters from the young man's leg, shoved halfway in, only now starting to actually bleed. A few feet away, a man crouches/lies spiderlike on the patio, one leg bent horribly forward underneath himself, his face a nightmare visage of old and new wounds, blood and snot and

saliva dripping from his face. His eyes burn like hot coals, and you can almost SEE the hatred rising from him like heat.

I heard the sirens get closer. I suddenly realized our phone had been ringing for a while now, I could hear it in the kitchen. I tried to get another deep breath, but it was like my lungs just stayed empty.

I glanced down at my leg, and saw the bead of blood roll off the top edge of the knife and trickle down towards the patio floor. The world started going black and white.

"Karen?" I asked.

"What?" She sobbed.

"I'm going to shut my eyes and lay down for a while, ok?"

"No!" She cried, "Will!"

"I'm fine, I'm just . . . promise me you won't shoot him when I lay down."

"Don't lay down!" She shouted. "Stay awake!"

"Promise me. Please." I let go of the shotgun barrel and rocked back to my elbows. My head was spinning. The patio felt like it was flipping over.

"WILL!!" She screamed, far away.

"I'm alive, just . . . don't shoot him unless he moves." I mumbled. I couldn't tell you if my eyes were open or shut. I laid back and

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somebody's yelling, men's voices.

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(So I ended up with eight stitches on my calf. The knife didn't go all the way through my leg, and it went in parallel to the muscle, so there was a minimum of internal damage. The emergency room doctor called me a lucky guy. She said I was very blessed. I was told all this afterwards, of course. At the time I was pretty out of it. They gave me anaesthetic when I got there, because they wanted to inspect the wound and make sure it was clean and that there was no serious internal damage. Other than getting a cooking knife stuck into my leg, I came away with about the least amount of permanent damage you

could get. No nerves, no major blood vessels cut. I was lucky that the knife was so sharp, and so clean. I'm sure that dip in the pool didn't hurt it either, the mildly disinfecting action of the chlorine working in my favor.)

I woke up gradually in the hospital. My leg felt uncomfortable, like someone was squeezing it or pinching it, but when I looked down, it was just heavily bandaged. Oh yeah. I got stabbed. Memories came flooding back, memories that weren't connected to anything properly, like a jumbled handful of snapshots. Kai Long, Karen with the shotgun, the scrambled hell of the police and the ambulance. Some guy in a uniform shining a little flashlight in my eyes, and then dragging a chair over and propping my feet on it. Being in a tiny room with lots of cabinets, jostling back and forth a little, and the air tasted funny.

Outside my window was dark, so I must have been out for a while. I looked around. I was in a semi-private room, you know, the kind with two beds and a flimsy cloth curtain between them. The other bed was empty. In fact, I was completely alone. There were two chairs beside my bed, and one had a coat or a shirt on it, but no one else was around.

Last thing I remembered clearly was Karen pointing a shotgun at Kai Long, screaming at me to wake up. I had to find out if they were ok. I looked around for the nurse call button to find out when I could leave. I found it on the TV remote.

Right before I could press it, Lola walked in, carrying a paper cup of coffee, the kind you get out of a vending machine. She looked terrible, but when she saw me, her whole demeanor changed. "OH MY GOD, WILL!" She ran over, set the coffee down on my bedside table, and hugged me as tightly as she dared.

"Oh, honey! I'm so sorry!" She wept into my shoulder.

"What's wrong?!" I asked, worried for the girls. "Are they ok?"

"Are THEY ok?" She sniffled. "Listen to you! They're fine! YOU got stabbed in the leg with a butcher knife!" She reached back, and dragged the chair with the coat on it right up to the bed, and sat down, still holding onto my hand. With her other hand, she smoothed my hair. "You're something else, you know that?"

"I just want them to be ok." I shrugged, still a bit loopy from the anaesthetic, and I'm sure, the blood loss.

"Will, you're amazing. They're fine, in fact they'd be here now if it wasn't against hospital policy. I'm the only one allowed to stay after ten p.m."

"What happened after I laid down?" I asked, "Why was Kai Long in our pool?"

"When I called them, Karen was just getting out of the bathroom, and Amy and Liu Si were out by the pool. Amy was sitting in a chair fiddling with a camera, and Liu Si was sitting on the edge of the pool, kicking her feet in the water. Amy said they were going to take some pictures. Well, Kai Long came stumping around the corner of the house, I guess he saw Liu Si first, and he went straight at her. Liu Si tried to jump backwards and get to her feet, but she banged her heel on the pool edge and fell on her

back. Kai Long hobbled right up and tried to reach for her, but Amy jumped up, grabbed that little wooden table, and threw it at him as hard as she could." Lola took a deep breath. I just listened in amazement.

"She missed his head, but the table clipped him on the shoulder, and he lost his balance and toppled into the pool. The girls ran for the house, and when they got in the kitchen, they slammed the glass door and locked it, but when he got out of the pool, he just went back to the fireplace and grabbed the grill, and then threw it through the window. Karen said she told them to hide somewhere as fast as they could, but she heard you out there and came outside to see if she could help." Lola wept a few more tears. "and then you got stabbed. I'll never forgive myself."

I was surprised. "YOU didn't stab me." I said.

"I'm doing a shitty job of protecting you and your sisters." She wept. "I drove RIGHT past that truck, parked off the side of the road, as I came home from the grocery store."

"You didn't know it was anything." I said. "He was parked by the road?"

"You know that little dirt road that goes off into the woods right in the curve. It leads to an underground gas line or something, the one that's always got the chain across it? Well, that truck was parked there, but I just thought it was a hunter or something, you know how they park just anywhere. I didn't even remember that deer season is in the fall. The sun was on the windshield and I couldn't see anyone in it. I think he was just sitting, waiting to see if you were going to work, because it was literally a minute after you pulled out, he drove in. When the police got there, they drove his truck into the trees to clear the road. They're towing it tomorrow morning."

I cleared my throat. "Yeah, what happened after I left?" I asked.

Lola shed another tear or two. "I had to stay out by the road to direct the police in, they didn't seem to know your address when I called 911, so I gave them Mom's and told them I would wait there. I followed them in, and parked around back when they did. It was horrible, coming up on that patio and seeing you lying there. I felt like my heart had stopped completely." She wept, silently, but hard, for a few more seconds, pulling herself together with a huge sniff.

"The policement saw Karen with the shotgun and oriented on her first, but then they saw you lying there, and Kai Long." She shuddered. "If I ever sleep again, he's going to give me nightmares, I just know it. That face, and his leg all bent up? He looked like something out of a horror movie. God."

"The leg was my fault." I said. She gulped and nodded, her face very close to mine.

"I know, and I still think you went easy on him, but God, that leg looked terrible." She kissed the back of my hand again. "Karen told me about how you kept her from shooting him."

"I don't think I was wrong." I said.

Lola nodded. "*I* would have blown him away in a heartbeat, and then had to live with it the rest of my life. Forget all the legal ramifications, just knowing that I'd pulled a trigger and blown someone apart

would have tormented me forever. Karen gets that now, although at the time, all she wanted was to kill him. Even while you were lying there with a butcher knife in your leg, you were protecting her. I'm just in awe. You showed amazing presence of mind."

I shook my head. "Just scared."

Lola shook her head back at me. "You're the bravest person I have ever met, William Humbert."

I didn't know what to say, so I just lay there. She wiped away another tear that had been stubbornly clinging to her eyelash. "So they get up on the patio, and Karen immediately surrenders the shotgun, and they focus on you and Kai Long. One of the officers checked you, and said you were in shock, and called an ambulance."

"Shock? That doesn't sound so bad." I said.

Lola shook her head. "People die from it a lot, I've been told. They handcuffed Kai Long and rolled him off of his broken leg. Karen and I just knelt beside you and cried, pretty much. An ambulance came and took you, then another one for him, with a police escort. One car stayed and took statements from everybody."

Uh oh. "Everybody?" I asked, concerned, but starting to get sleepy again.

She gave me a little smile. "Ever since you told me to call the police, I'd been thinking of a way to keep Liu Si out of it, how to keep her a secret. We went in and got Amy, and had her come out onto the patio to give her statement. Since we were "all" outside, and Kai Long never made it past the patio, the police didn't need to come inside for any reason." She grinned for real now. "When Karen and I went inside to find Amy, I told them both to make sure not to use his name. The more random we can make it look, the less likely we'll have to give up Liu Si, and the crazier he'll look. If the police knew that we knew his name, we'd have to explain why."

"That's really smart." I said, starting to fall asleep again. "I never would have thought of that."

"So then I brought the girls here for a while, but you were still in surgery or whatever, then I took them home and came back to spend the night here so you wouldn't be alone when you woke up."

She still held my hand, but with her other hand she took a drink of coffee from her paper cup. On the bottom of it was printed a ten of spades and an ace of clubs.

"You won." I said, getting really sleepy.

She put the cup down and smiled at me. God, she was pretty. "I guess I did." She gently caressed my face with her other hand, then leaned down and kissed the back of my hand she was holding.

"On the cup," I said, fading fast back into sleep. "Blackjack."

She picked up the cup and carefully looked at the bottom. "Ha," She said softly. "My lucky day." She massaged my hand and kissed it again. Had I not been knocked out, I'm sure I would have at least

started an erection under the thin hospital blanket. "When you're all better, I'd like to spend some more time with you." She murmured. "Would that be ok?"

"I'd really like that." I said. "But right now I think I want to sleep some more."

She gave me a kind smile. "Ok, but listen: The police will be around tomorrow, most likely, but you don't HAVE to talk to them. I'll bring the girls around early, but don't tell the police anything until the anaesthetic wears off, and we get our story together. Liu Si must be kept a secret."

"Got it." I said, barely awake. "Goodnight." My eyes closed.

"I think I love you." I barely heard her whisper a moment later, then I was asleep again.

My sleep was total and somewhat refreshing. I woke up with a tiny headache, but I've always been told that the worst part of most surgeries is recovering from the anaesthetic. It was daylight when I opened my eyes. My leg ached dully, but it was elevated, so I'm sure it was the best it could be.

After about ten minutes a nurse came in, a fiftyish woman in maroon scrubs, and seemed glad to see me awake, in a brusque, deadpan way. "Good, you're up. Now I won't have to wake you to ask you what you want for breakfast."

My stomach didn't feel so great, so I just asked for toast. She brought me a tray with toast, a few slices of american cheese, and some fruit salad. It wasn't that bad. "How do I go to the bathroom with my leg like this?" I asked, eating some cheese on toast.

"Well, we can get your crutches up here, or you can use a walker. Or, there's always the bedpan." She said flatly.

"Crutches or walker, please. At your convenience." I said, embarassed. "Also, where are my clothes?"

"Your clothes are here in this bag," She indicated. "But for right now you have to keep your robe on. They're going to want to check your stitches later today, just to check for infection or seepage or anything."

I'm at least going to put on my underwear, I thought to myself. Going commando makes me nervous.

She came back with the walker, and helped me turn slowly and put my legs on the floor. The minute my leg dropped lower than my heart, I felt that stab wound. Wow.

"What's your pain like?" She asked, as I hobbled to the little ensuite bathroom. "From one to ten, one being barely noticeable, and ten being almost unbearable."

"When I was laying down it was maybe a four, but right now it's a seven or eight." I said through gritted teeth.

"I'll bring you something for it after we're done here." She said, not unkindly.

I sat down to pee, because I couldn't stand up and balance. Getting back to the bed was a relief. After the nurse came back in with the pills, I ventured forth from the bed again in search of my clothes.

A few minutes after I found my underwear, got it on over my sore leg, and propped myself back up again, two men came into my room. One was an older hispanic man, in a grey suit and tie, with an impressive mustache. The other was a younger guy in a polo shirt with a blazer over it, and a crew cut.

"William Humbert?" The older man said, and reaching into his pocket, produced a police badge. "I'm Detective Rodriguez, and this is Detective Cooper, and we'd like to ask you a few questions about what happened yesterday." He put the badge away.

Needless to say, I was immediately apprehensive. "Umm, ok."

Cooper waved his hand placatingly. "You're not in any trouble or anything, we'd just like to know how this started."

"Ok." I repeated. Time to shut up. Where are you, Lola?! Rodriguez took out a little leather notebook and flipped it open.

"Have you had any previous run-ins with Kai Long?" Detective Rodriguez asked, watching me intently.

"Who?" I asked, looking at him blankly. Maybe if I give them a *little* truth, I won't seem like I'm lying, I decided.

"The man who stabbed you." He said, and made a tiny jot in his notebook.

"Oh, yeah. He was at the park a few days ago, and came up and started yelling at my sister. We got away from him and ran." How do I keep Liu Si out of this? It's impossible.

"You don't by any chance drive a black mustang with a muffler problem, do you?" Cooper asked.

"I do. How did you know?" I asked. CRAP!

"It's a small town." Detective Rodriguez gave a little smile. "A soccer mom called in a report on her cell phone that there was a man harassing two girls at the jungle gym. A few minutes later, she called back to say that a teenage boy came up, and together the three kids fled to a black mustang which made, in her words, "one hell of a racket pulling out.""

"Yeah, that was us." I swallowed. Next came the question I was dreading.

"You said he was harassing your sister. Who was the second girl?" Cooper asked.

Before I could answer, there came a squeal from the doorway. "WILL!!"

Amy came charging in, followed a second later by Karen. At first I barely recognized Amy, because instead of reddish-brown curls, her hair had been ironed straight and dyed black! Karen was dressed normally, but had a serious twinkle in her eye as she approached the bed.

Amy threw herself onto my good side and started crying. Karen sat in Lola's chair and held my hand, starting to cry herself. "We were so worried." She said, over Amy's wailing.

"Don't ever do that again!" Amy sobbed. "We were so scared!"

The two detectives looked decidedly uncomfortable amidst this display of emotion. The girls cried on me for a couple of minutes.

"They were both my sisters." I finally said, deducing the purpose of Amy's disguised hairdo.

"And why was he yelling at them?" Cooper asked.

I shrugged. "I really don't know, except he really scared us."

"The report said he seemed to be shouting in Chinese, and that the girl seemed to be shouting back." Cooper said.

"Shubujinyan jiang putonghua, chunlu!" Amy spat, through her tears. "Yuchun jingcha." (I speak Chinese, you ass!) and (Stupid cops.)

"What?" Cooper asked, caught off guard, but Rodriguez made a few more notes in his book.

"I can speak Chinese, a little." Amy said, sniffing. "Why are you asking us all this? We didn't stab anybody!"

"Ma'am, your brother isn't in any trouble, we just want to know what happened, and why." Detective Rodriguez said gently.

"So you were just at the playground, and" Cooper asked leadingly.

"And he marched up to us and started telling me I had to go live at his house. I have no idea what he was talking about, I think either he was confusing me for someone else, or he was just this crazy old pervert." Amy said angrily. She brushed her hair back behind her ear.

"Are you supposed to interrogate a minor without a parent or lawyer present?" Lola's voice interrupted. Lola stalked in, a vision in high heels and a steel blue power suit. She was wearing heels that had a strap around her ankle, dark nylons, and a tight skirt that stopped a few inches above her knee. She must not have been wearing anything under her suit coat, because her cleavage looked fantastic. Her outfit was just conservative enough not to look slutty, but she radiated confidence and sex appeal. Detective Cooper's jaw just kinda fell open. Lola looked H-O-T.

"He's not in any trouble, we'd just really appreciate his cooperation. I'm Detective Rodriguez. And you are?" He smiled and held out his hand.

"Dolores Klemp, attorney at law, and this young man's legal guardian, in loco parentis." She did not shake his hand. Cooper's jaw shut with a snap, and he shot a look at Rodriguez, who for once did not look in control of the situation. Rodriguez hastily put away his notebook.

"Frankly, ma'am, we're just here politely asking for help. A wanted man shows up and stabs a pizza delivery boy with a cooking knife, not too long after approaching the young man's sisters, apparently randomly, at a public park and causing a disturbance, not too long after the business he was running burns down suspiciously." Rodriguez held his hands apart helplessly.

Lola paused, then looked at me, Karen, and Secret Agent Super Amy calculatingly.

"I think maybe we can work something out. You said a "wanted man?" So he's already in trouble, from before the stabbing?"

"Yes, ma'am." Cooper said.

"I'd like to exchange some information, if that's ok." Lola smiled. "How about you tell me what else he's wanted for, and Will can tell you what he remembers."

Cooper smiled a crooked half smile, and looked at Rodriguez. Who, after a moment, shrugged."Ok, why not. You first, though. I'd sure like for all this to make some sense."

I told him more or less what happened, substituting Amy for Liu Si. I made Kai Long's approach at the playground seem completely random and mysterious to us. I then told about finding his truck blocking the driveway, and then the face-off, ending with Karen and me holding him at gunpoint.

"I don't know how he found our house." I said at last. I had suspicions, but let them do their work. He did call me "pizza boy" after all.

"He probably saw you delivering pizzas and followed your car. It is rather distinctive." Cooper said, still eyeing up Lola, who was pointedly ignoring him.

"I don't remember much after I fell down." I said.

"Lola came home right after you left," Amy said, still in the bed with me. "then today they came and towed the truck. We cried a lot." She pouted.

Karen had slipped out of the room at some point, and I just then noticed her absence.

"So what else is he wanted for?" Lola asked. "A deal's a deal."

Detective Rodriguez shrugged. "Well, right now, it's just aggravated assault with a deadly weapon, although that may turn into attempted murder, but other than that, it's just health and fire code violations from the restaraunt and nail salon. Possibly some laws being broken regarding visas and immigration. Had we gotten our hands on him at the park, we might have tacked on attempted kidnapping, but as it is, this is what we've got."

"Although," Cooper said, "we're pretty sure Kai Long is not his real name. He doesn't seem to have proper ID, and Kai Long apparently means-

"Triumphant Dragon." Amy interrupted.

Cooper made a 'there you have it' kind of gesture. "It sounds unnecessarily grandiose, like some kind of pimp name." Behind him, Rodriguez rolled his eyes. "Plus, he doesn't seem to speak any english now that he's been arrested."

"He spoke english at the park and our house," I said, but Cooper waved his hand calmly. "This is how the game is played, we know. We're getting a translator anyway, so there can't be any misunderstandings."

"So anyway, why would you specifically want to know what all he's charged with?" Rodriguez asked.

"Simple. If he's already in enough trouble, then maybe I can keep these nice kids out of a courtroom. Like if he robbed a bank in Colorado, you wouldn't need their testimony to put him away for a long time. I can rest easy knowing he can never get at them again, and they won't have to go through all the crap of a court trial. I think they've suffered enough." She crossed her arms.

Rodriguez looked annoyed. "Well, if and when we find out who he really is, maybe THEN you can let him go to jail for something else. Right now, this stabbing is the biggest thing against him. Aggravated assault with a deadly weapon is a felony, and a pretty solid one."

Lola frowned. "If and when you find out who he really is, could you let us know?"

Cooper pulled a card out of his pocket and gave it to Lola. "How about you call me on, say, Friday afternoon?"

Lola looked at him impassively. "I'll have to check my schedule."

Cooper tried to smile, but you could tell he knew he had been shot down with ease.

The two detectives thanked us and left. Amy immediately looked at Lola. "You were so tough! That was awesome!"

Lola grinned. "You say you're a lawyer, and most police immediately get more careful. Never mind that I'm a civil lawyer, not a criminal lawyer."

She sat down next to me and took my other hand, the one that Amy wasn't laying on. "You're the bravest young man I've ever met." She said to me sincerely. She smelled good.

Karen jogged in after a few moments. "It worked! They didn't even think twice!" She shut the door.

Lola relaxed visibly, but Amy just snuggled against me more closely. "Yay." She said happily.

"You were probably wondering about the hair," Lola said, a bit nervously.

"What, this?" I gently pinched a lock of Amy's hair, and flipped it back and forth, tickling her cheek. She giggled.

"It was Lola's idea. We didn't know who said what or how much, so if Kai Long said he was trying to rescue his niece or some crap, we'd have a decoy in place to make him look like a nut." Amy murmured.

"Lucky you did." I said. "I didn't even SUSPECT they knew so much about the playground."

"You totally played it cool, too." Karen glowed. "You didn't even flinch when we came in."

"And then I was going to give them something else to think about." Lola grinned sheepishly.

"Did you ever!" Karen laughed. "On the way to the elevators, they weren't talking about *us*, they were talking about YOU."

"She's a part of US." Amy pointed out.

"Of COURSE she is, but I mean they were talking about her specifically." Karen said. "The young guy was saying 'who'd give guardianship to a lawyer?' and the guy with the mustache said 'I saw your face in there. You'd LOVE to have her as your babysitter.'"

Lola grinned. "I guess I've still got it."

"I don't think you ever lost it. I think it's getting stronger." I said.

"For real," Karen said, and rubbed her shoulder in a friendly way.

"You guys are too nice." Lola shook her head. "All this flattery."

"Oh, shush." Karen leaned down and hugged her. "It's true. Just shut up and enjoy it."

"I'm gonna sleep here." Amy announced, from the crook of my arm. "Just like this."

"It's 9:30 in the morning." Karen pointed out, smiling.

"So? I'll wait." Amy said, and kissed my cheek.

"I'm going to get my duffel bag and change, I think." Lola said, standing. "This may look distracting, but it isn't the most comfortable."

"You were fantastic." Amy said. "Hot and scary at the same time."

"Thanks, honey." she blushed. "I'll be right back."

Her heels sounded like golfballs on pavement as she walked to the door, and left.

"How did you guys get here? Her car is a two-seater." I asked.

"We all came in the mustang today. Now get your cock out. Karen, keep an eye out in the hallway." Amy licked her lips expectantly.

"Whoa," I said. "You heard Lola, she's coming right back!"

"But I waaaaaant sooooooome," Amy whined softly.

"Baby, I'm not really ready right now. Besides, what if you have to stop? Lola can't walk back in here to see me have a big tent under the sheet." I was a little excited by the idea, but mostly terrified of getting caught.

"Come oonnnnn. I'll be real quick, I promise. I just want to swallow some of your cum!" Amy tugged at my sheet.

"Amy, he said not right now," Karen said, smiling gently. "You'll have plenty of time later."

Amy pouted at me. "Would you have let her do this?" I asked Karen. Karen grinned and shrugged. "IF the door would lock, and Lola weren't coming right back, I'd have even been helping her. As it is- " She came over, leaned down, and kissed me firmly, her tongue dancing across mine. Amy kissed me next, and bit my lower lip just hard enough for me to feel it. "Just wait till you get home." Amy breathed, and smiled evilly at me. My cock twitched, but it was not going to get erect enough to disturb the slanted way the sheet was draped.

"How's Liu Si?" I asked, trying to think of something else.

"Oh my god, she's beside herself. We need to call her. She almost went crazy with guilt and grief." Amy jumped up, climbed out of the bed, and went to figure out the phone near the bed. "She cried all night, I'm not even kidding. All I could do was hold her."

Karen turned on the tv, down way low, and fluffed my pillows some. "You'd have been helping her, huh?" I asked.

She caressed my hair. "Totally. Double-header time." she grinned. "When you get home, you're going to get it. Lots of it." She kissed me again. Painkillers or not, more of this and I WOULD get an erection. "Thank you. I would totally have shot him, and everything would have been worse. You really saved me there."

"I love you." was all I said in response. She squeezed my hand tightly.

Amy, meanwhile, had gotten Liu Si on the phone. "Meili qingren?" She said, "Bupa bushi huo. Will's just fine." (beautiful sweetheart? Do not worry.) "He asked about you. I know. I know! No, he's not mad at all. Nupeng yu, calm down!" (girlfriend.) She covered the mouthpiece of the phone, and spoke to me, concerned. "She's crying again. She's convinced you're mad at her and going to hate her."

"I don't-" I began, but Amy started talking again. "Meifar! Liu Si, zhukou! He's not mad at you, he's worried if you're ok." (no way! Liu Si, shut up!) She brought the phone over to the bed, and climbed up in it with me again. I tried to adjust to give her more room, but my leg was threatening to slip off of the pillows propping me up. Karen jumped up and helped me reposition. "Thank you." I said quietly. "I love you." She replied simply.

"Babydoll, it's ok. He's got some stitches, and Lola said they've got him on some pills, but he's totally alive. Here, talk to him." She handed me the phone, and I heard Liu Si crying on the other end.

"Meimei, don't cry." (little sister) I said gently. "I'm not mad at you, and I'm going to be perfectly healthy." (I've picked up a little Chinese just listening to the two of them.)

"Diu buzhu, diu buzhu!" She wailed. I covered the mouthpiece and asked Amy what that meant. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry." She said softly. Karen said. "Awwww."

"You don't have to be sorry, meili, you didn't do anything wrong." I soothed. (beautiful)

"I brought this on you. You got stabbed because of me!" She cried.

"No, I got stabbed because Kai Long is a hungzhang." I corrected. (bastard; I think the literal translation is Rotten Turtle Egg)

"He's a gang." She said flatly. "gang?" I asked Amy, who blinked and grinned. "It means anus. She's swearing."

"I've brought so much bad luck to your household. I should leave." Liu Si said, sniffing, but crying a bit less.

"You've brought beauty and love to my household and my sisters. You're staying." I stated. Amy smiled at me.

"Really?" She asked, still sniffly, but sounding like she was cheering up.

"Really really." I said in my best Shrek voice. Amy hugged me. "In fact, I'm specifically looking forward to seeing you when I get home."

"I was afraid you were going to die, or that if you were ok, that you would throw me out." Liu Si said, solemnly. "It is what my father would have done."

"I am a very different man than your father. I can't imagine our house without you in it. You belong with us for as long as you want to stay." I said. Amy hugged me tighter.

Lola walked in as Liu Si began crying again. "Xie xei ni," She kept saying. "Xie xie ni." (thank you, thank you.)

"The nurse said the doctor wants to look at your leg again this afternoon, and if it looks ok, you can probably go home this evening." Lola said, putting down her duffel bag.

"Did you hear that? I might be able to come home this evening." I said into the phone.

Liu Si gasped. "Really? I will have a big surprise for you! You will see! Let me speak to Amy again, please. And thank you so much!" I gave the phone back to Amy, who climbed off the bed again, and sat

by the window, talking in low tones.

Karen smiled at me. "First she was terrified that you were dying. Then, when Lola said you were awake and ok, she was terrified that you were going to come home and make her leave."

"Never." I said. "Besides, she and Amy are soul mates." I had to be careful what I said, because Lola was in the room. I couldn't say "lovers."

Lola had taken off her high heels. "I'm going to steal your bathroom for a minute, ok?"

"Go for it." I said, and she disappeared with her duffel bag. Karen leaned in for another kiss, which lasted several seconds. Amy hung up and climbed into my bed again. "Me next?" she whispered, and I kissed her too. She bit my tongue gently. "What's with all the biting?" I asked, playfully.

"I'm really horny for you, and it's fun." She whispered in my ear, which she then gnawed on momentarily. My cock twitched.

She let go when the bathroom door clicked open, and Lola came out, dressed in tight sweat pants that said PINK on the butt, despite that they were grey. She was wearing a pastel pink tank top that tied on the shoulders, and bright white sneakers. "Ta-da!" She said, and did a little pirouette.

Amy whistled, and Karen grinned. "Looking good!" Karen said.

"I actually got this because Will said he never saw me in sweats, just stuff that looked dressy." She blushed. "So I decided to surprise him."

"It's a very nice surprise." I said. "Of course, you look fantastic in anything."

"I wonder how she would look in *nothing.*" Amy whispered in my ear. I elbowed her.

Lola fished a hooded sweatshirt out of her dufflebag and put it on, but left the zipper undone. She dragged another chair over and sat next to Karen, who leaned over and put her arm around Lola's waist, and her head on her shoulder. "Mmmm," Lola sighed.

Out of sight of Lola and Karen, who were both on my right, Amy continued kissing my cheek and jaw, and occasionally biting my ear. When I would flinch, she would giggle.

"I swear I got no sleep last night, I was so worried." Karen murmured.

"Me too, although when Will woke up I was very happy." Lola said. "But even then I didn't feel like sleeping. I felt like running a marathon or something, I was so keyed-up and jittery. Maybe it was the coffee."

Karen chuckled at this. "Oh, I meant to thank you for staying with him when we had to go home. That was very nice."

"Are you kidding? There's nowhere else I would rather have been. You couldn't have KEPT me away!"

Lola said. "I love you guys, and Will is a freakin' hero! He needs to see a friendly face when he wakes up."

"I still wanted to thank you." Karen said, smiling.

"Trust me, I was happy to be here. You don't need to thank me." Lola said, putting her arm around Karen's shoulders.

"Does this mean you won't let me?" Karen looked up at her.

"Not . . . necessarily." Lola said, stumped. "How did you intend to?"

"Stand up and you'll see." Karen said playfully.

Lola stood, a bit apprehensively, as Karen stood in front of her. Karen wrapped her arms around Lola's waist, and pulled her close, looking into her eyes. I swear to God it looked like Karen was going to kiss Lola, but at the last moment, she put her head on Lola's shoulder and squeezed her really tight. "Thank you," she breathed, and then kissed Lola's neck about two inches below her left ear. Lola's eyes widened in shock, and she gave a little grunt of surprise, and then blushed HEAVILY as Karen continued to squeeze her.

"Karen, honey. . . . wow!" Lola gasped. "You're welcome!"

"Oh my god," Amy whispered in my ear, just barely audible even from an inch away. "That's pretty hot!"

When Karen finally let go, Lola kinda slumped into her seat like her knees were weak. She fanned herself with her hand for a moment.

"When I can stand up, I'll thank you like that too." I said.

"I . . . whew!" Lola held her hand up. "Just let me get my breath."

"Did I squeeze you too hard?" Karen asked, the very picture of concerned innocence. Lola shook her head. "I think I just stood up too fast." She said, but her nipples stood out like doorknobs in her tank top. (Which is not to say that Lola has nipples the size of doorknobs, just that they were very prominent right then.)

Karen sat down next to her again, and put her arm around Lola's shoulders, giving her a gentle squeeze. "Sorry. I just really wanted to express my gratitude for everything you've done for us. I love you." She put her head on Lola's shoulder again.

"I love you too, honey, I love you too." Lola seemed to regain her composure, although she still looked a little wild-eyed. "I need a drink of water, I think. I'll be right back." She gently disentangled herself from Karen's half-embrace, and wobbled to the door. "Don't leave without me," She joked, and then she was gone.

"That was fun." Karen said, stretching her arms up over her head.

"It's not nice to tease her like that," I said. "Do you know how starved for contact she is?"

"I know, and I'm not really teasing. Is she still sniffing around you?" Karen looked at me sidelong.

"Sniffing around sounds mean." Amy said. "She likes Will, which is totally understandable, because we do too."

"I know, I know. And we DID adopt her, so I guess she has just as much right to be close to him." Karen stood and fixed me with a look. "Do you like her? I mean really really?"

I hesitated. Telling two girls that I'm having sex with that I'm also attracted to a third party didn't seem like a wise plan.

"It's ok." Amy said. "We already talked it over. We can share. You're already sharing me with Liu Si. We just want to know if we should obstruct her, or let her continue."

Karen nodded. "If you like her back, then we'll let her find her way in. If you're not interested, we'll find a way to shut the door."

"I think she's beautiful, as a person, and as a woman. I think she's very lonely, and also very unhappy in that loneliness. I know she wants to be a mother, and she wants it very badly. I think we've got enough love to make her happy. And yes, I like her." I said carefully.

Karen grinned. "I was hoping you did. I want to make her happy, too." She sat in the seat further from me.

"Awesome!" Amy said, and squeezed me.

There was a knock at the door, and a nurse came in with a cup and a pitcher of ice water. "You should try to drink as much as you can." She said. "You lost some blood, and drinking water will get the anaesthetic out of your system a little faster."

I thanked her, and Lola almost ran into her in the doorway. "Whoops!" She said, still a bit shaky. She sat down next to me, and I reached for her hand. When she took it, I held it firmly, and smiled at her. "Thank you." I said.

"For what?" She asked.

"For holding my hand. For watching out for my sisters. For being you." I said. She blushed and smiled.

"So what does one do for fun around here?" Amy asked.

"Well, there's a tv, there's a bedpan and a walker. What more do you need??" I said, turning my head and kissing the top of hers. She smelled faintly like chemicals, which I am guessing was hair dye.

"Oh sure, bedpans are all the rage!" She said, disgusted.

Lola fished out a ten dollar bill. "Why don't you two go down to the gift shop and get a deck of cards or something?"

"Sweet!" Amy said. "Strip poker!"

"NO!" Karen announced.

"Awwww." Amy said, but she leaned over, grabbed the ten, and climbed down off the bed. "Come on, grandma." she gestured to Karen who stuck out her tongue, but rose and followed her out of the room. Lola and I sat in silence for a while, still holding hands.

"How are you feeling?" She asked, almost shyly, as she doodled with her finger on the back of my hand.

"Grateful." I said, smiling at her. She made an 'oh, pshaw' gesture, but I squeezed her hand.

"So last night when I was falling asleep, I think you were saying you wanted to spend some more time with me." I said. "Or was I dreaming?"

She blushed. "I didn't think you'd remember that. You were almost asleep."

"Well, I did. And I liked it." I said, pulling her hand up where I could kiss the back of it. Her breath caught in her throat, but she didn't pull away.

"I probably shouldn't have said that. I was just so happy to see you ok." She said, embarrassed.

"It's been a while since you kissed me last." I said, pouting a little.

"Will, I I mean, we shouldn't-" She gasped as I nibbled on the knuckle of her thumb. "Oh, my."

"Why not?" I asked. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. When I nibbled her thumb again, she let out a little whimper.

"At least kiss me some more. Or let me kiss you." I asked. "Please."

"I shouldn't be doing this," She whispered, but she stood and leaned over the bed.

Our lips met like magnets, slipping, caressing, sliding, but never separating. Our breaths came in hurried gasps as our tongues licked and fondled each other. Time seemed to stand still. She tasted a little bit like peppermint, and that close, her scent was exotic and unnameable. Her arm went around my ribcage, and my hand found the back of her head. We kissed harder, hungrier. My penis made good on its threat of going erect, standing up to nearly full height under the hospital sheet.

When Lola went to reposition herself, she elbowed my erection. "Wha?" She murmured, but when she went to see what she had accidentally bumped, she turned beet red, and then white as a sheet. "Oh my GOD!" She jumped back and covered her mouth with both hands, which seemed to shake a bit.

"Sorry!" I winced. "I can't help it." I struggled to sit up, and tried to reposition my sheet over or around it, but only sitting up all the way was going to hide it. "I'm sorry."

Lola was nearly speechless. She sat down, abruptly, her gaze traveling from my face to my sheet-tent and back again. Her eyes were like saucers. I used the room remote to raise the head of my bed, so I was sitting up much higher. My erection pivoted down to an angle where it could be disguised, but that angle also lowered my stab wound below my heart, so the pain began to return. "Ow." I said.

Lola was standing at my bedside in a heartbeat, which I know is accurate, because it was exactly one throb of pain between when she was seated, and when she was standing next to me again. "You poor thing!" She said, still looking shocked. "What . . . is there anything I can do? That's GOT to be really uncomfortable."

"Not really. It'll go away in a few minutes. Quicker now that my leg hurts more." I winced.

"Jeezus! Was that just from the kisses?" She bit a fingernail nervously. I shook my head.

"No, some of it was from the kiss, some of it was that you got a special outfit to wear for me, and some of it was because your lips were SO soft and sweet. Wow. Basically it was just because you're you." I tried to readjust my leg, but it was hurting for real now.

"My god." She stroked my hair with her hand, still breathing a bit hard. "Will, I'm . . . I'm really sorry I did that to you."

"I've told you before, you don't have to be sorry." I said, wincing from a fresh spike of pain. "Ok, well, maybe this time. My leg really hurts."

She rubbed my arm. "This time? Have there been others?"

"Almost every other time. That first day in the car, when you went inside to get your swimsuit? I think you remember." I grinned at her, a bit bashfully. She blushed again. "The pool. My first kiss. That time I got home and we both got backrubs from the girls, you were making some really sexy noises, and I swear I could have done pushups without using my hands. When I was Armando. Nearly every other time we've been close, you've gotten me excited."

She fanned herself. "Either you're way too horny, or I'm really oblivious to how I'm acting towards you."

"I might be too horny, but I'm seventeen." I shrugged. "It's in the definition."

"Still, I can't believewow." She looked down at my crotch, which had mercifully begun to shrink. "Can I tell you something? You've really got something special there. That has got to be the biggestsurprise I've ever seen in person." She blushed harder. "Wow!"

I blushed too. "Really?" I played dumb. "Thank you."

"Whew." She said. After a moment, "All that? Just because of me?"

"All for you." I said. "You're beautiful, smart, and incredibly sexy, even when you're not trying. It's a natural attraction, and believe me, I'm feeling it. I hope I didn't freak you out."

"Well, you did, but . . . not so much I can't get over it." She said, laughing nervously. "I just think we need to stop. If I'm always kissing you and making you HUGE, then I'm a terrible guardian." she shook her head. "I'm supposed to be protecting you, notlusting after you."

"Are you?" I pounced, grinning hugely.

"Oh, crap, I didn't mean to say that out loud." She covered her mouth with her hands, turning beet red again.

"That's the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me." I said, which was a tiny lie. Karen's admission of love for me was the best ever, followed by Amy's tearful begging. This was a VERY close third.

There was a knock on the door, and the nurse came in. "Just checking in. You know," She pointed, "If you keep your leg UP it won't hurt so much." This last was delivered in a tone designed to make me feel like an idiot.

"I know, I just had to sit up for a second." I said.

"Well, let's get you down again and keep pressure off that leg. The doctor will be coming to check on you about three o'clock today, to see if you need to stay or if you can go home." She grabbed the room remote and lowered my head. Lola looked nervous, but my erection had been substantially dulled by the pain, so when I resumed my supine position, all was well. She let out the breath she had been holding.

After giving strict orders not to sit up again unless I was going to the bathroom, the nurse left. There was a few moments of silence.

"So, would you go out with me?" I asked Lola.

"What?" she blushed. "II couldn't."

"Why not?" I asked.

"You're seventeen and I'm thirty-five." She said. "They'd send me to jail."

"So? We don't tell anyone, and we wait a year before we really GO anywhere, and no one will know." I said.

"It's not just that, it's" She faltered.

"I like you. A LOT." I said.

"I know, and I really like you too, it's just" She said plaintively.

"Can't think of a reason to say no?" I smiled.

"Dammit!" She stomped her foot, then laughed. "Will, you're gorgeous, kind, honest, brave, in short, you're everything a woman could want, maybe more, and I mean that sincerely," her eyes flickered momentarily to my crotch, but she pulled herself back together and continued. "I REALLY wish things were different, but right now, I don't think I can do this. Mom just died, right after the divorce, and I'm not 100% myself right now. I'm lonely, I'm hornier than I think I've ever been in my life, and I can't trust my own judgement. I have some major feelings for you, I admit, and I'm so flattered and overjoyed that you like me, but . . . I'm still not ready." she finished sadly. Thoughtfully, she looked up at me from her seat. "Although I DID notice you said 'like' and not 'love.'"

"Well, you can like somebody right away, but a lasting love takes time and cooperation. I feel like I WOULD love you, but I wouldn't say that if it's not true yet. It *would* be true, though, you're soloveable." I gestured. "You're beautiful, you're sexy, you're smart, you smell great, and you drive me absolutely crazy. And from what I've seen, you're a beautiful person inside, which is the biggest draw there is."

Lola shed two tears, silent glistening trails down her cheeks, and held my hand tightly. "God, I've wanted to feel this way about someone again, and to have them feel this way about me, but now that it's here, I'm scared."

"I would never hurt you." I stated solemnly.

"I know. I'm not really afraid of that so much, but with all the other stuff going on, I need to be sure it's not just rebound. And even though I really really want to say yes, right now I think I need to politely refuse. I know I can trust you, and I know you'd treat me really well, but I don't want to go into a relationship when I'm still hurting from the last one. I'd be suspicious, and defensive, and I don't want to be that way, especially with someone as amazing as you. You deserve better than that." She wiped more tears from her eyes. "So, no. I don't think I can right now."

Deeply moved, I just said. "Ok."

She laughed while crying, and made herself hiccup. "Just 'ok?' No eloquent rebuttal? You're not going to try and convince me that I'm making a mistake?" She laughed nervously. "Please? Just a little?" She sniffled.

I shrugged. "Only you know how lonely you are. Only you know if you're ready or not."

I gently kissed the back of her hand. "I'm unusual. I'm not like how other guys seem. Besides just the selfish "I WANT" aspect of being *with* someone, some people want to be in a relationship because they need to be in control, to have someone to dominate or otherwise mistreat. Some people want to be in a relationship because they need validation, or proof of their own worth. Both of those are self-esteem issues anyway. I'm not like that."

"How on earth did a seventeen-year-old learn so much about relationships?" Lola asked in awe. "I didn't even learn that kind of stuff until the divorce. I was too naive."

"I've watched a lot of Dr. Phil." I quipped. (not really) "I want to be with you solely because I find you to

be a beautiful, wonderful person, and I really enjoy being around you, and I want to make you happy. I want every opportunity to make you smile."

Lola began crying again, but I continued. "It's not just about my own appetites, although I do have those," I grinned, "but I think a successful relationship has to be about the other person. If I spend all my time making you happy, and you spend all your time making me happy, then we'll both be happy most of the time."

Lola nodded, speechless, still crying silent tears. I went on. "Dad taught me, inversely, that real love means never giving up. Mom taught me, unwittingly, that sex can be fun, but it's only satisfying when it's a reflection of love. Sex by itself isn't all that rewarding, once the orgasm is over. It's like that guy in Greek Mythology who had a neverending supply of food, but was still insane with hunger. Sex as a representation of a true and profound love is amazing, rewarding, and fulfilling." Karen and Amy have taught me that, but now wasn't the time to tell her. Jenni taught me a little of that as well. Sex minus Love equals Not Good Enough.

"You deserve to be loved. But if you're not ready for it, it won't work. So I say "ok." Just you promise me," I grabbed her hand in both of mine, "that when you are ready to give love and be loved, that you won't wait. You come and find me, or you call me, any time, day or night, ok? You deserve to be loved, and I mean all the way. No more lusting AFTER me. You can lust right ON me!"

She gave a little laugh, and wiped away her tears. "You've got a deal."

"So we're clear? We're just waiting for you to be ready, and then we're doing this?" I indicated the two of us.

She nodded. "Yeah, I think so. God, I am so going to regret not just saying yes to you, but I think I need some more time to heal first. Not because you're going to hurt me, but just because I was hurt so badly last time." She wiped her eyes again, and tried to make it look like she hadn't been crying.

"I understand." I said.

"They always say that if you get thrown by a horse, you should get right back on, but what if your leg was broken? Heal first, then get a new horse, you know what I mean?" Lola said.

"I've been compared to horses before," I nodded. Lola laughed. Then she blushed. "That's not what I meant!" She squeezed my hand.

"I've got to warn you about a couple of things though. If you go out with me, you get Karen, Amy, and Liu Si as well. We're kind of a package deal." I smiled. If she only knew!

She chuckled. "Yeah, that makes sense. Your sisters are very possessive of you, but it's cute. I'll take 'em."

I shrugged. "They're allowed. Plus, Karen loves you, and Amy thinks you're an awesome old lady."

Lola had a look of shock for a second, then laughed sincerely. "She WOULD say that."

"But one other thing." I kissed the back of her hand again, and she gave me a helpless look. "You said you weren't looking for marriage."

She nodded. "I want to love, and be loved, but I think I'm allergic to marriage."

"Like an open relationship kind of thing?" I asked.

"Well, not specifically that, but . . . I don't know." She slumped a bit. "Maybe friends with lots and lots of benefits? No, that's not right either."

"Let's just play it by ear." I said. "I promise to treat you like gold, no matter what."

"You'll probably meet other women that you're going to fall in love with in your lifetime," Lola said after a moment. "I feel like I'm nearing the end of my run, and you're just starting yours. It's not fair of me to chain you down."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "I wouldn't EVER think of myself as being chained down." But Lola waved her hand to cut me off.

"When I was in college, I went a little hedonistic. I experimented. Sometimes a lot. The freedom to do so was very precious to me. Some of it, I regret, but most of it, I really enjoyed." She was blushing. "So if you get the chance to meet other girls, and if you are attracted to each other, it's unfair to you to be stuck in a relationship with some old lady. I'm not going to ask you to stay in a monogamous relationship if you've got other chances. I know I can trust you, and you won't just churn through all the girls in the (local major river) valley, but special girls. Ones that are worth loving. If they're attracted to you, you're allowed to give them a chance."

"I don't think it needs to be *that* way." I said, and kissed her hand. "Don't stress over this. We'll figure it out."

"I'm just saying that I would understand if you were ever attracted to someone else. Just tell me if you are, ok?" Lola said, a bit sadly. "Don't leave me out of the loop."

"You got it." I said. "So when do we start?"

"Not yet." She laughed. "But not too long. Just being around you and your sisters heals me, I think."

I grinned. "I'm very glad."

"I do have one small request." Lola said. "If I show up at your house, out of my mind with horniness, don't turn me away, ok?" She seemed to be only half joking.

"Is that likely?" I asked, smiling lecherously. Lola shrugged and looked away, embarrassed.

"Don't be embarrassed," I said gently. "You're allowed to be horny. No matter what, you'll always have my respect."

"Even though I sound crazy?" She asked.

"No, you don't. I told you, I understand." I said, and she smiled at me.

"What about you? Are you going to play the field?" I asked.

Lola snorted and shook her head. "I'm done playing."

Karen and Amy returned at that point, with four cans of pop, a deck of cards, and a mylar helium balloon that looked like a big red pair of lips. "We're back!" Karen announced.

Amy handed me a can of root beer, and a can of caffeine-free Coke to Lola. "They had a balloon that looked like an anatomically correct heart, but Karen said it was gross." She complained.

"It WAS gross," Karen said, and handed Amy a can of Mountain Dew, which she opened. Karen sat next to Lola, and Amy went to fool around with the walker, putting her Dew on the windowsill and hopping onto the walker as if it was parallel bars, using her arms to lift her feet off the ground and do splits in midair. She attempted a handstand, which scared everybody, and her walker privileges were quickly and unanimously revoked.

Lola, Karen and I just relaxed, watching tv, talking, taking pills when the nurse brought them (ok that was just me.), and otherwise healing. Lola barely let go of my hand all afternoon, and Karen stayed snuggled up against her, and Amy divided her time between snuggling with me, calling Liu Si and talking quietly with her for a while, and wanting to go explore the hospital, which was also voted down.

"Did the police take our shotgun?" I suddenly remembered.

"No, they could tell it hadn't been fired, so they just gave it back to Lola." Amy said.

"Thanks again," Karen murmured.

"Normally, I would be nervous and unhappy about you guys having guns in the house, but I can't argue that it was certainly useful." Lola said, watching tv. I smiled. I'm not a gun nut, but I know that for certain jobs, you need the right tools.

"When are we getting the glass fixed?" I asked.

"Actually, I hadn't made an appointment yet. We were more worried about you." Lola said, looking at me with a gentle expression. "But you're right, I should do that."

Amy found a phone book in the bedside table, and Lola found a glass pane in the yellow pages, and soon we had an appointment for the following afternoon, which was pretty good, considering. "They said if we measure the window really well and call them in the morning, they can just bring out the right size pane and install it in one trip."

"Sweeeet. I volunteer to be in charge of that. Last night we just nailed an old blanket over the hole to

keep raccoons out." Karen said. Lola kissed the top of her head, which made Karen smile. "You guys are so awesome." Lola said.

I reclaimed my walker from Amy and went to pee again. My leg really hurt.

The doctor came in, more like five pm than three, and gently peeled the bandages off of my leg, and looked at the stab wound. It was still yellow where they painted it with that disinfectant stuff, and the stitches looked raw and shocking, there in my skin. I swear just the first glance I got at my wound freaked me out and made my testicles yank clear up into my body. The doctor seemed pleased, however, and said that they (the stitches, not my balls) weren't swollen or leaking anything, so I looked good enough to go home.

Amy snuck a peek at the wound, then turned white as a sheet and ran to Karen, fighting back tears once again. They re-wrapped me with fresh gauze, and put an Ace bandage over the whole thing. Amy sat in Karen's lap, clutching her, her eyes tightly closed. Lola soothed her, caressing her hair.

They gave me crutches and cleared me to go home with orders to stay off the leg for three weeks, and then come back to have the stitches taken out. They also gave me a prescription for some industrial strength painkillers. (Vicodin: It Knocks You On Your Ass!(tm))

"You can take that down to the second floor in the east wing, at OUR pharmacy, and get that filled. That way you don't have to make an extra stop on the way home." The nurse said to Lola.

"That sounds like a great idea." Lola said, and the nurse left. "I had to have my wisdom teeth taken out when I was 18, and Mom stopped to go grocery shopping when she was taking me home. I was SO mad." She said wistfully.

After a moment, she seemed to shake it off. "Ok, I'm going to go get this filled, and then see the front desk about what we need to do to take you home." She gave my hand a squeeze, and stood, stretching deliciously. "Ok, don't leave without me." and she headed out the door.

Karen immediately got up to get the rest of my clothes, and Amy pounced. "So what did you guys do when she got rid of us?"

"Got rid of you?" I asked.

"Yeah, the old, 'here's a quarter, go to the corner store and buy a pack of gum' thing." Amy grinned. "You'll notice we bought the pack of cards she suggested, but nobody felt like playing cards."

So she did that to get them out of the room? I hadn't even noticed. Karen dug through the bag. "I can't find your underwear. Were you . . . going indian?"

"That's against the rules!" Amy pointed out, leering wickedly.

"I KNOW it's against the rules, and I'm already wearing them. I put them back on before you got here." I said. Amy shrugged, like 'you win some, you lose some.'

"When we came back in, she looked like her eyes were red, like she had been crying, but you guys were still holding hands all day. What happened?" Karen asked, sitting next to me, unfolding my shorts and socks.

"Well, we talked," I said, "and we kissed." I glanced at them to see their reaction. Karen smiled, and Amy looked delighted. "Then she elbowed my erection and had a guilt attack." The girls' faces fell. Karen handed me my shirt.

"So then we had a long heart-to-heart, and she told me she has serious feelings for me, but she doesn't trust herself right now, so close to the divorce and her mother passing away. She wants to be with me, but she wants it to be right, and right now she's afraid that being on the rebound, as well as the other feelings of loneliness, are making her emotionally vulnerable and unstable." I explained, as I pulled my shirt on. "Plus, I'm about half her age, but I don't think that's as much of a problem for her."

"Rebound? Like if she wasn't emotionally upset, she wouldn't like you?" Amy asked, starting to get offended on my behalf. She grabbed my socks and started carefully putting them on my feet.

"No, I think she means that after such a bad time, even if she had the perfect relationship, she wouldn't be handling it right, because she'd be off-kilter from the damage the last one caused her heart." I said. Amy was still frowning. "Wouldn't a good person be able to FIX that?"

Karen spoke up. "I think I get it. Amy, if you burned your tongue really bad at lunch-

"Like on a Hot Pocket?" Amy interrupted, and we all shuddered involuntarily. Some of the most miserable times in the history of my mouth have been caused by the magma-like properties of Hot Pockets.

"Yeah, if you burnt your tongue to a crisp, and then someone wanted to take you out to R3d L0bst3r for dinner, would you want to go, knowing everything was going to taste like rubber? Or would you want to wait until you could enjoy it?" Karen asked, and Amy calmed down.

"Ok, I got it." she sighed. "I was just hoping that she'd let you in, so she wouldn't have to be so lonely. I KNOW she's hurting." Amy sat down with a flop.

"How are we going to tell her about us?" Karen asked. "I've been turning the idea over in my head. How would she feel to know she's not the only person you love?"

"She talked about experimenting a lot in college, and how I'm allowed to be attracted to someone other than her." I said, trying to figure out how I was going to get my cargo shorts on.

"She said that the asshole was the first guy she'd ever kissed, though." Karen said, standing and taking the shorts from me, and moving down towards my feet.

"Girls, girls, and more girls!" Amy said, awed.

"After he cheated on her so bad, wouldn't she feel at least somewhat similarly betrayed to find out that you were already WITH someone while you were wooing her?" Karen asked, holding the shorts so I

could work my legs into them. To do this, I had to occasionally put weight on my bad leg, which hurt.

"You said wooing," Amy giggled. "And besides, won't she really hit the roof when she finds out it's US?"

It's like a bomb waiting to go off, I thought to myself. "I've been thinking about it, but I don't have any solutions."

"Maybe we could keep US a secret," Amy suggested, but Karen was immediately shaking her head. I finally had my shorts high enough, but when I went to button and zip them, Karen beat me to it, and did it with a little smile, then sat down.

"THAT would be total betrayal. You can't have love based on a lie, it'll never work. If she's going to be with us, she has to know." I said. Amy sighed. "Yeah, I guess I already knew that, it was just a dumb idea."

We sat in silence for a few moments. "So how *can* we tell her?" Karen asked. "Is there any way to do that without freaking her out permanently, or breaking her heart even further?"

Amy pitched another bad idea. "What if we let her catch us doing stuff? That's how I found out about you two."

"And how did that feel?" Karen snapped, annoyed. "Do you remember how hard you cried?"

Amy turned white. "Never mind."

I spoke up. "We'll just have to hope some method will present itself. I honestly can't think of anything right now. Let's just stay close to her, and try to cheer her up. She didn't tell me she wanted space, just time. Karen, you might invite her to go shopping or to the movies or something, while I'm laid up. Let's spend time with her, platonically."

They nodded, and Amy climbed back up on my walker, even though we'd ordered her off of it earlier. "So how long are you going to be twins with Liu Si?" I asked, indicating her hair.

"Oh, this can wash out if I shampoo it like 20 times. But now you said twins," And she got an evil grin. Karen chuckled. "Uh oh." She said.

Amy licked her lips at me, and then got a look of shock. "Crap! I could have been sucking on you when Lola left!"

I shook my head. "No, we already talked about that."

Amy stomped her feet in irritation. "Rrrrrgh! When would I get another chance to do you in a hospital?"

Karen gave me a look, but then grinned. "Hopefully never. I don't like being here." I said to Amy.

"How about we pretend when we got home?" Karen offered, trying to cheer her up.

Amy jumped off the walker and went to the cabinet there in my room. "Then I'm stealing these hospital gowns. And your water pitcher. And anything else I can find." She grabbed the plastic duffel bag that had held my clothes, and swiped the two or three gowns that were in the top of the cabinet. Karen went to pee.

Lola returned, with a spring in her step. "Your chariot awaits!" She told me happily. "They told me I should take you home and keep you."

"Allright!" Amy said, jumping up with excitement. "The hero returns to his castle!"

"Hey, knock that off." I said, gently. Crap. I didn't have shoes yet.

"You're already dressed and everything!" Lola said.

"Yeah, you missed it, you could have helped!" Amy elbowed Lola, who blushed and laughed, giving me a sheepish (jealous?) look.

"Can't find my shoes," I said, "And if I found them, I can't put them on myself."

"Well, allow me, then." Lola said, and fetched my shoes from the cabinet.

Having the girls dress me felt weird, and when she began to unlace my shoes to fit them on easily, I just felt even more vulnerable. I'm not used to being helpless. Besides, Lola was handling my stinky shoes. I was embarrassed.

"You ever play with Barbies?" Lola asked Amy, carefully putting on my right shoe. "He's just like a big Ken doll."

"No, he's not." Amy muttered lasciviously, but the toilet flushed and I don't think Lola heard her. Karen came out and washed her hands.

"Time to go!" Amy announced, tying my left shoe while Lola tied the right.

"How are we all getting in the car? He needs to have his leg elevated, or at least stretched way out. Is he going to lay across the back seat?" Karen asked.

"I figure if he sits in the passenger side, reclined all the way back, he can mostly stretch out, and if you sit behind me, and Amy in the middle, everybody can buckle up." Lola said.

"Cool." Amy said, shifting the duffel bag onto her shoulder, now full of god knows what.

"We just have to wait for the wheelchair." Lola said.

"Wheelchair?" Karen and I said at the same time. Lola nodded.

"When you leave this hospital after any surgery, they take you all the way to your car in a wheelchair. Hospital policy."

"That's weird." Karen said.

"Well, picture it. After surgery, you're probably weaker, or at least limping. If you fell after getting your appendix out, you'd probably rip stitches." Lola said, and we all winced at the thought. (My balls headed north again, fast) "So it's probably a liability thing."

"Good enough for me." I announced.

Soon, an orderly arrived with a wheelchair and crutches. Biggest dude I think I've ever seen, almost seven feet tall, 400 pounds easy. I waited until then to sit up, and it still hurt really bad. Amy wanted to drive the wheelchair, but I refused, and the orderly had ignored her anyway. Karen took the crutches, and off we went.

We didn't really talk at all on the way to the car, mostly because I don't think any of the ladies are that cool around strangers. Maybe Lola was once, but they were all very quiet in the elevator and the hallways.

When we got to the car, Lola opened the passenger side door first, to reveal her phone sitting there, emitting peppy music. "Crap, my phone." She muttered, and got her purse, walking around to the other side of the car. While I got situated in the front seat, Amy and Karen went around to the driver's side and climbed into the back. Lola stood apart, talking quietly on her phone.

I got my leg in and spoke to the orderly. "Thanks, man."

"Be well," He said, in what sounded like the Official Hospital Farewell, and carefully shut the door.

Amy buckled her seatbelt and immediately started playing with my hair, as I was practically laying in her lap. "I love you," She whispered, leaning down and kissing my forehead.

"I love you too, squirt." I smiled up at her, looking upside down in my vision.

"I'll squirt *you*" She whispered. Karen giggled quietly.

"Now that we're all safe and going home, I wanted to thank you too." Amy said, turning to Karen. Karen looked surprised. "For what?"

"You ran out there with the shotgun after you told us to hide, even after you saw the knife. You totally protected us." Amy said, her voice full of gratitude. Karen went to shrug it off, but Amy put her arm around her.

"I'll never forget it. I love you so much." and she kissed Karen full on the lips.

They parted after a few seconds. "Did Lola see that?" asked Karen, blushing, as Amy leaned against her with a happy sigh.

"No, I don't think so." I said. Lola was outside the car, several steps away on her phone.

"Don't kiss me when Lola might see it," Karen scolded gently.

"Yeah, I'm Little Miss Patience, after all, I'll wait." Amy giggled.

Karen sighed and hugged her. "I love you anyway."

"Good." Amy said happily. "I still need to call Liu Si and tell her we're leaving."

"Use my-" I said, and then faltered. I threw my phone away as I ran to the house. "My phone is in the driveway somewhere."

"Um, actually it's all over the driveway. I think the ambulance rolled over it when you were leaving. I found it smashed in the driveway when I went to Lola's last night to feed the cats for her." Karen said apologetically.

"No problem." I said, surprisingly OK with getting my phone run over. I'd call it a good trade. I get my phone smashed and my leg stabbed, but all my ladies are safe. I sighed. I wanted a new phone anyway.

Lola came back to the car a few minutes later. Amy continued to play with my hair and caress my forehead in the interim.

Lola got in with a tired sigh. "I've got bad news. I was hoping to be there for your grand homecoming, but that was Donna. As executor, there is some more paperwork she needs, one of mom's tax forms, an old life insurance policy, and something about her bank accounts. I thought she had it already, but she swears she doesn't. I have to fax it to her tonight so she can get it filed first thing in the morning. Forgive me? I have to spend all night digging through Mom's papers, which were very poorly organized."

Karen reached up and rubbed her shoulder. "You do whatever you need to do. We'll still be here."

Lola looked at me. "I'm glad. You all have no idea how glad." I smiled gently at her, and patted her knee. She jumped, and blushed.

"Can I borrow your phone? I have to call Hu Die. We're supposed to let her know when we hit the road." Amy asked politely. Lola passed it back.

"How's our little lotus blossom doing?" Lola said, and I could hear Karen laugh. Amy seemed surprised to hear her addressed that way, but answered.

"She's swinging between overjoyed and terrified." Amy said.

"Why terrified?" I asked, looking up/back at her. "Not because-"

"Yeah, I can't convince her." Amy said, a little sad, a little annoyed. "I keep telling her you don't hate her, and you even told her yourself, but five minutes later she's worked herself up to being scared again. She just can't believe that you'll forgive her for you getting stabbed."

"I TOLD her-" I said helplessly, but Amy patted me on the cheek. "I know, but she'll get over it. She's still dealing with the memory of her father, and his way. She's going to cry all over you when you get home."

"Which makes sense, because that's exactly what we all did." Karen said, and Lola agreed. "I know *I* did."

Amy called the house, at first calming Liu Si down, and then telling her we were on our way. When she was done, she reached up and dropped the phone back in Lola's purse.

We rode on largely in silence, Amy stroking my eyebrows and generally just playing gently with my head. I looked up at her once, to see her gazing at me with love. When she saw me looking, she smiled, squinching her eyes up, being as cute as possible. Karen smiled down at me as well. I closed my eyes and just relaxed. Things were looking up.

The sun had already dropped below the trees, and as we turned into the driveway, Lola sighed. "I have to drop you guys off and go back to Mom's. With the whole house to look through, I have no idea how long this is going to take."

"Keep the car." I said. "None of us will be driving it anyway."

"Will you come over tomorrow?" Amy asked her hopefully.

"As soon as I get my stuff done. I'll call you." Lola said, smiling warmly at her in the mirror.

We pulled up to the house, and I opened my door and climbed out, leaning on the door for support. My leg was REALLY starting to hurt again. Time for pills, but first I had to eat something so they wouldn't make me sick. Amy climbed out and took the crutches from Karen, handing them to me. Before she got out, Karen kissed Lola on the cheek. "Thank you so much, I mean it. We love you."

Lola blushed hard. "Oh, hey, um . . . no problem." She cleared her throat.

"I mean it." Karen said. She tapped the exhaust cutout handle. "Pull this when you leave, it'll be fun."

"What is it?" Lola asked. To her, it was just a red T-handle. I leaned down after Karen climbed out. "You'll see."

I shut the door and crutched awkwardly backwards. Gotta learn how to work these things, I thought, and then I was deafened as the mustang roared. Lola pulled out slowly, but accelerated around the house and roared up the driveway. Amy laughed, and Karen was smiling as I turned around. "I thought she might like that." Karen admitted, smiling.

As I gimped up onto the patio, the evening light slanted across the backyard and pool, turning everything gold and orange. It seemed like I had been here only minutes ago, instead of a day ago. A flickering light caught my eye. A little tealight candle was burning on the patio.

"What's-?" I asked, crutching over. I recognized the spot immediately. Here was where I had lain after falling with the knife in my leg. Where Kai Long had fallen a few feet away, the patio was squeaky clean,

as if scrubbed, his blood and drippings meticulously cleaned away, as if no trace of him was allowed to remain. My blood was still staining the patio, illuminated by a guttering candle, which was resting on a saucer that also contained a tightly folded note, covered in scribbled writing, and a paper cutout of a heart with little hearts drawn all over it in different color marker.

"Did she build a shrine to my blood?" I asked in shock. Amy knelt by it, her head bowed to look closely, not touching it.

"Awww, I think it's just to you, where you fell." Karen said, clinging to my arm.

Amy looked up at me, two tears running down her face. "Please, please convince her that she's still welcome here. I didn't understand how badly she must feel. Please help her."

"I will, let's get inside." I said, and turned as quickly as I could. There was a medium-sounding crash of pans from the kitchen, clearly audible through the blanket nailed over the broken floor-to-ceiling window. Amy jumped to her feet and ran ahead, opening the door for me so I could be the first one in.

The kitchen was warm, and full of all different smells of cooking food. The lights were on in the dining room, and the big doors were open. Liu Si darted in from the living room and fell on her knees at my feet. She was wearing her nice party dress, from when we went to the O1iv3 G4rd3n, and Amy's apron, from the first night we were together as lovers. Obviously, she was trying to look as nice and attractive as possible, but her eyes were red from crying, and she positively radiated fear and guilt.

"Welcome home," she said, her voice shaking, and bowed low, her hands on the floor.

I looked to Amy immediately. "Make. Her. Get up!" I was extremely uncomfortable, both by her obvious fear (of me) and by her submissive behavior. We'd been trying to encourage her to be less shy, and to be happy being herself, and here she was practically kissing my feet like I was going to whip her for being a bad slave. My skin crawled. I wanted to break Kai Long's knee all over again, and her father's, for not loving her enough to raise her with a sense of solid self-worth. No one should have to grovel for their safety, and damn them for making her feel that she should.

Amy knelt by her instantly, putting an arm around her and pulling her up. "Mei-mei, I keep telling you . . . uh-oh."

Liu Si had gotten a good look at my bandaged leg, and had clapped both her hands over her mouth, her eyes like saucers, while tears poured silently down her cheeks and over her fingers. She was white as a sheet. Her breath hissing in through her nose, she reached out weakly towards my leg, but then yanked her hand back as if burned. Uh-oh was right. She fell against Amy, still silent, tears streaming from her eyes and running down her arm. She still hadn't been able to make eye contact with me.

My leg hurt bad. "I really need to sit down." I said, addressing Karen, but Liu Si clutched at Amy and pointed towards the dining room. There, I could see one of the big adirondack chairs from the porch, turned sideways at the head of the table, with the little table rescued from the pool piled high with pillows. She had built me a place to recline and prop up my leg at the table!

Admiring her planning, I hobbled towards the seat. "Can you bring her?" I asked Amy, who nodded, now

crying again herself. They got to their feet and followed me in, albeit back a ways.

I got to the table and lowered myself into the chair. Karen helped me get my leg up and balanced properly on the pillows. It immediately felt better. I was sitting sideways, but I was comfortable, my leg high enough not to throb raggedly with every heartbeat.

Thus settled, I gestured for Amy to bring Liu Si closer. When she got there, she'd taken her hand away from her mouth, and was slowly wringing her hands, her head bowed. She was still shaking with sobs, but was obviously trying very hard to stay silent.

I reached for her, and she flinched for just a second, but then stepped forward when Amy tutted and pushed her. I lifted her and placed her on my lap, sitting against my right thigh, which was upraised due to my right calf being elevated. The result was that she was now laying against my chest, on her side, facing the table. I put my arms around her, kissed the top of her head, and just said ""We love you." Then she REALLY started to cry.

She put both her hands against my chest and just bawled. I held her and rubbed her back, Amy stood right there, brushing her hair out of her face, caressing her cheek and ear. She seemed to be crying, not out of terror or guilt any more, but tears of release, as if holding all that inside her had hurt so badly that just getting rid of it was hard work.

I squeezed her and kissed the top of her head again. She clutched my chest with her fingers and tried to speak, through her tears. "You were st-stabbed because of me. How could you ever FORGIVE me?" She sobbed.

"I got stabbed because of Kai Long. You didn't do it." I said softly.

"You can't blame something bad on something good," Amy said, "it doesn't work that way. Kai Long was an evil hungzhang, and you're a beautiful, wonderful, amazing person. His fault, not yours."

She raised her head and looked at me at last. "Does it hurt? Could they fix it?" Her eyes searched my face.

"It hurts, but they gave me medicine, and they said it should heal just fine. I'll have a scar, but it'll be one to be proud of." I said honestly. She looked down in shame. "After all, I was defending a beautiful woman. That's the best kind of scar."

She blushed through her tears and looked up at me, to see the gentle smile on my face. "I was very afraid you would throw me out." she said.

"I TOLD you-" Amy started, but I reached out and touched her shoulder. I spoke softly to Liu Si. "I never would have put any of us in this situation if you weren't worth it. I'm not going to get stabbed and then make you leave. I faced him so you could stay. I told you before, I couldn't imagine our house without you in it, and I meant it. You're just as welcome here as Amy is. Sometimes more."

"Hey!" Amy said, pretending to be upset, and Liu Si finally smiled. I squeezed her. "Now stop feeling guilty. We love you. *I* love you. Amy loves you so much she's lost whatever sense she had."

"Quit picking on me, or I'm going to fart on your toothbrush." Amy threatened, but she was smiling. Liu Si made a gagging face and then laughed. It was working. I kissed her forehead. "Will you stay with us?"

"*Will* I?" Liu Si said, and she started crying again, only tears of joy this time.

"Oh, geez!" Amy laughed nervously. Liu Si was an emotional wreck, but at least she had stopped blaming herself, I suppose.

Liu Si clutched at me. "You saved my life three times! I can never repay you!"

"I don't NEED repayment, and besides, the second time, you saved yourself, I just watched." I said, just trying to hold her.

"I will be forever in your debt." Liu Si said, as if making a promise.

"Forget it." I said, but she shook her head.

"I do not WANT to forget it, and I shall not." She said firmly.

Karen, after helping me prop up my leg, had gone to the kitchen to supervise what was apparently still cooking. She returned to the dining room now. "Umm, Liu Si made dinner, and it's a little interesting. How hungry are you?"

"What are we having?" I asked. What did Karen mean by interesting?

"It looks like rice with steamed vegetables, garlic bread, baked fish sticks, and fried bologna." Karen said, with a perfectly straight face. Liu Si looked up at me expectantly.

"Sounds great!" I said. "Set me up!" Fish sticks and fried bologna?

Liu Si clapped her hands with happiness, and went to get up, but Amy stopped her. "You're in charge of cuddling Will. We'll bring dinner in." and she trotted off.

"Did you make everything yourself?" I asked, realizing even as I said it that it was a stupid question. She smiled proudly. "Yes, I did. I hope it is ok. Fried baloney is my very favorite. Karen taught me how to make it, and I love it."

I hugged her, and she sighed happily. "Earlier I almost thought you were going to say 'Welcome home, Master.' you just had that look." I murmured.

"I almost did." She smiled, blushing.

"No one is Master." I said. "No one can call themselves that. You belong to you."

"I belong to me, but I feel I also belong to Amy." She said softly.

"That's different. That's not ownership, it's partnership." I said, and she smiled.

"Remember when I said I think I love you?" She asked me shyly. I nodded. Gulp.

"I do not think so anymore. Now I know it. I love you." She said, and laid back against me again. I put my arms around her and we sat peacefully.

Karen and Amy brought in plates, and we ate. The food was good, if a little oddly matched. I put my fried bologna on my garlic bread and made a tasty sandwich.

I wanted to talk about something else, but the topic kept returning to How Awesome Will Is. I also learned that when they had run in the house to hide, Amy and Liu Si had gone in different directions to make it more difficult to find them. Liu Si had run to the basement and squeezed behind the old furnace, Amy had hidden under the bed in the master bedroom, right in the middle where she would be harder to grab. Neither Amy nor Liu Si had seen me get stabbed, and they were both still hiding when the ambulance got me. Li Si stayed put for a few hours, Amy came outside after Kai Long had left, tucking her hair up under a big sun hat, per Lola's idea, and gave a statement to the police that Kai Long had just rushed her, and Karen had thrown the table at him.

"They found a stun gun in the pool." Karen said. "They bagged it as evidence and took it with them."

THAT must have been what he pulled on me at the playground. I never HAD gotten a good look at it. I shuddered. I never want to find out what those things feel like.

After supper, Amy ran into the kitchen and came back with, of all things, fortune cookies. "I don't know how old these are, but they've been in the pantry for a while. They seemed appropriate." She laughed. I took my Vicodin as she passed them out.

Liu Si stuck her tongue out at her, but then laughed. "OK, fine. Fortune cookies it is."

(Amy will make jokes about Liu Si being chinese, and Liu Si just laughs, like the night we were playing monopoly with Lola. I often wince at how blunt and seemingly insensitive the jokes are, but the girls don't seem to care. Liu Si is way more patient than I think I would be. Amy will come in and say something like "Tonight I plan to visit VaChina, in the Poon Tang province." And Liu Si will just beat her with a pillow. Liu Si went to a U.S. atlas, and tried to make a joke out of an American place name, but other than Intercourse, PA, the best she could come up with was Jackson Hole. Suggestions would no doubt be appreciated.)

I opened mine (a little stale) to find a fortune that said DANCE LIKE EVERY ONE IS BLINDED. Not likely, I thought to myself. Ouch. It also said my lucky number was G, apparently.

Amy gave a whoop that startled us all, and jumped up in delight. "YEAH! This is the best fortune cookie EVER! WOO HOO!"

"Geez, Ames." Karen said. "What is it?"

"Look, look, look!" Amy crowed. "This is so perfect!"

She handed the slip from her fortune cookie to Karen, who read it, and then laughed. "Holy cow, that is rather appropriate, isn't it?!"

"I'm framing this one!" Amy laughed, passing it to Liu Si, who took a bit longer to read it, and then blushed delightedly. Liu Si wordlessly passed it to me, and I read:

A LOOSE TONGUE OFTEN GETS ITSELF INTO A TIGHT PLACE. LUCKY NUMBER: 69

I laughed. "That is SO dirty!"

"And so TRUE!" Amy cheered, hugging Liu Si. "My tongue is SO loose, and homegirl here is SO tight!"

Liu Si blushed and swatted Amy. "Hey!"

"Seriously, sometimes you make me wish I had a penis!" Amy giggled. "But I'm glad I don't. Pussies are so much better!"

"Can we talk about something else at the dinner table, PLEASE?" Karen laughed.

"What does yours say?" I asked Karen, while Amy leered at a happy Liu Si. Karen passed it over to me, and I read (literally) YOU ARE POLITE ANT VIVACIOUS. DONS TOP. LUCKY NUMBER: 2, 3, 4, 5. She grinned at me.

"You got four lucky numbers. All I got was a G." I said, "and a recommendation to dance for the blind."

"Guess I'm just luckier than you." Karen giggled. Liu Si had opened her cookie, and then passed me the fortune after she had read it.

"The truest loves should never be hidden." I said, and Liu Si grabbed Amy and kissed her deeply.

When they parted, Amy looked at me. "How are you? Any chance of letting me play with it tonight? You told me no at the hospital, and now we're home!"

"I'm a little out of it. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is not on board." I said honestly. I had gone too long between painkillers and the pain was now fully rooted, as the new Vicodin hadn't kicked in yet. "My new pills aren't as good as the hospital stuff, I guess."

Amy was clearly frustrated by my response. "How aboooouuuuut . . ." She looked at Liu Si, who looked back at her blankly. "We put on a show for you? Last time, I sucked you in the living room so SHE could watch. How about we do something for YOU to watch? Maybe that would get you in the swing of things?" She grinned at me. Liu Si looked shocked, immediately blushed, and ducked her head. "Is that ok, xinshangren? Can we do that?" Amy looked at her closely. Liu Si didn't move, still blushing at the floor.

"I think that's a no." I said gently, and Amy immediately apologized, taking Liu Si's hand. "I'm *so* sorry to put you on the spot. I should have thought that through."

Liu Si looked up at her and tried to smile. "It is ok, I am not mad, I just . . . I am not ready for that. Not yet." Her face was still burning with blush.

"I'm sorry. I was thinking of the first time." Amy said, looking VERY apologetic.

"The first time was when you pushed me into the room!" Liu Si said, her eyes wide.

"I know, I know, I forgot!" Amy winced, and kissed her hand. "But then the time I showed Karen how to deep throat Will, you surprised us." She said, still bargaining a little.

"I surprised myself too! That was completely different!" Liu Si said, starting to smile a little. "I am not ready to put on a show!"

Karen was just sitting, watching them, her chin resting on her hand, a ghost of a smile playing at the corners of her mouth. "You guys are so cute."

Amy turned to her. "Will you help?" Karen's eyebrows shot up. "Me? Help how?"

"Just . . . join me? You and I haven't had any time together since my inaugural dinner." Amy blushed. "I liked it, and I missed getting to play with you."

Karen blushed, and didn't answer quickly. "I"

She looked at me, and I raised my eyebrows and stuck out my lower lip. She stuck her tongue out at me, and faced Amy again. "What would you want me to do?" She looked a little nervous, and Amy picked up on this instantly.

"I'll bet, if you let me undress you and rub your back, and maybe your front, Will would get hard enough for me to have my way with him, no matter how sore his leg is." Amy grinned sideways at me, and it was my turn to blush. She was right, of course.

Karen was watching me, and grinned when she saw me blush. "Wellll, since it's for our dear brother, I think I should definitely participate. It's cool."

"Let's go put on more comfortable clothes and meet up in the living room, say ten minutes?" Amy asked Karen, who nodded. Amy quickly turned to Liu Si. "Meili, would you also join us? I'd like to have you there." Liu Si blushed happily. "Sure."

"I gotta jump in the shower real quick." Amy said apologetically. Karen spoke up. "I'll follow you in." Off they went, Karen giving me a quick kiss before she left.

I got my leg down and stood, offering Liu Si my arm. "Shall we retire to the parlor, my dear?" I asked, with exaggerated manners.

"I would be delighted." She said clearly, and primly took my proffered arm. I stumped, and she strolled, into the living room. She gently helped me get arranged on the couch, laying sideways, my right leg

along the back of the couch. "Does Amy always call the shots when it comes to sex?" I asked. "She seems to always decide when and what you're doing."

Liu Si grinned and shook her head. "Not always. I will sometimes wake up in the morning, wanting her, and she is still asleep, so I have to find a creative way to awaken her. Sometimes I sneak up on her in the shower, or when she is just getting out." She grinned at me happily, not blushing for once. "Like you said, it is a partnership. She likes to be bossy, but it is not to be mean. She always takes care of me."

"I'm glad." I said, sinking into the couch cushions happily, "Sometimes I worry that she is too aggressive, and maybe pushes you into things, besides doors."

Liu Si shook her head. "She is just Amy. I love her, and I know she loves me." She smiled at me. "May I . . . sit on your lap, the way I did in the dining room?" She asked politely. I pulled her onto my lap, and she lay once again against my chest. "Mmmmmm." She sighed happily, and suddenly my leg didn't seem to hurt so bad.

Karen came down about ten minutes later, in little running shorts and the soft white bra like the one she had worn the night Liu Si first came home to stay. Her legs and stomach looked so sexy in that outfit, I had to stare for a little while. She smiled and turned a little, back and forth, posing for me. "You like?" She asked happily. I nodded, a big smile on my face.

Karen looked at Liu Si and put her hands on her (gorgeous) hips. "Did you steal my seat?" She asked, and Liu Si giggled. "I was just keeping him warm for you." She wiggled her butt in my lap, and my cock just kinda went *oh, hello!* I grabbed Liu Si tightly in a big bear hug and just squeezed her. She kicked her feet against the couch, and squealed.

Amy ran down the stairs in pink cotton panties, white thigh highs, and the lacy white top she wore to the OI1v3 G4rd3n, and leapt into the center of the room. The shirt was *just* long enough to cover the accessories when she was standing still, so it looked like a REALLY short dress. Imagine the girl from the Morton's Salt canister. "I know you've seen parts of this outfit before, but I was in a hurry." She apologized, although she looked great. With her hair still dyed black and ironed straight, she looked like Liu Si's caucasian twin sister.

Liu Si sighed happily. "Xinggan." She purred to herself. (sexy)

Amy looked at Karen, and grinned. "Dressed for a workout, eh? Good choice."

Karen laughed. "Big talk, little sister."

Amy stepped up and put her arms around her, squeezing her tight. "I love you." She said sincerely. Karen hugged her right back. "I love you too."

Standing, Amy is just tall enough for Karen to rest her chin on Amy's head. This also means that Amy has the perfect closeup view of Karen's impressive cleavage. She used this advantage to kiss the soft swell of Karen's breasts softly, right and left. Karen almost jumped, and I could see nipples stand out firmly. "Ooh, my." Karen said, as Amy did it again, giving the left side of her neck a kiss as well. I was enthralled.

Amy gently reached up and clutched Karen's breasts, pressing them together, lifting them. "I want these," She murmured, and kissed them again.

Karen took a deep breath and swayed a little, as Amy squeezed them a little harder. "Maybe someday yours will fill out," Karen said kindly, holding Amy close to her.

"That would be nice, but I mean I want THESE." Amy said, releasing them and then squeezing them up and together again. "Yours are SO much fun to play with. I can do this-" and she slowly rubbed her thumbs upwards, rolling them right across Karen's very erect nipples. Karen's breathing hitched, and Amy continued softly "-and this-" She pinched the nipples, right through the material of the sports bra, and pulled very gently. Karen whimpered a little, her mouth open, looking down at Amy.

Amy cradled her breasts, lifting them high, "And most of all, this!" She said, and nibbled gently on the left side while her fingers softly pinched and rolled the nipple on her right. Karen moaned again and clutched her close, her eyes closing almost involuntarily.

"I love you, Karen." Amy said, letting go, but not stepping back. "I love you too, Amy." Karen sighed, and they kissed. God, it was hot. I could watch girls kiss all day, I really mean it. Amy touched Karen's arms and indicated that she should raise them, then rolled her sports bra upwards, freeing Karen's gorgeous breasts and making Karen reach up and remove it, tossing her hair as her breasts gently bounced with the motion. Fantastic!

Amy had latched onto them again even before Karen had the sports bra free of her hair, and was kneading them and kissing them with singular focus. Karen wobbled a little, both with the sensation, and with the hampered balance of Amy clinging to her chest. "Oh!" She gasped as Amy sucked one nipple into her mouth, "I need to sit down, or I think we're gonna fall."

Amy gently released her, then ran over and shoved the ottoman closer. Our ottoman is what is called a storage ottoman, about two feet tall, two feet wide, and three feet long, We use it to store board games and blankets. Amy turned it so it was at a three-quarter angle to me, and gestured for Karen to straddle it, facing me. She did so, at about the halfway point, and blushed a grin at me and Liu Si, who was still on my lap. "Hi there."

I smiled a big dumb smile, and Liu Si waved, grinning. "I hope I'm not making anyone jealous," Amy said, "but I can't keep my hands off of her." Liu Si sat up and held her fingers about a half-inch apart, but then giggled.

Amy whipped off her lacy shirt, to stand before us in just her panties and thigh highs. She tossed her hair, and smiled at me. "How's our audience?"

"Loving it!" I said, and Liu Si bounced happily, boing boing boing. She was still sitting on my cock, but her weight was holding it down, and I don't think she felt it. She did jostle me, however, and sent a twinge of pain right down my leg. I winced, but kept my silence. Amy saw it, though.

"Hu Die, when you hop, I think you're hurting him." She said gently. Liu Si's hair whipped me in the face as she turned to look at me. I shrugged, and tried to play it off, but she apologized immediately. "I am so

sorry!" She scooped down onto the floor in front of the couch and sat.

I had rather enjoyed having her on my lap, but since she was in the "Off Limits" category, it's probably better that I wasn't deriving pleasure from having her sit on me. Didn't seem platonic enough.

Karen, meanwhile was straddling the ottoman, leaning forward on her hands, arching her back with her breasts thrust out, and was gently twisting her torso, making them boing back and forth against her arms, watching them absent-mindedly. Boing boing boing boing, like the world's sexiest Newton's Cradle. She caught me watching her and blushed with a giggle. Amy ran around behind her and vaulted onto the ottoman like it was a horse, landing right up against Karen's back, making her breasts jiggle again. "Oof!" Karen said, at the impact.

"Rawr!" Amy growled, and licked Karen's shoulder. Karen squealed softly.

Amy proceeded to caress and massage Karen's back, up and down, making her thrust out her chest. The view from my side was excellent if you like boobies. And I do.

Amy would occasionally lean forward and kiss Karen's back softly, or bite her shoulder, or kiss the back of her neck, and I could tell Karen was loving it. Amy slid her hands down Karen's hips and touched the waistband of her tiny shorts. "Any chance I could convince you to take these off?" She purred. She leaned forward and cupped Karen's breasts, squeezing them in her hands.

"Last time I let you in my pants you made me black out." Karen mumbled. Amy gently pinched her nipples and she arched her back with a gasp.

"What if I promise to do it again?" Amy said slyly. Karen growled, and then relaxed again. "I told you what would happen if you did, and I stand by it. Besides, aren't we supposed to be doing this for Will?"

"That doesn't mean I don't enjoy doing this for you, too." She kissed Karen's back, and very gently stroked her fingernails down it. I could see Karen's toes curl as she arched her back again. My cock was hard and ready, and although my leg was still hurting, it seemed further away somehow.

"Umm, I have to go pee!" Liu Si said, and leapt up, running from the room. I think I may have been the only one to notice that she ran upstairs, not out to the bathroom on the ground floor, which would have been closer.

"Hurry back!" Was Amy's only response to her departure, as she softly made a line of kisses from Karen's neck to the small of her back. Karen shot me a smouldering look, and then turned her head. When Amy rose back up from the kiss trail, Karen murmured to her. "Move around front for a minute here."

Amy stood, (a damp spot visible on her pink panties) and stepped carefully around to the front, where Karen indicated that Amy should also straddle the ottoman, although facing her. When Amy had done so, Karen made her lean back on her hands. Karen smoothed her hands up Amy's body, avoiding her nipples, and squeezing her finally on the shoulders. Amy sighed happily, leaning her head back and just enjoying the feeling with her eyes closed. Karen also stroked Amy's thighs, smoothing down from where they met her hips. If you squinted, it almost looked like Karen and Liu Si on the ottoman. Amy's current

hairstyle was messing with my mind something fierce.

Liu Si trotted downstairs a moment later, still fully dressed, carrying something nonchalantly in what looked like a washcloth. She knelt in front of me on the floor again, and tucked the whatever-it-was under the edge of her dress, so it wasn't visible.

Karen, upon seeing Liu Si's return, shifted gears. She leaned forward and grabbed Amy's knees, pulling her closer. Amy, a little surprised, walked forward with her hands. They ended, pelvis to pelvis, Amy's legs wrapped around Karen's waist, Karen's arms wrapped around Amy's ribcage. Amy smiled, delightedly, as if she knew she were no longer in control of the situation.

When they had kissed earlier, Amy had been the kisser, Karen the kissee. Now, Karen went on the offensive, grabbing Amy's ass, pulling her closer, kissing Amy in a way that can only be described as "gimme that." Amy began to breathe harder, and Karen charged on, having neatly turned the tables on Amy.

Karen's hand crept up Amy's ribcage and stroked a nipple with her fingertip, at which point Amy whimpered, loud. (Amy has VERY sensitive nipples, remember.) Karen used this knowledge to her sexy advantage, stroking, squeezing, pulling (softly) both of her nipples as Amy was forced to use her own hands to keep balance. Amy's whimpers became moans, and her moans became cries, and then Karen just stopped. She parted their kiss, and grinned at Amy, who was still panting with desire.

"Wha . . . oh, don't stop! That was great!" Amy whined, grinding her crotch against Karen just a little. Karen grinned and shook her head. Amy whimpered. "No fair! You suck!"

"No, you suck." Karen said, intending it as a verb, directing her gaze to me. "Go get him. I promise you he's ready." I grinned, and Liu Si scooted out of the way with an evil giggle. My cock was visible as a pointy bulge in my cargo shorts, and I tried to twitch my PC muscle to make it bounce, but I don't know how effective it was, I was watching both of them.

Amy stood, albeit a bit shaky, and strutted over to Liu Si, bending down for a kiss. Liu Si kissed her sweetly, then reached up and tugged at her panties. Amy giggled, and stood straight. "Are you trying to steal my panties?" She laughed.

"They are wet," Liu Si said slyly, tilting her head and looking up at Amy with a grin, "so you should take them off." Still on the ottoman, Karen laughed. The wet spot in Amy's panties had gotten larger, her wetness fueled by Karen's excellent natural make-out skills. Amy checked her crotch, hunching over a little, and laughed as well. "Geez, I'm soaked! Ok, fine. They're yours if you want, but you gotta *take* them." She stood proudly, hands on her hips. Liu Si slid them down gently, and Amy stepped out of them. "Thanks!"

"My pleasure." Liu Si said, and sat calmly again.

Amy spun around. "I'm wasting time! There's dick to be licked!"

I laughed, and Amy grinned as she walked quickly over. "I was saving that one for the right moment." She knelt, and carefully unzipped me, freeing my erection and squeezing it with her hand. It felt good.

She leaned forward, up on her knees, and began licking the head of my cock, sucking the head into her mouth and swirling her tongue all over it. It was amazing all over again.

As Amy lubricated more and more of my cock with her tongue, sucking me deeper with each thrust, I looked over and saw Karen, now lounging on the ottoman, idly playing with her left nipple as she watched Amy. "You doing ok?" I asked, and she seemed to snap out of her reverie. She gave me a lazy smile and tossed her hair back.

"Yeah, pretty good. A little lonely all of the sudden." She sighed, still smiling at me.

Amy sucked me in, hard, and I groaned with the pleasure. "Mmmmaybe I could entertain you while she's entertaining me? I hate to see you neglected." I said.

Karen glanced at Amy's back, but waved her hand. "I'm fine for now."

Amy pulled me out of her mouth with a pop. "If you want to, it's cool with me. I got what I want riiiiight here." She scooped up my balls and nuzzled them. "*MY* cum!" She murmured happily, as if to herself. She closed her eyes, and went back to work.

Karen looked thoughtful, but also doubtful. "How would we" She stood and strolled over, gorgeous and tall, from my reclined position. Amy was going to town on me, her mouth massaging and sucking on my erection, making it impossible to think.

"Take off your shorts and step over me," I said, trying to concentrate, "then squat down so I can lick you."

"Are you serious?" Karen asked, looking at me with an expression that might have been excitement, might have been nervousness.

"Absolutely. Come here." I held up my arms towards her, and she quickly shucked off her shorts and took my hand. As she gingerly extended one leg over me, I saw Liu Si quietly crawling over to where Amy was kneeling, still creating pure pleasure on my cock.

Karen, as seen from below, is definitely a beautiful sight. Her breasts look soft and heavy, her legs long and graceful, her pussy warm and juicy. Even her anus looks attractive, and I'm not sure if that's normal, or even healthy for me to think, but there you have it. Good, good times. I've gotten the occasional pimple on my butt cheek, but Karen's skin is perfect, accented by the occasional freckle. This is one girl who does not need to be airbrushed.

She had stepped over me with her right leg, so as she straddled my ribcage, I rubbed my hands up and down the backs of her thighs, cradling and caressing her buttocks at the top. She wobbled, trying to maintain her balance on the soft couch cushions, and I tried to steady her. She bent over, one hand on the back of the couch, and gently lowered herself until her pussy was inches from my face. I could feel the warmth emanating from her secret place, like sunlight on my skin. I breathed in her scent, and it felt like pure energy was flowing from the center of my being to all my extremities. I extended my tongue and flicked it from her clit to her vaginal opening. She moaned softly and her juices flowed down my tongue.

Delicious!

Amy stopped what she was doing momentarily. "Oh, hello!" I could hear her laugh. "I wasn't paying enough attention, I guess." I could feel her hand grasp me, stroking and squeezing. "I was wondering why his cock was getting even bigger and harder, and then there's a Karen hovering over me."

My view was eclipsed by Karen's gorgeous pussy and ass, her butt cheeks curving away from me like the horizon of a very sexy planet. I could feel Karen's breath on my wet penis as she spoke to Amy. "Hi," she said softly, "I'm trying to keep the weight off of his bad leg. I hope I'm not in your way."

"Nope!" Amy said cheerfully. "In fact, you want a lick?" I could feel my erection waggling, as if she were shaking it. I certainly wanted a lick of Karen's pussy, so I began teasing around the edges with my tongue, reaching up and holding her thighs with my hands.

"Oh!" She sighed as my tongue explored, and then she giggled. "I'm not sure how long I can crouch like this, but let me give him a little, and then you can have it back, ok?"

