

Continuing **Ricky**.

In chapter 3 Terri became aware that nine-year-old Ricky is a sensitive, intelligent boy, one who has developed a serious crush on her. She and his mother Hermione began to relax together as well, trading some feelings; here we learn just what kind of woman Terri is. She might be nineteen, but in this chapter we discover she's absolutely devoted to giving head. She has swallowed miles of dick, and loved every inch of it.

This is a very long installment, about 13,000 words — more than 30 pages. This is the payoff for your patience on the backstory. There are a lot of scenes in here where Terri reminisces about some of the *many* boys she has given head to, often in very great detail; and in this chapter she tells the story of the first boy whose cock she ever sucked, from the first lick to the final swallow.

And yes, diligent and patient reader, she and Hermione at last go to bed together. And they shake the fucking rafters when they make each other come.

I realized in correspondence with a fan that I haven't said anything here about the other stories I've posted to Nifty. You might want to look for them if you're hankering for more in the between-post times for this story; look in the Bisexual/Incest section for the links called "**good-son**" and "**trevors-summer**" to see what previous works I've spilled into the world here. That's not all of them, but *Trevor's Summer* includes headers which point to the rest.

Be careful with *Good Son*; I naively sent it in toto to Nifty and the Archivist kindly split it into three sections, so it is a far longer work than it seems to be at first. It's actually 16 chapters long. Pace yourself, or you might sprain something.

It goes without saying, I hope, that this is fiction, at least as far as I know. Though the main voice in this narrative is that of a nineteen-year-old young woman, I'm actually a man, but I hope I've made the storyline authentic and

believable from a woman's perspective. If you like it, hit me up at **arionneos** at **gmail** et cetera and let me know what you think (if you don't like it and want to say so, that's fine too).

Don't bother writing at all, though, if you want to tell me what a perverted freak I am as you study and analyze every single word over and over and over again.

===== **begin chapter** =====

4. Sleep-over

It was good; I'd never had the experience before of swimming completely naked in a pool. I'd skinny-dipped a few times, but only in lakes and usually with a boyfriend, and found it strange to think that, when I got out, I wouldn't be getting ready to accept a hard cock. It was nice to just float casually for a while, not having to worry about going in too deep or feeling my toes nibbled by carp; yet despite the lack of male company, I felt a gentle little swell of arousal. It was sexy to be nude with Hermione, our bodies bobbing freely, floating and splashing quietly together in the water.

We swam for a while like that, two women bare and all alone in the dark, then got out and settled on the loungers, our skin in goosebumps as we dried in the cool night air. She sighed, stretching luxuriantly, and I smiled at her, admiring her body. She was just seven years older than I was, and she was amazingly well-built, beautiful and taut with vigor. I could see where Ricky got his healthy love of exercise. She did not look like the mother of a child, particularly one just a couple months away from his tenth birthday. "Sixteen ... so you were still in high school when..."

She nodded. "I went to a pullout program for pregnant girls," she said, "and finished the year, had Ricky — Richard Francis, for my great-grandfather who was a night watchman in England in the 1930s and '40s and was one of the very first to witness a V1 falling — went back for my GED and then took IT at trade school. Got in at the hospital and I've been there ever since. The pay is eh, but the bennies are excellent."

For health, I knew, she was right. The self-insurance plan at work was superb, even for half-clockers like

me. “A ... *pullout* program?”

“Sounds like they were teaching some things a little too late, huh?” I shared her chuckle. “Our high school was the first in the state to have one; we were rural ... but that seems like where it’s needed most anyway. It’s a special set of facilities just for teen mothers, separate from the regular campus. There’s daycare, regular breaks so you can see your kid, stuff like that.

“And you learned extra things like practical home ec, you know, cooking decent food on a shitty budget; how to change and choose the best Wal-Mart discount diapers, what Wal-Mart discount baby foods are nutritious, and guess who was a major sponsor; but you also learned how to do time-outs and how to fill out social-assistance forms and where to get food from the food bank, rent assistance, in short how to be a white-trash mom, the kind of stuff you never even imagine when you’re just a six-year-old girl and fondling your favorite dolly.

“It was incredibly fucking depressing. I felt sick going there every day, and looking at the other girls, I saw they felt the same way. We were all pretty much trapped, and we all pretty much knew it. But hey, like one of them actually said aloud once, at least we hadn’t damned ourselves to hell for eternity by getting abortions or anything. And while the program was open to teen dads too, there wasn’t a boy to be seen for a quarter mile.

“What kept me going was my baby. Ricky, my baby boy. He was *everything*. All that mattered.

“The class days were longer too, but at least there was no ... no stigma. Everyone there was in the same boat, so there was no judgment or anything like you get in a more traditional setting.”

“Right,” I said. “Girls who Do It are sluts, but girls who don’t are frigid bitches.”

“Mm-hm. Which were you?” Hermione smirked, doing that amazing change-of-emotion thing again I had seen earlier, when she had just dropped all the high stress, life-critical problems she’d had at work to talk about grilling hamburgers. I wondered again how she’d picked up the skill, though by then maybe it wasn’t such a mystery.

“Uh, well ... My pussy was a bitch, but my mouth was a hell of a slut. I was a BJ fiend.”

She laughed. “How slutty is that, exactly?”

“Well...” I thought for a moment, doing a quick tally. “I don’t know exact numbers but I think I’d say ... about forty. Maybe fifty.”

“Fifty BJs? I got news for you. That’s not very slutty. Hell, I’ve done that much in a few weeks.”

“No,” I said. “Forty or fifty *boys*.”

She blinked at me. “*Oh. Oh my God.*”

“That’s what most of them said too, at first.” I took a drink.

“God, that’s a lot more than I ever did,” she said, admiration in her tone. “Did you fuck them all too?”

“No. Alan was number five that way for me.”

“Huh. But hey, you’re still batting a hundred. You could maybe get on with the Cubs.”

I chuckled. “Well, I *do* like the taste of cock. And after the first time I tried it, I wanted to collect as many samples as I could.”

“And...?”

“You ever hear the joke, *What’s the difference between men and jelly beans?*”

She shook her head.

“Jelly beans come in different flavors.”

She laughed. “That’s not true.”

“It’s *definitely* not true. Believe me, I know. There are always differences, in taste and saltiness, thickness, number of ... how much he fills you. I’ve never known two boys who tasted the same.”

“That’s pretty much been my experience too, yeah, but I’ve only got about fifteen or so under my belt.”

“And did you fuck any of them?”

“Sure. I fucked them all. You ever notice how the taste can even change with just one guy? Like depending on what he’s been eating and drinking lately?”

“Yeah. Sometimes even right in the middle of it.”

“Huh?”

I shrugged. “I had one boy who started out mild, but about halfway through his cum, after about his fourth squirt, he got very strong all of a sudden, very metallic. It was weird, but I really liked it. The mix of flavors was *great*. It was like two different boys were coming in my mouth at the same time.”

“Oh, that’s the best. Have you tried it?”

“Fuck yeah,” I said, “I love sweet-and-sour,” and we giggled. “And what’s weirder was he never came like

that again, and I can tell you I sure tried for a repeat performance; I blew him three or four times a day for *months*, all summer long, just to see if it would happen again. But it was just the one time. Every other time he tasted pretty low-key.”

“Sounds like you’re a bit of a connoisseur of cum,” she said.

I belched, and we laughed. “Yep. One time in junior high I even did three boys on a dare, one right after the other.”

“Jesus! Really? You couldn’t have been more than, what, fourteen?”

“Thirteen, yeah.”

“And you ... knew what you were doing?”

“Sure. I’d been sucking cock for a few months by then, and I was always willing to try someone new. I think because it was still pretty new to me and it felt naughty and grown-up, something only *adults* did, and I liked feeling like a woman, not a little girl.

“So that day it was two brothers and our friend Brad. He asked me and his friends over to his house to swim, and when we went inside we got to talking about Doing It, the way you do sometimes, everyone sort of goading everyone else into confessing more and more.”

“Kind of like right now,” Hermione smirked.

I laughed. “*Exactly*. And when I told them I’d never fucked but that I liked giving head, they didn’t believe me and said I should prove it. So I said okay, I’d do it to Brad since he was our host.”

She whistled softly.

“The next thing I knew Brad’s shorts were off and his cock was in my hand. He was already hard. Well, the others were too by then. I got on my knees in front of him and the party started, and then the other two got naked too, all of them lined up side by side on the sofa. I did Brad for a while, then switched to Gary, the older of the two brothers, and then I had Greg too. I went around the group four times before I made the first boy come, giving head to one while the others watched, then moving on, you know, getting a good fill of the penile smorgasbord.”

“And here I thought I was the only one who liked it that way.” She took a drink. “Did they all come?”

“Of course. I wasn’t a tease. I never start with a boy unless I’m willing to finish.”

“Good girl,” Hermione nodded sagely.

“Well, it’s not fair, is it? I mean, when you start sucking a guy’s cock, you’re working him up, and I always believed it’s ... an implicit promise. I think girls who stop partway through or don’t swallow are huge bitches with serious control issues or major self-hate complexes.”

“I doubt most men would disagree.”

“Right. So Gary popped his load first, then Brad and finally Greg, but I didn’t let it didn’t happen too fast. It went on for about half an hour. I took my time because I knew they were all getting off on watching me suck their cocks like that, doing one boy with the others knowing they’d be feeling what they were seeing in a few minutes; and it got me off too, just thinking about it, just from doing it. I mean, they were all pretty cute, and their dicks were just delicious.

“After that day I gave them head pretty much any time they wanted it for a while, solo or in groups. Gary and Brad double-teamed me a lot, you know, both of them in my mouth at once. They got to be pretty good at coming together so I could have a double mouthful.”

“Did they ever do each other?”

“Not when I was there, but Brad told me once that they sucked each other off sometimes, yeah.”

“Even the two brothers?”

“Yeah.”

“Wow.”

“I know. I don’t think there’s a more head-horny thing on the planet than a teenage boy. They’ll do anything to get a blowjob, including each other.

“And they all three tasted different, one salty, one bitter, one mild, but all very plentiful and creamy. I felt like Goldilocks with the porridge, only they were thirteen- and fourteen-year old boys, not bears.”

“So not very furry?” she smirked.

I shook my head. “Just barely hairy at all.”

“One too big, one too small?”

“Nope. They were *all* just right.”

She laughed, nodding. “But the brothers didn’t taste alike?”

“No. Gary was mild; Greg was the bitter one. But that’s how it can be, I guess. I mean, that’s how it always was for me whenever I did sets of brothers.”

“Huh,” Hermione murmured. “Yeah. Me too. You’d think they’d taste the same, but they never do.”

“I know. It’s weird. And it seems like it’s always true, no matter what. When I was in ninth grade I was dating a boy, Jack, who had a twin. And I mean identical, right down to the same hairstyles. When they dressed alike you couldn’t tell him from his brother Toby. They were born less than a minute apart.

“Well, I got pretty ... involved with Jack, and one night when we were 69ing I discovered they’d pulled a switch on me.”

“Huh? Oh, wait; I think I see where this is going. It wasn’t Jack, was it?”

“Nope. I was giving head to the boy who I *thought* was Jack, but when he came the flavor was different. Not a lot, but I could tell, but by then I already knew how a boy’s flavor can change sometimes so I didn’t think much about it. The next day he tasted the same as usual; but the day after that it was different again. It went on that way for a week or so and I realized the strange-tasting boy had to be Toby, pretending to be his brother and switching off days with him, probably so he could get his share of the action.”