"Sure!" Amy chirped, and I felt Karen lean forward, her balance shifting, as a tight, wet, warmth enveloped my cock and made everything go fuzzy. Oh, man, did that feel incredible.

Two (in fact, three) can play at this game, I thought, and dove into her pussy with my tongue, licking, probing, caressing and generally trying to get it all in my mouth. I lapped at her pussy, driving my tongue into that warm, tight hole, hooking my tongue once inside and pulling back out again.

When I pursed my lips, though, and sucked her clit into my mouth, Karen pulled off with a cry. "Aanh!" She gasped, rocking back onto my face a little harder. "Amy, get him, he's . . . oh!" Amy gobbled me right down, and soon the race was on.

I sucked her clit, flicking the tip of it with my tongue, pulling on it and squeezing it with my lips, as she moaned and cried out. I had to move my hands around underneath her butt when, either because she was losing her muscle control, or she was losing her inhibitions, she put more weight down, practically sitting on my face. My mouth was locked on her clit, and I rubbed my nose against the opening of her pussy, wiggling my head, tickling the nerves there.

(Did you know that something like two thirds of the nerves in a woman's vagina are within three inches of the actual entrance? I think I read that somewhere. Good news if you don't have that much to put in it. My nose definitely falls in the "not much" category.)

So as I ground my nose into Karen's pussy, sucking her rock-hard clit and dancing my tongue all over it, Amy was doing her own magic on my cock, stroking it, squeezing it, her tongue wiggling up and down even as her mouth sucked and sucked and sucked. Oh, it was wonderful. Her left hand caressed and cradled my balls, her right hand stroked up and down my cock with each thrust of her mouth, which was practically vibrating as she hummed a happy little tune.

It was almost like my body was in two different halves. The bottom half, low, aching almost-forgotten pain from the stab wound, a furnace of pleasure where Amy milked and sucked my straining erection. The top half, concentration personified, as I used every trick I knew (or thought I knew) to get Karen off

as she squirmed in delight and need. Karen's pussy was almost grabbing my nose at this point, and her clit was practically twitching by itself, as she shook, and rocked, and moaned atop my face. I picked one clit maneuver, a fast vertical lick, and settled in, pulling her down harder onto me. My plan began to show success as she gasped faster, her cries climbing in pitch. "Oh yeah yeah yeah yeah, OOOOHH!"

I could feel her tensing up, her clit as long and as hard as I've ever experienced it. I took a deep breath and wiggled my nose against her pussy again, sucking her clit in hard, and gently, gently biting at it with my teeth. She screamed in ecstasy and almost sat on me completely. "AAAAAH HAH Hah Hah!"

The minute I felt her hit it, I let go of her clit and just lapped my tongue back at her vagina, probing the grasping opening as her PC muscle spasmed. I swear her anus winked at me, looking even cuter now than before. She shook so hard she couldn't keep her balance, and leaning forward on her arms, she straightened out her legs, stood up on all fours over me, and took her beautiful pussy away.

The minute she did, it was like the two halves of my body reconnected, and Amy's ministrations to my cock began that slow, inevitable roll towards a massive orgasm. "Oh, Amy that feels so good!" I gasped, as Karen climbed slowly down off of me and stumbled over to collapse on the ottoman, face down, limp.

I could see Liu Si kneeling behind Amy, right up against her, still wearing her party dress (although at some point she had taken off the apron.) Her right arm was moving, and I turned my head and could see her right hand busily stroking between Amy's legs as she knelt there, sucking my cock from the side. Amy was breathing hard, her eyes shut as she continued licking and slurping on my dick, and I could tell that Liu Si was giving her a run for her money.

The sight of Liu Si diddling Amy was a surprise, and a sexy one. Since Amy was turned to the side, I couldn't see a lot of detail of where Liu Si's hand was going, but Amy was starting to whimper through her nose a little, still not giving up on making me cum. "Oh, my god." I heard Karen sigh shakily, still collapsed on the ottoman, facing away from us. Sounded like she was still enjoying hers.

I felt my balls begin to pull up, and the feelings swirling around my cock seemed to intensify into overload. "Amy! I'm . . . oh! Here! Rrrrrr!" I growled through gritted teeth, and my body tried to go stiff as a board, including my hurt leg, which didn't even stop it. I came hard, Amy's hands milking my cock into her mouth, the juicy sounds of her slurps getting even juicier as I emptied my essence into her hot little throat. Amy gulped and gulped, and then cried out in ecstasy as Liu Si worked her hand even faster against her crotch.

My last little squirt of semen came out when she was moaning, and hit her on the chin. "Oh! I'm sorry! AAHH!" She gasped at me, putting her mouth back on it and trying to gently suck me empty, but Liu Si was enthusiastically making it hard for her. At last she got me clean, and just rested her cheek on my thigh, still clutching my cock with her right hand, twitching as Liu Si tickled and stroked her clit. "Ohh myyyy godddddddd," Amy moaned, writhing and squirming, wet little sounds of sticky pleasure finally audible now that the blood had quit hammering in my ears.

Abruptly, Liu Si stopped and withdrew her hand, and Amy immediately protested. "No, come back! I'm SO close!" Liu Si quickly leaned forward and kissed her shoulder. "Lay down on all fours." She ordered sweetly, Amy clumsily struggled to comply, turning towards me, but Liu Si stopped her. "No, the other way. Show him your pussy."

With a sigh of happy exhaustion, Amy turned away and bent over, her head hanging down, as she spread her knees apart further. Her little pussy lips looked puffy and pink, and the insides of her thigh-high stockings were wet with her own natural lubrication. Liu Si was fiddling with something that I couldn't see from my angle, then she tossed it aside. K-Y jelly. Uh oh. Amy was about to get it! I grinned.

Liu Si began by curling her index finger up and down against Amy's clit, which was tucked away in her little pussy, but you could tell it was good, because Amy immediately started moaning and squirming right at the same pitch she had when she was still kneeling against my hip. "Oh, yeah! Right there, baby! NNNhhhhh!" She moaned.

Carefully scooching a little to the side, looking back for a second to make sure she wasn't blocking my view, Liu Si waggled her eyebrows at me, and then put her (shiny with KY) thumb against Amy's little buttonhole. "Are you-" Amy gasped, but with a slow twist, Liu Si slipped her thumb right up Amy's butt. It was like flipping a switch. Amy howled in pleasure, and started trying to thrust back against her, but Liu Si used her other hand to grab Amy's hip and stop her from moving.

Thrusting into Amy's ass with her thumb, Liu Si also kept pressure on her clit, twisting in and out, in and out. Amy was helpless with sensation, just wailing out her need. "Ohhhhhh yeeeahhhhhhhh, moooooorrrreeeee!" After about a minute of slow thrusting, Liu Si left her thumb all the way in, and I could see the tendons in her forearm moving. She was curling her thumb over and over, pressing on that wall shared with the vagina, stimulating the nerves deep inside Amy, and maybe even hitting her G spot. Her finger continued to tickle Amy's clit, while Amy just shook and grunted hungrily, gasping for air faster and faster.

"Yes, Hu Die! Your thumb! Fuck me some more!" Amy yelped, her voice cracking, and Liu Si began thrusting again. "Harder! AAAHHH!!!" Amy screamed. I could see by the angle of entry, it looked like Liu Si was still hitting that spot she had been curling against. Amy thrust against her as hard as she could, her little butt cheeks jiggling from the impact, and before they even got to fifteen thrusts, she screamed in pleasure and just kinda collapsed, her arms and legs shaking, sobbing into the floor.

Liu Si stayed with her, slowing her thrusts, still diddling with her index finger, until Amy swatted at her weakly. "You gotta stop," she gasped, "I can't breathe. Oh my god!"

Liu Si carefully withdrew her thumb from Amy's anus, and gingerly checked it for cleanliness. Apparently satisfied with what she saw, she wiped it off with the washcloth, and lay down next to Amy, who rolled over weakly and wrapped her arms and legs around her. "I love you so much." Amy slurred, and Liu Si kissed her sweetly.

"That will teach you not to turn your back on me." Liu Si joked, and Amy laughed, exhausted. "I didn't, did I?"

Liu Si shook her head. "It is fine. I had a lot of fun!"

"I'm glad SOMEBODY did," Amy said sarcastically. "God, that was like an orgasm chain reaction."

"Still going crazy," Karen whimpered, rolling over to look at us at last. "What did you DO to my clitoris?"

she asked me, mopping her sweaty hair off of her forehead.

"I may have nibbled on it a little," I admitted, as my erection slowly faded and my hurt leg returned to center stage. "Sorry."

"Usually it's stopped by now, but GEEZ," Karen sighed, trying to position her legs, but the ottoman is not long enough to lay on. She slid to the floor and stretched out there. "Ahhhah ha haaa," She wailed quietly.

Amy and Liu Si were kissing quietly, sweetly. "I thought you told me you weren't ready for a show," Amy sighed, when they parted. Liu Si blushed and grinned. "I was not, but then I realized that YOU might be. You inspired me." She kissed Amy again, and Amy laughed, exhausted.

"Now I have to go high five Will." Liu Si joked, and started to get up, but Amy clutched at her. "You do not! I was only kidding when I went to high-five him." but Liu Si was laughing, and Amy knew it was a joke.

Karen crawled over to me and got up on her knees, leaning over to kiss me. I'm sure she could taste herself, but her lips and tongue were so soft and caressing, my erection almost started going back UP. "That was a lot of fun." She said, and laid her head sideways on my chest.

"When he was licking your pussy, I SWEAR he got an inch *longer* than last time." Amy said to Karen. "I wasn't deep throating tonight, but that was almost too much to handle. It was more than a two-hander for sure." She cleared her throat. "Thanks for letting me play with 'the girls,' too. I really enjoyed it."

Karen grinned at me, and all I could say was "I love you." She kissed me again, quickly, and asked "How about you? Need more?" she shot a glance at my cock, which was still at around 70%. I shook my head.

Amy piped up. "Hey, I'm sorry if I started losing my focus there at the end of yours. Normally I would never take you out of my mouth when you're cumming, but somebody was driving me crazy." She squeezed Liu Si. I waved her off. "I'm fine, it was really good to watch. I don't think it's possible for you to give me a *bad* orgasm. I'm good."

I looked around, but couldn't find my crutches. I know I was exhausted, and other than Liu Si, no one in the family looked capable of getting up just yet.

I tucked myself back into my pants and zipped. Karen struggled to her feet and picked up her clothing items. Liu Si practically had to pick Amy up, but soon they had gotten me my crutches, and we all started our slow procees up the stairs, Liu Si in her party dress, Amy only wearing her wet white thigh-highs, Karen having replaced her running shorts and sports bra, and me, fully dressed.

As we laboriously climbed the stairs, Liu Si supported Amy, their two heads of nearly identical hair tilted together. With Karen holding her hand against my back as I crutched up the stairs, Amy sighed. "I can't think of any time in my entire life when I have been this happy." Liu Si nodded enthusiastically.

"I'd be happier if my leg was better already, but yeah," I said, which prompted Amy to immediately exempt that from her happiness.

All of the girls went into my room, getting pillows set up and blankets pulled back while I went to pee. When I came in, Karen took my shirt, Amy unbuttoned and lowered my pants, and when I sat down at last, Liu Si jumped in and pulled my socks off. They were all giggling happily, tucking me in as if I were a baby. Karen, then Amy, kissed me goodnight, and to our surprise, Liu Si climbed up onto my bed and hugged me, almost laying on top of me. "Thank you so much." She whispered, and kissed me right on the corner of my mouth.

She was a little misty, when she climbed down, but she gave me a big smile and waved goodnight as she and Amy strolled into their room. Karen lingered.

"I wanted to thank you again." She said quietly. I sighed, not really annoyed, but I just had amazing sex, I'm thanked enough for now.

She sat on the edge of my bed. "When I was pointing that shotgun at *him,* all I could think about was how much I needed to shoot him, because he hurt you, because he wanted to hurt the rest of us, because he needed to just die. I didn't think at all about what it actually meant to do it. It would have been horrible. When I saw your blood on the patio tonight, it made me think all over again. You saved me, just as much as you saved Liu Si." She took my hand. "I love you so much, I can't even SAY how much. Thank you."

We kissed. "You're welcome." I said. She smiled at me, unshed tears in her eyes, and stood, turning out my light and walking slowly out of the room, watching me watching her. As she passed into the bathroom, she waved, and I waved back.

My leg was uncomfortable, but not actually spiking pain, so I settled back, and soon I was asleep. I dreamed I was a giant, carrying Karen, Amy, Liu Si and Lola on my shoulders, all of them clad in flowing white lace gowns, while a dragon bit and blew fire at my leg.

11 - Home/Midnight Visitor/So Long, Kai Long/Take this Job

The next day Lola called the pizza shop and told them that we'd had a home invasion, and that I'd be out for three weeks at least. She said Pops sounded COMPLETELY stunned, and said I could come back any time I wanted. The thing is, I really didn't WANT to come back at all. More on that later.

Those three weeks might have been some of the best in my life. I mean I was in HEAVEN. The girls installed me on the couch, with my leg propped up, and proceeded to fill my days with pampering. I wasn't allowed to bathe for like the first five days, so the girls brought me soapy water and washcloths, and helped me wipe off. (I used the crutches for bathroom trips.)

I got the star treatment in a big way. Karen and Amy both paid special attention to my cock, which meant I was getting a big sloppy blowjob about once a day, sometimes twice. If they were both in the room, it meant I would be licking Amy's sweet little pussy while Karen sucked my dick, and then they would switch off, one sitting or lying between my legs, and the other carefully straddling my face. It was heavenly. I would literally wake up from a chemically-induced nap, to find Amy rubbing my cock and licking my balls, and I knew it was time to go again. It's *good* to be 17. Karen promised me as soon as I got the stitches removed, she was going to fuck my brains out. As it was, she didn't want to put me through too much effort, because even laying on my back, I tended to hump upwards.

Amy redoubled her efforts to get her ass ready to take my cock. I told her to slow down, but I'm sure she didn't listen. I knew she was determined, and I didn't know what she was using in an attempt to practice, but she had Liu Si helping.

Towards the end of the first week, I woke up at one point (Did I mention Vicodin knocks you on your ass?) to find Amy licking the tip of my cock, and softly moving my balls with her hand while Liu Si used a fabric measuring tape (like tailors use) to measure the length and girth of my dick. Liu Si was touching it very gently, almost as if she were afraid it would break. She looked utterly fascinated by it. She'd seen it before, of course, but I can't remember any time she'd been this close to it. I must have made some kind of noise, because she suddenly looked at me, and got this terrified look. She immediately stared at the floor, and backed away.

"It's ok," I said muzzily, "I'm not mad." Amy slurped the first half of my dick into her mouth and hummed a little tune. She pulled it back out with a *pop* and giggled. "I needed to see how close I was, BIG brother." With the word big, she wrapped her hands around my cock and stroked it once, firmly up and down. Liu Si was staring at it again, and she actually licked her lips. She still looked a little scared, but she looked like she couldn't look away. Her eyes darted to mine, and she blushed and looked down again.

"You don't have to be scared," I told her, "I would never hurt you. You're allowed to look all you want." She shyly looked up at me, and then blushed harder, but she got this little smile. Amy grabbed her hand and pulled her closer. "He means it. You can even touch it again, if you want." She grinned, and squeezed my dick again. Liu Si timidly reached out, and stroked one finger the whole length of my cock. She rubbed her fingertip up and down the whole underside where it is most sensitive, and I swear I got a

half-inch longer. I think I made a noise like "mmmm." Amy let go, and scooted back just a bit. she was actually leaning back on my injured leg, but I didn't feel any pain, so I didn't say anything.

Liu Si looked at me closely, and then wrapped her hand around the base of it, holding it more firmly. "It is so warm," she said, in this quiet little voice, "and so strong." She was being very gentle and soft. She cupped my balls and lifted them gently, rolling her fingers slightly, feeling my balls shift within my sac.

"Neat, huh?" Amy grinned. Liu Si's eyes were like saucers as she nodded. "We are SO lucky. Will's cock is huge! Karen says she feels like the whole world is inside her when he makes love to her. I can't wait! How am I doing?"

Liu Si looked at her, distracted. "I am sorry, what did you say?" she asked, dreamily, still holding my cock.

Amy grinned. "You like it, don't you?"

Liu Si blushed, and nodded. "It is very nice."

Amy got her most evil grin. "I KNEW you would. So how close am I? You measured?"

Liu Si looked back at the end of the couch where she had left the measuring tape, clearly not wanting to let go of my penis. "I am sorry, but I have forgotten the measurements. You hold him, and I will get it and measure again." She reluctantly moved back, and Amy slid right in and sucked my cock as far down as she could, without turning the corner down her throat.. I could feel her tongue wiggling on the underside of my cock. I groaned in pleasure.

Liu Si came back with the tape, and measured around the base. She named a number. Amy growled happily. She pulled her head back off my cock with a big slurp. "I think we're close enough to try it!" she said delightedly. Liu Si smiled widely. "You are very lucky."

"You'll probably want to wait until I get the stitches out," I said, a little nervous about penetrating either of Amy's lower orifices, "That way I can enjoy it more, without dealing with my leg hurting, or the painkillers fuzzing my awareness. Plus, 'close enough' still means you could get hurt."

"Karen said she bled a little bit for a few days, but that it was TOTALLY worth it," Amy pouted.

"Well, don't forget Karen is five years older than you, and her body has had five more years to grow. This won't be easy. How have you been practicing, anyway, doesn't it hurt?"

"We used cucumbers from the garden," Amy said proudly. "For my butt I started using my finger, and then my hairbrush handle, and then cucumbers of increasing sizes. The last one I got in was allllmost as big around as you. It hurts a little at first each time, but once I'm warmed up, it's really good. Liu Si helped!"

This got a blush, and a warm smile from Liu Si. "It was very exciting. She does not keep her feelings secret. If she likes what you are doing, she tells you. In that way, she is very brave."

"You could do that too, you know." I said gently. "If you don't like something, or if you want something, or if you need help, let us know. You have it in you to be just as brave. You're the same girl who jumped off a jungle gym and flattened Kai Long."

A look of anger crossed her face, and then a grin. "You are right." She said simply. "I will try to be more like Amy. I will be a girl gone crazy."

"You don't have to be like me, or even a Girl Gone Wild," Amy said. "But don't be afraid to be more like YOU."

Liu Si nodded again, and smiled happily at us both. "I will try."

Something Amy had said earlier finally triggered in my mind. "You said you practiced for your butt. What about for your . . ."

"My pussy?" Amy interrupted me. "I'm not practicing too much there. I don't want to break my um" She made a grasping motion with her thumb and forefinger.

"Hymen?" I asked, and the same time Liu Si said "Virginity?" Meanwhile, Amy finished her sentence. "My cherry. I don't want to accidentally ruin it, because I want you to be the one to take it, Will." She swirled her tongue around the head of my cock. I could barely keep my legs from flailing.

"If anybody's going to bust my cherry, it's going to be YOU." She purred, and sucked my cockhead in and out of her lips several times. Despite the wonderful feelings on my dick, I winced at her choice of words. "I don't want to BUST anything," I said, "that sounds so cheap and crappy, like I'm breaking a cookie jar to steal the cookies."

"You know what I mean though," Amy said, "'I want you to fuck my brains out. Yours is going to be the only penis in my pussy, ever.'" She started sucking my cock slow, hard, and deep.

"The only penis?" I asked, incredulously. "You're only nine. You'll probably meet other guys someday."

Amy shook her head, and my cock which was deep in her mouth. Uh Unh, she grunted. She pulled off momentarily. "You're the only man I'll want, and Liu Si and Karen are the only girls I'll want. Well, except maybe Lola." She giggled an evil laugh, and continued with the blowjob. I pretty much just laid back and enjoyed it.

I had already closed my eyes, totally awash in the amazing sensations of Amy's mouth and hands, when a shadow fell over my face, and hair tickled my cheek. I opened my eyes, to see Liu Si kneeling beside my head, where I lay on the couch. She was biting her lip, blushing, but she had a determined set to her jaw.

"You are very brave. You have saved my life twice now." She said, her voice trembling.

"Not really, I mean, it was no big deal," I said, trying to concentrate on our conversation, when Amy was still sucking my dick.

"No, it IS a big deal. I have been meaning to thank you, to find some WAY to thank you, but I have been very shy. You came to my rescue, welcomed me into your home, and your lives, and you got stabbed for it. I have not been a good guest."

"Don't worry about it. You're not a guest, you're family. We told you we love you." I said, placatingly, because she seemed very emotional. She shook her head firmly. "No."

"When you took me away from the restaraunt, when you faced Kai Long at the playground, and again here at the house, you did it with no expectations of reward. You just stepped up and protected me. You showed a kind of love I have never experienced before. I must be worthy of that love, and to do that, I can only offer it back to you. I feel I should BE the reward." She said.

I shook my head again. "My reward is to have you be happy and safe. You're one of my sisters."

"You show your love for your sisters in many different ways. You support them, and care for them. You protect them, and love them. You use your body to make them feel great pleasure. Amy has shared with me many pleasures, but she desires the pleasure of your body just as much, perhaps more, than she desires the pleasures of mine." Liu Si said, carefully.

I had no idea how to respond. Amy was licking and fondling my entire fruit basket, so concentration was out of the question, but still. My sister's lesbian lover was admitting to being second banana? It must have shown on my face, because Liu Si smiled. "I do not mean that she does not want to make me happy, I mean that she puts a great deal of importance on being able to please you like a woman should. Like Karen does. In addition to taking pleasure FROM you, she wants to give pleasure TO you, every way she can."

I said nothing. Amy tickled my foreskin with her tongue and quietly went "Alalalalaaaa" but I knew she had to be listening. Liu Si leaned closer and kissed my cheek. "I would respectfully ask that you allow me to share with you the same devotion. You are a wonderful man, and your sisters love you very much. You three have welcomed me into your home, and in one instance, your bed." Here she shot a blushingly smug look at Amy, who giggled throatily. "I want to share with you what you share with them. Amy and Karen say I am their adopted sister; I want to adopt you too. I want to love you the way they love you. I want you to love me the way you love them."

I was speechless all over again. I just gaped at her. She quickly continued. "I promise to learn what you like, although I cannot promise that I can take you in mybottom the way Amy has practiced. I will try my best, if that is what you wish, just please allow me to show you as much love and devotion that they share with you. You have done so much for me. I would like to show you how grateful I am, and how much I love and appreciate your kindness."

"Wait, you don't have to do all that, or even any of that. You're welcome to stay and live with us, and BE with us, without having sex." I finally found my voice, which was a bit hoarse and high-pitched with stress. "You're safe here. We ALL love you. Love and sex aren't the same thing."

"I know." She said calmly, although clearly trying to convince me. "I want both, just as the three of you share. Amy is very good to me, but she also desires greatly the activities you share with Karen. How could I also not desire something sodesireable? Karen is the happiest woman I think I have

ever seen. She glows when you are around. I want that feeling too."

A sudden thought occurred to me. "Wait, does Karen know about this? About you wanting to be with me?"

Liu Si blushed and nodded. "I asked her right after you came home from the hospital. I told her how I felt, and asked if her I ever got up the courage to ask you, would she allow it."

"What was her answer?" I was curious to know. She never even hinted she knew.

"First she asked me a lot of questions; did I love you, WHY did I want to be with you, did I understand how serious this was, and so on. I answered all the questions honestly, and she finally hugged me and gave her blessing. She even told me that if I wanted or needed her help, she would give it." Liu Si smiled at me. "She is so kind and generous. She could have said no."

Amy had slowed down her motions on my dick, and was just stroking it slowly and firmly up and down, watching us, and listening thoughtfully. "What do you think of this?" I asked Amy. She looked at me, and smiled happily. "I also knew something like this might be coming, because she asked me before she even approached Karen. I just didn't realize it was quite this soon." She gave my dick a playful lick. "The important question is what do YOU think of it?" She bopped my erection against her cheek gently, watching me.

I looked at Liu Si, who seemed quite sincere. I looked back at Amy. "Well, your girlfriend is asking me to make love to her, with you in the same room. I would understand if you didn't like the idea of sharing her."

Amy shrugged. "She doesn't belong to me. Besides, she's sharing me with you. She's even helping me get ready to be fucked by you. How could I refuse to let her feel the same way? I'm proud of her for asking! But back to you: homegirl just laid her soul bare for you. What's your answer?" Amy's hand stopped.

There was only one answer: "Of course I'll love you too." I said. "But you don't HAVE to do any of those things."

Liu Si smiled so hard I thought her face would cramp. She spoke rapidly in chinese, and actually cried momentarily, bowing. "She says 'thank you so much' over and over." Amy said, a little misty herself. I reached up and hugged Liu Si close, who murmured a familiar sentence in my ear, again, in chinese. It was the same sentence Amy had spoken in the kitchen, weeks ago, right before Mrs. Klemp had gone into the hospital. "What does that mean, anyway?" I asked.

She blushed. "It is from a folk tale from China. It is about a princess who fell in love with a young palace guard, and although they were forbidden to be together, she would leave flowers for him, from her private garden. And each time, she would leave him a note, saying "I have saved my most tender blossoms for you." They eventually eloped, and pursued by the Imperial army, they died crossing a flooded bridge. But at that spot, each spring, flowers grew, flowers that bloomed nowhere else in the world." She smiled at me. "What I spoke was her note: "I have saved my most tender blossoms for you." I have always thought it sounded like a very romantic promise."

It was beautiful, and yet still very erotic. I grinned at her, and she grinned back, and giggled. "When did you want to start?" I asked, still a little in shock.

"I had hoped, but did not really expect that you would say yes, I had no plans beyond asking, so far." She admitted, blushing again.

"Well, whenever you're ready, I'll teach you what he likes," Amy said, and proceeded to demonstrate her excellent oral skills, as she slurped and sucked my cock, using both hands to stroke and squeeze. I knew I wasn't going to last too much longer.

"Actually," She said a moment later, "one of the most important things about making love to him is about to happen. I'm about to make him cum." Another slurp.

Liu Si moved back down towards Amy. Amy continued. "When he cums, you have to get it all, and you shouldn't waste any of it. It should be inside you, either your mouth, or anywhere else. If you spill some, try to clean it up. His cum is the prize for what you did; you earned it."

I don't know where Amy got that from, I sure didn't tell her that, but the idea that it is just as special to them as it is to me made me feel really nice. The idea that my semen is the reward they get for their hard work just makes me feel awesome. Amy continued to instruct.

"So when he cums, he makes a LOT, so it usually helps to just start swallowing. It tastes . . . well, *I* think it tastes great, and I know Karen likes it too, but it might not be what you expect. A little salty, and a little bit metallic, but it's so slippery and hot. I love it!" More stroking with her hands while she talked. Liu Si was very attentive.

"The first time I did it, he was asleep and it went all over me. I pretended I was asleep too, because I was scared, but I managed to taste it anyway. I fell in love with it right then. When we had my fancy 'first time' dinner, he shot it all right in my mouth, and I swear to god I almost came right then, just from that. Then he came inside Karen, and she let me lick it out of her pussy! MMMM!" She hugged herself with the hand that wasn't caressing me. "SO good!"

"I remember what they said from the video tape you showed me," Liu Si said, "his semen is his sacred essence."

I had a sudden thought about all the sacred essence I had squirted into kleenex over the years. Heck, my cleanup towel would probably qualify as a Holy Relic. "Now, wait." I said, "where did you get all this from?"

Amy waved her hand. "The 'how-to' tape with all the kids on it. They talk about how important it is to make sure you treat the cum with respect, because it's like an extension of you. It's *your* sperm, *your* DNA, *your* lifeforce, and if we're spitting it out and wasting it, then it's like a rejection of you. If we're going to give you an orgasm, we also need to correctly deal with the final part of it, it's only fair."

"I don't think that kiddy porn tape should be used as a reference when it comes to 'How You Should Act,'" I said, but Amy was already shaking her head.

"That WAS in there, but that's not the only reason I feel this way. Here's my other thought. When you lick us, you're tasting us the entire time, swallowing our juices, it's unavoidable, and you do it with such good grace. We should be at LEAST equally happy about your cum. Plus, I love it, plus it tastes good, plus it's very special. So stop complaining." And she started sucking again, in earnest. I moaned with the sensation, and Liu Si grinned at me.

"He is so big and strong, yet when you have him in your mouth, he is helpless." Liu Si murmured to Amy.

"That surrender, when he gives in to me and I have total command of his pleasure, is EXTREMELY sexy. I feel so awesome." Amy gloated to her, and went right back down on my cock.

"It shows how much trust he places in you." Liu Si said, rubbing my left thigh, but watching Amy. "That kind of love and closeness, that is just like what WE share."

Amy purred her answer. "MMMmmmmmm Hmmmmmmmm."

Liu Si turned to me. "Thank you for being willing to share your love with me. I am so honored."

"No problem," I managed. Lola is going to *shit* when she finally finds out about all this, was all I could think.

Amy pulled off again, cruelly delaying what felt like a HUGE orgasm building. "Ok, so I'm going to make him cum in my mouth, and I'll put some in your hand so you can smell it and taste it, ok? I'll share some of it with you."

Liu Si looked both happy and nervous at the same time. I'm sure I did too.

Amy went to town on my dick, sucking, squeezing, stroking, fondling, tugging gently at my balls, just making everything go crazy. I tried to be quiet and still, but I know I was moaning and writhing. Liu Si watched me in delight, looking back at Amy from time to time.

Eventually, (and yet still too soon,) I felt that tightening, as my balls drew up to fire.

"Oh, Amy!" I gasped, my heartbeat roaring in my ears, "I'mUnnh! Ahhh!" And off I went.

Amy immediately slid her hand down to the base of my cock, her other hand gently rubbing my balls as they tensed over and over, firing my load into her mouth. Amy's lips were clamped onto my cockhead, and I could see her cheeks hollow as she sucked me, still squirting.

As I began to subside, she flicked the tip of my dick with her tongue, and pulled off, after swiping her thumb up the underside of my cock to make sure she got it all out.

Liu Si was fidgeting nonstop in her excitement, as she held her palm up and Amy dribbled a little of my cum, about a teaspoon, into her open hand. I was enthralled, not only because that was a FANTASTIC orgasm, but because I was watching Liu Si and Amy play with my cum.

First, she smelled it. Then, she carefully smelled it again. She sighed happily. "I like the way it smells." She announced, and then dipped a finger in it, smearing it around her palm, rubbing it between that thumb and forefinger. "It DOES feel slippery." She said, and giggled nervously. Finally, she raised that thumb and forefinger to her mouth, and gingerly sucked them clean. She ran her tongue around in her mouth thoughtfully. "I don't think I got enough to taste that time." She quickly scooped up about half of what she had and transferred it to her mouth. She closed her eyes and just sat there for a moment, moving her tongue around inside her mouth, as if rolling it and tasting it. Finally, she swallowed with a happy sigh, and licked her palm clean. "I DO like it. It is a little metallic and very thick, but not in a bad way. I definitely like your cum, Will. Thank you." She said, blushing. I was beyond words.

Amy pointed to her face, her lips pursed, her cheeks obviously still full of my seed. "Mmmm?" She seemed to ask, as if saying "More?" Liu Si nodded excitedly and held out her cupped hand. "Yes, please!"

Amy leaned over and dribbled about a tablespoon's worth into her hand, then sat up, and gestured for Liu Si to move closer. Carefully holding her hand so as not to spill it, Liu Si did so. Amy knelt higher and smoothed Liu Si's hair back, gesturing for her to tilt her head back. Obediently, Liu Si tossed her head back and opened her mouth, and I watched, utterly shocked, as Amy dribbled my cum straight from her mouth into Liu Si's open mouth. My god, if I hadn't JUST cum, I would have done so all over again. As it was, all I could do was groan in amazement. My cock was already getting hard again.

Amy's other hand had never left the base of my cock, and as she swallowed what she had left with relish, she kissed my cock again. "Ready already?" She asked, delighted. My cock was getting harder, but the head of it still felt too sensitive to touch. "I think it needs to rest a little bit," I said helplessly, and she pouted.

Liu Si finally licked and swallowed what was in her hand, and I could see her flushed with excitement. "That was VERY good!" She (perhaps literally) gushed.

"He needs to rest a little." Amy said, gently caressing me in a cool-down kind of maneuver. "I think maybe I was too rough."

"No," I spoke up, "that felt amazing, I just need a little time to recharge. That was really really hot."

"Do you like watching us play with your cum?" Amy asked knowingly. "I know when Karen and I did it, you looked so awestruck." She shot me a sidelong glance, grinning evilly.

"It might be the hottest thing I've ever seen, better than watching you kiss." I admitted, blushing.

"Then we need to kiss!" Amy cried, and she and Liu Si immediately did so, kissing hard, their tongues and hands roaming. I watched, both grateful and jealous at the same time.

When they parted, Liu Si panted "You taste just like Will!" causing Amy to grin.

"So did you!" She said, "and it was so good! But before we do anything else, we should probably wash our hands and brush our teeth. If we've been touching semen, we need to clean up before we touch ourselves, especially since you're having periods now. Karen takes pills to be safe, but you need to be

careful."

"Join me in the shower?" Liu Si panted, still hot. Amy grinned and nodded. Liu Si galloped upstairs as steadily as she could. Amy turned back to me. "Is it ok if I leave you like this? My jiaoqi needs my attention upstairs." (pretty young wife)

"Go for it, I'm good." I said. "You sure know a lot about sex." I mean I knew she did, but today, she surprised me all over again, first with the cum worship, then with the hygiene concern.

She patted my stomach happily. "Years of secret study, and sweaty fantasies." I could hear water running upstairs. "Now if you'll excuse me . . ." and off she ran. I tucked myself away and relaxed. Wow.

Several minutes later, the sounds of shared ecstasy drifted down from upstairs, and I knew that all was right with the world. I love my life. Emptied, satisfied, I took another catnap.

Another thing that happened while I was recuperating was Lola began spending a lot more time at the house. Many an afternoon or evening was spent with her there, watching movies with us, or playing board games or video games with us.

Karen especially seemed to be bonding with her, the two of them sitting comfortably hip to hip, chatting away all through the freaking movie, as if no one were actually trying to watch it. They also started spending time outside of the house, the two of them going to the mall, or to a locally notorious outdoor flea market, where rumor has it, if you know the right person to speak to, you could buy anything from endangered species to babies.

It was from this outdoor flea market that they brought me a cane. It has a red-eyed skull for a knob handle, and when you give it a twist and a pull, it reveals an 18" sword blade. Amy loved it when she saw it. "Maybe you can upgrade those dorky crutches," was her exact comment. I wasn't sure if it was even legal to carry.

Another thing we got was a driveway alarm box. You put this little box on a post at the end of your driveway, and if anyone drives past it, it sends a signal back to the house, where a larger box makes a noise, like a bell or a chime, so you can tell if anyone is in your driveway. The idea of Kai Long driving in and blocking our driveway with the truck had really bothered me. Short of putting up a gate, I wanted some way to know when to expect visitors. They bolted it to a tree right at the start of our driveway, and put the alarm box right next to our front door, and it worked, even though our driveway is longer than the box said.

Amy also convinced me to not only place an order with Adam & Eve, but to pay for next day shipping. We got watermelon flavored lubricant, "fizzy" root-beer flavored lube, and a few other goodies, like a vibrating bullet egg and, of all things, a strap-on. Amy wanted to get one that was as big as my penis, but Liu Si absolutely put her foot down and insisted we find the smallest they had. Since she was most likely going to be using it half the time, one way or the other, I followed her wishes and got the smallest, a little smooth black one called "anal beginner for him," about three or four inches long, slightly thinner than my thumb. It didn't resemble an actual penis, just a slightly ripply candle-shape with a gently tapered tip. It didn't vibrate or anything, but they seemed so happy when it arrived. (I also made sure to

get a bottle of Sex Toy Cleaner. Safety and hygiene first!)

We seemed to suddenly do a lot more shopping. Karen and Lola went the mall or someplace about every two days, just walking and talking and being girls. They took Liu Si to get her ears pierced, and Amy got a second set of piercings down low in her ears at the same time. Liu Si was so happy when she got home, she practically glowed. She also came home equipped with four sets of earrings, one pair picked out by each of the ladies. Amy got her these opalescent little hearts, Karen got her little glittery blue dolphins, and Lola picked out a set of very small hoops that were banded like a rainbow. For herself, Liu Si picked out a pair featuring a single pearl on a tiny silver hoop.

When they got home that night, Lola suggested that they have a Jewelry Trading Post, which she said that she and her sisters had done periodically when they were young. You bring all the jewelry you don't want, or at least could live without, and everyone looks and trades their old stuff for stuff that is new to them. It turned out to be a big hit.

The event took place in the living room. Karen went and dug out Mom's old jewelry box and spread it out in the middle of the rug. "When this is empty, Liu Si gets it." Karen announced, because while she had a little wooden chest, and Amy had a Barbie lunchbox for her stuff, Liu Si had her new earrings and her shell bracelet in an empty Planter's Peanuts can with a plastic lid. Mom's old jewelry box was about size of a four-slice side-by-side toaster, so instantly Liu Si had the biggest jewelry box in the house. She was ecstatic, and immediately put her earrings and shell bracelet inside it.

Lola had run back to her place to get her stuff, and returned about half an hour later. "Sorry I took so long, I had to make a few phone calls. Karen, could I get your help?" she called from the kitchen, and Karen jumped up and ran off. Amy began spreading Mom's old stuff out, separating the necklaces and rings and earrings so you could see what was what.

Karen and Lola reappeared lugging in a jewelry cabinet, about three or four feet tall with big double doors. "Geez!" Amy cried.

"I called my sisters and told them we wanted to do a jewelry trading post, and they gave their permission to use Mom's old jewelry. Other than a few specific pieces that were family heirlooms, or they had special memories of, the rest is up for grabs." Lola panted, finally maneuvering the cabinet into place on the rug. I wished I could help them, but I knew I wouldn't have been able to manage that and crutches at the same time.

"How much stuff is in there?" I asked, a little amazed.

Lola poofed air from her lower lip. "Lots." She said. "Mom used to sell Avon, so there's a lot of stuff in here that's kinda junky, but maybe it's old enough to be cool again." She sat on the floor next to it, and opened it. Dozens of necklaces hung on little hooks on the inside of the doors, and little shelves held all kinds of stuff. She pulled out the bottom shelf, glanced at it briefly, and dumped its contents into a little pile in her lap.

Sorting through the pile quickly, she tossed a few back into the shelf. "I know I said trading post, but you guys can pretty much take what you like from whatever isn't in this shelf."

"Cool!" Amy cheered. "We dumped out Mom's, so you can pick from that too."

And away they went. Lola observed how most of Mom's earrings seemed to be big hoops with various things on them. Amy found a brooch (if that's the right word) in Mrs. Klemp's pile that depicted a silver cat riding a gold bicycle, and everyone laughed. "Some of that Avon stuff was really tacky," Lola said, and held up what looked like a ruby-encrusted fire hydrant pin.

Rings, necklaces, brooches and pendants changed hands, sometimes twice. Lola happily took a few of Karen's old pieces, and Amy dug through the cast-off piles with Liu Si, helping her fill her new jewelry box with shiny things. Liu Si also chose the cat on a bike, and Amy made sure to give her the butterfly earrings she had been keeping for her. Every one of the ladies had a great time. I had a good time just watching them have fun.

Amy put clip-on earrings all the way up her ears, then took them off and put on every necklace that was still on the rug. "I'm ready for my rap video!" She crowed.

"Will doesn't have anything." Liu Si pointed out, and then they all dove into the pile looking for stuff for me, despite my protests that I didn't need anything. Other than a digital wristwatch and a pocketwatch with an eagle on it, my total jewelry in this world is limited to a few necklaces. I have a tiny gold cross with a diamond-ish stone in the middle of it on a gold chain, a pewter skull with a dagger stuck through it on a black string (which I think came from one of those big gumball machines), and a pair of dog tags that say WILLIAM. Oh, and a WWJD bracelet with various pony beads on a leather thong, that I made years ago when Mrs. Klemp thought we might enjoy going to vacation bible school.

Soon, I was being offered several different baubles, some for laughs, and some for real. I ended up selecting a larger cross necklace, a few stud pins that I figured I could use for tie-tacks, and a lapel pin that resembled a poker hand. (royal flush, hearts.) I refused a pendant resembling a 2" wide daisy, and a brooch resembling a woman's red sun hat with a purple band.

Lola and Amy had put three or four rings on each of their fingers and were wagging them at each other, saying things like "Oh, hel-LO DAH-ling, how WON-derful to see you again." "SIM-ply de-LIGHT-ful, I MUST say." and having a great time being silly. Karen and Liu Si got up and went to go make supper, and I laid back and shut my eyes for a while.

I awoke to someone stroking my forehead and eyebrows. Opening my eyes, I saw Lola smiling at me. "Hi there." she purred. "Hi." I smiled at her. It took me a second to realize that although she was kneeling very close, leaning against me, her face mere inches away, she wasn't the one rubbing my forehead. I looked up as high as I could, and saw Amy perched above me, her face upside down to in reference to mine. "Hee hee hee," Amy giggled.

"You looked so peaceful," Lola said gently, happily.

"She was checking you out." Amy said matter-of-factly, and Lola blushed hard. "Amy!"

"It's ok," Amy reassured her as she tried to back away in embarrassment. I quickly got my arm around her and didn't let her withdraw. "Really, it is." I told her. She stopped fighting me *almost* instantly, and leaned against me again, putting her hand on my chest.

"You're not supposed to TELL him I'm checking him out." Lola scolded Amy gently. "That's not being a very good wingman."

"Yes it is. I'm HIS wingman, too." Amy stated. "I see how you both look at each other. Stop wasting time and admit it. You like-like him."

Lola goggled at her, her cheeks still burning with blush, her mouth open in surprise. I looked up at Amy as well. THIS was uncharacteristically blunt, even for her. Amy has never been one to mince words, but damn. "Amy, don't push it." I said carefully. She looked down at me.

"I'm trying to tell her it's ok! I know she likes you, and we ALL like her, so it's ok!" Amy was starting to seem exasperated. "We girls all love her, and we know how lonely she is, and I want her to know it doesn't have to be like that."

"Amy, I . . . I . . ." Lola took a deep breath and shut her eyes. I could tell how uncomfortable she was. She pushed away from me just a bit, and I let go of her.

"That's enough." I said firmly to Amy. Amy took another look at Lola and saw her distress. "Uh oh, no it isn't."

She quickly climbed down off the arm of the couch and knelt in front of Lola, taking both her hands. "I'm sorry, I wasn't trying to embarrass you, I just wanted you to know that it's ok. ALL of us like you and accept you. You are so beyond awesome, and I think you really like Will, and we're all happy about it. Especially Will, I know he likes you too, because he told us already." Lola's eyes popped open, and she looked at me. I knew SHE knew that I liked her, but I don't think she knew that Amy knew.

"We don't have a lot of secrets in this house." I said gently, apologetically. "Possibly none at all. They know I like you, and since they like you too, they want each of us to be happy, and they know you're not."

"It's not that easy, darling." Lola said to Amy, a single tear trickling down her cheek. "I'm going through some stuff of my own, and I'm not really ready to go again. Not yet."

"I know," Amy said, patting Lola's hands, "but I didn't want any of that STUFF to be concerns about liking Will, whether or not it's "OK" for you to like him, or how the rest of us would react. We're on board. I don't CARE that he's younger than you, I don't CARE that you're a divorcee, you're not damaged goods, you're amazing! Don't let guilt or fear be any part of it, ok? I mean it."

Lola cried silently for a few seconds, just looking at Amy. I was SURE that Amy had hurt her feelings, really put her foot in it, until Lola croaked "How did you get so SMART?" and pulled Amy in for a big hug. I was dumbfounded.

As they parted, Amy spoke again. "I was right, wasn't I? Maybe you felt like you weren't good enough."

Lola held up her thumb and forefinger practically touching. "Maybe just a little?" She chuckled/cried. "I know how picky you were about those other girls he dated, and how sad you were when he did."

"Oh, come ON," Amy said, real annoyance in her tone. "Don't you even DARE put yourself in the same universe as those disgusting tramps." She leaned forward and cupped Lola's face in her hands. "You're SO much better than them. You're Lola Klemp! You scare cops and make convenience store clerks burn with jealousy! You are smart, funny, tons of fun, and pure hotness!" Amy shook Lola's head gently. "Now stop acting like you're not awesome!" Amy kissed her on the cheek. "Please." She added, gently. She let go of Lola's face.

Lola was dumbstruck, blushing, out of breath. I tried to step in. "I'm sorry for the ambush." I said. "I didn't know that was going to happen."

"It's NOT an ambush!" Amy snapped at me. "She needs to know she's allowed to have feelings."

Lola reached out and took my hand, and Amy's "No, it's ok. She's right. I needed to know that it was . . .
..... wrong to be afraid." She finally said.

Amy squeezed the hand she was holding. "I have something for you. After watching you at the hospital, and when "Dad" was here, I wanted to tell you that when you're in lawyer mode, you are SO hot and cool. I don't know if it's the suit or what, but you're so focused and smart that I just get so jealous. I wish I was that cool." Lola blushed, but started to smile again.

"Thank you, sweetie." She said, but Amy quickly stood. "I made something for you, if you'd wear it next time you're being an attorney, it would make me so happy. Consider it part of your lawyer gear."

Amy went to her Barbie lunchbox and came back with a gold chain. As she walked closer I could see it wasn't just the boring, oval links kind of chain, but one of the ones where the links interlock, the fancy kind. Lola's eyebrows raised.

When Amy knelt back down, she let the chain drop and hang from her fingers to reveal a shark's tooth, the base wrapped in gold wire, forming the pendant. The tooth was white-ish grey, the base a darker blue-grey, and it was serrated and wicked as hell. Lola looked like she was about to laugh nervously, but Amy spoke up. "When I see this, it says 'I'm dangerous.' Not like you're the shark, but like you BEAT the shark and took the tooth. You're tough. Look, but don't presume to touch. That sort of thing. When I saw you in your power suit, dealing with those detectives, you looked sleek and beautiful, but sharp and deadly. It made me think of this, and I wanted you to have it."

Lola was moved, I could tell. She gently reached out, and Amy draped the chain across her hand. "Attorneys are sometimes compared to sharks, but I've never heard it put quite that way before." She looked at it for a moment, then at Amy. "Thank you. I'm honored."

"I think we've made some real progress today." Amy said, suddenly joking. "Let's work on those feelings and pick it up from there next session."

Lola and I both laughed. Liu Si came in and stopped abruptly, standing with her feet together, her elbows out, and her fingers locked together, almost like someone about to start singing. "Dinner is served!" She announced, and then saw Lola's eyes, which were a little red. "Are you ok?" She ran over, but Lola waved her hands placatingly. "Yeah, I'm good."

Amy patted Lola on the shoulder from where she knelt beside her on the floor. "Just giving her some Tough Love." Lola rolled her eyes but laughed.

I started preparing myself to move, bathroom stop first, then to my throne at the head of the table. Dinner smelled good, whatever it was.

It turned out to be pasta with cauliflower, broccoli, and white sauce, with boneless pork chops. Mmmm mmmmm. We enjoyed the meal and the togetherness, Lola perhaps most of all.

"When I'm not here, I eat like crap," She admitted, wiping her mouth. "TV dinners and microwave brownies every night. This is SO good."

"Eww, TV dinners aren't FOOD." Amy said.

"I know, I know," Lola said, "but I figure if it's just me, why go to any trouble. It's not laziness, it's time management and energy conservation."

"Suuuuuure it is," Karen laughed.

"Your mother used to cook for them, is that right?" Liu Si asked Lola.

"She did." Lola said.

"What if we cooked for you now?" Liu Si said. "Since we are cooking for us, we can make more and bring it to you as well?" She glanced at Karen, who lit up like a christmas tree.

"That is a GREAT idea!" Karen said, and Amy added "That's my Hu Die! Super genius!"

Lola put down her fork. "No, you guys, that would be way too much trouble!"

Liu Si stuck out her tongue. "No, it is not. We shall do it." and went back to eating. I grinned at Lola, who didn't know what to say.

"You guys are too good to me. I'm gonna get spoiled." she finally managed. "As soon as our hero is back on his feet, I'm so taking you guys out to dinner at least twice a week."

"Let's go out for barbecue next time!" Amy said, excitedly, and I agreed.

Soon, dinner was done and we were all back in the living room, watching something on The Discovery Channel involving movie stunts. I was reclined on my couch, Lola and Karen were curled up on the other couch, and Amy and Liu Si were laying side by side on their bellies on the floor, making a game of kicking each other's feet. Liu Si got up to get something to drink after a while, and returned carrying Lola's purse. "It was ringing." She said.

Lola thanked her and got it out. The phone call was long gone, but she listened to the message with a look of surprise. "It was Detective Cooper. They finally got a response on Kai Long's fingerprints from

the FBI. It seems that the Chinese Consulate has asked for Kai Long to be remanded to them. And his real name is apparently (who cares)."

Everybody kinda got tense. "What does that mean?" Liu Si asked.

"It sounds like the police in China want us to give Kai Long to them." Lola said.

"To be punished, or to be set free when he is not in America anymore?" Liu Si asked, growing more concerned. Amy put her arm around her.

"I don't know. Let me call him back. Ugh." Lola sighed, and got up to go to the kitchen. Karen and I shared a nervous look.

After a few minutes, Lola returned. "Ok," she said. "Detective Cooper still wants to have dinner with me." I laughed, but Amy and Liu Si both scolded her for not just spilling it.

"He doesn't know. They're not doing anything yet, until they learn why China wants him back. They don't HAVE to give him up, so they won't do it unless the Chinese have a good reason, better than assault with a deadly weapon." She sat next to Karen again. "He says they expect to know more by the end of next week."

"I hope he doesn't get sent back, they might just let him buy his way out." Karen said, holding hands with Lola again.

"Well, most of his assets are probably here, so I don't know just what he would be able to buy if he gets deported, or remanded or whatever. Plus, they won't let him go just because China asked. It's probably way more complicated than just them saying, "hey, we want that guy," and we ship him over." Lola said. "But I've got a feeling that this could be something positive. He brings people here illegally, and the People's Republic of China HATES that, considers it an embarrassment that anyone wants to leave, so if they want him, it's not going to be to shake his hand."

Lola's logic calmed the girls, and soon we were all relaxed again.

Much later, we turned off the TV and took turns hugging Lola goodbye. She knelt to put her arms around me, where I lay semi-reclined on the couch. I hugged her tightly, and she practically melted into my arms. "Sigh," She said, literally.

I kissed her ear. "Until next time," I breathed into it, and she shuddered happily. "I told you not to DO that," She blushed, and swatted me on the shoulder. She stood and collected her purse, and Karen walked with her out to the kitchen. I struggled to my feet, and with Amy's help, got myself upstairs to the bathroom. When I came out, into my room, Amy was waiting there, twisting her hands.

"Could I ask you a really weird question and not freak you out?" Amy said. I looked carefully at her. "HOW weird?"

"Like don't tell Karen or Liu Si weird?" Amy winced hopefully.

"Is it a sex thing?" I had a feeling.

"No. I mean for some people it might be, but for me it's more of a "really curious" question." Amy said.

"Um," I said, not sure if I wanted to know where this was going. Ah, hell. "What is it?"

"It made me think when I saw you crutching into the bathroom. About how you're supposed to pee if you need both hands onto hold your crutches." Amy said.

"I've been sitting down." I said, and Amy's face fell a little.

"Oh." she said. I looked closely at her. "Why do you ask?"

She blushed hard. "I was thinking, um, maybe you could use a hand?" She winced. "Like let me hold it and aim it while you pee? I would be SO careful."

"So rather than offer to hold my crutch, you thought of holding my penis for me?" I asked, in disbelief. "When I'm peeing?"

"I always think of holding your penis, not just when you're peeing." She said defensively.

"Thank you for your concern, but that won't be necessary. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to sleep." I crutched past her.

"Will you at least think about it?" She asked, hopping a little. "In the spirit of education? Scientific exploration? I'm going to be taking biology next year!"

"Good night, Amy." I said, turning to kiss her on the forehead.

"You didn't say no, though. There's hope!" She said, backing to the door.

"Fine. No." I said, trying not to laugh at her, despite myself.

"You didn't MEAN it!" she shot back, and shut the door of her room.

Good grief. I went to bed. Karen came in to check on me before she went to bed, and gave me a kiss. Soon, I was blissfully asleep.

Until I felt a hand on my left ankle. I jumped awake, and fumbled for the lamp by my bed, but when I turned it on, all I could see was a lump under my covers, down by my feet. My visitor had dived (dove? doven?) under the blankets, and was currently crawling carefully up my body. As they reached my knee, I spoke up. "Who-" I began, but was shushed by someone under the blanket. "Shhhh!" Little hands tugged at my underwear, and I carefully raised up my hips, trying to favor my bad leg. My underwear was whisked down my legs, to my knees, and I pulled my left leg out so that the underwear didn't have to pass over my bandages. My visitor continued her climb up my left side.

Judging from the amount of weight I felt pressing into the mattress, it wasn't Karen, so I whispered "Amy,

what are you doing?" I lifted up the blanket, and could make out a shadowy shape with long black hair. But instead of blueberries, I caught a trace of Cucumber Melon Mint. It was Liu Si! (Now that I think about it, thank god I'd never seen The Grudge yet, or the "crawling up the bed in the dark" thing would have seriously freaked me out.)

She finished her climb, half on the mattress, half on me, and lay down on my left side, her body pressed against (and, indeed, partly covering) mine. "Hello." She blushed. "I wanted to surprise you."

"I'm surprised. Well done." I said, stunned. I couldn't move much, as she was laying on my left arm, but she felt very warm and not very clothed under that blanket. "Where's Amy?"

"She is asleep. You know how that goes." Liu Si smiled at me. Did I ever. Amy could sleep through a tornado. "I wanted to be with you."

"I'm a little surprised she isn't here to help." I said, my mouth running without brain oversight. Liu Si pouted a little frown. "This is not about her. This is about me, and you."

I apologized immediately. "I'm so sorry. Of course it is." Liu Si brightened back up again. "It's nice to see you." I said sincerely.

Liu Si giggled. "When I was first learning english, instead of saying 'it is nice to see you' I would accidentally say 'It is nice to look at you.' People were confused."

"Well, it is definitely nice to look at you too." I said. "I don't remember if I told you this yet, but I think you are very beautiful." She blushed and touched my chin with her fingertip.

"I am glad you think so." she said, "But I wanted to talk to you before we did anything."

"Go right ahead." I said.

"Amy is very excited about sexual intercourse, both in her vagina, and in her bottom." Liu Si said, her eyes searching my face uncertainly.

"But you aren't." I guessed. Liu Si shook her head.

"Not that I NEVER would, it is just the idea that something as big as your erect penis, fitting inside my vagina or my bottom isa little scary. It seems so big, and I KNOW I am not big enough for it." She said, almost as if apologizing.

"I understand." I said. And I really did. Knowing that Karen bled and limped for a few days would certainly be off-putting, I mean if I were a girl. It was a little scary anyway, even with being a guy, I was afraid I had hurt her.

"I KNOW I promised I would learn everything you like, but I do not think I am ready for that. I was hoping that we could do other things when we are together." Liu Si said, looking up at me as if prepared for my disappointment. I made sure to keep a warm smile on my face.

"That's perfectly fine. I would never make you do something in bed you didn't want to do." I said. I got my arm out from under her and put it around her. She was apparently topless under my blanket. "You're naked!" I pretended to gasp, and she giggled.

"No, I am wearing panties. Striped ones, with a little kittycat on the front." She corrected me. "Even though I do not feel ready for intercourse, I still wanted to share intimacy with you. Amy already proved to me that you like . . . oral sex, and when we use our hands."

"I also like kissing and hugging." I said. "We could start there, of course." I stroked my thumb up and down her naked back, under the blanket, and she stretched against me and almost purred. "I LOVE your hands." She said dreamily. "They are so strong. When Amy and I were rubbing on you in the living room, the night she took you all the way in her throat? I got SO . . . excited, rubbing your hands."

"Really?" I asked. That was kinda neat. I never thought of hands as something sexy, but I like the idea that she liked mine. I reached my right hand over and used both hands to rub and caress her back and shoulders. She sighed and squirmed gently against me. "This is a good way to start." She said happily. "I was nervous about just coming in and grabbing your penis as the first thing I did."

"I can understand that." I said, and rubbed all the way up and down her back, grabbing her butt through her panties, which made her emit a tiny growl of happiness. "So what can I do for you?" I asked her.

"What do you mean?" She looked up at me.

"Well, if you're going to be using your mouth and your hands on me, what can I do to make YOU feel good?" I asked, and she blushed a little. I stroked her cheek gently with my fingertips, and her eyelids fluttered happily.

"How about I use my mouth and my hands on you in return?" I asked, and she blushed even harder. "That would be . . . very nice, I think." She murmured in a tiny voice. "Amy said you are very good, that when you licked her in the dining room she had never cum so hard in her life. Until me, that is." She gave me a little grin.

I smiled back at her. "Good for you." I said sincerely. We cuddled, gently hugging and caressing for a few moments.

"I would like to touch you." Liu Si said. "To sit on you and just touch your body. May I do that?" She bit her lip nervously. "Of course, get up here." I said.

Liu Si grinned and climbed the rest of the way on top of me, although keeping the blanket around her shoulders and her body close to mine, as if she wasn't quite comfortable being naked with me. "Want me to turn the light off?" I asked, pointing at the blanket.

"No, I just . . ." She took a deep breath. "I got a little too much sun, and my bikini left lines on my skin, and I feel a little . . . what is the right word? Self conscience?"

"Self conscious." I said. "It means that you feel like everyone is staring at you."

"Yes, that is right." She said, straddling my waist, one hand keeping the blanket pulled around her shoulders like a robe. She was sitting upright, one hand free of the blankets, but otherwise she was wrapped up in a way that can only be described as cumbersome. "Amy is the only person I have ever intentionally shown myself naked to."

"I could turn the light off," I offered again, but she shook her head. "No, I would like to see YOU, just . . . I feel silly the way I look."

"How about I close my eyes." I said. "I promise not to look until your silly feeling wears off. But I promise you, even if you were polka-dotted, you would still be beautiful to me."

She blushed and looked so happy. "Ok. But now you must close your eyes."

I did. I felt the blankets being tossed aside, and moments later, two warm little hands pressed against the sides of my waist, right above where she straddled me. The little hands slowly worked their way up my stomach to my ribs, back and forth, stroking and caressing. I could hear her sigh happily. "Amy loves it when you have your suit on, I love it when you have your shirt off." She said thoughtfully. My cock twitched at the contact of her hands on my skin, but I couldn't tell what it was really doing.

"Well, Amy's seen me without my shirt a million times, so the suit is new and exciting." I said.

She stroked my chest with both hands, lightly touching my nipples, but not pinching them or anything. Amy must have warned her. "You are not too hairy, either," She said. "Amy has movies with different guys, and they are all hairy like monkeys. It is very gross. I like your skin. Amy is soft and smooth, like me, but your skin is firmer, and stronger." She happily smoothed her hands across my collarbones, and I could feel her hair tickle me, where it finally touched me as she leaned forward.

(I'm not hairless, just what hair there is on my torso and arms is very light and downy, altogether non-committal. I have a little ring of darker hair around my bellybutton of all places, then a polite trail right down to my accessories. I see guys in porno movies who shave down there, and I don't think I could ever stand that. Could you imagine the stubble growing back? Yeeowch.)

I put my hands around her waist, and she gasped happily. I began to caress and massage her back and the sides of her waist, right along the waistline of her panties. She writhed against me a little, and I smoothed my hands sloooooowwwly up her torso, until my thumbs found her (rock-hard) nipples, which I stroked very gently. She practically grabbed me with her fingernails, and gave a soft little cry of delight. "Ah!" Her little voice in ecstasy finally got my cock to admit it was getting erect, nudging upwards, starting to feel good.

I slid both hands up her chest, as if cupping her very very small breasts, more like suggestions of where breasts might someday be. I stroked outwards along her collarbones, not firmly enough to feel the bump where the one had healed, but just touching her skin lightly with my fingertips. I gently, gently put my hands around her neck and stroked her chin and cheeks with my thumbs. She continued rubbing my chest and arms. "I like this very much." She said breathlessly.

I carefully pulled her down for a kiss, and as her hair draped around my face, our lips touched, tentatively at first, but then stronger. Every one of the girls seems to kiss differently. Karen's kisses are

soft, but confident, slow and warm. Amy's kisses are hard and aggressive, but also playful, nibbling your lip or your tongue, darting away momentarily to kiss your nose or your chin. Lola kissing you is like a formal dance, like a waltz or something, taking and giving equally, balanced but sincere. Liu Si starts out timid and soft, but works her way almost into "Amy kiss" territory, getting stronger and harder, more insistent. Liu Si also forgets to breathe, kissing you for a minute, and then suddenly breaking away for a gasp of air. My cock was more than halfway hard.

It was during one of these air breaks that she touched my lips with her finger. "I want to say something to you, then you can open your eyes and see me, ok?" She said, a little nervous. "Ok," I agreed, trying to reassure her by my calm attitude.

"I have never exposed myself, my body, to anyone besides Amy. You have always told me I was pretty, all of you have, but I do not know if I understand it. I do not have a body like Karen or Lola, or even like Amy, really. Her butt is so cute! I hope someday to be beautiful. Right now I hope I am pretty enough to make you happy. I know it matters to men."

Her voice was full of self-doubt, even as she prepared herself for me to look at her. I had to tell her.

I reached up (with my eyes still shut) and caressed her cheek. "You don't understand it?" I asked.

"Yes," She said. "I do not know what you find beautiful about me, but I hope it is good enough. You may look at me now, if you would like."

Before I opened my eyes, before I let her sit up, I pulled her in for another kiss, really doing my best, caressing her lips with mine, kissing down her chin to her neck. She groaned with desire. "Beautiful is what you are *right now.*" I said, opening my eyes and looking deep into hers. "Your heart, your kindness, your patience and gentleness. THAT is what makes you beautiful. Your spirit, what's inside."

Her face inches from mine, she smiled, her eyes getting misty. I put my hands on her shoulders and pushed her up into a sitting position. She arched her back and posed for me, blushing. "And as far as PRETTY," I said, and flexed my PC muscle, making my erection flip up and bump her from behind. It actually made a little slapping sound as it hit her be-pantied buttocks and lower back. *fwap* She jumped and turned to look at it, then turned back, blushing. "Do that again!" She cooed. I flexed it harder this time, making it snap up and smack her butt again. She gave a little squeal of happiness and covered her mouth, giggling. "He is impatient!" she scolded me, still giggling.

"He?" I smiled, looking at her body. Slim hips, tiny (albeit erect) nipples, her long limbs accented by their slightly darker tone. Being fair-skinned, Liu Si seems to sunburn quickly, but it soon fades into a very mild tan. I could clearly see where her bikini top had been, faint white triangles marking out where her little breasts were. (Amy says that she and Liu Si are the Itty Bitty Titty Committee.)

"Karen told me she talks to it." Liu Si giggled, her eyes sparkling with excitement. I nodded. "She does." I grinned. Liu Si reached back and grasped it gently, moving it up and down. "Pleased to meet you." Her hands felt very soft, and very nice.

I reached up and brushed her nipples with my thumbs, and they felt hard and firm, skidding along my thumbs as if there was too much friction. I quickly licked my thumbs, getting them good and wet, and went back, wetting her nipples with my saliva, and rubbing them again.

It made a world of difference. Instead of skidding across my thumbs, her nipples slipped and slid in the moisture, and with a little bit of circular motion, soon my thumbs were twirling around and around her little buds. She gasped and stared at me. "Oh my!", she said, breathlessly, "Both at once feels VERY good!"

I rubbed them up and down, left and right, in corresponding circles, in opposite circles, and she responded very well, squeezing me with her legs where she straddled me.

I finally looked down low enough to see her panties, white with pale blue, pink, and yellow stripes going horizontally. A smug persian cat with a tilted halo was silk-screened on the front, looking at me with a knowing expression. GOOD KITTY? was written underneath it in cutesy script.

"Cute panties." I said. Liu Si smiled and brushed her hair out of her eyes. "Amy has on the Bad Kitty pair. They are red. The cat is black with little devil horns."

"When we went to the O1iv3 G4rd3n, she mentioned going to the bathroom to trade underwear. Is that something you two do a lot?" I asked, smiling up at her.

"Mayyyyyybe." She blushed, and reached back to stroke my cock again. Again, it felt great. "I like to wear matching ones, she likes to trade after a while. It makes us feel all tingly and secret."

"I'll make you a deal," I said playfully. "You can keep these on until they get wet, then you have to take them off. How's that?" She pretended to look shocked, although her eyes sparkled.

"I agree." She said, blushing again. "I am so happy. Thank you." Her eyes were still a little misty. I pulled her in for another kiss, and put my hands around her waist. She cooperated with plenty of enthusiasm.

As we kissed, I slipped my hands down to her thighs, and then around to the back, slipping my fingers under her panties, cupping her buttocks. I put my fingertips right where her buttocks became her legs, and pulled gently, spreading her buttocks open, and I also imagine pulling her pussy lips apart softly. "Oh!" She gasped quietly, as I spread and released, spread and released. She squirmed happily against me.

"Scooch down just a little, and stick your butt more up in the air," I suggested, and she pushed her hair back with one hand and kissed me deeply, her tongue fencing with mine, before she did as I asked.

Once she was in position, I carefully pulled her open again, and flexed my PC muscle, making my erection flip up and bump her. Only this time, instead of hitting her buttocks and lower back, it slapped right into the little cleft of her butt, the base of my cock nudging her pussy as well. She was still protected from direct contact by her panties, but the light impact still had a pleasurable effect. "Oooh!" She grunted. "Geng!"

"I'm sorry?" I said, not sure what that meant. She blushed. "Forgive me, I got excited and forgot. Geng means more, so Geng!" She slapped my chest lightly, and I flipped my cock again, spanking her little pussy and butt. I kept it going, my cock getting bigger and harder from the PC muscle flexing, Liu Si giving tiny little happy squeals with every impact. Soon, I could feel moisture on the top of my dick with

every hit.

"Somebody's panties are wet," I said, smiling at her. "They are not the ONLY thing!" Liu Si gasped, grinning at me.

"Where's that shy girl who got in bed with me?" I asked, and she shook her head. "She got so excited that she forgot to be shy." Liu Si giggled, and sat up. She ran her hands down my torso once, with a hungry growl, and then climbed off of me.

Without her blocking my view, I got my first good look at my dick. It looked larger than it usually was, easily as big as any time Amy or Karen had played with it. "Wow!" Liu Si said, staring at it as well. "Do you see why I am nervous about putting it inside?"

She moved up close to it, studying it, and put her hand on the base. I could feel her warm breath on my cockhead, and it felt wonderful. She gave it a quick kiss, and then got up on her knees and shimmed her panties down. She flopped onto her back and whipped her panties off, over her feet, then quickly sat up and draped them over my dick, giggling.

"I think I will need the lubricant you bought." She said appraisingly. I pointed to where it was sitting (completely unhidden) on my nightstand. She practically galloped across the bed on her hands and knees to get it. When Liu Si sets her mind on something, she is just as determined as Amy.

Crawling back over, she straddled my left knee and removed her panties from my penis with a flourish. I bobbed it at her, and she giggled again. "Hello there!" She said, touching it lightly on the very tip with her finger. As she pulled it away, a tiny string of moisture connected her finger to my dick for just an instant. "Ooh! Somebody is ready!" She smelled her fingertip, then happily dabbed it on her neck, under the corner of her jaw, in the manner of a woman applying perfume. "Mmmm," She sighed, putting down the bottle of lube on the sheet.

Carefully grasping the base of my cock, she squeezed me and traced softly around my circumcision scar with her other hand. "I like your penis. It is very neat. So strong and warm." She rubbed her thumb up the entire underside, and more precum appeared at the tip. This was quickly gathered and dabbed on the other side of her neck. "It is hard, and yet soft at the same time." She leaned forward and rubbed my cockhead back and forth against the silky soft skin of her cheek. It felt incredible. "I'm glad you like it." I stammered.

"I more than just like it," She said, then changed the subject. "I have been calling it your penis. I hope that is ok."

"Why wouldn't it be ok?" I groaned, as she cupped and held my balls. "I do not want to be as disrespectful as Amy, but at the same I don't want to be boring." She said.

"Disrespectful? How?" I asked. She played with it while she answered. "Some of the names she uses for it sound nice, others sound stupid or rude. I am not sure where the line is. Just like the names she uses for our bodies."

"Give me some examples." I suggested. "Well, she calls our private places nice-sounding names like

pussy, secret garden, muff, quim, even honeypot." I blinked. Liu Si talking dirty is way hotter than I would have guessed. "But sometimes she gets carried away and calls them gross names like Sticky Pole Hole or Snot Wallet." She gagged a little, and I was also a bit shocked. Snot Wallet was a new one for me, as was Sticky Pole Hole.

"You're saying she does this with my cock as well?" I asked, surprised. Liu Si brightened up. "So calling it a cock is ok?"

"You can call it anything you want." I told her. "But now I'm curious. What else does she call it? I've only heard her call it a few things."

Liu Si blushed. "Well, sometimes she likes to talk about it or what she wants to do with it. She'll call it a penis, a cock, a dick, a sh . . . a schlong (this word gave her real trouble to pronounce), manmeat, a jackhandle, a joystick, a pork sword, a fuck sausage, a babymaker, a-" I stopped her there, laughing. "Penis, cock and dick are all just fine. Anything else you feel comfortable calling it is fine with me, I won't get upset."

She gave me a little smile. "Boner is fun to say, but I also know it means a stupid mistake. I think cock is my favorite. It sounds hard and smooth." She stroked my cock gently, all the way up and down. "It is so much fun to play with."

She scooped up the bottle of lube, looking carefully at it. Her reading skills weren't so great just yet, but she could eventually figure out most stuff without help. "I will save that for later." She said, as if to herself, and started licking the head of my dick, just stroking it with the tip of her tongue, wiggling all around my circumcision scar. I sighed happily. She glanced up at me, her tongue still licking my cock, and blushed. I held up my hand and gave her a little happy wave, and she giggled low in her throat. She then closed her eyes and sucked me into her mouth, only about two inches, and continued her tongue massage of my glans. Slowly, she sucked my cockhead in and out, in and out, watching me, building up intense feeling, almost TOO much, and then releasing me with a happy "Ah!"

"It is easy to see why Amy enjoys this so much." She stated, matter-of-factly. "It is fun just watching you while I do this." She grinned.

"Am I that entertaining?" I asked. I must not realize how I look, I thought.

"Yes." She said, but did not explain. Instead she grasped the head of my erection with her fingers, and gently bent me up, licking the underside with a quick flick of her tongue. I jumped about a mile, and she laughed softly.

She sat up, actually sitting directly on my knee where she straddled it, and picked up the lube again. "I think my hands will last longer than my mouth, so I will save my mouth for the end when you will want it most." She told me. I gestured happily, as if to say "go right ahead."

She opened the little cap on the lube bottle, and held it up high for effect, dribbling a few drops onto me. Missing my dick, of course. I flinched as the (icy cold, it seemed) lube splattered onto my lower abdomen and thigh. "Whoops! I am so sorry!" She blushed, lowering the bottle and trying to scoop the lube up with her fingertips. Once in her hand the lube warmed up, and after adding a little more to the palm of her

hand, she closed the cap and rubbed her hands together, getting them both nice and wet. "Here we go!" She cooed, and grabbed onto my cock. Ohhhhhh, it felt good.

Her left hand stroked up and down my shaft all the way, mashing slowly but firmly into my groin (sparing my balls of course.) Her right hand only traveled up and down a few inches, concentrating on the head of my cock, with a little twisting motion that REALLY made my toes curl. It was amazing. "That feels incredible!" I gasped, "Did Amy teach you this?"

She shook her head and grinned, moving a little on my knee. "I borrowed her computer and did some looking up. There is this one, and then-"

She changed her method of attack, her right hand moving up and down from the 3/4 point of my cock to just underneath the head, but not touching it. While she slid her hand up and down, she moved my cock in a tiny circle, scrubbing the tip of my dick around in the palm of her left hand, which was held wide open, palm down, over the whole shebang. After a few strokes, she would shift from clockwise to counterclockwise, grinding my cockhead against her slippery palm. THAT felt amazing too. "This one said it was called the mortar and pestle. There is also-" and she changed again.

She let go and made a tube shape of her left hand, sliding it down over my penis. The moment it cleared my cockhead, she repeated the action with her right hand, ever downwards. The moment her left hand hit bottom, she let go and started it at the top again, ditto with her right hand, over and over. "This one is called the endless thrust!" She chirped happily, moving against my knee a little more. I could begin to feel moisture on my knee, where her pussy was pressed against it.

The minute she told me the name of the maneuver, I could see where it got the name. It felt like my cock was plunging endlessly into a warm, tight pussy, never reaching the end. It felt great. Not like it would lead to a grand finale, but definitely a solid middle. "That one is really good, too," I groaned, thoroughly impressed. She knows more about jacking off than I do, I thought to myself.

"Annnnd finally, the church and steeple." Liu Si laced her fingers together and wrapped both her hands around my (now very hard) erection. While her fingers were laced around the base of it, she placed both her thumbs parallel on the underside of it, and slid her hands slowly, slowly upwards. the pressure from her thumbs bent it up towards my navel, and I could see her thumbs were actually about a quarter inch apart, sliding along my shaft, on either side of the (now quite pronounced) tube that appears on the bottom of my erection. THAT one felt incredible. By putting slow pressure on the underside of my dick, but NOT on my urethra, she was able to seriously massage that muscle without constricting any of my tubing.

She watched my cock carefully with an open-mouthed smile, as her thumbs reached my cockhead and precum dripped onto my stomach. The sensation was outstanding, so slow and so intense, I actually couldn't stop my leg from wiggling. As my left foot twitched, it moved against her where she sat straddling me, and she gasped. A trickle of moisture ran down the inside of my knee. Aha!, I thought, and began wiggling my left foot, slowly at first, then a little faster, rolling my ankle around and around.

Not letting go of my dick, she moaned and squeezed me with her legs. "You . . .are sneaky." she panted, sliding her "church and steeple" back down again, ever so tightly and slowly.

"Oh?" I said, still helplessly loving the tight, warm pressure of her hands.

"Yes!" She gasped. "I am sitting on your knee. When it wiggles, it moves against my clitoris!"

"I know." I breathed. "Neat, huh?"

"You, ohhhhhh," She moaned, starting to grind against my knee, and switched back to her first hand job technique, with the stroking and the twisting. "Are we having a race?" She sighed happily.

"Not really, but let's both keep going," I grunted, and so we did. Me wiggling my leg, getting the best hand job of my life, she stroking my cock and rubbing out her little pussy on my (now wet and slippery) knee. Friends, it was astounding.

My penis felt like a lightning rod, waves of pleasure zapping up and down it. Usually when I masturbate, or even when I am having sex, I can tell how close I am to an orgasm, in a general sense, like "not yet" or "really soon." Liu Si's hands made this estimation nearly impossible. The feelings were so direct and intense that my Orgasm-Meter was all over the place.

Thus, it seemed like only a few minutes later, I felt my testicles yanking up hard against my shaft, and I tried to warn her. "L-liu siiiii," I groaned, but it was too late. My first shot of cum went off like a rocket, splashing straight up, a few drops going literally higher than her head, the bulk of it raining down and splattering on my stomach. She gave a cry of dismay and leapt forward, cramming my dick into her mouth, stroking me with one hand, cupping my balls into the other as I helplessly emptied myself into her hot little mouth.

When she sucked me in, she had raised herself off of my knee, but I was twitching helplessly anyway, squirt after squirt right into her mouth as she swallowed.

Soon, I was spent, lying there like a dead man, as she pulled my cock out of her mouth and smacked her lips, satisfied. She saw the cum on my stomach and clucked her tongue. "I was not ready," She apologized. "I am sorry."

I waved weakly. "Nothing to apologize for. That was amazing. I literally didn't know I was cumming until it happened. That was so intense." I reassured her. She smiled as she scooped several droplets of cum from my skin and sucked her finger clean.

"I am glad you liked it," She admitted happily. "I was not sure if any of it would work." She gathered a little more cum, licking it off of her fingers, and settled against me, rubbing her pussy against my kneecap again. "I also enjoyed your knee. Very much." She said wistfully.

"Well, don't stop!" I said, reaching out and touching her arm where she leaned on the mattress. "Go for it!" And I wiggled my foot again, jiggling my knee under her.

She blushed, and leaned forward a little, grabbing my thigh, her eyes shut, and began to slide back and forth about three or four inches, slowly, then gradually increasing her speed. Her breath also got faster as she ground her pussy on my knee, little wet slippery sounds barely audible.

"Uh, uh, uh," She grunted, her mouth open, as she worked harder and harder. I reached out and cupped her cheeks gently with my hands, and her eyelids fluttered. "Ooohhhhhhhh," She moaned, hitching harder, literally humping my leg, grinding her little clit against my kneecap. My knee was SOAKED.

Amy was right. Liu Si has the cutest orgasm face. She got more and more active, positively working herself into a frenzy, until, eyes wide, she looked down at me frantically. "I am going-" she gasped hoarsely, "A pillow! A blanket! Something!" I looked around, but she had tossed my blankets down by the foot of the bed. I reached out and grabbed her panties off the bed with one clumsy lunge. It was probably a lousy choice, but she snatched them out of my hand anyway.

Much to my shock, she balled them up with one hand and stuffed them in her mouth! A second later, her orgasm hit her like a hurricane, and she threw her head back and emitted a muffled scream of pure ecstasy, bucking wildly against my knee, all rhythm gone in the moment of her climax. "MMMMMM HMMM HMMM HMMMMmmmmmmffffff!!" It was intensely erotic.

Finally, she tensed up, and then just kinda collapsed onto my torso, spitting out the panties, gasping for air and twitching. I wrapped my arms around her as she shook and gulped air. "I . . . I came" she moaned, and then she just lay on me, breathing deeply. I brushed her hair out of her face to see her, but she had her eyes closed, her mouth open. She was out. Not like fainted, but asleep, like her body forced her into a little catnap. I marveled at just how soft and beautiful she was, her hair mussed and sweaty, her skin flushed, little snores escaping her mouth.

After only about five minutes she stirred, lifting her head and groaning, weak and exhausted. Spotting a final patch of semen on my ribcage, she leaned down and lapped it up in two short swipes of her tongue. "Thank you," She whispered hoarsely.

"For what?" I whispered back, in awe.

"For everything," She said, and lay back down on me again. "Wait until I tell Amy about your knee," she mumbled, stroking my chest with her (slightly sticky) fingers. "She is going to be so jealous, at least until she can try it too." She sighed happily.

I lay there and held her, sated, amazed. After a few moments of quiet, satisfied rest, she reached out and picked up her panties with her thumb and forefinger. "I think I have gotten as much use out of these as I can tonight." She giggled.

She handed them to me. "You earned these." she joked. "Wear them with pride."

I laughed. She raised up on one elbow and squinted at me. "I love you." She said simply, and kissed my chest where she lay.

"I love you right back, xinshangren." I said warmly, and she smiled so big.

"If you will excuse me, I think I need to go wipe off, and then I am going to sleep for a week." She groaned, climbing to her hands and knees as if she was ninety years old.

"Thanks for visiting me tonight." I said, sincerely.

"May I visit again?" She asked, very serious.

"Any time you like." I said, and she looked so happy. She dragged my blankets up my body, stopping to kiss my knee, then my cock, and finally my cheek. "I love you so much." She whispered.

"I love you too, Hu Die." I whispered back, and she left the room as if floating, heading into the bathroom and shutting the door. I closed my eyes and relished the memory of her hands on my dick, her pussy on my knee, the warmth of her in my arms, and her breath against my chest. Bliss.

I slept well. Usually I sleep on my side, or my stomach, but with the necessity of leaving my knee propped up, I was forced to sleep on my back every night. That night I just shut my eyes and sailed away.

In the morning, I woke up to a loud clunking in the bathroom. The sun had just started to rise, a pale pink glow barely visible out my window. I lay there with my eyes half shut, my morning pee-boner aching painfully as I waited for whoever it was to clear out of the bathroom so I could take a leak. (I actually never figured that out until I was about 13. Morning wood is often caused by the fact that you need to pee, but rather than wake you or have you wet the bed, your brain inflates your erection so that the tube from the bladder is pinched off by the erectile tissue. I guess it's easier to get hard than to clench the bladder muscles, or whatever.)

After a moment, the bathroom door opened into MY room, and through my half-lidded eyes, I saw Amy slip in, backlit by the bathroom light, which was still on, casting a wide swath of golden light into my otherwise shadowed room.. (Her hair was still dyed black, but it was starting to get curly again.) She took two steps into the room, but then quietly said "oops, light." as if to herself, and darted back into the bathroom.

I realized Liu Si's panties were still in my hand, barely damp, and I surmised the reason for Amy's clandestine entry into my boudoir. (Fancy talk!) I quickly moved my hands under my blanket, and draped the lingerie over my erection. Then I lay back and pretended to be asleep.

In the dim room, through my slitted eyes, I could make out Amy creeping towards the bed in that cartoon-style exaggerated tip-toe she does that she actually thinks makes her quieter. As she reached the bed, she whispered a gleeful "hee, hee, hee." and slowly began lifting the edge of my blanket, her goal the visible tent of my erection.

Now, if I hadn't been awake already, the cool air rushing in would have done it, but I kept up my act as she removed the blanket from my crotch. And stopped. "What?" She mumbled softly, and reached out to touch it.

I snaked my hand up and turned on the bedside lamp right as she grabbed ahold of my shrouded cock. She jumped and stared at me, startled, then started again as she saw the panties in her hand. "Hey, these are . . . WOO HOO!!!!" She howled, jumping onto the bed and jarring my leg with the impact. My last pain pill had worn off about two hours ago, and the jostling of the mattress didn't feel good. "Ow!" I said gently.

"SOMEbody's been sleeping in MY brother's bed!" She called happily. With the light on, I could see her red panties in evidence, as she lifted Liu Si's matching striped pair from my cock. She held them up, and to my surprise, smelled them enthusiastically. She let out her breath with a lusty Ahh! "YES!! I am SO proud of her!" She crowed.

A sleepy Liu Si opened the door to their shared room and trudged into mine, wearing one of Amy's retro nightgowns. (Rainbow Brite.) Rubbing her eyes, she yawned. "You are very loud, bairen egui. Some of us were very tired."

"Uh huh." Amy gloated, unfazed. "And these?" She held up the GOOD KITTY? panties and swung them around like Steelers fans do with Terrible Towels on TV.

Liu Si gave a sexy smirk and daintily raised the front of her nightgown, showing us her naked lower half. (I forget if I mentioned this before, but Liu Si has just a tiny little puff of hair on her mons. Not like Karen's carefully trimmed stripe, but just a little poof of black silky hairs, feather-soft and curly, maybe about the size of an Oreo cookie.) Amy gave a whoop and dived off the bed, running to her and throwing her arms around her. "You are SO awesome!" She cried, delighted. "I'm so proud of you!"

Liu Si giggled and hugged her back. "He was so BIG! I loved it, even if it was a little scary at first."

I leaned over and gathered my crutches off the floor. I had to pee, and bad. Last night's underwear was still on my right leg, and I kicked it loose.

"Wait, don't go anywhere!" Amy cried. "I want that woody!"

"It's full of pee," I said flatly. "I have to take a leak."

Amy sighed, disappointed, but turned back to Liu Si. "So how did you do it?" She gushed. "Tell me everything!" She led her over to the bed, and they sat on the end, as I shut the door in the bathroom.

Peeing with crutches and an erection was harder than I would have thought. It came out practically sideways, missing the toilet entirely. I couldn't sit and pee, because at nearly full extension, I would have to bend it down into the bowl, and it would have touched the water. No good. So, I struggled to aim it, and had the thought that maybe Amy's help wouldn't be so outlandish after all. I dropped a few squares of toilet paper onto the floor and scrubbed it around with my crutch tip, carefully picking it up with my toes and dropping it into the toilet. I hit flush with my other crutch.

Stumping back into my bedroom, I found a glowing Liu Si talking animatedly with Amy, who sat rapt. "But then how?" Amy was saying.

"His knee!" Liu Si giggled. "I was sitting on it, and then" She shrugged, blushing. "I started rubbing against it."

"No WAY!" Amy gaped. "That's so cool! And itt actually worked? I've gotta TRY that!"

Karen walked through Amy's room into mine. "Is everybody in here? Why are we up so early?" Even with her hair pulled loosely back in a scrunchie, in her old bathrobe, Karen was radiantly beautiful.

Liu Si leapt up and hugged her. "Jie-jie, I did it! I gave him my love!" She cheered.

Karen hugged her, giving her an encouraging smile. "You did? Good for you!" She glanced at Amy, who held up her hands innocently. "All by herself. I slept through the whole thing! I just found out."

"I was NOT shy!" Liu Si said proudly. "I went to him and took care of business!" She punched the air in determination.

Karen laughed and looked at me as I sat on the edge of the bed. "She wrung me out like a washcloth, and then used my knee like a rocking horse." I said, smiling. "Creative and effective!"

"This is a special day." Karen said. "Who wants pancakes?"

"I do!" Liu Si sang, and did a little dance. Amy jumped up and smacked her on the butt. "Let's get a shower. I'll wash, you dry?"

In response, Liu Si flipped up the back of her nightgown and wiggled her butt at Amy, before running into the bathroom. Amy growled happily and followed her, slamming the door behind her. I lay back on the bed.

Karen strolled over and smiled down at me. "You've just about got it all, don't you?" She grinned.

"I've never been emptier, um, I mean happier." I said, and she got a look of concern. "We're not overdoing it, are we? I know we're like three girls with a new toy, but how are you holding up?"

I waved my hands weakly. "Don't interpret anything I say as a complaint. I'm very happy." I sighed. "I was a little surprised when she asked me, though, and told me that you'd given your blessing."

Karen blushed, and sat on the edge of the bed. "She was so earnest and sincere, when she asked if I thought you might be willing to love her too, my heart just went out to her. I know how happy I was when you told me, and showed me that you loved me, both sexually and otherwise. I hope I didn't presume too much on your part."

"It's ok." I said. "She's just so soft and quiet, I didn't think she would ever want me that way. But when I saw how happy she made Amy, I couldn't help but love her too."

"Well, she's had a crash course in how kind and strong you are, what with all that's happened." Karen said softly, reaching over my body and lightly touching my right thigh. "You were showing her what love is, every time. She wanted what we share."

"I love you." I told her, from the bottom of my heart.

"I love you too." She said. "Even more since you're not selfish about any of it."

"Look who's talking!" I laughed. Karen was as unselfish as you could possibly get. I felt like I was taking advantage of HER.

"I meeeeannnn you could have said no to Amy and to Liu Si, and you didn't." Karen drawled. "You made them both so happy, and it makes ME happy to see THEM happy."

"You're the one being unselfish, sharing me with them." I said, and she swatted me.

"You don't have to analyze the heck out of this," She said. "You can just nod and look happy." I nodded my head wildly, and she laughed. "Besides, I hope that if she's willing, you might let ME share Lola with you." She blushed hard. I was confused for a second. "Didn't you already tell me I could like her?" I said.

"I'm already willing to share YOU with HER, I meant that I think I would like to share HER as well. Like, me and her." She was beet red, her voice tiny. "If she would, I mean."

I stared at her. "Don't look at me like that." Karen murmured, looking away.

I grabbed at her hands. "No, no, it's ok, I'm not judging, I'm just . . . surprised. I mean I know you let Amy play with you, and you play with her for my benefit, but I didn't think you were into girls, per se. I thought you were just being nice to her. And to me. I didn't think you really dug it like that."

"Lola is different." Karen said, taking a deep breath. "Amy doesn't really light me up the same way. I mean I love her, and she is adorable, but my feelings for her aren't that sexual. Not 100%."

"Even though she fingered your G-spot and made you pass out?" I asked, and she smiled a little smile and shook her head. "That WAS intense, but it's still not It's hard to explain. When we're all together, and Amy's being sexy, it's fun, but I've never fantasized about her. She's still my little sister. I still remember wiping her poopy butt when she was two, and in training pants. When we do stuff, it feels good, but I don't think we'd ever team up if you weren't in the middle of it."

Karen sighed. "She's never snuck into my room to do me in the middle of the night. I mean if she DID, I'd probably play along, but it's still a sisterly thing. But for Lola I think I've had a little crush on her since that first night, in the pool." She smiled a little more.

"She's so cool, just smart, and funny, and she looks as hot with clothes ON as most women would with clothes off. Just being around her, hearing her laugh, seeing her open up and smile, makes me so happy. And she smells GREAT!" Karen gushed, and I nodded. "I'd noticed it too."

"I want her to be happy. I want to make her happy. Lately, I've had dreams about her, holding her, and then kissing her. At first, I worried that there was something wrong with me, but I can't help it. And I realized I don't want to. I like-like her." Karen said, and I squeezed her hand. She turned back to look me full in the face. "I love you more than anyone else in the whole wide world, and I need you more than anything," She began, as if in apology, but I shook my head.

"It's ok." I said. "I love you too. If you like Lola, and want her as well, I'm cool with it. Just don't forget about me."

"I never would!" Karen said, and clutched me. We held each other for a while. Clunks and horseplay were audible from the bathroom. Liu Si squealed, and Amy laughed evilly.

"Those two," Karen smiled, and shook her head. She shot me a look. "So she wrung you out like a washcloth and then rode your knee like a rocking horse? Is that what you said?"

My penis twitched just thinking about it. "Yeah." I said. "She said she's been looking things up with Amy's computer, but the knee thing surprised both of us, I think. I know Amy's been coaching her." I shook my head. "She knows more about jacking me off than I did." I admitted. The church and steeple. Oh my god.

Karen tapped her chin thoughtfully. "Perhaps we should have a girl pow-wow and pool our knowledge. Sounds like there's some real records to be set." She looked sidelong at me, with a sexy smile.

"Oh, no. Mercy!" I begged, and she bounced to her feet. "Pancakes!" She announced, leaning down to pat my knee. "At least put some shorts on for decency's sake. Unless you're going to serve that sausage." She laughed.

I looked down. Other than the bandages, I was still bare-ass naked. Oops.

As she strolled out of the room, humming, I climbed to my (crutch-assisted) feet and found some clothes. The pancakes, when I got downstairs, were delicious.

A few days later, in week two of my convalescence, Karen got her hair cut. Normally below her shoulders in length, she had them cut it to right at her shoulders, about eight inches taken off. She and Lola came home from the mall, and Lola preceded her into the living room, where I was laying on the couch reading (and snoozing), and Amy and Liu Si were innocently playing Operation, as if I hadn't gotten another epic blowjob twenty minutes earlier.

"Now nobody freak out." Lola whispered. "Karen wanted to try a new hairstyle, only now she really feels bad about it. PLEASE be nice." I could hear Karen shutting the sliding glass doors in the kitchen, and soon she trudged in.

Her hair was shorter, and flipped up on the ends, like a Farrah Fawcett. I could tell by her face she was regretting it. "Hi," She winced.

"Neat!" Amy said, hopping up.

"It is so flippy!" Liu Si said brightly. Karen looked at me. I couldn't tell if she was nervous or sad. I gave her my best warm smile and said "I bet that'll be a lot cooler in this hot weather! How does it feel?" and Karen relaxed visibly.