“So you ended up fucking them both?”

“No. I still hadn’t fucked anyone yet, but by then I think I was a genius at cocksucking.

“And apart from the taste of their cum there just wasn’t any other way to know; they kissed the same way, came the same way, ate my pussy the same way; even their dicks were identical.”

“Damn,” Hermione said. “I’ve heard of stuff like that, but I always thought it was stories. So ... what did you do?”

“I played dumb for a while, but I kept track. I marked a calendar for two months with a T or a J when they did their trades, and after that I confronted them both with the evidence.”

“What happened?”

“Not much, really,” I shrugged. “They admitted it right away; I was right on every day and they knew they had been caught. And the truth was I wasn’t really very pissed; I liked them both. I had to, didn’t I? I mean I liked Jack, and Toby was almost exactly the same as him. I was mostly annoyed that they’d tried to pull a fast one on me. So they apologized and we agreed to just do threesomes after that, and there was no more trouble.”

“Threesomes? Don’t tell me they were doing each other too.”

“All the time. They did it when I was there, they did it when I wasn’t; they’re the only two boys I’ve ever watched have sex together right in front of me. And they did it all the way through to the end, just so I could see it happen.” I smiled. “They really liked *me*, too.”

“Holy *Christ*. I guess they did. You’re like a brother-on-brother incest magnet.”

“Yeah, well, to Jack and Toby, it was just the same as masturbating, only better. They really were the same. They had the same bodies, nearly the same personalities, and they didn’t even mind making out with each other when we were into it thick and heavy, but it wasn’t romantic between them.

“I mean they were having sex all the time, but Jack sucked Toby’s cock because Toby sucked Jack’s cock and they were basically the same boy, not because he was his brother’s lover. It was ... it was more like a boy who can suck his own cock, you know — I’ve known a couple boys flexible enough to do that, and they do it when there’s no one else to share the fun with, but obviously it’s not like those boys are gay for *themselves*. They’re just really fuckin’ lucky.”

Hermione snorted. “There are plenty of times I wished I could reach. God, I wouldn’t mind being a cat.”

“True dat,” I smirked. “Though I don’t think anyone would be able to get a lot of work done.” She giggled with me.

“And with Jack and Toby it was like that, a boy who could give himself head. They definitely weren’t gay and they weren’t in love with each other. It was ... it was just masturbation. There was no physical difference at all between them, except for one minor detail that neither of them had ever noticed.

“Anyway, I never told them how they got caught and I think it spooked them a little, because they never tried to trick me again, so I held up my end of the bargain too and kept on doing them both at the same time. And it has to be the weirdest relationship I’ve ever been in, which is saying a lot, but God, it was great.” I took a long slug of beer, realizing my throat was very dry from talking so much. I’d never told anyone in such detail about my escapades before.

“You’re not the way you seem,” Hermione said. “I don’t mean that in a bad way. But you’re not at all the staid, strait-laced Ph.D.-track young woman you seemed to be at first.”

“I’m not ... well, Hermione, I’m not ashamed of any of it. I loved everything I did, which is why I kept on

doing it, and I wouldn't trade one second of it for anything. Sex has always been good to me. Even when it wasn't great, it was still always really damn good. But I've never been the public-drunkenness, random-fuck-in-a-crowd type of girl, and there are a hell of a lot of people who might freak if they knew about everything I've been up to over the years. Biochem majors aren't supposed to be..." I shrugged.

"What, interested in biological chemistry?" We laughed. "Don't take it the wrong way. I don't blame you for playing it low-key. And I'm actually glad to be finding this out about you, though I'm a little surprised you managed to find the time for things like schoolwork. I mean, fifty *different* boys?"

"Yes."

"*Shit*. But you know, I've got plenty of stories of my own to tell you one of these days; after all, you don't get pregnant at sixteen by being a virgin. I'm pretty sure that, no matter how weird you think you've been, I can outdo you."

"That sounds like a challenge," I said.

"It is, but for another night. Something's been bugging me. Didn't you tell me the threesome with Alan and Shelly was your first?"

"Oh," I chuckled. "With another *woman*, and with fucking involved, it was. I've had several multiple-boy groups, though all of that happened before I started fucking. Then I had full-on sex with a boy for the first time and got a little more seriously monogamous, or *serially* so anyway. Most of my random head-giving adventures were over by the time I was sixteen, but for a few years there I was getting a mouthful or more on pretty much a daily basis."

"Right on, you little vixen," she laughed, looking me over honestly. I did the same, admiring her breasts — they were full and firm, larger and prettier than mine, the aureolae round and dark in the starlight, and at her groin her pubic hair glistened. "So you shave it," she said, nodding at my pussy.

I shook my head. "Wax."

She winced. "Doesn't it hurt?"

"A little, but not very long if you keep on top of it, and ... well, there's something I like about it. I'm not sure what. It's not that I'm trying to look like a Brownie scout or anything; I didn't hate my pubes when they started to grow in. I just like seeing it like this." I stared down at my bald pussy. "I don't mind hair on men," I said. "Or

women, I guess. Shelly had a landing strip, and it wasn't bad. I liked how it looked on her. I just like how I look this way."

"I heard sex is better without than with."

I shrugged. "It does feel ... there's more sensitivity, I think. I've always had much better orgasms when I was hairless."

"Ahh, fourth grade," Hermione murmured, and I choked on my beer.

"Christ," I gasped, "I think I'm gonna *wet* myself..."

"Fi —" Hermione squeaked, "*fifth* grade!"

I stared at her, red-faced and wide-eyed, and we doubled over, clutching our sides, and only came back to ourselves after much wheezing.

"So," she gasped, gesturing weakly at my pussy. "It's really better that way?"

"*Hem*. Well. Oral sex is especially good," I said once I'd cleared my own pipes. "Not that I've had much of a chance to enjoy it lately, giving *or* receiving."

Hermione looked down between her own legs, considering her thick thatch of tangles. "Huh," she said.

I ran my fingers absently over my smooth labia, enjoying the sensation of my own touch, teasing the tips over my mons, parting myself a little to play with my glistening vulva. I realized what I was doing in a moment and took my hand away, looking up to see she had been staring at me while I caressed myself. "Sorry. I guess I just ... feel very comfortable with you now." That was the only explanation for it, that or the alcohol. I had almost begun masturbating, right in front of Hermione.

She came to herself with a little start and blinked rapidly several times. She took a long slug of beer, and I saw that her nipples were as hard as mine. "Did you ever Get In Trouble with a boy?"

"No," I said. "I've been on the pill since I was twelve. I've had two periods in my life. The first two. After that my mom walked right over my dad to get me taken care of. She told him, 'It doesn't matter how long you want your daughter to remain the virgin Mary; she's gonna hump like a randy ferret one day, and either we're gonna make sure she's safe, or *you're* gonna be taking care of her baby.' Well," I said, "My dad got pretty white, then he got pretty red, then he just gave up."

"A randy *ferret*?"

“Well, they do fuck a lot.”

“Huh. So how old were you, the first time?”

“Fifteen,” I said. “In the backseat of his car, of all the hackneyed places.”

She smirked. “Was it prom night?”

“Actually ... yes, it was.” We shared a laugh. “And it was a good thing I was on contraceptives. He didn’t have condoms, and there was no way that was gonna stop us. We intended to fuck, and we most certainly did. Four times.”

“*Really*,” she said, waggling her eyebrows at me. “You *are* a naughty girl.”

I smiled. “I’ve always preferred it bareback anyway.”

“It is better that way,” she said. “For him ... and for me, right at the end.”

“Yes,” I said lustfully, and she grinned with me. “How old were you?”

“I was fourteen, but it wasn’t at the prom; it was the Fourth of July.”

“That’s a good one too,” I said.

“Fuck yeah it was. He was also quite bareback. It was over ... pretty quick. But then he did it again, and I ended up like you, with my brains most merrily fucked out.”

I laughed with her. “It was over fast the first time with me, too. I wasn’t sure Nate was even gonna get it all the way in before he came. And he ... didn’t last very long.”

“Boys usually don’t,” she said. “Not at first anyway.”

“But they make up for it with frequency and volume.”

She sighed. “Mm-*hmm*. God love ‘em, they just keep the refills coming.”

“No shit. It’s gotta be an age thing.”

“Yeah. I’ve only known one man who could manage it like he was still Jesse’s age.”

Jesse lived across the street, a young teen kid who could be seen every morning on his bike, usually barechested, delivering the daily edition. He’d tried to sign me up while I was in the middle of moving in, tired and cranky as I unloaded various and sundry shit from my car; I’d sent him off unsatisfied, probably a bit too harshly. “Don’t tell me you’re humping the paperboy.”

“Of course not. He’s half my age. I’d wear him out.” She smirked at my giggle. “I don’t even have a

subscription. No. I know I could rock his world, and Jesse's a cute enough boy, but he is just fourteen, and I don't want to go to prison. It's just an idle fantasy I indulge from time to time, that's all."

"Really? You ... I mean, you really would with him?"

She regarded me seriously. "If I knew I'd never get caught? If I knew there would never be problems? If I knew it would be the very best thing for him?"

"Uh..."

"Remember what it felt like to be fucked for an hour at a time?"

I blushed. "Yes."

"Don't tell me you don't miss it. You have to know as well as I do that it's only boys his age who can manage it like that. They're just *loaded* with spunk."

"But you said you knew a man who..."

"That's the very rare exception. *Very* rare."

I chewed my lip. "Oh."

"Christ, Terri, relax," she said. "It's not like I'd ever *do* Jesse. He's got a girlfriend, she's a pretty young slip of a thing named Allison, and I'm just about damn certain they're fucking, and good for them. I'm just talking. Pretend we're in a locker room if it helps."

"Sorry." I took a drink. "You know, Clint was fourteen too, his first time."

"Clint?"

"My older brother. He and my younger brother Sam ... well..."

She leaned forward. "Come on. Dish."

"It was ... it was with the babysitter. I know; my life is full of lame-assed sexual clichés. She was seventeen, really beautiful, and Clint had the hots for her in a big way, and it was just so damned obvious that I wanted to puke. He was always making lewd little comments around her, goofy and obvious double entendres when he was in between leers. Sam thought it was the bomb; he idolized Clint. But I wished he'd just grow up."

"Sounds like he was trying to, in a way."

"Yeah, well, he got his chance one night when she was taking care of us for an all-night stay. I was in bed and I heard him on the couch with her, trying again; it must have been the umpty-millionth time he tried to make

a move. And I guess she ... she just gave up, or maybe she was just feeling horny that night, or decided *what the hell*. I heard her say, ‘Well, if you really mean it, whip it out and let’s see what you can do with it.’”

Hermione grunted in surprise.

“That’s what he said too,” I smirked. “It got pretty quiet out there and I snuck out to see what was ... well, you know ... it wasn’t like I was trying to spy exactly, but I...”

“Yeah, of course.”

“And ... and I saw them together. On the sofa. Their clothes were everywhere, but not on them. He was ... they were right in the middle of it. Stark naked and just banging away without a care in the world.”

She laughed. “Hoo boy.”

I drank. “I damn near started laughing because Bev’s boobs kept bouncing up and down on her chest, and she kept grabbing at his butt, and Clint looked so ... he just looked so goddamn *funny*, his skinny little ass was bouncing up and down, and he had this look on his face like he was trying to be such a stud, like he really knew what he was doing, and it was just not working; he looked surprised as hell.”