"At first I was so excited, but then when they cut it, and I saw all that hair on the floor, I was so sad." She said. "I think I hate it."

"Aw, honey, it's not bad." Lola tried to reassure her. "You're still a total knockout!"

"I look weird." Karen said, fingering the flipped-up ends of her hair. "This isn't me. This isn't what I look like."

"When you wash it the flips should go away," I said, soothingly. I didn't actually know if that's how it worked, but I could see she needed reassurance.

"So you tried an experiment," Amy said, going up to her and hugging her. "It doesn't matter if you don't like how it came out, it's hair. It'll grow back, and I think it's awesome that you took the leap."

"I *like* the flippy parts." Liu Si pouted. "I want MY hair to do that."

I reached out for Karen, and she disentangled from Amy and walked over to take my hand. I pulled her down for a hug. "You're still the most beautiful girl I've ever met." I whispered in her ear. "and I'm proud of you too. Way to be brave." When we parted, she definitely looked happier.

"It's my fault," Lola admitted, sitting on the other couch. "If anybody should be blamed, it's me. I'm the one who encouraged you when you said you wanted to try it."

"No way," Karen said, walking over to sit next to her. "I made the decision. It's not your fault because you look amazing with short hair. It's my fault, if anyone's. I hadn't changed my hairstyle for years, so I shouldn't have jumped at something so drastic. I should have known it would look too different."

Lola's purse made a juicy, drawn-out farting noise. "Uh, oh." Lola muttered, and dug out her cell phone. In her hand, it farted again. "It's Detective Cooper."

"Your cell phone has gas when he calls?" Liu Si asked, amused despite herself.

"I guess he doesn't stand a chance, huh?" Amy asked Lola, as she hesitated before answering it. Lola's glance flickered to me, then back at Amy. "What? No."

Right before it would have gone to voice mail, she answered it. "Hello?" She said, her voice cold and professional. She even sat up straighter. "Yes, this is she."

Amy clapped her hands quietly in glee. "I LOVE it when she's all tough. Total shark tooth."

"Certainly. When shall we Is that *SO*?" She said with clear disapproval. "Yes, we're here. Very well then. Yes, goodbye." She hung up her phone, and looked at us worriedly. "The detectives found out what the deal is with Kai Long, and they are actually coming HERE to talk to us!"

Everybody (but me) jumped up and started talking. "I know, I know, but they're halfway here already! We need to get ready for this!" Lola raised her voice over the hubbub.

"Hu Die, go hide! Upstairs is probably best." Amy said.

"There's utterly NO reason for them to have a warrant to search for anything, so if you're upstairs and quiet, you'll be fine." Lola said, and then looked down at herself. "I am SO not dressed for this." She was wearing black slacks, and a dark grey faux-suede microfiber (Lola doesn't like leather, fur, or suede, except in shoes.) vest over a white dress-shirt blouse with 3/4 sleeves, the shirttail untucked from her pants, sticking out from underneath the bottom of the vest.

"No, you're almost there, you just need a little . . . oomph!" Amy said. She called to Liu Si, who was halfway up the stairs by now. "Go into Dad's closet and throw down a necktie!"

She turned back to Lola. "Tuck your shirt in and buckle up, I mean button up." Amy stammered. "We got this." Lola turned away and started jamming her shirttail into her slacks.

Karen returned from the kitchen. "I took her polaroid off the fridge. I don't think there's anything else that might give her away."

"Swimsuit!" Amy blurted, and took off for the downstairs bathroom, her bare feet slapping on the floor.

A tie sailed down the stairs, curling and coiling in midair. "Here!" Came Liu Si's voice.

Karen brought it over to me, and I threw it around my neck and began tying it.

Amy returned, and took it from me, looking closely at it. It was dark navy with little lightning bolts patterned on it. "Ugh." She said. "LIGHTNING BOLTS?!" She howled upstairs.

"The other one had little yellow duckies on it!" came Liu Si's muffled, annoyed reply.

Amy shrugged, and snapped her fingers at Lola, who obediently bent down to be fitted.

Karen ditched the Operation game, scooping everything up and jamming into the box.

Amy adjusted the tie around Lola's collar and stepped back. She grabbed her chin in one hand, and that elbow in her other hand. "Hmmm, almost . . ."

Lola looked at her, amazed at her concentration, almost afraid to laugh. Amy brightened. "Glasses!"

"I don't . . . wear. . . ." Lola trailed off, as Amy was already running away. "Xinshangren! Get me the sunglasses from the middle drawer of my nightstand!"

"I am TRYING to HIDE!" came Liu Si's voice, far away and exasperated. Amy ran off upstairs with a sigh.

"If she doesn't go into Theatre, they've lost a true genius." Lola said, in awe.

Amy was back down in a moment, with some cheap sunglasses with tortoise-shell frames. Sticking out her tongue in concentration, she used her thumbs to pop the lenses right out of the frames. "Here!" She said briskly, gesturing Lola down again.

"Baby, I don't WEAR glasses." Lola reminded her.

"I know, it's just for the look!" Amy said, and stuck them on top of her head. When Lola straightened up, Karen and I both gasped. "Roll up your sleeves, and you're done!" Amy said, satisfied. Lola looked great. Instead of sexy schoolteacher, now she looked like a sexy school principal, like you're in even

MORE trouble. The glasses really brought the look together.

"I don't see how this-" Lola started, but then caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror over the fireplace, and did a double take. "Damn." She breathed, turning right and left. "Amy, you're a genius!"

"You'll just have to PRETEND you're wearing the sharktooth." Amy said.

The driveway box binged. "They're here!" Karen shouted up the stairs. "Just be still and don't move. The password is "munchkin-land."

"Munchkin-land?" I asked quietly, and she blushed. "I . . . I panicked. I just wanted something that you couldn't say accidentally in a conversation, and I couldn't think of anything else."

"You guys are so awesome." Lola said, exhilarated. "I mean it. I want to be you when I grow up."

"They are probably going to ask more questions, too." Karen said. "Let's re-cap what we know."

"Right, good thinking." Lola said. "Ok, they told us his name was Kai Long, and then when they called they told us his real name, so we know that. They told us his business burnt down, did they tell us what it was?"

"They said it was a restaurant and a nail salon, but I don't think they gave us any names." I said.

"Ok, then we don't know them. They also said something about immigration violations, so that's all we know as well." Lola said, turning to Karen. "and remember, YOU were at the playground too."

"He was wearing a maroon polar fleece with jeans, and had an aircast on his foot. I got Will and then ran to the car and didn't see Amy jump on him." Karen said, keeping her interaction in the story very simple. Smart girl. Amy shot her a thumb's up.

Within moments, we could hear someone clomping up on the front porch. Looking back, even that felt weird. Mrs. Klemp had always insisted on using the back door, which was the kitchen door, whenever she came over. That door was the closest to the driveway, and the patio and the pool were right there. (Not that Mrs. Klemp ever got in our pool.) The front door just faces the front yard, which is basically a field. Mrs. Klemp said that the way she was brought up, the front door was only used for weddings and funerals. Any other time was bad luck. The last person to come through it had been Amy, with the pornos, so maybe it WAS bad luck.

"Everybody remember not to be as hostile as last time," I murmured.

Karen opened the door for them, and Detectives Rodriguez and Cooper politely greeted her, and asked if they could come in.

Lola stood behind my couch, leaning on it, as if annoyed, which I'm sure she was. Amy sat against me where I reclined, as if putting herself between me and them.

"Good afternoon," Rodriguez said. "May we sit?" Lola nodded.

"Howdy." Cooper added, as they both sat on our other couch. "Everybody doing ok? How's the leg?" He asked me.

"It's healing." I said.

Cooper, who was obviously Good Cop, tried to make friends with Amy. And failed. "I see you changed your hair," He smiled at her.

"Yes," Amy said, as if it meant *Duh!* (The dye was slowly washing out, so her hair was now a dark brown, as opposed to the pure Goth black of when I was in the hospital.)

Karen had left the door open, and now walked behind the couch to stand close to Lola. Detective Cooper noted her hairstyle change as well, but kept his mouth shut. Rodriguez got down to business.

"We're here because there have been some serious developments in the case, and because we have a few final questions." resting his elbows on his knees, he spread his hands and then re-clasped them.

"We'd like to ask the questions first." Cooper said, and did so. "After (real name) accosted you at the playground, why didn't you report it?"

"Actually, I didn't think about it." I said. "It was just this ugly incident that I was glad was over. I never thought we'd come into contact with him again, so why bother. Although, at the hospital you told us he was already wanted. What good would it have done to tell you to look for him when you were already unable to find him?"

Cooper shrugged. "Knowing that he had been at the park might have helped us. We might have identified his vehicle, and we might have gotten to him before he stabbed you."

Jerk. I refuse to accept the blame for that. "Are you saying that it's OUR fault?" Amy asked, incredulous, starting to get mad.

"No, no, not at all." Rodriguez patted the air. "Just if we'd known more, sooner, then it might have turned out differently, that's all." Amy fumed.

"Next time someone attacks us, we'll report it." Karen said. Lola snorted.

"Second question." Cooper said. "Have you been able to come up with any ideas why he approached you at the playground?"

"He's a crazy pervert?" Amy shrugged. "He just started shouting at me in chinese, which luckily I speak a little of. He said I had to come with him, to live at his house."

"But when I got there, he said in english that Amy was his neice, and that he was trying to take her home. He didn't even know I was her brother." I said. "The whole thing was nonsense."

"Aaannnd that's our final question, right there." Cooper said, pointing at Amy. "The fact that you speak

chinese is more than a little unusual. How did you come by that skill?"

"She is a cyberschool student. In addition to Chinese, they also have online classes for French, Spanish, Japanese, and Russian. She wanted to take Chinese." Lola said calmly.

Cooper glanced at Rodriguez, who frowned and lifted his eyebrows, like "Well, golly."

Cooper bobbed his head at Amy. "Konnichiwa."

Amy rolled her eyes. "That's Japanese."

"How do you say hello, then?" He asked, trying to win her over. Failing again.

"Ni shunxi," Amy said sweetly. (You suck.)

"So, we answered the questions, what's the big news?" I asked. "You said the Chinese Consulate wanted him instead?"

"Well, yes." Rodriguez said.

"Is that normal?" Amy asked.

Detective Rodriguez shook his head. "No, it isn't. In fact, this case turned out to be a lot more than we thought."

"Can you tell us about it?" Karen asked. "I'm sure we're trying to make just as much sense out of it as you are."

Cooper shrugged, and Rodriguez looked at his hands. "I suppose," he said, after just a moment. "When we got the suspect out of the prison infirmary,-"

"He's not a suspect, we SAW him stab Will. We don't SUSPECT him of anything." Karen said, and Amy pointed behind herself at my elevated, bandaged leg. Cooper raised his hands calmly. "Proper terminology is 'suspect' even if it all happens on tape, no offense."

"By the way, he'll probably never walk right again. The longer you wait with a knee injury like that, the more permanent the damage is, so he's not going to be chasing anyone ever again, I'd wager." Detective Rodriguez said. Amy grinned viciously.

"Anyway, we fingerprinted him and sent the prints off to make the rounds. His identification was in a false name, and all his business paperwork, what there was, reflected this alias of Kai Long." Rodriguez said. "Then we got a call from the FBI."

"Back in the '80's, there was an incident in (Great Lakes city with shipping docks. For the purposes of this memoir, let's say Cleveland, OH) involving a shipping container. A cargo vessel from the Canadian side had unloaded a bunch of big metal shipping containers, like the kind that diesel trucks put wheels on and haul around, only there was a mixup with customs and all the paperwork regarding who owned

what and what was and wasn't paid for. The cargo manifests got damaged, or one of the companies went bankrupt and couldn't take delivery of their goods, or something like that. The FBI didn't share all the details. Suffice to say about 30-40 shipping containers sat on the docks for about three weeks." Cooper said.

"When they unload those things, they stack them however high with a crane and a few rows deep, whether they get loaded on trains or trucks or what. Well, three weeks later, they finally get around to sorting out where this stuff is going to go, and one of the ones on top, towards the middle of the stack, has seagulls all over it. When they set that one down, the dock workers said that the smell coming out of it was terrible." Rodriguez stated. "They were concerned that someone had tried to ship livestock in it, which has happened before. I don't know if you remember, but they say that when Hoof & Mouth disease ripped through the UK right around the year 2000, that it had all come from some meat shipped illegally in what was supposed to be a crate of persian rugs."

"Uh oh." Lola said, figuring out where this was going.

"They cut the lock with a torch and found that there had been 30 people inside." Cooper said solemnly.

"Did they make it?" Amy asked, her voice tiny.

"Three weeks in a metal box in the blazing hot sun with no food or water? After being on the ship for however long? No, I'm afraid not." Rodriguez said sadly.

I was shocked. Karen put her hand over her mouth.

"They were Chinese illegals, 21 adults and nine minors, between the ages of six and 15, near as could be told." Cooper said.

"Did they suffer? I hope it was quick, at least." I said, but Rodriguez shook his head. "No, it wasn't. We got a copy of the report, and it was really bad. Apparently when they realized no one could hear them, and that rescue wasn't coming, they turned on each other in the dark. The uh, . . ." he glanced at Amy and Karen, "the women and children got the worst of it." He cleared his throat, and Cooper stared at the floor, shaking his head bitterly.

Karen left the room quickly, her hand still over her mouth. Amy got up and followed her down the hallway towards the bathroom. I heard the door shut.

"By 'the worst of it,' you don't mean . . ." Lola said. Rodriguez nodded, his face severe.

"The four youngest minors were either strangled or had their heads knocked it, against the insides of the container." Cooper said, still not looking up from the floor. "They were probably the lucky ones."

"It's very common for human traffickers to try to bring in young men and pregnant women. Young men because they are strong and can work, pregnant women because they will have a baby, which will be a citizen by birth, plus the women can be used for prostitution or whatever else once the baby is delivered." Rodriguez said quietly.

"But you lock a bunch of them in a dark metal box in the blazing sun for a month, and suddenly there's no rules, no consequences. No humanity." Cooper cleared his throat harshly. "Several of the women were assaulted multiple times before they and their attackers were all too weak to move around. Desperate people do horrible things when they're crowded, scared, and have given up. Worse than animals, actually."

I was thoroughly sickened. I hadn't needed that level of detail, and I'm glad they stopped there. Hell really IS other people. Lola was white as a sheet.

"So, the FBI did a ton of investigating on this side, and the RCMP turned over a few rat's nests on their side, and one of the names that came out of their investigation was a man by the name of (real name) who had vanished after the first week that container sat stateside." Rodriguez moved on. "He and two other men showed up with a truck and a work order for that specific container on day one, but were turned away, due to the rest of the paperwork foul-up. They came back the next day, and the next, but after a week, they stopped coming."

"Someone made a copy of their work order on about the third day, but they still couldn't get clearance to take their container." Cooper snorted. "The work order said it held 'office supplies.' Stupid."

Karen and Amy came back into the room, arm in arm. Karen looked pale, and Amy looked furious.

"(Real name) was a human trafficker. The slang term for them is snakehead, but apparently after that he got away from the actual smuggling, and more into the direct exploitation. His restaurant and nail salon were full of people, almost NONE of them documented, and we may never know who they all are, other than the few we have in custody." Rodriguez informed us.

"But why did the Chinese Consulate want him? Do they usually do that?" I asked.

Detective Cooper shook his head. "This almost never happens around here, so we don't have a lot of experience with international jurisdiction, but this case is special. We had to make sure they wanted him for the same kinds of reasons we arrested him. We're not going to send him home if they are just going to slap him with a fine, or six months or something. But the deaths of those illegals makes everything more serious."

"The D.A. hemmed and hawed and asked for more information until they eventually spilled it." Detective Rodriguez said. "It turns out two of the young men in the box had been nephews of some major Party official, back in Beijing. One was about 19, the other about 14."

"Party official?" Amy asked. I immediately knew what she was thinking; party official sounds like a cool job.

"Communist Party." Rodriguez said, shooting down her mental image of some guy at a rave with a clipboard, "Government bigwig type."

"So the answer we got pretty much stated that he'd been tried and sentenced years ago, in absentia, and that his sentence was way overdue, that sentence of course being execution." Cooper said briskly. (in absentia is a legal term, which when translated from Latin, means "railroaded.")

It took a second for that to sink in.

"YES!" Amy pumped her fist in furious glee. Both detectives frowned at her.

"So that's it? You're sending him back to that?" Karen asked, not an ounce of compassion in her voice, more like grim satisfaction. Rodriguez looked up at where she stood. "Well, they want him more than we do. Plus, he faces justice without us having an expensive trial here in the U.S."

"Someone could move to block his extradition if they had some compelling reason to want him here, but there doesn't seem to be any reason for that." Cooper said, still kinda looking warily at Amy.

"You've got that right." Lola said flatly. "Well good. Justice is served, and we don't have to be the ones tasked with making it happen. Win-win."

"Why did you guys drive all the way out here to tell us this?" I asked, still turning that one over.

"We were in the neighborhood, we had those last few questions, and we felt it would be better to do this in person." Detective Rodriguez shrugged. "To kinda officially put the lid on this case. Plus, I mean, if you had any new information for us, it might have changed whether or not he went back to China, but you don't, so off he goes."

They rose to leave. "I would say one thing, though." Detective Rodriguez said, looking at each of us earnestly. "I know you're probably inclined to celebrate, but don't forget that aspect of it. It's a serious matter. No matter how you feel emotionally about him, it's a human life." I was impressed. It was honest, thoughtful advice.

"Thank you, Detectives." Lola said. "We appreciate being kept in the loop."

They shook hands with Lola and I and left. As Karen stood by the window and watched their car drive down our road, I waited for the driveway alarm box to chime. When it did, I yelled "Coast is clear! Come on down. Munchkin-land!"

Moments later, Liu Si came solemnly down the stairs. "We GOT him!" Amy cheered, "He's gonna hang!"

Karen frowned, and Lola looked uncomfortable. "Amy, it's not that simple." I said. "If he goes, we also lose any chance of ever finding Liu Si's parents. He's the only person who might know where they went." Liu Si looked at Amy and nodded.

Amy flopped down onto the ottoman "Crap." She said. "But there's no other choice, is there?"

"The only way to be rid of him is to let him get extradited to China, but then we lose any and all hope of finding her parents." Karen put her arms around Liu Si, who was still looking thoughtful.

"Do you think there's any way of talking to him? Like go and ask him in jail?" Amy said.

"Ask him for his cooperation, in a jail where everything gets recorded anyway? I don't think there's any

chance of success. Not without putting Liu Si at risk. The minute he finds out that we need something from him, he's going to cause trouble. Right now he's in way over his head. Asking for his help is like throwing him a rope." I said.

"Let him go." Liu Si said quietly. Everyone looked at her. "What, meimei?" Karen asked gently. (little sister)

"Let him go." Liu Si said. "If we let it happen, then he and the danger he represents is gone forever. I may yet find my parents, if I work very hard, maybe write a letter to every Chinese restaurant, nail salon, or massage parlor in the three states he had businesses. Even if I never find them, THEY left ME, and I am already happier here than I ever was there. It is a decision I can most definitely live with. Happily, in fact." She hugged Karen's arms and leaned back against her. Karen kissed the top of her head, making Liu Si smile.

Amy nodded her head. "I'll help with those letters, if you want."

"Maybe we should think it over, in case you have second thoughts." Lola said. Liu Si shook her head. "I will not. I have thought about it ever since my parents left. If finding them means asking for his help or submitting myself to him in any way, I shall not." Her face was resolute. Lola patted her on the shoulder. "I believe you, and you've impressed me all over again. You're so strong and brave. All of you guys are."

"You should totally move in!" Amy said craftily. "You'd love it here."

"Sorry," Lola said genuinely. "Your father made it clear. I live in mom's house."

"Awww," Amy said. "There's got to be some way, I'm not giving up!"

(A few months ago I saw a special on Discovery Channel about this museum exhibit made out of human bodies. Through some miracle of mortuary science, they removed all the gooshy stuff, and apparently the skin as well, to make horrific beef-jerky mummies, which they then position in playfully "lifelike" poses. You've got these dessicated corpses with no eyelids or lips posed like they are playing golf, or tennis, or riding a dead horse, or dancing and stretching, so you can see all their musculature and veins and stuff. Some people love it, because it's so clever and educational. To me, it sounds like a frickin' nightmare.

What really got my attention is all the protests about it being an exhibit from China, that these corpses are no doubt the bodies of dissenters, or political prisoners. China, of course, officially denies those accusations with a perfectly straight face, with about the level of credibility that someone might say "I did NOT have sexual relations with that woman, Miss Lewinsky."

Seeing as how they are preserved dead bodies, I'm sure that in travel and display, you get wear and tear, so they probably need a somewhat steady flow of replacements. I'm sure somebody somewhere has to decide WHICH prisoner gets jerkified, and I'll bet they save it for special cases.

So now I'm concerned that if I ever went to that exhibit, I might see someone I recognize. ;-) You know, the golfer might be missing two front teeth and have a knee built entirely out of plaster and wood screws.)

Every seven days I had to go back to the doctor so he could look at my stitches, so Lola and I (also the first time Karen) would pile into the Mustang and go. I continued healing at a good rate, and they would ask about my pain and re-wrap the bandages with clean gauze.

Each time they unwrapped my leg, it looked a little less scary, but still gross. When they're still in, stitches look terrible! After the first time getting my stitches checked, Karen decided she didn't want to see it again until they were out.

Each time we left the house we tried to do something fun, like swing through Wendy's for Frosties, or at least think up something fun to do once I was back on my feet. I stopped taking the Vicodin about midway through week three, just going with a handful of ibuprofen, but it still didn't feel very good to NOT have my leg propped up.

Lola and I also got a chance to spend more time together, albeit platonically, but just getting to be around her was fun for me, and I know she enjoyed being around me as well. We started making a list of places to take Liu Si once the "heat" was off a little bit more. We decided to take her to a carwash, the kind you ride through, mini golfing, and to the local branch of our state college, where they have a pond with ducks and geese. Feeding ducks after going through a scary car wash sounded like a fun day.

I had also decided to quit Timpanelli's Pizza Subs and Wings! It was a pretty easy decision, after all. I had only taken the job so I didn't have to feel like I was always mooching off of Dad, but with Jenni making it miserable, it just wasn't worth it. I didn't need the feeling of independence that badly. Jenni wanted me gone, but more than that I realized that I wanted to BE gone. Therefore, I had already decided to quit.

It became a bigger issue when, in week three, I got my cell phone bill statement. It was a thick envelope. "Geez." I said, when Karen handed it to me. I opened it, and found that my (crushed) cell phone had been receiving an average of eight calls a day since the day I got stabbed. From Timpanelli's Pizza Subs and Wings!, even after Lola had told Pops that I was laid up. Also, I had been getting dozens of text messages sent to my phone, usually less than five characters, randomly, day and night. I didn't have unlimited calls OR texts, so needless to say, this bill was hefty, both physically and financially.

Lola was at the house when I unpacked this massive bill, and she looked at the pages in awe. "You're getting messages of two or three characters, sometimes as many as five in an hour, all from the same number."

The number didn't look familiar to me. "I don't even know who this is. This has to be a mistake." I said.

Lola was dialing it on her cell phone. She listened to it for a few seconds, and got a grim expression. "That's a mistake, all right." and handed me the phone. I caught the end of the message. "- in cash, or you can forget about it. How interesting you sound will determine how quickly I call you back. Make it good. *beep*" I put the phone down in surprise. "That's Jenni's number." I said.

Lola looked at the page from the bill again and bit her lips, pissed. "So she's just mashing out text messages and calling your phone nonstop when she KNOWS you're not coming to work. This looks like someone playing games."

"She hates me now, I don't think she's being playful." I said, not getting it.

"Well, *I* think she's trying to play something." Lola said. "And I don't like it. She just cost you" she looked at the bill, ". . . . almost \$350."

She put the page down and looked at nothing, calculatingly. She turned to me. "Do you intend to keep that job?"

"No." I said immediately. "I'd already decided to quit, whenever I got back on my feet."

"I think you need to quit today, and I think I need to drive you out there this afternoon, so you can do it. Cut those ties quickly. This has gone way past acceptable behavior." She shook the cell phone bill. She was mad.

"I can do that, I just need to get cleaned up and dressed first," I said.

"Ok. How long do you think you need?" She asked me, drumming her fingers on her thigh.

I shrugged. "Maybe an hour?" She nodded.

"Good. I have a few things to do, but I will be back to get you in about an hour." She folded up the cell phone bill and put it back in the envelope. Then she put the envelope in her purse.

She told us goodbye and left. I climbed to my feet, and got my crutches under me. Moving around was a lot easier now, as everything was starting to hurt a lot less. "Time to go take a shower." I announced.

Karen went and got a trashbag from the kitchen, and she followed me upstairs, where Amy and Liu Si were goofing around in their room. They had set up an obstacle course across the entire floor, and were trying to coax Amy's micro RC car through it as fast as possible. The course ended with a jump off of a book, through the doorway into the bathroom, ending in a pile of laundry. "Sorry, sprouts, I have to take a shower." I said, as the car failed to navigate a turn and smashed over a skyscraper made out of Jenga blocks. Liu Si cheered, and Amy put down her remote controller with a huff. "I still say that's way too narrow." She grumbled.

Liu Si shrugged, glowing with self-satisfaction. "*I* can drive it without any problem."

"That's SO opposite of the stereotype." Amy said, finally looking at me. "What?"

"Taking a shower." I pointed at the ramp and the clothes. Karen had gone into her room to find rubber bands.

"Can we help?" Amy brightened.

(Amy had been trying to get Liu Si to teach her the new handjob techniques, and so far, Liu Si had gleefully refused. "I, too, have something only I can give him," She had said. "I shall keep it that way, at least for a while." Amy had responded by not letting Liu Si out of her sight, so I had not gotten a rematch

just yet. Three nights after her first solo visit, another attempt by Liu Si to sneak into my room alone had been interrupted by Amy charging in ten seconds later. I got a double header and licked Amy, but no secret techniques were divulged THAT night.)

"I . . ." I started to politely refuse, but Amy clenched her hands in front of her, begging silently. I glanced at Liu Si, who blushed, smiling, but didn't look away. "I think that could be arranged." I said, smiling at them both. They hugged quickly, and jumped up, scattering toys and pieces of obstacle course everywhere in their enthusiasm.

Karen came back into the bathroom, holding four rubber bands, and saw Amy and Liu Si yanking their socks off and shimmying out of their clothes. "Are we all showering?" She asked, surprised.

"They asked if they could help, and I said yes." I admitted, and she smiled knowingly. "Well of COURSE you did. But didn't you forget about me?"

I pulled her in and kissed her, deeply. "Never." I said, looking into her eyes.

"oooooOOOOOOoooooh." Amy and Liu Si said simultaneously, and then giggled.

Karen grinned at me and stuck her tongue out at them. "If they'll wash, I'll dry, how's that? I don't think we can all fit in there anyway."

"I'm sorry. Should I have asked you first?" I said softly, but she shook her head.

"I'll just have to ask first next time." She said, content.

I stripped off my clothes, and Karen held open the trashbag so I could get my leg in it. I sat on the (FREEZING COLD) toilet lid while she got two rubber bands up to my knee, a maneuver which cost me a few leg hairs. Tearing a hole in the bottom of the bag, she threaded it over my foot, and then rolled up the trashbag top and bottom until only about my calf was covered, but my foot was free so I didn't slip while bathing. Rubber bands top and bottom had me waterproofed quickly. The whole idea was Karen's. "You are SUCH a genius," I said sincerely, not for the first time.

Karen shrugged. "I want your body, especially when it's nice and clean. I thought of this for purely selfish reasons." She leaned in for another kiss, and if my accessories hadn't been frozen to the toilet lid, I would have probably started getting hard right about then.

Amy and Liu Si, both naked, trotted into the bathroom. "We will get in first and get the water ready." Liu Si announced, clenching her hands together and bouncing on her tiptoes. Amy grabbed her ass hungrily, and got her hand gently smacked. "Hee hee hee!" Amy giggled. "We'll tell you when to get in." She yanked the curtain closed, and I used the opportunity to grab Karen and pull her onto my lap.

"Hi there!" I said happily, looking up at her. She kissed my forehead. "Quitting the pizza shop, huh? Can't say I'm sorry about that."

I walked my finger up her leg from her knee to the edge of her shorts. "I don't think I'll miss it TOO much. But you'll have to put up with me hanging around the house a lot more." I said slyly.

"Yeah, I don't know what we'll DO," Karen rolled her eyes, and then gasped as I snaked my hand up under her polo shirt and cupped her left breast, squeezing and massaging it through the lacy material of her bra. She took a deep breath and tried to continue talking. "Always pawing at me, and making me ohhhhhh." She lost her train of thought as my fingertips finally isolated her erect nipple and pinched it, ever so gently.

"We're reeeeeaaaadddyyyy!" Amy called. Karen sighed and smiled at me. "I've decided how I'm drying you off."

As she stood, I arranged my crutches and pulled myself off of the toilet lid, which made a noise. (whhhiiiiicck!) I winced, and Karen gave me a commiserating pout. "Girls, get him clean, and then get him ready, ok? He's going to get *blow dried.*"

They both giggled from the shower, as I looked worriedly at Karen. "Lola's going to be here in about 45 minutes!" I said.

"Then I'll have to just give you a quickie. Get in the shower!" She seemed unperturbed. "When you get out, come straight into your room, where you'll then cum straight into my mouth." Big smile.

I crutched over to the shower, as she gathered up towels and practically danced into my room. Pulling back the curtain, I found Amy and Liu Si beaming at me, their slim bodies soaped thickly from the knees to their chins. "Hi!" It looked like they were wearing white swirly bodysuits. The spray from the shower was directed between them. Amy pointed at that spot.

"Hi," I said. I stepped carefully between them, and they both grabbed onto me in a triple hug. "Stand still," Liu Si said, and then she and Amy began rubbing up and down, pressing their wet, sudsy bodies against mine, scrubbing me. It was awkward, but lots of fun.

I had to hold onto the shower rod and the wall for balance, but the two of them were having a great time. So was I, of course. Warm water and (two!) warm, sudsy bodies rubbing against me happens to be a very effective method of arousal. Soon, my erection was prodding Amy, bouncing off her shoulder as she went up and down. "Whew!" She laughed, blinking water out of her eyes. "This side is getting all pointy!"

"Oooh!" Liu Si cooed, "Trade me!" Amy gave me a sudsy-handed tug or two, and then motioned for me to turn around. I gladly did so, looking down as I carefully navigated the turn. Three people standing in the shower is like playing Twister standing up.

Liu Si was on her knees, out of the path of the spray, and she washed my legs in between caressing my balls and more soapy tugs on my cock. "I would never think that getting clean could be so dirty." She said conversationally, as Amy soaped my armpits from behind me. (Which STILL felt weird.) Bending my cock upwards, she stroked me firmly several times, and my knees almost buckled.

At last I was clean, and going crazy with horniness. "All clean!" Amy announced, and I gave both she and Liu Si a very slow kiss before getting out. My erection was fully 100%, angled upwards, a little red from the scrubbing, but still raring to go.

"We're going to stay in here a little longer, I think." Amy said, sharing a look with Liu Si.

"At least until there is no more hot water," Liu Si grinned, and put her arms around Amy.

"Thank you both." I said, and closed the curtain.

"You can thank us, oh!, later." gasped Amy. I left them, and their soapy sexing, and crutched damply into my room.

"Here I-" I began, but Karen snapped her fingers at my bed, which was covered with towels.

"Lola called, and she's going to be about ten minutes late. We've got half an hour to get you off, dressed, and awake, and I intend to make full use of it." She said, smiling. "Now lay down."

I did, sitting on the edge of the bed and laying back while she carefully broke the rubber bands and removed the trashbag. When the rubber bands snapped, the skin where they had been constricting was sore and purple. Karen rubbed it gently with her fingers, before continuing up and grasping my cock, which was still rock-hard and glad to see her. "hel-looooooo" she sang to it, running her fingers up and down it. I sighed happily.

She stood and removed her shirt, displaying her lacy bra and her gorgeous upper body. She took her own shirt in both hands and scrubbed my legs and feet, drying me off. After drying my lower half, she tossed the (slightly damp) shirt onto my chest. "You can do the rest, right? I'm going to do this." She knelt between my legs and rubbed her breasts against my dick.

I half-heartedly dried myself off while Karen kissed and stroked my cock. "I missed you," She cooed to it. "I'm going to put you in my mouth and suck on you, is that ok?"

"That is so much more than ok!" I said, prompting Karen to put her hand over it as if shielding it from something. "I was **talking** to your cock, not you." she teased.

She returned her attention to it. "So I'll suck you, and you give me all the hot, juicy cum you've got, ok? But we have to hurry, because soon Will is taking you somewhere." her breath tickled me as it blew across my sensitive skin. I flexed my PC muscle, and waggled it up and down. "Good!" She said, and proceeded to have her way with me.

Licking, sucking, stroking and squeezing, she played a veritable symphony of sexuality on my dick. Right as she started, I could hear Amy wailing out an orgasm in the bathroom. "Yes! Yeeeeesss! Aaaaaaaaahhhhh!" Suddenly her voice changed pitch. "AAHH!!! COLD!!!" and I heard the water shut off.

As Karen's hands and tongue coaxed me within moments of ejaculation, I heard Liu Si gasp "Where did our towels go?"

"In here!" Karen called, pulling off for a second, and then **glomp!** right back on my dick. When I had left the shower, I was about 1/4 of the way to orgasm, my cock hard and happy. Karen's loving touch (and

sucking mouth) had me almost all the way there in no time. I set my personal record for fastest blowout.

"Karen, baby, I can't last much longer!" I gasped, bucking involuntarily. Amy and Liu Si appeared, naked and shivering in the doorway. "Hurry!" Amy cried.

They ran to my bed and leapt onto it, each one snuggling damply up against one side, Amy on the right, Liu Si on the left. The minute I felt them pressed against me, I was gone, squirting cum so hard it felt like my balls cracked like a whip. "Uh! uh! Aaahhhhhh ha ha haaa!" I screamed, clutching the girls against me while Karen sucked me deep and hard.

It didn't stop. It just didn't stop. I couldn't stop shaking, I could barely breathe, and my cock was practically vibrating with pleasure. I grabbed Liu Si's and Amy's butts with the corresponding hand, and just blasted off repeatedly into Karen's mouth. Eventually, I started to settle down, my abdomen almost cramping from the exertion as she teased the last few drops out of me. "Oh fuck!" I gasped hoarsely.

Amy giggled. "That felt like a good one!" she cooed, reaching over to rub Liu Si's cheek. Liu Si kissed my chest where she lay. Karen sat back, proud of herself, and wiped off her chin with a fingertip. She sucked it clean with an air of satisfaction. "How was that?" she asked rhetorically. I swallowed and tried to answer, but I was out of it.

"You got him good." Liu Si smirked, tracing a finger around on my chest. "Now I need to get clothing, because I am freezing!" She hopped up and kissed me on the lips, then scooted off the bed and zipped into Amy's room. After a happy kiss with me, and another one with Karen, Amy was gone as well.

"You lay there, I'll get you some clothes." She purred, and stood gracefully.

"I . . . I don't know if I can walk." I gasped, happily.

"You poor baby," Karen pouted, and laughed, getting out underwear and socks.

She dressed me, again, like in the hospital. "I love you so much." I said dreamily.

"I know, I was here when you proved it," She said, tapping her lower lip with an index finger. "Mmmmmmm."

I struggled to sit up. She got me my crutches, and we headed downstairs. I was barely awake as she put my shoes on me, but soon I perked up again. I observed her tiny, satisfied smile as she tied them. "You're enjoying pampering me, aren't you?" I said, in wonder.

"You bet." She said, grinning at me. "I don't get the opportunity very often, and this has REALLY been fun."

The driveway box binged. "Lola's on her way." I said, unnecessarily.

Karen got up and sat next to me, holding my hand. "Speaking of whom, how's that going?"

"I've been flirting with her a little less, ever since the hospital." I said, "but I'm going to start up again."

Karen nodded. "Good. Get through to her."

"I'll do my best." I said, and she smiled at me.

"Let me get a drink of water, then I want a kiss before you go." She said, and leapt up.

Amy and Liu Si staggered downstairs and flopped, arm in arm, on the couch. "So what are you gonna do?" They were both wearing shorts and tank tops.

"I'm going to go quit my job." I said.

Liu Si's eyebrows went up. Amy was jazzed. "Sweet! How are you going to do it?"

I shrugged. "I'm just going to walk in and quit. Nothing fancy."

Please note: I am not psychic.

I heard the glass patio door slide open, and Karen saying "Wow!" Amy looked over my head and grabbed Liu Si's arm.

I turned and looked, and my mouth went dry.

Lola was standing in the kitchen, and she was dressed for battle. She was wearing a power suit, but it was a suit built on a dress, not slacks. A tight cotton sheath dress hugged her hips and thighs, and she wore a blazer over it, both in a matching navy blue pinstripe. A white blouse appeared in the collar of the suit coat, and I could just barely make out a gold necklace in the narrow cleft of her blouse. It was the sharktooth.

She walked into the living room, her heels making little *pock pock pock* sounds as she crossed the kitchen. Karen followed along behind her, her eyes drinking in every detail. Amy saw the sharktooth and grinned. "Sooooomebody's in troooooouble." she sang quietly.

"Are you ready to go, Will?" Lola asked, smiling at me. As she walked around the couch and touched my shoulder, I could see she was wearing black stiletto heels with the little strap around the ankle. These also had a little strap running from the ankle strap down the center of her foot, ending at the pointy toe.

"S-sure." I s-stammered. "You look like you mean business." I rose on my crutches.

"I just have to take care of something, that's all." She smiled, but there was still a glint in her eye. I was a little intimidated even though I knew I wasn't the person in trouble.

"Oh?" I said eloquently, still loopy from the orgasm ten minutes ago.

"When you go in to the pizza shop to talk to your boss, I'm going to see about your phone bill." She said briskly. "This is really outrageous."

I relaxed a little. *That sounds ok,* I remember thinking.

We hugged everybody else goodbye, and Lola and I headed out to her convertible. I noticed a leather valise in the space behind the seat when I got in.

"When we get to the pizza shop, the cell phone place is two plazas down, on the left. It's the (crappy semi-local wireless that is WAY worse than advertised) store." I said, leaning back and pulling my crutches into my lap.

"Ok." Lola said. "Do you have enough leg room?"

"I'm good." I said, reclining the seat as far as it would go.

We pulled out, and headed up the driveway. "Any advice on quitting? I've never quit a job before." I said, mostly to fill the space.

"Well, I've been working on the assumption that you're never going back, right?" She said, looking both ways and pulling out onto the main road.

"Right," I said, holding on as she accelerated. Lola was driving angry.

"Then just be honest, and tell him you're quitting. You don't need to give notice, because you've already been out for, what, two and a half weeks?" Lola asked.

"Right," I said, leaning away from a telephone pole that looked mighty close as we went around a curve.

"So they've already figured out how to schedule without you. You can just quit." She said. We passed one of those weird little mail trucks. "Are you going to tell him why?" She glanced at me sidelong.

"His daughter is an evil bitch? Nah. It won't do me any good to tell him. He either sees it or he doesn't, and he's probably not going to listen to me even if I did." I said.

"You're certainly being a gentleman about it." Her tone seemed to say that she approved of me, but not of the situation itself. "But that's good. YOU don't need to sink to her level."

Soon (VERY soon) we were at Timpanelli's Pizza Subs and Wings! Lola pulled in, right up to the front window in the dining area. (For whatever reason, our handicapped space is NOT the one closest to the door. The order pickup space is, and it was here that Lola parked.) When I got out, I turned on my crutches. "I don't think I'll be very long." I said. "I'll just wait in the dining area until you get back." The motor was still running.

"Oh, don't worry." She smiled at me, reaching over the back and pulling out the leather valise. "I'll be here when you get done." She opened the case and started shuffling papers inside it. She pulled out the phone bill and set it on the passenger seat.

I crutched to the doors and opened them. The dining area was empty, and Fox News was on. Pops was here. "Hi! What can-" Jenni trotted out of the kitchen and stopped. "Oh, it's you. Mr. Lazy Shit." She said

in disgust.

"You should be nicer. I'm here to make your day." I said, heading for the office.

"Fuck you." She snarled. "I already told you NO, remember?." I returned. She fumed as I knocked on the office door.

"Yo!" Pops called, and I opened it and went in.

"Will! Good grief, man!" He said, looking at my crutches and bandage. (I was wearing my khaki shorts.)

"Hi." I crutched in and the door shut. "May I sit?"

He gestured at the chair, "Sure, kid, go on." He watched me get myself situated. "You know, that lady called and told me that some guy busted into your house and stabbed you, but at the time, I admit it sounded far-fetched. Now, I can't believe how crazy it is that it's true."

"I think he followed me home from my last night delivering." I said. "He tried to block me off a bridge, way out in the boonies, but I got around him and came back here, then home. When he showed up at my house, he called me Pizza Boy."

"Shit." Pops chewed his lip. "That ain't right. Was he somebody you knew?"

I shook my head. "Not a bit." I lied. "But that brings me to my next point. That WAS my last night delivering. I'm quitting."

He frowned, but nodded. "I can see why this would put you off, but I could really use you. Without you I'm down to Lenny and Spiro, and Lenny has a way of ruining people's appetites."

"I came to see you because I felt we should speak as men, face to face." I said. (Pops loves it when people talk like they're in the Godfather, it just butters him right up.) "But I cannot continue. I respectfully resign."

He sighed. "Lenny and Spiro. Most of our business is deliveries."

"You could send Jenni out there. She'd get good tips." I said, but he shook his head firmly.

"I'm not sending her out in the dark with horny frat douchebags and knife-wielding maniacs, forget it." He said. I shrugged. For a second there, I thought he had said horny FAT douchebags, which would have brought us right back to Fat Lenny.

Pops leaned forward conspirationally. "Hey, uh, can I ask you sumthin'? Did sumthin' happen between you and Jenni? Strictly off the record, of course."

"How far off the record?" I asked warily. "You being her father and all."

"No, no not like that, I just mean, well, ever since you been out, she's been telling me that I should get

rid of you. Like she doesn't trust you. I thought you guys were getting along ok, there at first."

"Nothing happened, sir." I said calmly. "We're just . . . incompatible, I suppose."

"You're a good guy, Will. You never stole from me, and I hate to lose you." He held out his hand to shake, and the phone rang. "Just a sec." He lifted the receiver. "Timpanelli's Pizza Subs and Wings, home of the Bigass Meal Deal." Silence. "Yeah, yeah. Hold on." He covered the receiver with his hand. "It's the bank. I gotta take this. See ya around, Will." I saluted, and got to my feet.

But when I got out of his office door, I was in for a shock. Dolores Klemp, attorney at law, was standing at the counter, talking to Jenni with quiet, smug menace. Jenni had her fists clenched under the counter and was turning red, I could see it creeping down the back of her neck as I headed up front. The air crackled with tension and negative energy.

I crutched up quickly, getting around Jenni, making sure to stay out of talon reach. I caught what Lola was saying.

". . . to cease and desist this harassment immediately. This cell phone bill, which includes the past two weeks, is more than enough grounds to bring charges, and not just financial reparations." She slapped the phone bill down on the counter, next to a letter which had already been there when I came out. The bill pages were 90% yellow with highlighter.

Jenni caught sight of me, although Lola had been studiously ignoring my approach. "YOU!" She hissed. "YOU did this, you fucking asshole!"

Lola held up a finger, and Jenni flinched back as if it were a sword. "You want to watch your mouth." Lola stated, with icy calm. "Any further attempt to demean my client or insult him in any way, and I'm prepared to charge you with attempted sexual assault, reckless endangerment, and malicious wounding." If Lola wasn't so scary right then, I would have been seriously turned on.

"What?!" Jenni was shocked right out of her anger, and looked at Lola, terrified. "Sexual assault?! He was perfectly willing to . . . He was a consenting adult!"

I saw Fat Lenny peek around the doorway from the kitchen, but when he made eye contact with me, he quickly jumped back.

"First of all, at 17, he's a minor. YOU are not. Second, when a sexually transmitted disease is concealed from your potential partner, it's a whole new ballgame. It's called "informed consent," and you didn't have it. Have you ever heard of Megan's Law? As a sexual offender, you'll know it well. You were planning to deliberately expose him to your disease." Lola was dealing out sentences like cards in a winning poker hand. Confident, furious, and in control. God, she was hot.

Jenni clutched her stomach as if in pain, backing away from the counter. "You'll never prove that!" She snarled in a choked whisper. There were tears in her eyes.

Lola gave her a smile that would have made babies cry. "Oh, honey." She laughed, her eyes flashing with fury. "In the civil trial, you'd be AMAZED at what I don't have to prove." I had shivers down my

spine.

Jenni covered her mouth with one hand, as tears spilled from her eyes. Into this silence, Lola said "No calls. No trash talking. No anything. You just forget you ever saw him, and I'll forget to complicate your life." She said 'complicate' like someone else would have said 'destroy.'

Jenni turned and ran, clumsily, out of sight in the kitchen. I could hear her sobbing. What was that phrase President Bush used to use? Oh yeah. Shock and Awe.

Lola turned to me, still ice cold and professional. "Are you ready to go, darling?"

"I'm done." I said, trying not to ruin her exit. Sweet Jeebus. "You?"

"I don't think there's anything left." She said dismissively, and scooped her papers into the valise. As I crutched out, she kept her hand on my back, as if to steady me.

I kept my cool until we had pulled out and were about 500 yards down the road. "What was THAT?" I asked, in awe. "WOW!"

"I went to high school, and then college, with a hundred girls like her. They think they are the toughest bitches in the world, just because they've always been able to get what they want." Lola said. "They're bullies, and as long as they have some way of getting to you, they don't quit. The only way to make them stop is to scare them to death. When I saw that phone bill, I knew I had to slam that door quickly."

"You slammed it, welded it shut, and bricked over the opening!" I said. "Damn!"

"I know I let you think I was going to the cell phone place, but if I had told you I was confronting Jenni, I thought you would try to stop me. It needed to be done." Lola glanced at me, as if guilty.

I thought about it a moment. It WAS a little harsh, but I'm sure she was right. Jenni was having too much fun making me miserable to just quit it. "No, you're right." I said. "and you were gorgeous doing it."

Lola blinked and got this little smile. "Really?" she blushed. "It WAS kind of a rush, I'll admit. Not that I like being mean to people, but . . . she really deserved it."

Time to be completely honest. "I couldn't decide if I should be scared or turned on." I said.

"Wh-what?" Lola laughed nervously, still blushing.

"I said I couldn't decide if I should be scared or turned on. You were so awesome. How does Amy put it? Hot and scary at the same time." I said, smiling. "You were on fire in there. The suit, the confidence. SO sexy, but also intimidating."

"Well, I . . ." She was staring at the road, still blushing, "I certainly wouldn't want you to be scared." She said, her voice tiny.

I pounced. "So it's ok if I'm turned on? You were so cool in there, and I'm all like "My hero!" I clutched

both my hands beside my face. She giggled, and bit her lower lip, but she couldn't stop the smile spreading over her face.

"PLEASE go out with me." I said earnestly, and she gasped.

"I-I . . ." She faltered.

"I can't promise you diamonds and a rose garden, but I promise you four people who will love you, day in and day out, no matter what." I said.

"FOUR people?" She laughed.

"I told you in the hospital that if you go out with me, then you get the girls too." I said, still not telling her just how fully I meant it. "And they care about you just as much as I do."

We turned in to our driveway, and she slowed the car as soon as we got into the trees. "Will, I" she began, but I took her right hand off the wheel and kissed the back of it. She stopped the car and took a deep breath. "Ok, I've talked myself through every reason why I shouldn't do this and the only reason I have left is that you're 17, and I'm 35."

"I don't care how old you are. I swear to God I don't. You're wonderful, you're amazing, and you're so beautiful sometimes I want to just grab you. Beautiful on the inside, not just the outside." I turned her hand over and kissed the palm. She moaned, and started breathing heavier.

"I meant that you're underage." She said. "I can't make excuses for that. I can talk myself out of everything else, but that reason is too strong."

"I'll be 18 in four months." I said, and an idea hit me. "If you're Pro-Life, and you believe that life begins at conception, I'm already eighteen years old."

She laughed. "That is such bull-crap!"

"I'm trying." I agreed. Another kiss, this time on the soft skin inside her wrist. She smelled SO good.

I kept my lips by her skin, and kissed again, an inch higher, nudging the end of her sleeve. "Enough!" She begged. "Don't tease me like this!"

I lowered her hand. "I'm not teasing. I fully intend to deliver on every promise I'm making." I said, looking deep into her eyes.

"I believe you." She moaned.

"How about we take it slow?" I asked. She shook her head.

"I don't WANT to take it slow." She said, "But you're right." Dammit! "We should."

Me and my big mouth. "Well, before we do anything else," I said softly, and reached for her. She leaned

towards me hesitantly at first, but the minute we touched, she was all in. I cradled the back of her head, and drew her in for the sweetest kiss we had ever shared. As our lips brushed, it was like static electricity jumped between us. I tingled all over. (Oh yeah, erection 55%) We kissed again and again, stronger and longer.

When I went to pull away, she grabbed a handful of my shirt and took me prisoner, her tongue invading my mouth and dueling with mine on it's home turf. She was growling little sounds of impatience and hunger as our lips pressed and caressed. Our tongues parted as equals, with vows to renew combat at the earliest opportunity. "I swear you're getting MUCH better." she gasped, as I straightened my shirt.

"I'm getting a good education," I said vaguely but lecherously, and she swatted me playfully, still trying to catch her breath.

"Do I have any lipstick on me?" I asked, trying to see in the mirror.

"No, I got the kissproof kind," She said, to which I replied "Good thinking."

She laughed. "It's really called smudgeproof, but they call it kissproof, because it sounds sexier."

"It sure does," I agreed. She sighed and just looked at me. "Thank you."

"For what?" I said. "The smoochies?"

"For reaching out to me, you and your sisters both. I am SO much happier now that I was four months ago, I can't even tell you. You've all been so supportive and strong, that you've made me strong again, and I thank you. I was lost and you four found me." She was well on the emotional swing now, from angry to horny to happy and a little choked up. "I have so much to thank you for. All of you. I owe you so much."

"Well, you don't owe us anything, but if you want to repay it, we accept repayment in the form of kisses, payable to me." I said, and she laughed. There was a quiet moment in which we both just sat there, happily, in the car, in the shade, in the driveway.

Into this silence I broached a topic which was on my mind, maybe hers as well. "As far as dating, I mean it when I say I like you, and I want you, but I'm prepared to let it happen whenever it happens." I said clumsily. "Forgive me if this is indelicate."

"What do you mean?" She blushed.

"I'm sorry if I'm being too blunt," I said, "but Jenni made it clear that on the third date she was jumping down my pants. Date three meant sex ahoy. I am NOT doing anything like that."

"You're not?" she pouted, but then laughed. "I get what you mean. You're not putting any pressure on me, it happens when it happens."

"Right." I said, feeling like a jerk for even mentioning it, "And I mean that. I have no expectations, and I'm not demanding anything of you."

"Will, you put pressure on me just being around me." She admitted, "Sometimes you make it hard to think straight, just smiling at me, or KISSING my PALM." She swatted my left knee again. "That's in my top three turn-ons, by the way. Not Fair."

"I didn't know!" I protested playfully. "Perhaps if you gave me the full list, I would know how to avoid accidentally arousing you." I was the very picture of innocence.

Lola laughed, hard. "This is what I'm talking about. Darn you."

I grinned, and she swatted me lightly again. "Stop it! You're too cute to just grin at me all the time, I can't even get myself calmed down." I made a frowning grimace, and she chuckled again. "Ok, that's better. Do that." She sat back and made herself calm down.

"Ah, god. We should probably get you home." She caught her breath at last.

Still frowning, I nodded. She giggled again and stepped on the gas.

Amy flipped out when she heard the report of what happened, so excited she made me stop the story halfway so she could go pee. Karen was also enthralled, although without the need for urination. Liu Si felt bad for Jenni, but Lola, Karen and Amy successfully convinced her that the only way to shut Jenni down was to scare the shit out of her.

Lola was undoubtedly the hero of the day. The girls went crazy over her, holding her hands, hugging her, basically not giving her a moment to breathe. It was the happiest I'd seen her.

We gave her a few minutes to go home and change, and she returned wearing her "PINK" (actually grey, if you remember) sweats, and we all spent a wonderful lazy afternoon hanging out, talking, and being comfortable.

Dinner was frozen pizza that came on a garlic bread crust, which is my current favorite, and when it was time to say goodnight, Lola and I shared a VERY nice kiss on the patio. She actually held onto my crutches as she leaned in, and it was wonderful.

"I'm going to enjoy this," She purred, her lips inches from mine after we parted. Garlic bread pizza on a beautiful woman's breath is still pretty cool.

"I certainly HOPE so, and me too." I mumbled, happily.

She put her hand on my chest, and gently pushed herself back. "You can watch me walk away, if you like." She teased.

"So nice of you to offer." I teased right back.

"It's SO nice to feel sexy again." She giggled, but then covered her mouth with her hand. "I shouldn't have said that out loud."

"You've always been sexy." I said. "Ever since we've met. And as far as saying things out loud, I have an idea." I took her hands. "From what I've seen on TV, and in movies, when people date, it always seems like a contest. Like there's things they have to hide, or scores they have to keep. The guy can't fart, the girl can't fart OR belch. They have to be fake, too much of the time."

"I'm not going to fart in front of you, dont ask me." Lola said, smiling.

"I just mean that behaving like a real person isn't going to scare me away. We can both admit we want to be happy, to feel good, and to have fun." I said.

"Right!" Lola actually hopped. She was having fun already.

"So you don't have to be embarassed about what you're thinking. I guarantee I'm not going to think you're crazy." I finished. "Unless you're thinking you want to kill me and eat my brain."

"Not kill, not eat, and not brain," Lola giggled. When she saw the look on my face, she laughed outright. "See, that sentence could have meant anything, but YOU made it dirty."

I nodded, guilty. She spun around, and pointed at herself. "Ok, begin watching!" and strutted to her car. I waited and waved as she left. Good times.

Amy and Liu Si had been hiding in the kitchen, watching us kiss, and ran away giggling when I crutched back in. I could hear a whispered conference in the living room. When I went back in, everyone was happy and attentive, sitting calmly.

"William, my love." Karen said, excitement in her voice. "Do you have something to tell us?"

"Hmmm?" Amy said, and Liu Si giggled.

"I think Lola and I are dating." I said, sitting down at last.

"You think?" Liu Si asked.

"Well, I asked her, and she didn't say no, and then we kissed. Several times. She seems very happy." I admitted to the room full of ladies I was already making love to. They cheered. But as we calmed down, Karen, as usual, was able to pick out what I had missed.

"I thought we were going to tell her about us. Doesn't this, asking her out, kissing her, while not telling her amount to lying about it?" She asked worriedly. Some of the fun went out of the room.

Crap. I'm going to have to figure this out, and fast.

The more I thought about it, the more that phrase "informed consent" kept rattling around in my head. She needed to be "in the loop" before we did anything, or it just wouldn't be right. I took a little comfort in the fact that she hadn't actually said "Yes" yet, we'd just kissed, which was exactly what we had done at the hospital, so maybe I'm not a TOTAL asshole for kissing her without being completely honest with her. Maybe.

I really felt like an ass, especially after the "I'm not pressuring you into sex" topic had come up. I mean, it had barely been three weeks since the hospital, when she told me she needed to say no until she could get herself together. I wasn't being patient. I tried to figure out a way to politely backpedal without looking like that's what I was doing.

I decided to go with the facts: I had asked her, she had not SAID yes or no. We had changed the subject, and made out, but there had not been a verbal agreement. She had voiced her final objection, which was our age difference, and said that she couldn't let herself ignore the fact that I was 17. If I could pick up that point and agree with it, I could buy myself four months to find a way to tell her. I thought.

This was still going to suck, though. I had asked her out, and now I was effectively withdrawing the invitation. I just had to hope her inner guilt would make it easier for her to accept it.

The one thing I tried to keep going in our favor was that I had never lied to her. I knew that when she found out, it was going to be pretty bad, but I had tried to sow seeds of the idea from the moment Karen and Amy and I had come together. I told her that we all loved her, and that when she went out with me, she got them too. I know she wouldn't have any idea how I truly meant that, but I had to at least throw the idea out there. If I had been like "You're the one I love," and then later "Plus these other three I've been fucking for two months before you" It would be horrible.

But if I said "I love you, and so do they" and then later "We're already lovers, you can just jump right in the middle," Maybe it would be a little less horrible. Lola had already told me that she wasn't interested in marriage, just a long-term true love, and that she would easily forgive me if I was attracted to other girls, just let her know. Those two facts gave me hope that she might be able to deal with it, and that I wasn't just wasting my time and breaking her heart.

I was worried that her heart was going to get a little broken anyway, and I didn't know how to avoid that, but I hoped and prayed that it would be as painless as it could possibly be.

I suppose I could have shut her out the moment Karen and I found our love, but looking back, I just couldn't have. Lola needed love, and to BE loved, and all of us felt so strongly for her, and wanted her to be happy. It's like looking out a window and seeing someone starving to death while you've got a full table of food. You can't just SIT there. You HAVE to reach out.

I lay awake much of the night just trying to think of a way to tell her about the others. I didn't come up with anything that I thought would actually work. Eventually, at some point, I fell into a restless sleep.

12 - Family Date Night 2/ All Healed Up/ The Big Reveal

When I woke up in the morning, I decided to call Lola on the phone, before she had a chance to come over. If I was going to backpedal, it would be impossible to do in person. On the phone, it MIGHT work.

I sat at the island in our empty kitchen and called her house; she answered on the third ring. "Hel-loooooo," She sang. She seemed so happy. I hated myself for what I was about to do.

"Hello. I . . . I wanted to call and apologize for yesterday." I said, getting right to the point.

Lola seemed lost. "Apologize? For what?" I could HEAR the smile in her voice.

I funneled my real guilt into a pretend reason. "I was being selfish yesterday. I know when I was in the hospital you told me you wanted to wait, and it hasn't even been three full weeks yet, and there I was pressuring you."

"Well, I mean . . ." She tried to downplay it. "I didn't mind a bit, actually."

"I know, I know, you're so understanding." I cut in. "But the fact remains I was wrong. I didn't sleep a wink last night, I felt so bad. I ignored the fact that you hadn't said yes, and just started acting like we were already dating. I feel like such a heel." I said sadly.

"Don't! Don't feel bad!" She said, concerned. "I didn't say yes? I could have sworn-"

"No, you didn't, and I just acted so poorly. In the hospital, you told me you wanted to wait, and I agree, I really do. Yesterday I was weak. I was so attracted to you after the pizza shop that I ignored your very real objections. I acted like a pig. I promise to wait as long as you want, and at least until I'm 18, no matter what." I said, letting my real heartbreak be heard in my voice.

"No matter what?" Lola asked, her voice small. God, I felt awful for this, but I couldn't think of anything else. She had to know BEFORE we got too far.

"No matter what." I promised firmly. "You were right. We should wait, and I need to be strong about it. As strong as you are."

Lola sighed, and it was a moment before her voice came back. "I . . . yes, ok. Thank you. You didn't need to apologize at all, but . . . thank you. We'll wait." She sounded like she was trying not to sound disappointed. I felt so low.

"Just . . ." I let my crummy feelings be heard. "Just don't give up on me, ok?"

"I would NEVER give up on you." She said, her voice serious.

"I'm so glad." I said sincerely. "You're so strong, it's easy to see why I like you so much. I just need to

have restraint. Thank you for being so forgiving."

"No problem," she sighed, obviously let down by the conversation. She sounded so happy when we started. I'm such a jerk. Sometimes I really don't like me.

"So what time are you coming over today?" I asked, trying to lighten the mood. "We all miss you when you're not here, of course."

"I've got some laundry in right now, so maybe early this afternoon?" Lola said, clearly trying to perk herself up. For a few hours there, she had been in a relationship. Now she was alone again.

"We can't wait." I said. "I'll say goodbye until later. Love you." It just slipped out. I punched myself in the thigh. I'm such an asshole. I meant it, but that was the worst possible time to let it slip out.

"Bye." said Lola, shaken. I put the cordless phone down and lay my head on the kitchen island. "I'm such a stupid jerk." I mumbled to myself.

I felt a gentle hand on my back, and Karen said "I don't think you're stupid or a jerk." I didn't even realize she was up yet. I left my head on the counter.

"You should have heard her. She was SO happy at first, then she just sounded so sad." I said.

"I think a little bit of honest hurt is better than a lot of deceit." Karen said wisely, still rubbing my back. "Especially if you love someone and want the best for them. I think you did the best you could. You made it sound like it was her idea, and you apologized for not being as strong as her. I think that's the best way you could have done it."

I sighed. It didn't FEEL like the best way. Karen gave me a pat on the butt. "We're going to take good care of her. It'll work out."

I couldn't help but be swayed by her simple optimism. When Karen looks me in the eye and tells me something, it's true.

Karen began making breakfast, and I assumed my usual toast duties.

Amy and Liu Si joined us; Amy skipping and leaping, Liu Si walking normally. Breakfast was shared, and I told the I.B.T.C. about my phone call to Lola.

"Awwwww," Liu Si said, pouting.

"I was wondering how you could have handled it." Amy said, crunching her white toast. "When she comes over we need to pamper her all day. Make her feel better. Paint her toenails again."

I agreed. "Maybe we'll cook her favorite dinner or something."

"Weren't we supposed to go OUT for dinner?" Karen said.

"OH YEAH!" Amy said, way too loud. "Barbecue this time!"

I held up my hands. "Let's see if she wants to, first. We shouldn't be inviting ourselves out to dinner on her as a way of cheering her up."

"We'll take good care of her." Amy said, enthusiastically. Liu Si smiled and gave me a thumb's up.

After breakfast, I started overthinking everything. *When she gets here, should I be waiting for her on the back patio, like a guilty puppy? Or should I be in the house, all nonchalant, like I don't even care? If I greet her TOO warmly, will I make it worse?* I decided to play it by ear, but not distance myself due to guilt, because the last thing in the world I wanted was for her to think I wasn't that interested. I WAS that interested, but it needed to wait until I was legal; that was the official story. If she came over and I was too stand-offish, after being all clingy yesterday, who knows what signal that would send.

As it turns out, I was the second to greet her, because Amy was outside scooping bugs out of the pool. "Lola's here!" Amy yelled, full of cheer. Good old Amy. I leaned on my crutches and watched from the kitchen as Amy ran over and hugged her, and just started jabbering at her, talking excitedly about something, who knows what, but she soon had drawn Lola in, and Lola was laughing and smiling before she even got to the sliding door, which I opened.

"Hello," I smiled at her, a little guiltily, and she chucked me on the shoulder.

"Hi there." She said, happy again, all traces of her earlier disappointment gone from her voice or demeanor. "Amy has let me know that it would be totally ok if I wanted to take you guys out for barbecue tonight." She laughed.

"She wasn't supposed to bring up that subject at all," I said, frowning out the door at Amy's back, which radiated innocence.

"No, it's ok." Lola smiled, "because I DO want to take you guys out, and tonight is just as good as any other time."

"Well, if you're sure, then we would be honored to go out with you. Again." I bowed my head momentarily.

"Sure I'm sure." Lola said. "You guys are the greatest."

"YOU'RE the greatest." I argued. She shook her finger at me, her other hand on her hip. Today she was wearing a pretty green blouse with a V-neck and shiny decorative buttons following the line of the V, and (gloriously tight) blue jeans. "You remember what I said about flattery," She mock-scolded. I grinned.

Putting an arm around her, I said "Remind me."

"Pffft, you remember. I know you do." She laughed, putting her hand on my chest. We paused for a moment. *Here's whether we either get awkward, or things get cool again,* I thought.

I used my armpits to clutch my crutches, and put my other arm around her and held her close. "Listen-" I began gently, but I could hear footsteps coming down the stairs.

"We'll have time to talk later." Lola said, patting my chest. "It's cool."

"I'm glad." I admitted, and reluctantly released her. She seemed just as reluctant to be released.

Karen walked in, followed a moment later by Liu Si, both in swimsuits(!), and were delighted to see Lola there. Karen trotted (oh my goodness) over and gave Lola a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Lola blushed hard. "Well, hello there." she mumbled.

Karen was wearing her older swimsuit, not the fish-scale tankini thing, but a white one-piece with a scalloped neckline. Her fantastic figure almost seemed to glow, the suit standing out against her tanned skin. Yowza.

Liu Si was also wearing a one piece, but hers was blue from the waist down, red from her bust up, and white across her flat little belly, with little anchors printed across the middle. I realized it was supposed to be a patriotic nautical theme (patriaautical?) but who would design a swimsuit with anchors on it? Doesn't that seem like bad luck? "Jie-jie is going to teach me how to swim!" Liu Si said happily to Lola. (big sister)

"That's cool," Lola smiled at her, then paused, looking out the patio door. Amy was not wearing a swimsuit, just a tank top and capris. "I'm kinda surprised Amy isn't the one teaching you."

Liu Si got an embarrassed look and bit her finger. "Umm, how can I sayyyy"

"Amy dives really well, but when it comes to swimming, she tends to swim like a cat that didn't mean to fall in." Karen said, with a smile, and Liu Si clapped her hands and laughed.

"And Karen is a graceful fish!" Liu Si added. Karen blinked, and then smiled too. (To this day Liu Si will still phrase things strangely, and sometimes it takes a moment to catch up.)

Lola's cell phone started playing "Hungry Like The Wolf" and she jumped. "Whoops," She mumbled, and dug it out. She looked with surprise at the caller ID, and apologized to us. "I'm sorry, I know this is rude, but it's important. Would you excuse me?"

I waved my hand. "Go for it, we're ok." and she opened it and stepped outside. Watching her walk across the patio, towards the covered hot tub, Karen said "She seems ok. Not mad or anything."

"I'm sure getting greeted by the Swimsuit Squad helped. You both look fantastic!" I stepped back to look at them both, and they both smiled.

Liu Si cocked her hip, tossed her hair back and touched her hip with her index finger, going "Tssssssss!" We all laughed.

"Seriously, you're both absolutely gorgeous." I said, and took Karen's hand. Liu Si took Karen's other hand and gave me a huge smile. "I am so happy." Liu Si announced.

"Really?" Karen laughed gently.

"Every day is like a dream that is coming true." Liu Si said simply, and smiled again.

"Ready to learn to swim?" Karen said, and Liu Si nodded. Hand in hand, they walked outside.

I crutched out as well, to find the the sun had drifted behind some clouds, making the patio a bit cooler and less bright, but still a wonderful day.

Lola was leaning on the hot tub cover, writing something on a piece of paper she had taken from her purse, still on her cell phone. Her ass was beautiful. I sighed.

I crutched over and dragged two of the deck chairs around until they were facing the pool, and sat in one. Karen and Liu Si were slooowly walking down into the pool, getting used to the water temperature. Amy, finished scooping bugs, threw down the scooper and stampeded inside.

I relaxed, and after several minutes, Lola finished up her business and drifted over to sit near me. We were far enough away from the pool that normal speaking tones didn't carry, but raised voices did.

"Do you have different ringtones for everybody?" I asked, as a way of breaking the silence. "I know when that detective used to call, your phone would fart."

Lola blushed and laughed. "Um, yeah, pretty much. Anyone who calls me several times usually gets their own ringtone, so I know what kind of mood to be in to answer. I amuse myself with it, basically."

"What's ours? I mean here from the house?" I asked, interested.

She smiled. "It's a song by Michael Buble called Home." She proceeded to softly sing a few lines. I was amazed. I'd never heard her sing before, but her voice was beautiful.

A moment passed while I caught my breath. "You sing beautifully." I said, moved.

She blushed and waved her hand at me. "Oh, stop."

"So what's mine? When I used to call you from my cell phone?" I asked, and she zipped her lip. "It was a secret. And now your phone is gone, so it will stay a secret."

"How bad was it?" I asked. "Come on, you can tell me. Candy Shop? Private Dancer?"

Lola snorted and shook her head, smiling. "Nuh uh. Not telling."

"I'll find out." I threatened with a grin.

"No you won't." She giggled. "Your phone is crushed, and I already deleted the dead number, so you won't be able to tell."

"Well, who's 'Hungry Like The Wolf' then?" I asked. "It's not a song you hear very much."

"Um, actually that was your dad." Lola said, and put her hand over her mouth, a little embarrassed. I looked at her in surprise, but she explained. "When he was here he kept making passes at me, so it just kinda popped into my head. It's corny, and seems to fit him."

"Why's our dad calling you?" I asked, "Is everything ok?"

"Actually, I called him." She turned towards me in her seat and pulled her legs up. "After mom's . . . passing, it occurred to me that for your sakes-" she swung her finger around to indicate everyone. Amy galloped out of the house in her brown bikini and crashed into the deep end. "- that I needed to make sure that your dad's estate was properly set up as well, for you guys. I mean EVERYONE should get their crap together so if the worst happened, that everyone else would be ok, but if I'm doing my job as your guardian, I need to make sure that you're protected, especially in my area of expertise. No one ever wants to think about that stuff, but everyone needs to, especially if they have children."

"So you got Dad to make out a will?" I asked, surprised.

"Well, more than just that, but I emailed him some paperwork, and he filled in the blanks, and got it notarized, and is snail-mailing it back. He understood the need, and agreed to it all when I told him I was doing it for free, for you." She looked at me seriously. "He felt, and I agree, that you don't need to know any of the various details, but I CAN tell you that if the worst happened, and something happened to him, that you and the girls would be provided for, you'd keep the house, etc."

"Well, the house is paid for." I said, but Lola held up a finger. "If he had debts and such, his assets can go to creditors, or at least things can get really stressful and muddy. This way, everything is organized, and written down, and the worst can never come true. Being an estate planner, that's one thing I know how to guarantee." She gave me a tired smile.

Karen and Liu Si paddled slowly around in the mid-depth water, Karen supporting Liu Si, Liu Si occasionally panicking, dunking her head and clinging to Karen. Amy kept shouting things like "no, no, like THIS!" and doing something show-offy.

Lola and I sat on the deck chairs, close enough to have held hands. But we didn't. Time to deal with this, I thought to myself.

"About yesterday," I said, but Lola was already shaking her head.

"No, it's You were right." She said. "When you called me this morning."

"I feel terrible about it." I said, truthfully. "I realized I was being greedy and pushy, and even if it felt good, I was doing it the wrong way. I want everything to be perfect for you, for us, and it wouldn't be that way if I just barged into it when you'd already said it wasn't right yet."

She sighed and nodded. "I was just as guilty as you were. I was prepared to ignore my doubts and make a grab for temptation. Mom always said never mistake temptation for a true opportunity. When it's real, you can afford to wait for it, it'll still be there when the time is right."

She tentatively reached out to me, and I quickly took her hand. She sighed, but smiled. "Thanks for

having enough sense to put the brakes on. While at first, I was disappointed, I realized that it shows just how much I can trust you. I can trust you with my heart even when the rest of this-" She indicated herself, head to toes "-is clouding your judgement. I don't think that most guys could do that. I think most people would 'buy now, pay later.' So even though I was totally sad at first, I think we did the right thing. Thank you." She squeezed my hand.

All this talk of trust was stinging me just a little. We can't really talk about trust until I've stopped hiding a few things, I thought to myself. "Can we still flirt outrageously?" I asked, with puppy-dog eyes, and she laughed. "Sure thing," she giggled.

"I could use your help though," I said, a moment later, after her giggles had subsided.

"Name it." She said.

"I've never been in a relationship before, so there are going to be some facets of it that I don't understand. I'm going to need you to tell me things when I don't know them, and generally help me know how to provide the emotional support you want. I'll do my best, but I'm bound to guess wrong on some things." I said.

She shook her head. "Every time we've talked, you've had your head on straight. I think your understanding of relationships sounds better than what I've already dealt with. A lot of stuff I had to learn the hard way." She paused for a moment, watching the girls having fun. Liu Si was now dog-paddling on her own, although Karen was less than a foot away. She took a deep breath and continued. "After talking to you in the hospital, seeing how effortlessly you seemed to just GET it, I started feeling like I was stupid. I mean, I gave you your first kiss, for crying out loud, but you already understand how two people fit together better than I did ten years ago."

"You're not stupid." I said firmly, scolding a little, and she squeezed my hand.

"What I MEAN is I wish you had been around when I was young and naive. I could have been spared a lot of pain. I'm glad you're here NOW, but I wish I hadn't had to break my heart first, to meet someone who seems so good for me." She squinted at me; the sun had come back out. "Does that make any sense?"

"Maybe this is just how it works." I shrugged. "Maybe this is so good right now, because you know how bad it can be when it's not right. Maybe the memory of pain makes the experience of pleasure that much sweeter."

"There you go again." She said, and chuckled. "Sometimes you talk like a poet. I swear, I'm going to find out that you're got a notebook full of poetry hidden somewhere in your closet. You're such a teddy bear!"

"Not me." I said, raising my other hand. "No poetry here."

I heard a *slap slap slap* of wet little feet and suddenly Liu Si was dripping on me. "I learned doggy style!" she crowed excitedly, and a slow blush appeared on Lola's face.

"You mean dog paddle?" I asked, a little shocked myself. "Yes!" Liu Si cheered, and Amy appeared right

behind her. "She did really good. She went all the way around the deep end without touching." Amy announced.

"Good for you, sweetie." Lola congratulated her warmly. "What else are you going to learn?"

"I want to learn this one!" Liu Si said, and suddenly she was whirling her arms like offset windmills. Amy had to lunge out of the way to avoid getting whopped.

"Come back and we'll keep going!" Karen called from the pool. The I.B.T.C. thundered away, and Lola watched them go. Amy's hair dye had mostly faded by this point, but when it was wet, she and Liu Si became doppelgangers again. Lola must have been reflecting on that, because he asked "When you first got home, and their hair was exactly the same, what was that like? Did you ever see one from behind and think it was the other one?"

"Well, Amy is generally making noise, so they were never too difficult to tell apart." I said, and Lola chuckled. A quiet moment passed.

"One of the things I missed most was just the idea of having someone else there, needing me, being there when I need THEM, missing me when I'm gone, looking forward to when I come home." She said softly.

"You'll get tons of that." I promised. "Four times the usual amount." Amy climbed out of the pool and did a cannonball back in immediately, almost capsizing Liu Si. Karen scolded her.

Lola had remained silent, so when I glanced over at her, I found her looking at me intently. "What?" I stammered, smiling self-consciously.

"Jus' thinkin'." She drawled. Still the scrutiny.

"C'mon, about what?" I said.

"Good things." She said finally, and gave my hand a squeeze. I realized that this was all I was going to get out of her. Maybe I could shock her into talking.

"So when are you going to wear your OTHER bikini to go swimming here?" I asked, giving her an evil smile. "What did you call it, Wild Weasel?"

"It's Wicked Weasel, and no way." She laughed. "It's just for tanning, and I was only flirting at you." She paused for a moment. "You know, I just realized I flirted at you hardest when we'd just met, but once I knew you and your sisters, and started to love you guys, I am now LESS comfortable flirting like that. I never should have said that to you."

"Aw, why not?" I grinned. "I like it."

"That swimsuit is smaller than some band-aids you can buy, ok? I got it YEARS ago for tanning bed use, and even though I still have it, it was completely inappropriate for me to have teased you with it." She confessed.

"Now I definitely want to see you in it." I huffed, and she stuck her tongue out at me.

"When we'd just met, I was basically shaking my ass at you to see if you found me attractive. I felt old and uncool, and I wanted to see if I still had it. It was totally childish of me." She said soberly.

"I liked it, and I still respect you." I said. "I was amazed that a beautiful woman like yourself might be attracted to me, some average guy living at home."

"You are ANYTHING but average, honey." Lola patted my hand with her other hand. "But once I really met you, and your wonderful sisters, and you guys took me in and loved me so much, without making me jump through hoops or anything, I just felt ashamed of my earlier behavior. Like I wasn't taking you seriously enough. You deserve my respect, and I shouldn't be so goofy about things."

"Well, I know you're attracted to me, right? So it's not like you were telling me lies or leading me on with the flirting, right?" I asked.

"I am extremely attracted to you, on all the levels." Lola admitted.

"Well, just because you respect me doesn't mean you have to take all the fun out of it." I smiled at her. "You could shake your ass at me every day. I would LOVE it, I promise."

She laughed and looked away, but I saw the blush creeping up her cheek.

"You're allowed to be horny, and have needs, and to have feelings. I told you last night. I experience them too. I think we're going to have a lot of fun SHARING all those things, so let's not pretend that they can't exist, ok?" I said soothingly, and she turned back to me, her eyes shining, still blushing, still smiling.

"You're right." She said.

"Especially the horny." I finished, and she laughed again.

"You!" she said, as if she were upset, but she sighed happily. She held my hand with both of hers, stroking it, squeezing my fingers, basically just playing with my hand. The mood had definitely changed.

"Can I tell you a secret?" she asked, her voice small.

"You can tell me anything." I said.

"I like your hands." She smiled, still playing.

I almost blurted out that Liu Si did too, but I stopped myself. "Thank you." I blushed.

She grinned at me, a little shyly, but took a deep breath and sat up a little straighter. "This morning when you said "love you" on the phone," she began, and I winced.

"I'm so sorry, it was the worst possible timing, and I couldn't help it. It just slipped out." I apologized.

"Now did you say it out of habit, or what?" Lola said, studying my face. She still held my hand, but was no longer fondling it. "A lot of people say it out of habit at the end of a phone call, because they're always talking to family or loved ones."

"I've always pretty much been in the same room as my loved ones, so I rarely talk to them on the phone." I said. "I said it because I meant it, but I picked the wrong moment to let it slip out."

"In the hospital, you said 'like' not love." Lola said, her expression almost distressed. "You said love was a word to be taken seriously."

"I know, I know, but . . . it's been a long time since the hospital. I know it's been only three weeks, but we've spent a lot of time with you." I explained as best I could. Lola was biting her lip, her eyes starting to water. I stumbled on. "I can't argue with how my heart feels. If it makes you uncomfortable, I promise not to say it again, but . . . it was the truth."

Lola took a shaky breath and shut her eyes. A single tear slipped out of her eye and headed down her cheek before she brusquely wiped it away and ducked her head silently. "I'm SO sorry!" I said, sitting up. "I really didn't mean to hurt your-"

She shook her head quickly. "No, no, it's-" she wiped both her eyes with the back of her hand. "It's ok, I'm happy, just . . . shut up, ok?" She said, her voice thick. She snorted and gave a little chuckle.

She held her hand out, palm down. "Emotionally, today has been like neeeeeooooowwww-" her hand made a steep downwards movement, like a rollercoaster or crashing airplane, "and now it's like pshooooomm!" Her hand zoomed up sharply, higher than it started. "I'm just sort of . . . exhausted. Very, very happy, but exhausted." She clung to my hand. "I can't tell you how happy I am that it was true. I mean it. I've thought about it all day."

"So it's a good thing?" I asked, and she nodded.

"A VERY good thing, don't worry." She got herself under control, just as Karen climbed out and walked over, long legs and gleaming white swimsuit. I realized that when the suit was wet, you could just baaaaaaarely make out the trimmed stripe of her pubic hair. Karen tilted her head to the side and squeezed the waiter out of her hair, which took much less time now that her hair was cut shorter.

"You guys ok?" She asked gently, taking in Lola's red eyes and weak smile.

"We're awesome." Lola said, taking in Karen's lush body and wet skin.

Karen finished with her hair and tossed it back, standing with her hands on her hips. A breeze gusted momentarily across the patio, and her nipples stood out visibly against the smooth curve of her breasts. "Whoo! I need to grab my towel." She gestured at me, and it took me a second to realize I had been sitting against it; it was on the back of my chair.

"Sorry." I said, but she patted my shoulder as I leaned towards her. She reached around me and pulled

her towel out. Wrapping it around herself, she tucked one corner into the side, making a tube dress out of it. "Can I sit?" Karen asked politely, and Lola gestured towards the footstool a few feet away. "Or would you like my seat?" Lola asked, suddenly.

"No, this is fine." Karen smiled, and brought the footstool over to sit next to Lola. "Liu Si is starting to get tired, so we've stopped swim class for now." We looked over to see Liu Si getting towed around the pool by a thrashing Amy, Liu Si holding her ankles as she flailed across the water.

"Does Amy EVER get tired?" Lola marvelled.

"Yeah, but look out when she does. She's full blast, then suddenly cranky and droopy, then out like a light." Karen said. "Just like wheeee, waaahhh, boom! Out." Karen clapped one hand down onto the other one.

Lola laughed, still holding my hand.

"Amy says she conned you into taking us out to dinner again?" Karen joked, crossing her legs.

"She didn't CON me, I'm excited to have you as my guests." Lola said, smiling at her.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Well, Amy mentioned barbecue, so I know a place out about ten minutes past the mall." Lola said. "We can dress casually. It's kind of a western place."

"Neat!" Karen's eyes crinkled in a smile. "I have the perfect jeans for that. Wait till you see."

"Any of you guys got cowboy boots?" Lola joked, and I shook my head, but then remembered.

"Amy's got an old pair somebody got me when she was a baby. I think they fit her now." I said.

"Who knows where those are at," Karen said, resting her chin in her hand. She turned back to Lola.

"Well, you're already dressed perfectly."

Lola looked down, and smiled. "I guess this works out. These jeans are new, too. I got these for Will."

"I'll never fit in them." I said, "Besides, you look WAAAAYYY better in them than I ever would."

"No," She laughed, but I grinned, acknowledging the joke. "I got them to wear for you, like the sweat pants. So now you've seen me in jeans and sweat pants, not just business clothes."

"Now I just need to see you in your other swim-" I began, but she leaned over and jammed her hand over my mouth. "Shut uuuuup!" She growled, eyes huge. "Karen is RIGHT HERE!"

"She'd love to see it too, I'm sure." I said, after pulling her hand away gently.

Lola blushed and looked at Karen, who pretended not to have heard anything. "What were you guys

talking about?' She asked innocently.

"Will is picking on me." Lola pouted adorably.

"You're his guardian, you're allowed to spank him." Karen said, not helping.

I put on a shocked expression, and looked at Lola with wide eyes, but she had already started giggling.

"My safety word is "ouch!" I said primly, and both of them laughed outright.

As they relaxed again, Lola sighed happily. She reached over to take Karen's hand, and Karen took hers gladly. "You guys are the greatest." Lola said dreamily, and leaned her head back and shut her eyes in contentment. Karen shot me a nod like "good job" and I smiled.

Before too long, Amy and Liu Si got bored, and got out of the pool, trudging over to where we sat.

"You ladies done already?" I said, and then "ACK!" as Amy climbed right into my lap, wet bathing suit and all.

"Yeah," Amy sighed, leaning against me, getting my front wet. Liu Si covered her mouth in a sort of mime giggle. "Other than Hu Die and me, all the cool people were over here. Stop squirming!"

"You're soaking wet!" I blurted, and Amy just shrugged. "I know, I was just in the pool, duh!" Lola just shook her head and smiled at me.

Liu Si stood, shifting from foot to foot. "I have to pee!" She admitted suddenly.

"Wait, me too!" Amy said, and jumped back out of my lap. Hand in hand, they took off, Amy heading for the bushes by the house, Liu Si hauling on her arm until they were both aiming back towards the sliding glass doors. In they went.

"She was headed for the bushes again!" Lola said in shock, at the same time Karen growled "I'monna KILL her!" I simply plucked at my damp clothes. Amy does this on purpose.

Karen stood and stretched languorously. At the top of her stretch, with her arms up over her head, her towel came undone, and both Lola and I were treated to a view of Karen's luscious curves. "Whoop!" She gasped, and tried to catch it, but managed to grab it at hip level. "That is a gorgeous swimsuit, honey." Lola said wistfully.

"You don't think I've got a little too much for it?" Karen said, smoothing her hands down her hips and then cupping her breasts with a little frown. I felt Lola's grip on my hand tighten momentarily.

"No, honey, I think you've got it just right." She said, a different tone in her voice. Karen brightened, and leaned down to give her a hug. "Thank you."

"You don't need to thank me for telling the truth," Lola said breathlessly, patting her back with the hand I wasn't holding.

Karen straightened up, threw her towel over her shoulder, and strutted inside.

"Well, I'm going to have to go change," I said, plucking at my shirt again. Reluctantly letting go of her hand, I grabbed my crutches and went to stand. "Could you help?" I asked, and Lola misunderstood.

"Sure, what do you need?" She said, looking at my crutches and trying to figure out how I needed help walking.

"You could do all the buttons and zippers," I said, wiggling my eyebrows at her, and suddenly she got it.

"You!" She blushed, and laughed. "Huh! Bad boy!" She covered her face with one hand. "There's got to be some rules for the flirting! Don't just tempt me!"

"Well, the girls have been the ones getting me dressed and undressed for the last two weeks, so it's not like it's a big secret or anything." I said, with exaggerated innocence.

She came right back at me with "I've seen evidence of your 'big secret' and yes it is!" She took a deep breath. "Ya big tease."

"I'm not teasing." I said, "I fully-"

"You fully intend to make good on every promise, yeah, yeah I know, just we can't DO that right now, so stop making promises, and go put some new clothes on." She put her hands on my shoulders and spun me towards the house.

"Get movin' buster!" she giggled, and I did.

"I'll just wait in the kitchen for you guys." she said, and muttered "Pouring ice down my jeans." right at the very bare edge of my hearing. I acted as if I hadn't heard it (because I don't think I was supposed to) and headed upstairs.

Our rooms were a hive of activity. Liu Si was sitting on the edge of their bed, trying to brush the knots out of her wet hair (she and Amy had apparently jumped in the shower after the dip in the pool, together I presumed) with a pink towel wrapped around herself. Amy, stark naked, was tearing up her closet. "Hello ouch!" Liu Si chirped/wincing, dealing with a big tangle. "Karen said Lola is happy again!"

"Yes, she is." I smiled at her. "Why is Amy destroying your room?"

Liu Si rolled her eyes. "Karen mentioned your old cowboy boots, and Amy is determined that she MUST find them."

"They're in here somewhere, I just know it." Amy said, visible as a skinny ass sticking out of clothes on hangers. "AHA!"

She jumped back out, brandishing a boot. Singular. "Found one!" she held it up proudly. Her hair was still wet, and clung to her neck and shoulders in little curls. "Are you wearing anything OTHER than the

boots?" I asked, with a smile. (and a blush, dammit.)

"Maybe." She struck a pose, hip cocked and her other hand resting on it, legs wide apart. She grinned at me, gloriously naked, enjoying it.

"Put clothes on!" Liu Si said, starting to get just a tiny bit exasperated. "Shoes come last!"

Amy nodded, contrite. "I'm sorry, Hu Die, I wasn't trying to waste time, it's just how often does one get to wear cowboy boots in an appropriate setting?" She put the boot on her dresser, opened a drawer, and dug out panties. As I turned and went back into my room, she asked "Solid or polka dot?"

"Dots." Liu Si said after a moment.

"Pink or blue?"

"Pink!" came the instant response.

Those two are so cute.

I stripped out of my damp clothes and pulled on a dry pair of boxer briefs. The tight grey bottoms always feel good when you first put them on. As I turned for my T-shirt, Karen stuck her head out of the bathroom, her hair in that towel-turban that all women seem to instinctively know how to produce.

"Awww, I missed the best part," She pouted. "anyway, bathroom's open if you need it."

"I'm good." I said, and she stepped into my room tentatively. "Can I bug you for a minute?" She asked, tying up her robe.

"I can't even remember the last time you actually bugged me, but go for it." I pulled my T-shirt down over my head.

"Do you think I was out of line, flirting with Lola a little?" She asked, wringing her hands.

I grinned. "Was that what the stretching was for? And this?" I mimed grabbing breasts. She nodded.

"I was just trying to give her something to think about." Karen said. I reached out for her, and put my arms around her. "I think it was believable. Not exactly subtle, though it could be interpreted as innocent enough. But I guarantee you she took it the dirty way. I think that was just right." I kissed her forehead, and she held me.

"I have no idea what I'm doing." Karen admitted. "I don't know how a woman flirts with another woman. I don't even know if she'll like me, it's just . . . this feeling I have. And I like it."

"I think she likes it too." I smiled. "If I had any advice to offer, it would be to keep it subtle, let her come to you."

"Thanks, big brother." Karen sighed happily. "I'm glad you're not seeing this as a competition."

"I see us more as a team." I said, and gave her a squeeze, which she enjoyed. "Now go suit up. We got a big game tonight."

"Aye-aye, coach!" Karen laughed, and went to her room, through the bathroom.

I got jeans on, and found a comfortable shirt. My leg had improved to where I could dress myself and even put on socks and tie my shoes, but I was using the crutches for walking primarily because the doctor had told me not to even try to do without until the stitches were out.

After about ten minutes, Amy knocked on the open doorway. "Wanna see?" she called, and I said "Sure!" I was in the act of getting my last shoe on.

Amy strutted into my room in black jeans, a skin-tight tan t-shirt, and a black vest. She was wearing the cowboy boots, although she was walking as if they were giving her a little trouble. She stopped in the middle of my room and did the finger-gunfighter pose. "Pshoow, pshoow!" She said, shooting imaginary sixguns.

Liu Si walked in demurely, wearing a knee-length ruffled denim skirt, sandals, and a white top with short poofy sleeves that was covered in tiny ruffles, not too over-dramatic. She stopped next to Amy and gave me a little curtsy. It was adorable. "You two look fantastic!" I said, smiling.

Amy nodded, touched the brim of an imaginary cowboy hat, turned, and fell. No other word for it, just *flop.* It was like she stumbled and fell off of the boots' two-inch heels. "Ow!" she grunted. Liu Si immediately helped her up.

"You ok?" I asked, surprised. "What was that?"

"These boots are a little too big." Amy admitted sheepishly. "I'm wearing two pairs of socks, but my feet slip around inside there. And forget about balancing."

"Have you ever worn heels before?" Liu Si asked. Amy shook her head. "Not really, Mostly just flats."

"It is not as easy as it looks." Liu Si said. "My mother had to wear high heels to work in the restaurant, and I used to try them on at night. They require much balance and concentration."

"You wanna try them?" Amy asked, and when Liu Si blushed and shook her head, Amy insisted. "C'mon, I KNOW you can do it."

Soon, she had Liu Si seated on my bed, and was kneeling in front of her, putting the boots on her feet. "Just try it."

Liu Si stood, and frowned and nodded. "They do not feel too bad. This is neat."

She carefully walked to the door and back. I had to admit, the skirt swishing, and the little cowboy boots under it, looked very cute and sexy. I shot a glance at Amy, and Amy was in love all over again. "Xinshangren, you look AMAZING! Spin around. No, faster."

Liu Si twirled, her skirt flying out and rising up, showing more of her legs. Amy hopped up and down, growling happily. "***Very*** nice." I agreed, grinning at Liu Si. She blushed, and dropped into another curtsy.

"Ok, those are totally yours until I can wear them for real, then I'd like to share them with you, if that's ok. You look SO hot in them." Amy gushed. (Fun Fact: Put Liu Si in a costume, or at least a themed outfit, and Amy loses her mind. I'm talking blushing, can't-let-go-of-her-hand, clingy horniness.) Amy ran over, grabbed Liu Si, and kissed her, ever so tenderly. Liu Si giggled, and pushed Amy gently away, although she did hold her hand.

Karen came in, wearing skin-tight jeans, similar to Lola's, but with a lower waistband and laces halfway up the outside of the calves. She was wearing a button-up shirt, tiny plaid print, almost gingham, tucked in. "What do you guys think? Tucked in?" she untucked it and unbuttoned the bottom three buttons, tying the halves of the shirt in a knot just under her breasts, exposing her tanned, toned midriff. "Or untucked?" she asked, posing.

Oh my god untucked, I thought, but what came out of my mouth was "Maybe you should ask Lola." Karen studied my face and then smiled.

"You like it like this, don't you?" she took a few steps toward me, and I grinned helplessly. She stepped forward quickly and kissed me a quick peck on the lips. "Let's go ask her."

We went downstairs, Amy first, Liu Si carefully following in her new cowboy boots. Lola practically squealed when she saw them. "You two are so CUTE! Oh my gosh!"

When Karen and I walked in, she smiled delightedly at us too. "You all look so awesome!" She looked Karen up and down, appreciatively. "Is this ok, or is it too much?" Karen asked, indicating her midriff. "I can also wear it tucked in."

"Well," Lola said reluctantly, "Where we're going IS at least half bar, half restaurant, and the restroom is in the bar portion. If you go in looking good enough to eat, there's always the slight, slight chance that somebody's going to think about taking a bite."

Karen nodded and re-did her shirt. Lola looked me over. "How about you?"

"I couldn't find my huge belt buckle." I smiled, and I swear to God I almost said 'so I decided to go Indian.' but I left it at that. Lola laughed anyway.

"Ah, you guys are so cool." Lola said, very happy. "Let's go!"

It was slightly more of a drive, but we got there in one piece. It was one of those fake Texas bar/steakhouse kind of places, (as opposed to the fake Australian ones) and the minute we went in, Amy was right at home. It was loud, and there were peanut shells everywhere.

"Check this out!" Amy said, scooping up a handful of peanuts from the big barrel by the door and throwing them on the floor without even opening the shells. "This is SO cool!"

"Amy, at least EAT them." Karen said reprovngly.

"Sorreee!" Amy sang, getting more. Liu Si shyly got a handful as well.

I leaned on my crutch and waited by the little hostess stand. Karen stood with me and peered into the neon gloom. Each table had a little hanging light, but by and large, the place was rather dim. Waitresses in tight jeans, tight t-shirts, and tiny aprons zipped back and forth, carrying delicious-looking food from the brightly-lit kitchen.

Karen tucked her arm into mine. "Smells good." she said.

"Thanks." I grinned, and she bumped me with her hip. "Oop." I grunted, and she giggled.

A very short blonde waitress bounced up to the podium. Her t-shirt had been tied into a knot behind her back, to bring the front of it to regulation tightness. "Howdy! How many?" She chirped in a tiny voice. Her name tag said Belinda.

Lola came in through the surprisingly heavy entrance doors and stood next to me. "Five," I said, and knowing Lola's preferences, added "non-smoking, away from the bar."

The tiny hostess squinted at a laminated map of the tables. "Ok, we should have something ready for you in just a little bit. You wanna have a seat over there, and we'll come get you? Can I get you anything from the bar while you wait?"

"No, thank you." Lola said, and we turned to head over the the waiting area. She hadn't asked our name, but we were the only people waiting, so I guess it didn't matter.

The waiting area was a long narrow alcove with rough wooden benches, a multitude of booze-oriented neon signs, and a few rustic touches, like a deer head, a cowboy hat (nailed down, as Amy found out), and a big-mouth bass mounted to a board.

The bass was robotic, and would occasionally turn from it's board (startling the crap out of Liu Si the first time) to say things like "Y'all jest set a spayull, we'll gitcher dinner ready raaahht quick." or "That shore smayulls good, doannit?"

Every time this folksy event would take place, Amy and Liu Si would frantically attempt to throw peanuts into the phony fish's mouth. In hindsight, maybe they shouldn't have been doing that.

"This place sure is trying hard." I said, watching the fish blithely talk while a hail of peanuts bounced off of it.

"Yee-haw." Lola said with a smile, cracking a peanut and daintily picking the nut out of the shell.

Karen had found a menu and was looking it over. "All of the appetizers have funny names."

I bit into a particularly skunky dead peanut and tried to politely spit it out. "Such as?" I said, trying to clear my mouth of the taste of burnt legume. The shell hadn't cracked open, just flattened between my

fingers, and I had torn it open with my fingernail to get at the actual peanut, which had apparently been the wrong answer.

"Well, jalapeno poppers are called Rattlesnake Eggs," Karen said, still reading.

"Ooh, cream cheese or cheddar?" Lola said, leaning right against her to read over her shoulder.

"Cream cheese." Karen said, resting her head against Lola's.

"I LOVE those." Lola sighed.

Again I tried to crack a peanut shell, and again it merely mashed. Because I am a slow learner, I pulled it apart with my thumbnail to be rewarded with a shriveled peanut that tasted like smoked feet.

"The breaded onion is called a Texas Tumbleweed." Lola said, still cuddled up against Karen.

"I've always wondered about the wisdom of that." Karen said.

"They're pretty tasty," Lola said.

"No, I mean you're out all day, rollin' dogies and rustling ornery cowpokes, and the first thing in your empty stomach is a deep fried onion?" Karen asked. On the other side of me Amy giggled and muttered "cow-poke."

"Maybe cowboys just don't GET heartburn," Lola offered.

My next peanut cracked briskly and was delicious. "Maybe these things are like oysters," I muttered to myself.

"Potato skins with bacon are called Armadillo Scales." Lola noted.

"Ok, that one doesn't sound so appetizing," Karen said in mild disgust.

Amy or Liu Si must have made the shot with a peanut in the fish's mouth, because they both let out a loud whoop. "WHOOOO! Yeah!"

Karen shot a frosty look down the bench, narrowly missing me.

The entryway doors clattered open and a young couple came in. The girl was wearing a tank top and a tiny denim microskirt, and the douchebag was wearing jeans, a skin-tight Ed Hardy t-shirt (the one with the tiger with roses coming out of it's ass) and a humongous black cowboy hat.

As the young woman came tripping in on massive platform heels, the D.B. actually *pushed* her out of the way so he could shut the door. She squawked and stumbled, revealing a very unfortunate buck-toothed overbite. Yikes. That girl could eat an apple through a picket fence for sure.

Amy leaned against me and whinnied quietly, apparently having reached the same conclusion I had.

"Stop that," I stifled a laugh, elbowing her. Liu Si sank another peanut from across the alcove. "Yes!" She hissed, pumping her fist once.

The young couple stepped out of sight, and I could barely make out the squeaky voice of the diminutive hostess (who I right then decided to silently nickname ThumBelinda.) Soon, the young woman came tripping down the alcove in her ridiculous shoes, and she sat opposite of us. The combination of her platform heels and short denim skirt meant that a glimpse of her ivory satin panties was visible to anyone looking. (Damn my eyes.) As if noticing us for the first time, she gave us all a vague smile.

Suddenly over the music system, Achy Breaky Heart started playing at about twice the volume of the previous song. A round of half-hearted whooping came from the dining area, followed by a kind of stomp-clap-stomp rythm. Amy got up and ran to the doorway to look, and quickly gestured for Liu Si. "All the waiters and waitresses are dancing!"

Liu Si jumped up and quickly scampered over. Together, she and Amy stared out the doorway until the song mercifully ended. "That was neat!" Amy chirped, as they came back to the bench.

"THAT'S why we don't have a table." Lola murmured, still resting her head on Karen.

The douchebag came back, obviously not as young as I had first thought, because he carried a draft beer in a tall clear glass. Nothing for his date. He sat down and took a pull from it, only taking it down about 1/4 inch. He offered it to the girl, and she tentatively took a sip and made a face. Beside me, Liu Si made a face also, in sympathy.

Right then, the robotic fish lurched away from the wall to say "Whooooooooo's hungry?!" in the style of 'heeeeeeeere's Johnny!' and a peanut fell out of it's mouth.

As I watched in horror, the peanut arced down, bounced off the brim of the D.B.'s cowboy hat with a sound like *blunk* and fell into his beer with a *plip.* We all watched it sway and sink to the bottom of his glass.

"What the fuck?" The guy said, and looked over at us, but luckily none of us were holding peanuts. I looked just as shocked as he did, and Liu Si pointed at the fish. "It fell out of that fish." She said simply.

The guy tilted his head back and looked up. So did the girl. As she swallowed nervously, her adam's apple bobbed up and down on her neck like a yo-yo on a string. I suddenly thought of ostriches.

The hostess (ThumBelinda) came bouncing down the alcove to us, a pile of menus and silverware bundles clutched in her arms. "Ok, all set?" She said to us brightly.

"Hey," The douchebag called out to her. "Your robot fish just spat a peanut into my beer!"

She looked at him blankly, and then up at the fish, which lurched away from the wall to say something else, but it stopped about halfway with an audible grinding click. "I'm sorry, sir, it appears to be broken." she said after a moment. "If you take your full drink back to the bar they can give you a fresh one."

She led us out into the restaraunt. "Be honest," Lola said to her as we walked. "Was that the wierdest

sentence you've heard all day?"

She laughed. "Probably. That little fish thing keeps breaking, but this is the first time I've heard of it spitting on someone."

Amy and Liu Si were the very pictures of innocence as we negotiated our way to our table. I pulled out the chairs for both Lola and Karen, and took the seat at the end of the table. Amy and Liu Si jumped into the chairs on the other side.

"Becky will be your waitress, but can I get you anything to start?" She asked politely. Amy and Liu Si turned their placemats over and immediately dug the one or two crayons out of the Sweet-N-Lo dish. "I think we're going to start with the Jalapeno poppers, a small, and then a tumbleweed and the small order of chuckwagon fries." Lola said, looking at me. "Unless you wanted something else." I smiled and raised my hands a little. "No, that sounds great to me."

"Karen and I talked it over out there." Lola said, and Karen smiled at me. "We figured three small things would let everybody experiment a little instead of one giant platter we might not like. Plus, their sampler platter was about half wings, and we don't like them." Karen spoke up. I nodded. Me neither. If it weren't for the various sauces, you couldn't get enough interest in chicken wings to make them worth bothering with. We also ordered our beverages, and Becky delivered them promptly, with some hot rolls and cinnamon sugar butter.

We sat and looked around the place. It was big, with open rafters, and various farming and cowboy implements artfully embedded in the walls and ceiling. It is a decorating style I like to call Early Farm Explosion. If you've ever been to a really old Ponderosa or Bonanza restaurant, you know what I'm talking about. Horseshoes, bridles, rakes and random small tools everywhere as if a blacksmith's shop blew up. Added to this were touches like a stuffed marlin, a framed NFL jersey for the local favorite team, and neon signs for every kind of booze they sell. And it was loud, but not unpleasant. People were having a good time, and we were no exception.

"Now what do we want to eat for the meal?" Lola asked/shouted.

"I want barbecue!" Amy cheered.

"What is bar-buh-kew made of?" Liu Si asked, looking at her menu, unsure.

"It's usually pork, although they make it with chicken or beef too. They cook it a long time with sauce so the meat is tender." I said gently.

"What is the sauce like?" Liu Si asked, putting her menu down and just concentrating on me.

"It's kinda spicy, but sweet and sticky, too." I said, "Imagine General Tso's chicken with a little bit of ketchup stirred in."

"And if you get ribs, you can eat it with your fingers!" Amy said, excited. Liu Si looked thoughtful.

"They also have steak, chili, and salads." Karen said, having been listening in on us.

"Plus the catfish is REALLY good here." Lola said. Karen made a face. "Catfish? Seriously?"

Lola patted her hand and nodded. "It's farm-raised, so it's clean, but they batter it and fry it, and I swear it's so light and fluffy you'll never believe it. I'm going to get that for myself."

A little while later, Becky arrived with our appetizers, which really smelled good, even the onion. We placed our dinner orders, and she whisked away.

Karen chose a barbecue chicken salad with a bowl of chili. I picked a "Cowboy cut" ribeye, medium, with steakfries and rice medley. Lola got herself the catfish and steamed broccoli. Amy and Liu Si settled on the barbecue platter, which featured bourbon chicken, smoked beef brisket, and some pulled pork, which always sounded dirty to me. They also ordered a half rack of ribs, which they intended to split.

Lola and Liu Si ate most of the jalapeno poppers, and we all attacked the fries with equal gusto. I think Amy and I did most of the damage to that breaded onion. Whoever decided to put horseradish sauce with an onion had good taste, but horrible breath, I'm sure, but we enjoyed it nonetheless.

While we ate, Lola mentioned that all of the cats had finally been adopted except for Sheba, which we had planned on keeping in the barn anyway.

"We can put her in the barn, but I'm not sure if she'll get that it's her new home," Lola said doubtfully, her face displaying a very cute pout. "I mean she's a cat after all. You can't just command her to stay."

"Butter her paws." Amy said cryptically. Liu Si looked at her and nodded.

"What, honey?" Lola leaned over towards her.

"You take her to the barn, find a bale of hay for her to lay on, put out food and water, and then put butter on her paws." Amy said, looking up at Lola.

"Actual butter?" Karen asked. It was really loud in there, so none of us were 100% sure we understood her.

"Yes." Amy rolled her eyes as if this was all so simple. "You spread butter on her paws really good. She won't like it, so she'll just lay there for a while and lick it off. Licking her paws clean is a grooming behavior, which cats normally do when they're comfortable in their own territory. Forcing her to do it in the barn will imprint the barn in her mind as "her place," and it'll trick her into thinking of it as a place to live." Amy tapped her head. "Psychology."

I was impressed, and so was Lola. "My sister the cat psychologist!" Karen said in awe. Liu Si grinned and said "Animal Planet." We all laughed.

As usual, our entrees arrived about five minutes after we had forgotten they were coming, having concentrated too well on the appetizers. As our waitress set my steak in front of me, I realized *I could probably eat all this if I tried, but I sure wouldn't be good for much afterwards.*

"Is it considered bad form to ask for a doggybag now?" I said. Becky laughed. "No sir, but I'll give you about ten minutes, how's that?"

"Sure." I said. Becky turned to Lola, but kinda kept me in her field of view, just the same. "Can I get you anything from the bar?"

"No thank you." Lola said, just firmly enough so that Becky knew that no was the final answer. She nodded and left.

"Who ordered all of this food?" Liu Si gasped, eyes wide, but Amy was already tearing into hers. We all bravely soldiered our way into the main course.

Lola gave Karen a bite of her catfish, which Karen agreed really WAS delicious. I offered around a bite of steak, and only Amy took me up on it. Liu Si ate all of her bourbon chicken and half of Amy's, giving up her brisket in return. My steak was really good. I didn't even waste time on the rice medley I ordered as a side, just ate about two thirds of my steak and half the huge fries.

I like steak done to medium. Not rare, not burnt, but medium. So the inside is juuuuust pink, and the liquid that comes out doesn't quite look like blood, that's a perfect steak. How people can eat it rare, I don't understand. I can buy raw cow at the grocery store. When I go out to a restaurant, I'm paying someone to cook it. This place served me a great steak. Four stars.

Soon, we were all overfed. Amy and Liu Si had barbecue sauce all over, Amy on her FOREHEAD, and they were engaged in a cleanup effort. "So how do you like barbecue ribs?" Lola asked, smiling.

"It is messy, but good." Liu Si said, scrubbing at her fingers with a napkin. "It could be less messy, though, and I would still like it."

Karen was looking down into the remnants of her salad, her cheeks puffed out. "Somebody take this away." she huffed, after a moment.

Lola had one and a half strips of catfish left, and she saw me looking. "Would you like a taste?" she offered. I was too full to even have dirty thoughts about that statement.

"Want a bite of steak for trade?" I asked.

"Cut me a piece near the edge, where it's thinner and more done." She said, and scooped up a forkful of catfish for me. I did so, and we traded. That catfish IS good.

Becky had delivered the doggy bag containers earlier, and we set about bundling up our food. This place had the good kind, styrofoam containers with little semi-compartments. I remember eating at an italian restaurant once that brought you little foil pouches, which forced you to cram everything into the equivalent of an airsickness bag. It's like you didn't eat the food THERE, so the restaurant is just like "Hey, fuck you."

Lola got the check, which Karen argued with her about. "We ate like little piggies, we should be paying for this. Gimme!"

Lola wouldn't even let her see, twisting to keep it out of her reach. "No, tonight was for me, *I* wanted to take you all out, so I'm paying! Forget it!"

"I'm serious!" Karen said, giving Lola The Look.

"Me toooooo!" Lola mocked, completely unfazed, and stuck her tongue out. Amy snorted and covered her mouth.

As Lola stood with the check, "T-R-O-U-B-L-E" came on over the loudspeakers, and all the wait staff dejectedly started clapping and dancing in the aisles. "Crap!" Lola blurted, and took off, dodging and ducking on her way to the register.

Liu Si was looking at the floor, her lower lip stuck out. "What's wrong, mei-mei?" Karen asked, concerned.

"I am so full I was going to ask someone to roll me to the car, but I would get covered in peanut shells." she pouted, and then giggled. Amy laughed, too. Karen stuck her tongue out at both of them.

We stacked our styrofoam, and within a few moments, Lola had returned. "Man, I almost didn't make it. It was like that thing from American Gladiators, The Gauntlet." She mimicked a few kung fu punches, and we all laughed.

We got out to the car, and the girls got in the back seat, I in the front passenger side, so I could hold my crutches and the food. Lola went around and hopped in the driver's seat.

"Where do you guys want to go next?" she teased.

"Home," Liu Si groaned.

"And then the bathroom." Amy added.

Karen said "Ewww!" while Lola laughed.

"We could call it a night." She said. "I've really enjoyed spending the day with you guys." Her hand found mine in the dark.

"Us, too." I said sincerely, and she sighed happily.

We drove home, windows down, savoring the warm evening. Lola took secondary roads instead of the highway, so we got to go a little slower, enjoying the ride.

As we pulled into our driveway, Amy spoke up. "Dibs on our bathroom."

Liu Si was quick to chime in. "I call downstairs."

"Master bedroom." Karen said, defeatedly, after a moment.

"Uh oh," Lola looked over at me. I shrugged. "I'll just use the Pee Bush." I said, and Karen swatted me, to the sound of Amy and Liu Si giggling.

"I swear to you, I'm trying to civilize them," Karen said to Lola.

Lola chuckled. "Well, don't try too hard. You guys are all perfect as is."

As Lola parked the car, I spoke up. "I need someone to come and get the leftovers, so I can get out." Since I was blocking one of the doors, Lola had to get out, and let the girls out through her side. Amy and Liu Si took off for the house, and Karen came to get the leftovers.

Karen took the leftovers and set them on the roof, then hugged Lola very close. "Thank you so much for a wonderful evening. We had a great time." and kissed her on the cheek.

Lola blushed as Karen continued to hug her. "I had a great time too." She said softly. I simply sat where I was and watched them.

Finally, they separated, and Karen brushed her hair behind her ear, blushing. "Good night." She said gently, scooped up the food and walked to the house. Lola watched her go for a moment, as I stood and arranged my crutches.

"And you," Lola said, turning to me suddenly, almost guiltily. "Did you have a good time?" I took her hand and raised to my lips. "The best," I murmured against it, and kissed it, parting my lips just a fraction to nibble on her knuckle.

Her other hand flew to her throat. "Ooooh my." Then she caught herself. "Don't do that. It's not fair."

"I'm sorry." I said. "I couldn't help myself. I'll try harder." I released her hand.

"See that you do!" She thumped my chest, pretending to be strict. "Wait, try harder to do what? Be good, or be bad?"

I nodded. She laughed. "No, which one?"

"The one you want." I said innocently, raising my eyebrows.

She stomped her foot, but laughed. "I'm going home while I still can." she said, sighing.

"When will we see you next?" I asked.

"Well, don't forget, day after tomorrow, you're to have your stitches removed." She pointed out, walking back around to the Mustang's driver's seat.

I HAD forgotten. "Time flies when you're handicapped." I smiled.

"I'm working for your dad tomorrow, getting things set up, organizing records. I want to be ready the

moment those signed documents arrive." She said, looking at me over the roof of the car.

"It sounds complicated." I was impressed. She was really doing a lot for us, it seemed.

"It is, and in this case, more than the usual." She rested her chin on her crossed arms. "But it's ok. It needs to be done, and it HAS to be right, so I'm taking no chances."

She gave me a salute. "If I don't see you tomorrow, I'll see you the next day, to chauffeur you to get your stitches removed." She blew me a kiss, which I pretended to catch and place gently on my neck. She sighed and smiled, got in the car and drove away.

We were all so full that night we basically just fell into bed and went to sleep, after the obligatory bathroom visits. After three very nice goodnight kisses from three very happy girls, I crutched to bed and went to sleep. I dreamed I was a sheriff in an old western town, and Karen was my deputy, Lola the schoolmarm, and Liu Si ran the saloon. Everything was going smoothly until Calamity Amy showed up.

The next day dawned early, and I awoke feeling refreshed, but a little jumpy. My dreams had ended with me standing in the middle of main street, while a stagecoach bore down on me. Amy had kidnapped Liu Si and was trying to hijack the stage out of town, and I had been trying to stop her. No more deep fried onions for me.

Breakfast was good, eggs and sausage, and soon we were all kind of goofing off in the living room. Liu Si wanted to go exploring in the back fields, but Amy didn't want to go outside in the bugs and the heat, so Karen offered to show her around a few places. Liu Si was delighted, and soon, they had found some bug spray, coating themselves in the sweet-smelling repellent, and off they went. Karen grabbed two bottles of water from the fridge, and they set off on their adventure.

Amy made the most of their absence by spending some alone time with me. She came into the living room where I sat (my leg now stretched out to the ottoman, no longer needing to be elevated) and scooched right up next to me. "Can I talk to you?" She asked, taking my hand in hers.

"Of course," I said, turning off the TV. "What would you like to talk about?"

"I wanted to ask you for something." She said. "It's kind of a surprise."

"Ok, for who?" I asked, smiling.

"For me." She looked up at me. "In the future, I mean."

I was starting to get a little lost. "Um,"

"Well, also I wanted to tell you that Liu Si has helped me get my butt ready to take you, so that's good to go, but I also wanted to ask you for something else." She said, biting her lip. Before I could respond she asked. "Could I play wth it while we're talking?" and laid down on the couch, grabbing a throw pillow to put under her chest so her arms were free.

"Sure, I guess," I said. This all seemed a bit casual, even for Amy. Usually getting my dick out involved

kissing and romance, never just "Hey, can I touch it?" Not that I'm complaining, of course, but it felt a little quick. I leaned back, scooching my hips forward a little, and she carefully unzipped my cargo shorts.

Snaking her little hand inside, she grinned up at me. "So basically I'm buttering you up so that when I make my request, you'll be in the mood to say yes." She parted the fly of my boxer briefs with her fingers and stroked my cock, which felt nice, but wasn't hard. Yet.

"Maybe you should tell me what it is now, while I still have enough blood in my brain to think it over." I said, and she giggled.

"OK, first of all, the minute you're 100% healed, I want you to fuck my ass. I'll need Hu Die's help for a brief warmup, but then I want you to slip it straight up my butt. I'm ready." She said proudly. "I've been looking forward to this ever since I decided to give you my butt, and it's time."

Amy's butt talk had begun to do its job, and I could feel myself lengthening under her fingertips. "Oh, sweet!" She said, noticing, and gently pulled my cock out into the open air, studying it and cupping it softly. "Your penis is SO cool." I was about five inches long at this point, gradually getting harder, every motion of her hands adding to my arousal. She just stared at it, her tongue sticking out of the corner of her mouth in concentration as she stroked and wiggled it.

"Weren't you ahgoing to ask me something?" I asked, trying to keep my head clear. She looked up at me and grinned a little. "Yep. I assume I've got your attention?"

"You've always got my attention," I said, and she leaned my dick over so she could kiss the tip of it tenderly. After the kiss, she gave it a little lick with the tip of her tongue. "Oh my," I said. I passed six inches and headed for seven.

"I love it!" Amy breathed, watching and feeling my erection grow. "But, yeah, I wanted to ask you for a favor, and it involves sex."

"Let's hear it." I said.

"I kinda asked you for this when we were having our sex dinner in the dining room, my first time." She said, and stopped to spit in her hand about three times. Her wet hand went back on my cock and it felt very nice. "But I'm not sure if you remember, or if you took it seriously."

She stopped talking for a moment, as if gathering her thoughts. "When I was little, and used to fantasize about someday making love to you and Karen, a lot of the time, I would masturbate to the same fantasy, and I want to actually have it come true. I want to DO what I used to fantasize about." She leaned my dick over and ran her tongue back and forth across it quickly, then slurped just the head into her mouth. My toes curled in ecstasy.

Pulling it out with a pop, she continued, as if nothing had happened. "I used to imagine myself doing something, either sitting watching TV, or at the table doing homework, or in my room reading a book, and you walking in, taking your hard dick out, and sticking it in my mouth, or my pussy. No foreplay, no asking permission, just coming up to me and slipping your cock into me somehow." She blushed, and

kept stroking.

The details surprised me. I remember her saying something about this during that dinner, but just HOW she meant it hadn't been clear to me. "Just like that?" I asked, surprised, "just boom, cock?"

"Well, like if I was sitting at the table, you would come in, take my hand and make me stand up, push my papers aside, bend me over the table, lift my skirt or pull down my pants, pull my panties to the side, not even take them off, and just fuck me deep, right on the table." She blushed, still working my cock, which was a solid eight by now.

"That sounds a little harsh," I mumbled, but dammit, it WAS turning me on.

She kissed my cock again, gently. "Well, it wouldn't be violent, I mean I don't HAVE any rape fantasies or anything like that, but the idea that you wanted to have sex with me, and it didn't matter that I was busy, makes me really hot." She grinned, her cheeks flushed. "It's like you're saying 'I want your pussy, or your mouth, and it's more important than whatever it was you were doing' kind of thing. Like you couldn't wait another second, you wanted me that bad."

"Wow," was all I could say. Her hand was still caressing and squeezing my cock.

"I think the example I gave you was if you were mowing the grass, and the vibration from the riding mower made you hard, and you came in and I was watching TV, you would stand in front of me, pull your dick out, and just put it in my mouth and start making love to my lips. You would be gentle, but it's like you want sex NOW, so there's no room for argument. I get to please you right then and there, even if you were all sweaty." She grinned. "Especially if you were all sweaty, mmmm." She then proceeded to suck me in earnest for about a minute. I couldn't think at all.

"That's pretty kinky," was all I could manage. She nodded, my dick still in her mouth.

She pulled it out again. "I'll concede that it is, but I want it. I want you to surprise me with sex, kiss me, and go right back to what you were doing. Oooooohh, I fingered myself to that idea so many times." She took a deep breath. "I know you'd be doing it for me, but I want you to pretend that you're doing it for you, ok? Just come and TAKE it, it would make me SO happy."

"I . . . maybe I could do something like that . . ." I trailed off. She blushed again. "I even had a name for my fantasy." She admitted.

"Oh?" I said, interested. She nodded. "Promise you won't laugh. Remember, I had two years to think about it." I held up two fingers like 'scout's honor' even though I was never a scout.

"William The Conqueror." She said quietly, and sucked me all the way into her mouth with a growl. "Really?" I blurted.

She fluttered her eyelashes at me, and sloooooowly slid off my cock again. "So would you? Please? Pretty please with sticky blowjobs on it?" She begged. Her fingers traced up the bottom of my shaft and flicked over the tip of my erection.

"I'll do it." I gasped. I can't say no to Amy. Not when she's sucking my dick, and she knows it.

"YES!" she cheered, and just gobbled me right down, halfway into her throat, going to town, swallowing, stroking, pulling and squeezing. Before even a minute had passed, I could feel my balls tightening, my orgasm pulling back like a tidal wave before it destroys the shoreline. "Amy! ah! AH! SHIT!" and I came down her throat, so hard it almost hurt, so fast I was literally surprised.

Amy just smiled at me with her eyes, moving her tongue up and down the side of my quivering erection, milking me with her right hand, caressing and gently pulling on my testicles with her left, to make them relax. I gasped for air, trying to get my thundering heartbeat back under control. For a quickie, that one was remarkably intense. "Whew!" I gasped, wiping my face with one hand.

"I'm going to miss this," She said, wagging my throbbing dick back and forth, blowing on it to cool it. "Having you as a captive audience, any time I want you. Once you're back on your feet, I won't have it so easy. I'll have to go look for you, and hope you're not doing something else.""

"Yeah, I see your point." I mumbled, literally drained, and she giggled. "For this William the Conqueror thing, how do I know when a good time is?" I asked.

"Pretty much any time you think of it." Amy said, still fondling me, gently stroking me up and down as I shrank. "I mean, if I need to go to the bathroom, I'll warn you, but pretty much any other time you want it, I'm good."

"Don't you need foreplay to get in the mood? Especially when we graduate to intercourse? Won't you need to be pretty wet to take it?" I asked, concerned.

Amy grinned. "Trust me. You walk in and get your cock out, I'll BE wet! I can go from zero to soaked in about 5 seconds." She kissed my flagging erection. "Thank you."

"For what?" I said, "I should be thanking you."

"For everything." She licked me clean, and tucked it back into my pants. I did my own zipper, and relaxed.

"I think I'm going to take a little nap." I said, and she hopped up and let me lay on the couch. "I love you. Enjoy your rest, you earned it." She patted me companionably on the shoulder, and strolled out of the room with a spring in her step. I closed my eyes and slept it off.

Karen and Liu Si returned about an hour later, with wildflowers, a few pine cones, an old wasp comb, and a little bird's nest. Liu Si ran upstairs to get Amy's magnifying glass, and she and Karen sat at the dining room table and studied their finds. When she lived at the shop, Liu Si had never really been allowed to experience nature, so all of the stuff outside was still exciting to her. I joined them at the table.

When she showed me the bird's nest, she was so careful with it, almost as if it were some priceless relic. The wasp nest comb was also treated with gentleness. "Even animals want a safe place to live." She mused. "In that respect, we are not so different."

After Liu Si had journeyed upstairs to fetch the magnifying glass, Amy dug her fossil out of the closet, which is a small stone with a fern leaf formed along the side of it. Liu Si was amazed. She and Amy and Karen went and looked up all kinds of stuff on the Internet, and we spent all night watching the Discovery Channel.

Sometimes I forget that Liu Si was basically raised in a box. We'll come across something that's old to us, but completely new and amazing to her, like fossils. To us, hey, fossils. Big deal. To Liu Si, it's like a freakin' time machine, she can't believe it. To this day, that kind of thing will still happen.

That night, as we lounged, Liu Si and Amy snuggled up on the floor, Karen laying with her feet in my lap, Karen asked me. "So you go to the doctor again tomorrow?"

"Yep." I said.

"How long until your stitches are taken out?" Karen asked. "Is it still a ways off, or soon?"

Way back in my brain, a little red light bulb went on. "Soon." I said. "Tomorrow they'll see how I'm doing." Not a lie, but an omission of truth. Amy's talk of William The Conqueror had gotten me thinking.

Karen sighed wistfully, but said nothing. Oh yeah, I thought. Tomorrow is going to be fun. After watching a show on undersea volcanoes, we all headed off to our beds.

The next day, Lola came to get me at the house at around 2 o'clock, in the Mustang. "Today you get your car back!" She said as I got in the passenger side. "Although I'll admit, it's been fun driving it."

She was wearing a purple wraparound blouse, which made a deep V-neck, and tight black slacks with open sandals. I just wore a camp shirt and jean shorts with tennis shoes.

"You can still borrow it occasionally, if you like." I quipped. "Even if I haven't been stabbed."

"Oh, you're TOO kind," she responded, smiling.

We continued to chat as we headed to the doctor's office. Our conversation was easy and fun, two people having a good time, enjoying being close to one another. I don't even really remember what we talked about, just that I was happy, and she was happy, and the world seemed so perfect and alive.

In the doctor's office, after looking through Entertainment Weeklys from 2004, I crutched back and put my leg up on the table and they unwrapped the bandages. My stab wound had healed shut, but the stitches still looked black and foreign in my skin, like little ants dug in or something. The cut itself had become a line in my flesh, lighter than the skin around it. The nurse pursed her lips and gave me a look of sympathy when she saw it.

(Oh yeah, each time I went back, I got a different doctor and assistant. Today's doctor was about fifty, the nurse about 25 or 26.)

"Well, this looks pretty good, actually." The doctor said, tearing open a plastic packet which contained some strange-looking angled scissors. "How does it feel? Any pain, itching, fever?"

"Well, at first it hurt a lot, and then it would occasionally itch, but lately it's been pretty cool. I feel little pinches when I stretch my leg too much." I said, and he nodded.

"That would be caused by the stitches. Your body is trying to heal, and they're in the way. They've gone from holding it together, to holding it back." He opened the scissors, and I saw one side was more like pliers. He slipped this end under the stitch, snipped, then pulled sideways, and just like that, the surgical thread popped out, clenched in the scissor's grip.

Removed, the stitch looked tiny, just a little scrap of thread. I expected more, I guess. The doctor placed his fingers on either side of the stitch-hole and squeezed gently. Blood slowly welled, but it didn't squirt out or anything. "Good," he said, satisfied. On down the line he went. Snip, pull, pinch, snip, pull, pinch, etc.

"There doesn't look like there's any infection. You did a good job taking care of this, and keeping it dry." He said, and I nodded. "You can thank my sisters. They figured out a way for me to shower, and still keep it dry."

"Smart of them." The nurse said. "Some patients, when you tell them to keep their cast or incision dry, you'd think you told them not to bathe. It's not pretty." The doctor shot her a look, like she wasn't supposed to talk, but he turned back to me. "We're going to put some triple antibiotic ointment on there, and a fresh bandage, but you're good to go. You won't need your crutches anymore."

"Can I keep them?" I asked.

"You WERE billed for them, so they belong to you." He shrugged, shook my hand and left. The nurse put the ointment (which I later realized was probably just neosporin) on a gauze pad and put it back on my leg.

"So how'd it happen?" She asked conversationally. "What did this?"

"A cooking knife." I said, and because I was in a snarky mood, added "Never ask for ketchup in a chinese restaraunt."

She laughed, and finished the bandaging. "Well, have a nice day. And watch out for Iron Chefs."

I strolled out to the waiting room, to find Lola using a pen to color in a picture on an old Entertainment Weekly, this one from 2001. "Hey, are you done vandalising the reading material?"

"It's only Yasmeen Bleeth, no one's going to care." she said, and held it up for me to see. Ms. Bleeth's smile now had a few teeth blacked out. It was hilarious.

Lola rose and grabbed her purse. "So how did it go? Will you ever tap dance again?"

"Lord willing." I grinned. For the first time in nearly a month, my crutches stayed in my hand instead of my armpits.

We went out into the bright sunshine. Lola put her sunglasses on, and sighed happily. It was a beautiful day.

(Another reason I love Lola. She won't wear those nasty giant scuba-mask style sunglasses that make her look like a gay welder. Strictly normal-sized eyewear for her.)

I had already walked down the three steep steps to the pavement, but she had paused at the top. An idea struck me. "Hop on my back and I'll give you a ride to the car." I said, squinting. I leaned my crutches against the handrail.

'Hah! You-" she paused, looking at me. "You're serious!"

"I am. C'mon, it'll be fun." I gestured, but she didn't budge.

"You really expect me to jump on your back and get carried across a parking lot?" She said, her voice going higher. She didn't seem mad, but her mood was a little hard to read. Shocked, but nervous, while amused?

"How long has it been since you had a piggyback ride?" I said, enjoying this. "Look, I'll make it more comfortable." I started unbuttoning my shirt, and she ran down the steps to stop me.

"No! You put your shirt back on!" She said, now starting to get a little embarrassed, but still looking like she was having fun. "Don't you DARE."

"How about this? I triple dog dare you." I grinned at her.

She took a deep breath, and let it out in a laugh. "Big talk, tough guy."

"I'll go quick. Nobody will see us." I said soothingly. She shifted from foot to foot, 99% convinced. "You'll regret it if you don't. You'll look back at this and say 'If only I'd ridden on Will's back.'"

"Ok, fine!" She laughed. She stepped back up on the step and held her arms out to me. I quickly turned, and hunched down a bit, and she carefully put her arms around my neck and hopped up to wrap her legs around my waist. I positioned my arms under her knees and pulled her pelvis as close to my spine as I could get. I LOVED the idea that her pussy was only millimeters away from me. "Geez!" She breathed in my ear as I held her. (boner noise: boiiingg) "I'm definitely not going to fall off. You've got quite a grip there." She squeezed me with her thighs. Oh mercy. She didn't feel heavy at all, it was very nice.

"Right back at you." I said, and I heard her give a tiny gasp. "Hey, was this just an excuse to-"

"Could you hold my crutches? This train is leaving the station." I interrupted, and leaned over. She took one hand and grabbed both crutches, holding them crossways across my chest. "Bad boy." she almost purred in my ear. I was getting hot.

"And AWAY!" I cried, and took off at a trot. The parking lot was a big loop, and the Mustang was to the left. So of course I went right. Lola squealed.

"You sneak! AaaAaaAaah!" she cried, as I trotted. I was careful not to jostle her too much, but she was still getting bumped a little. She was laughing, hard, trying to hang on.

"I decided it was a nice day, let's take the scenic route." I yelled, and she growled at me. I made the first turn and leaned into it, making her clutch me tighter. A little old lady in one of those electric scooters just missed us as I passed a large van. "Ack!" Lola yelped, and laughed even harder. "Oh crap!"

"You're the one driving!" I called back, and swerved a little. She squawked, and I laughed. I was having a blast. She was speechless with laughter, just trying to get her breath. Rounding the final turn, I took a deep breath. As much fun as this was, I was starting to tire.

"I can't believe you talked me into thiiiiiiis!" Lola howled, as I jogged the last seventy feet. I stumbled to a stop, and let her down, still laughing. She wiped her eyes and leaned against the car, both of us trying to catch our breath.

As soon as she got herself under control, she offered me back my crutches. "Do you need these?" She giggled, embarrassed. "No, I'm good." I said, wiping my eye.

"I can't believe you carried my ass ALL the way around." she swatted me.

"I didn't want it to end." I admitted. "I would carry any part of you, anywhere."

She sighed, and giggled again. "That WAS fun. I can't remember the last time I did that. But you didn't answer my question."

"What question?" I said, looking innocent.

"Was that just an excuse to" She blushed.

"To what? Get close to you?" I said, and grinned. "Let's call it a happy side benefit."

"I KNEW it." she pretended to frown, but then hugged me briefly. "Let's get out of here. Everybody's staring."

I looked around, and didn't see anyone, but I acted like I did. "There's a TV crew, with cameras! You're going to be famous! Piggyback Lady!"

"Shut up," she laughed, and beeped the car so we could get in. She opened the passenger side, and I went to the driver's seat.

"I think you made that old lady jealous. SHE only had a scooter, YOU had a young man to carry YOU around." I said, stowing my crutches.

"Getinthecar!" She growled, still giggling. I tried to swing my legs in, but the seat was all out of whack. "How do you drive like this, honestly!" I pretended to be annoyed, fixing the seat. She stuck out her tongue and gave me a raspberry, then hiccuped another giggle.

I turned the key and felt the car purr to life. Ahhhh. It's good to be driving again. I backed out, and headed for the road. Lola reclined her seat and stretched. "I laughed so hard I hurt my sides. Geez." She relaxed. "Thanks for talking me into that, it was a blast. You make things fun."

I enjoyed the simple pleasure of driving us home. A few minutes from the house, her cell phone rang, a plain brrrrring, nothing fancy. She frowned at the caller ID and answered it. "Hello?" A pause. "Yes, this is she." Another pause, then a disappointed "Oh no. No, I understand." I watched a bird fly at us, then curl away at the last moment. "How soon do you need to . . . tonight? No, no, I can be there. No, I guess you couldn't help it." I glanced over at her, even though I always felt like other people's conversations are none of my business. "Right. I'll be there later. goodbye." She hung up and kinda threw her hands up in exasperation. "Darn it."

"What's up? Something wrong?" I asked, concerned.

"The family that adopted Boots will be having their grandmother move in, and she can't stand cats. So I have to go get Boots, or they're going to take her to the Humane Society, and I have to do it tonight." She rubbed her eyes and looked out the window. "Time to be a cat adoption representative again."

"Sorry." I said, not sure if we could help. As if reading my mind, Lola patted my knee. "Not your fault. I'm just not done with that job, that's all. If you'd drop me at the house, that would be nice." and here we came around the bend. I pulled into our driveway, alongside her house.

"Thanks for the ride," She grinned, and leaned in for a kiss, which I gladly gave.

"Call us, ok? Maybe come over tomorrow?" I asked, and she nodded. "I'd like that."

She climbed out and turned, leaning down. I got a nice view down her V-neck wraparound blouse. "Ta-ta for now." she said with a wink.

Took the words out of my mouth, I thought, but I said. "Goodbye."

I drove down the driveway and stopped the car. Time for the homecoming celebration. I found the tin of Altoids I always keep in the car and crunched one. (Spiro had always been convinced that minty breath got you better tips as a delivery driver, and he used Fat Lenny as proof of the reverse.)

Leaving my crutches on the back porch, I strode calmly into the kitchen and slid the door shut behind me. I quickly tossed my camp shirt onto a barstool and kicked off my shoes.

Karen was standing at the stove, stirring something with a wooden spoon. She was wearing linen shorts and a spaghetti-strap dancer's top that jealously hugged her gorgeous frame. "Excuse me." I tapped her on the shoulder. When she turned, I scooped her up bodily in my arms. She gave a squeal and clutched me, causing hot water clinging to the spoon to accidentally drip on my arm, but I ignored it. "What are you doing?" She giggled/squealed as I carried her towards the living room.

"I got my stitches out." I said, navigating the doorway with ease. Her eyes lit up.

"But dinner!" She gasped. "The noodles!"

Amy and Liu Si were playing Kingdom Hearts in the living room, and both of them looked up when I entered triumphantly, holding Karen in my arms. They both grinned, and Amy literally clapped her hands with glee.

"Liu Si, would you be a dear and watch my noodles for me?" Karen said, her voice shaking a little with excitement. "I think I'm going to be a little busy."

"She's going to be a lot busy." I promised, and Karen shuddered happily. Liu Si leapt up and took the spoon from Karen's hand with a blushing smile. "Thank you." I told her, and she curtsied, giggling.

I turned and marched up the stairs, bouncing Karen a little with each step. She clung to me in delight or fear of losing her balance, I'm not sure which. "Woo Woo!" Amy cheered.

"Mine or yours?" I asked as we reached the top.

"I . . . I don't know!" She said, flustered, but happy.

"We could do it on Amy and Liu Si's bed," I joked, and she swatted me gently.

"Mine!" She said, and I continued down the hall.

"Why the hesitation?" I asked.

"Well, I like the way your bed has plenty of room to move around, but I also like knowing that we fuck in my bed. On a normal night, when I'm laying there going to sleep, it's like I can feel the vibes of when we did it, and it makes me happy." She admitted happily.

I got us through the doorway into her room, and I kicked the door shut with my heel. As I set her on her feet, I held out my hand and gently commanded her, "Shorts!" Giggling, she quickly shucked them down her shapely legs with a little shimmy. "Somebody's in a hurry!"

"You have no idea!" I said, taking her shorts and hanging them on the doorknob, blocking the keyhole from the hall. When I picked her up again, her thighs and buttocks were so warm and soft against my arms. "I've been missing this since I got stabbed, and you've literally been all I could think about for almost two days."

I set her down again by her bathroom door. "Your top, please?" I said firmly, and she used both arms to pull it up her ribcage and over her head. I LOVE that. I draped the thin material over that doorknob as well, blocking the keyhole there. "Two days? I know one of us has done you since then. Didn't Amy suck you off in the living room yesterday morning?" She asked, standing there in her lacy, baby-blue bra and low-rise panties. She posed for me, hands on hips.

I scooped her up again and looked into her eyes. "I never stopped thinking about you." I said sincerely, and a rosy blush crept up her cheeks and down the lovely upper slope of her breasts. Two more steps had us to the door to Amy's room, and I set her down one last time. Before I could even speak, she

turned, bent over, and sloooooowwwwwly lowered her panties, exposing her secrets to me, as I devoured her hungrily with my eyes. "Here you go." She purred, and draped them softly into my open hand. I wiggled my eyebrows at her. "I was going to ask for your bra," I said, and she shrugged and threw her arms behind herself to unhook it. I watched her jiggle and bounce as she undid the clasps, and she leaned forward, shimmying it down her arms.

My cock was so hard at this point I actually heard my zipper creak. "Oh geez!" Karen gasped, staring down. I looked down, and yep, that's what it looks like. I was experiencing some slight bending, but my pants looked like a booby trap. "Could you help me with that?" I asked playfully, hanging Karen's underwear on the last doorknob, covering the keyhole into Amy's room. She knelt and undid my belt, then my button, then carefully lowered my zipper, using her other hand to take up the tension. Soon, she had unbent me, and my shorts were around my ankles, only my boxers hiding the erection from her gaze.

With a quick tug from Karen, these were gone as well, shot to my ankles. My erection bobbed upwards, waving in the cool air, and she grasped it carefully, running her fingers down the underside as it pointed up.. "I love you," She cooed to it, her eyes wide, her smile warm and promising. I reached down my hand for her, which she took demurely and stood. One final time, I lifted her and bore her away towards her bed. I still wore my t-shirt, but I was too overloaded with anticipation to worry about how silly I looked.

"What was with the doorknobs?" Karen asked breathlessly, clutching me again. I lay her down on the bed and climbed over top of her, straddling her gorgeous legs, my arms holding me up. I leaned in for a short kiss. "Privacy." I said lovingly. "You're the only person in my world right now, and everything that's happening here is just for you." Another kiss. "I wanted to show you how much I love you, and how much you mean to me. To remind you."

"I n-never forgot," She stammered, her voice full of emotion. "But it's nice to be reminded."

"You've been very generous, allowing Amy and even Liu Si to share our love, but I wanted to make sure you didn't feel left out." I promised, "In fact, I wanted to prove to you all over again that you're at the center of my universe."

She sighed happily, her eyes damp. "I love you. And I trust you. I know how much you love me."

"How can you know how much I love you, when there aren't even enough words or enough breath to say them?" I murmured, nuzzling her ear as she squirmed under me.

"Because I love you just as much!" She gasped, "Now quit teasing me!"

"Teasing?" I gently licked her earlobe, and she moaned, clutching at me.

"You carried me up here, took my clothes, you're licking my ear, and your penis is leaving wet spots on my thigh." She gasped. "I'm already hot as I can stand and you're not even naked yet? Get that shirt off, buster!" She pulled at my shirt with both hands and I heard a thread snap. Inspiration bloomed.

"As you wish, my love." I said, and rose up on my knees, my dick waving in the air between us. Taking

the collar of my undershirt in both hands, I ripped it apart, right down the middle. It made a *ffffrrrrrrrrrrrip* noise.

"Oh ho ho ho hoooo," Karen laughed evilly. "That was goooooood. Come here!" and she reached for me excitedly. I leaned back down, my ripped shirt hanging off of me like a vest, and she ran her hands up my stomach and chest. "Mmmmmm!" She sighed, and grabbed my right sleeve, pulling sharply on it until it ripped loose. "Awesome!" She giggled, as I lifted my arm and shook the sleeve off onto the floor. As my bicep was exposed, she grabbed it and gave it a squeeze. She growled happily and turned her attention to my other sleeve.

I lowered my pelvis until my accoutrements were firmly pressed against her thighs, and ground against her gently, my cock sliding up and down just a bit, indeed dripping precum on her soft skin. My left sleeve was proving less cooperative, so I took her hand and put it on the thin strip of fabric between my right armhole and the ruined collar. "Rip it off." I instructed her, and she pulled with both hands until the fabric parted.

"This is fun!" She purred, reaching back over to the left and simply pulling off the wreckage of my shirt. "Ripping your clothes off! So cool!"

I leaned in for a kiss, my cock pressing harder against her thighs as I bent down. She squirmed against it as we kissed. "Why is that still on the outside of me?" She pouted when we parted from the kiss. "I want it inside where it belongs!" She complained in a cute voice.

I gripped her hips and slid it up the crevice where her thighs were pressed together, pressing my swollen cockhead against her pubic mound, the angle wrong for actual insertion. She writhed underneath me, unable to spread her legs, moaning in anticipation. "Come oonnnnn!" She grabbed at my wrists and pulled, but I didn't budge. Her nipples looked hard enough to carve granite, and she was practically out of breath already. "It's been three weeks! Don't make me wait any more!" She demanded, her jaw set with determination.

I was enjoying toying with her, glad of the knowledge that she wanted me as much as I wanted her, giddy with the feeling of getting her super-excited, knowing that I was going to give her everything she wanted, just not quite yet.

I leaned down to kiss her again, my cockhead pressing hard on her mound as I leaned on it. She gave a little wail of frustration, and kissed me back. "I'm going to get up. Pull your knees up as high as you can and spread your legs. Do it now!" I commanded, and jumped up.

She yanked her knees up so hard her butt literally came up off the mattress, and she clasped her hands behind her knees and held herself, open and exposed, before me. I could see her gorgeous pussy was already soaked, clear liquid coating her labia and trickling down over her little puckered anus. I decided that she looked too delicious to fuck right away. Time for an appetizer.

I knelt at her pussy, my cock only inches away, and put my hands on hers, helping to hold up her knees. "Yeeees!" She whimpered, and I could see her anus clutch and relax. Someone's excited. But instead of nestling closer, I put my weight on my hands and stretched out my legs, my feet skidding away across the bedsheet as I lowered my face to her pussy.

She growled in disappointment, but only for a moment. I could feel her warmth on the sensitive skin of my face, and the smell of her delicious pussy excited me even more. I literally dove in with my tongue, swiping up from her perineum in wide, firm strokes, licking every fold, every soft, luscious wrinkle. She cried out in joy as I licked and stroked, my nose tickling her clit while my tongue furrowed and caressed her warm, wet pussy. "Yes!"

To say she was wet would almost be an understatement. When my tongue would wiggle up from the bottom of her pussy to her clit, it was almost like walking upstream. My chin and cheeks were soon slick with her delicious juices, and I was getting excited just from the smell, even beyond how aroused the taste of her honey always made me. I imagined my cock sparking and crackling like a taser. This evening was going to be epic.

I took my right hand away from her knee and began stroking her labia and her perineum with my fingertips. She squirmed and purred happily. She was so wet, everywhere, that had I tried, I probably could have slipped a finger up her ass with little or no effort, but I didn't. Instead, I pressed the palm of my hand against her pussy, slow and hard, until her clit practically *popped* out between my forefinger and middle finger. This, I attacked with the tip of my tongue, and she groaned in excitement. As I flicked and licked her little bean, I mashed my hand around in a small circular motion, practically grinding the palm of my hand against her pelvis, smooshing (not TOO hard) all those sensitive tissues. I only did that for a moment, and then removed my hand, releasing the pressure. Karen gasped and gave a little whine, squirming again.

I went back to licking her lovely labia, sticking the tip of my tongue actually INTO her vaginal opening, and for the first and perhaps only time in my life, I was envious of Gene Simmons. If I had one wish I could make about my body, I would wish for a giraffe tongue. Being able to fuck my ladies with it, tasting them inside while pleasuring them? 'Tis a blessing most devoutly to be wish'd. Anyway, I did my best, then withdrew and trolled my forefinger up and down, top to bottom, until it was fully coated in her delicious lube. I gently wiggled it into her (now VERY tight and excited) pussy, then returned my attention to her clit, sucking at it with my lips, lapping at it with my tongue. I wiggled my finger up and down, worked it in and out, never deeper than the second knuckle, twirled it around and around, and Karen started to go crazy.

Panting and writhing, so much that it started to get difficult staying on her clit, she began finding her voice. "Ooooooh yes, finger my pussy! Oh yeahhhhh! Wiggle it -Ah!" a little squeal escaped her as I obeyed. I laughed silently. I was having a great time, and she couldn't even keep still.

I withdrew a bit, watching all that was going on, and saw her anus was clenched up super tight. (When I was on the couch all day, recuperating, and I was 69'ed with Karen or Amy, I could use their little pucker as a visual gauge of how close to orgasm they were. Looser and relaxed, means not too close. Clenched and quivering, orgasm ahoy. True story.)

"My clit!" Karen demanded with a gasp, as my finger continued to wiggle and thrust into her tightening opening. "Liiiiick my cliiiiiiiit!" she whined.

I did. Mostly.

I would flick it firmly, lavishing my tongue all over it, and then stop. I would keep my tongue against it, but not moving for oh, about three seconds or so. Then more licking, warm and enthusiastic, then another pause, maybe a little longer. Still more licking, then more NOT licking. She tried to hump her pelvis at me, to rub her clit against my tongue, but I moved back just enough. Karen went NUTS.

Where my left hand still helped hold up her knee, she pulled her hand loose and pretty much grabbed my hair, pulling my face into her pussy. I immediately stopped fooling around and went after her clit, tapping it and stabbing at it with the tip of my tongue. I also turned my right hand over and started using my index finger (still buried in her honeypot) to make a "come here" gesture. (Which is apropos, because I wanted her to come here.)

Karen's voice went up another octave, like that part of a song after the bridge where they shift up for the big finale. "Ahh! Ahhh! ANNHH! YES! YESSS!!"

Her grip on my hair was downright demanding, but I did my best to live up to those demands. I licked, I sucked, I beckoned and stroked, and her appreciation was physical and immediate. Her pussy started almost grabbing my finger, even as her clit got harder and larger, almost the size of a good lima bean as my tongue batted it up and down, left and right.

As she wound up to her orgasm, she began a wail that started low and got higher and louder, peaking when her voice broke and she had to gasp for air. "AaaaaaaAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIAAAAAAAHHH!!!" She threw her head back and *screamed.*

(I once heard a standup comedian say you know you're doing a girl right when she starts singing the theme from the original Star Trek. "aaaaaAAAAAAaaaa-aaaa-aaa-aaa-aaaaaaa." and so on. This was one of those moments.)

She lost her grip on my hair and her knee at about the same time, her left leg slipping out of her solo grasp and falling down by my side. I still held up her other knee, and I still stroked her pussy with my fingertip, just playing around the opening, leaving her clit alone. She gasped for air, covered in sweat, and wiped at her face. "Oh my god." She gulped, panting.

"Doing good?" I asked, kissing her upraised thigh. She chuckled. "I am doing SO good right now, it's hard to describe." She reached out and smoothed my hair. "I'm sorry for pulling your hair, but I couldn't take it anymore." I grinned at her. "Good." I withdrew my finger and kissed her pussy.

"Now roll over on your side," I said gently, and pushed the knee I was still holding to the right. "Anything you say," Karen sighed happily, and rolled over.

She ended up laying on her left side, her left leg extended normally below her, with her right leg pulled up as high as it would go towards her chest. "What's this for?" she asked, curious, still out of breath.

"I wanted to try something," I confessed, and scooped up, straddling her extended left leg, kneeling with my right knee under her folded right leg. My cock was rock hard, and as I scooped up her leg towards her glorious, warm pussy, I could feel her heat and moisture on the tip of my cock. Karen jumped a MILE. "Geez, you're right there!" She gasped, as my tip tickled her labia, which were pressed together in this position.

I lowered myself a little, until my testicles rested on her thigh, and began swabbing the tip of my dick back and forth along her wet slit. Once my glans was good and wet, I gently pressed it into her, where I thought her vagina would be. It didn't go in, but Karen lurched. "Uhh!" She flinched. "Too far back!"

"Sorry," I apologized sincerely, dragging it more towards her front.

"It almost went in," She chuckled, a little scared. "If Amy found out I let you do my butt before you did hers, she'd never forgive me. And I didn't even mean to!"

"I thought I was in the right place. I can't see it from this position, so . . ." I said, my voice gentle.

Karen reached up and patted my stomach. "I know, it's cool. Here, let me," She said, still a little breathless, and she stuck out her tongue in concentration as she reached down behind herself and grabbed my dick with her fingertips. She gave me a squeeze and sighed happily. "Mmmmmm"

She hitched her hips a little, still keeping her right leg pulled up high. Moving my cock to a specific spot, she wiggled it a bit, and let go. "Ok, now you're right at the OH JEEZUS GOD!!" She shouted as I pushed it slowly inwards. I stopped halfway in, in surprise. She clutched her sheets almost in a panic.

"Are you OK?" I gasped. Her eyes were as big as saucers, and she fought for air, clutching her upraised thigh so hard her knuckles turned white. "How? How did-" She stammered, and reached down again to touch my penis tentatively. "It feels like it's three times bigger! Oh my god!" She gulped. "How did that happen?!"

First things first. "Does it hurt? Should I take it out?" I said, watching her closely. She gasped another breath and shook her head. "No, no it doesn't hurt, it just feels SO much bigger than ever!" She wiped her eyes which had begun to water. "And for the record, I wish you never had to take it out. Oh my god, why does it feel so big?"

"I think it's the way you're laying. On your side with your leg pulled up, you're squishing your own pussy, and now that I'm putting something into it, all those nerves are reading double or triple the sensation they normally would." I stroked her thigh, my dick still buried halfway in her. "Plus, since you just had an orgasm like a minute ago, so they're all good and warmed up anyway. Is it too much, should we stop?"

She shook her head firmly. "I'm good, it just shocked the crap out of me. Start slow, ok? I love you." and she lay back down. I put one hand on her hip, and one hand under her upraised knee, lifting it a little, and sloooowwwly slipped my dick all the way inside. She took a deep breath and just moaned softly. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhh yeeeeaaaahhhhhh."

Reaching my full depth, I pulled out about 3/4 of the way, right to where the thickest part of my dick was right at the opening, and drove it back in again, just a tiny bit faster than last time. "Oh my god," Karen whimpered, and I was simply beyond words.

On each outstroke, it felt like I was getting a vacuum seal, like her pussy was literally sucking my cock in addition to the usual feeling. On each instroke, I felt like I could actually feel the texture of her pussy, as if there were bumps and ridges massaging me like little lips and fingertips INSIDE that pink paradise.

Maybe that doesn't sound right. When a girl has her mouth on you, you can tell where her lips are, where her teeth (hopefully not TOO well) are, and where her tongue is. Normally for me, Karen's pussy was all pleasure, all the time, with no distinction between one part or another, merely how deep I was in it. THIS time, it felt like instead of a smooth surface, I could feel an entire roadmap of varied sensations.

I pulled out again (vacuum seal) and slowly thrust deep into her once more, marvelling at the feeling of her compressed pussy. "Sweet FUCK!" Karen shuddered, trying to breathe. Again, I stroked it in and out. This felt soooooo good. "Can I go a little faster?" I gasped, and Karen gave a slightly nervous giggle. "I'm not sure," She said hoarsely, and took a deep breath. "If I die, promise me you'll stop, ok? Or if I look like I'm going to die, stop before I do."

"Is it that bad?" I asked, concerned, and not thinking straight. "No, it's that good," Karen said. "I'm a little scared by how this feels. Just . . . don't go TOO fast, and I'll do my best to stay with you, ok?"

I nodded, and she looked back up at me. "I love you so much, Will. I love you SO much." She put her right hand on my chest for a second, and then used it to hold her right leg up.

I began carefully thrusting and withdrawing, just slowly sliding in and out, each motion bringing more and more pleasure, as if it were a volume knob turning higher and higher. Her pussy was so tight in it's grip that I think if she hadn't been SO wet from the licking, that one or both of us might have gotten hurt.

Our bodies meshed together flawlessly, the angle and the position allowing me to bury myself completely in her vagina, my balls rubbing up and down her inner thigh, almost grinding them against her (which I think actually held my orgasm off. My cock was at 200% pleasure, but my nuts were getting bounced and smooshed a little ungently, so my orgasm wasn't really getting any closer, despite the indescribable heaven my cock was in.)

I had my left hand on her hip, and my right hand on her upraised thigh, pressing her into the mattress, as she gasped for air amidst her cries. "Oh! Yes! Oh! Oh! Oh god! Yes!"

I gained some speed, limited by how tight she was, and she just wailed. "Unh huh hunnhhhhh! Yessssssssss!" After a few more moments, I realized that I wasn't going to be able to cum from this. It felt fucking AMAZING, but my testicles were getting smacked around, and whatever else it takes to reach orgasm, I wasn't getting it. It's hard to describe. Her tightness, while delicious and amazing, was forcing me to keep my speed down, so I wasn't being catapulted over the threshold that begins my orgasm. I mean I could keep this up for a long time, but it wasn't going to bring on my grand finale. Karen on the other hand, was squirming and gasping like a drowning woman.

Oh well. More for her. I started jerking it in and out only about five inches, and thrusting it back in, just feeling how wonderful it was, and listening to our skin collide. bap bap bap bap bap bap bap.

"Oh god! Oh shit! Oh GOD! AAAAHHH!" She began clawing at her sheets like she was trying to get away, literally pulling her sheet off that corner of her bed and bunching it up towards her, exposing that corner of her mattress. I was startled for a moment, but then two things happened very quickly.

1. Karen got ahold of her pillow, which I then understood had been her goal for the sheet-clawing, and yanked it closer, burying her face in it and screaming her lungs out, just a muffled

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!"

2. Her pussy's internal circumference went from "dixie cup" to "thimble" even though my cock was still inside it. I was stopped dead. Her pussy clamped down so hard I literally could not move for fear of hurting both of us. Luckily I was all the way in when it happened, so where her opening grabbed me, it was at the narrower base, not the wider shaft.

I was locked in, and Karen was losing her mind. Two more deep breaths of screaming, as she shook and clamped me. I did my best to hold still, and after about a minute, I felt her muscles loosen up a bit, and I carefully withdrew. She let her leg go and lay relaxed, still with the pillow clamped over her face. I became worried about her oxygen intake, so I pulled the pillow away. If she hadn't fought me on letting go of the pillow, I might have thought she was asleep or otherwise unconscious. Her eyes were closed, her face flushed, her mouth open, and she was just breathing slow and hard, almost snoring. I climbed off of her and lay down next to her, concerned. Her pussy had been so tight that I couldn't even move. I began to worry that I had hurt her.

Her eyes opened and struggled to focus. "That was good." She gasped, and lay still again. I put my arms around her and held her. My cock was still hard and twitching, (cold now that it had been exposed to air) but she was out of it. My dick felt a little numb, as if it had been treated TOO roughly. Maybe 10% ouch, 90% yay.

A few minutes passed as I cradled her, and she simply lay in my arms, eyes closed, breathing slow, as if holding her breath. My erection only faded about 5% the entire time. Still big, still hard, but now a little more numb and raw, a little less sexy and pleasurable.

Karen seemed to awaken, opening her eyes and clumsily wiping her sweaty hair away from her forehead. "Oh, my gosh," She sighed, giving me a weak grin. "That was a new one."

When she put her hand down from wiping her forehead, she bumped my cock, and I winced, because it didn't feel good. "I'm sorry!" She said, then looked at it again. "You're still hard? After that?" She reacted in surprise, then suddenly the light bulb went on, and she was all sympathy. "You didn't come yet, did you? Oh Will, I'm so sorry! Why didn't you tell me?!"

She stroked me carefully with her hand, apologizing as if she had done something wrong, which she most definitely had not. "It's ok," I said, "That position had a lot going on, and it just didn't do it for me. It felt AMAZING, but it wasn't making me cum."

"It made ME cum, though, god." She gushed, and then gave me a sexy pout, her hands still tugging at my cock with soft little motions. She carefully shifted her position so she could cup my balls with one hand, and lightly tug at my penis with the other. "What can we do for this poor thing? He's such a good boy!" She baby-talked down at it, her head almost touching my chest.

"I could suck him and kiss him," She said, but then a calculating look appeared on her face. "But he's had nothing BUT sucking and licking for three weeks. He wants pussy, doesn't he?"

Her soft and tender hands were coaxing the pleasure back into my member, and it was quickly at full salute once again, tingles of happiness racing up my spine. I kissed her on the lips softly. "I got to taste

you, and fuck you, a little. At this point, my pressing needs have mostly been met. I'll gladly play along with whatever you want to give me. Sucking never really gets old." I grinned.

Karen nodded and leaned back down to talk to my dick. "Will's just being polite, isn't he? You still want hot, juicy pussy, right?" She wagged me up and down. "He says "Pussy, please." I can tell."

She released me and gave me another kiss, then began sitting up. I let go of her, and she pulled her pillows around behind her back, propping up her hips as she lay back down. She spread her legs wide, and placed her hands on either side of her pussy, pulling the dainty little lips open, even more clear juice trickling out. She looked me square in the eyes, and I felt my heart race. "I want your big, hard cock in my wet little pussy." Karen said softly. "I'm asking politely."

Zing! went the strings of my heart. I knew she was deliberately talking dirty to turn me on, but I also knew she was being honest. I tried not to look too clumsy as I rose on all fours and crawled into position. She wrapped her arms and legs around me with obvious relish. "I love you." She whispered to me, our faces only about an inch apart.

"I love you right back." I said, and she pulled me closer with her arms and planted a kiss right on my lips, her tongue slipping into my mouth and tickling mine.

As we kissed, her legs wrapped carefully around me and drew me in closer, until the tip of my erection was touching her lower abdomen. Our kiss ended and she growled in impatience. "Put that where it belongs, I'm begging you." She said, and I quickly used one hand to line it up properly. As soon as I got the tip in, however, she tightened her legs and pulled my hips closer, driving my cock up into her pussy. "Oh yeah!" She cried, and held me there, buried deep, using her legs for leverage as she began grinding her pelvis against mine. I could feel my dick being rocked back and forth as she writhed against me. I held myself up and groaned with the feeling. So good.

After a few seconds of grinding, she loosened her legs a bit, and looked up at me. "I want you to have your way with me now." She said earnestly. "I've had my turn tonight, so this is all you. Do whatever you want to make it good. Use my pussy however you need to, ok?"

"Are you sure?" I gasped, remembering how hard her pussy had clamped down when I had her on her side. "I don't know how hard I'll be doing this."

She grinned fearlessly at me. "I'm wet enough for anything, and two SERIOUS orgasms have me all relaxed. Just give it to me!" She kissed me again, and laced her fingers behind my neck. "I'm ready!"

I pulled out about two inches, and slowly slid back in. Oh my god, did it ever feel good. "yeahhhhhhhh," Karen purred, her eyes half closed. I withdrew again, almost all the way, and rolled my hips as I thrust, slipping it all the way back inside in a flash. Karen gasped "Oh!" and her eyes flew all the way open, before she shut them halfway and giggled at me. "C'mon, hot stuff. Go for it."

I straightened up my arms until I was high above her, and started to using my abs to thrust my cock deep, deep inside her body. I used my legs as well, bouncing her several inches with each thrust, as I found my rhythm. My dick plowed into her tender, secret flesh as I worked it in and out of her, faster and faster, until I could actually hear a noise with each thrust.

My dick in her tight, extremely wet pussy made a quiet, wet little sound like *squorch squorch squorch* as I fucked her. She had her eyes closed, and was just gasping for air with each withdrawal, never letting go of me, using her legs around my hips to help with each thrust. Everything felt so good, I felt like I was losing my mind. I drove my cock into her as firmly as I could, jostling her hard as I pounded her pussy.

"I can feel your ballsslapping my ass!" Karen whimpered, hitching against me in perfect rythm. "Yeah! yeah! unh! unh unh unh unh UNH!"

I could suddenly sense my orgasm out there somewhere, rushing towards me. Batten down the hatches, I thought feverishly, this is going to be a big one! Karen suddenly yanked my head down to hers, pressing our foreheads together. "I'm gonnacum again!" She groaned through gritted teeth, "Don't you stop! Don't you EVER stop!" Spit flew out of her mouth with the force of her command, hitting me in the face, but I didn't care. I fucked her for all I was worth, slamming my dick into her pussy as hard and as fast as I could, literally almost knocking the breath out of her.

"Unh! Unh! YES! OH! RRRGH! AAAAAAAAAAAAAA!" She screamed, right into my face, as her legs and arms clutched at me spasmodically, shaking hard with her climax. Her eyes were clamped shut as she came on my dick, and as she did, I felt my testicles tighten up. I buried my cock as deep in her as I could, ramming it into her hot pussy once, twice, thr-

I came so hard I was deaf for about ten seconds. I couldn't even hear myself crying out, although I'm pretty sure I did. It was like flashbulbs had gone off inside my skull, and I could literally see white flashes at the corners of my eyes. When I remembered to breathe, all I could do was gasp in air so hard my throat hurt. I fell on Karen, literally just collapsed on top of her, my arms twisting as I fell, my own elbows jamming into my ribcage. She was still sobbing with ecstasy, twitching even as her pussy milked my cock in our mutual throes. It felt like I was pouring my very soul into her. I tried to talk, but my teeth were literally chattering too hard to get any words out.

If our foreheads hadn't already been touching, mine pulled down to press against hers, we probably would have banged our heads together when I lost my muscle control. All I could do was lay there helplessly, lashed by wave after wave of warm, squeezing, overpowering pleasure. I tried to breathe, but even that almost seemed too hard.

She regained her senses first, stroking my back and nuzzling against me, cooing gently into my ear. "Oh yes, yes yesyesyesyes. Ohhhh, that was exactly what I wanted. So strong." She kissed the side of my head, and I struggled to lift it. "Ilove" I slurred, but she shushed me. "I know." She said.

She threw an arm out and managed to draw a blanket over us. I was still inside her, but she dragged the blanket up my back and re-wrapped her arms and legs around me. "Rest," She sighed dreamily. "Just rest." I relaxed again, and soon, was asleep.

When I awoke, I was a little disoriented and startled, but Karen clutched me carefully. "It's ok." She soothed. "You just fell asleep for a little bit."

"Can't blame you, though." Amy's voice came, and I jumped. "It's ok," Karen repeated, "I invited her in.

She just sat and talked with me while you rested."

"Sorry," I mumbled. I still had my dick inside Karen, I realized, right as Karen informed me I had nothing to apologize for. "You were incredible." She sighed happily. "Almost worth the three-week wait."

"I hope we don't ever have to wait that long again," I mumbled, and she kissed me.

I turned my head with effort to see Amy sitting cross-legged at the end of the bed. She waved, with a warm smile. "Way to go, champ." She said.

My dick was still inside Karen, as best I could tell, although it didn't feel very hard anymore.

"We were trying to mind our own business downstairs, but you guys got so loud we got wet just listening." Amy said conversationally. "How many was that, anyway?"

"I had one when he licked me, and then he did me sideways and I had such a big orgasm that I fell asleep immediately afterwards," Karen began, but Amy interrupted in excitement.

"SIDEways?" Amy said, fascinated. Karen blushed. "He kinda turned me over and went like . . ." Karen managed to illustrate our position using her fingers as little legs. Amy was delighted. "That is SO hot! I want that!"

"THAT one might have been two, I really can't be sure. Everything went crazy." Karen admitted.

"She clamped down on me and actually held me there. I couldn't move it." I said gently, against Karen's collarbone. "Wow!" Amy blurted.

"I think he got my G-spot again with the sideways thing," Karen smiled and kissed my forehead where I lay on her.

"I should probably get up," I mumbled, and went to move, but Karen pouted. "Does that mean you're going to take it out?" She said, "I like it right where it is."

"His penis is still INSIDE you?" Amy's jaw dropped with a huge smile. "While we've been talking? That is SO kinky!"

Karen blushed and grinned, and Amy clapped her hands. "I am SO jealous right now!" Amy said, albeit happily. Karen still had her arms and legs wrapped around me, so I hadn't moved yet.

I heard Liu Si skip into the room and felt the bed shake as she climbed up. "Dinner is done and the stove is turned off!" She sang. As she settled on the bed, she accidentally knelt on my feet and ankles. "Aaah! I am sorry!" she winced. (Karen's bed is not really meant for this many people to be in it.)

"He's still IN her!" Amy said, grabbing Liu Si's hand. Liu Si looked at both Karen and I with an expression that was hard to read. She grabbed Amy and pulled her close, whispering something in her ear. Amy blinked in surprise, then smiled, then gave Liu Si a wicked grin. "You are SO awesome!"

Liu Si blushed, and sat back, fluttering her eyelashes at me. Amy spoke calmly, although you could hear the excitement in her tone. "My beloved lotus blossom has brought up a very good point. You both seem so exhausted, we would both like to volunteer for cleanup duty."

I got happy chills down my spine. Oh my god. Karen was lost for a second, then blushed heavily. Amy continued. "I'll help you, jie-jie, and Hu Die can get Will squeaky clean. You both worked so hard, now you can relax and let us do the licking. Just a clean-up."

I was pretty excited. Amy was going to lick Karen's pussy clean of our cum, and Liu Si was going to suck it off my dick? Sweet merciful heavens. Karen glanced at me, and then laughed, resigned. "I already know what his answer is. Ok, that's fine. Let us-" She unwrapped from me, but I didn't move just yet.

"I love you." I said, looking into her eyes, and kissed her soundly, my tongue stroking hers, my lips caressing her lips, a deep soul kiss. Amy and Liu Si both went "OooooOOOOOoooooh" happily.

I straightened my arms and lifted myself off of her, my half-erect penis pulling out of her with a wet slurp. Behind me, I could hear Amy sigh jealously. Karen's eyelids fluttered as my penis slipped out, but she regained her composure and gave me a satisfied smile. "I love you too," she said, as I lay down beside her.

We settled at the head of her bed, as Amy and Liu Si moved up. Amy shucked off her shirt, so as to have skin-on skin contact with Karen's legs, but Liu Si did not disrobe. She slid her hands up my thighs, and carefully leaned down, her tongue extended to lick the tip of my (tingly, wet, red) cock.

Karen was admonishing Amy. "No fingers this time!" She said, "You can have anything that's on the outside, but nothing goes in. I've had all I can take tonight." Amy just smiled and nodded. "You got it." she promised softly, and made good on her promise to lick Karen clean, her tongue gently swabbing Karen's inner thighs, her labia, and her tender secrets, trying not to stimulate her clitoris any more, just licking and cleaning, occasionally with a little slurp.

Karen lay there with her mouth open, little gasps escaping her lips as Amy worked her way lower, licking her perineum, giving a tiny squeal when the tip of Amy's little pink tongue actually swabbed across her anus. "Oooh!" She squeaked, "be careful!"

"It's ok," Amy murmured, "you're clean."

Liu Si meanwhile, having licked the tip of my penis clean, had grasped it carefully in her fingertips, licking the length of my shaft in long, wide, slow strokes, as if painting it with a very soft brush. I was in heaven. I looked over at Karen to see her staring at Amy, while Amy carefully went over her pussy again, exploring every fold, every nook and cranny with her tongue. I felt Liu Si shift her arm and cup my testicles, lavishing her tongue all over them, where the drippings from myself and Karen's lovemaking had made them sticky. She softly sucked them into her mouth and released them, one at a time. Oh lord.

Satisfied with her work, she kissed my testicles, then right at the base of the underside of my cock, then the tip, then she let me go. Amy had likewise finished her task, and was basically lounging between

Karen's thighs, watching Liu Si with a knowing smile on her face.

"We good?" She asked lightly, but Liu Si pointed at her. "Your face, on the side."

"What?" Amy asked, turning her head. "Did I get some on me?"

"Wait," Liu Si said, and leaned over and sloooooooowly licked her tongue up the entire side of Amy's face, from her jaw to her hairline. If my cock hadn't been DONE for the day, I would have gotten erect so fast it would have made a noise. Karen blushed hard, and covered her face with one hand, the rosy blush spreading down her neck to the upper slope of her breasts. I remembered the night at the dinner table, when she and Amy had done the same thing to me, and I grinned.

During the lick, Amy regarded us both with an open-mouthed smile, her eyes half-lidded. She chuckled evilly. "I think that worked. Serves you both right, you got us so hot with all the noise you were making."

Karen took her hand away from her face and fanned herself with it. "Whew!" She said, still blushing. "Can I confess something to you? That was REALLY sexy. You two are so cute together."

"Thank you." Amy blushed demurely.

"Can I confess something to YOU?" Liu Si said with a serious twinkle in her eye, "You taste very good on him." She pointed to me. Karen blushed again, and covered her face.

I was shocked, but Amy just laughed. "I'm so proud of her! You get her horny enough, and she's not afraid of anything!"

"Actually I was surprised that she offered to clean me up like that." I admitted. "That was very brave as well."

Liu Si shrugged and gave me a sly smile. "*I* was not the one who was naked." She said simply.

"When we heard you guys, it was so hot we couldn't ignore it. She practically jumped down my pants." Amy gave Liu Si a gentle shove. Liu Si responded by rising up on her knees and tackling Amy onto the bed, almost falling off. They both squealed and Karen had to grab Amy's ankle to keep them from going off. A fit of giggling ensued.

After they had disentangled themselves again, Amy scratched her head. "All that sexy has made me hungry! Who's ready for dinner?"

I was starving. Karen looked at me with a tired smile. "I'd get up and help, but I swear the only feeling I have from the waist down is my privates. My legs are totally boneless right now."

"I can walk, but I think I'm going to be wobbly for a while." I admitted. "I don't think I could carry you back downstairs safely."

"We shall have a picnic." Liu Si said. "Bairen Egui and myself will carry the food upstairs, and we will spread it out on a blanket in our room, and we will sit and eat it."

Karen laughed, delighted. "That does sound like fun, but how would that work? All I made were noodles so far, when he came home."

Amy gave her a thumbs up. "Hu Die put butter and some cheese in with the noodles, and boiled a bag of frozen vegetables. We had breaded chicken strips in the freezer, and I microwaved those. If we bring up plates and stuff, we can just bring up the pots of noodles and veggies and serve and eat right there! This is a great idea!"

"I thought we should eat in our room so we wouldn't make a mess in your rooms." Liu Si said, taking my hand and Karen's. "You will be our guests."

"But there's a dress code." Amy said, making it up as she went. "Pajamas or less."

"It's like 6:30," I said, but Amy shrugged. "We'll bring up some board games, and just spend the whole evening lying around and hanging out."

"Sounds great." Karen said, smiling at all of us. "Count me in. I just need my pajamas, and some help getting to the bathroom."

"Can I dart in first?" I asked, sitting up and scooching over to the edge of the bed. My testicles seemed to catch on the blanket and I slid over them, which didn't feel good. Karen nodded, and I headed for the bathroom, self-conscious as all three girls watched me leave.

I peed (aaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh) and trotted to my room to get some clothes. Amy said pajamas or less, so I opted for boxers and some jogging shorts. I walked through Amy's room to Karen's to find Liu Si helping Karen wobble to the bathroom. They went in and the door shut. Amy was going around the room, picking up our clothes and putting them in Karen's hamper.

When she got to the remains of my t-shirt, she held it up with a smile. "What happened here?" She grinned.

"Um, wardrobe malfunction?" I said, and she laughed. "Looks LIKE it." She said, and chucked it into the trash. She put her hands on her hips and looked at me appraisingly. She was still topless. "Thank you." She said, sincerely.

"For what?" I asked, sitting on Karen's bed, still a bit weak-kneed. She walked over to me and put her arms around my shoulders. I was topless too, so our skin felt warm where it touched.

"For doing Karen so well, and for loving us all so much." She said, resting her head against my shoulder. I could feel her breath on my neck, and I fought the urge to shiver. "I don't know how much you can tell, but I have literally never seen her so happy. It's like she's just full of light and joy, she glows like a nightlight. You guys are so perfect together."

"I should be thanking you guys," I said, but Amy made a noise like "Pffft!" She raised her head and looked at me. "When you carried her into the living room, I got SO happy. I love her so much, and you too, that when you're happy, I am too. Just automatically. And today, you've made all of us very, very

happy. Thank you. Even though you fucked HER brains out, I feel like I owe you as well."

"Nobody owes anybody." I said, and kissed her forehead. She kissed my lips and nibbled on my lower lip. "Sez you." she breathed.

Amy stepped back and sighed happily. Liu Si walked in from their room and said that the blanket was ready, would Amy help her bring up supper. They both left Karen's room via the hallway door, Liu Si giving me a happy little wave as she followed Amy out of the room.

I am the luckiest guy in the world.

I picked up the pillows from Karen's bed, and went into Amy's room to find a big quilt spread out. I plopped Karen's pillows down and went to get my own.

Soon, we were all arranged on and around the quilt. Karen lay sideways, propped up with pillows, wearing a pink sports bra and peach-colored long silk pants. Amy was wearing little blue panties and a t-shirt with the bottom half cut off, and in faded print it said "Not All There." Liu Si's wardrobe of choice was lacy red bikini panties and a skin-tight red tank top. I, of course, was just wearing shorts. It was a good-looking group.

The food sat in the middle, still in pots, resting on potholders, and we served and ate comfortably. It made me think of being in some sheikh's tent, like in Hidalgo or something.

After we ate, Karen put some music on her stereo, and we played Fact or Crap, Pictionary, and Scattergories until Amy put down "pussy" and "penis" for every single answer on one turn.

We went to bed that night exhausted and satisfied. Life is good.

The next day I decided that I needed to get my cell phone replaced. Now that I was driving again, I would need to be able to stay in touch with my ladies, and a cell phone was a necessity. I had been planning to head out in the morning, but stuck around in case Lola came over. About 2:00 I decided to call her and see if she had any plans.

"Sorry, Will," she said, and I could hear the disappointment in her voice. "I'm trying to line up a new home for Boots, and your Dad's paperwork got here, so I'm pretty well booked up today. I'd LOVE to come over, but it looks like it's not in the cards."

"Well, we'd love to see you, whenever you can get free." I said, and we said our goodbyes.

I headed out to the cell phone place, and got a new Motorola. They wanted me to get unlimited texting, but who am I going to text? It's a phone, I'll just call them. When did we move back to the telegraph? They had some initial trouble getting the phone onto the network, but they eventually got it going, and even let me keep my old number, which was cool, and unexpected. It took about an hour and a half of fiddling for them to get my phone just right.

Coming out of the phone office, I noticed the sky was starting to turn an ugly yellow way off to the east. You know, when it's going to rain so bad it looks like the sky is going to either puke or have diarrhea? It wasn't here yet, but it looked sinister. "Time to mosey on home," I said aloud to myself. I drove home as

the sky began to darken, the yellow spreading further towards home.

Pulling around the house, I saw Lola's convertible in the driveway. I thought she wasn't coming over today, I thought. I pulled in next to her, and hopped out. The sky was still blue here, but I could just make out a tinge of yellow coming over the trees.

I walked up on the patio to find Liu Si kicking around the pool, bent over a foam noodle. I appreciated her butt for a moment, and I made sure she saw me. She grinned and wiggled her eyebrows at me.

"No lifeguard?" I asked, indicating the fact that she was in the deep end.

"Amy got thirsty. She went inside for a glass of water." Liu Si said. "Would you like to join us? We could play Snorkel!"

"Actually, you should be getting out." I said, not sure what she meant by Snorkel, "There looks like there's a bad thunderstorm headed this way." (I later learned that Snorkel was a game Amy invented where they would try to suck my dick underwater. She had told Liu Si about it, but hadn't told me yet.)

"Oooooookayyyyy," She sighed, disappointed, and began churning towards the shallow end.

I turned to go in the house, only to see Lola running out, both hands clamped over her mouth, her eyes streaming tears, and otherwise exhibiting all the signs of severe emotional distress. "Are you ok?" I blurted, and upon seeing me, she practically skidded to a stop.

She stood there for several heartbeats, chest heaving, breath whistling through her nose. One hand dropped, clenching and unclenching in the air by her side. She was wearing a tan v-neck knit blouse, a grey wool skirt, and flats. She looked as if she had seen a ghost. Her eyes were shocked, and tears were pouring freely. She stared at me, her eyes wild.

"What-?" I began, but she leapt into motion again, darting past me and awkwardly running for her car, one hand still clamped over her mouth.

"Are you OK? What's wrong?" I shouted at her back, but she ran to her car, jumped in, and tore out in reverse.

I turned to find Amy standing in the doorway, also in shock. "Will! She-" Amy swallowed, hopping up and down. "Karen! They were KISSING!!"

I felt like I had been hit with a bucket of ice water. "What?!" I gasped.

"IcameintogetaglassofwaterandIheardanoiseandIlookedinandtheywerekissing!!" Amy jabbered, going a mile a minute, beside herself. "IwassosurprisedIdroppedtheglassand-"

"Whoa, wait, slow down." I said, running over to her. She took a deep breath and swallowed, still hopping up and down, and started fanning herself with her hands. "I was swimming with Liu Si and I got thirsty so I came in to get a glass of water, but when I took a drink, I heard this noise from the living room like a moan, and when I peeked in through the door, instead of talking, they were kissing. A lot! They

were making out!" Amy blurted, looking distraught.

"Holy shit!" I gasped.

"I was so surprised I just let go of the glass, and it shattered on the tile, and the noise seemed to snap them out of it. Lola jumped up, screamed a little, and ran out. Karen just sat there like she couldn't move." Amy said, starting to cry.

"Where's Karen now?" I asked, first things first.

"I don't know, I followed Lola out." Amy said. I ran past her, past the puddle of ice, water, and large curved slivers of glass in the doorway, to find Karen sitting on the couch with her face in her hands.

Her shoulders were shaking, and I knew before she even raised her head that she was crying. I sat beside her and touched her back, and she flinched. She raised her head and looked at me, red-eyed. "Oh, Will!" She sobbed, and threw her arms around my neck and cried.

I held her, still in shock, not knowing what to do. I heard Liu Si come in, and Amy warned her about the glass. As Karen clung to me and wept, I heard them get out the dustpan and sweep it up. Soon, the two of them trailed uncomfortably into the living room and sat near us silently, both of them wearing cover-ups over their swimsuits. They held hands tightly and just looked at us.

Karen was starting to wind down, so I leaned back from her and tried to talk. "What happened? How did it happen?"

Karen was still crying bitterly, as if every sob physically hurt, but she tried to explain.

"About three or four minutes after you left, she called, and said that you convinced her, that she really WANTED to come over, and so she was going to postpone her stuff she had to do and just come and see us." Karen sobbed a little more. "So she came over. The girls had already decided they were going to get in the pool, so they did, and it was just me and her sitting here talking." She scrubbed at her eyes with her hand. My heart was breaking just watching her. I can't STAND it when a girl I love is crying, it makes me want to go tear the world in half like a phone book, just so I can fix or undo whatever made her so sad.

"So she was sitting right where you are, and we were just talking, and hanging out, and we started talking about love. I asked her if she really liked you, you know, just kind of giving her the interview, even though I already KNOW she does. So she started talking about you, AND about love, and about us, this family, and how happy she is now. I was watching her as she talked, and she just seemed to relax, and get all warm and cuddly." Karen pulled her leg up under her and wiped her eyes again. "She kinda cuddled up against me, and I cuddled up against her, and we got really comfortable. After she was done talking, we were both silent for a few moments, and she looked at me."

Karen looked me right in the eye. "Will, when she looked at me, I realized she wanted me to kiss her. It's impossible to explain, but when I looked in her eyes, I knew she was thinking about kissing me. I just FELT it, in my heart. I KNEW it. So I leaned towards her, and she leaned towards me, and we kissed. Lightly at first."

"Wow," I murmured. Amy put her arm around Liu Si.

"She didn't pull away, she didn't jump, she just leaned right in and kissed me, and her lips were SO soft." Karen said, blushing, but still weeping. "We kissed again, and again, harder this time, with tongue and everything, and it was really good. It felt like when I kiss you, the rest of the world vanishes, and it's just me and you and our mouths, kissing."

"Hot!" I heard Amy whisper.

"I grabbed the front of her sweater, and she put her hand on the back of my neck, with her fingers in my hair, and we both just went for it." Karen squeezed her legs together, writhing a little. "I was lost in it, just like when we kiss." Karen said, her eyes beseeching me.

"I believe you, and it's ok. I'm not upset at you or anything." I soothed.

"And then Amy breaks a glass in the kitchen, and just like the glass, our moment shattered too." Karen said.

"I'm sorry!" Amy said, about to cry herself, but Karen waved her hand. "It's not really YOUR fault, but coming back to the real world was startling. She jumped up and screamed a little. Will, she gave me such a look of horror, such shock and revulsion, it was like going from heaven straight to hell." Karen started crying again. "Her face! She looked SO upset and horrified!" I put my arms around her.

"I swear it felt like the right thing to do, like that's what she wanted. I swear!" Karen cried all over again. I held her and rocked her.

"I believe you." I said, holding her close.

"I screwed up bad, didn't I?" Karen whimpered.

"I don't know." I answered honestly. "If it was what she really wanted, kissing you, then I don't see how it could be ALL bad that you did. She wanted it too."

"When she jumped back, the look on her face. That's what hurts the most. Like I was something awful and disgusting." Karen said, heartbroken.

"Well, she took off in a hurry, but I don't think she was running from you." I said. "I would have to imagine that it's most likely herself that she's upset with. At least I would have to HOPE so. I think she'd blame herself before she blamed you." Honestly I had no idea, but I couldn't stand the idea of Karen blaming herself.

"What do we do?" Amy asked. Liu Si nodded, still clutching her hand.

"Well, I'm going to call her." I said, dreading it. "We've got to talk to her, and it's got to be now. The longer we wait, the worse this is going to get."

Karen let go of me and smoothed her hair. "I'm . . . I'm sorry." She mumbled, but I put my hand on her shoulder. "You did nothing wrong. Don't apologize." and I stood. The room was starting to get darker, as clouds no doubt occluded the sun. The air was starting to feel heavier as well, like someone was putting a giant lid on the world.

I picked up the cordless and called the Klemp house. No answer. I thought for a moment, and then dialed it on my new cell phone. In our area, cell phones tend to work poorly with Caller ID. Lola answered on the third ring. "Hello?" her voice was broken and distressed. "Lola, it's me. It's Will." She gasped and hung up.

I sighed. The girls all stared at me. "I'm going to have to do this in person, it seems."

Amy wrung her hands, hyper and upset. Karen sat with her head in her hands. Liu Si kicked her feet and looked scared. My stomach felt like it was doing backflips on broken glass.

"I'm gonna . . ." I ran my fingers through my hair, and tried again. "I'm gonna go out to the house and try to talk to her."

"Should we go with you?" Amy asked, very quietly, as if dreading the answer.

"No, I don't think more people is going to make this better." I said, and walked to the front door. "I'll" I was REALLY dreading this visit. "I'll be back."

Completely forgetting about bad luck, I went out the front door. I didn't even think to drive, I just started walking, as if paying penance. The air was thick and humid. It felt like work to breathe, and even the birds weren't singing. This sucks, I thought. I had literally no idea what I would find at her house, or what I would say, or how I would deal with it.

I mean, granted, I had no plan figured out for telling her about all of this, and as far as I could figure out, telling her about all of this was the only way to illustrate that it was ok for her to kiss Karen. I was going to have to just open that particular door and hope that whatever came through it was ok. No elaborate discussions, no whispered secret revelations, just "HEY we're ALL fucking, welcome to the party." I couldn't think of any way to spin it. Either you accept it or you don't.

It seemed like no time at all until I was walking up the steps to her door. Why is it that things you want take forever, but things you dread run right up on you with spiked shoes?

I raised my hand, hesitated, and finally convinced myself to knock. Almost a full minute later, the curtains at the top of the door parted, and I saw Lola's pale, shocked face, before she snatched the curtains shut again. "Hello?" I called. Nothing. "I saw you already, I know you're here." That was supposed to be playful, but I was terrified so I have no idea how it sounded.