“I bet he *was*.”

“Oh yeah he was; he couldn’t believe his luck. He’d never expected to actually score with Beverly. And she was saying things like *oh baby* and *yeah, just like that*, and it looked so much like a cheesy porno that I nearly choked on the giggles. I thought if they made a movie it would be called something like *The Babysitter Chronicles, Part IV: The Clintening*, or something like that.”

She giggled herself. “*Jesus*.”

“Yeah. So I snuck back to my room, and they ... finished, and then I heard Clint go and get Sam, and...”

“*No*. Your *younger* brother?”

“Yeah. Well.”

“And...?”

“And. There was a lot of whispering, a lot of pleading, and she sounded pretty goddamned shocked for a while, and then it got quiet again. So I got up again to see, and ... well...”

“Let me guess. *In flagrante* with Sam?”

“Doggy-style,” I nodded, “with Clint up front getting a second round.”

“Holy *fuck*.”

“I guess it was. I just stood there, in plain sight of them, and watched. I was too shocked to do anything else. They didn’t see me; they were all into it hot and heavy, so into it that I don’t think they would have noticed if I’d walked in right then blowing a trumpet, with fireworks going off in both hands.

“So I watched, and my little brother came in her, he came in her pussy while I watched, and Clint told him to keep going, to keep fucking her, and he did, and she came then too while Sam fucked her, and then I saw Clint come, he came in her mouth, and she pulled back when he was done and sort of smiled up at him and he smiled down and stroked her cheek and I saw his cum all over her lips, and I saw her throat working, I heard her swallow my brother’s cum, and then she licked her lips and then she licked his cock clean and the look in his eyes was soft, he looked so sweet right then, peaceful, smiling down at Beverly as she cleaned him all off, and I heard her swallow again, and Sam was still fucking her slowly and Clint told him he could stop, and it was the first time I knew a girl could swallow a boy’s cum, and that she could like it when she did.”

“Christ,” Hermione murmured, shivering slightly. “An education all around.”

“Yeah, it was.” I shook my head and shuddered a little. “But ... Sam was ... he was *twelve*, Hermione. Just twelve years old. He didn’t have pubic hair. I don’t know if he was even ejaculating then, or if he came dry inside her. I don’t really know ... I mean, I was thirteen, I hadn’t started giving head right then, but I knew what they were doing. I’d seen pornos and even jerked a couple boys off by then — friends of Clint’s when they were staying over — but even still I felt a little ... weird about it. Because Sam was so young, and Clint wasn’t much older; they were *boys*, in sixth and eighth grade, and she was a senior in high school, basically a woman.”

“All boys have to learn sometime,” she said quietly. “And it’s probably better for them to learn with a girl who knows what she’s doing. But ... yeah, maybe she was a little old to be banging a sixth-grader, at least.”

“Or maybe he was a little too young to be banging *anyone*.”

She shrugged. “Boys ... can be ready for that a lot younger than you might expect,” she murmured, and for just one fleeting moment I wondered if she meant her son. Was it possible? Could Ricky conceivably be ... experienced in some way, even at his young age? Had there been a ... a *babysitter* of his own in his life already?

But how could that be? Hermione had spoken of murder before when we talked about Roger, and when it got right down to details, he hadn’t actually *done* anything with the boy; he’d only suggested some things.

It didn't add up.

Maybe she was just referring to his masturbation. Or maybe she hadn't been thinking of him at all.

I chewed at my lip. "Yeah. Well, they finally noticed me when it was all done, and we all just sort of stared at each other, and then everyone shit their pants at the same time. I ran to my room and Clint and Sam ran after me, begging me to keep quiet about it all, and I could hear Beverly crying. Then Sam started to cry too, and Clint looked pretty watery around the eyes." I took a drink.

"That was what did it, really. Seeing my big brother about to start crying. It stopped me and made me think. That was when I understood that ... that what had happened, maybe it wasn't the best thing, or maybe it was; but it had been important, especially to Clint. It *mattered* to him. It was his first time, I knew that; it was probably one of the greatest moments in his life, and it *mattered*.

"And maybe he thought ... maybe he thought it was so terrific that he wanted to ... I don't know, to share it with Sam, to let him find out for himself how great it all was. Maybe he had — he might have had another reason too, to get Sam to have sex with a girl.

"But anyway, I saw it mattered to Sam too, but what mattered most was ... if they caught hell over it, they'd probably never really be able to feel good about it. And maybe that would've been okay, but I thought that maybe they'd *never* be able to feel good about sex, ever again in their lives, if they ... if I got them in trouble for what they'd done, and that didn't seem right.

"And then I remembered walking in on them once when I was ten. They were jerking each other off, and I just. Freaked. *Out*."

Hermione grunted. "Don't blame you. I stumbled in once on *all four* of my brothers in a circle-jerk."

"Whoops."

"Yeah. I screamed and they all jumped about a foot, and then Joe slammed the door in my face."

"What'd you do?"

"Tried not to think about it. But it was weeks before I could look at any of them without giggling. It wasn't that it was funny. It was just so fuckin' *weird*."

"Yeah. I think I was probably more traumatized than either of them and damned near told Mom and Dad about it right then. Clint was furious, but I could see he was scared too, and he kept asking me ... he kept asking

me if I'd seen anything else.”

“Jesus. Do you think maybe they ... with each other, they ... got up to things?”

“Maybe. In hindsight I'm sure of it.”

“Did they ever ... with you, did they...”

“Not once, never even suggested it. We hated each other back then. I think there's a reason we're evolved, generally, to really loathe our siblings, especially opposite-sex sibs.”

“Could be,” Hermione nodded thoughtfully. “But I sure liked it when Joe's friends stayed the night.”

“Joe?”