"I can't even tell you how sorry I am." Lola's voice came, muffled and broken. "Please don't hate me. Please oh please don't hate me."

"I don't hate you. None of us do. We need to talk." I said, loud enough to be heard through the door. "And I know it's going to be weird, but we need to talk."

"Ok." Lola sniffled. No movement.

"Can I talk to you, or do I have to say it at your kitchen door?" I asked, again, trying to sound teasing. My stomach hurt so bad.

Another full minute passed. I could hear rain begin to fall in the trees behind me, first a hiss, then little pops and paps, droplets falling through leaves. The air changed. Just when I was about to call out again, I heard the door locks opening. The door opened a crack, then a foot, then Lola peeked around it, terrified. Her eyes were red and puffy.

"I can't explain what happened. Not in any way that's not going to be horrible. I feel SO bad. My behavior was completely unacceptable. I have no excuses." She said, her voice pinched.

I held up my hands. "Look, I don't think it's as bad as you think. Can I come in?"

"How is it not so bad? Are you just saying that to make me feel better? I just made out with a 14 year-old girl, my ward, my adopted daughter. I took advantage of a child! I betrayed her trust, yours, everybody's!" She started crying again. "I'm I'm a horrible person! I'm a child molester!" She fell into a dining room chair and clutched her stomach as if she was going to be sick.

"I'm sure it's not like that." I knelt in front of her and tried to take her hands, but she wouldn't let me. She nodded, her eyes streaming.

"First, I'm attracted to you, and you're 17. Ok, you convince me that's not so bad. I tell myself it's ok. But then THIS!" Lola pointed frantically at her mouth. "There's something WRONG with me! I just made out with a 14-year old girl, and I was ENJOYING it. I I You don't understand, it's impossible to describe!" She rocked back and forth, clutching herself. "Will, there's no excuse for what I did. There's no way to undo it. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Calm down a little bit," I said, still terrified myself. Oh, this is bad.

She suddenly focused on me. "You shouldn't even be here trying to calm me down. You should be calling the police."

"NEVER!" I snapped, getting her attention. "Calm down for a minute!"

She wiped her eyes and stopped rocking. *Crap, now I actually have to do the talking.* I thought to myself.

"Forget about the police for a second. Let's back up." I sat, crosslegged, at her feet. "It's not so impossible to understand. Karen admitted to me a long time ago that she was starting to get a crush on you." Lola blushed sharply, still looking upset. "And you yourself have seemed to imply that there have been previous times in your life that you've kissed other females."

Lola cleared her throat uncomfortably and moved her feet. "I'm not proud of that. It was a million years ago, and I'm ashamed of it."

"What I'm trying to say is that it's perfectly understandable if you feel an attraction to Karen. She's gorgeous." I said.

"She's 14!" Lola growled, as if trying not to throw up.

"She's extremely mature, and physically very developed." I said. "ANYONE could forget her age when they're talking to her. What is age? A measure of maturity? Emotional development? Watch one episode of ANY reality show and you'll see a dozen people more childlike than her. She's amazing!"

Lola was getting more upset, it seemed. "That's not an excuse for what I did! I'm supposed to be in control of myself no matter what. You can't KNOW what it's like!"

There must have been something in my expression, my eyes.

"What?" Lola asked, her eyes narrowing. "What are you not telling me? Why are you here making excuses?"

I was silent, and could not meet her eyes.

"William," She said, "What's going ON?!"

"I need to tell you something, but first I want you to promise you won't get upset." I began lamely. Has that ever worked?

"Are you KIDDING me?" Lola almost laughed, but she was still angry and crying. "I can't make that promise, and now you have to tell me."

I took a deep breath. It felt like I was freezing to death. "It's ok for you to kiss Karen, for you to like her, because she likes you too. She and I were both hoping that you would like her too, not just me."

"Why on earth?!" Lola said, her throat tight. "Both?" I looked at the floor.

"Karen and I are in love." I said, and Lola stopped breathing. "I've loved her my entire life, and it wasn't until we threw Jenni Timpanelli out that I confessed it to her. We've been lovers ever since."

Lola was stone silent. I continued. The words weren't coming out right, but I stumbled on quickly, just trying to get through it.

"Amy caught us making love, and we included her as well, and then Liu Si when she joined our family, although that took several steps. First it was her and Amy, then her and me." I cleared my throat.

"Even Liu Si?" Lola whispered, her voice pinched. "That little angel?"

"I didn't like hiding it from you, because we love you, but I didn't know to tell you, either. It just kinda happened." I finally looked up at Lola, to find her staring at me with such a look of shock and disgust that she looked like she was wearing a mask. Her face was contorted, her eyes streaming tears. I couldn't

tell if she was more angry or grossed out. I flinched back.

"You've been MOLESTING those girls all this time?!?!" She drew in breath, and retched violently, as if she was going to vomit on me. I leaned back quickly, but didn't even think to scooch away.

"No, not molest!" I said, terrified. "We're in love-"

"FUCK YOU, NO YOU'RE NOT!" Lola screeched, and retched again hard, her whole torso seeming to fold up. I reached for her knee to try to comfort her, or something, but she recoiled and lashed out at me with her hand.

"Don't you TOUCH me, you piece of shit!" She slapped my face, hard, and after the impact, I felt a line of fire on my cheek, from my temple, down to about an inch away from my upper lip. One of Lola's nails had caught me.

She looked at her hand and went "Augh! Skin!" and flapped her hand quickly. I saw a long, thin strip of something fly off, like a tiny ribbon. *MY skin.* I thought clumsily.

"Get OUT of my house! Get out, get out GET OUT!" She screamed, her face contorted and red, snot running out of her nose, tears practically squirting out of her eyes. She clutched the chair with both hands, and I scuttled away on the tile floor, trying to get to my feet. I touched my cheek, but my hand didn't come away with blood.

"I'm calling the police!" She cried.

"NO!" I shouted, as she shook and sobbed. "You can't!"

"Why the fuck NOT, you filthy pedophile!" She wept, retching again.

"The girls will never go." I stammered.

"Fuck you, they won't have a choice." Lola snarled.

"We'll lose Liu Si forever." I tried.

"Better in a foster home than in YOUR clutches, you monster!" She shouted.

"That's not true! And she's NOT in ANYBODY'S clutches!" I cried. *Except maybe Amy's.*

"You'll destroy everything your mother worked for, keeping us together and safe." I said, and she lurched to her feet, fists clenched.

"THIS is SAFE? Keeping three girls in a house where you can get at them? IS that supposed to fucking CONVINC ME?!"

This was going to hell. I suddenly knew what I had to do. I had to fight back, and it would have to be dirty. "You're not innocent either." I said, trying to calm down.

"What?!" Lola wiped her eyes and glared daggers at me.

I put my hands down by my side. "If the police come, not only will you destroy our family, damn Liu Si to a life in foster homes, maybe even deportation, but we'll only tell them about you." I knew this was a bluff. None of the girls could pass a rape screening, all three of them had my DNA in them somewhere, probably. Amy blew me, the next day I fuck Karen and Liu Si licks me clean. But Lola didn't know that.

"What ABOUT me, you sick pervert?" She seemed a little defensive. Time to push it.

"I'll tell them how you've been kissing me, both here and in the hospital. You kissed Karen in our living room, and Amy is an eyewitness. You lied to police detectives about Liu Si, both in person and indirectly. You obstructed justice, made improper sexual advances on both a 17-year old male and a 14-year old girl, and you aided and abetted an illegal immigrant." It hurt me VERY badly to turn on her this way, but I had to convince her that the police had to stay out of it. I'll admit I wasn't thinking straight. I was in a full-on panic, but I fought to seem icy calm. My cheek burned so bad.

She glared at me in shock as I finished. "You can't call the police because you're buried in it, neck deep. No one is innocent."

"They were, until YOU got to them." Lola pointed over my shoulder, back towards the house.

I tried to start again, but Lola interrupted me. "I tried to come out here to tell you that it was ok-" "NONE of this is OK!" she ground her palms into her eyes.

"I won't let you go back to that house." she decided. "I'll go get the girls and bring them here!"

"They won't go with you." I said flatly. "Besides, you just broke Karen's heart, kissing her and then running away."

Lola stomped her feet angrily, and then seemed to deflate, still crying. "I can't stand it. I can't help them, and I can't take another second of talking to you. Get out of my house."

She swept past me and yanked the kitchen door open, right as thunder boomed and the power went out. "Fuck." she spat. "Get out of my house this instant." Some pale rainlight came in through the open door, but the rest of the house was in shadow.

"It doesn't have to be this way." I said lamely, but she took a shaky breath and made an ultimatum. "If I find out that you've touched any of those girls again, I'll kill you. I will kill you dead."

She clung to the door as if to stand, her head lowered, still weeping. I took a step towards her and reached my hand out, but she spoke in the darkness. "If you ever touch me again, you sick perverted piece of shit, I will never, ever forgive you. I hate you, forever."

I dropped my hand and took a step out onto the porch, as the door slammed behind me. I could hear her wail and cry, as if sliding down the door to sit on the floor. I stood dumbly and listened to her heartsick weeping and sobbing for a few seconds, then helplessly stumbled off the porch into the rain.

I don't know what was in the rainwater, but it made the cut on my cheek burn. Maybe it was my tears.

I can't account for the time that I walked back in the rain. I remember practically falling off of her back stoop after listening to her cry, listening to what I'd done, and then the next thing I remember I was standing on our front porch, trying to figure out how the doorknob worked. I was crying so hard I couldn't see, and it was like my brain was shut off. I stood there, trying to grip the knob and turn it, and I couldn't manage to do it. The time I must have spent walking back was lost, like there was a black hole in my brain. I was soaked to the skin, but I have no idea how I got home. I later found mud and grass on the butt of my pants, so I must have sat down at some point, out there in the field, but I can't tell you why.

The house was pitch black, of course our power was out too. I eventually got the door open and stumbled into the living room, where Amy and Karen were sitting in a little pool of candlelight, Karen hugging herself, Amy hugging Karen.

"How did it go?" Karen asked, her voice sounding like she was still crying. "What did she say?"

"It was very bad." I said, my voice a croak, right as Liu Si came downstairs with flashlights, and illuminated me where I stood. All three girls screamed out loud, and I just blinked stupidly in the light.

"YOUR FACE!!" Karen wailed, and jumped to her feet as if to run to me, then changed her mind and ran out of the room, heading for the hallway to the bathroom. I reached up and touched the cut on my cheek. Oh. NOW it was bleeding. All four fingertips came away covered in blood.

Amy and Liu Si just wailed and began crying, both of them mobbing me, almost knocking me over. I sat on the wooden bench by the coatrack, and they each clung to one of my hands and cried hard.

Karen came running back in with our first aid kit, an old tacklebox, and fumbled it in her hurry. It hit the floor and popped open, band-aids and cough drops going all over the floor. She was crying just as hard as the girls were, but soon they had found alcohol disinfecting wipes, neosporin, and bandaids.

The alcohol wipes hurt like a motherfucker, but it snapped me out of my daze. "Jeebus Cripes!" I gasped, as a sobbing Karen dabbed at the slash on my face. "I'm so sorry!" She cried, getting the neosporin. She carefully pasted it over the cut, while Amy and Liu Si opened about six band-aids.

I closed my eyes and let them work, my cheek feeling stiff and plastic-y. I tried to take deep breaths, but I was still crying, and I couldn't get my composure. "How did this happen?" Amy demanded, madder than sad, still crying.

"I told her about us." I said. "She went to slap me and got me with a fingernail."

"She HIT you?" Liu Si asked in shock.

"She didn't take the news well." I said, in a colossal understatement. "She wanted to call the police, but I think I talked her out of it." I didn't want to talk about this any more. I wanted to go to bed and make this day start over. I wanted to undo all of it. But I could not.

"The police? B-but WHY?" Karen stammered, eyes wide, face pale. I looked her in the eyes and stated it as simply as I could.

"She thinks that I'm a pedophile, and that you are my victims, and I've been raping the three of you." I said, my voice breaking.

"No," Karen whispered, shaking her head. "NO!"

I nodded. "I told her that if she called the police, we would turn her in for everything. Kissing me, kissing you, lying to the detectives about Liu Si."

Amy clutched Liu Si possessively. "Nobody's taking her! NOBODY!" Liu Si clutched her back, giving me a fierce look.

"I know." I told them both. "I won't let it happen." I don't know how I would stop it, but I would at least kill the first few who tried. Fuck the world. I wasn't thinking straight.

"She seemed stymied by that, so she just threw me out and cried her heart out." I said. "This is pretty much worse than I ever imagined." I had no energy. Even sitting there talking to them, I was almost slurring my words, as if I were exhausted.

Karen climbed awkwardly to her feet and stumbled away, climbing the stairs weakly, sobbing so hard I thought she was going to fall down. Amy jumped up and ran after her. "Fuck Lola! We don't need her! Don't cry!"

Liu Si looked up at me. "What are we going to do?" She asked me quietly, big fat tears running down her cheeks and dripping off of her chin.

"I don't know, mei-mei." I said, rubbing the row of band-aids on my cheek. "I really don't know."

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13 - Aftermath/Ancient History/Drum Roll

The next few days were kind of a big grey blur that wouldn't end. The power stayed off for just over 24 hours (one drawback of living way out in the boonies) so the house got humid and hot, even though it was still rainy and disgusting outside. Inside the house was dark, muggy, and too warm.

Everybody kind of self-destructed.

Karen locked herself in her room that night, and didn't come out until the next morning.

I was sick to my stomach, and didn't feel like eating anything, so Amy and Liu Si just had cereal for supper. I just sat in the dark living room and thought about my sins. Amy tried to talk to me, snap me out of it, but I didn't feel like communicating with anyone. I'm ashamed to say it, but since she wouldn't leave me alone, at about 6:30 I went to bed myself. I don't think I slept.

Liu Si sort of went into a mild panic, afraid that at any moment Lola was going to call the police, and take her away. Plus, the power being out meant that our driveway alarm box wasn't working, so even if someone DID come down the driveway, we wouldn't hear them first. In order to help her calm down, Amy packed a backpack with some clothes, some bottles of water, and some PB&J sandwiches, and put it by the back door, just to convince Liu Si that if someone did come, she could go hide in the barn or the woods until they left. Not a very realistic plan, because it's not that simple, but having SOME kind of plan in place helped Liu Si calm down.

Amy just got helplessly angry. She was polite to us, even a little pushy, but you could see that she wanted to go do . . . something. Sitting around the house moping was driving her insane. She was a fidgeting ball of restless energy.

Sadly, sitting around the house moping was the only thing I felt like doing. I even forgot to bathe, that first day after Lola's house. I was just in this funk that I couldn't come out of.

The next morning (actually around 10:30) when I dragged myself out of bed and went downstairs, Karen was in the kitchen, burning a scrambled egg. "Are you ok?" I mumbled, and she seemed to snap awake. Her hair was pulled back in a scrunchie, but it looked unbrushed. She wore a baggy t-shirt and some shapeless sweat pants. "Sorry," She said, exhausted, "I was" She looked at me over her shoulder with an expression I was unable to interpret, eyes red from crying, dark circles under her eyes. She shut off the pan, and left the room quickly.

Now what? I thought, and just sat at the kitchen island with my head in my hands.

Liu Si came in about five minutes later. Seeing me sitting, and the burnt eggs, she put her hand on my back. "Are you hungry?" She asked gently. "Would you like something?"

I shook my head. "No, I don't think I could eat anything. Thank you." I turned and put my arms around her, and she clung to me, hard. "I love you." She whispered.

"I . . . love you too, Hu Die." I choked, and kissed the top of her glossy black head.

Amy came stomping in as I was hugging Liu Si, and sat next to me quietly. I went to release Liu Si, but she still held tightly to me, so I continued hugging her. Eventually, she let go, and when I looked down, her eyes were damp. She remained pressed against me, looking up at me.

Amy spoke up, her voice quiet, but strained. "How's your face?"

"It stings." I said, honestly. Liu Si's lower lip came out.

"So what exactly happened?" Amy said, trying to be nonchalant and failing. "How did she end up hitting you?"

I shook my head, and softly stroked Liu Si's cheek with my thumb, not looking at Amy. "I . . . I don't want to talk about it."

"Well, you need to. We need to know what happened." Amy said firmly.

"Well, not right now." I said, starting to get irritated. Can't she leave me alone for two seconds?

"When, then?" Amy said, stepping forward, as if challenging me. I didn't feel like yelling at Amy right now, so I calmly released Liu Si and stood.

"Where are you-?" Amy began, but I ignored her. I walked out of the house, onto the back porch. It was still raining, but I just headed out. I couldn't decide between the barn and the gazebo at first, because I needed shelter, but for some reason I chose the barn.

The barn was cool and gloomy, and smelled of bales of straw and hay that were about 50 years old. The loft is still full of it, but I think it's all mouse nests by now. I sat on a pile of elderly lumber and tried to calm down. It doesn't do any good to get mad at Amy, I told myself. I'm the one I'm mad at.

I'm the one who couldn't keep his feelings under control. I'm the one who failed to keep his hands to himself. I'm the one who should have tried harder, and been better. I'm the one who should feel ashamed. Basically every feeling of guilt and conscience that I'd been suppressing since I first realized I was attracted to Karen came back and hit me, with interest, of course.

I glanced around the barn, grey light coming in from open door and any crack or large holes in the siding. My gaze traveled across the lawn tractor (gonna need to mow the grass soon, I thought to myself) and finally I saw my axe, hanging neatly where it belonged.

Things used to be simpler, I told myself. I could just go out and chop down a tree, swing that axe until I was too tired to be angry, too sore to hurt inside any more.

But I don't think that'll work now. I rubbed my face with my hands, and tried to think.

I lost track of time, but when I finally came back to myself, the light looked different, and my foot was

asleep. My neck and shoulder ached from the way I'd been sitting. Amy was right. I need to at least tell the girls what had happened. They deserved to know. I got to my feet and limped inside.

In the living room, Liu Si sat on the couch. I could tell by her eyes that she had been crying. Amy was pacing back and forth. Karen was nowhere to be seen.

"Look, I'm sorry I got in your face." Amy said, as soon as she saw me, but I waved her off. "It's fine. You were right, after all."

I sat on the couch, and Liu Si scooted closer. I could tell she wanted a hug, so I put my arm around her. She melted against me, silently. "I'm sorry I pushed you away." I said. "I didn't mean it."

She shook her head with a sniffle, but didn't say anything else. I felt like the world's worst human being.

"I want to know what happened at Lola's house." Amy said as calmly as she could, although she still seemed to fidget with pent-up energy.

I sighed. "Ok I'll tell you."

"Let me go get Karen." Amy said, and headed for the stairs.

"Are you sure she wants to know?" I said, trying to turn my head to watch her while not jarring Liu Si.

"She's going to NEED to." She climbed the steps quickly, and in the utter silence of the powerless house, I could hear her knock on Karen's door.

Liu Si snuggled against me, gripping me tighter. "It's ok." I soothed her, stroking her hair.

She looked up at me, her beautiful eyes red. "Do you really think so?"

Unable to lie to her, I bit my lips as tears welled in my eyes. She nodded, and nestled against me again. "We will make it be ok. But maybe it will take a while." She said softly. I squeezed her.

I could hear Amy upstairs, talking to Karen's door. "Well, you NEED to. We all need to know what happened."

A pause.

"Yes you do." Amy said, not unkindly. "It will help with whatever else happens. C'mon."

A few seconds later, Amy came downstairs followed by a silent, puffy-faced Karen.

Amy paced back and forth in front of the fireplace, but Karen sat at the far end of the other couch, turned mostly away from me, not looking up. It was like she couldn't stand to be in the same room as me. My throat was dry, and I wished to god I knew what to say to her.

"So what happened? After you got there?" Amy asked.

Haltingly, I told them the entire story, and it seemed to affect each of them differently.

Karen just seemed to collapse. At the end of the retelling she was hunched over into her own lap, her face in her hands, crying silently, her shoulders shaking.

Liu Si was sniffing, but clinging to me as if she were drowning.

I was exhausted, emotionally and physically, just wrung out. My lack of sleep from the night previous was really starting to catch in.

But Amy Amy just got more and more agitated, until it looked like someone had set her feet on fire. She paced, then almost skipped, then looked like she just wanted to run in circles. If Liu Si was full of fear, and Karen full of sorrow, Amy was full of rage. She had her teeth gritted, her fists clenched, and she was practically hopping back and forth, the way boxers do before a big fight.

"I I can't stand it!" Amy growled. "I gotta take a walk!" She spat, and took off for the kitchen.

"It is still raining out there!" Liu Si called, worried.

"Maybe it'll cool me off!" Came Amy's angry response. I heard the kitchen doors slide and whack shut.

Still crying, still covering her face, Karen rose unsteadily to her feet and turned away to go upstairs. "Karen," I said gently, raising my hand to reach out to her. If anything, my voice made her leave the room faster, stumbling up the stairs, crying harder, audible sobs now. Her door slammed.

It felt like there was a wall between us. I felt so isolated from her, and she wouldn't even look at me. My heart was breaking.

I had almost forgotten Liu Si was still in my arm when she stirred. "Can we stay here, just like this?" She asked, her voice small. "It makes me feel better."

My broken heart warmed a tiny degree. Sometimes just knowing that you're needed can help. "Of course, mei-mei." I said, exhausted. "But I might fall asleep."

"I love you." She said, and snuggled against me again.

There, on the couch, in the warm dark of our living room, I finally got some rest.

I awoke later, to find Liu Si still curled against me, asleep herself, her face relaxed, her brow untroubled. She looked so peaceful, I'll admit I was jealous.

A shadow moved in the front window, blurry behind the sheer white curtains. It looked like someone was sitting on the rocking glider on the front porch. I carefully freed myself from Liu Si's somnolent embrace, and walked quietly to the front door. Thunder rumbled somewhere far away as I opened the door.

Raining or not, it was still brighter outside, so I squinted as I opened the front door a crack, feeling the

damp breeze, hearing the hiss of the rain as it poured down. I stuck my head out to see Amy, soaked to the skin, sitting on the glider, crying her eyes out.

Ever since it happened, Amy had seemed more angry than sad, but this was just pure sadness, a hollow, heartsick weeping. I slipped out of the door and pulled it mostly shut behind me.

"Hey," I said gently, "Do you need some company?"

She nodded, reaching for me, both hands grasping at the air, and suddenly I had a flashback: Amy, three years old, with a skinned knee and a hole torn in her leggings, crying because she had fallen on concrete while running, crying because parts of the world were rough, and sharp, and had hurt her. "Weeyum!" She had bawled, too young to properly say my name. "I felled and hurted my kneeeeee!" She had held her hands up, clenching and unclenching, wordlessly begging for me to pick her up, and hold her, and make everything right again.

Right then I decided to stop moping. No matter what else happened, my girls still needed me to be there. I should stop being so selfish and do my job. BE the big brother.

I sat and scooped her into my lap, kissing the top of her head. "It'll be ok." I murmured.

"H-how do you know?" she asked, crying hard.

"Liu Si told me." I said, and Amy hiccupped a laugh.

"Why are people SO stupid?" Amy wept. I shook my head, not sure who she meant, deciding to just keep my mouth shut. I just sat and held her, until she was still.

She wiped her eyes. "I'm cold." The wind was damp, and her being soaked couldn't have helped. "Let's go inside." I said. "We'll make hot chocolate."

"In the middle of summer?" she chuckled, wiping her eyes again. "ok."

I let her down from my lap but still held her hand, and we went back inside. Liu Si now lay completely over on the couch, snoring. "She's so cute." Amy sighed, stopping by the couch.

"I'll make the hot chocolate, if you want to stay here for a while." I said softly.

Amy nodded and knelt beside Liu Si, just studying her face as she slept, serene and untroubled. Amy's expression was full of tenderness, and as she took a deep breath and let it out, a lot of her worries seemed to go with it. She looked up at me, and smiled, a little. "I'll be ok. We'll join you in the kitchen."

Thank goodness we have a gas stove, not electric, I thought as I lit a burner with the chicken matches we keep in the junk drawer. This would suck amazingly if we were sweaty and in the dark while hungry too. I put on water to boil, and got out mugs, spoons, hot cocoa mix, and sugar, because Amy can't drink regular hot cocoa mix, it has to be sweeter and more likely to make you hyperactive. I sat on the barstool at the kitchen island and thought about our situation.

No one in their right mind would have accepted our circumstances. I was having sex with three underage girls, when I would be expected to be the one looking out for them. Society wouldn't care if they seemed happy, what I was doing was still a crime that could put me away for a very long time. No amount of "but she liked it" would convince a judge not to send me to federal pound-you-in-the-ass prison. Lola's reaction was probably the only normal part of our conversation. Right at that moment, I couldn't even remember WHY I thought that telling her would be ok, that if she liked us, she'd be able to stomach the rest of it. What was I thinking?

Soon, the teapot was making gurgling hisses, pre-whistle, so I turned it off and moved it to a front burner.

I could hear Amy talking to Liu Si, and then both of them walking across the living room for the hallway. A second later, I heard the bathroom door shut, and I realized that they had gone in there together. That's weird. How do girls go pee together? As a guy, the idea of having a pee buddy just seems really strange.

A few minutes later, they strolled into the kitchen, hand in hand, Amy wearing dry clothes, presumably snagged from the laundry room. "Hello." Liu Si smiled at me. I couldn't help but smile back, even though after thinking about prison, my guilt was back, big-time.

"I've got everything we need." I said, indicating the countertop with a sweep of my hand.

"No, we need Karen." Amy said, hopping up onto a stool.

"Karen's avoiding me right now." I said, finally making eye contact with Amy.

"Karen's hiding," Amy corrected me, "She thinks this is all her fault."

"What?" I said, surprised. "Lola screamed at me, and attacked and threatened me. Karen's not the one who's in trouble."

Amy was already shaking her head. "You and Lola were chugging along beautifully until Karen kissed her. Now she attacked you and everything's gone to hell. Karen feels that SHE caused this nightmare."

"It's not her fault at all. If anyone is to blame, it's me. Me for telling Lola, me for being in this situation that led to telling her." I said, feeling sorry for myself.

"What the HELL is that supposed to mean?" Amy got down off her bar stool and took an angry step towards me, causing Liu Si to position herself between Amy and me. "Don't you tell me you're starting to believe it?!"

"W-what?" I stammered, confused by her outburst. Doesn't she understand that I'm the guilty one here?

"Don't act like you've done anything to be ashamed of! We haven't!" Amy said, her eyes imploring me. "If Lola can't understand our love, then that's too bad, but don't you dare accept her accusations!" Amy waved her arms. "She called you names, and that's awful, but don't you dare let yourself think that it's true, because that's even worse!"

I had no idea what to say. I just gaped at her. She clasped her hands in front of her, as if begging. "We love you, each and every single one of us love you. You didn't do anything wrong to love us back, because *that's* what we wanted. I know *I* did." Liu Si nodded firmly, in agreement. "Don't let her being prejudiced and judgmental make what we share seem wrong. We're not wrong, SHE is!" Tears had returned in Amy's eyes as she pointed angrily towards Lola's house.

"Amy, I love you, but no one else is ever going to see it that way." I said, heartbroken.

"I DON'T CARE ABOUT EVERYONE ELSE!" Amy shouted at the top of her lungs. "I LOVE YOU, AND HER, " pointing at Liu Si, "AND KAREN, AND I WOULD NEVER GIVE UP ON YOU!!"

Her voice broke, and she coughed. She continued, in a raspier tone. "I don't care what everyone else thinks, the only thing I care about is US. I would never let anyone make me feel ashamed for truly loving someone. Never! If you're regretting it, then you're wishing it never happened." She wiped her eyes. "Don't tell me you've given up on us that easily."

I hadn't thought of it like that. Amy was right. To accept the guilt was as good as wishing it hadn't happened. I shook my head, almost beginning to cry myself. "Never ever would I wish it away."

"Then don't let someone tell you it's wrong." Amy said, grabbing both myself and Liu Si in a big bear hug. Karen came running in, her face ashen. "What happened? Who is she yelling at?" She looked scared, and I motioned her over. Reluctantly, she came closer, her eyes downcast.

Amy and Liu Si stepped back to allow Karen to approach. She stopped just outside of arm's reach. "What's going on?" she said quietly, her face showing that she was nervous and uncomfortable.

"Amy was just explaining to me that it's not my fault that Lola flipped out and got upset." I said. Her expression became one of extreme guilt. "Oh. Yeah, I know." She mumbled, and tried to turn and walk out of the kitchen, but I lunged forward and grabbed her wrist. "It's not yours, either."

"Of course it is." She began crying.

"No." I said, not letting her leave. I reeled her into my arms, even though she resisted.

The second I got her close to me, she turned and clung to me, crying harder. I held her close until she could calm down a bit. "You did nothing wrong. Not. A. Thing." I murmured in her ear. She shook her head.

Amy and Liu Si pretty much just held hands and looked sad.

Karen calmed a little more. "I messed it up. Everything was good for you until I kissed her."

"You kissed her because that's what she wanted. She wanted it and you felt it." I said. "You told me that and I know it's the truth."

Karen leaned against me, her face buried in my shoulder, not answering. "We've done nothing but try to

give her what she wants. There's no reason to feel bad about that."

Karen sniffled, and I took a deep breath. "I'm sorry for accidentally allowing you to think this was your fault. It wasn't, not any part of it. If I hadn't been so wrapped up in my own self-pity and guilt, I would have told you sooner." I hugged her close. "I'm sorry I let you down. I should have told you right from the start, but I was too dumb to understand." Amy silently grinned and gave me the thumb's up. Was she agreeing with my being dumb?

Karen thumped my shoulder. "Stop it. You're not dumb." She raised her head and wiped her eyes on my shirt.

"And you're not to blame." I said, pulling her back and looking her in the red puffy eyes. "No more guilty face. We tried to make someone happy, but they didn't want it. We still did the right thing by trying. No guilt here." I said. "Ok?"

She mumbled something unintelligible.

"Okaaaaaay?" I said, shaking her a little. At last, about an eighth of a smile. "Ok." she said. She wiped her hand across her forehead and tried to step back, but I didn't let go. "Okaaaaayyyy?" I said again, sillier, and she smiled more. "OK! You big goof."

"I'm sorry I let you cry so long. I should have talked to you sooner. Please forgive me." I said sincerely, and she shook her head. "It's alright. I know you were miserable too. I can't always expect you to be perfect and know exactly what we need." She said, and stepped back in for another hug. "I didn't exactly communicate what I was feeling either."

"Amy knew." I said. Karen looked at Amy, who nodded a little. Karen released me, and went over to hug Amy. Then she hugged Liu Si. "I love you guys." she said gently, and they both smiled.

"Who's hungry?" I said, rubbing my hands together. "I'll make grilled baloney and cheese." Liu Si jumped straight up in the air in delight. "I will fry the baloney part!" She cheered.

Karen turned. "I can cook. I didn't mean to leave you all hanging while I moped."

I held out my hand for hers. "I would love to cook for you. You sit and tell me when I do something wrong." I kissed the back of her hand, and she smiled a tired smile at me.

"That would be kinda nice, actually. I don't think I've gotten any sleep since you came home last night." She said, and climbed up on a bar stool. Amy was already in the fridge, getting out bagged salad. Liu Si crowded her in the fridge doorway and grabbed the bologna.

"I know what you mean. I didn't get any sleep either, until the lovely Liu Si made me stop and rest on the couch." I kissed the top of Liu Si's head and swatted her butt as she walked past, and she giggled. She set the bologna on the counter and started taking out slices and pulling the plastic strips off of the outside.

Karen rested her chin on her palm and watched us bustle about. I stole glances at her as I buttered

bread for the grilled cheese portion, while Liu Si was using the skillet for the bologna. Karen looked very tired, but she also looked a lot more at peace, content. It looked like she was actually starting to heal a little.

I wasn't expecting us to get over Lola so quickly, of course, but the raw, harsh pain of it needed to be over with. We needed to move on, and think about other things. Like dinner.

"We're going to need more than a sandwich and a salad." Amy said, calculatingly.

"I can make egg drop soup." Liu Si offered, pushing some hissing bologna around in the pan.

"On a rainy, yucky day like today, that sounds really good."

After the bologna was done, I lit another burner and Liu Si started making soup. I took over the skillet and started assembling grilled cheese and fried bologna sandwiches

"We should probably eat the rest of the ice cream, you know, before it thaws." I said, innocently. Karen smiled. "Plus that chocolate syrup might go bad."

"I have an idea." Liu Si said, cracking an egg.

"Go for it." Amy said, done with the salads and starting to get fidgety.

"What would happen if you put peanut butter and jelly in a bowl with vanilla ice cream and chocolate syrup?" She asked hopefully. We all paused.

"That might be delicious?" Amy hazarded, while Karen and I thought it over.

"Could work." I said, looking at Karen, who nodded. "Let's go for it!"

(And we did. It's not bad. The peanut butter texture changes when it gets cold, but the flavors are solid.)

Supper was conducted in the dining room, by candlelight, both out of necessity, and wanting things to be nice. The soup was good, the sandwiches both crispy and gooey in the right places, and the ice cream at the end was perfect.

As we were nearly finished, the power kicked back on, but we shut off the lights and finished our meal in the flickering glow of the candles.

"So what do we do about Lola?" Karen finally asked as we sat, satisfied, after dinner.

"I don't know." I said, the uneasiness returning. Amy put her head down and started kicking her feet.

"We still need her to be our guardian, don't we?" Karen asked, resting her chin on her hand.

"At least until November when I finally turn 18, but right now she wanted to take you girls away, or at least throw me out of the house. I don't know how she's going to be our guardian in this situation." I said.

"Plus, we know she was doing some legal work for dad. This pretty much messes up everything." Liu Si reached over and took my hand.

"I had forgotten just how deeply she has become part of our lives." Karen sighed unhappily. "Not only is it like losing a girlfriend, it's like losing a best friend and a parent at the same time." She began to get misty, as if she were about to start crying again.

"We need to prepare ourselves for the possibility that she's lost for good." Amy said, her voice strained. We all looked at her. She glanced around furtively at all of us and then dropped her eyes again, staring at the floor. "That she's going to bail on us, and leave us." It was unspoken, but you could practically hear *just like Mom and Dad did* in Amy's statement.

"Do you think it's like that?" I asked. She gave half a shrug. "Well, she didn't take the news well, then when she said she wanted to take us away you pretty much told her that SHE'D be out, because we would never leave you, and that's true. So she's left with this situation that she can't "fix," because even if she called the police, it would destroy all of us, herself included. I'm not sure she's going to stay here and live with it."

"You mean" Karen said, turning pale.

"I think, if she can't reconcile herself with the reality of our situation," Amy said, surprising me, because I think this is the first time I ever heard her say 'reconcile,' "then she's probably going to try to get as far away from here as she can. Other than us, she had no life, no friends, she doesn't even have the cats anymore. Other than us, there's nothing for her here, just bad memories."

Amy has this way of being able to reach out into thin air and pull out answers that make perfect sense. As she spoke, I realized how right she was. I couldn't imagine Lola sticking around after all of this if she was that upset, especially as alone as she was. I felt sick. Not just because we were still in trouble, but because I knew she was lonely, and this must have hurt her very, very badly. For her, this must have felt like everything left in her life was breaking apart. I reached up and touched the band-aid on my face. For her, this must be pure hell.

I still cared for Lola, very much. Her getting angry at me and accidentally slashing my face did not change the fact that I felt something for her, it just made it much more difficult to think about her. I knew her enlightenment regarding our situation was going to be rough, but I still wanted her to be happy in life, and I had hoped to be the one helping her BE happy. But that looked so much further away now. Maybe gone forever.

"What if we went out and talked to her?" Liu Si asked, but Amy shook her head. "I . . . I don't think that will help." She said, her face downcast. She said it with such finality, such conviction, that we all accepted it, and nobody thought to ask why she was so sure.

Karen sighed and rubbed her face, trying not to cry. "I miss her." she said. "A dozen times a day I think about her, or something I want to tell her, and she's not there. It's like someone tore a hole in the universe."

I knew how she felt, but maybe not as much. Karen and Lola had become almost inseparable since the

hospital, talking on the phone, going places, total BFFs. This had to hurt Karen even worse than me.

Amy got up and went over and put her arms around Karen. Karen hugged her right back, and they stayed that way for a few moments. "We're gonna make it, no matter what." Amy said emphatically, and Karen wiped her nose. "I know."

The phone rang, and I got up to answer it. Our local (failing) newspaper has a nasty habit of calling people at dinner, asking them to buy the paper, even though three times in the last year they've misspelled their own front page headline. "County Plans Destcurtion of Steel Bridge," "April Showers Bring May Fowers," and "Seniors Look For Jabs." I answered the phone, the phrase "Take us off the goddamn list" hovering on my lips.

"Humbert residence." I said. There was a silence. I waited patiently. Sometimes telemarketing computers are slow.

"Um." a hoarse voice came, and I heard someone blow their nose. "So did your guy's power come back on?"

I took the cordless away from my ear to glance at the caller ID, trying to figure out who this was. I couldn't place the voice at all. The caller ID was busy telling me how long the call had been so far (0.11) and wasn't displaying the number. "Yes?" I said.

"May I-", throat clearing, "may I speak to Amy, please?" I suddenly recognized Lola's voice, and my spine went cold. I glanced at Amy, and as if reading my mind, she jumped to her feet. "Is it . . . her?" Amy's face was hard and unreadable.

I nodded. Karen and Liu Si both looked at me apprehensively as Amy calmly walked over. "I'm willing to talk to her." She said calmly, as if granting a boon. She held out her hand, and reluctantly, I put the cordless phone into it.

Amy put the phone to her ear and walked into the kitchen. I returned to my seat in the dining room as Karen and Liu Si began asking questions.

Liu Si: "Did she sound ok?"

Karen: "Why would she call here for Amy?"

Liu Si: "Was she mad?"

Karen: "What did she say she wanted?"

I held up my hands. "No, I don't know, more like VERY uncomfortable, and she didn't say." I responded, in order. I patted the air. "If we hush and listen, we might find something out."

Amy had walked into the kitchen, but we sat silently and could barely make out her voice. Her side of the conversation went like this. "Yes. No, never. Completely. Yes. That's hard to say, I can only speak for myself. No. Yes. Yes. I might. She probably would, but have you OK. Do you promise? Ok, I'll ask

her."

Karen rolled her eyes in exasperation. We weren't learning anything from our eavesdropping. Amy walked back in with her hand over the phone. "Hu Die, Lola has asked if she may speak with you." She said carefully, her face stoic.

Liu Si panicked momentarily. "What?! What do I I do not know what to say to her!"

Amy held out her hand to Liu Si. "She says she just wants to ask you some questions. She's not going to yell at you, and she's promised me she won't call the police."

Liu Si still looked scared. "What am I supposed to say?"

Amy shrugged. "Tell her the truth. She's going to ask you about living here, and what has happened. Try to pretend that she's not a threat to you any more, that she just wants to understand. She figures you will be the most impartial, being the newest member of the family."

Karen frowned. "As if we would lie?" Amy shook her head. "She kinda thinks we're all nuts right now, so she thinks Liu Si is the most sane."

"Is that better?" Karen asked me. I shrugged. I wasn't sure how to interpret this.

"If she wants to know more, maybe she's thinking it over." I said. "Maybe it's good?"

Liu Si took the phone hesitantly and after a moment's reflection, left the room, going out through the kitchen and onto the patio, shutting the door behind her. She must not want us listening in on her part of the call, I thought with a wry smile.

Amy sat at her place at the table, and just stared at her plate, her mind obviously going a million miles an hour.

"So?" Karen begged. "What did she want?"

Amy opened her mouth and then shut it again. She gave a little huff and then tried again. "I'm not sure. She was asking me about William, and other stuff, as if she's trying to figure it out. I just can't tell if she's figuring it all out so she can put a stop to it, or convince herself it's ok."

I cocked my eyebrows, and Karen looked similarly puzzled. "So you think she might actually be trying to rationalize it? That's great!" Karen blurted.

"I can't tell. She asked me like nine questions, really fast, and they went all directions. I honestly have no idea what she's thinking." Amy said, looking at us. "She asked me about you, Will, and about you and Karen, and about me and Hu Die, are we in love, are we being hurt, do we know what to do if we ARE being hurt, do we want to be given somewhere else to live, stuff like that."

Karen covered her mouth. "She still wants to take us away?!"

Amy waved her hands a little. "Well, no, not like she was going to, it felt more like she was covering the bases, making sure we weren't victims. It's hard to explain, but it seemed like she was just trying to ask us the dangerous emergency questions first, just in case, to get it out of the way."

"When she and I spoke, she was convinced I was a rapist and a monster." I said, exhausted. Karen reached over and took my hand.

"She felt guilty about being our guardian while this was going on. I think she felt that she was to blame, had this been that kind of situation." Amy said, patting her hand on the tabletop. "I hope we've convinced her that it's not rape, and that we're happy." She leaned over and looked towards the kitchen, but Liu Si was still on the patio, there was nothing to see. "I wish I knew what she was asking Liu Si."

Karen kneaded my hand. I looked at her. "We're going to stick together, no matter what." I said firmly.

She nodded, her eyes wet. "I know, it's just this sucks." She wiped her eyes. "I've already gone through the whole gamut of "What the hell was I thinking?" stuff, blaming myself for kissing her, wondering what on earth I thought I was doing. I've put us in this situation, just because I was attracted to her."

"Stop that, I told you-" I began, but she waved her hand and cut me off.

"I MEAN that I let my lust do my thinking, and I shouldn't have. Right now I've totally given up on the idea of me and her, just if we could go back to before." She said sadly, and my heart went out to her.

"You're still blaming yourself." Amy said flatly. "You're not the one who's wrong, she is. Knock it off. You feeling guilty isn't doing anyone any good, most of all you. Relax."

Karen sighed, but didn't seem convinced. We heard the patio doors open, and shut. Moments later, Liu Si returned. Instantly, she was met with a barrage of questions, but she just shut her eyes and waved her hands crazily.

She sat and set the phone down on the tabletop. "Everyone cannot talk at the same time." She said. Amy went first.

"What did she ask you?" She asked quickly. Liu Si answered calmly. "She asked me about what it is like to live here. If we were being hurt, or if I ever felt bad or dirty. I told her that I have never been this happy before. Then she wanted to know what happened between all of us, in much" she gestured upwards with her hands, "specific?" She asked, and Amy said "You mean in great detail, like she wanted to know every little thing?" Liu Si nodded.

"I did my best. I told her about us," Liu Si gestured to Amy, "and about us as well," here she blushed at me, "And I was glad it was over the phone. If I had to tell her in person, I think I would have been too shy." Amy reached over and patted her hand.

"How did she take it?" I asked, and Liu Si looked at me quizzically. "Take . . . it?" she asked.

"How did she seem to respond when you told her? Did she get angry, or sad, or what?" Karen asked,

her face pale.

"Well," Liu Si said carefully, "at first she sounded a little bit upset, like sad and nervous, maybe a little angry? But then she seemed to calm down and was very curious. She was trying to ask me questions about my sexual activities here without using any sexual words? It was a little bit funny." She blushed again. "I tried very hard to tell her how happy I am, and that we all are. No one is being hurt."

I sat and tried to figure this out. Curiosity is better than rage, but who's to say that Liu Si was accurately interpreting Lola's tone of voice over the phone. I had to accept this as positive news, though. The fact that she wanted to know more is better than if she had completely shut herself out, right?

"Did she say anything about us? or what she was going to do next?" Karen said, her face pale.

Liu Si shook her head. Karen slumped a little, and put her chin in her hand. I reached over for her hand, and when she gave it to me, I gave it a squeeze. "Not your fault." I reminded her gently but firmly. Karen rolled her eyes sheepishly.

"I guess now we just wait." I said helplessly.

"Maybe if *I* tried to go talk to her." Karen said, obviously dreading it, but Liu Si shook her head. "I asked her if she wanted to speak to you next, but she said she was sorry, but not right now."

Karen looked at her with a heartbroken look, and put her head down on the table. Liu Si jumped up and ran over to hug Karen. "Jie-jie, she said not right now, she did not say never. Do not give up hope!" She clutched Karen, resting her head on Karen's shoulder.

Amy was still thinking deep thoughts. "I think Will is right. Being patient is a good idea. We could get ourselves all worked up and still have jumped to the wrong conclusion. And Karen, no matter what happens, it isn't your fault. This is all Lola."

Amy spoke with conviction, and finality, and it worked. After a moment, Karen sat up and wiped her eyes. Liu Si kissed her on the cheek. "I love you, Jie-jie." Karen blushed and smiled crookedly. "I love you too, mei-mei."

And that was dinner. We moved into the living room where everybody kind of cuddled up on the big couch while we watched TV. Karen snuggled on my right side, Amy lay with her feet in my lap and her head in Liu Si's, and we just rested quietly. I alternated between squeezing Karen and giving her little kisses on top of her head, and rubbing Amy's feet with my left hand. Liu Si idly brushed Amy's hair with her fingers, happily playing, while Amy just soaked it all up.

My thoughts kept returning to Lola. When we get hurt or upset, we've got each other to distract us, or to lean on, but Lola probably hadn't been this profoundly alone since the divorce. I prayed that she was going to be ok. Beyond even if she was still mad at me, I wanted her to be ok.

We went to bed that night, emotionally and physically exhausted. I shared a long kiss with Karen, her lips so soft and tender, and she gave me a warm smile afterwards. My heart soared. I hadn't seen her smile since yesterday morning, and I had missed it. Amy and Liu Si likewise gave me kisses, then

strolled off to their room, hand in hand. I started feeling good again. It had been a while. I went to bed and slept like a log.

The next day dawned bright and clear, and it was obvious from early on that it was going to be a scorcher. I got up early and rolled out the riding mower before it got too hot. I mowed our yard, cut back the front field at the mower's highest setting, and paused. Normally at this point I would do Mrs. Klemp's yard, but now I was unsure. It hadn't been cut for a month, what with my leg and all, and it needed some care. It was around 11:30, and the sun was really starting to bake, but I decided to go for it.

Our yard had been carved out of old farmland by professional landscapers back when Dad first bought the house, so it was designed for a riding mower; no sharp corners, no obstacles like birdbaths or lampposts that would require weedwacking around, mulch where a riding mower would not fit, like under trees and along the edges of the house.

The Klemp homestead was the opposite. Clothesline poles, more than one birdbath, a back sidewalk that had shifted so that none of the slabs laid flat, the place was a nightmare for a riding mower. I could do about half of it from the rider, but a weedwacker and a little push mower were inevitable. I got to it, ignoring the house, concentrating on keeping my eyes down and cutting the grass. I discovered big ruts in the yard from where I had run the mustang into the grass on the day Kai Long came to visit. (These I filled with grass clippings, both to make them green instead of dirt tan, and in the hopes that grass would start growing again.)

I trundled out the push mower and got all the corners, then the weedwacker for the final edges, and I was exhausted. I was hot, tired, (I suspected mildly sunburnt), I was covered in grass clippings, and I had sweated off my band-aid, which made the cut on my cheek burn fiercely. I stumbled over to the hose faucet and turned it on to spray myself off a little, and I heard a screech from the house. I quickly turned it off and looked up in surprise. Lola's face, shampoo in her hair, appeared briefly at the upstairs window, gave me a shocked look, and vanished again. Crap. I'm sure that didn't help.

I quickly put away the weedwacker and the push mower, and was on my way back to the riding mower to make my escape when the kitchen door opened. At first it only opened a few inches, so I pretended I hadn't seen, but then it opened further and Lola stuck her head out.

"William, um, Will . . . could you wait a moment?" She called, her voice tense. She was wearing a faded pink terrycloth bathrobe, and her hair was wet.

Nervously, I stopped walking and turned slowly. The day before yesterday was still extremely fresh in my mind. (The cut on my face was freshly hurting as well.)

I was about thirty feet from the house, the garage was about fifty feet to my left, and I realized I was calculating distances to cover, as if she were going to start shooting at me. I forced myself to calm down. I was polite, but wary. I chose not to speak, letting the fact that I had stopped be my answer.

Lola actually came out of the house barefoot, and took a few steps towards me, on the freshly-cut grass. "I . . . I needed to talk to you." She said, her voice tight. She looked terrible. Bags and dark circles sharing the space under her red eyes, she looked as if she hadn't slept a wink since she threw me out.

I had no idea what was going on here. I kept my face blank and my voice level. "I thought I was the last person you'd ever want to talk to."

She covered her mouth and a tear leaked out of her eye, but when she dropped her hand, she was all business again, even though her voice was thick. "We need to talk. There are some things that need to be said."

I shrugged, momentarily tilting my head but not breaking eye contact. Lola's face dropped, and she cleared her throat. "Please. I haven't slept in two days. I have to talk to you." She took another step towards me. I fought the urge to take a step back.

"Now?" I asked, a little pointedly. She was wearing a bathrobe outside, I was wearing my lousiest t-shirt and shorts. It didn't seem like the right moment.

"Um," She seemed to realize this as well. "Could you come back in about 45 minutes?"

I was nervous. The last time she and I had spoken, she had attacked me, threatened to "kill me dead," threatened me with prison and my sisters with foster "care." Did I feel like coming back to her house? No. Not yet.

"Could we do this at our house instead?" I asked flatly, throwing my thumb back over my shoulder.

Lola flushed and looked very uncomfortable. She pulled the robe tighter around herself. "I . . . I needed to talk to you, just you." She said, startling as a big truck drove by the front of the house. "Please?"

Sincerity was the only emotion I was seeing here. Sad or mad, she really meant it. I nodded carefully. "Thank you!" She said, visibly relieved. She went to turn, but stopped herself. "I also wanted to tell you that I didn't mean to cut your face. It was an accident."

That didn't sound like Sorry, so I merely responded to the information I had been given. "I know." I said, meeting her gaze. She bit her lip and nodded.

"I'll see you in 45 minutes, then?" She asked, her voice cracking. I nodded again. She turned and picked her way back to the house. I got on the mower and got the hell out of there. My stomach felt like it was full of hornets.

When I got back to the house, I parked the mower and strode into the kitchen. "Lola has contacted me for a conversation!" I called out. Everybody in the house headed for the living room.

"What did she say?" Karen asked, trotting carefully (and bouncily) down the stairs.

"Not much." I said, "Other than that she hadn't meant to cut my face."

"Where is your bandage?" Liu Si clucked, her pretty brow furrowed.

"I sweated it off." I admitted, and she scampered off for the first aid kit.

"So she apologized?" Amy said brightly, but I shook my head. "Not really. She said she hadn't meant to do it, not that she was sorry she had." Amy flopped down on the couch in disappointment.

"When is it?" Karen asked, twisting her fingers nervously.

"I have about 40 minutes, so I need to go take a shower." Liu Si was coming back in with the tacklebox. "I have to take a shower, would you doctor me up when I get out?" I asked her, and she nodded firmly.

"You want company in the shower? Like inspiration?" Amy asked, kicking her foot off the arm of the couch.

Get in a shower with a naked soapy girl before I go face the judge for pedophilia? "No thanks." I said. "Not this time." Amy stuck her lower lip out.

"Is there any way we can help?" Karen asked, clearly as nervous as I was. I put my arms around her. "Just be here for me. Just be wonderful, and beautiful, and loving."

Even though I was all sweaty, and still a little damp from the hose, she hugged me back, hard. "I'll pick out something nice for you to wear." She said. "You go get showered."

I headed upstairs, stripped off my sweaty, grassy workclothes and got in the shower, standing under the hot spray, trying to un-knot the muscles in my neck, hoping my stomach would settle down.

I decided to shave as well. I guess in my mind I was treating this meeting as a job interview, or as a police interrogation, and I wanted to present the most positive image I could. I washed my hair and my various nooks and crannies, and got out of the shower.

Shaving in front of the mirror gave me my first chance to get a really, really good look at the scratch on my face. It wasn't very deep, but it was wide in a way that implied that her fingernail had just shaved off several layers of skin on the way across my face. I remembered the thin, ribbon-like object that she had disgustingly flicked off into the kitchen. I shuddered. Shaving VERY carefully underneath it, I decided to skip aftershave lotion today.

How was I going to this meeting? I mean I had already decided to drive out, but what kind of mindset should I be in? Not apologetic, not afraid, not begging, those were for damn sure. I looked at myself in the mirror. For a moment I didn't recognize the face I saw.

Our last interaction had gone so badly that I expected this one to be, if not more of the same, then at least more in that same vein. It felt like I was chained to a sinking ship, the feeling of doom that hung over me.

I recognized my reflection. Stone-faced. Wary and alert. Defensive and alone. The old Will, the one who went to public school and protected his sisters all the goddamn time. He used to look like this. I reminded myself that things were different now. I had a lot to be happy about. No more unfocused, pointless angst, I had three people in my life who loved me and needed me just as much as I loved and needed them. Life, for the most part, was beautiful.

Taking a deep breath, I wrapped a towel around my waist and went into my room, to find all three girls.

Karen had laid out a pair of knee-length khaki shorts, and a collarless knit polo shirt, dark green. It looked nice. She sat on the bed next to it, giving me a kind smile when I came in. "Got your outfit." She said. My heart warmed considerably. Karen is the light of my life.

Liu Si was standing with her feet apart, both hands holding the handle of our first aid kit, dangling it in front of her thighs as if it were a really ugly purse. "I shall fix your face when you are ready." She pouted. (Liu Si has the hottest pout I think I have ever seen.)

Amy stood next to Liu Si, holding a glass of pink lemonade. Just as I thought she had brought it upstairs for me, she took a drink of it. "I came upstairs to watch you get dressed." She leered after swallowing. I had to chuckle. Amy will never change. I love her so much.

I went and got underwear, and I'll admit, made a show of dropping the towel to put my boxer briefs on. Amy whooped and cheered.

I got dressed, and then Liu Si buzzed around my face like my own personal pit crew. All the while, the four of us talked.

"Don't let her hit you again." Amy instructed. "I will do my best to avoid that." I said dryly.

"Hold still." Liu Si said. "Yes, doctor." I said, making kissy lips at her, and she blushed.

"Just . . . be careful." Karen begged. "Please calm her down."

"I'll bring her back if I can. I haven't given up on her. She needs something in her life." I said gently.

"She needs US." Amy piped up, sitting on my rug, drinking her lemonade.

Liu Si was trying to get me to hold my face just so, and she was making those faces people make when they are trying to feed babies. You know, mouth open, head tilted funny ways. I did my best to oblige.

"Don't be scared, but don't be mean, either." Amy said. "Give her a chance to talk. You never know what she might say." She finished almost in a mumble.

Karen gave me a tired smile. "No matter what, we love you." Liu Si nodded enthusiastically.

Soon, I was bandaged, and the moment had come. We all went down to the kitchen, where I said my goodbyes.

"I'll be back, I don't know how long." I said, my stomach roiling with tension.

"We'll be here." Karen said, unnecessarily. She looked about as nervous as me.

"You'll be ok. Just be strong." Amy advised. Liu Si silently clung to me for almost a full minute, before

letting me go and stepping back.

I walked out onto the patio and headed for the Mustang. The air was warm and humid, and even though it was early afternoon, it felt like much later. Some new clouds had blown in, and although it wasn't raining, the resulting sunlight came from way far over, and looked weird.

I got in and turned the car around. The radio was on a commercial, so I shut it off. I felt like I was heading for something awful, like an execution. Even though I no longer felt guilty about what we had done, I still knew the danger it represented if anyone else ever found out.

I glanced at the driveway alarm box as I drove past it, knowing that in the living room, my girls were listening to it go bing, and I felt connected to them momentarily. I can do this. I'm going to be ok.

Checking for traffic, I zipped around Lola's house and parked next to her convertible. Piled up outside the kitchen door was a big pile of cardboard boxes. That's odd, I thought to myself, those weren't here earlier. The jumbled cardboard had fallen over into the yard a little.

I walked up the walk and the door was opened before I could knock. "Thank you for coming." Lola said, looking very emotionally uncomfortable. Her eyes were red, and it looked like she had applied a little makeup to try to cover the dark circles under her eyes. She was wearing a baggy cream-colored long-sleeve turtleneck sweater that went halfway to her knees. Dark leggings and sneakers completed her outfit. Not exactly business, but not exactly casual, either.

I nodded silently, not trusting myself to speak. "Um, would you come in, please? We can sit in the living room." She said, and I stepped inside. She smelled nice.

She shut the door, and took a deep breath as I followed her into the living room, dim light filtering through the curtains. I could see clearly, but there was a faint gloom in the house.

The living room was a mess. Mrs. Klemp had always run a tight ship (other than cats and the smell) but there were little piles of stuff everywhere. It looked like the two bookcases had been emptied, but the books were just haphazardly stacked in the two chairs. Only the couch was free of detritus.

"What's going on in here?" I asked, nervously trying to fill the awkward silence with noise. Lola looked back at me and shook her head, an embarrassed look on her face for an instant. "We can sit here," She gestured towards the couch. I sat, and after taking a deep breath, she sat as well, not too far away, angled towards me, our knees almost touching. Then again, it WAS a small couch.

"Thank you for coming back. I know last time was terrible, and I know this probably wasn't easy. How is your face?" She looked at me, and I could see the pain in her eyes. Still not knowing where the hell this was going, I kept my answer brief. "It'll heal."

Another deep breath, and she spoke again, almost as if from a prepared script. "I wanted to apologize for slashing at you. I was reacting in a panic, and it was an accident. If I could take it back, I would." She bowed her head, and I spoke again. "Forget about it."

When she looked up at me again, there were tears in her eyes. "Do you have any idea what kind of

position you put me in?" I shrugged weakly. "I didn't mean for it all to happen this way." I offered, uncomfortably.

"But it did." She sniffled. "All those times we talked, when I opened up my heart to you, and you were so strong and perfect, what the hell was all of that? Where is that young man?"

"I never lied to you." I said softly. "Everything I said to you was true. Every feeling I shared with you was truly for you."

"You say you didn't lie, but you sure left a lot out!" Lola said, starting to cry. "Why? Why did you continue to flirt with me, and let me get my hopes up?"

"Because I still cared about you. I still liked you, and you seemed so lonely, I wanted to make you happy. Karen, too. Karen has a major crush on you, and she wanted to reach out to you as well. We never intended to hurt you." I said earnestly. "We were sincere in all of our conversations and attention. We wanted to invite you to join us."

"And THAT too!" Lola wept. "You're already having SEX with three girls, two of them your blood kin, and all of them underage. What on earth was that?!" She wiped her eyes with the heels of her hands. "I can't even TELL you how painful and horrible that was to learn."

"I'm sorry." I said, and reached for her hand, which she gave me. I was silently thrilled. Last time she told me she would never forgive me if I touched her again. Now, I reach for her, and she reaches back. I kept my focus. "You WERE the first woman I ever kissed, and the first person to reach out to me that way. You're so very special to me, to all of us."

"How did you go from kissing me, to having sex with ALL of them?" She asked, maybe starting to calm down a little, at least not crying so hard. "How did I miss that?"

So I told her, my friends, I told her everything from when she had kissed me, to when I had come home to find her running away from kissing Karen. I told her about throwing Jenni out, and about how Karen and I confessed our love for each other the next night. I told her about Amy's total and utter breakdown, and about welcoming her into our loving embraces. I told her about Amy and Liu Si, and about Liu Si's sincere and heartfelt request for me to love her as much as I loved Karen and Amy. I didn't enumerate every blowjob, or each and every orgasm, but I gave her a sense of how much we really did love each other.

But especially, as I told her about us, I included her as well. I talked about the night we both got backrubs on the living room floor, about how I couldn't take my eyes off of her. I told her about the hot tub sessions, about how just the touch of her skin thrilled me. I mentioned the clothes she wore each time we met, so she would realize just how much attention I was paying, and she would know that I was focused on her. I told her about how she made me feel, each time we met, about how much I enjoyed just talking with her about stuff. I told her about how in the hospital, I wanted nothing more than to cuddle up with her and go to sleep, I felt so comfortable and content.

Her eyes had dried, and she had actually began to blush, as I talked about how cool and strong she was through the whole Kai Long incident, and about how Family Date Night made all of us so happy. I told

her about how putting Jenni in her place had just blown me away. She wasn't smiling, but she wasn't crying either. She just looked uncomfortable.

As for me, I told her the whole story without pleading, without excuses, just a recitation of the facts. I was desperately trying to sell her on the idea that this was all OK, but trying to do so without emotion. If I had cried and begged, I think it would have sent the signal that it wasn't OK, that I was just trying to justify myself to her, as if our situation needed justification. Instead, I presented it calmly, as fact. Here's the truth. Take it or leave it.

When I got to the end, about coming home and finding her running away, after kissing Karen, she looked so embarrassed I thought she was going to die.

"You say you were struggling with finding a way of telling me, well that night I was struggling with my own demons." She admitted, her voice thick.

"How so?" I said, my throat dry from all the talking. I had literally poured out the story of the last few months in about a half hour.

"Right as I JUST get myself reconciled to the fact that I'm falling in love with a 17-year-old young man- love, she said love! I thought, but kept my face impassive. "I find myself falling for his sister as well, which was just a shock on so many levels. One, she's 14, two, she likes me back, and three, I thought my sexually confused days were buried far behind me." Lola wiped her eyes. Her face was burning red, and she wasn't looking at me.

"Sexually confused?" I stammered. Getting hotter in here, I thought.

She shook her head, and took a deep, ragged breath. "I'm not ready to talk about that yet. first I need to ask you a question. You didn't mention this, so I don't know if you know. Did you know Amy came out here to yell at me? The day after I attacked you?" A single tear rolled down her cheek.

"No." I blurted, very much surprised. Then again, Amy left through the back door, and after I fell asleep on the couch in Liu Si's arms, I find a soaking wet Amy crying her eyes out on the front porch. Plus, Amy's seeming prescience about what Lola might be doing, i.e. moving away. The cute little sneak.

"Well she did. I have to admit that before you just told me about how it all happened, I knew a little. I notice you left out the part about Amy touching you in your sleep when you were 15." Her eyes started watering again. I was shocked.

I blushed. "It's not something we're proud of. It wasn't romantic, it was more embarrassing and unfortunate. Not a happy memory."

Lola tossed her head back as if to throw the tears out of her eyes. "Well, it made me think. About all of this, and about all of you." She was still holding my hand, but she looked unhappy. I wasn't sure what to do next. Lola solved the problem for me by continuing.

"When I threw you out, I was in a complete collapse. I was profoundly broken-hearted, I was furious with myself, as well as you, and I was so disgusted by what you had told me I literally could not stop dry

heaving. I felt helpless and at the same time, forced to act. It felt like I was being torn apart." She took a deep breath. "In my panic, I decided to move away. To pack up and just run."

I almost shouted no, but I kept my tongue. She took another deep breath and continued, "I couldn't stay here, it just wasn't possible. I couldn't change your situation, it seemed, and I couldn't live with it either." Fresh tears trickled down her cheeks. "I decided to start packing. Then the next day, in the late afternoon, Amy showed up at my door. And she completely kicked my ass."

* * * * *

As accurately as I can guess, after talking with Lola and Amy, here's how that went.:

There was a loud pounding on the kitchen door. Lola heard it from upstairs, where she had been packing things into boxes, and went downstairs to open the door. There, standing on the little porch/stoop, was Amy, soaking wet from the rain and mad as hell.

"Amy!" Lola said, surprised. Before she could invite her in, Amy tore into her

"What is the matter with you?!" Amy shouted, her fists clenched by her sides. A gust of wind blew rain in the door, and Lola gestured Amy inside. "What . . . What are you talking about?"

Amy stomped into the kitchen. "You and Will FINALLY try to get together, we try to welcome you into our family for REAL, not just on paper, not just to dinner, and you pay us back by breaking Will's heart? and Karen's?"

Lola shut the door and held up her hands. "Whoa, whoa, welcome me into your family? He admitted to molesting all three of you! Even Liu Si! That's not a family! That's something horrible."

Amy got even madder. "HE didn't molest ANYBODY! Didn't he TELL you?! You have no idea what you're talking about!" She began to cry, still spitting mad. "Will LOVES us, he would never hurt any of us!"

Lola tried to calm her down. "I know you **think** he does, but -"

"SHUT UP!!" Amy screamed. "Molest means to hurt or misuse, or to damage or something. I KNOW Will loves us, each one of us, more than he loves YOU or anyone else. We ASKED for this."

Lola blinked, surprised. "What?"

Amy ran up to her and took her hands, beseeching. "Lola, we ASKED him to love us. Karen asked him first, I saw them and begged to be included too! You have no idea how much I wanted to be with them! I've wanted him AND her since I was seven!" She let go of Lola's hands and made fists again.

"Seven?!" Lola reacted in disgust. "When I was seven I wanted barbie dolls!"

Amy wiped her nose, still crying, still mad. "Well, not me. Ever since I knew what sex was, how good it could feel, I wanted it. And I wanted it with my big brother and my big sister, because they were the only people in this whole **stupid** world that I loved so much." She waved her arms in the air.

Lola's curiosity overcame her disgust. "Um, can we sit down and talk? In the living room? I vacuumed as best I could, there shouldn't be any cat hair."

"If I wasn't yelling at you, I wouldn't even be speaking to you." Amy growled, wiping the tears out of her eyes, even as fresh ones came.

"Please." Lola said, gesturing to the living room, which was full of boxes.

"What's with all the boxes?" Amy sniffled grumpily, as she trudged damply into the living room.

"I'm moving away." Lola admitted, not looking at Amy. "I can't deal with this."

"NO!" Amy whirled on her, crying even harder. "You CAN'T leave!" She stomped her feet angrily and just yelled at the floor. "RRRRRRRRRRRGHHHHH!"

"Geez, honey, calm down," Lola tried to comfort Amy, but Amy ducked away from her hand. Amy covered her face and took a few deep breaths. After about a minute, she had herself under some control.

"SIT down and let me explain this to you." Amy said, passing through the violent anger to the quiet phase of rage. "Right now." She pointed her finger at the couch, brooking no argument. Lola sat, watching Amy closely.

"Will and Karen have always been everything to me. You can't even talk to me about what a family is, because you don't FUCKING know." Amy's use of profanity shocked Lola, (as it did me when i heard about it.) and she flinched. Amy continued. "All my life, they were there. Feeding me, taking care of me, helping me, comforting me when I was scared, disciplining me when I was stupid, teaching me about life." Amy meshed her fingers together and held them up. "It's like my SOUL is woven in with theirs. If I had to live somewhere without them, I would just wither and die." Her tears continued to fall. "And nice job with the police threat, by the way. That was fucking low. Liu Si is terrified that someone is going to come and take her away. The ONE place she finally feels safe, and you have to go and ruin it. I hope you're fucking happy."

Lola looked ashamed. She put her hand to her throat.

"I used to run and hide in Will's bed at night when thunderstorms scared me, or when I had a bad dream, or when I got too cold. He's like this big warm blanket I can wrap around myself whenever I feel scared and alone. He got kicked out of school for us, his permanent record is screwed!" She wiped her eyes. "Karen is like a goddess, beautiful and kind, patient with me, always taking care of us, food, first aid, you name it. She's like a fountain of good things, always providing, whether it's macaroni and cheese, or just a hug and some reassurance. I can't even really remember Mom. There are pictures in an album, but I don't know that lady. When I think about love, and about who was a mom to me, I can only think of Karen. Our parents hated us to the point that they both left us. Alone. Will and Karen are the only mom and dad I've ever had. And you hurt them." Amy said at last.

"I'm so sorry that your parents were awful people, but it doesn't mean that it's ok for him to molest-" Lola

tried to speak up, but Amy interrupted her again, angrily.

"STOP calling it molestation, and STOP blaming Will for it!" Amy said. "I'M the one who made the first move! I'M the one who molested somebody! Everything else we ever did was because we wanted to!"

"You?" Lola choked.

"Yes, me." Amy slumped a little. "When I was seven, I snuck into his room and worked his penis out of his underwear while he was asleep. I played with it, like I saw on the video, and he had a sex dream and . . . and I panicked. I pretended to be asleep when he ejaculated, so when he woke up he thought he had done something to me in my sleep. He had cum all over me, so he tried to clean me up without waking me up, but the whole time I was already awake, just lying there pretending and terrified he would realize what I had done to him. For years I let him think he'd done it to me, not that I'd molested him." She looked at Lola fiercely. "And you know what he did when he finally found out? He FORGAVE me." She sniffed. "And you act like he doesn't love me."

Lola had covered her mouth at this revelation, and just stared at Amy. "Go back a second. What video?"

Amy sat on the floor with a flop. "I found a VCR tape under Mom's old bed that had sex lessons on it. You know, for beginners. I was amazed and couldn't wait to try it. Obviously."

(Amy wisely left out the part that it was a child pornography tape. A tape I have since made sure was destroyed. When she did find out that it had been child pornography, she was shocked, but Amy just pointed out that it seemed perfectly natural, because she had been a child at the time of seeing it. To her, it had just made sense.)

"And you were seven?" Lola asked, still trying to get her head around it.

"So? I'd been masturbating since I was four or five. I found my clitoris one day in the bathtub and never looked back. I thought I was weird, like maybe I was the only person who had one, so I kept it a secret. When I was seven, I found this tape and it showed people doing things together, touching each other, having wonderful fun. And I wanted that. They said that you do those things with the people you love, and that's always been Will and Karen." Amy cleared her throat, still emotional. "So I snuck into Will's room one night, determined to try it, thinking if I could make him feel good, he'd love me the way those people loved each other. But when he had an orgasm in his sleep, I got scared and pretended to be asleep. I chickened out. Oh, Lola, his face." She started crying freely again.

"Lola, when he finally woke up and got himself under control, he looked so scared, so terrified. He looked like he was just going to die. I was too afraid to do anything, because he looked so scared. If I had sat up, or spoken to him, I think he might have just stopped breathing. He ran away to the bathroom and cleaned me up so carefully, while I just lay there and wished I was dead. I wished I had never been born. I cursed myself for my selfishness and my stupidity. I let him think, for TWO YEARS I let him blame himself, that he had abused me in some way." Amy wiped her eyes and coughed. "I'm a coward."

Lola had begun to cry a little herself, just watching Amy's pain. She looked for a box of Kleenex, but didn't see one. Amy put her head in her hands and spoke downwards, as if to her crossed legs. "And when I finally tell him? He forgives me. He just took me in his arms, told me he loved me, and forgave

me. Can you even IMAGINE anything like that?" Amy tossed her head back and looked at Lola. "Imagine if someone took sexual advantage of you while you slept, or were passed out so when you woke up you didn't even fully understand what had happened. Imagine if that person came to you two years later and said 'That was me, I raped you, and I'm sorry.' How would you handle it?" She glared at Lola, who had blanched at the word 'raped.'

"I" Lola stammered. "I certainly don't think I would be very forgiving." She wiped her eye.

"William is the kindest, strongest, most wonderful man I have ever known." Amy said. "He makes love to me because I asked him. Because I wanted him to. Because I need him like I need air."

"It's not that simple, honey." Lola spoke up, trying to convince Amy.

"The fuck it isn't." Amy said bitterly.

"Even if you think you want that, it's incest." Lola began.

"We're not having babies, so that doesn't matter. By blood, he's only my half brother anyway, we all know it. Next!" Amy snapped her fingers dismissively. Lola tried again.

"Even WITH your consent, you're a minor, and it's statutory rape." Lola said, aggrieved.

"Stop saying rape or I swear to God I'm going to do something violent. Never use that word again." Amy said quietly. "And besides, do you know what that sentence means? It means that I don't have any rights. I'm not a person. I'm somebody's property." Amy thumped her chest angrily. "It means that it doesn't matter that I love him, that I want this, that I asked for it and thoroughly enjoy it. I'm not allowed to do it because I'm not allowed to do it. It's a fucking circular argument, Lola! It's MY body. I know what feels good, and I know what feels bad. It's like telling me I can't masturbate, or take hot showers, or anything else that feels good." Amy got to her feet again.

"I saw an episode of Law and Order a long time ago about something called 'female circumcision.' Do you know what that is?" Amy growled. Lola flinched, and almost gagged. "Yes, I know what that is!" Lola snapped, in shock.

"It takes place in shit-hole Muslim countries because women are property. They are objects, not human beings, and worst of all, they are objects of little or no value. Do you know they used to have laws about how well a man had to treat his livestock, but not his wife? A girl belongs to her father until she belongs to her husband. And they slice her clitoris off because she can't be trusted with it. Her husband doesn't have any need for it, so off it goes. They say it makes them more faithful or more attractive, but all it does is rob them of something precious, because she's not allowed to have it. It's not for her to have. She's just property."

Lola had her eyes shut and was shuddering with revulsion. "Stop it, stop talking about that. Female genital mutilation is not the same as sexual conduct laws."

"When you tell me that it doesn't matter what I like, or what I want, or how much I love someone because I'm too young, it's the same kind of thinking. I can't have feelings, I can't be happy, because it's

just not allowed. Like I'm not the owner of my own body. I reject the very idea." Amy said angrily. "I know what sex is, ok? I know that love and sex are different things. I ALSO know that they're best when they're together. I know that Will and Karen, and Liu Si make me happier than I have ever been in my whole life, like before them I didn't even know what happy was. I thought I did, but I didn't. Can you understand what I'm trying to tell you? You say that we've been mistreated somehow, I say bullshit. I've never been more fulfilled and happy than I am now. At least, until what you did. You have deeply hurt the people I love most, and I can't STAND it."

"I-" Lola started, softly, but Amy didn't let her get another word out.

"We all took a big chance on you. We could have kept this secret, leaving you alone, strictly business. A name on some courthouse papers, more like your mother was. But we didn't. We saw how lonely you were, how miserable, how hurt and damaged and alone, and we reached out to you. We invited you in, fed you, rubbed on you, fell in LOVE with you. We asked you to be our guardian, our stepmom almost. And you hurt us. Will and Karen BOTH fell in love with you, and you not only rejected them, you attacked us."

"It was too . . . I couldn't. . . ." Lola wept. Amy forged ahead.

"Can I tell you something? I love Karen, with all my heart, but I know she isn't really attracted to me. Not sexually. She lets me play on her playground, sure, but she doesn't want me the way she wants Will. Or the way she wanted you." Amy pointed at Lola's face. "When I first told her I loved her, she didn't even like girls. She let me touch her body and share Will with her because she loves me, not because she really gets anything out of it. But you? She ADORED you. She went lesbian for you. She offered you something that she'll never offer me, and you shit all over it." Amy snarled.

Lola flinched, and shut her eyes. She took a ragged breath.

"And Will." Amy swallowed. "You called him a monster. You called him a pedophile, and a piece of shit, you slashed his FACE, and you cut him right to his heart." Amy's voice was deadly and soft. "You. You, the 35-year-old woman who gave that 17-year-old boy his first kiss. You, who flirted all over him, got him so aroused that you HAD to have noticed. Don't tell me you didn't know. How many times were you aware that he had an erection?"

"Three times." Lola's voice was tiny, a broken whisper. "But he told me there were others." Her guilt was all over her face, which was also covered in tears.

"Of course there were others. But it didn't seem to be so monstrous when YOU did it. Will and Karen are only three years apart. Will and I are only eight years apart. How far apart are Will and YOU?" Amy demanded.

Lola couldn't answer, she was crying too hard, her hands over her face.

"Shouldn't THAT be enough to convince you that age doesn't mean anything? If you love someone and they love you, then fuck the rest of it." Amy spat. "We were perfectly happy, PERFECTLY happy, and we wanted to share it with you. But no. You're the only one who has the problem with this."

Lola was trying to get her breath, but she couldn't look at Amy. She continued crying, hard.

Amy sat down again. "Look at yourself. Look at your life. What do you want most?"

Lola shook her head and shrugged in disbelief, like *You're stopping a tirade to analyze me?* Her eyes were raw and red.

Amy counted on her fingers. "You wanted to be loved. You wanted to not be alone. You wanted to be a mommy." Amy began crying again. "You wanted a baby. You told us you begged your stupid asshole ex-husband for a baby."

"Stop!" Lola yelled, crying harder than ever. But Amy marched on.

"We offered you the opportunity for all of those things. Not a promise, because you know nothing in this stupid life is guaranteed, but we would have tried just as hard as you to make it happen. Not just one person, but TWO people. Maybe even four. How many people are that lucky? Not one significant other, but several." Amy took a deep breath and looked at Lola with disgust. Lola lay back on the couch, weeping in utter misery.

"So even without your attacks, even without your worthless arguments about what we're doing is wrong, and even without your double standard, you've done a truly terrible thing to us. Do you want to know what it is?" Amy asked angrily. Lola was already shaking her head.

"No," she croaked. She clutched herself on the couch.

"YOU'RE the one with the objection. You're the one who's wrong, but instead, you made it about THEM." Amy snarled. "When I saw Karen and Will that first time, making love in the gazebo, I couldn't believe it. I just COULDN'T believe it. They were having sex, yes, but they were so beautiful together. I cried my eyes out, partly because I was so hurt at being left out, but also partly because it was so perfect I couldn't even IMAGINE myself with them. In that moment, I felt so small and worthless, just because they looked so perfect and beautiful together. Lola, there should have been golden beams of light, heavenly choirs, and little fat naked baby angels flitting around!" Amy waved her arms. "When Will and Karen are sharing that kind of connection, there's not even the right kind of words for it. And that's the worst part. You know why?! Because they had something truly, profoundly beautiful. And you've convinced them it was UGLY." Amy voice was loaded with disgust. "And I don't know if I can ever forgive you for that." She climbed to her feet, her work done.

Lola was covering her mouth, crying silently, her body shaking, wracked with sobs. Amy put her hands on her hips and looked around.

"Moving out, huh? Running away? Because that's a good idea, right?" Her voice dripped bitter sarcasm. "Pull up stakes and run off to where nobody knows you from shit? Leave behind the people who cared about you the most, who needed you, who loved you even as you ripped out their hearts?" Amy casually shoved the top box off of a stack. It fell over with a boom and books sprawled out of it. "Figures. Can't say we're not used to it."

Lola finally got some air, and cried out a long, thin wail as she wept uncontrollably. She got in another

breath, and tried to speak. "I'm . . . sorry I-" She gulped, but Amy waved her hand.

"Save it." Amy said, too tired and emotionally drained to really have any fire now. "If you're leaving, then get going. The sooner you're gone, the sooner we can all try to forget you ever existed." She trudged out to the kitchen, but Lola was crying too hard to stand and follow her.

"Good luck with your NEW new life." Amy paused in the doorway, looking back at Lola, still emotionally destroyed, crying on the couch. She reached back and tapped herself on the shoulder. "The thing about phoenixes? When they're reborn, they turn everything around them to ashes." Amy looked at the floor for a second. When she looked back up, fresh tears were pouring silently down her cheeks. "Now fly away." She whispered, her throat tight. She turned her back on Lola and walked out of the house.

* * * * *

Oh, my god. I was stunned. Lola was crying again, just trying to tell me about it. "I didn't realize she ripped into you so bad." I said, noncommittally.

"No, I deserved it." Lola wept, wringing her hands. "She was right."

I felt a zing go down my spine. Lola said Amy was right? Did this mean ?

"It was like getting surgery with no anaesthetic. Every single time she cut into me, she would pull out something bad, like some sticky black chunk of rot or infection and make me look at it." Lola hiccuped, trying to get herself under control. "I was selfish, and cowardly, and so close-minded with prejudice I couldn't even see the beauty in front of me. My behavior was completely hurtful and unforgiveable. I had no right to judge you, I had no idea how lucky I truly was, and I threw it away."

My heart began to beat faster. I had to play this just right. She deserves this, I thought to myself with grim satisfaction.

She slipped off the couch and knelt in front of me. She squeezed my hands as she spoke, her voice shaking with emotion, even as fresh tears spilled down her cheeks. "I am so, so sorry for how I treated you. And Karen. I'm sorry for calling you names, I'm sorry for screaming at you, and I can't even express how sorry I am for cutting your face. I'll never, ever be able to make up for that."

She took a deep breath. I steeled myself for what had to come. How many people get a chance like this? I thought to myself. The scratch on my cheek burned.

"Is it possible, is there even a chance of hope, that you and you sisters would ever forgive-"

"Yes." I said.

She hiccuped and stared at me in shock, her beautiful (reddened) eyes wide.

"Do you really-" she faltered.

"Yes!" I shrugged. Her luscious mouth was open in stunned surprise. She climbed awkwardly to her feet,

staring at me.

"After everything I did to you? Just like that?" She whispered in amazement. I shook my head.

"No, just like this." And I pulled her into my lap, wrapped my arms around her waist, and kissed her cheek.

THEN she REALLY started to cry.

I just held her and rocked her for almost five minutes, as she cried her heart out on me. She pressed her cheek against mine, holding me tightly. The salt from her tears stung where it got into the scratch on my face.

She reached out to touch my cheek tenderly. "I am so sorry about this. I would have called you sooner, but I was so ashamed of myself. I thought you would hate me." She sighed, and paused. "I mean, assuming you still like me. You DID forgive me, but do you and Karen still . . . like me? Or did I ruin that?" She hiccupped.

"Well, there are a few conditions." I said gently, still holding her against me. She looked closely at me. "Name them," She said, as if making a promise.

"I'm going to need you to cut your nails." I joked. She held up her hands. What were once pretty, feminine nails were now tiny chewed nubs. "Already done." She winced.

"You need to be able to share." I said. "Meaning me with the others. They had first dibs, and they shared me with you, so you can't be all possessive. Plus, I'm sure they would like to maybe be your lovers as well. Karen at the very least, although she's very nervous about it, I know she wants it. Probably Amy as well, because Amy wants everything she can get."

Lola wiped her eyes and chuckled. "This is SO not normal, but I *think* I could do that. I'm not sure they'll forgive me for how I behaved."

"And you have to stop feeling guilty for things you've already been forgiven for." I said, searching her eyes. She shook her head and touched my cheek, near the slash her fingernails made. "I can't. Every time I see your cut face, I'm going to hate myself all over again."

I gripped her arms. "Holding onto pain is what makes us miserable. When it's over, it's over, don't cherish it. My face will heal. Our hearts will heal, and they'll heal faster if we're not constantly reopening the wound. Let it go."

She took a deep breath and swallowed unevenly. "I'm not used to that."

"I know." I said. "You tend to want to curl around it like an ember in a fire, so it never goes out, never stops burning. All you're doing is hurting yourself. I'm willing to forgive you, but I insist you forgive yourself."

"I'll try." She said.

"Do or do not. There is no try." I said, in my best Yoda voice, which is really terrible.

"How can you just forgive me? Doesn't this still hurt?" She clung to her denial.

"It does, but that doesn't mean I don't forgive you." I said softly, pulling her closer. "Remember what your mom used to say? Always forgive the person you love, if they love you."

She sighed, and put her head on my shoulder. "I was expecting to have to grovel a lot, after what I did. I was totally prepared to beg."

"I wouldn't have made you beg." I said. "Either I forgive you or I don't. Making you earn it would be unfair." I leaned down and kissed her neck. She moaned and squirmed on my lap.

"Oh, my god." She sighed, and wiped her eyes. "I can't even think when you do that. You kiss my neck and my thoughts just go whoosh." She waved her hand weakly. I did it again, and she whimpered and clutched me, raising up her head and kissing me cautiously.

"I'm going to need you to think for a little while longer," I said. "so I'll stop."

"Awww," She whined, but then looked at me. "A little while? What happens after that?"

I grinned evilly, and she got this little delighted look. "That's up to you." I said.

"It's probably going to involve some sex, or at least some seriously heavy petting.." She warned, and I laughed. "I don't think I've ever been this hot for you before." she said. "Right now I would give you anything you wanted."

"Do you promise to love me and my sisters, and to let us love you?" I asked.

She nodded enthusiastically. "Absolutely."

"Then you've already given me what I wanted most." I murmured, and kissed her. She practically melted into me, kissing me, clutching at me. Tears still ran down her face, but these were a different kind of outpouring, a cleansing.

Before we got too hot, I pulled back a bit. "Before you and I do anything, we need to go tell the girls the good news." I said, and Lola's face fell.

"I have so much to apologize for." She said weakly. "Are you sure they'll forgive me as easily as you did?"

"Trust me. Just tell them the truth, and you'll be fine. We all still love you, even if it hasn't been easy these past few days."

"I'm so nervous all of the sudden." She said, then startled. "Oh! Um, in the next few days, you're going to get a padded envelope in the mail. It has your T-shirt in it. The one I was sleeping in." She blushed at

me.

"You mailed it?" I asked, surprised.

"I was so upset that I had decided I didn't want to see you ever again," She said, clutching me even tighter. "so I threw it in an envelope and they took it. I'm sorry. It should be there really soon. I mailed it yesterday, before Amy showed up."

"You can have it back." I said, soothingly. "Or we could think of something better."

Lola sighed and put her head on my shoulder again. "I've been so miserable these past two days. I seriously hit bottom."

"Well, we love you." I said. "You don't need to be alone." A thought that had been ricocheting around in my head caught my attention again, so I asked. "Earlier you mentioned sexual confusion? What's the deal there?"

"It's something I'm not proud of. When I was in college, there was a lot ofexperimenting." She said, her voice small.

"Well, for something that's supposed to be a secret, you didn't do a very good job of hiding it." I said gently. "Amy figured it out the night you told us your life story."

Lola blushed. "I guess I'm not as sneaky as I thought. I never guessed that you guys would know what kind of things I was talking about, and now I'm faced with the possibility that you know more than me. I will admit to being more than a little intimidated." She rubbed my chest with her free hand.

"Don't be." I kissed her ear. "This isn't a contest. We're all on the same team, even if some of us play for both sides."

She swatted my chest gently. "That wasn't funny, buster." But I could see a smile tugging at the corner of her mouth, so I kissed it. She sighed. "I feel like such a weight has been taken off. I feel like I can breathe again."

I gave her a squeeze. "Well, not everyone knows the good news yet. Let me call the girls and tell them."

Lola sat up. "I need to apologize to them in person. I hurt each one of them, and I should own up to it. Could you just tell them that I'm coming home with you?"

"As you wish." I said, and as Lola stood from my lap, I pulled out my new cell phone to call home.

"You got a new one?" She said, surprised. I nodded. "That's where I was when you and Karen were kissing." She blushed, and left the room as I dialed.

It rang three times, and then I heard Karen's nervous voice answer the phone. "_umbert residence." Everything sounded really far away and choppy, like I was talking to the space shuttle. "Am I on the speaker?" I asked, surprised. I hate the speaker.

"_orry!" Karen's voice echoed at me, "_atteries just died on the handset."

"Is everybody there?" I asked. "_ES!" came Amy's shout.

"We're coming over. Lola wants to talk to you guys." I said, in a tone of I-know-some-thing-you-don't-know.

"_ait! We need five minutes!" Amy shouted.

"No we don't," Karen said, as if over her shoulder. She must be right up on the speaker now, because I can hear her entire words.

"_e gotta get pretty! This is the big showdown!" Amy pleaded. "_leeease?"

"We'll give you the five minutes," I said, grinning. Lola came back into the room, shyly, holding her cell phone.

"We'll be ready," Karen's voice breathed into the microphone. She was trying to talk quietly, being so close to the speakerphone, but it was like she was murmuring in my ear. I got a little zing of arousal.

"Bye then." I said, and right before the speakerphone *clonked* off, I could hear Liu Si call "_oodbye, Will!"

Lola sat demurely next to me, and looked at her phone. "What's your new number?" She asked quietly.

"Same as the old one." I said, and she pushed some buttons. After a moment, she looked at me, smiling.

"You once asked me what your ringtone was, but I was too embarrassed to tell you." She said.

"Correct." I grinned.

"No more secrets." She said, taking a deep breath. "Call me."

"Are you sure?" I asked, just to tease her. She stuck her tongue out at me. I called her phone from mine.

A second later, her phone broke into song, and I was completely surprised. It was an oldie, a song by the Platters, as I later found out, and what was most moving was the fact that Lola sang it to me while it played.

Only you can make this world seem right/
Only you can make the darkness bright/
Only you, and you alone, can thrill me like you do/
You fill my heart with love, for only you.

Only you can make this change in me/

for it's true, you are my destiny/
When you hold my hand, I understand the magic that you do/
You're my dream come true, my one and only you.

Her voice, as I have said before, is beautiful. I was deeply moved. "I love you." I blurted. She bit her lip and blushed, her eyes wet once again.

"Except it's not "only" either of us, is it." She sighed. "I'm attracted to Karen, even while I'm in love with you, and as far as me, I'm practically fourth banana."

"You are not!" I sat up straight, but Lola was already shaking her head and making soothing gestures.

"I know, I know, it's just . . . that was little hard for me to deal with as well. My initial reaction was one of betrayal, but now that I've thought about it, I know that isn't accurate."

"Well, Karen and Amy WERE first, and when we spoke in the hospital, you said something about how I was allowed to love other girls, if it was really love. This seemed to be a qualifying situation." I said.

She pointed a finger at me. "This wasn't what I meant and you know it. Don't be a weasel." She sighed. "But I had to look at the big picture. You've obviously got plenty of access to sex and yet, you still tried to make me happy, to make me feel special and loved. You took your time, and actually tried to make an emotional connection, instead of just jumping at my ass. When I wanted to go faster, you wanted to slow down and enjoy the trip. That meant a lot."

I looked deep into her eyes. "I wanted it to be the real thing." She nodded, and smiled at me.

"So if you've already got three lovers, and you still take the time for me, either you're a priapic dirtbag, or you must really mean the things you've said." She said.

"I DID warn you in the hospital that if you wanted me, you got all of us." I said. "What does priapic mean?"

"You know I had no idea how much that actually meant, so don't act like you were telling me anything." She grinned. "Priapic means you're a raging horndog and don't care where you stick it. Think Bill Clinton." (Now I might use T1g3r W00ds as a better example.)

"Sorry." I said. "Please believe me, ever since Karen and Amy and I shared our love, I've been struggling with how to tell you."

Lola tilted her head and looked at me calmly. "What convinced me that it might be ok was Amy. She said you were perfectly happy, but you wanted to include me anyway. It made me really think about it. You took a big risk. You had to have had faith that it would work, and for that, you had to have really been sincere. Nobody would lie like that with such a colossal threat on the line. You must have been telling me the truth."

I nodded, still holding her hand. "I wouldn't say we were *perfectly* happy, though." I said sincerely.

"Oh?" Lola asked. Her eyebrows raised a little bit. I shook my head.

"We still needed you." I said, and raised her hand to my lips, where I softly kissed her palm. She took a deep breath, and just seemed to melt a little.

"You silver-tongued angel." She murmured. I grinned innocently. She smiled back, and I could actually see her dimples. "How do you *sleep* at night?" She mock scolded.

"You should come and see for yourself." I teased, and she stuck her tongue out at me again.

"You ready to go?" I asked, and she seemed to jolt awake.

"Oh my god, I look terrible!" She said. "I have to change." She looked down at her giant sweater and leggings.

"You look beautiful, as always." I said. "Let's just go."

"I don't always look anything," She argued. "This morning I looked like hammered shit, and you're too nice to say it."

"Despite how vivid a description that was, I'm still not going to agree with you." I said calmly. I stood and stretched, aware of her eyes devouring me.

"So I'm guessing we don't need to wait for anything anymore?" She asked, her voice calculating.

"Other than telling the girls the good news, and making it right with them, I'm yours." I said. "If you want, that is. There's nothing holding me back."

She bit her lower lip and looked VERY happy. Her eyes positively sparkled as she said "Oh, I totally want." She sighed and looked down at herself. "Are you sure this is ok?"

"I'm sure. They'll just be happy to see you. They won't care if you're wearing a sweater or a suit." I said, but Lola shook her head.

"If I strut in there wearing a suit, when I'm supposed to be apologizing, it'll be too aggressive. This is not the time to look "shark tooth" as Amy might say." She sighed.

I'd not given it any thought, so I was a bit surprised. "Really? Does it matter?"

"Well, I'm not going to wear sackcloth and ashes," She said, which I admit, I didn't understand, "but I want to look accessible, not aggressive."

"Amy did mention that they wanted some time to get pretty," I admitted, and Lola nodded firmly.

"See? They're girls. This is going to be a drama moment." She didn't seem upset though.

"Sorry. I don't know what they're planning." I apologized. "You said you wanted to apologize to them in

person, so I didn't tell them what we discussed. Although, you coming home with me has to mean something."

Lola put her hands on her hips and took a deep breath. "Well, I've already decided that if they want to be mad at me, I'm just going to have to take my lumps. I was wrong, and I'll face the music."

I reached for her hand, and she gave it to me. "It won't be so bad." I soothed.

She sighed and gave me a nervous smile. "Just don't let go, ok?"

"It will be ok." I said, and we headed for the car. On the way out, we passed the collapsed pile of boxes. "So these were from moving away?" I asked, trying to keep my voice light, but still feeling as if we had dodged a bullet.

"I don't want to think about that anymore." Lola stated. "I was making a terrible mistake."

As I went to turn into the driveway, a UPS truck pulled in behind me. I stopped far enough down the driveway to allow the big box truck to get off the road, but not far enough to set off the driveway box. Ever since the attack, I've been really jumpy about other vehicles in our driveway. I got out and started walking back, and the guy jumped out with a medium-sized box. "Is this the Humbert residence?" He called.

"You got it." I said, and reached for the box. He hesitated. "Um, normally, we need to be at the location before I can give this to you."

"Well, this IS the driveway, actually." I said, but got out my wallet. He looked at my license, nodded, and gave that little data pad thingy to sign. I got the box, and he left.

The drive to the house was short, and I made sure to take her hand again when we got out.

I slid open the glass door and stuck my head in. "De-activate the booby traps! We're coming in."

"We're in the living room!" Amy yelled. I leaned back to Lola. "I said booby." I giggled, and she punched me lightly.

We walked in, to find the girls sitting on the couch, facing forward. I led Lola around to the front, and we stopped on the rug. Suddenly, it felt like a court martial. Let me describe the room.

Amy was wearing jean shorts, sneakers, and a tight t-shirt with frogs on it. She was leaning forward, her elbows on her knees, her fingers steepled. She looked skeptical, not exactly hostile, but wary and a little squinty. Her hair was in a scrunchie, and her eyes stayed on Lola.

Liu Si sat right up against her, wearing flip-flops, red short-shorts, and a white spaghetti-strap tank top that tied on her shoulders in big bows. Her hair was combed out, and seemed to flow down to her shoulders like a glossy black waterfall. She was watching Lola when we walked in, just like Amy, but her eyes flickered down to where I was holding Lola's hand, and her gaze shot to me. I winked, and Liu Si lit up with a huge smile. She got it already.

Karen was a vision in a tight silk blouse, emerald green, that seemed to cling to her curves so well my hands got jealous. She was wearing a white linen skirt, not quite knee length, and sat by herself at the end of the couch. Her arms and legs were crossed, closed body language, and she stared silently at Lola with big eyes. I couldn't read her expression, whether it was nervous or mad or expectant. She was just searching Lola's face, as if the answers to her heartbreak could be found there.

Amy spoke up. "Kid Court is now in-" Lola flinched, squeezing my hand.

"No." I stated flatly, maybe a little louder than necessary. Amy stopped and looked at me, a little surprised. Liu Si started rubbing her back. I tossed the UPS box onto the ottoman.

Lola took a breath, and spoke for herself. "I have come to apologize. I was wrong, and my behavior was unacceptable." Her voice was soft and sad. "I owe each one of you an apology, and I wanted to do it in person." She released my hand, and stepped forward, by herself.

A lot of tension went out of the room. Amy relaxed, Liu Si still grinned like she was going to bust, and Karen's eyes started to get misty, although her posture had not changed.

"Amy," Lola actually bowed to Amy where she sat on the couch. "Not only do I want to apologize to you for the hurt I caused you, and your family, I wanted to thank you. If you hadn't come out and staged a one-woman intervention, I would still be looking at everything the wrong way. I basically will owe you all the happiness I have for the rest of my life." Lola began to get choked up. "I was going to run away, and I would have been miserable forever. Or at least, never be this happy again. I cannot thank you enough."

Amy had clamped a hand over her own mouth, and when she removed it, I could see she was starting to cry too. "At first I wanted to change your mind, or at least tell you what was really going on, but when you said you were moving away, I just wanted to yell at you. At that point, I was less concerned with converting you, as with simply breaking your heart as badly as you were breaking mine." Amy sniffled. Lola wept a few silent tears and nodded. "I am SO sorry. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, of course." Amy stood and wobbled a bit as she came over for a hug. "I forgive you." They clung to each other. I glanced back to see Liu Si clapping her hands quietly, Karen still staring at Lola, her eyes two bottomless blue wells.

"I love you." Lola said, her voice almost a whisper, full of emotion. "I love you right back!" Amy said, and gave her one last squeeze.

When they broke, Lola wiped her eyes, and turned to Liu Si. "Liu Si, I also wanted to-" But Liu Si had leapt up and ran the two steps, almost tackling Lola with an "OOF!", so intent was she to hug Lola.

"I do not need an apology. I am glad that you have come back." She said, and Lola started crying again.

"I know that this is the only place you've ever felt safe, and that you belong, and I'm sorry I threatened that. It was stupid of me, and I can't even tell you how much I regret it." Lola sniffled, but Liu Si just shook her head. "Forget about that. You are forgiven. Be at peace."

Lola bent down and hugged her close. "You smell good." Liu Si said politely, and kissed Lola on the cheek, which made her blush. "Thank you." She wiped her eyes again as she stood.

Looking extremely nervous, she turned to Karen. "I-" she began, and faltered. Still looking nervous and otherwise unreadable, Karen patted the couch next to herself.

"Other than Will, I owe you the biggest apology of all." Lola said. "I'm not even sure how to go about it."

"Just . . ." Karen took a deep breath. "Why did you run away? I was sure you wanted to kiss me. Did I do wrong?" Karen looked upset.

Lola blinked, surprised. Amy spoke up. "She's been blaming herself ever since it happened."

"No, honey, no." Lola breathed, taking her hand. "Not at all!"

Lola reached out and touched Karen's face, cradling her cheek, even as Karen hitched another deep breath and tried not to cry.

"I ran away because I was shocked at myself, and angry, and scared, and confused." Lola said, clutching Karen's hand. "Maybe I just better try to explain."

She took a deep breath. "You guys already know I'm the youngest of three, but growing up wasn't very easy. Donna was nine years older than me, so she left for college when I was in third grade. She was an honor student, played clarinet, and was very mature. My other sister, Doris, was a wild child. Doris is five years older than me. For a while I idolized her, wanting to be just like her, then I realized I didn't like her. She was mean, selfish, and two-faced."

Lola wiped her eyes. "Because of her, Mom and Dad had to treat us both very strictly. Things that Donna had been allowed to do, they refused us. Doris would try to sneak out, try to smoke, she stole beer from Dad, she would shoplift, all that stupid "bad girl" crap. She had shitty friends around her all the time, and she would try to follow their shitty advice. Because of her, I had to live by the same rules, so it would be fair."

"We had to be home, inside the house, by 9:30. We weren't allowed to have doors on our rooms. We were allowed to hang curtains across, for modesty's sake, but Doris didn't have any of that either." Lola sighed. "Doris moved out, or maybe even was kicked out, when she was 19. I was 12, but by then, the rules were pretty much set in stone. I was left with all the chores, and all the rules."

"Donna graduated and got a realtor's license, and is doing pretty well. Doris left school for a while then returned after she straightened up a little, and got into the Community College nursing program. I worked my butt off and headed for law. I got a scholarship to (college mentioned way earlier) and off I went." Lola sat back and closed her eyes for a second.

"College life was . . . huge. I felt like Dorothy Gale stepping out of a black-and-white farmhouse into a huge, candy-colored, bright shiny landscape." Lola sighed. "All the rules and strict upbringing pretty much went *poof!* and here I was, hip-deep in "good times." I could eat whatever I wanted, I could stay up late, I could go out, I could do whatever I wanted. I know when we first met I told you all that I spent

most of my free time in the dorm, but that wasn't strictly true, at least, not my first year and a half."

"Did you gain the freshman 15?" Amy interjected. Lola laughed, bitterly. "Honey, I gained it, lost it, gained it back, and lost it again. It was too much. There was literally a party every night, and all manner of new things to try, some good, some very, very bad. I started drinking, first fruit things like Pina coladas and daquiris, then mojitos, margaritas, and mudslides, your basic "girl drinks." But within a year, I had moved on to beer, and shots, even disgusting things like Jager bombs and boilermakers. I went downhill fast. SOMEHOW, I managed to stay on my grades, but for the life of me, I'm not sure how. I dropped a few classes after I got too far behind to catch up, but I had to take them again in later semesters."

Lola wiped her eyes. "I avoided drugs, mostly because I was raised during the whole "Just Say NO" program, and I was afraid that if I ever smoked weed, I'd wake up the next morning a crackwhore, so I stayed away from that, but I totally excessed with alcohol. Plus, I also discovered sex, or at least sexy activities."

Lola cleared her throat. "I'll admit I was a late bloomer. I didn't figure out masturbation until I was far into my teens, practically out of junior high, so I felt like the whole world was ahead of me and I had to catch up. Our house was so strict though, that I never did anything crazy here. Not until I went away to college."

"Our dorm was at the bare end of campus, and I lived in C Tower, which was four floors high, six rooms each floor, separated from the A and B towers by a stairwell. Each floor had it's own bathroom and shower big enough for four people at a time. The ground floor had a laundry room and a vending machine area in the last two rooms, but you could do laundry or get something to eat without actually leaving the tower. C Tower was 100% female. Boys weren't allowed in after dark, and even during the day, they weren't allowed into rooms, they could only go as far as each floor's lounge, which was a wide spot in the hallway where the stairway door let out. Each lounge had a lamp, and a little table, and about three chairs." Lola paused. "Am I boring anyone yet? I promise I'm going somewhere with all this."

I had already sat down, and all the girls were still paying attention. Lola continued. "Mom and Dad wanted me in C Tower, because it was all girls. A and B were co-ed, although divided by floor, but still, you could find boys on any given floor at any given time, for some reason or other. C Tower seemed "safer" for little old me." Lola sighed. "But I didn't really want to be "safe." I wanted to have fun. I wanted to go crazy."

"The first week we were there, the RA's sat down all the freshman girls, seperate from the boys, and gave us a sex-ed lecture. They scared us good. The semester before I got there, one of the girls in B had gotten pregnant, tried to get a cheap no-tell abortion, and the person doing the procedure accidentally damaged her cervix. EVERYBODY talked about it, and they told us that even condoms aren't foolproof. People can still get pregnant WITH condoms. They told us there really was no such thing as safe sex." Lola said. "But we knew, or at least learned, there were things we could do that couldn't end in pregnancy."

Lola sighed. "Being on the swim team, in an all-girls dorm, was like being in a lesbian factory. Our RA was named Sonya, and she was from Brazil. She weighed about 210 lbs, but still spent her entire day in thong panties, a tank top, and a rosary. I think I only saw her outside of C Tower a few times, and each time I did, I was shocked to see her with clothes on."

Liu Si smiled, a little, and Amy laughed, but Lola shook her head. "I'm serious. She would sleep with her door open, and no blankets, so if you had to go in to get her for something, her whole ass would be hanging out."

Amy laughed harder, and Karen finally cracked a smile. "It was quite shocking for an innocent little thing like me." Lola proclaimed. "She smoked clove cigarettes and plucked her mustache in the bathroom. Looking back, she was kinda gross. But at the time, she was like this wise woman. I asked her about all kinds of stuff. It was from her I learned I could use my electric toothbrush as a vibrator, almost."

To me, this seemed like very embarrassing stuff, but Lola was successful in drawing the girls in. She went on. "But the swim team was what really turned my head around. Here I was, in a group with about nine other girls, almost all of them gorgeous, spending a lot of time together, in swimsuits, in the showers, just close proximity, and I was horny as hell. Our coach actually WAS a lesbian, her name was Ms. Strom, and she was this 45-year old woman, short, squat, with a crew-cut. There was only one girl on the squad who was over 150 pounds, and even though her name was Shelley, they called her "The Whale." All of the other girls were leggy, gorgeous, and they knew it."

Amy had snorted at the whale comment, and I shot her a stern look, but she was already looking contrite. Lola counted on her fingers. "So, all-girls dorm, naked RA, sexy swim team, and boys were the enemy. Boys stared at you, lied to you, hit on you, got you pregnant. Boys were bad. And I was so lonely and horny I thought I would explode." Her face was red, but she bravely continued. "Masturbation got me through the first year, but in my second year, I started getting more reckless."

"My roommates were nice to me, and I started to think that they were my friends. They took me to parties, they got me home safe after I got sloshed, they seemed funny and exciting. They always told me how much fun I had, even though I woke up on the floor in the bathroom more times than I can remember. I thought they were my kind of people, even though in the end, they turned out more like Doris." She sighed sadly.

"Two of the girls on my floor were sisters in the Delta Zeta sorority. Delta Zeta threw the best parties. They had a house off-campus, and it got pretty wild. Sometimes they would lay down hefty bags in the hallway, and pour out a bottle of baby oil and have Slip'n'Slide night, where you would run and then slide into a pile of couch cushions. They would throw Lingerie Parties, where to get in you had to be dressed in sexy lingerie. It would start as girls-only, but it quickly became co-ed once everybody started getting tipsy." Lola scratched her chin for a moment, and then went on. "I, um . . . when I started drinking, I started to get frisky. I was lonely and horny, and surrounded by beautiful girls, and it was just so easy. If I was at a party, and kissed another girl, I got a free drink or two. Guys (and some girls) would line up to buy me drinks, and I loved the attention. I was popular!" She stopped, looking ashamed.

Karen rubbed her hand, and she continued. "I never went much further than kissing or heavy groping, but still . . . I got a reputation as a party girl. There's a phenomena called "queer for a year" where sometimes college girls will focus sexually on other girls, both because being away from home makes them want to experiment, and because they feel it's safer than boys. I don't know. I just enjoyed the thrill of it, the attention, and of course, the booze. I was out of control."

"The Delta Zeta sorority was the place for slutty rich girls. They have a reputation as "Easy DZ's," and I'll

bet if you researched all the G1rlz G0n3 W1ld videos, you'd find more DZ's than any other sorority. I wasn't rich, but after a few wild parties, I got invited to pledge. I declined. I didn't much see the need for it. I had "friends," I was getting drunk, I didn't have time for the so-called community service, and besides, rumor had it that as the final part of initiation or hazing, all the girls pledging to DZ had to make a daisy chain on the basement floor." Lola blushed. "And that was further than I was prepared to go."

"Is that so bad?" Amy asked. "Flowers are nice."

Lola shook her head, blushing even harder. "In this context, a daisy chain is where a bunch of girls all sort of . . . sixty-nine in a line, so each girl is licking the one in front, and getting licked by the one behind." Amy's jaw dropped, and Liu Si swatted her gently before she could say anything.

Lola took a deep breath, and continued. "So here I was, in my sophomore year, getting drunk most nights, one way or another, regardless that I was underage, and cooped up with a bunch of party animals. I started making bad choices. I got more reckless at the parties, flirting harder, even taking clothes off sometimes. I can't tell you right now what I was thinking, but everybody told me I was having fun, and I believed them." She looked very shameful. "Really though, deep down, I wouldn't even admit to myself that I was miserable."

"You poor thing," Karen said, rubbing Lola's hand. Lola used her other hand to wipe her eyes. "I didn't start out that way, not at first, but the longer I did it, the easier and worse it got. My first semester I was President's List, then Dean's List, then my third semester I was a nobody. Being on the swim team may have bought me a little leeway, but I can't be sure. I was definitely trending downwards."

"It actually went on for almost two years. I still have no idea how I managed to keep my scholarship. My memory of the third semester is so dazed. I got kicked out of the library at least twice, I got left at a party by my so-called girls, and had to wander home so drunk I threw up in the letter tray of a public mailbox."

"Seriously?" Amy said, unable to stifle a giggle. Lola looked at her and cracked a smile herself. "Yeah. Definitely NOT my proudest moment. I feel bad for the poor mailman who had to deal with that the next day. But I think my worst moment, my loneliest, most miserable night of my life, was on the Swim Bus. I decided to try the Backseat Express." Lola's voice was getting dry. She cleared her throat, and looked at me, but before she could ask I jumped up and went to the kitchen for something for her to drink. I grabbed a bottle of iced tea and came back in time to hear Karen ask what the Backseat Express was.

"It's really embarrassing." Lola said, gratefully taking the bottle of tea from my outstretched hand. "I've literally never told anyone about this, ever. This is my deepest, darkest secret."

"You don't have to tell us if it's that bad." Karen said, clutching her hand. "We've already forgiven you. You can let it go."

"No, I have to." Lola said. "I have to explain this if I'm going to make it right." She took a drink of tea, and tried to collect her thoughts.

"We You could" She faltered, and tried again. "When we would go places as the swim team, we would usually take one of the university's vehicles, one of those big 15-passenger vans, the kind churches or schools use. We used to refer to it as the Swim Bus. Some of the trips to other schools took

a few hours. Usually Ms. Strom would drive, and we would either talk or sleep, or whatever." Lola cleared her throat and took another sip of tea. "Of the ten of us, four were acknowledged as bisexual or flat-out lesbian. It wasn't a secret, at least not among us. I think when this happened there were three bi, one full-on dyke, not counting Ms. Strom."

Everyone was hanging off her every word. She looked utterly ashamed of herself, but bravely went on. "When we were coming back from somewhere further away, especially as we approached winter break, it would get dark, and we would be riding at night. The bi and lesbian girls started something called the Backseat Express." Lola said. Another sip of tea.

"The way it worked was that once it got dark, anyone who was horny would move to the very very back seat and sit against the driver's side, keeping their right leg across the rest of the seat, like you're saving a seat for someone. One of the other girls would then slip back there and finger you in the dark." Lola stammered. Amy gasped, and even Karen blinked.

"They said it was just a quick way to get off, if you were stressed or busy, or wanted no-strings orgasms, and dealing with a boyfriend was just too annoying, or whatever. They made it sound guilt-free and totally discreet, like the female equivalent of a glory hole or something." I could tell that not everyone in the room knew what a glory hole was, but Lola kept talking. "It had been started by the girls on the team who liked girls, obviously, but it was open to anyone or so they said. You'd have Ms. Strom driving, and usually Shelley would be sitting in the shotgun seat talking to her, and the rest of us would be sleeping or listening to Walkmans or whatever."

She wiped her eyes. "So one night, right towards the end of the semester, literally our last meet or intermural practice before winter break, I was feeling horny and reckless, and decided to give it a try. As we got in the van that night, I went all the way to the back, and put my leg out." Lola's voice broke, and she put her head down. Karen reached for her hand and held it.

"In the dark, someone snuck back before too long, and I felt a hand creeping up my leg. I was tense, and almost queasy with what I thought was excitement, but I quickly realized that I was terrified. I suddenly didn't want to do this anymore, but I was too embarrassed to say anything. I shut my eyes so I wouldn't accidentally see who it was, in passing headlights or streetlights. Thank God I left my shoe on." She mumbled.

"Your shoe?" Amy asked. "Did you kick her?"

Lola shook her head. "No, it was If you took your shoe off, in the backseat, it meant that you wanted full insertion, like fingers and all. If you left your shoe on, it meant you just wanted diddled, like they would just rub your clit. That way when they felt their way back in the dark, nobody would have to talk, they would know what you wanted without making a sound." Lola shook her head. "The minute I felt that hand on my ankle, I started feeling sick, like something was very wrong. I went from being horny and excited to being scared and ashamed of myself almost instantly, but my companion was already sitting on the edge of the seat, putting her hand down my sweatpants, and since my leg was behind her, I was stuck with my legs spread, while she touched me."

"I was too scared and embarrassed to say anything, and I didn't even think to push her hands away in the dark. It was like I was too mortified to even move." Lola wept softly. "It was as if her touch snapped me

out of it. What started as me being reckless, selfish, and stupid suddenly turned into me being ashamed, terrified, and sick to my stomach. I KNEW this wasn't right. I KNEW this was a stupid idea that I should have avoided." Lola sighed.

"Was that rape?" Liu Si asked, looking upset.

After a moment, Lola shook her head. "I don't think it counts. I PUT myself in a situation like that, nobody forced me. I did change my mind, yes, but only when it was too late. It would be like jumping off of a cliff and then deciding that I didn't WANT to hit the ground. I don't get to say I'm a victim if I basically did it to myself." She looked tired.

"So what happened?" Amy asked, Karen nodded.

Lola wiped her eyes again. "I was so ashamed that I couldn't decide what to do, or how to get out of it. I'm surprised whoever-she-was didn't notice something was up because I was dry as a bone, suddenly not horny at all. I was petrified. I put up with it for a minute, as long as I could stand it, then grabbed her wrist and huffed a few breaths funny, as if I were having a silent orgasm, and she took her hand away and went back to her seat. I pulled my leg in, curled into the fetal position, and cried silently, making sure not to sniffle or sob."

Karen had silent tears of her own rolling down her cheeks. Lola didn't look at her, but continued. "I went back to the dorm, took a shower as hot as I could stand it, and went to bed, where I mostly cried all night." She wiped her nose. "I had no one to blame but myself, really. I was so miserable, and even lonelier than before. All I could think about was how ashamed Mom and Dad would be. About how ashamed I was."

Lola sat up straighter. "THEN, as if that wasn't enough all by itself, the DZ house threw it's end-of-the-semester party at the end of that week. Their usual pattern was to make up a name that was either rhyming or alliterative. "Greek Week" or "Drink or Drown" or "Lingerie Keg Par-tay," anything trying to be clever. The party's theme was "Do it or Rue it," and they said they were having a membership drive, and if we didn't join, we'd always wish we had, because after this party, we were locked out. Something like that. Meanwhile, music, booze, attractive people, all the things people go to parties for." Lola cleared her throat.

"So here's me, feeling guilty, and dirty, and ashamed of myself, and they announce they're having a big party. I couldn't wait to go get plastered, to try to forget all of my turmoil." Lola said, but then focused on us. "Let me tell you something. People think that drinking helps you forget your problems, but it only lasts while you're drunk, and honestly, you can't stay drunk all that long. Your problems will still be there when you sober up. Only now you're broke and hungover."

I had always thought that as well. A few hours of expensive temporary amnesia didn't sound like a solution to anything. I nodded, and Lola smiled at me, just for a moment.

"So I went to the party. And I got completely blasted. They had what they called an ice luge, where they get a big block of ice and carve a twisty channel in it, and then they make you kneel at the bottom of it, and they would pour your drink down the channel, and the ice gets it really cold. I couldn't get enough." Lola admitted.

There was a quiet moment while she chose her next words. "What I didn't know was that "Do it or Rue it" meant that they were planning to blackmail or embarrass the girls who got invited to pledge, but didn't. I don't think there were very many of us, but there had to have been a few." Lola took another sip of tea. "My dormmates had been telling me that the top girl in this chapter of the sorority was pissed at me ever since the "Beach Bunny Bikini Bash" when I stumbled outside and threw up on the hood and front bumper of her Miata convertible. I think THAT was when I actually got invited to pledge, because they could really mistreat me if I let them. As a guest, there wasn't much they could do besides throw me out and ban me from future parties, but she wanted revenge. I can't remember if her name was Cassandra or Carissa." Lola mused.

"So anyway, I go, I get drunk, I get frisky, I get sloppy, I get carried home. It was my usual destructive pattern, but this time, I was a motivated drinker. I got BOMBED." Lola shook her head. "It was the last day of classes, and I figured I had no reason to hold back. Of course I was wrong."

"Uh, oh." Karen said. Lola wiped her eyes and nodded. "As you may have guessed, I wasn't thinking straight, and I forgot a few important details. First, as a first or second year student, you're not allowed to have a vehicle on campus. Dad was coming to pick me up. Second, I was getting completely smashed the night before I would have to spend a few hours riding in a car with Dad. And three, Cassandra or whatever her name was hated me, and she was in charge of a party in which I had been behaving in my usual fashion."

Lola paused for a moment to let the doom sink in.

"I and my roommates were awakened by Dad hammering on the door of our room. When Krista opened the door to see what was up, she found not only Dad spitting mad, but about a dozen polaroids had been glued to the door. You can probably guess what they were of." Lola sighed. "Me drinking, me kissing other girls, me with my top mostly off, all the most embarrassing, incriminating moments of the last party. There was even a picture of me passed out and some guy dangling his testicles near my face. Dad was livid. Absolutely beside himself. But he didn't yell. He was almost purple in the face, but he didn't raise his voice. He just pulled all of the pictures off the door and thrust them at Krista." Lola said, her throat tight.

"He said. "Throw this garbage away, and tell Dolores Klemp that the car going to her home is leaving in ten minutes, whether or not she is in it." and he stormed off. I staggered around, trying to cram my clothes in a bag, all while my head was pounding, and I felt like I was dying. When I got down to the car, he wouldn't look at me. I got in, but he wouldn't talk to me either. He just drove home as if I weren't even in the car." Lola was staring at the floor. Karen had her hand over her mouth, and both Amy and Liu Si looked heartbroken.

Lola took a deep breath, and looked at the ceiling, as if trying not to cry. "I'll never know exactly what he thought when he got there to pick me up and saw the pictures on the door. I looked like a drunken whore. He had to have been so disappointed in me. I had to have been a bigger letdown than Doris had been." Lola wiped her nose and looked at her fingers. "I know he didn't tell Mom. I tried to apologize once I was home, but he wouldn't speak to me. It took a long time for our relationship to get anywhere close to normal. The first two weeks I was home, I don't think he said ten words to me." She sighed.

"We never did talk about it. He forbade me to speak of it, and I never brought it up again. I never did get to apologize, to try to ask for his forgiveness. In another year, he had a stroke in his sleep, and he was gone." Lola suddenly sobbed, and covered her mouth. Tears practically squirted out of her eyes, so sudden and violent was her grief. Karen pulled her in close, almost roughly, and held her as she cried. Amy and Liu Si jumped up and hugged onto any part of Lola they could reach. It took a few minutes, but she managed to get herself under control. Amy and Liu Si sat at her feet, as she continued to talk.

"Please understand that I have a lot of baggage, emotionally speaking," She whispered to Karen, before taking a final drink of tea and getting her voice back. "My shame of the Backseat Express and the party pictures, and indeed my behavior in general leading up to that morning with Dad, was all twisted up inside of me. I had this . . ." She made a grasping gesture close to her heart, "this KNOT of pain, and shame, and self-hatred. Even though I've been attracted to other women since then, I've always fought it down, making excuses. I blamed the alcohol, because I was more likely to do it when I was drunk, even though I conveniently ignored the fact that I was getting drunk a LOT, I sought it out. I wasn't able to admit to myself that it was a part of me. I wasn't able to see it any other way than bad, that it was wrong of me to have those feelings. That it meant there was something wrong with me."

Karen shook her head, unable to speak, so full of emotion. Lola nodded. "I know. I know it now." She took a deep breath and tried to wipe her nose. I got up and grabbed the little box of Kleenex, giving it to her.

"When I kissed you, it was different. It was because I've grown so close to you. It was because I am attracted to you, because I need you. I kissed you for the right kinds of reasons to kiss someone." Lola said, staring into Karen's eyes. "But I was afraid, and all my old guilt kicked in. All those pent-up feelings of self-hatred, all that misery. I don't know what to say other than that I'm sorry. The kisses you shared with me were pure, and beautiful, but I ran away because I was still punishing myself for years ago. It was the wrong thing to do. THEN was shameful and wrong. NOW is honest and loving. " Lola turned to me. "When you came out to my house, I was ripping myself apart inside, and when you told me about you and your sisters, you basically presented a new target for abuse. I poured all of my fear and disgust and guilt into my attack on you. A lot of what I was feeling was directed at me, but you became the scapegoat for my negative explosion. I'm sorry."

I smiled warmly. "Already forgiven."

Lola turned back to Karen, who looked like someone who really wanted to be happy, but didn't feel it was the right time for it. "I'm sorry I ran away. I know now how brave it was of you to reach out, and I wish I hadn't done that in response."

Karen bit her lip, and shook her head. "It's ok."

"It's not ok. I screwed up, because I AM screwed up. I had a momentary outbreak of crazy guilt, and I took it out on all of you. I'm sorry."

Karen cleared her throat, reached up to Lola's cheek, and pulled her in for the tiniest of kisses. Lola looked like she had been wandering in the dark, and suddenly someone turned on the light. Surprised and delighted. "You you still like me?" She asked, almost joking.

"I love you." Karen told her sincerely. "That doesn't change just because of a misunderstanding, even if it WAS a really bad one. I'm still on your side."

Lola just stared at her, as if she were dying of thirst, and looking at Karen was like a drink of water. "I don't deserve this." She mumbled, almost in disbelief.

"What?" Karen asked.

"I basically flipped out, hurt everybody, and just like that, you forgive me." Lola said. I was already shaking my head. "Remember what I told you? If we forgive you, then YOU have to forgive yourself. It's part of the deal."

Lola opened her mouth as if to argue, but Amy spoke up from her seat on the floor, her voice drone and flat. "Think about it. Do you feel bad?"

Lola gave her a look of mild surprise. "Of course I do."

Amy tilted her head and speared Lola with a squinty look. "As people who love you, what would we have to gain from making or letting you feel bad? As people who love you, SHOULD we want you to feel bad? Is that what love is like?"

Lola swallowed, and shook her head. Amy got to her knees. "Then stop feeling bad. You're not doing it for us. Right now you're wasting time that we could be celebrating, and hugging and kissing. It's time to feel good."

Lola wiped her eyes, and chuckled, trying to smile at Amy. "Always forgive the person you love, if they love you." Amy said, as if quoting scripture. Then she leaned forward and threw her arms around Lola.

And, just like that, everything was ok again. It's hard to describe. Even after Lola made her feelings known to me at her house, I was still nervous as to how it was going to go with the girls, but now it was all good. Everybody was hugging, and laughing, and talking over each other, and crying just a *little* more, because we were all kinda keyed up, but the wounds were closed. Figuratively speaking of course, I mean my face took a few days to heal, but life was once again good and bright.

We had leftovers and random junk from the freezer for supper, and we all lounged in the living room and ate off paper plates. Chicken nuggets and peirogies and garlic bread and celery sticks (w/dip), and microwaved baby carrots. Most of us ate a little too much, and we got crumbs from the garlic bread everywhere, but life was good, and we were celebrating after all.

I don't think Lola let me or Karen out of her sight for more than a minute all night, as if she stopped looking at us or talking to us, or holding our hands, we'd vanish. As it was she and Karen held hands most of the evening, and we talked and talked and talked.

We filled her in on all of the little things she'd been missing, about Amy and Liu Si at the 01ive G4rd3n, about the conversation in the hospital, when we decided that we wanted her to be part of us, in every way. Karen described her gradual attraction to Lola, until she knew it was the real thing. Lola just looked so happy. She sat between Karen and me and just held our hands tightly.

Inevitably, the talk turned to the subject of sex. She blushed at first, but seeing as how we were comfortable with it, she began to relax.

"So what do you guys DO?" she asked, a little nervous at first.

"Well, " I said. "We just kinda do what we like."

"Will and Karen do oral and intercourse and use their hands, and they're both really good at it." Amy rattled off, not blushing a bit. "Me and Hu Die do oral and hands, plus Will got us this tiiiiny little strap-on that gets used a little bit. Mostly on me." Liu Si grinned and blushed. "Hu Die and Will have done some oral, and some hands, and she still won't teach me her techniques." Here, Amy stuck her tongue out at Liu Si, and continued. "Karen lets me do clean-up on her, and I LOVE that. Me and Will do oral and hands, and so far, I'm the only one who can deep throat him. We're waiting for intercourse for me, yawn, but Will owes me anal, which I plan to collect before too much longer." She pretended to give me a pointed stare.

Lola was agog. "All that?" She looked around at all of us. "Jeezus Cripes!"

Karen was trying to judge if Lola was upset. "Maybe we shouldn't have dropped that on you all at once." But Lola shook her head.

"No, I mean. . . . just, wow!" Lola said, her face still blushing. She looked at Amy in shock. "YOU deep throat him?" Amy nodded sharply, her ponytail bouncing, full of smug pride. "AND you want anal?" Lola asked again. Amy grinned bigger, and nodded again.

"You're a crazy person!" Lola said, almost with respect. Liu Si laughed. "That is what I say!" She giggled.

Lola took a deep breath, and let it out again. "It certainly seems like I've been missing out." She said, smiling gently. "And you said you ALL do oral?"

"Pretty much." Karen smiled, blushing. Lola looked closely at me. "And do you do it back?"

"Of course I do." I said, surprised. "Why wouldn't I? What kind of question was that?"

Lola bit her lip. Biiiiiiig puppy-dog eyes. "(asshole) wouldn't do that. He said it was disgusting. He wanted me to suck him, of course, but for him to go down on me, well, he'd put up a fight. The two times I begged and insisted, he made me go take a shower right then, and even after that, he made such a big deal about how disgusted he was, that I couldn't even begin to enjoy it. He never did it for more than thirty seconds, and then he would get up and go gargle with mouthwash. He REALLY made me feel disgusting."

Amy was pissed. "That jerk! We should go kick his ass!"

Liu Si patted Amy on the shoulder to calm her down. Lola looked at Karen and me. "So to hear that everybody gets oral, that certainly gives me a special thrill, because I've never really had that." Karen smiled at her.

"I'll admit, I don't know much about how to do it to another woman. Will is the expert on cunnilingus." Karen admitted.

"EX-CUSE me!" Amy waved her hand. "I think *I* could be considered something of an expert as well. I've done cleanup on YOU twice, and the first time, you passed out."

Lola was just looking back and forth at them like there was a tennis match. "She passed out?" She asked, her voice rising in pitch. Karen blushed.

"When Karen gets too fired up, she passes out. She cums, and then she goes." Amy giggled, and mimed falling over.

"Shut up." Karen said, embarrassed, kicking gently at Amy with her foot.

I couldn't stop grinning. Liu Si was hiding her face with her hand, but I could see she was smiling too. Lola was smiling at Karen, trying not to laugh herself.

"Not EVERY time," Karen said defensively, but Lola was patting her hand. "Honey, I'm not making fun of you, I'm jealous." She sighed. "When (asshole) and I were in love, I had a few pretty good ones, but I never passed out. I broke some furniture and some glassware, but that's about it."

"Glassware?" Liu Si asked, surprised. Lola nodded. "Two wineglasses and a faux Tiffany lamp. They were on the nightstand." Liu Si giggled.

Karen was still pretending to pout a little, so Lola leaned over and kissed her. Good gracious, it was hot. When they parted, Karen gave a little wriggle of happiness.

Lola held up a finger. "Now, twice you've mentioned 'cleanup' as something you've done to Karen. What is that?" Lola asked, "Does it mean what I think it means?"

"It mean that when somebody makes Will cum, we like to lick him clean again." Liu Si said, matter-of-factly.

"Or when he cums inside Karen, we lick both of them clean." Amy said, smiling lasciviously. "You should try it."

Lola blushed hard. Very hard. "Well, I I don't know if" She stammered, and Karen shushed Amy.

"You don't have to do anything you don't want to do." Karen said to her, her eyes sincere.

"It's the rules!" Amy jokingly insisted. Liu Si shook her head. "Not always. When he cums in your butt, I will not be sucking it out." She said flatly. Amy made a face, for a second, and then nodded. "Ok, fair enough."

Lola was still blushing. "It's not that I wouldn't do my share of this . . . "cleanup," but . . . it feels weird to

be discussing this so openly." She said. "I'm SO not used to this."

I spoke up. "I'm sorry if it makes you uncomfortable." But she shook her head. "No, don't apologize, it's just that I think I'm getting stage fright. It's making me horny, but also a little terrified." She bit her lip.

The girls instantly shut up. Lola shook her head again, and reached out to each of them. "No, no, don't stop. I WANT to get used to this. This is very sexy. I feel like I've won the lottery or something, just . . . it's all kind of a shock. Forgive me."

Karen leaned over and kissed her cheek. Lola gave a happy shiver.

"Anyway, we volunteer to do cleanup for you. You know, when you and Will FINALLY make love." Amy said, and rubbed Lola's knee.

Lola leaned against me and shut her eyes. "I'm . . . I'm barely believing how happy I am right now, after being so low these past few days. This almost feels like a dream."

I nuzzled her ear. "How about this?" I murmured, and she shivered, hard. "Does this feel like a dream?"

"Oh God, yes." She whimpered, trying to get herself under control. Then, "OW!"

Amy had pinched her ankle. "How 'bout now?" She grinned wickedly. Liu Si swatted her, and Lola had to laugh.

"Let's talk about something else for a little bit, before I lose my mind." Lola chuckled.

"We could talk about what is in the box." Liu Si volunteered.

"Whose box?" Amy leered, and Liu Si pushed her over. "The box on the foot stand thing." Liu Si growled. "Bairen Egui." (white devil)

"Oh, crap, I completely forgot!" I blurted, and went to disentangle from Lola, but she pouted and wouldn't let me get up. "Nnnno!" She grunted, her voice tiny. Karen laughed.

Liu Si hopped up and ran to the kitchen, returning carefully a moment later with a table knife from the silverware drawer, you know, the blunt kind that gets used as a screwdriver more often than as a knife. She pulled the box off the ottoman and sat, the box mostly in her lap.

"It is from Humbert Consultation Services, LLC." She announced. We were all suprised, I think. Liu Si began sawing at the packing tape, but it was the kind with the threads in it, so it took forever. Finally she got it open.

"It is full of goodies!" She crowed, and started pulling out hats, sport bottles, a frisbee, little squeezey-light keyrings, all with the company name and logo on it, the logo being HCS connected, like CNN does, only a little clumsier.

"I think this means your father's company has publicly launched." Lola said, as more branded crap was

revealed from the box. Chip clips, magnets, a band-aid dispenser, and finally a windshield scraper. Liu Si fished in the bottom of the box, and came up with a big manilla envelope. "This is for you." She handed it to Lola.

Upon opening it, Lola found it to be full of documents, plus two clippings, one from a prominent business magazine, and one from a Detroit newspaper, both discussing Dad's company, and both being pretty positive about it. The magazine described the consulting firm as a "new-born powerhouse," and the newspaper listed some of their new clients, several of which I had heard of. Way to go, Dad, I guess. Good for him.

"Excellent." Lola said, the documents in the envelope momentarily turning her back into an adult. "This is exactly what I needed. You guys are set."

"Set?" Karen asked, "Set how?"

"With the estate work done, if something ever happens to your Dad, you'll keep the house, and the car, and the land, and such. His assets will safely become yours, with a minimum of loss and taxes and stuff." She said, reading quickly over a few of the documents. "Excellent. This was the last of it, so it's done now." She put the papers back in the envelope and sighed happily.

Amy and Liu Si were both wearing hats by now, and Liu Si was squeezing a keyring, making a spot of light appear intermittently on Amy's chest. Amy spun the frisbee idly on her finger. "So when are you guys going to do it?" Amy asked, watching Lola's face.

Lola's jaw dropped, and Karen kicked Amy gently in the butt. "Be polite." Karen said firmly.

"I, uh . . . I haven't given it much thought." Lola said, glancing at me sidelong.

"Liar." I murmured fondly. She elbowed me. "We'll see. Not tonight, how's that?" She said to Amy. "Tonight is just a celebration of being back in the family."

Amy nodded, if not fully satisfied, then at least quiet about it. Karen kissed the back of Lola's hand. "We're glad to have you back." She said softly.

"Darling, I don't even know enough words to express how much *I* love *you* guys." Lola said.

Lola spent the rest of the evening lounging between me and Karen, all three of us enjoying the closeness. At one point, Lola got up to pee, and Karen practically dove into my lap, kissing me for all she was worth. "You brought her back!" She whispered, delight shining in her eyes like I was looking at the sun. "I love you so much!"

"I didn't do that much," I tried to defer, indicating Amy. "Amy kicking her ass snapped her out of it."

"But you went back and talked her down." Karen said, "I'm so proud of you. You brought her back to us."

Amy was nodding. "I was just trying to hurt her feelings. You're the one who actually told her we still cared about her. Loved her, even." She patted my knee. "You get the credit."

"Thanks EVER so much," I said drolly, and Amy grinned. Karen, meanwhile, was still in my lap. "I love you so much. If I didn't have a feeling that she's going to need you in a day or so, I'd fuck your brains out tonight!"

"In a day or so?" I murmured, trying to keep my voice down in case Lola came back quickly. Heck, we WERE talking about her. Karen nodded. "She's not going to jump you tonight, she said, but I KNOW she's tired of waiting. Now that we've convinced her that it's ok to love us, she needs what we're offering. She's been alone too long."

"I believe it." I said, and kissed Karen again, just because she was in my arms, and I love her, and kissing her is fun. When we parted, she rolled her eyes happily and sighed. "I'm so happy." She told me. "This is great!" she finished with a growl, like the cereal tiger.

Amy and Liu Si were both smiling at me too. "Is this going to be one of those things that everyone wants to thank me for?" I asked, pretending to be nervous.

"What do YOU think?" Liu Si asked, even as Amy drawled "Uh huh."

"Well, save him for Lola." Karen said softly to them.

"I like how *I* get a choice." I teased. "Like I'm a commodity to be traded."

Karen DID give me a look of concern, as if she was worried that she'd over-stepped some boundary, but I gave her a smile and a squeeze. "Just kidding. I'm glad we can all share." I said sincerely.

Lola returned, looking happy, but drained. Like if she wasn't so tired, she'd be skipping. "Uh oh, did I lose my seat?" she joked. Karen scooted over. "Just keeping him warm for you." She smiled.

"How do you know I meant *him*?" Lola said shyly, and took Karen's hand. I LOVE it when girls flirt at each other. Amy and Liu Si, and now Lola and Karen. Love it, love it, love it.

Karen rose to her feet, and Lola and she shared a very close hug. When they sat, Lola was once again between us. I put my arm around Lola's shoulders, and rubbed the back of Karen's neck. Everybody was happy.

Soon, it seemed, my eyes were getting heavy, we'd almost run out of things to talk about, and Liu Si and Amy had already yawned at each other like five times. Lola stirred.

"As much as I want tonight to never, ever end, I haven't slept the past two nights, and I'm wayyyyy overdue." She sighed, and stretched. "For now, I think I need to go home."

"Awwwww," Karen said, sleepy herself, I could tell.

"You don't HAVE to go home." Amy said. "You could sleep oooovvver." She finished in a singsong, smiling smugly at Lola.

Lola reached out and touched her cheek softly, but shook her head with a smile. "Not tonight, sweet pea." Amy and Liu Si both pouted at her.

We managed to stand, and She and Karen shared a very close, very long hug, and at the end, they kissed. A little hesitantly at first, oh so very soft, lips just barely touching, but then they shared a deeper kiss, and my penis jumped just watching them.

They parted reluctantly. "Ooh!" Lola sighed. "You are a GOOD kisser!"

Karen smiled knowingly. "Well, I learned from Will, and he learned from you, so there you go."

Liu Si and Amy had both hopped up by this point. "Us next?" Amy chirped. Lola looked at them both in surprise, but gave it a shot. She leaned down with her eyes closed and her lips pursed, but the Itty Bitty Titty Committee darted in and each kissed her on the cheek.

"Come back soon!" Liu Si said happily.

"We're saving Will for you!" Amy announced.

Lola blinked, and blushed. I spoke up. "Apparently chivalry isn't dead."

Lola gave a nervous giggle, and tried to pick them both up in a bear hug.

As she turned to me, I put my arms out, but she reached out with a finger and tapped me on the chest. "You drove me here, remember? Are you driving me home?"

"Of course." I said, dropping my arms. She smiled wickedly at me, and strutted to the kitchen.

"Good night, Lola!" "We love you!" The girls called, as I followed her out through the kitchen, to the porch. Once on the porch, she stopped, and looked back past me, as if checking for spectators.

"C'mere!" She whispered conspirationally. "I wanted to talk to you!"

In the dark, she led me over to one of the big adirondack chairs we have. "What did you want to-" I began, but once I was standing in front of the chair, she pushed me firmly with her fingertips, until I was forced to sit. "Consider this a down payment." She purred.

She climbed into my lap, straddling me, left leg first, then her right. She pulled up her sweater a little, and settled her pelvis directly against mine. It felt goooooood.

Granted, I was wearing pants and underwear, and she was wearing leggings, but I'm sure I could feel the heat from her body, right where it mattered most.

She wrapped her hands around my head, her thumbs caressing my cheeks (careful of the scratch), her fingertips brushing my earlobes, and she lifted my chin gently.

"I. Love. You." she vowed, and kissed me. Hard. Her tongue danced into my mouth, ticking my lips,

prodding my tongue into battle.

My hands found her thighs, then slid up under her sweater to cup her ass, one cheek grabbed hungrily in each of my hands. She gasped as I grabbed her, and I squeezed them, kneaded them, pulled them gently apart and held them, used my grip to pull her closer, grinding her pelvis against me.

I couldn't tell who was having more fun, me or her. I was fondling her and grinding my newly made erection bulge against her soft parts, but she was caressing my face and basically making love to my mouth with her mouth.

After a far too short minute, she broke the kiss. "God!" she whimpered, throwing her head back. "I don't want this to ever end, but I'm exhausted."

I eased up on her butt, but I did not take my hands away. She looked down at me. "I want to do this, for real, when I'm rested and have plenty of energy. You deserve better than a sleepy fuck. *I* deserve better."

"I don't know," I said honestly, although out of breath. "A sleepy fuck still sounds good."

"Mmmmm," she purred. "You're right. But still, I want our first time to be free of limitations."

I grinned. "That sounds even better."

Resignedly, she climbed down off of me, and I re-adjusted my hard-on so it wasn't right against the zipper. "Uh oh." She said, noticing. "Sorry."

"It's ok." I told her and climbed unsteadily to my feet.

"Do you think Armando the sexy houseboy could drive me home?" She asked, teasingly.

In answer, I reached back, grabbed the collar of my shirt, and pulled it off over my head with a flourish. "Eet would be of my pleasures." I said. She giggled, and took my arm.

"Have you ever tried a Parazuelan Kees?" I asked, and she giggled more and shook her head.

"Eet is like dee French Kees, only . . . sout of de border." I drawled, and she elbowed me, laughing completely now.

"I've always wanted to learn the lambada." Lola said, as we stepped down off the porch. (We weren't walking very fast, enjoying the moment.)

"Si? Dee forbeedden, phonay-balonay fake dance?" I asked, my accent getting thicker.

"Yes, that one!" Lola released my arm and took a step in front of me. "Like this?" She asked, looking over her shoulder.

She shuffled a few steps, kind of in a locomotion, hitching her sweater higher, inch-by-inch, step by step,

until her butt was exposed, the leggings hugging her every curve tightly.

"Mmm!" I said, dropping the Armando act entirely. "You know what's going to happen if you tease me?"

"What?" she fluttered her eyelashes at me innocently, then wiggled her butt.

"You'll be glad you did." I smiled. She laughed, but didn't put her sweater down. She cha-cha-ed to the car, and spun around.

I stepped up close to her, effectively pinning her to the car with my erection bulge, and I put my arms around her. She twisted against me gently, back and forth. "Mmmmmm," she purred. We kissed again, more gently this time, our lips caressing. She bit my lower lip gently before pulling away. "Bad boy," she murmured, but she was smiling at me. She ground against my bulge one more time, and then slipped away.

It was a warm night, close and humid, heavy cloud cover blocking out the moon and stars, but seemingly without threat of rain. Just hanging there, keeping the heat in. I could feel sweat prickle down my back and I opened the driver's door.

"I love you." She said happily as I sat. I looked at her, and she seemed almost giddy, although still exhausted. The bags under her eyes had already begun to fade, perhaps from the exercise of smiling so much.

"I love you right back." I grinned, and she gave a happy little squeal sound. She took a deep breath, and settled back in her seat. "I am having so much fun just saying that."

I was glad. "What time are you coming over tomorrow?" I asked, starting the car.

"Well, due to my past two sleepless nights, I plan to try to sleep in as much as I can, so, maybe ten or eleven?" She said.

I drove out to her house, and made the loop around the house, into the driveway.. As I did, I began to hear a high-pitched mechanical squealing sound, like a bad alternator or water pump. Concerned that the Mustang was getting sick, I stopped the car and lowered my driver's side window, but the sound was now indistinguishable as coming from my left, from Lola's house.

"What's" I asked, listening, and Lola sighed. "Dammit." She got out of the car and trudged over to the side of the house, where the HVAC unit sat between two short juniper hedges.

She used her new HCS keychain flashlight to illuminate the bottom corner of the unit, revealing a huge glob of ice, glistening, clumped onto the bottom corner of the device where the little pipe thingy should have been coming out.

"My A/C has frozen up." She said, disappointment in her voice. "It's got a bad compressor or something, so when the weather gets really hot, it clogs and freezes up."

The noise was very shrill. "Is that dangerous?" I called. She shook her head and trudged back over to

me, bending way down to kiss me. "It just means I have to turn it off until it thaws. No air conditioning for me tonight." Another kiss. "Mmm." she purred again.

"Wanna come back and sleep over after all?" I asked, breathless. "Please?"

She chuckled. "No, because we won't actually get very much sleep, now will we?" She kissed me again, her tongue sliding against mine. "And I need some rest. Badly."

"O.K." I said, as sadly as I could, and she pouted. "You poor thing. Here's another down payment."

Grabbing my left hand off the steering wheel, she slipped it up underneath her sweater and thrust her right breast into my palm. Pressing my hand firmly against her breast, she wiggled her torso until I thought to grab on.

Stunned, but happy, I gave it a squeeze, eliciting a moan from her. "Oh! Very strong!" she sighed. She showed no signs of removing my hand, so I continued to squeeze and knead her breast, trying in vain to find her nipple with my thumb, but I think her bra defeated me there.

I played happily for a few moments, then removed my hand. She grinned at me. "Good for now?" she asked, a little out of breath herself.

"Maybe a little worse, actually," I smiled, and she blushed. "Yeah, me too." She leaned down to kiss me, and then almost jogged towards the house, as if afraid she was going to change her mind. "Goodnight!" She called back, and blew me a kiss before darting inside.

I was so horny I almost squeezed the steering wheel into a different shape. As I backed out of her driveway, I heard the A/C shut off. It's gonna be a warm night for her, I thought ruefully. Me, I can't sleep if I'm too hot. Hopefully she's going to be comfortable enough to get that rest.

I got home to find the girls had cleaning up the living room, and were upstairs preparing for bed. The IBTC were brushing their teeth in the bathroom, Liu Si wearing an old t-shirt as a nightgown, Amy in blue satin panties. I found Karen lounging on my bed in her pajamas, a soft sports bra and striped bikini cut panties. "Welcome home," She said warmly.

I looked her over hungrily. I was quite horny after Lola's farewells. "Hello yourself," I growled.

"Hey," She tried to soothe me, getting to her feet and walking closer. "You're saving up for Lola, remember?"

"Put on some clothes and say that," I said, shucking off my clothes. "Otherwise, get back in that bed. I am SO horny right now, I don't know if I CAN wait."

Karen gave me a commiserating pout, but held out her arms for a hug. "I know you can wait." She said simply. "I didn't mean to tempt you, I just wanted to thank you again for bringing her back to us."

I hugged her close, enjoying her scent, her warmth, her softness. I sighed.

We shared a brief kiss. "Take this feeling and USE it." She said, grinning at me. "When you and Lola get together, give it everything you've got."

"I always do." I smiled, and she blushed. "I know."

Amy and Liu Si came in, holding hands, and gave me goodnight kisses. Liu Si noticed my half erection in my boxer briefs before Amy did, and shook it solemnly, like a handshake, before laughing.

Amy swatted her on the butt, and together, they ran off giggling. Karen kissed me again, and then went to her room.

I lay back and tried to calm myself into a restful state. I didn't know what tomorrow would metaphorically bring, but I sure felt optimistic.

Very optimistic indeed

14 - Piso Mojado/Welcome Home/DVD Special Features

My dreams that night were a little jumbled. In one, I dreamed I was a plowhorse, pulling a heavy plow across a dry field, and behind me, the earth was springing into life, flowers, wheat, trees full of fruit appearing fully formed in seconds. In another dream, I was some kind of armored bank truck driver, and I was protecting an egg, trying to get it from one place to another while it literally rained rocks. That one didn't make a whole lot of sense to me.

I woke up in the morning and felt well-rested, even it though it didn't feel like I had slept that long. I felt like I'd just laid down, but I remembered having dreams, so I know I slept.

I got up, and got a shower early, and got dressed for the day. I heard Karen get up and use the restroom briefly, then head downstairs to make breakfast. Not a peep from Amy and Liu Si, but then again, it was like 8:05, and they like to sleep late.

I headed downstairs, wearing basketball shorts, a sleeveless t-shirt, and sandals. Karen was in the kitchen, whipping up breakfast. Hashbrowns, toast, I could see eggs on the counter, she was preparing for some serious cookery.

She was wearing jean capri's, with a tank top and another open shirt over it. "Good morning!" she sang, getting out a spatula.

"Good morning." I smiled, settling down to watch her cook. "Did you sleep well?"

She blushed and shot me a look. "Well, yes. How quickly did you fall asleep?"

"Pretty quick, I think, why?" I asked. Something was up.

"You didn't hear anything?" She asked me, still blushing.

"What should I have heard?" I asked, my pulse quickening. I looked closely at her.

"Um, I asked Amy and Liu Si for a few pointers last night, after you went to bed." She smiled, looking a little sheepish.

"Seriously?" I laughed, shocked. She nodded. "I tapped on my door with them and asked if they could show me some things I could do to Lola, when the time comes." She grinned guiltily. "I had them come into my room so we would be less likely to wake you. I figured with your temporary abstinence, it would be unfair to be obvious about it."

I nodded, sighing. "I would have been in there like a shot." I vowed.

"I know." she soothed, "So they did things to each other while I watched and took mental notes."

"That sounds like fun." I pouted. "How did they respond?"

"Are you kidding? They LOVED it." She giggled. "Amy is happiest when she has an audience, you know that. And Liu Si likes to turn the tables on Amy and take control. They had a blast." She blushed again. "I learned a few things."

"Lucky you." I said, my lower lip out. Karen skipped around the kitchen island to kiss me. "I didn't let them do me, though, out of solidarity with you. They just licked and fingered each other silly, and then staggered back to their room to collapse."

I smiled. "I'll bet they were just happy to have an excuse."

Karen nodded, smiling. She walked back over to the stove and expertly cracked an egg in the skillet, one-handed. "What time is Lola coming over today?" she asked. "I mean, I ASSUME she's coming over today."

"She is. She said she wanted to try to sleep in, because she's had no sleep at all these past two nights, so maybe ten or eleven." I said, trying to balance the salt shaker on edge.

"I miss her, even when I'm not imagining her naked." Karen mumbled, and I laughed. "Me too."

Karen finished making breakfast, even doing the toast, which is usually my job. We talked the whole time.

"I didn't really get a chance to ask you last night, what did you think about all that?" Karen asked.

"What?" I asked in return, wanting a more specific question. "Lola's past?"

"Yeah." Karen said sadly. "It sounds like she spent a lot of time hurt and lonely. Even after she got married, (the asshole) withheld things from her, including things she really wanted." She shook her head. "Even beyond motherhood, he wouldn't even *DO* her the way she wanted."

I nodded. "The good news is, WE get to work on fixing that. And I'll bet it's going to be fun. She deserves to be happy."

Karen looked down at the plates she had just finished filling. "I think we're ready. You wanna get the gruesome twosome?"

"Sure thing." I hopped up and got a serving spoon and the lid of our biggest pot, a Farberware dutch oven. Going to the base of the stairs, I shouted "COOOOOOOME AAAND GIT ITTTTTT!" and whanged the spoon around inside the lid, like the dinner bell of some old cowboy chuckwagon. It was much louder than I had expected.

The moment I stopped, I could hear Karen in the kitchen. "Geez!"

Upstairs, there were several thumps, and a clunk, and I heard Amy stumble out through the bathroom. "What's wrong? Is there a fire?" She asked, wiping her eyes as she came to the top of the stairs, all her

hair seeming to stick out from her head at ridiculous angles.

"No, there's a breakfast." I said, feeling a little sheepish now.

Amy sighed, and turned to go back in the bathroom, but almost ran into Liu Si in the doorway. "No emergency, Will's just being a boy." She shut the door behind her, and I went back into the kitchen. Karen was smiling, even if she looked a little annoyed too. "That was loud." she said.

I shrugged helplessly. "I didn't think it would be this loud." I put the lid on the counter. That would probably suck to be woken up like that, I thought. Oh well, live and learn.

I got out the juice and the milk, and took it into the dining room. Returning for glasses, I gave Karen a kiss. "I love you." I whispered. She seemed to glow happily. "I love you too!" she whispered back.

Liu Si walked in, wearing a different t-shirt nightgown, and silently got out silverware. "Good morning, gorgeous." I said, and she gave me a big eyes-shut smile.

I got my plate and headed into the dining room. Karen was doing something by the sink when Amy trudged in, wearing the t-shirt Liu Si had been wearing last night when I saw them brushing their teeth. Amy looked like she was still asleep. She simply grabbed a plate and headed for the dining room, her eyes barely open.

About halfway across the kitchen, Liu Si darted up behind her, reached up under her t-shirt, and shot her panties to her knees, effectively hobbling her. Amy stopped with a grunt, shrugged, shimmied a little until the panties fell to her ankles, then just stepped out of them and kept walking.

When she got to the dining room, she blew a raspberry at Liu Si, who giggled.

"Why is there lingerie in the middle of my kitchen?" Karen called.

"They fell off." Amy called, sleepily. "I'll get them on my next trip in."

Karen came in, rolling her eyes, and we sat down to breakfast.

"Everybody sleep well?" I asked pointedly, and Liu Si blushed. Amy looked at me, realized I already knew about the sex lesson, and nodded.

"We didn't disturb you, did we?" Amy asked, scratching her stomach. I shook my head, and she sighed in relief.

"I was afraid *somebody* got a little too loud." Amy said, not looking at Liu Si.

Liu Si dropped her toast and pointed at Amy. "That somebody was you!" She said defensively.

"I know!" Amy hissed, looking a little embarrassed. Karen laughed.

"Well, it was very educational. Thank you both." Karen said warmly.

"No need to thank me." Liu Si chirped, looking at Amy. Amy grinned sheepishly, and ate her breakfast.

I glanced at Liu Si, who was eating her breakfast with an air of smug self-satisfaction. "I take it you won?" I asked gently, and she blushed.

"It was not a contest," She said as soon as she had swallowed her bite, "but yes, I did."

"I demand a re-match." Amy mumbled, still blushing. Karen laughed, and patted Amy's hand. "I'm sure you'll get one."

"Sounds like I missed something really special." I said, disappointed.

Amy shook her head. "Don't worry. There'll be plenty of chances to catch up. You've got a higher purpose right now."

"You make it sound so spiritual," I smiled.

"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Amy quoted, and I blushed. Liu Si looked a little lost, but Karen was laughing.

"You've made *me* cum so hard I saw God a few times." Karen giggled. "It's not very reverent, but it does seem applicable, at least a little bit."

"There was something about getting laid in green pastures, but I can't remember any more." Amy said, trying to keep a straight face. I had to laugh now.

"It's about sheep, not sex." I said, chuckling. Liu Si made a face. "I do not know what you are talking about, but it does not sound very good."

We ate the rest of our breakfast, just talking, having fun. After breakfast, Karen started the dishes, Amy and Liu Si started the laundry, and I . . . twiddled my thumbs. By about 10:00, I had run out of things to do. I didn't feel like reading, I didn't feel like playing video games. I was strangely fidgety.

I decided to hike out and get the mail. I announced my intentions, to general approval, and left the house via the back door, glancing to see if the pool needed cleaned, but it still looked good. The clouds had passed over in the night, so today looked shiny and bright.

The air was a little less humid than last night, but still warm and a little damp overall. I enjoyed the weak breeze as I strolled up the driveway.

At the mailbox, we had a flyer for the cable company we already use, a sale paper from a mattress store, and a big poofy manilla envelope. It was addressed to us, with no return address. I opened it right there, and sure enough, it was the t-shirt I had entrusted to Lola. Heh. I smiled. She'll probably want this back now, I thought to myself.

I walked around her house to look at the air conditioner. The ice had melted overnight, but it still seemed

to be off. Passing her garbage cans, I threw away the junk mail.

I went up to the kitchen door and knocked, holding the manilla envelope behind me.

A few moments passed, and I knocked again. Right as I suddenly thought *maybe she's still asleep,* I saw Lola peek at me through the window in the door.

The little curtain moved, and when her eyes met mine, she seemed to light up. She disappeared, and I heard the door locks clicking. The door swung open to reveal her in her little white silk robe, like the first time I ever saw her. I grinned like an idiot.

"Well good morning!" She said, delighted to see me. "To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

Still with the envelope behind my back, I rose up and down on my tiptoes. "I brought you a package." I said, prepared to pull the envelope out and say *Ta-da,* but before I could, she looked me up and down and smiled.

"How nice," she purred.

My brain went through several thoughts in a split second. First I thought *oh, she's flirting with me. Cool.* Then I thought *ah well, better not get too excited.* And then I thought *Fuck that, Game On.*

"Well, actually," I said, pulling the envelope from behind my back, "I brought you two packages. You can have the little one first."

She laughed and took the envelope. "You're so sweet. Would you like to come inside?" She turned sideways, not really getting out of the doorway, but still making an invitation of it.

"Thanks, I'd *LOVE* to come inside," I said, belatedly thinking maybe that was TOO much, but she blushed and grinned more. I slipped past her, alllmost brushing up against her as I stepped into the house. As I moved past her, I caught a tiny whiff of minty toothpaste.

The house was hot. Like almost sauna hot. Lola turned the overhead fan on as she shut the door. I stood near it, enjoying the wash of air across my bare arms and legs.

"Sorry about the heat. I just woke up about ten minutes ago." She opened the envelope and pulled out my shirt, and sighed. "I'm glad to have this back. Thank you. Although last night would have been too hot for it anyway." She fluffed the collar of her robe, as if to draw down cool air into it, and I saw her bare shoulder.

"Did you sleep well?" I asked, almost finishing that sentence with the word "naked" instead. I took a casual step closer to her.

Smiling, she nodded. "I started out in a little nightgown under the covers, but it was just so hot I had to get rid of both, and just lay under the ceiling fan in the bedroom." She took a step closer to me. We were about arm's length apart now. "But I slept after that. You?"

"Well, at first I was a little too excited to go to sleep, but finally I did." I fanned myself with my hand. "Do you mind if I take this off? I'm a little warm." I confessed, plucking at my shirt. (erection 10%)

Lola gave a happy little shudder, but quickly regained control of herself. "Of course. Make yourself comfortable." She purred, her eyes flashing.

I reached back with both hands and pulled my shirt off over my head, making sure to flex every muscle, without making it look like I was flexing. I balled it up and tossed it onto a chair by the kitchen table. "So where was I?" I said. (erection 20%)

"You were telling me you were excited," Lola said, staring at my chest and stomach. Her eyes snapped back up to mine.

"Oh, right." I said, stepping closer to her. She raised her arms and put them around my shoulders dreamily.

"So I dreamed that I was a big strong horse, plowing a field," I murmured, right against her ear. She jumped just a little and clutched at me. "Really?" She whimpered, starting to breathe heavily.

"Yes, really." I said, my breath tickling her ear. (erection 30%) She gave a happy little shudder, and seemed to suddenly be more alert. "Oh! Um, have you had breakfast yet?" She asked, flustered, stepping away from me and almost prancing to the kitchen island, taking two long steps on her tiptoes. She faced the kitchen island, her back to me, and I could see the blush creeping up the back of her neck. She reached out clumsily for an orange in the fruit bowl on the counter, almost as if her hands needed something to do.

I stepped up close behind her. I could see the little hairs on the back of her neck standing up, as goosebumps gently appeared. I made sure my warm breath touched the back of her neck as I spoke softly. "I *did* have breakfast already, but I could still eat *something*." How about you?" I asked, fully aware of the ambiguous nature of that statement. She tried to put the orange back in the bowl, but her hand was shaking, and she missed. It rolled off the back of the counter and hit the floor with a soft plunk. A drop of sweat trickled down my back.

As I had hoped, she seemed to be getting even more excited. "I, um, I don't . . . I haven't even taken my shower yet." She stammered. I leaned down until my nose was almost touching her skin, and inhaled. She smelled good, a delicate scent with a subtle hint of honest sweat. (erection 50%) "Really? You smell good." I purred, and taking two fingers, pulled the collar of her robe down and kissed the skin right at the base of her neck. "You taste good, too." I said, my voice low and warm. I kissed her neck again.

When my lips touched her skin, she gasped, and seemed to press backwards against me, almost as if she couldn't help it. "Oooohhh." She whimpered, and turned, facing me, almost pinned against the counter, a barstool on either side of her. Her eyes searched my face. She seemed excited and nervous at the same time. She licked her lips and tried to speak, but faltered. Taking a deep breath, she tried again. "Is this Is today the day?" She almost whispered.

I looked her honestly in the eyes, even though her robe threatened to slip further open. "It can be. I hope it WILL be." I said softly. I took one of her hands in mine, and raised it to my lips, kissing it softly on each

knuckle. She watched me, breathing harder, her mouth open.

When I had finished, she spoke again. "I was serious about showering. I didn't get to yet." She stammered. "I should probably do that."

I shrugged. "Not for my sake. I've got you right here, and I'm happy. More than happy, in fact." I leaned in and slowly slid my nose up the side of her neck, inhaling as I went. She gasped and grabbed my shoulder, touching my bare skin for the first time. "Aah!" she whimpered. I kissed her earlobe and stepped back just a tiny bit. "You smell great. I don't think you need a shower at all. You're perfect, just like this."

She was almost panting, looking at me with big eyes. "May I kiss you?" I asked, politely, and she nodded. "Uh huh."

I put my arms around her waist, and leaned into her, pushing her (not too hard) against the counter, while I kissed her lips, softly at first, then with growing excitement. She threw her arms around me and grasped at me, the muscles of my back, my shoulders, kissing me back with the same fervor I was kissing her. (erection 60%)

I pulled her body close against me, and she shifted so that one of her legs was between mine, pointing her toe against the floor so that her thigh rubbed against my growing erection. The minute she felt my cock against her, she moaned in excitement, kissing me harder. I ground it softly against her, the point of contact moving from her thigh up to her hip as I hardened. A few moments more, and I literally couldn't wait any longer.

"Oh my god," Lola panted when I pulled away from her lips. I put my hands under her arms and physically lifted her off of the floor, setting her on the kitchen counter. "Oh my god," She whimpered again, clutching at me. I stepped in close, forcing her to open her legs to allow me to get close enough, although she was now too high for my penis to touch her. She demurely used one hand to keep the robe tucked in front of her secret place, breathing heavily. "What do you plan to do?" She asked, half in anticipation, half in apprehension.

My head was now level with her chest, and I stepped in as close as I could, squeezing her tight, and buried my face in her robe, between her lovely breasts. She clutched at me with both hands now, one across my shoulders, one in my hair, cradling me against her, as she wrapped her legs around my waist and lower ribcage. "MMmmmmmmmm." She purred. We stood like that for a few moments, clinging to each other. She kissed the top of my head, and I looked up at her.

"I love you." I said, my eyes and my voice making it into a promise. She got a little misty. "I love you, too." She said, almost in a whisper, then took a deep breath.

"May I lick your pussy?" I asked, as politely as possible, still holding her tightly. She stiffened. "I, uh, you" She took another deep breath. "I should really take a shower first." She said nervously, her hand idly moving in my hair.

"Why?" I asked. She looked at me in surprise. "I'm . . . I'm a little sweaty from last night." She said weakly.

"I don't care if you just ran a 5K, I want to lick your pussy." I smiled hungrily. "I think you'll enjoy it, and I *know* I will."

"(asshole) always told me to-" She began, but I interrupted. "(asshole) was an asshole. He did everything wrong. Let me show you how sexy and wonderful you are." I begged. "This is about you. It'll never, ever be about him again."

Her eyes were wet, but it looked like from happiness, so I went on. "You're sexy all the time. I love you in a suit, in a dress, in sweatpants, and in this little robe." I tugged gently at the collar of her robe. "I love you. You don't need to do anything to make yourself *acceptable* to me."

"Really?" She asked, as if wanting to believe. Her hand in my hair became more insistent, less idle, more massaging and playing.

"You, right now." I said, as if making a list, "No makeup, no jewelry, wearing a dressing gown and your own natural perfume. Fan-TAST-ic." I promised. She blushed and smiled.

"Right now, just like this, you are more beautiful to me than any woman in a magazine or on TV. Just you, all by yourself. I love you. Let me show you." I said softly. She took a deep breath, and suddenly the hand in my hair was cradling the back of my head, pulling me in for a strong kiss.

I reached up with both hands, cradling her face, caressing her cheeks with my thumbs, as I kissed her lips, sucking her tongue when I could, our breaths coming faster and faster.
(erection holding steady at 60%)

While we kissed, I slid my hands slowly downwards, caressing her neck, her collarbones, slipping my hands inside the collar of her robe, pushing it back, opening it wider, until it was slipping off her shoulders. As I slid it down her upper arms, she pulled her arms out of the robe, first the left, then the right, and the robe fell open to her waist. I could feel the heat from her skin against my chest. The kitchen seemed to be getting warmer, despite the overhead fan over the table.

I kissed her lips, then the corner of her mouth, then the side of her chin, then under her jaw, then her neck, working my way downwards, gently drawing a line with the tip of my nose as my lips worked lower and lower. Her legs gripped me tightly around my waist, and the moment my mouth broke with hers for my kissing descent, her hot breath echoed in my ears.

"MMmmmmmm, oh yes!" She moaned as I gently bit her neck, right at her collarbone, her hands playing over my shoulders and hair like a sculptor molding clay, firm but always moving.

I slid my hands down to her bare waist and held her gently, kissing from her collarbone right down the center of her chest. Once there, I pulled back gently and took my first good look at her bare breasts. As I have said before, they are a nice B or C cup (I'm no expert) and I can tell you, in an absence of bra support, they hang nicely. Not droopy, not too far apart, they seem to have a presence and a gravity all their own. Magnificent.

"Oh, wow," I think I mumbled, then I cupped them against her ribcage gently, lifting them a little from

underneath, my thumbs toward the center, my fingers out to the sides. "So beautiful!" I breathed. Lola practically purred, still holding onto my shoulders. "Thank you."

After a split second eeny-meeny-miney-mo, I picked my left (her right) and extended my tongue, licking up from the bottom of her erect nipple to the top, flicking the tip of my tongue off the end of it when I got all the way up. Lola gasped happily, and I did it again, getting it good and wet with my saliva. I repeated the process on her left nipple, her nipple skidding along my tongue like an eraser on paper. She growled with pleasure.

Once both nipples were good and wet, I quickly turned my head left and right, exhaling sharply through pursed lips, bathing them both in cold air, as my saliva chilled her sensitive areolas. "OOOH!" She gasped in surprise, and clutched at me possessively.

I quickly popped a cold nipple into my warm mouth, lavishing my tongue all over it. Lola squirmed as I fluttered my tongue back and forth, up and down, squeezing with my lips. While I suckled the nipple in my mouth, my fingers were gently pulling, squeezing and twisting the other one carefully back and forth. Lola literally couldn't sit still, writhing against me, pulling at me with her arms, breathing heavily through gritted teeth. After about two minutes, I switched, sucking the other nipple, my fingers working the one I had just been sucking.

"Ah!" She squealed, "I think I could almost . . .uh! . . .come from this if you kept it up! Ah!" While that DID sound cool, I knew I would run out of nipple ideas long before she could actually climax from it. At least, I thought so. Maybe some other time.

I isolated each nipple between my thumb and forefinger, and pulled them gently while the rest of my hand squeezed her breasts closer together. I straightened up for a kiss, and she kissed me hard, enfolding me with her arms and legs, squeezing me tightly.

Time for the good part, I thought to myself happily. I slid my hands downwards from her breasts, reluctantly releasing each nipple, until I was gripping her at her waist. Still kissing her, I pulled her pelvis tightly against my stomach and pulled her robe free, laying it out behind her on the counter like a blanket. She whimpered into my mouth as we kissed, both of her hands in my hair. I paused to lick her tongue slowly, and then raised my hands to her shoulders, pushing her down and back. The kitchen island was just barely wide enough to support her from her butt to her head. Her legs were still wrapped around me where I stood.

"Do you mind if I take my pants off?" I asked, my voice low. "They're a little too small right now." Lola was breathing heavily in excitement, but she giggled, and nodded. I stepped back to drop my shorts, and she closed her legs with a snap.

Uh oh, I thought momentarily. She was on her back, her knees up and squeezed tightly together, her ankles crossed and pressed against her butt as she lay on the counter. I stepped on the backs of my tennis shoes and pulled my heels out, kicking the shoes against the kitchen island. I stepped up against her shins and looked down over at her. "Everything ok?" I asked gently.

"Umm, just a little nervous all of the sudden." She said, her voice shaking. "Self-conscious, I guess."

I cupped her butt with both hands and squeezed. "About what?"

There was a long pause. I slid my hands slowly from her hips to her knees.

"Are you SURE you don't want me to take a shower? I was really sweaty last night." She said, then brightened. "You could join me! The girls said you liked that, right?"

I shook my head. "I want you right now. It doesn't matter if it's sweaty or not, I want to lick it. This is the best way I can think of to prove to you that I want to do it." I leaned down and kissed her knee. "I don't WANT you to take a shower. I want to see you. I want to taste you."

She gave a little whimper that sounded equal parts fear and impatience. I placed my hands on her kneecaps. "You. Right here, and just as you are." I said firmly, looking her in the eye. She took a deep breath, and slowly spread her legs.

I swear there could have been music playing as I looked at her most private treasure.

Her pubic hair was neatly trimmed into a downward-pointing trapezoid, wider than Karen's landing strip, but carefully tended. Her pussy itself was also beautiful, her clit about as wide as my pinky fingertip, half hooded, almost quivering with excitement. Clear juices coated her inner labia, which were beautifully shaped. If Karen's pussy resembles an orchid, Lola's seems to resemble an orchid that has just barely started to bloom, her delicate folds very small and close at the top, getting fuller and more open towards the bottom. As she spread her legs further, my hands still supporting her knees, her vulva opened and I could see the delicate opening of her vagina, pink, wet, and inviting. I was salivating instantly. "Oh my god," I prayed in gratitude. "this is SO beautiful."

Lola didn't say a word, both hands clenched near her mouth as if she were chewing her (already chewed) nails. I could hear her excited breathing, though, and the extremely wet state of the gloriously soft flesh I was staring at told me she was doing ok. I cupped her butt cheek and slid my thumb up next to her labia, and pulled it gently open. Moisture literally *dripped* from her pussy, down over her (clenched) anus, and dribbled onto her robe, where she lay.

I wanted to just stand there and stare forever. Then I remembered that I could do more than just stare at that gorgeous display, I could make love to it.

I glanced up at Lola, just as she finally opened her eyes and looked at me. I looked deep into her eyes and tried to communicate all the love and acceptance I felt for her with the words: "I love you SO much."

She sighed happily and put her hands down by her side, but still did not say a word, biting her lip as she watched me.

I kissed the inside of her right knee, then working my way an inch at a time, I kissed my way to her pussy. Right when my next kiss would have put me on her vulva, I started over at the other side, slowly, slowly, working my way down. Once at the bottom again, I looked up at her, to see her craning her neck to watch me. I smiled at her, and she blushed. "Everything OK?" I asked, and she nodded.

I put my thumbs alongside her pussy and softly pulled it open, exposing her clit and her vagina

completely. She moaned gently, her breath coming faster. I leaned down and used the tip of my tongue to tickle her labia, starting at the bottom and working my way up until I was flicking and licking her engorged clit.

"OH!" She gasped, and then gritted her teeth as I continued. "Oh, yes! yeesssssss!"

I stopped and started over, tickling up from the bottom again, and again I toyed with her clit. She LOVED it, writhing involuntarily as I fenced with her hard little nubbin. "YEsyesyesyes! Ooooh!" She panted, her legs shaking. "Oh, this is good!"

"You like it?" I asked playfully. She took a deep breath and swallowed, nodding.

"Well, try this." I said, and did my best. I kissed her labia with a loud smooch, and used my tongue to tease her vaginal opening, darting in as deep as I could (again I wished for a giraffe tongue) and swabbing firmly back out again, rubbing my nose against her clit, squeezing her ass in my hands. I bit (gently) at the lower ends of her labia with my lips, pulling them and licking them, inside and out. Lola tasted wonderful.

If Amy tastes like raw peaches, and Karen tastes like, well, Karen, Lola has a more complex taste. More salty than just sweet, and I hesitate to use the word "musky" because that sounds a lot more like "stinky," (which it most definitely was NOT) but a richer taste, darker and more complicated. As I type this, the closest I can imagine is this: smoked baking chocolate. That may sound ridiculous, but it's the best I can do. Dark, rich, just a little sweet, and a hint of tangy spice. Whatever it was, the smell and taste of her just reached in and flicked some switch in my brain, filling my fevered imagination with images of the two of us, locked together, fucking our brains out for the rest of our lives, like some kind of primal wet dream.

I went nuts, licking, sucking, caressing and fondling, almost lifting her pelvis up to my mouth, burrowing in with my tongue, slurping as I drank her juices directly from her pussy. Her clit got longer and harder, completely out of it's little hood, now almost the size and firmness of the entire tip of my pinky finger. I decided to focus there.

Lola gasped and moaned, finding her voice again as I pinched her clit between the biggest knuckles of my index fingers and put pressure on it. "Ohhhhhh shit!" she gasped. "I love it!"

"Oh yeah?" I panted in return, firmly rubbing the bridge of my nose up the underside of her clit, and she cried out in ecstasy. "YES!"

I did it again, and she groaned through gritted teeth, shaking with excitement. Releasing her clit from the grasp of my fingers, I lavished my tongue all over it, batting it up, down, left and right, pushing against it, letting it go. Lola began panting harder, and her hand found my hair again, petting and smoothing, making no demands.

I gently wiggled my right index finger into her pussy, up to the second knuckle, and left it there, wiggling, pulling back and forth, in and out, just teasing her opening, getting it even wetter and more excited. Lola threw her head back and just sobbed with pleasure as I simultaneously licked her clit and fingered her.

My previous experience with a vagina had been Karen's, and Karen was (of course) a virgin. Lola was admittedly not, but friends, her pussy felt just as hot, just as tight, just as wonderful. I stroked my finger in and out, curling my finger firmly, making the most of it. After a minute or two, I realized: I was jealous of my own finger. I was enjoying licking her pussy, true, but suddenly I had a greater desire to be fucking it. Time to get down to business.

I remembered reading (although I have forgotten where) that a good plan for performing oral sex on a woman is to lick the alphabet. It is a long, non-repeating, easily remembered sequence, so it won't be boring and repetitive. You just use the tip of your tongue to "write" capital A, B, C, D, etc on her vulva or clit. I began this strategy, and Lola responded beautifully.

"Oh! Yes, yes YES!" She gasped, her legs shaking so hard she had to let go of me and just hold them up. Her pussy was gripping my finger deliciously, and I was so hard by now that I'm sure I was dripping pre-cum on her kitchen floor. My cock ached to be buried in this warm, amazing pussy. I licked and fingered with more enthusiasm, and less restraint. Lola bucked and moaned, begging me with her body and her voice. "Yes! Do it! Ah! Ahh ha ha!"

I had gotten to the letter T, when I felt her shifting up, getting ready to cum. Her breaths came shorter, and harder, her shaking was even more pronounced, and her pussy gripped my finger so hard my knuckle popped. I leaned in and sucked her clit into my mouth, grinding my tongue against it, pulling it with my lips as she gasped a lungful of air and SCREAMED.

"AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!! FUUUUUUUUUUCK!" She squealed as she came, pushing my head away frantically. I immediately stopped licking but left my finger inside her, gently moving as she wept and squirmed, her cries breaking and gradually calming to a ragged sigh.

"Holy crap," she gasped, wiping her eyes. "That was intense." she swallowed and looked at me with wild eyes. "And you're still playing with my pussy!" She flopped back down on the counter. "Gawd!"

"How was your first pussy licking?" I asked, out of breath, and practically quivering with anticipation. Me want pussy.

"It's still ricocheting around in my brain." Lola gasped, still squirming. "But now you have to stop teasing my pussy. I need something better than your finger." She purred hungrily.

I should have said something playful, like "Oh, really, I thought you'd NEVER ask," or something like that, but all I could say was "Good!" and almost pull her off the counter in my excitement.

She gave a nervous yelp and almost lost her balance as her feet hit the floor, but I caught her and held her upright. (It turns out I should have been more careful. In my haste to get even more intimate with her, she banged the outside edge of her left heel on the side of one of the barstool legs, and it left a scrape. She didn't notice it until much later, of course, but I still felt bad.)

"My legs are-" she swallowed, "too shaky to stand. Let me . . . here!" She cried, and grabbed a barstool, laying on it so she was bent over, parallel to the edge of the counter. Flopping onto it, she pulled another one closer, to support the upper half of her torso. She lay on her stomach, her head turned to the side, and looked back at me over her tattooed shoulder. "Ok. I'm good now." She slurred.

"Gimme that cock!" She reached around behind herself and held her butt-cheeks apart, her pussy open before me.

"You got it." I stammered, and stepped up close to her. Her ass was a little skinnier than Karen's, but just like with Karen, when she was bent over all the way, her pussy was perfectly presented, pink and wet. I shuddered with anticipation even before I got completely into position.

I put my left hand on her hip, holding her gently, and used my right hand to swab the tip of my penis up and down, from her vaginal opening to her clit, spreading her juices around, getting my tip wet. It felt great. She squirmed and purred, her eyes half closing with delight.

Despite my raging desire, an idea occurred to me. I decided to go for it. I found the entrance to her pussy, and squeezed just the head inside. Lola moaned, and writhed against me. "Ohhhhhh yes! I love it!"

I placed the palm of my right hand against my abdomen, and slid it down until my penis was sticking out between my index and middle fingers. I then pushed out with my thumb so that my hand formed a bumper on my dick, about three inches from the base, so that if my dick was nine inches long at this point (maybe ten,) she was only going to get about six or seven inches worth of it before my hand stopped it from going in further.

With this handmade roadblock in place, I pushed in with my hips slowly, feeling literally every millimeter of her pussy grasping my cock, warming and squeezing me. I was in HEAVEN. Like I said, people make a big deal about virgins, etc, and I don't know what I was expecting, but this was equally as wonderful as Karen's. (Lola says with a dick like mine, it wouldn't have made any difference anyway. She says I am officially the largest thing that has ever been inside of her.) Slowly, slowly I pressed deeper, until I hit my hand. Lola was nearly speechless, words just sliding out of her. "Ohhhhhhh myyyyyyy."

I gave a little wiggle at this abbreviated depth, just kind of a bump bump bump, and she squirmed under my hand. "So good, oh my god." She looked back at me, and when I pulled slowly out, I swear her eyes rolled up a little. I continued pulling out until just the head was inside of her, then reversed, slipping back into that amazing pussy until I once again hit my hand. "Oh fuck yes," Lola gasped, "Faster!" Sweat trickled down my chest and back.

I started moving slowly in and out of her, speechless with the sensation, in and out, innnnnn and ooooouuut. Lola gasped and squirmed, her pussy gripping and releasing me perfectly. After a few minutes I realized that it felt tighter pulling out than thrusting in, almost like suction. Her pussy was sucking my dick. Holy crap!.

"Are you-" I grunted, still humping away, "squeezing me somehow?" I asked, and she grinned at me over her shoulder. I held still for a moment, and I could feel her pussy squeeze me, like a weak handshake. "Yes, I was. Just on the way out." She panted, licking her lips. "Do you like it?"

"I love it!" I stammered. Maybe now was a good time to quit fooling around. She was obviously doing her best for me. "Would you like some more of my cock?" I asked, politely, already in up to my hand. She giggled and gave me a quizzical look. "Of course I would, are you teasing me? I want you to make love to me until I can't cum any more. Go for it!"

I nodded, backed out about half an inch until my hand wasn't touching her, and held it up where she could see it. I wiggled my fingers at her and then used it to grab the other side of her waist. "What's-" she began, but I rolled my hips and slowly pushed ALL the way into her. "OH GOD!" She cried out, stiffening a little, her eyelids fluttering. I ground myself against her, pulling her firmly against me, as my entire length moved inside of her.

"Where the fuck did THAT come from?" She whimpered happily, and I had to smile. Withdrawing halfway, I went to full depth again, feeling the end of her pussy press hard against the end of my dick. I was maybe a half inch longer than she was deep. "Fuck!" She spat, and tried to take a breath. I wasn't sure if it was just an outburst, or an order, so I decided to do exactly what she said.

I started making love to her again, using my hands on her hips to move in and out, slowly at first, of course, but before long building up to a respectable rhythm, my balls slapping against her, her butt jiggling from the impacts. At first she just bit her knuckles and whimpered happily, but soon she was squeezing me again, gasping and encouraging me. I noticed that she was louder on the instroke, and I grinned.

"GIVE it TO me, WILL! OH OH OH OH! JUST . . . LIKE . . . THAT! AAH!" she cried rhythmically, and I was only too happy to comply.

I thrust and withdrew, over and over, never letting go of her. Sweat rolled off my body, and I could see trickles down her back as well. I couldn't tell you how long we worked together, only that time seemed to disappear, leaving just the two of us behind, locked into glorious, powerful lovemaking.

"Your BALLS are HITTING my CLIT! YES! OH! YEH---ESSS!" She cried, and I leaned into her, pressing down on her waist, making her curve her back more, raising her hips a tiny degree. Oh, it felt amazing. Leaning forward, I picked up speed.

When I leaned forward onto her, it took some of the weight off my feet, and the barstools started to move. With each thrust and impact of me fucking her, we scooted about a quarter inch across the floor, like some kid paying choo-choo trains. I was still making love to her, but after every eight or ten thrusts, I had to take a little half-step forwards. In retrospect, I probably should have stood solid on my feet, because now I was essentially chasing her across the kitchen, but she seemed VERY happy, so what's a little extra difficulty on my part, compared to her pleasure?

We eventually fucked our way past the edge of the counter, and as the sweat poured down our bodies, we began to head in the direction of the cone of cooler air being stirred up by the ceiling fan. Lola had tried to do something with her legs, reaching back to wrap them around me or something, but it hadn't worked out, and she had lowered them again. Her muscle control in her vagina was making my cock feel so intensely good, my legs were starting to shake. "I'm . . . Oh god!" She gasped, "I'm gonna cum! But don't stop!" Her voice raised another octave. "Keep fucking meeeee! OHH OHH!
AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!"

She stiffened up like a board, and her pussy practically clenched like a fist, still allowing me to move, but SO much tighter now. She wailed in ecstasy and I slowed a little as she shook beneath me. I took a second to stop and reposition my hands, but quickly got back to the business of making love to her.

"AAAAAHA HA HAAAA OH FUCK!" she howled through gritted teeth, and as she seemed to stabilize, I switched up my tactics.

I began only pulling out about halfway, slowly, and then thrusting back in quickly. Sort of a puuuuulllllll *THRUST* puuuuuulllllll *THRUST* maneuver. She would squeal happily with every thrust, almost squeaking in fact, but still loving it. This motion wasn't enough to send us choo-chooing across the floor, so we stopped there in the middle of the space between the kitchen island and the table.

"OH! You are SO going to GET it!" She moaned, exhausted and out of breath. "FUCKing me so GOOD! I don't KNOW if I'm going to MAKE it!" Each sentence was punctuated by the drilling of my cock inside her. Her vaginal muscle control seemed disrupted by her orgasm, so the sucking sensation had mostly stopped, but her pussy was still tight, and wet, and fantastic. I moved my hands from her waist (where I had inadvertently left handprints) down to her hips. I set my feet, and started pulling her against my cock, moving her instead of moving myself as much.

"Oh yes!" she growled, getting her feet on the floor and using them to help me move her. "MM! MM! MM! MM! MM! MM!" She raised her top half up a little, and used her hands to push back. Our bodies colliding started making a slap slap slap noise as she joined in the rhythm. "Do you like that?" She said softly through gritted teeth, staring back at me. "Does that feel good? Does my little pussy feel good?"

"OH yes it does," I mumbled, starting to feel my balls begin to tighten up, the tendons in my legs even going tighter. In about a minute or two, I was going to cum HARD. "I'm . . . oh shit I'm getting close." I gasped, and she smiled wickedly. "Are you going to cum in my pussy?" She teased me. "Are you going to fuck me until you fill me up?" The dirty talk was driving me crazy, and she knew it.

"I'm gonna . ." I swallowed and started over. "I'm gonna do my best." My ears were starting to ring, my heartbeat roaring in my head, and I knew that I had better figure out a game plan fast, because once I came THIS hard, I was probably going to fall. I was going to have almost NO legs left. I started looking around for a place to sit, but we'd fucked away from the counter, so the last barstool was about as far away as the table at this point, more than I thought I could stumble.

Too late! I could feel the wonderful sensations in my cock overloading everything else in my brain, as if the rest of my body were going dark, and my penis was glowing like a light bulb. Clumsily, I lunged forward and put one hand between Lola's shoulderblades, forcing her down onto her front barstool, and then spent about ten seconds just RAMMING my glowing cock into her pussy as hard as I could. I don't think I even pulled out more than two or three inches, just pow pow pow pow pow, annnnd then it exploded. "Oh my god!" She cried. "I can FEEL your cum!"

That orgasm was so intense, it almost, ALMOST, didn't feel good. The sensations of my cum blasting deep into her body was almost like someone was pulling a strand of yarn out of my penis, in little tugs. Not like rope-burn or anything like that, it just didn't feel like a liquid was squirting out of me, it felt like something was being PULLED out of me. Over and over, what felt like ropes of cum jetted into her tight, hot pussy. It was so powerful I swear I could HEAR it squirting out, this tiny little *squitch* sound that I felt in my ears more than heard.

You know how sometimes when you get up in the morning, your stomach growls, and you sense it more as vibration in your body than actual sound? Like you're hearing through your body rather than sound

waves out in the air going to your ears? That's what it felt/sounded like. I was practically deaf anyway, because I knew I was moaning or screaming, and I didn't hear that at all.

I slowly collapsed on top of her like a deflating hot air balloon. I moved my hand and just lay on her back, both of us panting, our sweat sticking us together, making her skin a little slippery. My cock was still inside of her, but it shifted painlessly when I lay down, so I just left it there. Heck, it was still twitching and throbbing.