“My big bro. I was next, after him. Then Tommy, Billy and Todd. Well, you know, no — Joe is really Yusef, and Billy is Wilhelm, Tommy and Todd are Tomias and Thaddeus. When I was growing up they used to call me *Herman* just to piss me off. Our folks had it bad for weird, royal-sounding names, and they knew mine couldn't be made to sound both American and feminine, so they goaded me with it a lot until I lost it one day and slapped Tommy so hard that he fell over. A good backhanded swing. He ended up with a bruise on his cheek that looked like my hand. I mean I really fuckin' *clocked* that kid. I got in a world of shit for it too, but no one ever called me Herman again, either, so it was worth it.

“Anyway, my bros were always having friends over. And some of them looked at me, you know? And some of them looked pretty good. But Joe's buddies ... he was a wrestler, and he had guys from the team over all the time, and Jesus, those big, cute, muscular boys, with the deep voices and the big hefty packages ... oh *shit*.”

I smiled. “Yeah, I know what you mean. Clint was into track, and three or four of his teammates liked me a *hell* of a lot. Especially Fred.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. Well ... he was the first to stay over after I'd seen Clint with Bev, and I wanted to try out some of what I'd learned, so that weekend he ended up being the first boy I ever ... tasted.”

She leaned back. “You *didn't*.”

“I *did*.”

“But ... you were still just a *kid*, right?”

“Yep. I was only a month or so into being thirteen, and he was fifteen. And, you know, I was pretty fuckin'”

ready by then.” I drank. “Everything I told you about what I’ve done, all the head I’ve given to all those boys over the years ... it all started that night, with Fred.”

“But ... why him?”

“No reason. He was there, and I wanted to suck a cock, that was all. Lick of the draw.” We laughed.

“And you ... right through to the end?”

“Oh my, yes. That was the whole point.”

She raised her eyebrows. “Really. You *were* a quick study.”

I giggled. “I suppose I was. He sure as hell didn’t seem to mind.”

“I’ve never known a boy or man to object yet. How did it ... happen? I mean, did you talk to him about it first, give him an idea what you wanted, or...?”

“No. If I’d given any sign, I was sure either Clint would notice or Fred would say something to him, and I was pretty sure my brother — well, if he didn’t put a stop to it, there would be a lot of arguing and he might even put pressure on Fred to not let me do it.”

“So Clint is the protective type?”

“He was back then.” I shrugged. “He’s a lot more mellow now.”

“Well, then ... what happened? You can’t start a story like this and leave me hanging. Did you swoop down on poor helpless Fred in the middle of the night like a succubus, draining him and leaving his desiccated corpse for the *gendarmerie* to discover in the morning?”

I laughed and took a drink. “That was more or less exactly how it happened, yeah. He and Clint went to bed, and I lay in my room and listened to the springs squeaking.”

“Huh?”

I made a fist and passed it back and forth rapidly.

“Oh, right. Of course. Boy things.”

“Yeah. So after a while it stopped, and I went in a little while later when I knew they were asleep. My brother and his friends usually slept naked when they were done beating off, and I always thought it was gross, you know, but not that night.”

“Yeah. Yeah.” Hermione was a little breathless. “Go on.”

“Their clothes were all over the floor, they were naked in bed like I thought, and I saw a pair of shorts, you know, boxers that didn’t belong to Clint. I knew they were Fred’s. I nudged at them with my foot, you know, I don’t know why, and felt a thick sticky wet blob in them. I — I knew what it had to be, you know, and it made me feel ... well, not queasy, really. Just ... strange. Funny inside. Deep down inside.” I gestured to my pussy.

Hermione nodded. “Yeah.” She swallowed. “Christ. His — it was his —”

“Right. So I looked down at the shiny spot on my foot, at his, his, on my foot, and then I stood there for a while just looking at him. I knew that if I did what I was thinking of, I’d be crossing a pretty significant line, and I knew there was a good chance I could get into at least some trouble for it, but I really wanted to try it. And ... well, I’d never really noticed before, but Fred was kinda cute. He had good muscles, and he had pretty green eyes, and most of the time he was friendly to me.

“So I decided to take the plunge.”

Hermione licked her lips. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. It was pretty easy for me to get at what I wanted. I pulled the sheet aside and there he was in all his naked teenaged glory, and he was soft at first, and ... and I just pulled him into my mouth and ... started, and he woke up and got hard pretty much instantly.”

“What’d he do?”

“He pushed me away and called me a whore.”

Hermione blinked. “No.”

“No, of course not. He didn’t say anything at all. He just ... he looked down at me and sighed, and he put his hand in my hair, and he let me keep going, and I sucked cock for the first time in my life.”

“Oh. My. God.” Hermione swigged her beer. “Yes. Did he ... do anything for you?”

I shook my head. “I think he was too shocked. And ... and, well, I don’t think I would have been ready anyway. Besides, he came in about ten seconds.”

“*Damn*. And how was it for *you*?”

“*Yummy*.” I rubbed my belly.

She grinned. “Oh yeah, you naughty little girl.”

“It really *was*. Fred, he just, he positively ... *erupted* in me as he stared down at me with complete disbelief,

his hard dick pumping away in my mouth. It was all he could do to stay quiet when he came, and my panties were just *soaking*, I was so fucking turned on, and I think I might have been moaning a little. You know what it's like when a cute boy comes in your mouth. It's so fuckin' sexy. But I didn't know it then; it was my first time at it.

“And I'll never forget what it felt like or what it tasted like. His cock went ... *rigid*, it was the hardest thing I'd ever had in me, and it started pulsing on my tongue, and I wondered if that meant he was coming, if I was about to have his cum in my mouth like Bev with Clint, and I got a little scared then because I was still basically just a little girl and I didn't know what it would taste like, but I knew it was way too late to stop, and then my mouth was flooded with these heavy goutts of thick, salty liquid, it spurted out of his head and splashed inside me, it was bubbly and creamy, and I knew what it was from that very first taste and I knew I loved it, I loved it completely, I loved how his cum filled me, it was the same thing that was in his shorts on the floor but it was warm and *fresh*, and there was so *much* of it, so much, it just kept *going*, and it just seemed to slide naturally down my throat.”