The room stopped spinning, and my ears stopped ringing at about the same time. I was sweaty, sore, exhausted, lying on top of a naked woman, and utterly happy. "I love you." I slurred, trying to get my breath back under control. "That was . . . completely amazing."

Lola wiped her eyes, and I realized that she might have been crying. "I love you back, so much." Then I yawned involuntarily, and she said something while I was yawning, and I didn't hear it right.

"I'm sorry, what?" I said, and she sighed happily, and wriggled a little beneath me. "I said "More please." She said, in a tiny happy voice. I was dumbfounded for a minute.

"I, uh" I swallowed, and started over apologetically. "I might not have any more."

She giggled. "You're still hard as a rock, buried in my pussy, and you tell me you don't have any more? I'll bet youuu doooooo." She flexed her vaginal muscles again, and I could feel her tender pussy squeezing me softly. "As soon as you can get up, just leave it to me." she promised warmly.

I lay there for another moment or two, our hot sweaty bodies glued together, just trying to get my breath back.

Soon, though, I fumbled my hands up from where my arms had been dangling, and grasped the barstool under her chest, pushing myself up with a groan. The skin that had been pressed against her back felt suddenly cooler as it was exposed to air, and she even gave a little coo of surprise as cooler air washed over her back as well.

I carefully stood back on my feet and pulled my cock out of her pussy with a little wet noise. Still a little confuzzled, I staggered back about a half step.

Quick as a wink, Lola leapt up, spun around, and carefully grabbed my cock. "Follow me!" She encouraged, and gently led me (via her warm grip on my dick) to a wooden chair at the back of the kitchen, near the black metal baker's rack. She pulled the chair out from the wall about three feet, and gestured to it with her free hand.

The chair had an upholstered seat, sturdy legs and back, and no arms. "Sit here, please." Lola said soothingly, although not letting go of my penis. I moved haltingly to get turned around without dislodging her hand. "Why not by the kitchen table?" I asked, thinking of the wonderful cool air from the ceiling fan.

"Those are little spindly chairs, and they have arms." Lola said, leaning forward to maintain her hold as I sat down. "And there, I couldn't do this."

She stepped up close to me, straddled my legs, and sat herself down in my lap, holding my cock up so it was almost pressed between our bellies. I was a little surprised by the move, but I instinctively put my arms around her waist. "Ooh, I LIKE this." I smiled. She leaned forward and kissed me, one hand going up to hold the back of my head, the other jacking my dick slowly. I could feel the life flowing back into it, and I loved it.

I groaned with pleasure as her hand stroked me, twisting just a little as it went up and down, up and down. "See? I told you I knew you had more." Lola gloated, tugging and squeezing me. "So how did you suddenly make your penis bigger?" She asked, leaning forward until her breasts were rubbing against my chest. "I know I already THOUGHT it was big, but then you shocked the shit out of me." Lola laughed.

"I put my hand on it so it could only go partway in," I panted, a slave to her warm, caressing hand. "Then when you'd gotten used to that, I put the rest of it in. Was that ok?"

"OK? William, let me tell you something," She squinted at me as if I were in trouble, but her lips were still curved in a smile. "I have NEVER been made love to like this. Not this big, not for this long, and not with such attention to my pleasure." She rolled her shoulders, her hard nipples tracing little loops against my chest. She slid her hand to the base of my cock, and with a firm grip, began pulling gently.

"Before in my love life, it always seemed like "Every Man For Himself" but this is well, it's wonderful." She wiped a tear away from her eye. "I'll explain more later, if I can, but for right now, I want this beautiful cock inside me again, and I want to make love to YOU."

"I would like that very much," I said, half out of my mind with renewed need. Lola leaned in for another enthusiastic kiss, then stood, still straddling me. With one hand on my shoulder for support, she reached around behind herself and grabbed my dick where it stood, placing it against the opening of her vagina.

Slowly squatting back down, she fed my entire dick up into her pussy, which was completely wet and VERY warm. I could feel some of our previously combined juices leak out and trickle over my balls. "Oh my god." Lola panted, leaning down a little and resting her forehead against mine. "I still can't believe it." she brought her other hand back up and placed it on my shoulder.

"So far I've seen your cock as a bulge down your pantleg, under a sheet, and in your swim trunks, but FEELING it is so much more than I was expecting." She sighed, just flexing her hips, rocking back and forth a little on my cock, firmly impaled. "I mean, I've only had any personal experience with one other male, but you're Well, you're so much more of a man than he was, and I mean that in EVERY way." She rubbed herself against me, rising up and down just about a half inch. I loved it. "Some time when I'm not needing it inside me so much, I'd like a chance to just hold it and play with it." She asked, blushing. "I'm a little rusty. It's been a while since I had a lover to play with."

"Well, nothing feels rusty." I said, just holding her hips and loving the feel of her moving against me.

She smiled, and I was struck again by just how beautiful her eyes were. Her eyelashes were so pretty I wanted to touch them, but I fought that temptation, because nothing ruins a romantic moment like lunging for someone's eyeball. "You must have put a quart of cum in there," She laughed softly, blushing. "I'm extremely well lubricated at this point, right?" I had a momentary birth control panic, but

then I gave up. Whatever happens, happens. Nothing to be done for it now. Might as well enjoy it, but believe me, enjoying it was the easy part.

She stood up a little higher, and slid back down on my cock, about three inches this time. Closing her eyes, she tilted her head back and gave a little cry of delight. "Oh! This is SO good," She whimpered, and I took the opportunity to kiss her neck hungrily. She clutched my head and did it again, up and down. As her pelvis pressed back down against mine, I savored the amazing feeling of Lola impaling herself on my cock.

"Did you like getting licked?" I asked in a gasp. She let go of my head and I leaned back a bit, studying her face. In answer, she leaned down and kissed me hard, her tongue entering my mouth forcefully, her breath panting from her nose, cooling the sweat on my upper lip. When we broke, I smiled. "I'm glad you liked it. I'll gladly do it again."

"Oh my god," She sighed. "See? This is what I'm talking about. SUCH a better man, in every way. Better person, better lover, ohhhhh," She sighed as she lifted up and sat back down again, "better endowed, oh my god. I'm 35 and you're giving me firsts, things I've never had before."

"Well, I've never had a conversation DURING sex before." I gasped, smiling. "It's neat."

"Well, truthfully, I've never had sex last long enough to talk during." Lola said, sitting on my thighs again and rocking her pelvis, gently rolling it towards me.

"We should have all our conversations this way," I stammered, and Lola barked a short laugh. I continued. "It's difficult during oral sex, because our mouths would be full, but this is much more conducive to conversation." Lola just shook her head with a smile. "I'm fucking you and you're telling me jokes," She grinned.

"I could stop," I said, suddenly worried I was doing something wrong. She leaned in, pressing her breasts against my chest, and kissed me. "Don't you dare. I love it. I love you." She smiled, hitching up and down again, about four inches this time. "Besides, on the topic of oral sex, I definitely owe you a blowjob, especially after you ate my pussy."

I shook my head. Lola felt so good chairfucking me that it was getting much harder to concentrate. "You don't owe anybody anything. We don't keep score, and we don't do things we don't want to do. Those are two very firm rules." I said, gentle but serious.

"I didn't mean I didn't want to," Lola soothed, "I meant I was going to use it as an excuse, so I would GET to."

I grinned again. "You don't need an excuse. You could just walk into the house and say 'hey Will, can I suck your dick for a while,' and I would let you."

Lola giggled. "You'd do that for me? Just like that?"

"That's about how Amy does sometimes," I said sheepishly, and Lola smiled.

"Feeling how big this dick is, I'm even more convinced that she's crazy for wanting it anal." Lola said, shaking her head, lifting herself up and down again. So good.

"She begged, almost." I said. "Nobody says no to Amy for long. Not when she really really wants something."

"She's got you wrapped around her finger." Lola accused, albeit lovingly. This time, when she stood up a little, I pulled her back down with my hands on her waist, effectively fucking HER for one stroke, instead of passively taking it. "Sure she does," I grinned.

Lola had opened her mouth in a gasp when I pulled her down, but she shut it and gave me a mock stern look. "I'm doing YOU here, remember?" She pretended to slap my shoulder lightly. "Bad boy!"

I gave a little pout, released her waist and slid my hands up her body until I was cupping her breasts. "I'll just amuse myself with these, then." I said, and she laughed. "You do that."

"I'll try not to distract you too much," I said playfully, stroking her (very erect, almost rock-hard) nipples idly with my fingers. She shuddered happily and cleared her throat. "You've been distracting me since the day we met." She growled, humping me again.

"Oh yeah?" I asked, giving her my best wolf smile. "Yeah." She grunted, up and down again, biting her lower lip.

"Well, what are you going to DO about it?" I challenged, raising an eyebrow. Her eyes lit up with evil glee as she leaned forward, our noses almost touching. "I'm gonna fuck your brains out." She whispered, and then proceeded to do exactly that.

Gripping my shoulders tightly, she slowly began humping up and down on my erection, rolling her hips against me at the bottom, just fucking and grinding and fucking and grinding. Not only picking up speed, she also increased the force of it, impaling herself HARD on my hard-on. (Heh.) Her thighs slapped against mine, jarring me, her pussy so wet and slippery that my cock was in overload, almost too much to concentrate on. (This actually helped my stamina. There was so much sensation, it almost didn't register as sex. It almost felt like exercise. Almost.)

I did my best to hang on to her breasts, even as I started losing my breath just from being fucked so hard, Lola practically knocking the wind out of me. I tried squeezing her nipples, but she was moving so much (YAY!) that I was afraid I'd hurt her when she inevitably yanked them out of my grip. Instead, I just kept ahold of her breasts themselves, squeezing them and rolling my thumbs across her areolas as best I could manage.

It was the first sex act that I really wasn't in control of. I mean, when Karen first made love to me, she was on top, but it was still a cooperation. This was not. Lola was firmly in the driver's seat; she was the driver, and I was the seat. I LOVED it. On the selfish side, I didn't have to do any of the work. On the loving, mutually beneficial side, Lola was enjoying this just as hard as I was.

"OH! YES! OH! FUCK! YEAH!" She was grunting, pounding me into the chair, her head thrown back, just making love to me with wild abandon. I was beyond speech, just loving it, bracing for every impact,

my cock in a wet, hot, moderately violent paradise.

I couldn't keep quiet, but I couldn't articulate any words, so my voice just burst out in a moaning howl of excitement. "Uhhhhhhhaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!"

Lola was now moving as fast as she could, given the pull of gravity (down) and the push of her legs (up), still moaning through clenched teeth, eyes tightly shut. "Yeahyeahyeahyeah! Oooh!"

My orgasm was roaring down on me like a freight train, bells and sirens blaring. My testicles felt like they were cracking tiny knuckles and preparing to go to work. My previous orgasm notwithstanding, this felt like it was going to knock me out. And then Lola stopped.

Shaking hard, she suddenly rose to her feet, gasping like she was drowning, but gulping air like she was trying to hold her breath. "Wait!" She choked, "I can't . . . I have to . . ."

I couldn't believe it! I was so close I literally could not think of ANYTHING other than finishing, and she was faltering? I didn't know if it was a charlie horse or what (she had been humping and grinding me HARD for quite a while) but I couldn't stop now. I literally could NOT stop NOW. When Karen had her charlie horse on the dinner table, I fucked up into her. Time to work! The way she was standing, only about the first inch of my cock was still in her. I had to fuck upwards, without flipping the chair over.

All of this inner dialogue took place in the merest fraction of a second. I scrambled, and got my hands underneath my butt on the seat. Pressing down against the edges of the seat, I also pushed up with my heels against the floor, lifting my whole body up quickly.

It was like a face-up pushup. I was able to lever my hips up, and drive my cock into her tight, wet, spasming pussy. Not to full depth, because my thighs were hitting hers where she stood, and I didn't want to knock her down, but I got a solid four inches in, and I kept at it, fucking as fast as I could, driving towards my orgasm with all of my concentration, only seconds away.

Lola was shaking so hard her teeth were chattering. "W-w-wait!" She cried, grabbing my shoulders with fingers like claws. "I c-can't . . . WILL! N-NO! OH SHIT!!!"

She finally got a deep breath, shut her eyes and just screamed, her voice shrill and loud.

I was so desperate to cum that my brain was on a ten-second delay, so I didn't even register that she had said no. But what happened next got my attention.

As she screamed, it suddenly felt like I was getting shot with Amy's water cannon, about two inches above where the base of my dick was rooted in my pelvis. Surprisingly warm liquid splashed all over my crotch, and splattered up my torso, like a small water balloon had burst. It went everywhere.

Three or four good jets of liquid sprayed against me, and as I looked down in shock, I could actually SEE the last two jets blast out of Lola's pussy. She was ejaculating on me. Lola was squirting!

I was so shocked that my orgasm almost came (Heh.) as a surprise when my testicles fired a second later. I tried to maintain my position inside of her, but her legs seemed to go limp, and she sat back down

on my cock, and I collapsed onto the seat, my balls pumping semen into her.

Lola was crying, and shaking, and apparently, still cumming, her pussy squeezing me tightly. She buried her face in my neck the minute she sat on me, and all I could do was grunt and cling to her as my OWN orgasm roared through me.

My brain was a whirlwind, fragments of thoughts crashing around, my cock STILL going crazy, even as my testicles finally went calm. Lola clung to me and wept, while I tried to reassemble some form of thought.

I realized I was sitting in a puddle, there on the chair. "W-what?" I managed, trying to say 'what's wrong' because of the way she was crying.

"It wasn't pee!" Lola sobbed, her voice distraught, "I swear it wasn't pee! I didn't piss on you!"

"I know!" I gasped, holding her. "I know that." She sat up a bit and looked at me (moving my over-exerted cock inside her), her eyes wide. "You KNOW?" quickly, she wiped her eyes, "I was sure you would think I was peeing on you." She sniffed hard and wiped her nose, staring at me as if she couldn't believe what I was telling her.

"I think that was . . ." Man, I was loopy, "Did you just squirt on me?"

Lola placed her hand over her mouth and nodded, her eyes a little wild. "I didn't mean to! I didn't KNOW it was going to happen, but then I couldn't stop it." She mumbled. "You're not mad?"

"Why on earth would I be mad?" I asked, genuinely confused and completely out of breath.

"It's weird. It's not normal, and I was afraid you would think it was gross. I swear it almost NEVER happens. This is only the third time, ever in my life." She said, stroking my chest with her hands, as if trying to placate me.

"I'm NOT MAD." I said firmly, holding her shoulders.

The corner of her mouth flickered in a crooked smile as she stared at me. "Seriously?" She said, starting to believe me. "It wasn't too gross?"

"It wasn't gross at all. I liked it." I said, and she sighed and slumped a little. "God, I was so scared." She looked at me. "I'm so glad you knew what it was! *I* didn't even know what it was the first two times."

I weakly waved my hand where she could see it. "Hello, I got my Sex-Ed from porn." I grinned sheepishly.

"I had to do research to find out." Lola said, still emotional. "I thought there was something wrong with me. It wasn't until I read Dr. Grafenberg's study that I realized what was actually happening." (I didn't know it then, but it turns out that Grafenberg is who the "G" spot is named after, or something like that.)

"Squirting is in lots of movies. I wasn't freaking out, I was just excited." I said, "It was really intense, and I

loved it. I hope you do it again. Lots of times." I ran out of energy, and slumped back a little.

Lola just shut her eyes, shook her head, and leaned against me again, smiling. My cock was still inside of her, but as we were both still mostly out of breath, and completely exhausted, we stayed just as we were.

"I love you so much." She slurred, her breath cooling my sweaty neck. "I can't even spell it out. I love you so much."

"I love you too." I said.

We sat there for a minute or two, just relaxing, our bodies stuck together with sweat and cum, mine and hers.

Suddenly, we heard footsteps coming up the back steps. We both tried to jump into action, only we were both groggy and exhausted and the tile floor around us was wet and slippery. Lola leapt up about four inches before her feet slipped out from under her and she crashed roughly back down, hurting both of us, as my cock was still buried in her pussy. "Ow!" I grunted, and tried to lift her by her armpits, only both of us were still weak from the huge orgasms we had just had.

"Oh no!" Lola whispered, her voice pinched and hoarse. "I can't get up!" She struggled to rise again only this time her right foot shot out sideways, almost dumping her in the floor. I grabbed her to keep her from falling. We teetered on the chair for a second.

There was a knock, and Karen's voice came through the door. "Hello? Anybody home?"

"Shit shit shit!" Lola squeaked, grabbing onto my shoulders and trying to press herself upwards, but only succeeding in scrunching me down. Without her legs to lift her, she didn't have enough oomph in her arms to lift herself, and even if she did, the floor was too wet for her to stand on. I suppose I could have shoved her into the floor, but I didn't have the energy to lift her so close to two seriously intense orgasms. I'm not even sure if I was fully alert yet.

"I can't get up!" She croaked, looking at me, her eyes wide in panic. "Did you lock the door when you came in?"

I struggled to think. "No, I-" I mumbled, just as the door opened a crack.

"Oops." I heard Karen say, as if to herself. Lola buried her face in my shoulder, away from the opening door, and whimpered as if in terror. I sat dumbfounded, as the door opened more, and Karen stepped into the kitchen.

"Hello? Your door's- OH GEEZ!" Karen ducked back behind the door. There was a tense moment of silence. Lola clung to me and shivered.

"Um, did I interrupt anything?" I heard Karen's voice, nervous and tiny.

I shook my head, and then remembered that she wouldn't have heard that, so I found my voice. "No, we

were done." I finished weakly. I held Lola, who was rigid as a board. I could feel her blush as warmth against my shoulder. "Fuck." she whispered.

Karen peeked around the edge of the door, and ducked back again. Besides my heart pounding, and Lola breathing heavily in shock and embarrassment, I realized I could hear another sound, a kind of hiccuping snort from Karen. It took me a second to realize she was laughing. Hard.

The absurdity of the situation started to sink in, and before I could help it, I was laughing too, just a little bit. Lola stiffened even further, and peeked at me. "Are you LAUGHING?!" She hissed at me, even as Karen stumbled the rest of the way into the kitchen and shut the door, leaning against it, laughing her ass off.

"Oh my God," She cackled, holding her stomach. "If you could only see you guys!"

Seeing her laughing so hard only served to make me laugh harder. Lola was mortified. "What are you laughing at?!" She whispered at me, and after a few moments, I could see her fighting a smile herself. "I mean, just because your sister caught us after sex, and my whole ass is hanging out." She snorted, and then began to laugh herself. "I mean, talk about undignified."

"Uh huh," Karen laughed. "This is it, alright." She wiped her nose and hiccuped, laughing again. Stepping forward, she picked up Lola's robe from under the barstools and walked over to us, trying to avert her eyes in sympathy.

"I guess we're not in trouble?" Lola giggled, exhausted, slumping back against me.

"I would guess that we're not." I chuckled. Karen giggled as well, her sandals squelching loudly on the wet tiles. She draped the robe over Lola's shoulders, and looked down.

"What is what am I standing in?" She asked quizzically. Lola blushed and struggled into the robe. "Well, um. . . it's a long story." I could tell she was ashamed again. Time to deal with that.

"You've heard of female ejaculation?" I asked Karen. Her eyes widened.

"No way!" She said, awed. "You mean . . .it's real? I thought that was fake!"

"It's real." I said, grinning. "And it's pretty amazing."

"No kidding!" Karen said, smiling at Lola's back. Lola heard her tone, and turned to look at her. "Seriously? You're not grossed out either?"

Karen shook her head. "I'm dying to know what it's like. Maybe a little jealous." She held up her fingers about half an inch apart and squinted through the gap.

Lola took a deep breath and relaxed. "I . . . I don't know what to say. Except to ask if you could help me up." She said weakly, looking sheepish. Karen looked at us again. "You mean you're . . .?"

"We're stuck." I admitted, and Karen laughed again, just a little bit.

"Awwww." She cooed, teasing us. "Ok. Heeeeeere we go." She said, and put her arms around Lola from behind, lifting her as Lola managed to stand. My (somehow still mostly erect, although nearly fucked raw) dick pulled out of her pussy with a wet little slurp, as we both gasped. I helped Lola rise, and she threw her arm around Karen's shoulders. "Sorry. I'm still a little clumsy. I kinda feel like I've been turned inside out, and my legs are shot."

Karen patted her dangling hand, her other arm around Lola's waist supportively. "I think I already know what that feels like." She reassured Lola.

They staggered off towards the living room. I took a moment to collect my wits (such as I had left), grabbed my undershorts, and stumbled in to join them.

"So to what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?" Lola was asking archly, teasing. Karen helped her sit on the couch where she promptly stretched out lengthwise. Karen knelt comfortably in the floor next to her.

"You mean other than Will?" Karen joked. "The pleasure, I mean."

"Yes, besides that." Lola said, still playing the aloof hostess, although smiling. "Did you know what we were up to?"

"I had no idea." Karen confessed. "I came out because Will left to get the mail at 10:00, and right now it's nearly noon."

Hearing that, I was a little shocked. "Noon already?" I blurted. That means we were making love for almost two hours straight, not counting walk times. OK, maybe more like a solid hour and 45 minutes. Still, though. That seemed like a while. I sat gingerly on the edge of the wingback chair and clumsily tried to get my feet into my underwear.

Lola looked likewise surprised. "Seriously? Is it that late?" Karen nodded, grinning.

"No wonder you came to check on us." Lola said weakly.

"Uh huh." Karen said with a huge smile.

"It honestly didn't seem like that long," I said, even though my dick was aching, and my hips and shoulders were starting to check in. Sore, all around. I got my feet situated in my underwear, and got it as high as my knees. To pull them all the way up would involve standing, and I resolved to give that a few minutes.

"Time flies when you're having fun, I guess." Karen purred knowingly, giving me a sexy look over her shoulder, before turning back to Lola. "So, tell me about the ejaculation thing. I want details."

Lola blushed. "It's Well, I mean, it doesn't happen that often. That was the third time in my life that it happened." She winced. "It's kinda gross."

"No. Way." Karen took her hand. "You can cum like a man. How cool is that? When Amy finds out, she

is going to be crazy jealous." She touched Lola's brow tenderly. "I'm curious. How does it work?"

Lola looked a little upset. "I don't know. It just happens sometimes. I can't exactly tell beforehand, it's kind of a surprise." She took a deep breath. "The first time it happened was on my honeymoon. At the resort we had a suite that had a big bed, and a jacuzzi, and our own private mini-pool on the terrace. They even had a little double-door wall niche for room service, in case you were naked." Lola interrupted herself. "Um, is this weird? Am I being too pathetic?"

I blinked, and Karen rubbed her hand. "What do you mean?"

Lola looked guilty. "I keep talking about (asshole) all the time. I don't even mention his name for months, but the minute I fall in love again, I'm talking about him like he's here. You guys have got to be totally sick of hearing about him."

I shrugged. "He was the majority of the sexual experience you've had before now. What you and he shared was all you had to compare to, so it's not like it's irrelevant."

"I don't want to keep comparing you to him, that's what I mean," Lola said, but Karen shook her head, interrupting her.

"Are all the comparisons favorable?" Karen asked. Lola nodded firmly. "You bet your gorgeous ass they are." She snapped.

"Then feel free to compare whatever you need to," I said, with a magnanimous wave of my hand, and both Karen AND Lola laughed at that one.

"I'm just worried that you're going to get annoyed with me mentioning him." Lola said, "Even though you're all better than he was, I don't know why I keep bringing him up."

"Well, we were talking about something specific, right?" Karen asked, to Lola's nod. "If he was there too, you don't have to pretend he wasn't. Eventually, I hope we can replace all those bad old memories with better new ones. Maybe not today, but still . . ." Karen finished, but Lola shook her head with an evil smile.

"Maybe today, at that." Lola smiled at me, even though she was answering Karen. "Will has blown all of my previous experiences right out of the water. I can guarantee you that. Honestly, you missed it earlier. For a second there, I swear I felt the heartbeat of the universe."

"You'll have to tell me all about it, in detail." Karen purred, and Lola blushed again, delightedly. "Meanwhile finish your story. You were on your honeymoon, annnnd?"

Lola sighed. "Our third or fourth day, we decided to stay nude, and perform some kind of sexual act in every room. When we were doing this, we started when we woke up, and ended up in the jacuzzi at around dinnertime. We were having sex, me bending over, him behind me-

"Doggystyle." Karen said, but Lola made a face. "I've never liked that description. It seems so . . .cheap and . . . insincere."

"Sorry," Karen said. Lola patted her hand. "I didn't mean to fuss at you. I just don't like the term doggystyle."

Karen nodded. Lola continued. "So we were having sex, and it was about my third or fourth orgasm of the day, and I suddenly just got this feeling. I was exhausted, and I didn't know what it was, but I just let it go. I was too tired and loopy to care, and I could feel it happening, even though I was mostly submerged. I think I shot him in the balls, but in the jacuzzi with the water going, he couldn't really tell." She said, and Karen giggled. "It felt different, but I wasn't really sure what had happened. It didn't feel bad, so I just didn't mention it."

"The second time was bad. We'd been celebrating some big legal victory of his, and we'd been drinking champagne, and we were both a little bit tipsy." Lola cleared her throat. "When it happened, I let it go, and it splashed him on his crotch. He was convinced I had urinated on him, and he flipped out. Literally, screaming at me, swearing. He tried to stand up and urinate on me, but he still had an erection, and couldn't do it. He ended up throwing things and storming out." She sighed, and Karen kissed her hand. "That was a really bad night. That was actually right near the very end of the actual marriage." Lola said thoughtfully, staring intently off into space. "You know, the part where I could still pretend to myself that nothing was unfixably wrong."

"It's not your fault." Karen said.

"I know," Lola smiled weakly at her. "He'd already been cheating on me, so our marriage at that point was already just imaginary, but I'm sure it didn't help." She paused. "You know, sometimes I think the only thing I'm giving you guys is my own emotional baggage."

Karen shook her head. "Forget that. Right now. He was a jerk, and he'll always be a jerk. You were enjoying yourself in a moment of intimacy, and he couldn't handle it. Forget it. You can cum as much or as hard as you want."

"And then YOU," Lola said, smiling at me, pretending to be annoyed. "I felt it happening and tried to hold back, but you started up and just pushed me right over the edge!"

"I'm sorry if that was the wrong thing to do, but I couldn't help it." I admitted. "I was so close, and I didn't grasp what you were doing until it happened. But don't feel bad. I liked it." I grinned at her. "As a matter of fact, I loved it. That was great!"

She looked at me wistfully. "Do you mean it? You don't think I'm a freak?"

I laughed. "Absolutely not. I *loved* it. I hope it happens again."

Lola wiped her brow. "It doesn't happen every time, but maybe I can stop feeling weird. It was actually very embarrassing. I knew I was right when I felt wasn't actually peeing, but still. I felt ashamed about it, especially after (asshole.)"

"Forget him. He sucked." Karen said firmly, and leaned in to kiss Lola. My cock twitched, a little painfully now. When they parted, both looked happier.

"So, I want to ask you guys," Karen said, blushing, first at Lola, then at me.

"What, honey?" Lola asked, caressing Karen's hair.

"Seeing as how I barged in right at the end of your lovemaking . . . I'm thinking maybe I could do the cleanup for you?" She asked, her eyes twinkling. Lola blushed hard.

"I was just going to mop the kitchen," I said nonchalantly, but Karen fixed me with a wicked stare.

"Not. That. Part." She said, biting off her words in mock exasperation. "I meant the licking you both clean part."

Lola had covered her face with one hand, her eyes shocked, but seemingly excited.

Karen turned to her. "Would that be ok? Would you like that?" She cooed, touching Lola's thigh softly. After a moment, Lola nodded quickly.

"Let me get Will first." Karen said gently, and rose, walking slowly over to me and kneeling again at my feet. Oh my god. I was entranced.

"Hi." She said lightly, touching my chest, and sliding her fingers down past my stomach.

"Hi." I blurted, "Be gentle, please. He's . . . a little tired." Karen nodded, her beautiful lips pursed in sympathy.

"Poor thing." She cooed, leaning in from the side. She pulled her hair back with her right hand, and then reached around behind her head with her left and held it there. Leaning in close, she kissed the tip of my dick softly. "It's ok. I'm here now." she murmured to it, her breath cool on my tender skin. "I'm going to take good care of you. Just rest." More soft kisses, and then she began with long, careful licks, all the way from the base to the head.

She was being careful to hold her head just so, her hair out of the way. It wasn't until I thought to glance at Lola that I realized Karen was performing for an audience. Lola's eyes were like saucers, and she was staring at Karen, half nervous, half hungry. Karen continued with long, slow sucking, her lips slurping just enough to be heard, as her tongue swirled and danced around the head of my penis. Wowsers.

Very soon, she was done, and actually blew on it to dry it off, her cool breath relaxing me, soothing my overexcited nerves. "Ahhhhhhhhh," I sighed, and lay back as if the wingback chair were a bed.

"Theeeeere we go." Karen said softly, and rubbed my thigh. "He'll be good as new in no time."

"Thanks." I mumbled, and she patted my knee and stood.

Turning, she shook out her hair, and stalked over towards Lola, who simply lay on the couch and gazed up at Karen.

"Ready?" She purred, and Lola shook her head. "Nuh uh." Lola said, but smiled.

Karen knelt by her side and leaned in for a kiss, which lasted for almost a minute. If I wasn't so exhausted, I would have been turned on all over again.

When they separated from their kiss, Karen moved down towards Lola's knees, walking her fingers down Lola's leg like the phone book mascot. Lola giggled, and slowly moved her legs apart, one laying along the couch, the other out into the room.

"I love you," Lola blurted suddenly. Karen stopped, and smiled warmly at her. "I love you too. I've never done this before, so I'll do my best. I'm a little nervous."

Lola just clutched her hands together right against her chin, as she lay on the couch. "It's ok. I'm super nervous." She smiled weakly. "But I'm also thrilled to be here."

In lieu of a response, Karen knelt between her legs and kissed her knee. Lola shivered happily.

Smoothing her hands up Lola's thighs, Karen pushed up her robe, to expose Lola's pussy, along with her furry little trapezoid. "I like your little bush," Karen smiled, stroking it with a fingertip, "It's so nice and neat."

Lola sighed deeply, and almost purred. "I can't just let it grow wild, it feels gross."

Karen nodded. "I keep mine in just a little stripe."

Lola blushed and grinned. "I saw it through your white swimsuit." She admitted. Karen smiled knowingly, still stroking Lola's pubic hair, now with two fingertips.

"Oooh, you've got a wet spot here." Karen clucked playfully. "I wonder why that is." I could see her gently tickle the lower folds of Lola's vagina with a fingertip.

"It's ok, the couch is scotchgarded." Lola gasped. "The cats."

"Good." Karen purred, and then she leaned forward, blocking my view. I could no longer see what she was doing, but she had both hands in play, and I could see little motions of the back of her head, indicating she was licking or sucking on something. She started out slowly, and I could tell from the instant she began, that Lola was loving it.

She kept her eyes closed, but her mouth was open, voicing little gasps and grunts of pleasure, as Karen kept up her ministrations. "Oh my god!" Lola gasped, her voice tiny. "oh!"

Karen raised her head momentarily to speak. "There's a lot of cum down here. Do you want me to stop?"

After a moment's hesitation, Lola shook her head jerkily. Karen went back to work, apparently doing something good, because Lola started taking deeper breaths, and writhing on the couch. "Oh gaaawwwwwd!" She whined, her voice still quiet, although higher pitched, "I don't know if I can cum again, I'm . . .oh! oh god!"

Karen worked faster, now making a noise like 'lumlumlumlumlumlum,' clearly teasing the hell out of Lola's clit, and Lola's eyes popped open, staring down at Karen, lip-locked to her pussy.

"Oh my god, you're going to . . . I can't . . . oh shit! yeah yeah yeahyeahyeahyeah!" Lola cried, squirming uncontrollably. It was so hot, my penis had gotten erect again, even though it was still sore. Karen was licking (and maybe fingering, I couldn't see) Lola to a fourth orgasm.

"Oh my GAWD!" Lola squawked, gasping for air, "I'm . . . I'm . . . uuuuuuhhhhhhaaaaaaaahhhhhAAAAAAHAA HAA HAAAAAA!" She squealed, her voice tight, her teeth clenched, as she came on Karen's tongue. (Not the ejaculation kind, just the orgasm kind.)

She reached down frantically and pushed Karen away, then just lay back down on the couch and covered her face with her hands, trying to catch her breath, as air practically whistled out between her fingers. Her body twitched and shook, as Karen rubbed her thighs soothingly.

"Holy fucking shit!" Lola spat, exhausted, her body still twitching. "I swear I didn't have another orgasm left to give. God!"

"I *think* I got all the cum," Karen said in a thoughtful tone, teasing. She carefully sucked two of her fingers, one at a time, as if cleaning them off.

One hand still covering her face, Lola weakly shook her fist at Karen. "You got something, you . . . you . . . I don't know." Her arm dropped.

She sniffled, and wiped her eyes, struggling to sit up. When I realized she was crying, I managed to stagger to my feet and get to the couch, putting my arms around her. "Are you ok?" I asked, concerned. Karen rubbed her knee from where she still knelt on the floor.

"I'm . . . amazing." Lola said, smiling through her tears. "It's just . . . this is so wonderful. I'm overwhelmed."

Karen noted my erection bulge in my underwear. "Oh! Are you back?" She asked, surprised.

"Not at all." I said gently, but firmly. "I just can't turn it off, and it hurts a little. Maybe more than a little."

Karen clambered to her feet and jogged to the kitchen, where I heard water running. Lola sagged against me bonelessly. "I am so happy, I can't even contain it." She confessed. I put my arm around her and held her. We both smelled like sweat and sex.

Karen returned with a damp dishcloth, which she handed to me. It was cool, but not too cold. "Put that around him and hopefully he'll calm down." I did so, and immediately yelped. "Whoo!"

Karen smiled weakly, and turned her attention back to Lola, who leaned forward and grabbed her in a tight hug. They stayed that way for a while. My soothed erection faded, and soon Karen and Lola parted.

"I totally need a shower now, I don't care what anybody says." Lola admitted.

"How about a soak in the pool?" I heard myself ask. Karen looked at me thoughtfully, and Lola blinked.

"Just float around and relax?" Karen smiled, and I nodded.

"That sounds nice." Lola sighed, but slumped against me. "Someone will have to dress me, though. I'm not sure if I can move."

"Awwwww," Karen said, patting Lola's thigh. Lola clutched her hand and smiled. "I love you," she confessed, "Thank you."

Karen gave her a beautiful smile. "How about I help you get dressed, and we'll go?"

Lola nodded, and as she stood weakly, I realized that she was going to need to drive, but with the mustang was parked at the house, only her car was here, and it only held two people. "If you don't mind, I think I'll walk back, that way when you're ready, you two can just drive out." I said.

Lola looked at me with a pouty face, but then smiled. "I'll miss you."

"We both will," Karen said to me, smiling, "but it won't be for long."

Lola took a few limping steps towards the hallway, and I winced. "Limping?" I said sadly.

Karen put her arm around Lola's shoulder and helped her. "It'll be ok. Same thing happened to me."

"Whew." Lola sighed. "I didn't really know what I was getting into. No regrets, though."

"Sorry." I said to her back. She looked over her shoulder at me. "Honey, you don't EVER apologize for that, ok? Not ever. I am so happy right now."

She and Karen talked as they went upstairs, Karen asking where her swimsuit was, Lola talking about finding her sweatpants. After a few minutes of just resting my eyes, I walked to the kitchen and picked up my shirt and shorts, stepping back into my tennis shoes. Upstairs I heard water running, and somebody laughed. *Girl time, I guess,* I thought, and called out my goodbyes.

Walking back down the driveway at a leisurely pace, I enjoyed the cool breeze. Life is good.

As I neared corner of the house, I heard Lola coming up the driveway behind me, and as I turned, I saw her little convertible zooming along, top down, her and Karen both smiling at me. I turned and stuck my thumb out, as if I were hitchhiking, and on sudden impulse, used my other hand to pull my penis and testicles out over my waistband, dangling them out in the open too.

As they roared past me, Lola stuck her tongue out, and Karen laughed and shouted "Whoo whoo!"

I put away the equipment and followed, reaching the convertible as Lola's door opened. "I would have stopped for you, but I wasn't sure if I had room for your luggage," She joked, pointing at my crotch.

"You didn't seem to mind earlier," I teased, as Karen came around to take her arm and help her get up.

"Yeah, and I'm STILL not sure that I had room for it." Lola said, smiling weakly. "I think I've been fucked hollow."

"Sorry!" I winced again, but Lola shook her head. "I told you, don't apologize."

We walked up on the patio, me by myself, Lola leaning on Karen. The glass door opened, and Liu Si came out, wearing a little babydoll t-shirt with a cartoon owl on it, and khaki shorts. "Hello!" She called, and then seemed to notice Lola was limping. "Oh no! Did you hurt your foot?" She said in dismay.

"No, something good happened, not something bad." Karen said.

"Something REALLY good." Lola added, and took my hand. Liu Si lit up like a christmas tree, and ran into the house shouting for Amy.

We sat Lola in a patio chair, and I stayed with her while Karen went inside. "I love you," I said, and Lola's eyes were immediately damp. "I love you too!" She said, "I also love hearing you say that."

"Well, get used to it." I smiled. "Do you need anything? I'm gonna go change."

"Something to drink might be nice," Lola said. "I'm actually wearing my swimsuit underneath, so I don't need to change."

I nodded, and went inside, to find Amy standing in the kitchen, clutching Karen's hands excitedly.

"-was perfect." Karen was blushing. "Just like you said."

"SO Awesome!" Amy cried, hopping up and down. "I'm so proud of you."

"It was easier than I thought," Karen admitted. "I played with Will a little, to set the mood, and then just went for it. She loved it, and so did I."

"Yes!" Amy cheered, and ran over to me. "Hey there, Mister I'm-going-to-get-the-mail."

"Hi." I blushed a little, and Amy grabbed me in a big bear hug. "I'm SO happy!"

"Why are YOU so happy?" I smiled, curious.

"Well, my sexy student just passed her first oral exam." Amy jerked a thumb over her shoulder at Karen, who was blushing. "Right? That's the first pussy you've actually licked?"

"Yes." Karen said, still blushing, but looking proud of herself.

"So you're like a sexual Jedi?" I asked. "Teaching your powers to others?"

"I don't think you can put sex and Star Wars together in a sentence like that." Amy stuck her finger at my

chest playfully. I laughed.

"No, seriously, what I'm happy about most is that Lola doesn't have to be lonely anymore." Amy said, with a hiccup, and I was shocked to see a single tear roll down her cheek.

Liu Si came down the hallway from the bathroom and walked over to take Amy's hand. Amy wiped the tear away and spoke again, her voice a little tighter. "She was SO lonely, so miserable. And now we get to really love her, to make her happy! Not to just TELL her we love her, but to SHOW her! This is so great!" She hugged Liu Si tightly, and then gave me a hug that made my ribs creak.

"Thank you." She said to me.

"I didn't really do-" I began, but she cut me off. "Shut up. Yes you did." She reached up and pulled my head down for a long kiss. Liu Si cleared her throat after a moment. "Our guest is probably wondering where we all went." She said kindly.

Amy broke the kiss with a "Mwaah!" sound. I took a deep breath and grinned. Amy hugged Liu Si again. A quick kiss, and they parted, Liu Si still with her arm around Amy's shoulders.

"I'm going to go change into my trunks." I said, watching them.

"Or not." Karen said, raising an eyebrow.

"Huh?" I asked. Karen trotted closer, and I was entranced by her jiggle.

"We could all skinny dip." Karen blushed, with a wicked smile. Amy looked thrilled.

Liu Si blushed hard and clapped a hand over her mouth in surprise. Karen saw this, and patted the air soothingly. "I mean *some* of us could, sorry honey."

Liu Si took her hand away. "I am not ready to be naked in front of Lola yet." She said softly, and Amy hugged her again. "It's cool." Amy comforted. "You don't have to, it was just an idea."

"I think swimsuits are good for starters." I said, and Karen nodded. "Of course."

"There's always later." I leered, and she blushed another smile.

I got a glass of iced tea from the fridge, and took it out to Lola while the girls ran off to change. "Your refreshment, madam."

"Thanks." She smiled at me. I got the feeling that she didn't want me to walk away, so I pulled up another chair and sat close enough to hold her non-beverage hand.

She took a sip of tea and sighed happily. "Ah, that's good. My throat was a little parched."

Maybe from all the happy screaming, I thought playfully, but did not say.

"What happens next?" Lola asked me, tired but still happy, maybe a little nervous.

"Next we go swimming." I said kindly, caressing her hand, just sorta playing with her fingers.

"No, I mean, . . . us. You and me. Karen and me, goodness. How does this work?" She asked.

"How has it worked so far?" I said, (not sure how to answer her question) "I think we play it by ear. I trust you. Do you trust me?"

"Of course I do." Lola said, " AND Karen."

"Then we'll be fine." I kissed her hand, and she had a little hitch of breath. "I promise you as best I can."

"I love you." She said, a second later. "I love you too." I said, in response, but she shook her head.

"No, I mean I really, really love you. It's not a greeting or a farewell, it's not something people just say. I. Love. You." She said, looking deep into my eyes. "There aren't even the right words for what I feel, ok? So this will have to suffice. I love you." She clutched my hand tightly.

"All the tough-gal bravado, the 'I'm allergic to marriage' cynicism, all the divorcee baggage, none of that bullshit is holding up." She looked at me closely. "I'm as helpless as a baby here, ok? You and your sisters have gotten under my skin, literally inside my heart. I need you."

"I'm right here." I said, reaching out with my other hand to grasp her shoulder in reassurance.

"Trust is a rare currency, ok? Really deep down? And I'm admitting that I am giving you ALL of mine, Ok? Please don't hurt me. I don't have any emotional armor left." She said, her voice getting tighter. I nodded, a little scared myself of the level of intimacy she was sharing.

"I don't take it lightly." I promised her. "We're putting our lives in your hands as well. We love you right back, hard."

She closed her eyes and nodded. "No regrets, though, right?" I asked, and she looked at me sharply.

"Of course not," She said, her expression softening. "I didn't mean it like that!"

"Sorry," I said, "It sounded like you were admitting something painful."

"No, I just meant . . . don't go breakin' my heart." She squeezed my hand.

"I couldn't if I tried," I said, suddenly remembering the song. Lola snorted. "Stinker."

I lifted up my shirt and took her hand, gently pressing her palm against my chest. Sitting perfectly still, I softly murmured, "Feel that heartbeat?"

She positioned her hand lower on my chest, and after a moment, nodded. "Consider that a promise. Hundreds of times per hour, this heartbeat is a promise that I will love and care for you, respect and

cherish you." I said firmly. Lola bit her lips, her eyes wet again. She nodded silently. We sat there a moment, at peace, her hand still feeling my heartbeat.

"So are you ok? Do you think you'll be limping long?" I asked, still concerned.

She sighed happily, and shrugged. "I don't know. We'll just have to see. Did you know you're bigger than my vibrator?" She pierced me with a stare, a smile flickering at the corners of her mouth.

"I didn't know you even HAD a vibrator." I said, starting to grin and blush.

"It's a tool of survival." She said, "It helps maintain self-control in public, knowing you can do it yourself in private. It gave me an out. But now you've really made it seem like a poor choice. That toy is not going to be anywhere NEAR as fun anymore."

"You could have warned me."

She laughed and shook her head. "No I couldn't have. I was gone, baby. You'd licked me so good, and I wanted more, and then it was like that moment at the top of a rollercoaster where you think 'oh crap, what have I gotten myself into.' And then it was fucking amazing." She swore emphatically, and took another sip of tea.

Her hand was still gripping mine tightly, as if just holding on to me.

Amy came charging out in her bikini, followed a second later by Liu Si, walking at a more reserved pace. "Hi Lola!" Amy shouted, and galloped over to sit on the bottom end of the lounge chair on Lola's left. She tossed her towel over the back.

"Hi there, cutie." Lola smiled at her. Liu Si climbed up into the seat of the same chair as Amy, pulling her legs up like a cat, and throwing her towel over the back as well. She gave Lola a big eyes-closed smile, and waved.

"Hello to you too, sweetie." Lola giggled.

"I heard you had a good morning," Amy said conspirationally. Lola blushed. "Then you heard correctly."

"I also heard you had a secret, but Karen wouldn't tell me what it was." Amy said, with a tiny flash of annoyance.

Lola's jaw dropped, and she looked genuinely embarrassed. "I, uh . . ." She looked at me, but I patted her hand reassuringly. "It's NOT a bad thing." I said kindly.

"I'm just . . .all my secrets! Poof!" She stammered, eyes wide. I frowned. "I'm sorry. We're used to sharing everything. It's not gossip, it's just"

"I'll get used to it, I'm sure, I just it was a surprise." Lola said, calming down. "I'm SO used to keeping everything bottled up inside, and now . . . whoosh."

"WE taught Karen how to . . . you know, " Amy blushed, "please a woman. How did she do?" Liu Si was blushing as well.

Lola gave a little nervous cough. "Well, um, I was quite . . . pleased. After . . . Will, here, I didn't think I had any orgasms left, but she found one, and it was tiny but intense." She blushed. "I can't believe I'm telling this to nine-year-olds."

"SEXY nine-year-olds." Amy corrected, still blushing, still smiling. Liu Si giggled, and reached out to stroke Amy's shoulder.

"Karen said you are EXTRA special," Liu Si spoke up. "That you have a secret talent that makes you even more wonderful and amazing."

"I . . . I don't know if It's THAT amazing, or wonderful," Lola blushed, looking abashed.

"It is." I soothed, "Trust me."

Observing Lola's reticence, I looked at her closely. "If you're still embarrassed, you don't have to say it. Or *I* could say it for you?"

"No," She shook her head, and started to smile. "I got this."

She turned to look at the IBTC. "Have you ever heard of Female Ejaculation?" She said.

Liu Si looked puzzled, but Amy blinked and then looked dumbfounded. Like her face literally went *boing.* "No . . . Way!" She breathed. Lola nodded, smiling self-consciously.

Liu Si looked at Amy. "Female what?" she asked quietly.

"She squirts!" Amy yelped, excited. "When she cums, she . . . shoots cum or some kind of liquid out of her . . . self!" She rapidly waved her hand in front of her groin, as if miming something shooting out.

Liu Si's eyes widened. "Mei Far!" (no way)

"Not every time," Lola said, patting the air with her hand. "It's only been three times, and I don't know how it works." She seemed a little dismayed, but more amused by Amy's reaction.

Amy was getting to her feet in excitement. "But you did it on Will?"

"Yep." I said, grinning from ear to ear.

"What was it like?" Amy begged, and Liu Si was studying me as well.

"It was heavenly." I stated, patting Lola's hand. "I loved it."

"So awesome!" Amy squeaked, and hugged Lola close. "That is SO cool!"

Lola was still blushing, but definitely looking better, less embarrassed. She hugged Amy back.

"Everyone has a special talent!" Liu Si said happily.

"We do?" I asked, surprised.

"Yes!" Liu Si said, smiling warmly, as Amy and Lola let go of each other. "Amy can use her throat, and soon her bottom,"

"Hu Die has magic hands, and her tongue is AMAZING," Amy continued, her eyes rolling up in her head with delight.

"What about me?" I asked, perhaps unwisely.

"Your cock," Amy said, at the same second Liu Si said "Your hands."

"Both of those, as well as quick recovery." Lola said, then after a second "Your attention to the needs of your partner. Your patience." She reached out to almost touch the band-aid on my face. "Your forgiving heart."

I took that hand and kissed it, looking deep into her eyes. "Sssshh." I murmured, "You don't need to butter me up. I'm yours already." She bit her lip.

Clearing her throat and turning back to Liu Si, she asked playfully. "And what's Karen's?"

"What's my what?" Karen asked, having walked up unnoticed. When we turned to look at her, she was taking off my robe again, to revealOh my god, to reveal pure lust.

Karen was wearing a pink bikini that barely (and I MEAN that) qualified for the word "bikini." It looked like three eyepatches held together by shoelaces.

Tiny triangular patches covered her nipples, the thin straps somehow coping with the task of cradling her gorgeous breasts. The bottoms were just a small triangle as well, so low that I'm surprised her landing strip wasn't sticking out of the top. The material looked strangely sheer, as if it should have been transparent, but it seemed to be opaque on closer inspection, and believe me, I was inspecting closely. My penis silently announced it's recovery, and began to grow harder.

No one could speak, we all just stared hungrily. Karen laughed nervously. "Well, come on, somebody say SOMETHING."

"Oh my god." I blurted.

"Honey, you look AMAZING!" Lola gasped.

"Shit!" Amy said, and then clapped a hand over her mouth in embarrassment.

"AMY!" Karen snapped, but she relaxed. Looking down at herself, she gave a slow half turn from side to

side. "Is it on straight? I checked myself in the mirror, but the top keep feeling like it's going to shift."

"You are so gorgeous," Lola said. "I'm giving that to you. It's yours now."

"Thank you," Karen blushed, putting her hands on her hips and thrusting her chest out. "That's so sweet."

"No, it's selfish." Lola admitted. "I would rather look at you wearing it than wear it myself. God, I could just eat you up."

Karen blushed, and turned. "How about the back?" She asked playfully.

The back was just a single tiny strap coming up from her buttcrack and meeting the side straps at a small gold hoop. Her entire bottom was bare. I groaned aloud, and Lola laughed.

"That is SO pretty," Amy said. "You look smokin' hot."

"Thank you." Karen said to her. Glancing at me, she bit her tongue playfully and wiggled her eyebrows. "I love it." I said helplessly.

"I saw it in her room when we went upstairs. This was the one she was teasing you with, so I asked if I could steal it for today." Karen grinned.

"That's the Wicked Weasel one?" I asked, blood still filling my penis, emptying my brain.

"Yep." Lola said weakly, "And now it belongs to her. I could never wear it that well."

Karen gave another little wiggle, as if testing the structural integrity of the strings, and I could hear Lola sigh hungrily. "Darling, you look incredible." She said.

"The bottom part feels a little weird, going up my butt the way it does, but I guess it looks good, so. . . ." Karen mused. For some reason, hearing her say the words "going up my butt" drove another inch of arousal into my cock.

Amy snorted, and Liu Si finally spoke. "I think that makes you look MORE naked than actually being naked." She blushed.

We all stared happily at Karen for another minute. As soon as she got done with the little adjustments she was making, she realized we were all still groping her with our eyes. "Whoa! C'mon you guys, is it really that bad?" She giggled, self consciously.

"No, it's really that good." Amy smiled, and got to her feet. "Show-off." She muttered, grinning.

Karen stuck her tongue out at Amy, and looked at me. I gave her my best smile, and made kissy lips at her, and she bounced happily on her toes. Oh lord.

Kicking off my shoes, I stood, and pulled my shirt off over my head, in preparation for getting in the pool.

I was just wearing shorts and underwear, and I didn't want to waste time going to find my trunks. Not with all of this gorgeous ladyness waiting for me. When I had pulled the shirt off, I noticed Lola, Karen, Amy, and Liu Si now staring at me. Grinning, I struck a pose. "My turn to be ogled!" I announced, kidding. They laughed; but they also ogled.

Liu Si and Amy took off for the pool, followed by Karen, as I helped Lola stand. She slowly removed her blouse, to reveal her dark blue swimsuit, then turned around, and sloooooowly bent over to remove her khaki capris, in what I can only describe as a stripshow just for me. I watched with a huge smile.

"I can't compete with Karen in that sex sling," She pouted, looking at me with puppy dog eyes.

"Then I'm SO glad that this ISN'T a competition." I said, and scooped her up into my arms, kissing her. She kissed me back, her hands caressing my face. ("Woo woo!" Amy yelled, somewhere back behind me.) "And it never will be." I said, when we broke.

Lola was almost out of breath from the kiss, but she clung to me, eyes shining. "I am so happy right now, I don't even know what to say."

"Can I carry you to the pool?" I asked, "So you don't have to limp?"

"I'm only limping because someone REALLY gave me a workout this morning." She smiled. "I want you to stop feeling guilty about that, because I know you do."

"True," I admitted.

I scooped her into my arms, and carried her easily. "You are SO strong." she breathed.

"I told you before, you're lighter than you think. I would carry you anywhere you wanted to go." I said, and she rested her head against my shoulder.

I looked up, to see Karen standing on the edge of the pool, balletically wielding the bug skimmer. Amy and Liu Si were trying to combine the pool noodles into something big, like a raft. I clutched Lola to my chest.

After a few steps, she asked me a question. "With me and you, and Karen, and the munchkins, what do we call this? Boyfriend and girlfriends? Significant others?"

"Much more than that." I said, after a moment's thought. "We're family."

* * * * *

So here we are, at the end of it all, poolside. Karen is wearing her tiny pink bikini, looking gorgeous, Amy and Liu Si are working themselves into a lather, chasing each other around the pool, splashing, trying to get each other's suits off, and I'm reclining on a deck chair. Lola will be home soon, and we'll have dinner and whatever loveliness comes after.

It's been two months since Lola came to be with us as a true member of the family, and it has been

absolute paradise. She still lives in her mother's home, but she spends so much time here that we don't really have to miss her too much. We've convinced her to sleep over a few times, and she has had us over to her house a few nights, but she still LIVES there, per Dad's instructions, back when he signed us over to her.

The system of taking turns for sex never really worked out, as there are just too many players. Amy and Liu Si are solidly coupled up, but they both still want to have me, together as well as seperately. I'm more of a focal point between Karen and Lola, although there have been a few moments where it was just the two of them.

Amy and Liu Si have never made love with Lola, although she does gladly answer questions and offer inspiration for new things they can do together. She taught them about tribadism, which was an instant hit. Amy wanted to get a double-ended dildo, but Liu Si solidly vetoed that. Tribadism, or tribbing, was about the same thing Liu Si had done when she rode my knee, it's just that both she and Amy rub their pussies together and are able to get off simultaneously. (Also, I have to admit, it is amazing to watch.)

So the new rule we all agreed on is this. If you want some special time with someone, you approach them. If they are up for it, go for it. For me, the way it seems to work out is that if they get me hard, they can play with whatever they cause. At this point, everyone has enough choices for partners that no one is going to get left out.

I am so indescribably lucky. When I sat out to write this down, to share our story with the world, it wasn't just to brag. (Ok, maybe just a *TINY* bit.) It was to reach out, to see if there was anyone else like us, to shout the message that True Love is real, and that you can't predict when and where you will find it. By sharing my life, via these pages, I am able to do that, as well as just let some of it out. I HAD to tell someone, I just couldn't hold all this in.

Other than my four beloved ladies, I don't have any friends to talk to, so when I'm full to bursting with excitement or a need to share, this was the best way I could think of to do it. You, dear Reader, are my confidant and confessor.

The thrashing in the pool has turned to huddled whispering. I sense mischief in the air. Any minute now Amy or Liu Si is going to get out of the pool and ask me to put lotion on her back, or her butt, and the other one is going to send a hand creeping up my shorts leg, you watch.

Karen sighs happily and readjusts her shoulders. I'm not sure if she's wearing that extremely tiny bikini to get my attention, or Lola's. Either way, she's sure to get one of us, maybe both.

Ah, I was right. Amy and Liu Si are heading for the steps, and Amy has already called my name. Time for me to put the laptop down and devote my full attention to them, you understand.

It's a beautiful day today.

Our Story, FINIS

I would like to take a moment to personally and profoundly thank the people in my life who not only have made it possible for me to write this all down but for being such wonderful and loving individuals that made it possible for me to live it. I will, forever and always, be yours.

To Amy: I am so proud to be your big brother. Your energy, your fearlessness, and your generosity inspire me and make me wish I was similarly gifted. I love you, forever.

To Liu Si: Every day you share with us brightens our lives. Your quiet strength, your positive attitude, and your sense of wonder make me look at everything in new ways. I love you, forever.

To Karen: You are my light and my soul. I was lonely, miserable, and guilty, and you opened the door in my heart and flooded me with warmth and acceptance. Your selflessness, your kindness, and your bravery literally transformed my entire life. I love you, forever.

To Lola: Thank you so much for being with us. We existed in this little bubble, more or less isolated from "the real world," and you protected us and cared for us in ways we didn't even comprehend. You are an inspiration, and we are so lucky to have you in our family. Thank you for letting us love you. I love you, forever.

* * * * *

Here at the end I've put a few extra things, because I didn't know where to put them in the actual story. Think of them as DVD bonus features.

First, Amy made a list of some of the fantasy places she wanted to have sex, or at least do me. (and Liu Si.)

1. *Every* room in the house
2. The hot tub
3. The pool
4. The barn (winter and summer)
5. The gazebo
6. The car (NOT while driving, I insisted)
7. The back porch in broad daylight
8. The school parking lot in the middle of the night (we talked her out of that one)
9. The mall (I THINK we've got her talked out of this one)
10. In a tent, camping in one of our back fields (note to self: buy a tent)
11. If we can get enough snow, she wants to make an igloo and have "Eskimo sex" where you try to have sex while minimizing clothing removal. Like I'd just unzip, and she would bend over and pull her pants down just a few inches. (we actually got this one checked off in February 2010)

Karen also liked 1-5 and number 10, didn't feel the need for 6 and 7, and agreed with me that 8 and 9 are bad ideas.

Second, at some point Amy and Liu Si started writing dirty poems, partly because they were fun, partly to help Liu Si get a better grasp on English, because writing poetry in your second language is damn hard. I've learned a little Chinese from the two of them, and I can't even begin to do it. Amy and Liu Si

are very proud of these, and more or less demanded they be included.

Pretty Amy, dressed in red,
went downstairs to give some head.
Will, her brother, wanted some,
how many licks to make him cum?

Little Liu Si, looking hot,
asked Amy to touch her twat.
Amy's fingers worked it loose,
cov'ring them in pussy juice.

Karen fucked her brother Will,
sitting on the window sill.
Lola saw them from the yard,
wished she had a cock so hard.

Lola wanted something tight
in her pussy every night.
Will would gladly do the task,
all she had to do was ask.

You should know, our brother Will's
got a cock that gives us thrills.
Full of hot, delicious cum,
all the ladies ask for some.

Amy loved her brother's dick,
Long and hard and strong and thick.
She gave him an all-day pass
to her pussy, mouth, and ass.

Karen's gorgeous body looks
like a goddess found in books.
Lola asked if she could eat
her pussy; sticky, hot and sweet.

I want to give very special thanks to Hentai Foundry artist RIFT, known on DeviantArt as ras.devil, for doing some fantastic pictures for us. He asked if he could draw us as comic book characters, based on our descriptions here in these pages.

I'll admit we agreed at first (after long debate) with a certain degree of trepidation, but he really did a great job, not only of making amazing drawings of our family (at home as well as kung-fu superheroes), but also being respectful of our feelings and not drawing us in ways we didn't want to be pictured. His pictures have moved us, just as I know our story has moved him.

RIFT is the officially endorsed illustrator of "Our Story" and has our eternal gratitude.

Thank you, RIFT!

I thought it might be cool to offer a soundtrack for our experiences, so if you go get the music yourself, you'll have a cd to remind you of us. I've also included songs for sandra, jessica, and jenni, because they were a part of our journey to our current situation. Each song was chosen by us, and the girls helped pick ones for sandra, jessica, and jenni, because they could not be reached for comment.

-Track 1 Will (me) -Highway to Hell by AC/DC-

"Asking nothing/ leave me be/" This song makes me smile every time I hear it. My friends, I just might be the luckiest goddamn hungzhang on this whole planet. "I'm on my way to the promised land/"

-Track 2 Sandra - Lady Marmalade by the Moulin Rouge Soundtrack-

This song got picked both for its frank invitation, and for the overall pathetic pseudo-maturity represented by all the little teeny-bopper girls who went around singing it. You know what I mean. Dumb little girls thinking this song represented them as divas who were in control, despite the fact that they just wanted to be whores.

-Track 3 Jessica -Barbie Girl by Aqua-

Pretty self-explanatory. "You can brush my hair/ undress me anywhere/" Poor thing doesn't even realize what she is.

-Track 4 Jenni -Cold Heart Bitch by Jet-

Also pretty self-explanatory. Jenni wanted cock, and not much else. she would have been bad for me, and lots of fun while it lasted, but still bad for me. She would have had me pussy-whipped in very little time most likely. Sex appeal rolled off of her like smoke. But she was still a bitch. And let's not forget her nasty little surprise.

-Track 5 Karen -Possession by Sarah McLachlan-

Get the rock mix that they played on the radio, not the other remixes that are available online with names like Rabbit In The Moon or John Farnham mix or whatever. This song was picked for the lines "I would be the one/ to hold you down/ kiss you soft/ I'll take your breath away/" also for the part where she sings "Nothing stands between us here/ and I won't be denied/" This is Karen. Gentle, but firm and implacable in her desires. She wanted me, and she got me. All she had to do was fuck my brains out.
happy sigh

-Track 6 Amy -I Believe I Can Fly by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes-

This song is perfect for several reasons. One, because it is hopeful, optimistic, and really kind of inspiring, which is Amy to a T. Me First and the Gimme Gimmes is a band made up of people from other famous bands (LOVE those supergroups.) and they do punk rock remakes of all kinds of stuff, so this version is very high energy, rocka rocka, and loud. Two, it is a remake of an R. Kelly song, so you've got the whole sex with minors thing going on, ha ha. Reason Three, Me First and Gimme Gimme are both phrases that illustrate Amy's attitude towards sex.

-Track 7 Liu Si -No Woman No Cry by Bob Marley & The Wailers-

Liu Si was hard to pick for. We almost went with something by maroon 5, but she absolutely LOVES this song. the part where they keep singing "Evathings gonna be allright" makes her so happy. She says she never felt that way until she got here. Only in our house has she ever really felt safe, and at home.

-Track 8 Lola -Taking Chances by Celine Dion-

The first time she heard this song, she indentified strongly with it. "I just wanna start again/ maybe you could show me how to try/" And she did take big chances with us, both for herself, and for us. We're glad she did. So very glad. Someone suggested "Whatever Lola Wants" which is some old Billie Holiday thing, but Lola says she hates that song. She also hates that "Lola" song about the shemale, I forget who sings it.

-Track 9 The Humbert Family (closing credits) -Beautiful Day by U2-

I'm sorry if this seems a little cliché, but this song belongs here. I'm not a big fan of U2 per se, (Bono seems like a colossal douche) but this song makes me wish I could fly. Just lift my arms and soar off into the blue sky.

Thanks for reading.

15 - SHORT: Wet Blanket

One thing that we occasionally do when we are out for the day is what we call a progressive drive-thru dinner. If we are out all day, and will just be getting home around suppertime, we'll hit several fast food joints, getting our favorite food from each place, such as fries from McD0na1d's, a Frosty From W3ndy's, burgers from Bur93r K1n9, etc. Then, we take them all home and eat there. It's kinda fun, and it beats having to just microwave dinner.

Lo, it came to pass that we were all in the Mustang, coming home from somewhere, perhaps a mall, when we decided to do this.

We strategically planned our route at a local shopping center, saving W3ndy's for last, so the Frosties wouldn't be %100 melted when we got home. Our first stop was to be a combination A&W/L0ng D0ng Si1v3r's, for hushpuppies and a chili dog, because Lola was seriously in the mood for one. then, Bur93r K1ng for sandwiches and fries, then W3ndy's for the aforementioned Frosty fix.

So here's the seating arrangement: I am driving, Lola is enjoying the passenger seat, and Karen is sharing the backseat with Trouble, Inc. (Amy and Liu Si.) We've already decided who is going to hold what (Amy cannot be trusted to stay out of the fries) and I pull up to the drive-thru.

I place the order for a giant box of hushpuppies, and one chili dog (no onions) and they give me a total, and ask me to pull around. Right at the last second I spot a menu item I did not know they sell. It is deep-fried, breaded nuggets of cheese, called Cheese Curds.

As I reach the window and pay, the thought of glorious deep fried cheesy goodness starts to cloud my thinking. Man, I wish I had ordered those. Too late, alas, and I drive on to the royal burger joint.

Everyone (but me) is just chattering away, talking of the many newly purchased treasures crammed in the trunk, wondering aloud if the hushpuppies are too hot to start eating RIGHT NOW, when I see that Bur93r K1n9 ALSO sells deep-fried cheese bites, here known as "Cheese Tots", no doubt named after the "Tater" variety.

I immediately get excited, because now I can soothe my sudden raging desire for cheese bites, only in my fromage-induced euphoria, still thinking forlornly of the ones I had failed to order at A&W, my brain jams the two names together, so as I pull to the speaker everyone hears me accidentally place an order for, quote, "Cheese Turds."

Oooooohhhhhh fuck.

Guy on Drive-thru Speaker: "What?!"

Instantly I am deafened by thunderous laughter, seemingly coming from all sides. Lola is hunched in half, paralyzed with the simultaneous need to breathe, as well as laugh her ass off. The back seat is a riot, and I just feel like the World's Biggest Idiot. Ooooohhh man.

I actually looked behind me, to see if I could just back out of the drive-thru, because I didn't want to have to look the restaurant employee in the eye. Right as I grab the gearshift, a big van lurches in behind me, dooming me to the Drive of Shame.

I collect the shreds of my dignity and place our proper order, clearly enunciating each desired food item, and we leave, although the laughter did not completely stop until we had already left W3ndy's.

Moral of that story: I'm an idiot.

* * * * *

We have recently gotten a pen-pal of sorts, after a reader on HF asked if she could ask us a few questions, not only about our lives, but about advice for hers. (Behavior I do not encourage, by the way. I am not an expert on anything, we are not role models, offer void in Utah, Some results may vary.)

However, she was going through an incredibly difficult time, and hearing her story, it made me think once again that we were lucky to have simply been abandoned. Of all the forms of child abuse we could have recieved, we were damn lucky to get "neglect."

Our hearts went out to her, and soon, and still, we have been corresponding (via email ONLY, as per the rules) daily, sometimes twice. When I say the rules, I mean the rules we (Lola and I) agreed on, to rigidly control how much of our current personal details is made public, not just on this website or that website, but in total. We have our story here on HF, and Amy has two pictures on DA, but other than that, the "Humberts" as you know them do not exist anywhere else. There are no photos, no Facebook pages bearing that name (much to Amy's chagrin. She would love to have you all send her stuff for Farmville), the real-life us is kept carefully separate from Our Story. This is as it must be.

(I see on shows like CSI or Law & Order: Sexy Victims Unit how somebody can get arrested, and suddenly they have every email, every Myspace, every forum post that person has ever made, and they'll track their way to the badguy by combining things he's let slip across a hundred different newsgroups. Not for us. Safety first.)

Her name is Abigail, and when she first wrote us, she was still living at her parent's house, in a situation that even the most neutral observer would have called "fucked up." She soon found another, MUCH safer, happier, less tortured place to live, with people who care about her, only to realize that she had been getting steadily sicker for a while, and she wasn't getting any better. She finally gets out of that house, and her own body lets her down.

At first, her doctors were suspecting something like diabetes, or an infection, or some other chronic malady, so they put her through tons of tests. Blood tests, MRI's, etc, and when they came back to her, they told her that most of the tests were showing signs of cancer. They hadn't found WHERE it was yet, but the chemicals in her blood and other fluids seemed to be indicating the presence of cancer somewhere inside of her.

After hearing of the torment and indignity of living with abuse from both parents, when we heard they were testing her for cancer as well, we couldn't stand it. We wanted desperately to do SOMETHING to

help her feel better.

Karen told her to take two blankets, roll them up lengthwise with a pillow inside, and place them on her bed. When she would go to sleep, lie between them and tuck them in against herself as tightly as she could. The silkier blanket would be Karen, and the rougher blanket would be me, and she should imagine that we were holding her as she slept, cuddling her, and protecting her. We would also take a blanket roll, and sleep on either side of it in my bed, and pretend it was her.

Mrs. Klemm always believed that if two people dreamed the same dream, they would meet in it. Hopefully, Abigail would be able to feel some of the warmth and care that "blanket Abigail" was receiving from us, even if only in a dream.

(When one of us is sick and miserable, we often do something like this in person, because it feels good just to know that somebody loves you, and cares about you. For us, going to sleep in somebody's arms is just the most comfortable way you can ever sleep.)

So we snuggled up to blanket Abigail, and she snuggled down between blanket versions of myself and Karen, and we slept a few nights. She said she immediately slept better, and woke feeling rested, and just felt good for the first time in a while.

Her doctors conducted more tests, and got a surprise. Her tests NOW came back negative. They found, in their words "Scar tissue" from where cancer had BEEN, but they couldn't find it any more. In fact, the cancer waste chemicals in her blood were fading as well. They held to their story that she HAD cancer, but apparently not anymore. In some VERY VERY rare cases, they said, the human immune system can target the cancer cells correctly as a threat, and focus on them so fiercely that it literally kills the disease, all by itself. It was nothing short of miraculous.

In Abigail's words: "I'm getting a lot of weird looks from the doctors."

I like to think that we helped a little bit, that being able to sleep, and know that she was cared about, helped her somehow, but I don't think that we actually did anything to help cure her cancer. Abigail playfully disagrees. She says "cuddle therapy" beats chemo therapy 100%.

So, needless to say, blanket Karen and blanket Will have a permanent place in her bed, just as blanket Abigail has a permanent place in ours. (Although not always my bed specifically. B. Abigail has had a "sleepover" with Amy and Liu Si, and the night she told us the specifics about the sexual assaults at the hands of her father and the neighbors, Karen took B. Abigail to Lola's room, and the two of them spent the night holding her.)

Because of her strength, to survive years of physical, emotional, and sexual abuse, and the fact that she beat fucking CANCER all by herself, we've given her a nickname. Kuiran Budong, which translates as Unbreakable.

Another thing she says has started happening after sleeping with B.Karen and B.Will, is that she has started to have dreams, or at least, she has stopped blocking her dreams subconsciously. Before, she only had nightmares, and forced herself to block them out. Now, she's starting to have warm, fuzzy dreams that awaken her in a state of . . . excitement. Now she WANTS to remember. Now she dreams

of caresses, not punches. Lovemaking, not assault. Pleasure, not pain.

She told us that after one particularly steamy dream involving her and Karen entwined on a red couch, she awoke in a serious state of arousal, and in her words, "creamed" on B.Karen, forcing her to put B.Karen through the laundry.

I was immensely entertained by that whole story, and so was Karen, but she playfully pretended to be outraged. "She creamed all over poor, innocent, blanket me?! This will not go without payback!" Even while she blushed.

So Karen swore sexy revenge, but that afternoon, our air conditioner broke, right as the hottest temps (so far) hit our area. We all spent a miserable night (when it's over 85 I CANNOT sleep) and I called and yelled at the A/C repair place until they sent a guy out a day later. Turns out, we were low on "gas" and had a bad capacitor.

So the minute we got our air conditioning fixed, Karen started making plans. She went to her room for a while, took B.Abigail to my room (I guess so as not to spoil the surprise?) and did some stuff to set up. New sheets, new bedspread, I saw some of the stuff as she took it in or out of her room.

At bedtime, Karen put on a blue t-shirt and white panties, and invited me into her room, where I see her vanity chair sitting about three feet from her bed. There were a few candles lit around the room, but she also had her pink hanging lamp on, so the whole room was in this sort of pink glow. She had me sit in the chair, and left the room, going into the bathroom.

I just sat and relaxed. (I knew something good was going to happen.)

Karen walked back in, carrying B.Abigail, the tip of it draped over shoulder, the rest of it hanging down her front, her arms wrapped around it, holding it against herself, like a full body hug.

Walking up to the bed, Karen threw the blanket down onto it, like "take that." She pulled the bottom end of it to make it straight, and looked back at me.

"Can you see everything?" She asked, and I nodded. She sloooowly pulled her t-shirt off over her head, to reveal a lacy white bra. This, she unhooked, and walked over to me, where I helped her remove it. "I'm going to go first, then I want you to help me." She purred.

"You got it!" I promised, excited already.

She walked back to the bed, and slowly shucked her panties off, little left and right shifts of her lovely hips as she slid them down her legs. She climbed up, straddling B.Abigail, moving almost like a stalking tiger. Once her head was even with the top end, she sat back, spreading her knees wide, sitting herself right down on the blanket roll.

She looked back over her shoulder at me. "Tell her everything, ok?"

I nodded, speechless.

She leaned forward just a little, and started humping her hips forward and back, rubbing herself against Abigail, (blanket Abigail) grinding herself firmly against the blanket.

Soon, she was rubbing harder, her breath coming faster, and from behind her, I could see just the edge of her breasts bouncing as she humped the blanket roll.

As I stared at her butt as she rubbed off, I could see her little rosebud winking in and out of view.

She was already leaving a streak of moisture on the blanket, when she suddenly lay forward, her legs still spread, and snaked a hand underneath herself, dipping into the wetness of her (now reddened) pussy. She dug one finger into her pussy, scooping out more juices, and began rubbing her clit, hard and fast. She turned her head over, laying on the left side of her face, looking back at me, her eyes struggling for focus.

"Do you like it?" She gasped at me.

I was already so hard it almost hurt. All I could do was nod, swallowing on a dry throat.

"Then HELP me!" She gasped, using her hand to spread her pussy lips, showing her vaginal opening to me.

I jumped up as fast as I could, almost falling down in my hurry to get my shorts off. I jumped up onto her bed, and as carefully as I could, slipped my erect cock into her very hot, very wet pussy. She gasped and gave a happy moan.

Due to the low angle she was laying, my cock was kind of digging in at an angle, so I had to squat lower myself. I soon found the right angle for the best feeling, but I was so low that my balls were also dragging on the blanket.

"Give it to me. Give it to *us*" Karen gasped, smiling. I had to laugh a little. "This is cheating, isn't it?" I asked. "You know she didn't do this to you."

Karen just wiggled her hips, wiggling my cock, which was buried deeply inside of her.

I grabbed her hips gently and started slipping in and out of her pussy, which felt VERY good. I could feel my testicles rubbing up and down on the blanket, but due to Karen's soaking it down first, I wasn't getting rugburn.

The sensation was nice and gentle, not rough, and it was adding to my arousal, big time.

Karen was winding up to a good cum, still tickling her clit while I stroked in and out of her. "Uhh, keep going! Harder, please! God! I'm . . .so . . ." her voice was cracking, but not too loud.

Thrusting harder, I started to get that feeling again where every nerve is shutting down, and all the nerves in my cock are glowing white-hot. "Karen! I'm . . . "

"Me t-uh . . me tooo!" she squealed, and I could feel her pussy clamp down on me as she came, grunting and gasping, her voice breaking. "Unh! Unh! AHHHHHHHHHHHAA HA HAAAA!"

I gripped her hips firmly and just hammered myself into her as hard as I could, my heartbeat pounding in my ears. Karen just lay there and gasped, as if my cock were actually pushing the air out of her.

A few seconds later, it felt like lightning was flowing up and down my spine as I came into her, hard. I clung to her hips, and in little shocks, I could feel my seed squirting inside her, over and over. It seemed like forever, then I was done. I pulled out carefully, every nerve jangling. I gasped for air, and just kind of fell over to the side, my cock twitching and tingling.

As soon as she could sit up, Karen sat back down on B.Abigail and went back to grinding, much slower this time, as if painting her with our combined juices. "mmmmmm, yeaahhh." she sighed, her head tilted over, her hair hanging down around her face, sweaty and satisfied.

"Do you think she'll like this?" Karen asked me, her voice soft and teasing.

"I know *I* did." I gasped. "Are you still getting her soaked?"

"I'm trying to squeeze some of it out." Karen admitted, closing her eyes, tilting her head back, rolling her hips in a little circle. "Some of it, at least. The rest of it's mine. Speaking of which,"

She leaned over, keeping her legs wrapped around B.Abigail, and proceeded to lick me clean, collapsing finally, resting her head on my thigh.

"So tomorrow I'll wash it again, but for tonight, she sleeps in the wet spot," Karen grinned, exhausted.

"She IS the wet spot," I laughed weakly.

Karen wrapped her arms around the blanket of Abigail, and rolled over against me, keeping "her" pressed between us. "Thank you." She sighed. I just chuckled. No need to thank me for that.

We staggered back to my room and cuddled up around "her", where we went to sleep. Karen washed "her" in the morning.

Special thanks to Abigail, not only for inspiring these thoughts in us, but for allowing us to share this event with the rest of the class. Sweet dreams, Abigail.

16 - SHORT: Parting Gifts

In October of 2007, just a few months after the last of the events detailed in Our Story, we received an unexpected phone call.

It was a bright fall day, mid-October, a little warmer than you'd expect, part of that time of year that I've always heard called Indian Summer. You know, the kind where you step outside, and after the first initial hint of cold, the sun warms you anyway, the smell of some far-off wood stove or leaf fire just barely making you think of marshmallows and apple cider.

We had shut down the pool some weeks ago, pumping some of the water out, lacing it with stronger chemicals and putting the cover on it. (The hot tub, on the other hand, was just now entering it's prime season.)

It was late afternoon, but the light was still bright, orange and gold leaves reflecting it back from the woods in a display that is often referred to as "dazzling."

After cyberschool had finished for the day, we were all hanging around in the living room, trying to decide what we wanted to do that evening. Most of the votes were for Punkin World.

Punkin World is a pretty large farm about an hour away from us that turns itself into a low-budget theme park every fall. They have hayrides, a haunted barn, face painting, a pumpkin patch, a corn maze, despondent pony rides, and a petting zoo. We hadn't been there in years.

The petting zoo is my clearest memory of the place, because in addition to two potbelly pigs, some goats, the requisite baby cow, and various rabbits, they have an alpaca that likes to bite hats. When I was younger, I lost a perfectly good Florida Marlins cap to that goofy-looking beast. I guess it interpreted hats as a threat. You go in there with a hat, and it bites it off your head and runs away chewing.

There's also a snack bar, and a country store, where they sell pumpkin flavored versions of everything except toothpaste. I hope I'm not making it sound dorky, because when you actually get there, it IS pretty fun.

So Karen and I were for it, but Lola was a bit hesitant. Amy wanted to go to the mall, but she realized that Liu Si would probably be enthralled at Punkin World, so she was gradually coming over to our side.

"That place is so cheap." Lola was half-laughing. "We took a field trip there when I was in middle school. Other than two kids getting stuck in the corn maze, and somebody getting stepped on by the horse, it was kinda boring."

"The website says they have new attractions this year," Karen said. "A hayslide, an obstacle course, and a Corn Pit, whatever that is." (It turns out a corn pit is a child's wading pool buried in the ground, filled

with loose, dry corn kernels. Think of the Ball Pit they used to have at those video game/birthday pizza places with the robotic singing animals. Some parts of the country it's called Chuck E. Cheese, some parts of the country call it Showbiz pizza, and every parent knows it as Oh Shit, Not Again.)

"When did you go last?" I asked. "We were there in 2003 and it was pretty big."

"Well, I was definitely there before that, but I'm not going to say when," Lola said primly, as if we didn't already know her age.

"It is a farm, right?" Liu Si asked, looking a little excited.

"Most of the time." Amy told her. "In the fall they decorate it and there's lots of stuff you can do."

Liu Si clasped her hands together and gave Lola a pleading look, which made Lola laugh in resignation. "OK, ok, it's fine, we'll go. I just didn't want you guys to be bored."

"If it's boring, we'll go to the mall." Amy said, half hopefully.

"They also have a general store with candles and apple cider and all things pumpkin." Karen said, taking Lola's hand. "We can look at girly stuff while they go get dirty."

"I'm not against it, darling, you don't have to convince me," Lola soothed, patting Karen's hand gently. "I might try the corn maze myself. Although the Corn Pit doesn't sound like anything good."

"It's going to get cold once the sun goes down, I'm sure," I said, "so we'll want to dress warmly, or at least warmer than we'd need right now."

"Good advice." Lola agreed. "Let me go home and get a sweater and a coat, and I'm good to go. Do we want to eat there? Or here, or what?"

Karen thought. "I could make chicken and Macaroni and cheese relatively quick, but it would delay us getting all the way out there."

"They had food there last time," Amy said. "Corndogs and hot chocolate and caramel apples and stuff."

"State fair kind of foods." I nodded. "Cheese fries, Cotton candy. You know, health food."

"Cheese fries DO sound really good right now." Lola admitted, with a sly grin. "Might there also be funnel cake?" She asked in a wistful voice.

Karen laughed, and nodded, hugging her. "If we can't find any, I'll make you some when we get home, how's that?"

"You can make homemade funnel cake and you never TOLD me?" Lola pretended to be upset. "Shame on you, girl!" She pretended to push Karen away.

"What is a caramel apple?" Liu Si asked Amy, her brow furrowed.

"You've GOTTA try one!" Amy smiled, and play-tackled her over on the couch.

"OK, it's settled." I said, clasping my hands. "Everybody go get dressed warm, and we'll go have an adventure."

"Everybody wear shoes that can get dirty." Karen cautioned. "We're going to a farm."

So, we scattered. I put on my heaviest pair of jeans, and a t-shirt with a denim work shirt over it. When we met down in the kitchen, Karen was wearing tight jeans, a dark blue corduroy coat, and little boots with fur poofing out the top. Amy wore a knit bobble hat, a pink ski parka, and a denim skirt over navy blue leggings, with rain boots. Liu Si wore a big thick sweater over jeans, along with her cowboy boots and baby blue earmuffs.

I pulled on my worn-out pair of fake army boots, and we went to pick up Lola.

Karen snuggled in between the Toothsome Twosome, leaving the front seat available for Lola, who when we arrived at her house, came out wearing an ankle-length skirt, which looked like canvas or some other heavy winter material. She was also wearing a cardigan over a pullover sweater, and looked toasty warm. "Readeeee," She sang as she got into the car. She tucked a camera bag into her lap, buckled her seatbelt, and we were off.

After stopping to ask for directions twice (which, contrary to stereotype, I don't mind doing when I have no idea where we are) we found Punkin World. It was twice as large as I remember it. They had a guy in his forties dressed up as a pumpkin, sullenly directing traffic in the parking lot.

"Man, am I glad I'm not that guy." Amy said quietly. We all agreed.

After we got out of the car and paid admission (\$5 each, not bad), we split up into two expeditionary forces. Lola and Karen headed for the shop, and I was named chaperone for the I.B.T.C. Away we went, agreeing to meet at 6:30 for whatever dinner we could find.

We ventured into the corn maze, which would have been better if it had off-shoots and blind alleys. As it was, it was merely a very twisty single path that led you from the entrance to the exit. It was more of a corn hike.

The girls DID enjoy the hayride. It was a long sheet of metal, propped against a mountain of hay bales. At the top, they give you a burlap sack, you climb halfway in it, and shoot down into a pile of straw. Amy went four times.

The obstacle course was also a big hit, with various things to run up or jump through or swing over. Both girls got sweaty and out of breath, red-cheeked and delighted.

"I need to sit down for a minute." Liu Si panted, clutching Amy's arm happily.

"Let's go get our faces painted!" Amy said. "We can sit while we do that."

They trudged over to the little shed where college students in Punkin World sweatshirts were sitting with an array of little paint pots. Hanging behind them was a bedsheet with different designs painted on it, showing what choices were available. Liu Si selected whiskers and a cat nose, Amy requested a vampire bat.

While Liu Si sat quietly and tried not to squinch up, a giggling blonde girl carefully painted six delicate whiskers on her cheeks, and a little t-shaped cat nose on the tip of Liu Si's nose. "Oh my god you are so CUUUTE!" The college girl squeed. "You have to let me get a picture of this on my cell!" Liu Si blushed and nodded, and the girl took a quick snap. "This is my favorite one all night!" The girl gushed. "You make such a pretty kitty!"

Amy meanwhile, apparently deciding that her cheek was too small of a canvas for her body art, had insisted that the dude she was sitting in front of paint the vampire bat on her FOREHEAD. What she ended up with resembled a big cartoon UniBrow with a little face sticking up out of it. It was ridiculous, but she looked so thrilled I didn't have the heart to tell her.

"Do I look scary?" She demanded happily. I could only nod.

Amy finally got a look at Liu Si the kittycat, and I swear she almost made a puddle. "Oh my GOD you look so HOT!" She squeaked, and grabbed Liu Si in a full-body hug, almost knocking them both down.

"Are you batgirl?" Liu Si asked, trying to find something nice to say.

"Yes!" Amy cheered, and threw both her arms up in the air. Suddenly striking a pose, she made her voice as deep and gruff as she could. "I'm Batgirl!"

"Can we go see the animals now?" Liu Si asked, excitedly. I remembered her sheltered upbringing, and smiled gently. For her, this was as good as a trip to the zoo.

The first live animal we got to was the horse rides, where a large brown horse took riders in a 60-foot circle, led by a very rough-looking older woman. Liu Si was terrified at first, just from the size of the animal, but we eventually convinced her to get in line. She was doing well all the way until it was her turn, but as she stood on the little wooden steps, the horse chose that moment to relieve itself expansively. And I mean really. It must have been saving up all day.

Aaaaand that was it. Liu Si clapped hand over her nose, leapt off the little wooden steps and booked it over to where we waited by the fence. "Horses are gross!" She wailed, and we took our leave.

It was nearing the pre-arranged meeting time, so I went to wait for Lola and Karen, while Amy and Liu Si ventured into the petting zoo, the doorway of which I could see from where I sat and waited.

A few minutes later, Amy returned, an angry look on her bat. The bobble on top of her knitted hat was squished out flat, clearly wet and sticky, with little bits of dirt and crud stuck to it. Liu Si trailed behind her.

"What happened to your hat?" I asked, half knowing the answer.

"I don't want to talk about it." She sat down with a huff.

A wide-eyed Liu Si was quick to update me. "A furry camel-thing tried to eat her hat!" She exclaimed.

"It's an alpaca." I said.

"It's a MENACE, and I DON'T want to TALK about it." Amy said, still in a huff. "I liked this hat." She pouted, staring off towards the corn maze.

Karen and Lola showed up a few moments later, apparently having enjoyed their trip to the shops. Karen was wearing knitted mittens with a matching knitted scarf, looking extremely cute, and Lola was carrying a bag of assorted goodies.

"How's everybody-whoa!" Lola said, catching sight of Amy's face.

"I like your scarf!" Liu Si chirped, trying to change the subject.

"Thank you!" Karen said, catching on instantly. "It even has pockets on the ends to hold the mittens when I want." She held them up to show them off. They were knitted from yarn that was multicolored, almost tie-dyed. It was pink, white, and brown, in a color I later learned is called "Girl Camo."

(I was just informed that they were crocheted, not knitted, and I have also been informed that yes, there is a difference.)

"What did you get?" Amy asked Lola, who had gotten over her initial shock of seeing Giant Eyebrow Amy.

She rummaged in her bag. "I got some old-timey candy, a candle that smells EXACTLY like a pecan pie, a little music box, and a big bag of roast pumpkin seeds."

Karen was whispering with Liu Si, and took her hand. "Miss Kitty is going to take me to where the face-painting was, you guys can go ahead and start getting food."

They took off at a trot, and the remaining three of us took a look around at our options. I got in line for the cheese fries, getting three of their largest baskets, Lola got corn dogs and funnel cakes, and Amy was in charge of drinks.

Returning to the picnic table we had been sitting at, I put the three fry baskets in the middle of the table, grateful that the evening was too chilly to worry about flies or other bugs. While I sat and waited, Amy made three trips with big covered cups of hot chocolate. "I assumed that nobody wanted hot cider, was I right?" she asked me, her bat furrowed in concentration as she set the cups down.

"Probably." I said, smiling.

Lola returned carefully balancing a tray of corn dogs and funnel cakes, and sat down happily. The tray was half and half, but she said "I ordered ten corn dogs, which they had, but there was only enough funnel cake for me."

We laughed, and I heard Karen say, "I bet *I* could get you to share."

She and Liu Si had returned, and Liu Si clambered happily onto the bench between me and Lola, while Karen sat down opposite of us, next to Amy.

Karen had a little red heart painted on her cheek, and looked very cute. She scooped up a cup of hot chocolate, blowing on it with her red lips, and I think both Lola and I melted. (In fact, Lola took a picture of her later that evening, cuddled up in her scarf, holding a cup of steamy hot chocolate, her eyes shining, and I think it is the most beautiful picture of Karen I've ever seen.)

"How come you're sitting way over there?" Amy asked, pouting a little.

"They are warm." Liu Si shivered, hunching against me. I leaned over a little, squishing her gently against Lola. She giggled, and made a purring sound.

"Ok, if you're going to purr, we have to go somewhere private." Amy muttered, looking her in the eyes. "You're so cute I can't stand it."

"Let's eat!" Lola said, and we dug in. Something about real corn dogs at a real fairground environment makes them taste different than the microwave ones at home. Maybe it's because the real ones have just a hint of tattoo ink. (Kidding!)

Liu Si was kinda hopping up and down a little, not chewing with her mouth closed, and I could actually hear little growls of pleasure as she ate, literally almost like "om nom nom nom"

Lola was giggling at her. "Are you a Lolcat?" I asked Liu Si.

"A what?" she asked, completely lost.

"So what did you guys do already?" Karen was asking Amy, who I guess would be a Lolbat.

"We did the maze, which was dumb, the hayride was awesome, the obstacle course was good, the Corn Pit is just a kiddie pool with corn in it," Amy was counting off on her fingers.

"I was going to ride the horse, but then it *pooped* everywhere," Liu Si said solemnly, whispering the word "pooped." Lola covered a grin, touched by how cute Liu Si is.

"And then at the petting zoo, that alpaca stole my hat, which sucks." Amy said, putting her hands down on the table. "Seriously, that thing should be locked up."

"It IS locked up." I pointed out playfully.

"No, I mean like, away from people." Amy said.

"Like animal jail?" Karen giggled, still watching Amy and her forehead bat.

"Yeah!" Amy said, waving her hands dismissively.

"So what's left?" Lola asked, cradling her hot chocolate.

"There's still a haunted barn, and the actual hayrides." I said. I reached out for Karen's hand, and looked at Lola. "I would LOVE to go for a hayride in the dark with you two."

They both grinned, and I added: "Behaving ourselves, of course." Lola made a pouty face, and Karen giggled.

"*I* make no such promises," Amy said archly, "Heeeeere, kitty kitty kitty!"

Liu Si shook her finger at Amy, but also giggled.

"But I totally want to do the haunted barn!" Amy said, changing gears.

We finished our "food" and tidied up. (Lola did actually share the funnel cake.)

The haunted barn is an actual barn, the ground floor converted into a sort of funhouse, lots of black lights and rubber body parts and loud sound FX playing. In the field in front of it, they have a bunch of scarecrows in varying degrees of spookiness, some of which are motorized. All in all, not a bad effort. Lola and Karen weren't interested, so I went along with the girls.

Inside, Liu Si was having fun being scared, and Amy was having fun being bored, until a real spider got down her coat collar. (It IS in an old barn, after all, you're going to get spiders.)

I was navigating the turn around little zombie diorama, when I heard Amy screaming, and ran ahead, banging my elbow on the wall.

I found Amy yanking her coat off, and clawing at her neck, while Liu Si tried to calm her down. "GET IT GET IT GET IT!" Amy was yelling, until we finally got her soothed.

"Ok, that just got completely uncool." Amy huffed, picking up her coat and trying to crack it like a whip.

I hadn't seen it, so I asked Liu Si what happened. "There was a little spider hanging from the roof and she walked into it." Liu Si said.

"It ran down my NECK!" Amy snarled, pulling her coat back on. "I'm done with this thing. let's get out."