“So you ... you *swallowed*? On your very first time?”

“*Oh* yeah. Every drop. And then ... then he was done.” I drank. “He sort of wriggled on the bed and just gaped at me when I leaned back, too blown away to think of anything to say. His cock was still hard and it was shiny, you know, glazed, and there were white streaks around his head so I leaned over and licked it all off while he stared at me.

“I smiled at him, and he smiled too, but we didn't say anything to each other. There really wasn't anything for either of us to say. And then I got up and left. I learned later it had been his first BJ too, not just mine.”

Hermione gave a little shiver. “Wow. *Christ*. You took away his virginity, and you barely even had tits.”

“Yeah. The flavor was ... you know, different, very different from anything I'd ever tasted before. It was salty, and it was just a little ... strong, a little bitter, but after I went back to bed and came all over my hand five times in a row I decided I liked it. So I went in for seconds. And later still for thirds.”

“The same *night*?”

“Oh yeah.”

“Jesus, you wore him out.”

“Yeah. Left that poor kid cross-eyed and dehydrated.”

“And your brother never woke up?”

I shook my head. “The whole time Clint just lay there, dead to the world while I took Fred to heaven.”

Hermione shared my laugh, nodding, and we drank a frothy toast to cum.

I looked at her, frowning. “What were we talking about?”

She was at a loss for a moment. “Oh. Your brothers and Bev, and you were remembering catching them jerking each other off.”

“Oh yeah. Anyway, so there I was remembering when I was ten, with my brother standing in front of me and demanding to know if I’d seen anything more than I already had. I was too young then to have any idea what the hell Clint meant, so I told him I’d already seen enough. But even then I knew, somehow, that I didn’t want him — or Sam — to feel ashamed about what they’d done with each other, because I played with myself sometimes too and I knew it felt good, and I played with friends and let them play with me, and even if what I’d seen them doing together made me feel ... well, almost a little sick, I thought that if I told on them and they got in trouble, I’d have to stop what I was doing with my friends, and I didn’t want that. So I let it go. I just decided it didn’t matter. They were just ... playing around. Just a couple brothers, just boys having fun.

“And ... and I saw that what they’d been doing with Bev was ... well, it was mostly the same. Just boys. Being ... well, boys.

“They made me promise not to tell. They didn’t really have to try hard to do that, because I was already getting some ideas about what I could do with their friends and figured I might need a little leverage one day.

“And I didn’t tell, but my folks found out about Bev and Clint anyway. He probably told them to short-circuit my blackmail on him.”

“Smart kid.”

“He knew me pretty goddamn well. I don’t think they knew about Sam, which was probably best; if they’d known they might have ... I don’t know. As it was, they talked for a long time and ... well, they just made sure afterward that he had plenty of condoms whenever she was looking after us, even when she was staying overnight. *Especially* when it was overnight.”

“That’s it?”

I took a drink. “That was it. No groundings, no spankings, no Montague-and-Capulet scenes of anguish. It

wouldn't have worked; if Clint and Bev wanted to fuck, there was just no way to keep it from happening short of putting one of them in jail, and Mom and Dad both knew it, and since Bev was still underage even that wouldn't have happened."

"Oh wow. Huh. So did they — I mean, did she and Clint — what was the term? Like randy ferrets?"

"Oh yes," I said. "Every chance they got. It went on for almost a year, until Bev graduated and went to college." I drank again. "Sam too at first, sometimes, when our folks were gone; but after a while it was just her and Clint. I think maybe she felt a little odd about fucking Sam, and I don't think Clint wanted to share her any more."

"Sounds like he was in love."

"Sort of. She was the first girl to take him all the way, and I think he was probably in love with her mostly for that reason, but he didn't really know it back then, or didn't totally understand it all." I shrugged. "She knew better, and knew when it was time for her to end it so he could move on to girls his own age. She let him down easy, just gradually falling out of touch after she moved. They're still friends. They talk, but she's married and he's pretty heavily involved with a women's studies major now."

"And in all that time, they were having sex in your folks' home? And your folks knew it and they didn't mind?"

"Of course. They slept together every weekend, and a lot of other times too. I don't know how much Mom and Dad minded, but they were always friendly with Bev. And it was great for me; with Bev around to balance against my brothers, I felt evenly matched for the first time in my life. It was like having an older sister. We talked a lot about all kinds of things, and I was able to ask her questions I could *never* bring up with Mom, no matter how relaxed she was about everything. I mean, you can't really talk to your mother about how to give a good blowjob."

Hermione snorted. "Yeah, I'll give you that."

"And where else could they do it? Where else would they be safe? Home was ... it was the best place they could be if they were gonna be having sex, and it was where I usually spent the night with my boyfriends until I moved out, and Sam too when he started dating."

"Ah, another boy finding out about girls."

I shrugged. “Yeah, well. Girls, at first ... and then boys.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah. Well ... Sam’s gay.”

“But ... Beverly...?”

I nodded. “I know. It was a little backward for him.”

Hermione snorted.

“I think maybe he was the one, I mean, the one Clint was asking about when he asked if I’d seen them do more than jerk off. I mean, I think Sam was ... I think he was sucking Clint off, pretty regularly. Not because he had a weird thing for Clint. But I saw the way he looked at him sometimes, how much he liked his body, and ... and, well, for a while, for about six months or so, they traded winks and nudges and shit, like how brothers do anyway, but I thought there was ... well, I’ll probably never know.”

“Did it bother you?”

“I ... no, I don’t think so. I mean, I think how I feel now is how I felt then. It’s just none of my business.”