We marched out the rest of the way, no longer enjoying the funhouse, although I did see some creative use of farm equipment. They had a demon driving a tractor over a little field of human heads, all of which looked scared, and later on, two scarecrows were feeding a farmer into some kind of harvesting machine. Good use of props.

Outside, Lola was taking pictures as the sun went down, beautiful sunset clouds and colors almost painting the sky.

"Did you guys have fun?" Karen asked brightly, sitting on a hay bale.

"It was ok, until a spider the size of a snow crab went down my neck!" Amy said. Behind her, Liu Si held up her fingers an inch apart, and Karen smiled.

We headed for the hayride, which was about to close. We got a cart all to ourselves, and away we went. Liu Si and Amy were snuggled up about four feet away, towards the back of the cart, and I sat between Lola and Karen. I leaned back a bit, and they put their arms around me, and soon, we were perfectly comfortable. It was now cold enough to see our breath, and we were amusing ourselves by trying to blow smoke rings.

"Hand check!" Lola playfully called at the I.B.T.C., and only got a total of three. Karen sighed, but then laughed.

"Those two." Karen chuckled.

"JUST those two?" Lola asked, reaching across my chest to caress Karen.

"MMmmm," Karen sighed, and then caught herself "I mean, why can't they behave in public?" She gently swatted Lola's hand.

Lola withdrew from Karen, and sent her fingers snaking into my right front pocket. "I can understand how one could be tempted," She said sweetly, her fingers caressing my inner thigh in little circles.

"Yeah?" Karen laughed, then looked closely at me. "How about you?"

"I'm just happy to be here." I said honestly, closing my eyes and squeezing them both against me.

About ten minutes, (and several soft kisses) later, we reached the end of the circuit and got down from the haycart. After picking the hay and straw off of ourselves, we wandered around just looking at stuff. Amy got Liu Si a caramel apple, and she got 3/4 of the way around before it fell off the stick, much to her great disappointment. Eventually, it was almost nine, and we piled into the car and headed home.

Do you ever notice that when you're going somewhere you've never been, or don't usually go, it seems to take longer to get there than it does to get home? It took us a while to find Punkin World, but we got home real quick.

We invited Lola to come home with us, at least for a while, and she agreed.

I stopped the car, and everybody got out. "Bathroom!" Amy squeaked, and ran into the house ahead of us.

Once we got in the house, however, we got a surprise. The light was blinking on the cordless phone base, to tell us we had a message. When Karen picked up the handset, the caller ID said "STATE POLI"

She looked at me in shock, and I showed it to Lola. "Uh oh." She said, and pulled out her cell phone, dialing the number on the caller ID.

"AAAGGGHH!" I heard Amy screech upstairs. "Is THIS what I looked like all NIGHT? Why didn't somebody TELL me?!"

Lola plugged her ear and walked into the school room. "Hello, I'm calling on behalf of the Humbert family, they recieved a call this evening . . ." I heard her begin, but then she pulled the sliding doors shut and I couldn't hear anything else.

I felt jumpy, like I should be doing something important, but I didn't know what. Maybe it wasn't "State Police," maybe it was "State Politicians" or something else. Yeah, right.

Karen was holding Liu Si's hand. "You don't think . . ." she asked, then faltered. Liu Si blinked sadly.

"No, no way." I said. "If it was about her, they wouldn't call, they'd just show up in the middle of the night."

Amy came down, her forehead now an angry pink from scrubbing. "Why didn't you guys TELL me I looked retarded?" She whined.

"You did not look retarded, you looked scary." Liu Si said, reaching out her free hand for Amy.

"What's up?" Amy asked, suddenly catching the vibe in the room. "Where's Lola? Why does everybody look scared?" She took Liu Si's hand, but remained standing.

"There was a message on our caller id from the state police," Karen said, and Amy looked suitably surprised.

"What did THEY want?" Amy asked, quietly, and sat next to Liu Si.

"We don't know yet." I said, still pacing. After that, everybody was silent with their thoughts.

After several minutes, Lola opened the door and came out of the school room, her face very solemn.

"What's going on?" "What did they want?" "Is everything ok?" We all started asking her.

She walked over calmly, and took my hand, leading me over to the smaller couch. "Let's sit." She seemed to say just to me.

I sat, and she sat close to me, our knees touching. "First of all, nobody's in trouble, we're all ok." Everybody relaxed.

"But there's been an accident." She said quietly, and looked at me with wet eyes. "Your father passed away this morning."

I was stunned. I literally didn't know what to feel. It seemed like several silent moments passed, but I know it wasn't that long, because Karen and Amy were hugged up against me very quickly. Lola bit her lip, and Liu Si had both her hands over her mouth, but Amy and Karen got up and ran over, clinging to

me.

"I-" I mumbled. "I don't-" I swallowed. What do I say? The man was never home, left us alone, but now he's *gone?* I don't know how sad I should be. He was practically a stranger, but yet, he did provide for us, even if it wasn't the same as being a father. I can't hate the man, but did I love him? I don't think I did.

"What do we do?" I finally asked. Lola squeezed my hand. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, what happened? Do we need to sign things? Is there a funeral?" I was still in shock. I mean, I knew he didn't live here, and we barely saw him ever, but now he's not out there anymore? It suddenly felt so strange.

Lola cleared her throat. "Well, they said it looked like he was running on a treadmill in his office, had a stroke, and fell." She wiped her eyes. "They're thinking he died from complications from the fall."

"What does that mean?" Amy asked.

"They're not sure yet, but they think he died from falling, not from the stroke. They said he was holding an aluminum water bottle, and it looks like he fell on it. They'll know more tomorrow night." Lola said sadly. "But other than that, no we don't need to sign anything right now. As far as a funeral, that's up to you guys, I guess." She wiped her eyes.

"Tomorrow I'm going to call his office and see who's in charge now, see what we need to do about that." She said.

"Do about what?" I asked. Lola raised her head and looked at me. "You're the only person in his will. He left you everything. Plus, you're the only beneficiary on his life insurance, which is substantial, especially since he passed away at work."

"How does that matter?" Karen asked, confused, her eyes red.

"Some of your father's life insurance was paid for by his company. It's a normal thing when you're trying to attract investors. They want to know that the company won't just vanish if the founder or the top executives die. Some companies even have rules about how many top-level people are allowed to be on the same plane, in case it crashes." Lola wiped her nose. "I'm sorry for how this must sound. You don't have to worry about anything, and especially not right now."

I won't lie and say that NO tears were shed, but it probably wasn't very many considering none of us knew the man. He left when I was so young that my only true memories of him seem short and abrupt. Mom almost never said anything about him that wasn't insults and complaints, but I know there must have been a real person under all that. I think that's the saddest part of the whole business. His own family knew him the least. Of course, when I say family, it really only technically means me, but still.

It's been (as I type this) almost three years since it happened, and I've never really thought too deeply about that since then. Sorry, Dad. I guess you paved the way for our happiness, but I'm not sure how much of it was on purpose. For what it's worth, I am thankful to you for that.

Amy was the first person to see the upside of it. "Does this mean you can move in?" She asked, about an hour later.

We had all left the living room and gone upstairs where we all relaxed, fully clothed, on the king-sized bed in the master bedroom. We all kicked off our shoes and just piled on top of the bed. I lay with my head on one pillow, Lola on the other, Karen in between us on her stomach, Amy lay mostly across our legs, and Liu Si sat on the corner of the bed with her legs crossed. "Me?" Lola asked, lifting her head to look at Amy.

"Yeah." Amy said, thumb wrestling gently with Liu Si. "We asked you before to live here, and you said Dad said no. Well, now Will's in charge."

"No, she's still in charge." I said, meaning Lola.

"Well, as soon as you turn 18, you're going to be the one in charge here." Lola said truthfully. "I'm only the guardian in loco parentis."

"You're SO much more than that." Karen said, looking pointedly at Lola, who blushed. "You're a part of this family, in every possible way. Don't act like you're just the hired help or something."

"Thank you, honey," Lola said quietly to Karen, and then spoke to Amy again. "What I mean is, as soon as he hits 18, he's not a minor, and can inherit, and can make decisions for you three as well. My "official" part of it is expired."

"I still need you." I blurted, and then blushed. Lola blushed again. "This is such an unusual professional relationship." She murmured.

She cleared her throat. "I didn't mean I was leaving, I just meant that officially, you're the man of the house. You own the house, you inherit from your father, you can make the decisions. I don't want to seem like I'm greedy or power-hungry or something."

"I would still like your help with this stuff." I said. "I've never thought of you as greedy or whatever."

"Well, when you're dealing with inheritances, and conservatorship, everything has to be on the table. Anyone can look at the records of where the money goes and make trouble. I've seen families destruct over something as simple as who owns two acres of real estate." Lola said carefully. "Especially when we're talking about this kind of inheritance."

"*This kind* meaning what?" Karen asked, looking at me, then Lola again.

"This kind, meaning how much it is. The life insurance, the bank accounts, the house and land, and the company stock." Lola said, counting on her fingers.

I shrugged. "So how much is it?" Not that it mattered. I knew the house was paid for, so how bad could it be?

Lola thought for a moment, then said a number.

Jaws dropped. "WHAT?!" Amy yelled, practically jumping up, hurting my legs.

Lola raised her hand. "That's a conservative range, based on the stock. Some of that could change."

"Holy shit!" Karen stammered. I was speechless.

"How many zeroes is that?" Liu Si asked Amy, while I looked at Karen. "Did you have any idea?" She asked me, her voice shocked.

I shook my head. "No, I had no clue. When Dad was here to sign us away, he was talking like he hadn't made his fortune yet, like he was still working towards it."

"Well," Lola said quietly, "I think this could be considered a fortune, for sure."

"Why aren't you happy?" Amy asked, trembling with excitement. "You knew about all this."

"It's not mine." Lola said, with a little smile. "When you're an estate lawyer, numbers just stay numbers. You have to remain detached." Her smile widened. "But I'm sure happy for you guys." She giggled, and Karen rolled over and threw her arms around her.

"Let's not get carried away." Lola said, after sharing a very sweet kiss with Karen. I could see the blush in her cheeks. "You're not Bill Gates or anything. You can't go nuts."

"Don't say *you*" Karen demanded softly. "Say *we*."

I locked eyes with Lola, and nodded. "You're part of us. Too late now."

She sighed, and gave Karen a squeeze. "Ok, ok. Yay, I'm happy!" She teased, and reached out a hand for me. I scooped closer, sandwiching Karen right up against her, kissing her over Karen's shoulder. "Oof." Karen grunted warmly, "that was nice."

Amy and Liu Si were practically hopping with excitement, and soon, they had dog-piled on top of us. "Rawr!" Amy howled in my ear.

"Ack! You're squishing me!" Karen said, wriggling against me, pushing at Amy, who was laughing.

Lola was playfully grappling with Liu Si, who still had whiskers and the kittycat nose painted on. (Karen had washed off her facepaint before lying down.) Lola rolled towards us, dumping Lui Si onto the mattress just as Karen scooped away. Amy straddled me and clamped on, delighted.

"You do need to decide what to do about the company, though." Lola said, after we had all gotten a breath.

"How so?" I asked. She propped up her head on her elbow, and tickled Liu Si idly with her free hand. "Since I don't think you're going to be taking his place at the company, you might consider selling some

of that stock to one of his business partners. That way they can run the business the way it needs to be run, with less complication. I'm sure they're going to ask about that when I call the company tomorrow." Lola said.

"Is that fair?" Amy asked. "It JUST happened."

"It's their company too." Lola shrugged. "Will's not going to run it, but with this much ownership in the company, he has a responsibility to not just sit on it. I think it would be the right decision. Besides, stock isn't the most stable long-term investment."

(Boy did SHE turn out to be right. Remember this was October 2007 when we had this conversation. Love you so much, Lola!)

"You still didn't answer my question." Amy said, squeezing my hips with her legs and rocking back and forth. "Would you move in with us and live here?"

"Say yes!" Karen blurted, then covered her mouth and blushed.

Lola grinned shyly, and cleared her throat. "Well, and I will admit I have spent some time thinking about this, first, I am a little bit worried that if I shack up with you guys, you'll get bored with me. I can't be beautiful and sexy all the time. Sometimes I'm lazy and smelly. So far, mostly, you've only seen me at my best. Except for Will." She pointed at me. "He's seen me at rock bottom."

"You are talking to three girls." Liu Si spoke up. "And a boy. We know what lazy and smelly is." She giggled.

Amy grinned, and I had to laugh. Touche.

"Next bogus reason," Karen said, biting her thumbnail.

Lola stuck her tongue out at Karen, and looked at me. "If I move out, we have to sell Mom's house. First of all, I kinda want to keep my old home, and second, we have no idea what kind of person will buy it. I sorta like the idea of living out there, like a guardpost, protecting you guys." She blushed. "Ok, that part might have sounded a little crazy. But it's true."

I nodded. "If you hadn't warned me about Kai Long driving down our driveway, I wouldn't have gotten there in time."

Liu Si grabbed onto Lola in a big bear hug. "You helped save me." She said, and gave Lola a big smooch on the cheek.

"Actually, we don't need to sell the house, we just need to buy out your sisters, right?" Karen asked thoughtfully.

Lola shot her a surprised look. "What?"

Karen shifted up on her elbow, smiling. "All we need to do is pay them one-third the home's value, each,

and then you own it." Karen said. "Right?"

I grinned. "Perfect." Amy clapped her hands, hopping on my thigh.

Lola was taken aback. "No way. I'm not letting you buy my house and give it to me. That's not fair."

"How is it not fair?" Karen pressed.

"It just isn't!" Lola fussed, but she didn't have any other reasons.

"It's OUR money." I said. "If I want to buy your house so you can keep it, then you should let me. That way there's no downside. You get to keep it, no crazy new neighbors, and if you feel like you're losing your mystique, you can sleep there sometimes."

"We could play house!" Amy cheered. She looked at Liu Si. "You could be the latchkey kid, and I'll be the sexy girl-scout selling peanut butter cookies!"

"Whoa, whoa, slow down." Lola said, laughing. "I haven't agreed to this yet, and you're already planning how you're going to have sex all over the house?"

"I think it's a good idea." Karen said. "Not just the sex part, but letting us buy your house for you. That way all your reasons would be satisfied." She paused. "Plus, playing house does sound like fun. I could totally do that."

Lola poofed air out of her lips and rubbed her forehead.

"We want to do this." I said gently. "It'll be easy."

Lola slumped a little. "I'm" She took a deep breath and sighed. "I'm not sure what to say."

I could see Liu Si give her a squeeze. "It is very nice to live here. You would like it." She said simply, which made Lola say "Awww." and hug her back.

"I'm not asking you to do it." Lola said, after the hug relaxed. "I'm not a gold digger. It feels weird to just let you buy me a house."

"We KNOW that," Amy said, starting to get impatient. "Nobody thinks badly of you for this, we're the ones who asked if we could do it. Besides, it's just two-thirds of a house."

"You won't think of me as a 'kept woman'?" Lola winced, half smiling.

"As long as we can still keep you," Karen said, reaching over Liu Si to touch Lola.

"You KNOW I'm just going to end up sleeping here every night." Lola admitted.

I wrapped my arms around Karen and smiled over her shoulder at Lola. "We'd enjoy that. In fact, this will be your room now."

"Well, I DO like this bed." Lola said, bouncing a little, jiggling Liu Si, who giggled. She sighed. "Ok, fine. Buy my house. I'll earn it somehow."

"Forget that." I said, trying to look stern for a moment. "There'll be no talk of earning or owing. We pay off your sisters, you live here or there, but nobody owes anything to anybody."
Lola stuck out her tongue, but was otherwise silent.

Liu Si rolled over and shot a look at Amy, who was still perched on top of me. "What is a latchkey kid?" she asked, appraisingly.

So that was Friday night. Lola called Humbert Consultation Services, LLC on Saturday morning and got in touch with the people we needed to. Dad's senior business partner, a Mr. Burke, offered to buy any stock we were willing to sell. He also made the offer at Friday's stock prices, which was nice. Lola explained that once the news of Dad's accident got out, the stock price would probably take a dip, so Mr. Burke was making sure we got the best value for the stock we were selling. He already had 20%, and Dad had held 35%, so by keeping 4%, we were able to let him be the majority owner, and make the decisions he needed to make to do something with the company.

I think it was two weeks after we sold to him, that the stock market itself went splat. I'm amazed at how we got out just in time. Dad's company is still running, although it has dropped his name, and just like every other business is trying to get back up to where it was. We get reports once a quarter, and the 4% stock we have left is more up than down, so I think they're doing their best. It still counts as income, and on anything other than a very bad week, it represents more than was coming in when Dad was alive, so we're still doing well. The bulk of the inheritance is untouched, doing whatever it is money does in banks, earning interest slowly (thanks, Washington) but as Lola put it, all six of us could buy new cars and go to college and still not have to ever worry about where our meals were coming from.

We've decided that we ARE going to college, even though as it turns out we don't really need to get jobs to survive. Lola said, and I agree, that it's better for us to do that for ourselves, not because we have to, but as a means of personal enrichment. She said we should also try to find jobs we like, or at least volunteer somewhere, not only to get out of the house, but to build character and try to do something good with our lives. She said she had several millionaire clients when she was in practice who tried to just play all day, and eventually they got so bored they started getting stupid too. One of her older male clients took up homemade aircraft design for the thrill of it, and ended up flipping his glider and dying. \$14.1 million in net worth, and he dies because of a lag bolt that cost \$1.25.

In addition to attending our local community college for classes that seem interesting, I have begun volunteering at our local library. I love books, plus they really need the help. Our state is in financial trouble, and our idiot governor was so intent on getting in bed with organized crime (via newly legalized gambling) that he forced the state budget to bank on projected revenue from gambling, which never materialized, because the only people with means and motive to start a casino have turned out to be (surprise, surprise) crime bosses. So far I think ten organizations have applied for licenses with the state, and out of the eight groups that didn't go bankrupt during the vetting process, the rest might have well been wearing Gambino nametags. So when his gambling money didn't show up, the governor cut everything else in the state to cover his losses, including slashing library budgets almost in half.

So there have been a few times when a mysterious donor has come through for my library, donating the money they need to pay salaries, or to keep the lights on, and when the children's librarian needed to step down for health reasons, somebody made a completing donation to the fund the library was collecting to help pay for her heart surgery. Only the head librarian and the accountant know who this silent person was, but let me just say, I've got a job there as long as I want it. It feels good to do good. Virtue sometimes **is** it's own reward.

It took a little longer than a day or two, but we did finally find out what had happened to Dad. When he leased office space for his new company, he went all out on his office. He had the desk, the couch, the executive bathroom (which included a shower), complete with big-screen HD TV and a treadmill. In short, his office was almost like a hotel suite (minus a bed), which made sense because he basically was intending to live there.

They said it appeared he had been jogging on the treadmill in the morning before starting his workday, holding one of those trendy SIGG water canisters, and had a small stroke. When he stumbled, he fell on the moving belt, and he landed on the water bottle, about two inches below his right nipple. It broke two of his ribs inwards, and when the treadmill then spat him into the floor, the broken ribs inflicted massive organ damage, and he died of internal hemorrhaging.

They said if he had been wearing the safety clip on the treadmill, it would have stopped the instant he fell, and he may have missed the water bottle. As it was, the moving belt carried it underneath him right as he fell, and then tossed him backwards, rolling him onto the broken ends of his ribs. They said it was quick, and that he probably wasn't conscious to feel any pain.

Mr. Burke asked for a viewing there in the city, actually two states west of us, for the company personnel to pay their respects, and then the remains were shipped back here, where Dad was cremated according to his wishes.

His ashes were scattered at the river, one cloudy morning, a few days before Halloween. It was the only sort of service we had here at home.

There's a lot of stuff I was never able to ask him, or say to him, or learn about him, but he definitely made it possible for us to live the lives we lead today. Whatever sins he's committed have to be more than made up for by that simple fact.

Wherever you are, Dad, I hope you've found peace. I mean it.

17 - SHORT: I said "What What?"

It was a few weeks after Lola came to live with us, that Amy planned her big evening. Karen and Lola were going out to see a movie (yes, a chick flick) and it would just be me, Amy and Liu Si home alone together.

Amy wasted no time in beginning her elaborate preparations.

"Ok, we're going to do it in the master bedroom, on the sheepskin rug, in front of the fireplace." She announced to me, out of the blue, in the afternoon, while Karen was still getting dressed to go out with Lola.

"Do what, exactly?" I asked, putting down my book. Amy gave me a 100-watt evil grin.

She quickly spun around, stuck her butt out, looked at me over her shoulder, and pulled her soffe shorts down about six inches. "This!" She said delightedly, and gave herself a little swat on the backside, her skin turning white, and then a rosy pink.

"Now?" I asked, a little surprised, and more than a little nervous.

"Yeah!" Amy purred, "It's GO time!"

"Just like that?" I asked, stalling, partly because I was still a little uneasy, partly to playfully annoy her.

"Well, no, not instantly," Amy said, turning around, but not pulling up her pants. "I'll need some warm-up, and you will too." She brushed her hair out of her face. "Hu Die is in charge of helping us get together." She stuck her tongue out a little bit and smiled.

Liu Si was not in the room at the time, but Amy went on. "She's on board." She waved her hands dismissively. "and it's not going to be ready until later, I just wanted to tell you how you'll be spending your evening."

I laughed. "Just clueing me in, huh?"

Amy smirked, putting her hands on her hips. "You want me to do better? Ok, you've got it, Mr. Smartass." She turned and flounced out of the room, her pants still down, her butt still pink on one side.

We ate an early dinner together as a family, and then Lola and Karen left in Lola's convertible. Amy immediately leapt into action, with Liu Si only slightly behind her.

"You are probably going to take a shower, yes?" Liu Si asked me, as we cleared the dishes from the dining room while Amy crashed around upstairs.

"Yes," I said, watching her move gracefully around the table, her head held high to see over the stack of

bowls she was carrying.

"Amy selected the big bedroom because it has a bathroom in it, and she likes the fireplace and the rug. She has been planning tonight ever since I first came to live here." She gave me a small smile. "I want it to be nice for her."

"Of course." I agreed. Liu Si put the bowls in the sink and turned to me. "I apologize if this sounds wrong, but I need to say it. Amy sometimes *wants* more than she can *have,* do you know what I am saying?"

I nodded. I remembered her trying to eat a ridiculous ice cream dessert at a local "family style" restaurant and getting horribly sick on her sixth birthday. I still remember cleaning out the backseat of Mrs. Klemp's car after that adventure.

"So this may not work out the way she hopes. Or, it may not work out the way you hope." Liu Si said solemnly. "It may not be successful sex."

"I'm only afraid of hurting her. Anything else is ok." I said. "I have no expectations."

Liu Si stepped closer to me, and her face softened. "IF it does not work out, or if it works for her and not for you, do not worry." She reached out and touched my chest gently. "I will be more than happy to make up for it, if you like." She gave me a shy, although sparkling smile.

I put my arms around her and gave her a soft squeeze. "That's very nice of you. Amy said you were in charge of getting us together? What exactly does that mean?"

She blushed. "First, I will help make sure she is ready for you." She took a deep breath, "Then I will make sure you are ready for her." She blushed harder, and smiled. "Amy said I am to be her "fluffer," but I am not sure what that means."

It sounded remarkably one-sided. "Is that all? What about you?" I asked, concerned. "What do you get out of all of this?"

Liu Si smiled at me. "I get to see my beloved have a wish come true, and I DO get to play with you for a little while," She grinned, "but Amy spent last night on me, so I do not feel left out."

We heard a toilet flush upstairs. *Sounds like Amy is clearing the decks,* I thought, and grossed myself out a little bit. Poop on my dick did NOT sound pleasant. Good thing Amy was taking precautions. Liu Si must have read my mind. "It will be ok," she patted my chest. "Amy is always very clean."

"Great." I said, still a little nervous. We finished straightening up and went upstairs together.

"Ok, you take your shower, and once you have dried off, do not get dressed." Liu Si instructed lightly. "Come and knock on the door to the master bedroom."

"Yes, ma'am." I bowed, and Liu Si smiled. She is so cute.

I went into the bathroom, and as I was shucking off my shoes and socks, I saw a piece of paper, folded,

hanging over my towel on the towel rack. On the paper was printed William D. Humbert, and when I say printed, I mean in a looping ornate script, apparently made in our laser printer.

Inside, it said this:

Amy M. Humbert
forcefully invites you to the Master Bedroom,
where she hopes to have the pleasure of
Your Cock
inserted into
Her Ass
until such time as you both Climax profusely.

RSVP Hu Die.

It was in curly gothic font, centered on the page, with little flourishes. It was practically an engraved invitation. I had to smile a little. So much for casual. I guess this is what she meant when she called me a smartass.

I enjoyed a long, hot shower, getting the water as hot as I could stand it and soaping everywhere. I contemplated shaving, but I still felt smooth enough. As I scrubbed, I reflected on what Liu Si had said about making it up to me. It was a very nice offer, but one I was unlikely to cash in. If this didn't work out with Amy, I wasn't likely to still be horny afterwards.

I rinsed off and dried off, wiping the steam off the mirror and making sure the fan stayed on. I left the bathroom with a towel wrapped around my middle. (I'm still not comfortable strutting around the house naked, even though everyone who lives here has already had carnal knowledge of me. Walking around nude just makes me feel exposed, no puns intended. Leave the casual nudity to Amy.)

I could hear some cries of sexual delight echoing down the hallway, and I reached the door just as they ended. (Nice sounds. erection 20%) I tap-tap-tapped on the door, and a few moments later, a smiling Liu Si opened the door and invited me in.

I noticed Liu Si was wearing a little lacy nightgown, but then I noticed the room itself.

The room was dim, the lights off (although some remaining evening sunlight flowed in through the two windows at the other end of the room) and the fireplace was alight. Not with an actual fire, but with many smaller ones, as Amy and Liu Si had apparently bankrupted the rest of the house of candles. They had used bricks to build little steps to hold all the votive candles they could find, and the myriad flickering lights cast a warm glow across the floor, and the rug, upon which lay Amy.

Amy was laying on her side, her back to the fireplace, and was currently engaged in the task of catching her breath. She was wearing lace gloves that went to her elbow, and thigh-high stockings in white, and nothing else. Another nightgown was wadded up, and she was using it to wipe some sweat off of her forehead. "Hi," She panted, her face flushed. "Good timing!"

Liu Si gently pushed me over towards her. "Lie down next to her." Liu Si instructed sweetly.

I did, and Amy leaned over for a kiss. "I can't move around too much, or it'll try to close up again," She told me. "Liu Si's got me all loosey-goosey and relaxed."

"I heard some of that," I said, smiling, as Liu Si tugged off my towel to find my (now 40%) erection boinging back and forth from the towel coming off.

"Ooh! I see!" Amy smiled, while Liu Si blushed and smiled. Grabbing my mostly soft-ish erection, Liu Si squeezed me warmly and reached over next to Amy for a little plastic bottle I hadn't noticed. It was lube.

"Where did you get the lace gloves and thigh-highs?" I asked, as Liu Si tried to open the lube bottle one-handed, without letting go of me with the other.

"I found them in the dresser. They were still in the package, so I figured they were safe. They're actually supposed to be knee-highs, but I'm shorter than they intended, so it's perfect." Her face was still red, but she looked extremely happy. "I'm so excited."

Liu Si got the lid off, and let go of me briefly to pour lube into her palm, which she then rubbed with her other palm, to get it warm. Her hands completely slick, she grabbed ahold of me and began to stroke me up and down, both hands in motion, almost sliding over each other, together, then apart, then one grasping the base while the other slooooooowly moved up, I was fully hard in almost no time at all. Amy watched her greedily. Liu Si's mouth was open in a big smile as she felt and watched me harden during her tender efforts. "You are SO good at this," I grunted, once again helplessly enslaved by her soft, warm, tight hands.

"She still won't teach me her super-secret techniques," Amy grumbled, not at all upset.

Liu Si winked at me and giggled, as a drop of pre-cum dripped from my upturned cock onto my abdomen. "I think you are ready now." She smiled, blowing me a kiss. "but I have some instructions."

"Yes, ma'am." I breathed, loving the feel of her strokes.

"You do?" Amy asked, surprised. Liu Si nodded. "For Will."

"I'm all ears," I lied, as Liu Si wiggled my dick.

"First, remember what I said in the kitchen. Second, go slow, no matter what, and no matter what she says." Liu Si said carefully. Amy humphed.

"And third, do not look directly into her bottom." She said, with a tiny frown.

"Say what now?" Amy asked.

Liu Si locked eyes with me. "Do not look into her bottom. It does not look very nice inside, and it will not make it easier for you to enjoy this."

I could sense how serious she was, so I nodded. (Turns out she was right. Looking up someone's ass is

looking into their intestines, basically, and it's all purply and blotchy and gross. Not sexy.)

Amy rolled onto her stomach, and Liu Si let go. "I will leave you two for now. Call me if you need me, but I really have to pee right now."

She climbed to her feet, but Amy stopped her. "Thank you." She said, her eyes wet. "You've done so much to help me get ready for this, and now that it's going to happen, I wanted to tell you how super grateful I am. I love you so much. You are so wonderful. I love you."

Liu Si's eyes were wet too, and she gave a little bow. "Wo aini." she said, and quickly left the room. (I love you.)

"I wonder why she left so fast," Amy mused, settling her chin on her crossed arms, as she lay there on her stomach. The heat from all the candles was actually kinda strong. It might have almost been a real fire for the amount of warmth I could feel on my skin.

"She's scared for you," I said, still feeling tiny twinges of it myself.

"Yeah, well I'm not." Amy sighed happily. "Now come on. I want you to put that cock where the sun don't shine!"

Amy's bravado had a rallying effect on me, so I turned on my side and looked her over. How best to do this?

I got up on all fours and kinda positioned myself over her, like I was doing a pushup, and gently lowered myself down, planting my knees on either side of her, using one hand to try to aim where my cock was going.

Everything went poorly for a while. At first, the tip of my dick kept missing her butthole, either too high or too low (I almost stabbed into her vagina, but luckily the angle was bad, so I just skidded past it, which was uncomfortable for both of us, like stubbing a toe) but soon it became clear that she was going to have to move.

She had hoped to just lay there and have me do it, but I couldn't get a good angle (and it turns out that angle is VERY important for proper anal sex, at least for beginners) so she carefully tried to rise up on her knees, not full doggystyle, but with her shoulders and chest still on the floor, her butt sticking up in the air.

"So what did Liu Si do for you while I was showering?" I said, trying to start some sexy conversation while we jockeyed for the right position. While Amy had been laying flat, she was able to be limp, but now that she was using her legs to move around, it was hard to stay relaxed, and she was fighting the compulsion to tighten her PC muscle, thereby closing her ass.

"Well," Amy grunted, and she shifted her knees, "Her best move is where she slips her thumb up my butt and then uses her pointer finger to pull my clit like a trigger, but today she started with her pointer finger and added more until it was big enough. I think she almost fisted me, but she kept her thumb out." Amy said this with some pride. I had sat up onto my knees, and was trying to find the right height to get it in.

I thought I had it, and pressed my tip into her little backdoor, but she gave a little grunt of pain. "Uh! Ow." She coughed, "Wait, let me-" and she lowered herself about two inches. The head of my cock was still pressed against her opening, and I could feel her clench involuntarily as she shifted herself.

"Ok, wait." she said, took a deep breath and held it. She pressed back against me, and my glans *popped* into her anus. "Oh!" I said, surprised.

My cockhead felt like it had been stuck into a hot place, like the inside of an oven. I said before that making love to Karen feels warm, like sticking your arm into bright sunshine? Amy's ass is like sticking your arm into an oven (without touching the sides of the oven, of course). Much more heat, and even that slight feeling of danger. "Got it!" Amy panted, "Oh my gosh."

I gently gripped her hips, and began to slowly press into her, but she was still panting for breath. "Waitwaitwaitwait," She gasped, and tried to shift herself again, even lower this time. After a few seconds, she nodded, not looking at me. "Ok, go." She snapped, and I could feel her torso tense, even as her ass seemed to loosen just a bit.

I pressed slowly into her again, and after a few seconds (about two inches) she gasped, and I felt the tension leave her sides, and her butt changed again. I noticed her back was starting to turn red, across her shoulders. She was panting for air, and I had to stop. "What are you doing? Are you ok?" I asked, very concerned.

"I'm pushing, like I'm trying to poop. It's supposed to loosen me up, so you can get in. It's supposed to make it hurt less." She gasped, still not looking back at me.

I looked down at my dick. I was a little under halfway in. "Hurt less! I don't like the idea of it hurting at all!" My spirit of cooperation for this stunt, even with knowing how much Amy wanted to do it, was rapidly fading.

Amy waved a hand at me feebly, still facing away. "It's always harder the first time I try something bigger, and we stopped just below your girth. I was prepared for this, ok? Just keep going. It'll get better in a minute."

I really, really wanted to stop right then, but Amy was still wanting to go forward, and since she had the most to lose, I decided to let her be the judge, not me. I carefully pressed in.

At the five-inch mark (not that there IS a mark, mind you.) I felt some pressure on the end of my dick, and Amy stiffened. "Ow!" She gasped, then immediately apologized. "Sorry! Gimme a second." She said weakly, and slowly wriggled her torso, dipping lower, finally raising up on her hands to full doggy. I felt the pressure slip off my tip. Amy gave a little gasp of release.

"What happened?" I asked, worried. Every 'ow' and every grunt of discomfort was cutting me like a knife. I wanted to stop right then and there. I could already feel my erection beginning to fade. Hurting someone is NOT sexy for me. It was time to give up.

"You hit a bend in the road," Amy grunted, still trying to get her breath. "I've found a flaw in my practice

program. We practiced for your girth, but not your length. You went deeper than I had practiced for, and my insides weren't ready."

"We need to stop." I said flatly. "This isn't working."

"Nooooo!" Amy said, "It just takes a minute, I swear!"

I tried to pull out, and slip back in to where I was. On the withdraw, Amy hissed air in through her teeth involuntarily, and as I slid back in, she clawed up the sheepskin rug, letting her air out through her teeth in almost a screech. I hit the bend in the road again, and she yelped. This was hurting her, a lot. "I'm done." I said. "This is hurting you."

"Wait, you promised!" Amy cried, and now I could see she really was crying, "You said you would!" She tried to clench herself, gripping me, and I didn't pull against it, not wanting to hurt her more.

"I promised to make love to you, not to hurt you." I said, my erection fading along with my desire. "Let go."

"No!" She spat, wiping her eyes with her lace gloves. "We worked so hard for this, you have to give it a chance!"

In a few more minutes, my erection would fade enough that I could safely withdraw it without damaging her rectum, gripping or not. Amy could apparently feel the change. "No, no, no, no!" she whined, pressing against me. 'LIU SIIIIIII!' She shouted, her voice a wail.

My dick was already starting to bend, as she pressed back. "No, don't go soft!"

"We have to stop." I said, gently, touching her back.

"I will not!" Amy said, crying for real. "We both worked so hard for this, and I won't just give up!" She wiped her eyes again, and cleared her throat. "My body will learn to fit you in, just like Karen's pussy did, and Lola's. You have to give me a chance!"

Liu Si opened the door, and came back into the room. When she saw Amy's tear-streaked face, I could see her heart break. She shot me a hurt and angry look, but Amy spoke to my defense.

"It's not him, xinshangren." Amy said. "I wasn't completely ready yet, but I still don't want to quit. HE wants to give up."

"Look at her," I said, but Liu Si was already speaking. "Perhaps you should, my love." She said, kneeling beside Amy. "You don't have to hurt yourself."

"It's not that bad," Amy said, wiping a tear away. "And you're both talking about me like I don't know when to stop. It's not fair, and it's not true. I KNOW I can do this, and I need you to help me find the way."

My erection had already faded past the halfway point, but it was still inside her. She was still gripping me

with her anal muscles, but with every passing second, that grip became less effective.

"Please." Amy said to both of us, and we looked at each other. Liu Si nodded first. "What shall I do?" I patted Amy's back to signal that I was still with her.

"Well, he's shrinking, so we need to fix that. If I can keep his dick IN that will certainly make things easier." Amy said, taking a deep breath. "Help us lay on our sides. I have an idea."

Carefully, we tipped over, Liu Si giving Amy's right arm support, so I was soon laying on my left side, with my back to the candle-filled fireplace. Amy lay right up against me, still impaled on my (now pretty soft) cock. Had I shifted backwards, I could have pulled it out of her, but I did not.

Liu Si knelt in front of us, a vision in her little nightgown. She had her hands in her lap, and looked at Amy expectantly.

"If you'll bring your pussy over here, I'd love to lick it right now." Amy grinned. "That should get BOTH of us good and ready."

Liu Si blushed hard, smiling, and after a moment, silently drew her nightgown off, over her head. Her lightly tanned, slim body looked wonderful as it was revealed to us. "You are so bad," she mumbled, as she tossed her nightgown behind her. The smile never left her face.

She got up on her knees, but then stopped. The position Amy and I were in did not immediately lend itself to oral sex, and it took her a moment or two to figure out that she should lean back, on all fours face-up, and sorta crabwalk over to where we lay. As a matter of fact, when she got close enough, I reached out and took her left ankle, lifting it over me, and pulling her closer. Her puffy little slit was now only inches from Amy's hungry little mouth, and Amy wasted no time diving in with her tongue.

Liu Si opened her mouth in a gasp as Amy pressed her lips to Liu Si's lowest lips, and I saw her nipples go hard. "Ah!" She cried, almost musically, as Amy went to town, licking and burrowing with little growls of delight. Still blushing, Liu Si looked at me, half embarrassed, extremely turned on. "Hello." She said, giggling, then gasping as Amy drilled her clit with her tongue.

Oh yeah. This was totally working for me. I could look down over Amy's shoulder, and see close-up every little tickle and tease as she ate Liu Si's pussy with enthusiasm. Liu Si's juices were flowing freely as Amy gave her no mercy. I stroked her ankle and calf (which I still held) gently, and Liu Si practically purred.

My dick was hard almost before I realized it, and I took the opportunity to press it inside Amy again, to take back any progress I had lost. To my surprise (and relief) the angle we were laying at seemed to make everything easier, and soon I was at my full depth, with no more roadblocks.

"Ohmygodholyshit!" Amy gasped, holding Liu Si's thigh, but having to stop the oral for a second. "Pull out just a little, and then put it back in!"

I did, gently, and she gave a noise halfway between a grunt and a squeal. "Fuck!" She gasped, "That was good! Do it again!" She begged, and tried to go back to eating Liu Si.

I began rocking my hips, only about two or three inches, amazed at the heat and tightness and strength of Amy's anal canal. I had to admit, this really was starting to feel amazing.

Liu Si was clenching her teeth, her breath practically whistling in and out, when Amy was forced to give up. "I'm so! sorry, baby! but I can't! concentrate! when I'm! getting my ass OH! fucked like this!" She said, gasping for breath herself.

Liu Si shifted, and I let go of her ankle. I grabbed Amy's hip instead, and kept up my mini-thrusts, as she lay limp and moaned with each movement.

Liu Si scrambled onto her knees again, and grabbed Amy's left arm, which she had been using to keep herself balanced against me. Pulling Amy's arm out straighter, she positioned her pussy over Amy's hand and let herself down onto it.

"Oh yeah!" Amy gasped, "That'll work!" and started diddling Liu Si. Liu Si gasped in delight, apparently not losing any ground in her own journey to orgasm. Amy turned her head up to me. "Kiss me and you can taste her!" She whimpered, and I took her up on her offer.

It was a first for me, this taste of Liu Si. Let me just put it this way: Liu Si practically tastes like candy. Amy tastes like fruit, Liu Si tastes even sweeter than that. I kissed Amy deeply, trying to crane my neck over so she didn't have to wrench her neck around to reach my lips. After I was done with that first kiss, I will admit to licking her chin and cheeks like a cat, trying to get more of that delicious taste. "Oh!" She sighed, surprised, as I got every last bit of flavor.

Liu Si had her head down, humping on Amy's hand, and missed this sexy exchange of fluids.

"Qingren!" Amy grunted/gasped, as I thrust again and again into her back door, "He likes it! He likes the way! you taste! oh my god"

Liu Si looked up at me, her face flushed, her eyes almost crossing. "You d-do?" She stuttered, teetering on the edge of her own orgasm, apparently.

"Are you almost done?" Amy squeaked. Liu Si nodded quickly, not stopping, still humping.

I stopped thrusting into Amy for a second. "Hu Die," I said gently, "lean forward."

She lurched forward, not removing herself from Amy's tickling grasp, and I reached up and cupped her face with my right hand, the one that had been gripping Amy's hip. I kissed her, sucking her lower lip into my mouth and nibbling it gently with my teeth. Her breath started hitching, and I could feel Amy moving a little, as if really going to town diddling Liu Si's pussy.

"Uh! AAH!" Liu Si yelped, and pulled back from me, her head thrown back, her mouth open, "AHHHHHHH! AIIIAHHH! UNH!" She cried/grunted, as she came on Amy's wriggling hand. She took several deep breaths, all of which came out as mostly cries of ecstasy, before she toppled over to the side and pulled herself out of Amy's reach. She slurred something in chinese which I could not understand, as she pulled her legs in, lying there, shaking occasionally.

"Got HER," Amy said, with a happy sigh. I remembered that I was supposed to be doing Amy after all.

"I have an idea." I said.

"Good!" Amy teased, still a little out of breath. She held up her hand for a moment, to look at it. Her lace glove was soaked.

"Roll over onto your stomach, I'm going to come with you." I said.

"I love it when you cum with me." Amy teased, "In fact it's one of the things I live for."

I blew her a raspberry, but she was already gingerly moving, my dick still gripped inside of her butt. Carefully, she lay on her stomach, and I lay on top of her, my legs spread outside of hers, and tried to take up some of my weight on my elbows, but she was still mostly pressed underneath me, into the fluffy rug. "Oh yeah," Amy grunted, firmly sandwiched between me and the floor. "I like this already!"

Because of our height difference, her head was underneath my chest, but I got up on my elbows so my full weight wasn't laying on her. I rolled my hips a little bit, experimentally. Amy gasped immediately. "OOH! That's good!" She gushed.

"Really? I'm not too heavy?" I asked, but she shook her head, grinding against me. "The angle we're at, when your cock moves in my butt, it's like it's squishing my pussy against the floor! This feels so good!" She panted, "Do it! Gimme!"

I started slow, just a few inches back and forth, but already I could tell this was a winner. Her grip on my manhood was AMAZING, and the heat felt like it was warming my whole body. Oh yeah. Time to get this thing going!

Amy's entire body (minus her legs of course) was underneath me, and as I practically ground her into the floor, she raised her head until her chin was resting on the rug, and grunted happily with each thrust. "Ohhh YEAH!" She groaned through gritted teeth. "I LOVE it! FUCK my ass!"

Her lacy little hands moved up and grabbed big handfuls of wool, but she couldn't even hump back against me, I had her pressed down so tight. I obeyed her instructions, although I did pick up a little speed, rolling my hips just enough to move it about two or three inches at most. It felt incredibly good, both extremely tight and extremely warm, like I was making love to an electric blanket set on "high".

Forget the long, hammering strokes you see on pornos, the move that works best for us (and still does) is to go all the way in, and just move back and forth a little bit. Not to be a spoiler, but all the way in and all the way out takes way more lube, and doesn't feel that good to Amy. She says when my dick is slipping all the way out, it feels a little too much like actually pooping, and takes away the sexy. It's too distracting to have the "uh-oh, am I pooping?" feeling twice per second when you're trying to enjoy the actual sex.

Amy's ass began to tighten on my cock, and I could feel her stiffening underneath me. I wasn't to orgasm, not yet, so I wasn't sure what to do, other than make sure she got hers. I kept up my rhythm,

and she began to voice a low wail that quickly climbed in pitch and volume.

"uuuuuhhhhhhhHHHHHH!" She croaked. I looked down at her, to see her eyes squinched shut, her brow furrowed hard, as she came. "UUUUUUUAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!! AAAH!" She gasped, "OH! Oh SHIT! AAAAAAAAAA!"

She shook hard for several seconds, as her asshole grabbed ahold of me with a viselike grip, at which point I stopped moving. "Shit!" She gritted, wiping her face with one hand. "Holy shit on a pop tart!" She coughed and gasped for more air.

"On a pop tart?" I heard Liu Si ask, and looked up to see her sitting up, brushing her hair out of her face. "That is gross."

"I'm still cumming!" Amy growled, her eyes watering profusely. She lay her head down and whimpered into the rug. "It won't stop!" She pounded her fist on the floor.

"Should I take it out?" I asked, but Amy managed to look up at me again. "Did you cum yet?"

"No," I admitted.

"God!" Amy snapped, then squeezed out a little laugh. "My teeth are rattling and you're not done yet? Doesn't it feel ok for you?" She asked, suddenly concerned, still trying to shake off the orgasm..

"It feels wonderful, I just wasn't ready yet." I said, "Sorry."

Amy's hand shot out and grabbed one of mine. "Don't you DARE apologize. But if you're not done, then get back to work! Do whatever you gotta do!" She lay down again, limply. "I'm just going to lay here and cum myself stupid." She reached back and slapped my hip. "Giddyap!"

I began rolling my hips again, pressing harder into her, (maybe even budging her along the rug a tiny bit) and she just gasped for air and practically sang her delight. "Oooooohhhhh!"

"Can I help?" Liu Si whispered right in my ear, startling me. She had moved over to kneel beside my head, and her eyes were shining as I looked up at her. "I want to help." She said again and waited for my response. Except I didn't have one.

"Um," I said, completely unable to think of how she could help at this point, but not wanting to tell her no. Amy was still howling into the rug, so she was no help.

"I will rub you!" Liu Si announced, and she was gone from my view almost before I could process what she had said. She was going to do what?

An instant later, I felt contact at MY butt, and then small hands, massaging the small of my back, right where I was using my lumbar muscles to fuck Amy. Liu Si was rubbing my back with both hands, deeply kneading my muscles, even as I neared my own orgasm. She was kneeling, straddling Amy's legs, her pelvis pressed against my buttocks, moving with me as I humped into Amy.

Getting a backrub while making love to someone? Awesome. No other words quite describe it. I could feel my balls tightening, ready to fire into Amy's hot, slick, almost punishingly tight cavity. I struggled to get a good breath.

"Oh god!" I blurted, "I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna-" and I was gone. BOOM. The first three squirts fired into her so hard I felt the fluid rush the full length of my cock, almost like that first blast of water that pushes the air out of a garden hose. Amy squealed in rapture, and Liu Si actually cupped my testicles from behind, massaging them with delicate care, as they continued to empty. "I can feel it!" she cried.

It was almost too much. I tried not to let my body go limp, because it would mean crushing Amy, but hot damn. Liu Si still held my balls with one hand, rubbing my back softly with the other. My heartbeat in my ears felt like a whirlwind, as I spent myself into Amy.

"Oh my god." I panted, drenched in sweat, as I tried to breathe.

"Yeah!" Amy gasped, still underneath me. "I felt that one! Whew!"

"Liu Si, baby." I coughed, "You gotta let go. I need to get off of Amy."

Liu Si carefully released my balls and got back a little bit, and I rolled over, utterly exhausted. My cock slipped out when I rolled over, twitching and a dull red color, but clean.

Amy flinched when my cock slipped out, grabbing her ass involuntarily, but Liu Si patted her on the back of her thigh. "You are both clean. Do not worry." She said, her voice tired, but satisfied. Amy slumped bonelessly back down onto the rug.

Liu Si scooped up until she was straddling Amy's butt, and began rubbing Amy's back firmly, stroking and caressing with both hands. "Oh my god," Amy mumbled into the rug, her voice a little muffled. "I'm in heaven!" She sighed happily, and Liu Si giggled.

"I do not think they let you do what you just did in heaven," Liu Si said, and I chuckled, laying on my side, watching the two of them.

Amy let a moment pass, and then admitted, "I don't even have a snappy comeback for that."

"You ok?" I asked, looking at the back of her head. She moved just enough to get her head turned towards me, and gave me a huge smile. Liu Si continued rubbing her, her hair swinging back and forth as she kneaded up and down. "I wasn't expecting that part." She said.

"Which part?" I asked, surprised.

"The part where you made ME cum." Amy said, taking a deep breath. "I thought I would get you to shoot one in my ass, and then we would stop. I didn't expect our first time to be a five-star salute." She winked at me. "But I should have guessed."

"I'm just glad nobody got really hurt." I said.

"Baby," Amy said, addressing Liu Si, "Did you need more? I only used my fingers for you."

Liu Si had a little smile. "No, I am quite satisfied. All is good." She scooped down and grabbed Amy's buttocks, one in each hand, and squeezed hard. "Rrrrrrr." She said, and Amy gave a little squeal.

"I will go get a wet washcloth, and I shall be right back." She said, hopped to her feet, and was gone.

"I love you," I said to Amy, and she almost shed a tear. "I love you too! I was just about to say that." She sighed. "That was amazing. First, I think this idea started out as something for me, then I told myself it was for you, but now, I don't know who it's for the most, me OR you."

"Does it matter?" I asked. "I had a good time. I loved it."

"NEXT time will be easier." Amy said determinedly. I was delighted to hear that there would be a next time. I hadn't taken anything for granted, but this had felt VERY good once we got it figured out.

Liu Si returned with two washcloths, giving one to Amy and the other to me. I draped it across my fading, overworked erection, and it felt soothing indeed. Amy wiped only a little, then hurled it across the room, in through the doorway to the master bathroom. "What's still inside, I'm keeping." She stated.

The fading warmth from the candles felt good, and the rug was soft. "I think I could nap right here," I mumbled, exhausted, my abs starting to notify me that they were feeling the workout.

"Can we?" Liu Si asked, pulling her nightgown back on and scooting over to me. I lay on my back, and as she cuddled up to my right side, Amy flopped over to my left, like a sea lion. I wrapped my arms around them both, and we lay there, the universe revolving around us gently.

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"-ere's a light on in here, I think." came Lola's voice, waking me with a start. I flinched, and tried to move, but it felt like someone was holding me down. "Fup," mumbled the warm cuddly someone on my left, "harble." The warm cuddly someone on my right arm was snoring.

The main lights in the room came on, and I heard Lola squawk "Oh crap!" then start laughing.

With the lights on, Amy awoke with a snort. "Tubes!" She said, disoriented, sitting up suddenly, her hair in a snarl. She was still wearing lace gloves and stockings, Liu Si was wearing her nightgown, of course, and I was butt nekkid. Liu Si rolled off my arm, and started to stretch. "Um," I said, as Karen trotted into the doorway behind Lola, who was laughing, covering her face with her hand.

"What's going on in here?" Karen asked, shocked to find us thus.

"We did it!" Amy said, wiping her eyes and yawning.

"I can see that." Karen snapped, starting to smile. Lola was fanning herself with her hand.

"No I mean we DID it!" Amy repeated, "We had anal sex! Will did my butt!"

Liu Si sat up, facing the wrong way, and sneezed.

I sat up, looking for my towel.

"He did?!" Lola asked, looking at me, her eyes wide. "Already?"

"I promised." I said, trying to cover myself with the washcloth. "And she was ready."

"How was the movie?" Liu Si asked, turning to look at Lola and Karen.

"Stupid." Karen started to say, but Lola was talking at the same time. "Forget the movie! Looks like we missed the real entertainment this evening."

Amy was actually blushing, but proud of herself. "Yeah, I think you could say that." She pretended to look at her nails, but the effect was ruined by the fact she was still wearing the lace gloves.

"I need to pee." Liu Si mumbled, and scrambled up, running over to the master bathroom, her long legs flashing under her little nightgown.

Amy was shaking out her nightgown as Karen shot me a smile that was half loving, half exasperated. "I can't turn my back on you three for a second." She teased, leaning against the door frame.

"If you're going to blame somebody, blame me. It was my idea, and my butt." Amy said tartly, but she knew Karen wasn't really scolding. Lola put her purse on the floor, and sat in the chair by the door. "I still say you're crazy." She said, this addressed to Amy.

"Crazy like a fox!" Amy said, pulling her nightgown over her giant tangle of hair, her head popping out of the top. "If you felt the earth move earlier, that was me getting off."

Karen laughed, but Lola stared a little. "You mean it worked? Or did you do something other than anal?"

"OH yeah. It worked." Amy sighed, and gave a happy little shudder. "It really really worked. I don't think I can walk yet. You might want to try it yourselves." Both of them reacted in disagreement. "More for me, then." Amy shrugged, completely happy.

Lola looked me up and down, where I sat crosslegged, the washcloth draped over my crotch like Tarzan's loincloth. "Who's your tailor?" She teased me.

"B3d, B4th and B3y0nd." I quipped, and looked at Karen, who was still leaning in the doorway. "Can I go get some clothes?"

She appeared to think about it for a moment. "No." she said, hiding a smile.

There was a discreet toilet flush, and Liu Si strolled out of the bathroom, flipping her hair back, and stood

next to where I sat. "What did Liu Si do? While you guys were forging new territory?" Lola asked, playfully.

Before Liu Si could speak up, Amy spoke up. "She did what she always does. She made everything BETTER!"

Liu Si blushed. "I guess you could say I inspired." She said, clasping her hands in front of her.

"I would agree with that." I said, reaching out and caressing the back of her leg, up to the top of her thigh. "You definitely inspired me." She giggled.

"Careful, or you'll lose your washcloth." Lola teased, then sat back and looked up at Karen. "Next time I want to go see a movie, let's just stay home and have sex."

Karen nodded. "I was having that same thought." She said, finally smiling.

The End

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This short is dedicated especially to Amy, the Classy Lass with the Sassy Ass.

18 - SHORT: Party Favors

It was the day of Amy's tenth birthday, and we were celebrating with a pool party.

There were burgers and hot dogs for the grill, french fries and tater tots, every flavor of Mountain Dew that was available (back in those primitive days of 2008, now there's what, twelve?) and we were gearing up for a big bash.

Amy had invited all of her friends from school, whom she had kept in touch with via MySpace. (She has since graduated to Facebook, as everyone should. I tried MySpace briefly, but the only messages I ever got were from pr0n-bots.)

The pattern of her friends all having stripper names holds true mostly 100%. There was Michaela, and Crystal, and Destiny, and Brandi, whom you've met, but there was also, for example, Trisha, Erica, Carmen, Billi Jo, and two girls who only got last names for first names, Taylor and Kendall.

"I should have made a bingo card," Lola muttered to me, as more girls showed up. "Do we have a Desiree yet? How about a Trixie?"

"Well, she invited a total of fourteen girls, so we might get one yet." I said quietly, and she snorted, going back inside for more ice.

The drop-off point was Lola's house, which was being manned (womanned?) by Karen, and some balloons on the mailbox. Moms or dads (or mom's pimps) would drop off their daughters at Lola's house, where Karen would smile and welcome them, then after the adult would leave, Karen would give them instructions to walk to the real party. This way, our actual house was more or less kept a secret, plus the idea of being dropped off at one house, and then sneaking off to another house for the party went over HUGE with Amy's crowd. It made them feel like they were getting away with something sneaky.

Amy had her big boombox plugged into the outdoor socket against the wall, and "music" was blasting out across the back field. A badminton/volleyball net was set up, along with horseshoes along the edge of the garden. (The horseshoes were Lola's idea. Erica and Kendall went to play it, until Kendall sent one wheeling along that smacked Erica in the ankle, then nobody wanted to play anymore. The badminton and volleyball net DID get used, and there was some hilarious goings-on until it just degenerated into girls lightly whacking each other with the racquets.)

Girls trickled in, in ones and twos, until everyone was accounted for, and Karen took down the balloons and headed back to home base.

After we bought Lola's house, we made a few changes. First of all, we had her landline number set on rollover to ours, so after three rings at her house, it starts ringing at our house, so we can answer it like we were right there. Second, we installed some lamp timers, and Lola found this thing in a magazine that makes red, blue, and green LED lights flash through a little lens, random and non-repeating, so it makes it look like there's a TV on through the curtains, so it looks like somebody's home. We cancelled

our own garbage service, and each week I drive our tractor cart with garbage out to be picked up at her house. Finally, Lola keeps her car in that garage, so when she goes anywhere, she leaves and returns to that house.

The way our property connects to hers was kinda interesting. Long ago, her parcel of land was cut from the original farm property that makes up the rest of our "estate," so our land extends not only up next to hers, but also along across behind it, sort of at an angle. If you took a domino, and cut the top square diagonally, from the upper right, down to the bottom left (of the same top square), you'd get the basic shape of her land. Both properties front along the road, but ours zigs along behind, where hers zags.

Now most of the remainder of the top domino square (which would now be a triangle) is part of our front woods, and the remaining domino square is where the house, garage, and yard are situated. I took advantage of that placement to cut a path, back when we first bought the house, through the woods behind her garage, so you can walk along the eastern edge of our front field, duck into this shady little path, and pop out right behind Lola's garage, and not be seen walking out of our driveway.

We had fun with this idea for Amy's party. Guests arriving at Lola's house had an adventure planned for them. Inspired by the corn maze (corn hike) at Punkin World, we let the grass in the front field grow unchecked since the first spring thaw. Then, I mowed a slightly twisty triple-wide path all the way from our driveway near the house out to the back of Lola's shortcut path through the woods.

As you exited the woods, there was a broomstick driven into the ground, with two nails driven into it, full of little canvas totebags (think re-usable shopping bags, and you get the idea) of all different designs and colors, each with a note inside.

(I need to interrupt myself to explain that each attendee was told to sneak along her favorite swimsuit, but told nothing more.) The note said:

Welcome to Amy Humbert's Secret Celebrity Party!

All along your Path to Fame,
You'll find the tools to play the game.
Make the scene, and be a star!
The world will know just who you are!

So each girl would pick a bag, and head off down the trail. Soon, they would round a little turn, and there was a lawn chair with a wicker basket full of cheap fashion sunglasses, and a hand mirror, with a sign saying "Grab some shades, and play it cool! Make the Paparazzi drool!"

A little further along was a little card table with another sign, this one saying:

Mothers scold and others scoff,
If you've got it, show it off!
Strut your swimsuit down the walk,
make those gossip writers talk!

Off to one side, behind a little sign that said "Changing Room," I had mowed a narrower L-shaped path

to a small 6x6 clearing, which contained a lawn chair. Amy said that the idea of changing into a swimsuit in the middle of an open field was exciting, even though once they sat, they would be mostly invisible to anyone else. (the grass would have been about shoulder-high on a standing ten-year-old.)

Of the 14 girls who arrived, all but two walked into the party wearing just their swimsuits. I'm not sure if any of them had their suits on under their clothes when they left the house, but I know some of them HAD to have stripped naked in my front yard, in order to get (un)dressed for the party.

Finally, before they rounded the turn that brought them out of the grass into our driveway, there was another card table holding little fake "Oscar" figurines, plastic "echo" microphones, and disposable cameras. The sign hanging from the front of the table said:

Model, actress, queen of pop,
Fabulous, you just don't stop.
You're the one the fans adore,
show us what you're famous for!
Take One.

So each girl got to pretend to be a movie star, or a pop diva, or a model. As the trail ended, there was a Red Carpet (actually just a piece of red fabric from the sewing store) and Liu Si waited to take their picture with Karen's Polaroid Joycam camera. (Which is becoming increasingly hard to find film for.) The oscar statuettes, which looked like a golden man holding a star above his head, ran out first, then the microphones, finally the disposable cameras were the last to go.

(As far as the totebags, sunglasses, and famous goodies, I have to give props to a company called 0R13nT4L Tr4d1ng C0mp4ny, or OTC. (real name, when spelled properly) They have cool stuff for ANY kind of party you could throw. I was quite surprised. If I wanted to throw a themed party featuring pirates riding dinosaurs, they would already have it printed on paper plates, with matching napkins. Cool people.)

So each attendee got a Polaroid of herself on the red carpet, wearing her swimsuit, (except the two that were too chicken to change) looking like a starlet. They LOVED it. As the last few girls trickled in, I switched with Liu Si, so I was taking the pictures while she went to go hang out.

Amy greeted her guests by lounging in a deck chair, sipping iced tea, wearing huge sunglasses and a white bathrobe, as if welcoming them to her Beverly Hills home. It went over very well. The cake came from W4L-M4RT, and they were able to make it look like a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame, which was actually really cool. (Our other idea had been the Mann's Chinese Theatre hands-in-concrete idea, but that would have involved Amy jamming her hands in a cake, and then people eating it, and no one was too crazy about that. *I* still think the idea sounded cool)

So, soon the pool was filled with giggling, shrieking, chattering pre-teen girls, two of which were Amy and Liu Si. (Now I am proud to say that even though I am in love with Amers and Hu Die, none of the other girls did anything for me, sexually speaking, so I am proud to say I'm not just a dirty old man, and if I'm a dirty young man, it's only for the women I love. I can think of myself as "not a pedophile.")

Lola was running the refreshments, Karen was referee/lifeguard, and I was just sorta helping wherever

was needed. I will admit I was getting some stares from the guests (I didn't have a shirt on, just trunks and sandals) but I knew that was just because I was the only guy there, a situation I am not uncomfortable with.

Watching Amy splash and wrestle with so many strangers did get my attention, however, and soon, a wicked idea began to form. First, it was just an idea, then, it became a plan, but I would need Liu Si's help.

I sat back towards the kitchen doors, and watched Liu Si until she made eye contact with me. She had just swum underneath two girls on a foam float, when she surfaced and pushed her wet hair out of her eyes. She looked at me, and waved happily. I quickly crooked a finger and beckoned her to me. She clambered out of the pool, right up over the side, and came trotting over, flinging wet drops everywhere. "Yes?" She smiled. "Did you need me?"

"Yes." I smiled, "But then I always do."

She blushed and grinned. "What do you need right now?" She smiled.

"I want to do something for Amy, for her birthday." I said, in a low voice, not quite a whisper. Liu Si stepped up close, and sat on my knee. "What is it?" She whispered conspiratorially.

"Do you think Amy would like to play William The Conqueror?" I asked, speaking gently into her ear. She shivered from the feel of my breath, the low rumble of my voice so close.

She grasped her knees, and took a deep breath. "Oh, yes, I think she would like that very much." She said sincerely. "Look at her." We did.

"She is active and excited, and surrounded by girls. I think this would be a perfect time to make love to her." Liu Si smiled back at me. "But I want to help. You have to let me help."

"Ok, but I'm not sure you can both duck out of the party." I said. "Do we take turns?"

"Well, yes, but maybe not the way you are thinking." Liu Si said, both shy and sly. "I think someone needs to keep the focus out here while you . . . have your way with her." She grinned evilly at me. "Do you have any idea how much she loves it when you do that?"

I shrugged. "She seems to enjoy it." I said.

Liu Si shook her head gently. "She LOVES it. Each time you have made her yours, it is all she talks about for a few days. She gets so happy." Liu Si kissed my cheek quickly, not wanting to do more in public. "So I want to help."

Smiling, I nodded. "You'll keep the girls outside while we go inside?"

Liu Si tossed her hair back and gave me an arch look. "More than that." She licked her lips with the tip of her tongue; Amy's move, but quite effective. "Count to ten and then follow me inside." She said, tapping my bare chest, and getting to her feet in a fluid motion. My heart raced. Oh boy! This is going to be

better than I thought!

I counted to fifteen, just to be sure I wasn't going too fast, then stood and stretched. Counting to another five, I turned and went into the house, shutting the sliding glass doors behind me. It was such a bright day outside that the kitchen almost seemed darker than usual, then I realized that it was because the big doors to the living room were shut.

Between our kitchen and the living room (also between the kitchen and the dining room) there are large sliding doors that go into the walls, large doors with a wooden frame, white plexiglass, and a wooden framework over it, making little rectangles about the size of a sheet of paper. The doors next to the dining room are used often, but I've almost never seen the living room doors shut, that's why the room seemed strange.

I opened those doors a crack and stuck my head in. "Hello?" I asked, but there was Liu Si, a foot away. "Hell-O!" She growled, and her slim arm darted out, grabbing my waistband and pulling me through the doors, pushing them shut with her other arm as I cleared the opening.

"So what are you going to do to her?" She asked, her voice low and delighted, as she pulled me over behind the big couch, still holding my waistband.

"I don't know yet," I said truthfully, "Did you have any suggestions?" She let go of my waistband with a snap, and stood, looking up at me with an appraising grin.

"Before I tell you, first I want to do something to you, if I may." She said carefully, starting to twist back and forth on one foot, her hands behind her, as if nervous, although her smile broadcast complete confidence.

I smiled, and reached out to put my hand on top of her head, then slid it gently down, caressing her face, until I was cupping her chin. She gave me a hungry smile. "Of course you may," I said, and she nodded.

Stepping forward quickly, she pressed both her hands against my bare chest, and kissed me, gently first, then with her little tongue tickling my lips, then by sucking my tongue into her mouth and massaging it with hers. Instantly, all my engines were running.

As if perfectly understanding what she was doing to me, Liu Si slid both of her hands slowly down from my chest, across my stomach, and right into my swim trunks, where she lifted and cradled my genitals, balls and all, as if trying to carefully scoop them out of my pants. I groaned into her mouth with the sensation of her cool little hands in my warm personal region.

Instantly (and MUCH too soon) she broke our kiss and squatted down, one knee on the floor, and pulled my trunks down to my shins. My erection was only about 30% hard at this point (she was moving fast) but she left one hand holding my balls, and used the other to grip my dick tightly as she began licking it, top to bottom, over and over. Oh lord.

I sagged backwards until my butt was against the couch back, and she giggled, her mouth open, her tongue washing up and down on me. As my erection neared full height, she squeezed my testicles (gently, mind you) and sucked the tip of my cock into her mouth about two inches, her tongue swirling

like a tornado. I gritted my teeth and groaned, as she gently tightened her grip on my nuts.

Pulling off with a "Mwah!" sound, she leapt up and ran over to the bookcase, and came back with one of the little keepsake boxes that sit there as a decoration. She tipped the lid off, and pulled out some tissue, and there it was.

Anal spike lube.

Adam and Eve sells a lube that comes in a tiny accordion bottle, like the kind you buy paint in when you want to make pathetic ugly t-shirts. It has a long, thin tip like an eyedropper, and the accordion shape of the bottle is designed to pump lube in where it needs to be, instead of all over the outside, where it does no good, and just makes everything sticky. Liu Si presented this to me with a flourish, and a wicked smile. "Use this." She said lightly, "And make her cum as hard as you can."

Gripping my dick again with one hand, she gave me two or three warm little tugs as she leaned in to rub noses with me. (When the girls put their mouth on my cock, they don't try to kiss me afterwards, which deep down, I have to admit, I am thankful for. I've never tasted "myself" either accidentally or on purpose, and they thoughtfully make sure I don't have to find myself in that situation.) "I will send her in." She gasped in excitement, and ran off, carefully opening and closing the sliding doors to the kitchen.

My mind swam. Liu Si wanted to get me good and hard so I could fuck Amy in the ass? I am the happiest man on Earth. The doors opened again, and Liu Si tossed the cordless handset from the kitchen at me, which I just barely caught. She kissed at the air and shut the doors again. I heard her footsteps retreat, and the kitchen doors open and close.

Several (cold, lonely) moments later, I heard the glass doors clunk, and I could see Amy's silhouette growing on the white plexiglass. I yanked up my trunks until just my (huge, throbbing) erection was sticking out of them, and moved as quickly and as quietly as I could over against the wall near the doors. Standing next to the doors, I could hear her little grunt of annoyance that the cordless was gone. Sighing, she opened the sliding doors to the living room by about a foot, and stepped in.

The room was darker than the kitchen, which might have been why she startled when I grabbed her wrist. "Aaah!" She yelped, "What?!" but I yanked her against me, using my other hand to grab the back of her neck while I kissed her hungrily, the tip of my erection scrubbing across her wet stomach. THAT got her attention.

Wet, her skin was cool to the touch, and the side-tie bikini she was wearing made more of it available to BE touched. Her hair was up in two scrunchies, so most of it was dry. (In fact, seeing her with pigtails might have been part of what triggered my crafty idea.) She melted against me, and took a deep breath when I let go of her. "Mmm!" She grunted happily. "I like that!" She grasped my cock gently with the hand I wasn't holding.

"Good," I growled, in her ear, making her shudder. Her grip on me tightened.

"What are you going to do next?" She asked, breathlessly.

Without speaking, I took her wrist again, and led her over to the couch. She went to turn towards me, but I gripped her shoulders, turned her facing into the room, over the couch, and bent her over it. She

giggled, half delighted, half nervous. "Are you really . . .?" She began, but I knelt behind her, tugging her bikini bottom to the side, exposing her little rosebud and pussy to my view.

"Oh my god." She breathed/prayed, "Right here? Are we-"

I spat as firmly as I could on her anus, my spit hitting her sensitive entrance with as much force as I could muster, and she squealed quietly in sheer excitement. "Oh fuck." She whispered, her voice incredibly tight, as I massaged my saliva around her little anus with my index fingertip. She squirmed a little, but I could tell it was in anticipation.

"I'm going to need some lube, I think." She begged. "Oh this is so wrong!"

"Already got some," I said, and carefully inserted the tip of the nozzle for the anal spike lube. I gave it a firm squeeze, and I watched the bottle shrink up.

"Ooh!" She gasped, wriggling. "It's cold!"

"Let me warm it up for you, then." I growled.

Gently withdrawing the little lube squirter from her tiny pucker, I used the last of it to draw a line up the top of my erection. I stepped up close against her, nestling the tip of my cock between her butt cheeks.

Amy was now in a near frenzy of excitement. "Ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod!" She squealed quietly, drumming her feet against the back of the couch as I sloooowly pressed against her backdoor.

"Get ready." I murmured.

"I'm trying!" She gasped, and took another deep breath.

A moment later, I could actually *feel* her relaxing, the tension going out of her back and legs. She even let her top half hang down limp over the couch. Moments later, I could feel her little asshole opening up for me. "Thaaaaat's better." I sighed, slipping my cockhead into her butt with a little **popping** feeling, as her sphincter grabbed my glans.

The sheer heat of Amy's ass radiated through the portion of my penis that was already embedded there. I think I had forgotten just how warm and tight she is, it's like putting on a sweater right out of the dryer, only to find out that it had shrunk in the heat. God, I love it.

"Oh my godddd!" Amy drawled, as I pressed further in, about halfway, and then withdrew. "More! I want more!"

Carefully, I slipped myself back into her, stopping for a second about every inch, to allow her body to adjust to what I was doing to it. At last, I was buried as deep as I could go, my balls pressed up tight against her little pussy slit. My entire cock felt like it was wrapped just a bit too tightly in a hot towel. Amy released the breath she had been holding. "Whew!" She whimpered. "I think you get bigger every time!"

"Are you ok?" I asked, but she was already waving her hand at me. "I am SO much more than ok."

She gave her hips a little wiggle. "I LOVE the way this feels," She breathed, as I reset my feet. "Ohhhhhh you have no idea."

"I might have a *little* idea," I grinned, grabbing her hips and grinding myself against her, inside her.

"MMMMmmmmmm ah!" She gasped, then tossed her hair back and speared me with a demanding look. "Now come on before somebody catches us. FUCK my ass!"

I didn't budge. "I'm in charge here." I said, raising an eyebrow. "Besides, you'd LOVE it if someone caught us."

"I'm sorry." She whimpered, "But I got so excited. And you might be ri-AH!" She lost her sentence mid-word as I started pulling out.

Going slowly at first, just to make sure the lube was working, I pulled almost halfway out, then glided back in, pleasure rippling all the way from my cock to my knees. I held her hips, both as a way of controlling my own movements, but also because I knew she loved it.

Amy likes to kiss, and tickle, and fondle, and caress, and make love, but she also likes to *Fuck.* Amy likes to BE *Fucked.* Amy likes to be part of that animal act where pleasure is the only important outcome. You got your hair pulled a little? You skinned your knees or elbows? As long as you got your rocks off, she's delighted. If her partner cums, and cums hard, it was worth it. (I always remind myself to be careful. Amy can cheer you on, right past the point where you're hurting her, if she thinks you need it.)

I gripped her hips hard, drilling myself into her, not super quick, but with lots of torque, as if I were both the unstoppable force, and the immovable object.

"Ohhhhhhh ohhh ohh ooohhhhhhhhh," Amy cooed, relaxing against the pillows as I drove into her. "Oh Will! It feels so gooooooood!" she whimpered, her voice tiny and full of emotion.

I speeded up gradually, until my balls were slinging against her pussy a little more than once per second, and I could feel some of the tension coming back into her back and hips.

"Oh! yes! Unh! Unh! Unh! More! Oh!" She began to writhe in my grasp, the buttery softness of her anus beginning to grip me even tighter. "It's working! Oh my god it's . . . fuck!" She clawed at the cushions and raised herself up a little, trying to push back against me, but I kept control of the rhythm. She whimpered with need and flopped back down.

In and out, stronger and stronger, into her hot throbbing core, I thrust myself. I actually broke out in a sweat, just from the heat of her. So hot and slick, she was almost squeezing me out, and it felt amazing.

"Oh, I wish I could scream!" She gasped, her whisper cracking with the force of her breath. "You're filling me up so good!" She tossed her wet hair and looked back over her shoulder, out of breath and red-faced.

"Is it good? Do you like my tight little butt?" She begged, and I nodded, beyond speech. All I could think about was that hot, hot, little opening, and the unbelievable sensations my penis was discovering in there.

Suddenly, a whacking noise from the kitchen, as the sliding door opened. "I know! But I gotta go!" I heard a voice call. We both froze, both of us afraid of getting caught, but neither of us willing to separate our bodies if there was even a chance of continuing.

Amy tried to silence her panting, but I could feel her clench on me a little, as the fear settled in.

I could hear someone walking across the kitchen, getting closer, talking to herself out loud. "Everybody's gonna play a game, fine, but I gotta pee, like I always gotta pee when I get in the pool. Besides, who thow a party, don't invite no boys? That's ridicakalous! This a perfect chance to play Whatcha Got, I'm all in my best suit and evathang, and it's like freakin' . . . Poon Lagoon out there, nuthin' but girls. Shit!"

Judging by the sound of her voice, the speaker had turned to go down the hall towards the downstairs bathroom, a path that would take her right past the door to the hallway, the only "door*" to the room that didn't actually feature a door of some kind, just a doorway. Uh oh. Still bad.

Before I could even react (and remember, my brain was set to "Fuck," not "Think" or even "Hide") Destiny walked past the open doorway, still talking to herself. She was walking away from us at a 45 degree angle, and I could easily see her hair and her chocolate brown shoulders as she strutted past, partially obstructed by the big bookcase. Had she turned her head even a little, or been aware of her surroundings a bit more, she would have seen Amy draped over the couch, and me buried in her ass.

But she didn't. She just strutted off down the hallway and I heard a door shut. A second later I could barely hear the fan kick on.

Amy turned her head to look back at me, giving me the most pleading, the most begging, beseeching look of pure sincerity. "Please!" She almost wept. "Do it!"

Bending at the knees, I scooped her body up, pressing her back against my chest, left arm around her stomach, my right across her chest, my cock still buried deep inside her. She dangled in midair, held aloft only by my arms and my dick up her ass. "Oh fuck!" She whimpered, as I started bouncing her up and down as best I could. Momentarily, she tried to plant her feet on my knees, to get more leverage, but they slipped off and she gave up. The angle I had her lifted to forced the front wall of her rectum (and therefore the back wall of her pussy) to press hard against the lower (and most sensitive) side of my cock.

Her wet hair seemed freezing cold against my sweaty chest as I pulled her hard against me, impaled by my throbbing, thrusting erection, wrapped in my arms. Bounce, bounce, bounce, my thrusts only moving about an inch or two, but hurtling me towards a massive orgasm, her slippery asshole milking me so tight, so hot. She grabbed her pussy with her right hand, her left trying to move my right arm higher, but I was holding her too tight. "Unh! Unh! Unh!" She grunted, trying to get a deeper breath, and failing. One side of her bikini had come untied, and I could feel the loose strings of it dangling along the inside of my thigh.

It was far and away the most pleasureable, intense intercourse with her I'd ever had so far. As much as I didn't want it to ever end, I knew I was only going to last a few more seconds no matter what I did. My legs were shaking, hard, and I was having trouble keeping my balance, but I didn't care. My own gasps were beginning to drown out hers, when she suddenly drove her fingernails into my right wrist, not hard enough to cut me, but definitely hard enough to get my attention.

Startled, I loosened my grip, shooting a glance toward the hallway. Had Destiny come out? But Amy grabbed my right hand and clapped it over her mouth, two seconds before she stiffened, and came. She howled into the palm of my hand, mostly muffled, but a moderate amount of sound escaping through her nose as her hand held mine firmly across her mouth. I could feel little twitches against the underside of my cock, as her empty pussy clutched and spasmed through her orgasm, and that was the end of it for me as well.

I came so hard I saw spots dancing in the dim room. My balls clenched so fiercely they almost hurt, as squirt after squirt of cum went right up her butt. I managed not to yell, and I have no idea how I didn't fall, but as it was, I sagged towards the couch before I corrected and pitched back upright. Amy still held my hand across her mouth, whimpering weakly as I emptied myself inside her lower intestine. "Happy b-birthday." I whispered in her ear as soon as I could control my breathing, and she groaned in delight, taking deep breaths through her nose.

"I need to put you down," I gasped quietly, but she shook her head, her wet hair twisting against me. "Yes, I do." I said, and began to release her, laying her back down over the couch. She gave a little growl of disappointment, but put her hands out to balance herself.

"That was SO good, I can't even describe it." she stammered weakly, looking at me back over her shoulder.

"I'm taking it out now," I whispered, which made her pout her lip out. Slowly, I withdrew my twitching, red erection from that wonderful place, the colder air making it tingle a little. (I'm happy to say it came out clean.) Her buttonhole was red, and gaping open a little, the pucker taken right out of it, but Amy seemed utterly, profoundly satisfied. She clapped her hand over it, and let her legs go limp, slithering bonelessly backwards onto the floor at my feet, landing on her hip and elbow. "Aah," She sighed, and lay back and closed her eyes. I tucked myself away, and pulled up my trunks, leaning on the back of the couch with my hands, looking down at her, catching my breath as my heart pounded.

"That was the most incredible" She began, and swallowed. "I went to rub my clit, but it was already there, like BOOM!" The hand not covering her butt made a little popping gesture, like tiny fireworks. "I think I had an ass-gasm. I was just trying to hold back until I could get your hand over my mouth, but you weren't letting me go." She chuckled weakly, and took a deep breath. "Oh, that was so good. I'm going to need a minute."

I smiled down at her. "Take all the time you-" but I heard the toilet flush, and the bathroom door squeak open. Obviously, Destiny was not a hand-washer.

Amy stared up at me, wide-eyed, but hidden completely by the couch. A second later, Destiny came tromping back down the hallway, facing me this time. Her eyes flickered to me the instant before she would have passed out of sight, but she backed up and stood, posing in the doorway. "Hi!" She said,

staring at me with a calculating expression.

I nodded, still kinda out of breath. "Hello." I said.

"I don't think we been innerduced, but I'm Destiny." She declared, taking a step into the room and touching her chubby cleavage with the fingertips of her left hand, her hip cocked.

"I'm Will," I said, "Amy's big brother." Amy began to walk her fingers up my pant leg like the itsy bitsy spider.

"Mm hmm." She said, looking me up and down. "You know you hot, right?" she gave me what I'm sure she thought was a sexy smile.

Amy's fingertips found the tip of my fading erection, and gently gave it a squeeze, still shielded by the couch. "Thanks, but I'm taken." I said, waving one hand weakly, and managing not to flinch at Amy's grasp.

Destiny shrugged. "Don't bother *me.*" Another grin. "I can keep a secret." Amy snorted, too quietly for her to hear.

Amy's hand stroked me again. "I'm flattered, but I'm taken." I gave her a smile, so as not to hurt her feelings.

"S a shame," Destiny said, tilting her head. "But you think about it, ok?"

I waved, and she strutted down the hall. A moment later, I heard the sliding door. "Goodness," I mumbled.

"She wants you." Amy said calmly from the floor, still tugging gently at my cock, inside my trunks. "She's told everybody she wants her first time to be with a white guy, and apparently she was hoping you would take it."

"Nope." I said, looking down at her. "I meant what I said. I'm taken."

Amy looked up at me, her eyes shining with joy. "This is the best birthday I've ever had."

"Are you going to let go of my accessories yet?" I asked, as she stroked my penis with her hand.

"Nope." She sighed. A second later, she squinted up at me. "You know what's weird? I totally want to cuddle right now." She said.

"Seriously?" I asked, smiling down at her. She nodded, wet hair swinging. "I just want to wrap myself around you and not let go." A pause. "But we can't, not really. I still have a party to host. God, that was so good." She began trying to sit up, and let go of me reluctantly.

I reached down to help her, and pulled her to her feet. I leaned on the couch while she tried to re-tie her bikini bottom. "I owe you big time." She mumbled.

"No, you don't." I said quietly. She went to take a step, and wobbled. "Whoops." she gasped. "I'm a little shaky. Too much buttsex." She leaned against the couch next to me. "Oh, so good."

"Tell you the truth, I'm about ready to go take a nap." I chuckled. Amy's butt had done a number on me for sure. I was exhausted. The feeling of driving myself into that tight, hot warmth, ohhhhh man. My knees were still a little weak.

"Can we go outside together, or do we have to leave separately?" Amy asked, a wistful tone in her voice.

"Jump on my back. We left the party apart, so if we make a big entrance together, no one will remember anything before that." I hazarded.

"I can't ride on you." Amy said, giving me a half smile. "My butt's all jello right now, so I might drip cum down your back. I need to keep my legs together for a while. You broke my butt." She giggled.

"Is it that bad?" I winced at her.

"I'm not watertight. If I tried to swim right now, I would probably sink!" She laughed.

"Oh no," I said, but Amy turned, threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me deeply, her lithe little tongue darting into my mouth, zipping across the roof of my mouth, and caressing my tongue. "Don't be sorry." She gasped when we parted.

I scooped her up in my arms, carrying her sideways, and we navigated our way out through the sliding doors, into the kitchen, and up to the glass doors, which she reached down and opened.

I stepped out into the light and the noise, and Amy shut the sliding glass doors. "Look what I found!" I called, to general cheers from the pool.

I walked over to the pool and swung her like I was going to throw her in. "ACK! Noooo!" Amy squealed, and her friends egged me on. "Do it!" "Dunk her!"

I made a big show of letting go, but Amy clung to my shoulders, and did not fall in. "I think she's stuck!" I said in a playful voice. Amy grunted with the effort of hanging on, but successfully stayed up.

"Throw her in!" Brandi shouted, giggling.

"I'm going to have to do this the hard way." I said, as if annoyed, and cradled Amy in my arms again. I started walking towards the steps at the shallow end. "Oooooooh!" the poolful of girls responded.

"I'm not letting go until you say Uncle!" She shouted to the sky.

"Nevar!" I retorted, for our audience, and took the steps at a jog.

"I love you so much." She whispered to me, as I settled into the water, sitting on the bottom step. I kept

my hold on her, and leaned back, relaxing in the cool water, cuddling Amy in broad daylight.

Two of her friends swam over (I think their names were Candi and Boom-Boom) and investigated.

"I'm not letting him go until he admits that girls are better than boys." Amy announced, instantly winning their support.

"Pfft." I said. "They smell better, but that's about it."

"Bull crap!" Amy said, warming up to the pretend argument. "We kiss better, we dress better, and we're smarter."

"No way." I sighed, relaxing.

"You think boys kiss better? Have you ever kissed a boy?" Amy asked, to her friend's giggling.

"No!" I said, and Amy shot back "Then admit it. Girls are so much better, you don't even WANT to kiss a boy, to see what it's like."

"Ew!" I laughed. "Ok, fine, you win THAT argument, but I still say boys are better at everything else."

"Then I'm sitting right here until you change your mind!" She declared, snuggling down against me, completely happy. Her friends laughed, but soon drifted away to talk to somebody else.

Liu Si coasted up on a pool floatie. "And how are you two?" She asked primly.

"Oh my gawd," Amy said, her voice very soft. "Did you know what he was planning?"

"I helped him get ready." Liu Si grinned. "Did everything go well?"

"Oh, baby, it was so good." Amy took her hand. "Thank you for helping. Oh my god." She sighed and lay against me. "It was so good I'm surprised YOU didn't feel it." Amy mumbled at Liu Si, then yawned expansively.

Liu Si gave me a proud look and giggled. "Liu Si got me all warmed up, so she deserves some of the credit for inspiring me." I sighed, completely relaxed.

"I love you." Liu Si said softly, and then I realized she was talking to me.

"I love you too, mei-mei." I said, and reached out to take her other hand.

"You make her so happy." Liu Si said, glowing. "And if you were anyone else, I would become fiercely jealous, but somehow I am not."

"I'm glad." I said. "You know I love you too, right?"

"Oh, yes." She smiled. "But I think it has been a while since I showed you, right?"

I tried to remember. "Umm."

"How long has it been since it was just the two of us?" She asked quietly.

"I think it was last week, or right at the end of the week before that." I had found her getting ready to take a shower, and asked if I could wash her back.

"Then I have waited too long. I call next." She said, proudly, all smiles. "You have made my beloved so happy."

"It's a date." I smiled.

When Liu Si first opened up her heart to me, I'll admit I was more nervous about how it was going to work out. I've always felt I needed to be more careful in how I approach her. I know I can go flirt with Lola, or Karen, or throw Amy over a couch and be fine, but with Liu Si, I'm always a bit more bashful. Maybe I'm just reacting to her meeker nature, but I'm always hesitant to just go at her, like I would one of the others.

Liu Si spends most of her sexual time with Amy, but she still maintains about a 20% average with me alone. Rarely does she actively seek me out, it seems. More often she will merely put herself in a position to be noticed by me, and then welcome my attentions. Occasionally, though, she WILL make the first moves.

"Sheng-ri kuai le." (Happy Birthday) she said to Amy, who sighed happily. "Oh, it IS!" Amy purred.

Liu Si raised my hand she was holding to her lips, and daintily bit my thumb knuckle, just hard enough to leave a mark. "Until you are recovered." she said softly, with a wicked little smile. She then drifted off, watching Amy and me with a satisfied look.

"She's gonna geeeeeet youuuuuu," Amy teased softly, her voice a singsong.

"She hasn't learned any new hand techniques, has she?" I asked Amy, maybe a little nervous.

Amy neatly zipped her lip and threw away an imaginary key. She rested her head back on my shoulder, the picture of absolute happiness.

Lola walked over, looking down at us. "Is she ok?" She asked, slight concern in her voice.

"Yes." Amy said, with her eyes closed. "Just relaxing for a minute."

Lola looked at us both for a second, before the penny dropped. "Wait, did something happen?"

"Yeah," I admitted sheepishly. Playing William the Conqueror always made me feel a little guilty afterwards.

Lola squatted and whispered. "Is that why Liu Si insisted everybody play marco polo right then? Where

did you guys sneak off to?"

"The living room." I said, squinting up at her in the sunlight.

"Jeez!" Lola blushed, but smiled. "You guys are so bad!"

"Destiny almost caught us," Amy mumbled.

"No way!" Lola said, looking at Destiny for a second, where she and Crystal were trying to push each other off the float lounge.

"It was beautiful." Amy said, sounding as if she were falling asleep.

Lola looked at her with an expression of "Awwwww" and then whacked me on the shoulder. "Bad boy."

I gave her my pouty lip, and she shook her head at me, smiling. "Don't give me that act."

I grinned up at her, one eye squinted shut in the sunlight. "How are you and Karen doing? Having fun?"

"Yeah." Lola said, and sat on the edge of the pool, pulling off her sandals and dangling her feet in the water. "This is a lively crowd."

Amy emitted a tiny snore. I glanced down at her, in surprise, and Lola laughed very quietly.

"Don't laugh, I could sleep too." I said, although I no longer felt as tired. Lola kicked at me softly, flinging a few droplets of water across my shoulder and up my neck. "There you go." She chuckled.

A girl I hadn't been introduced to drifted by on a pool noodle. "Did Desiree go that way?" She asked, pointing to the deep end, where most of the girls were underwater, trying to do handstands.

"Bingo." Lola said, and the girl smiled and paddled off. "They ALL have stripper names." She muttered. "WHY do they all have stripper names?"

"Lola would be a nice name for an exotic dancer," I said, to a disapproving look from her. "Not that it means anything." I said quickly.

"My full name is Dolores." She said, softening. "It's a terrible stripper name. Like Gertrude, or Ruth."

Amy had apparently rejoined us. "Gertrude would be funny. We could call her Dirty Gertie." She said, yawning again. I yawned too, helplessly.

"You guys need to wake up, or somebody's going to figure this out." Lola growled.

"I can go toss Michaela off the lounge and declare myself queen of the pool." Amy said, and slowly stood, dripping on me. "Thanks for the present." she said, smiling. "I loved it."

"Happy birthday." I told her, and away she went. Lola reached out and helped me stand, then pulled her

feet out of the pool.

"That was risky, but she seems very happy." She said, watching Amy leap on Michaela and flip the lounge completely.

"How about you? Are you happy?" I asked Lola, and she squeezed my hand before letting me go, kicking her feet back into her sandals.

"Yeah." She said, smiling. "We never got to have this kind of fun when I was her age, so this is neat for me." She paused, and chewed on her thumbnail gently. "Is it weird that I'm sometimes a little jealous of you guys?"

"You *live* here." I said. "What's to be jealous of?"

"I kinda wish I had a childhood as happy as this, but then I just think about how you can't change the past." She put her hand on her forehead, shielding her eyes from the sun. "And besides, you guys haven't always been this happy. There was a lot of shit to get here."

"True." I said, knowing that there was a lot of shit for her as well. I think Lola definitely had a lot more shit to get here than we did, and not just because she is older than us. "But it was worth it, looking back."

Lola nodded, and looked over at Karen, who gave her a little finger-wiggling wave and a warm smile. "It IS worth it. Every single day is worth it." She said thoughtfully. I put my arm around her, and we steered over towards where Karen was sitting.

"Sometimes you hear people talk about doing it all over again, like if they had a time machine or something, but it's too complicated." I said. "We should do our best to enjoy what we have, right now, and be thankful for every moment of happiness we are lucky enough to get."

"I like that idea." Lola said, trailing her fingertips across Karen's bare shoulders when we reached her. Karen gave a happy little shudder and caught Lola's hand, squeezing her fingers fondly. (I love seeing my ladies touch each other, even when it's not in an overtly sexual way. Amy and Liu Si can't keep their hands off each other, always holding hands, or sitting on each other's laps, or just cramming into a single seat. Lola and Karen are less clingy, but every gentle touch communicates the love they share.)

"Some ancient philosopher guy once said 'Call no man happy until he is dead.'" Lola said, to me, but Karen turned around to look at us as we sat. "What?" She asked. "Being dead equals being happy?"

"I always interpreted it to mean that as long as you're alive, there's always going to be stuff going on, and you can't judge correctly until it's over. But I disagree." Lola stated firmly, sitting between me and Karen and taking both our hands.

"I'm happy. Right now." She said, squeezing our hands. "And that is literally ALL that matters." Karen and I agreed.

The party was a big success. Everybody ate hot dogs and cake, Destiny managed to "lose" her bikini top in a game of swim tag (which pissed Amy off briefly), and a good time was had by all.

All the girls had a good time (except perhaps Destiny, who left in a huff of disappointment), and as the sun set on Amy's 10th birthday, we all trudged to our beds with a feeling of having seized the day.

Tomorrow would be another chance to do it again. :-)