Hermione nodded slowly. “In the past, over.”

“Yeah. Sam ... he came out to me first, you know. Bev was his first girl, but his first real *love* was another boy, a kid on his ninth-grade chess team.”

“Jesus. And your folks ... Did they know? Were they good with that too?”

“Yeah, of course. Just the same as with Clint and Bev. I could see it, too, and I knew it long before Sam told me; Tony, you know, the chess kid, he was *really cute*, he was tall and gangly but he had a great smile and a cute ass and a *big cock*, and Sam was always all eyes when he was around.

“I asked him out once and he came by, but I learned later it was just so he could be near my brother, get to know him. It sort of sucked, but not really; by then I’d moved on.” I paused to think. “Maybe I knew even then. Maybe I let Tony come by and pretend to be on a date with me so he could talk to Sam. I think I knew he wasn’t interested in me. Huh.” The idea was a revelation to me: Was it possible I’d unconsciously set my younger brother up with his first male lover?

Maybe.

“Anyway, I never had him, but they became pretty close, and then one night Tony stayed over with Sam and

I heard things coming from Sam's room, and I knew what they were doing, the lickety-split. He and Sam were pretty good together, especially after that first night, and really tight." I saw her smirk. "Not that way. Well, maybe that way. I guess they probably got around to fucking each other after a while. So anyway Sam's pretty much always preferred dick. I can understand that."

"Me too," Hermione laughed. "Did you share secrets about techniques with him, like Bev did with you?"

"Sure, you *bet*. I learned some *really good* shit from him, like how a boy's cock is the most sensitive right under the vee on his corona, and how much they like being rimmed and having their balls sucked. It changed my whole world to talk with him about that shit. Once I even had a boy tell me that I gave head almost as good as my little brother."

"No fucking..."

"Way. And I felt so goddamned proud of myself that I laid him then and there; James ended up being the second boy I ever fucked. I pounced on him and pounded him the whole goddamned afternoon until he quite literally begged for mercy. He couldn't walk right for two days. No kidding.

"And Sam and I used to watch the football and basketball teams together, and place bets on who was and who wasn't, with the winner giving BJs to the correct hits. Sam usually had it right, and he usually was able to prove it. For a while he was having a lot more cock than I was, the lucky little shit."

Hermione giggled. "And Mom and Dad?"

"Okay with it all." I drank. "We never talked about it outside of the family, and Sam took shit sometimes because even though he wasn't officially out, he was what most kids called a queer anyway, you know, into art and music, but he did all right. Clint stood up for him, and so did I. And a few boys on the swim team just loved the hell out of him, and more than a few really tough jock types kicked ass whenever they heard someone say Sam was queer. The same guys who stayed the night with him, *just friends* hanging out.

"Sam was on much better terms with about one in ten of the jocks than the cheerleaders were with all the rest combined, and Clint did pretty well for himself too. Our house got to be known as a kind of stud hangout, Clint in one room with a couple of girls, Sam in the other with three or four boys, me in the middle as some of the guys switched teams or I handled Sam's overflow, all night long.

"The best night ever was when Clint's track team hosted a regional invitational; there were thirteen boys

there that night, all out-of-towners staying with us, billeted in the rec room in the basement and apparently all bisexual; by the next morning Sam's jaw was as sore as mine. We did the math later and figured we'd each swallowed eight feet of new cock that night and about a half cup of cum."

"You did them *all*?"

"We both did. We came down the stairs together and I closed and locked the door, and Sam announced that no one was leaving until we'd both sucked every cock in the room." I sighed at the memory. "They were a roomful of high school athletes, a baker's dozen of healthy teenage boys of all sizes, and they were all perfectly horny and perfectly ready to go. He and I both had seconds that night with a lot of them, and we managed to get everyone satisfied at least once each."

"Jesus. Jesus *Christ*. You almost sucked more cock on that *one night* than I've ever had in my entire life. And I am really fucking jealous about that."

I giggled. "It was a fabulous night for everyone. That was when I realized every guy's cum has a different flavor. I had every boy in the house that night except my brothers, and they were all unique."

"Yeah," Herm said. "Girls too, you know; every pussy tastes different. But fucking Christ. *Thirteen boys in a row*. I can't even begin to imagine how cool it would be to have a family like yours."

I shrugged, knowing how lucky I'd been. "I guess my parents were right. Or at least they were being fair about it. That's how they treated me, after all. It was okay with them, I knew, to have sex, as long as I wanted to and was being safe about it, so I suppose it's no surprise the same rules applied to my brothers. I guess I just didn't start as early, at least with fucking. Maybe girls start later. I don't know. But then, maybe if our babysitter had been a Chippendale's dancer..."

She laughed. "Wish I'd been your sister. Or at least dating one of your brothers. Well, okay, Clint. Your folks sound all right."

"They were, pretty much I guess. Yours ... weren't?"

She shrugged. "I know it was a hell of a fight for me to start on the pill; Mom resisted it for weeks before Dad finally convinced her that maybe it was a good idea. Sounds like my folks were almost the mirror image of yours."

"They're a weird match," I said. "Dad's so damned conservative about some things, and she's just the

opposite. It works, though.”

“To opposites,” Hermione said, lifting her bottle, and I clinked mine with hers and drank.

“You tell damn good stories,” she said.

“Thanks.”

“*Really* good stories. They remind me of how it was. To be so fuckin’ horny I’d do anything. With *anyone*. And how good it was to just ... just do it. Just jump in and *do* it, and to hell with tomorrow.”

“Yeah. Well.”

“It’s not so easy now.”

“It never really is, is it.”

She shook her head slowly.

We were quiet for a while. It was a comfortable silence but edged with a bright keen blade of anticipation, the unspoken thing we both knew.

It was just the two of us, just the two of us. The dance had started with a fast rhythm, three of us, two women and a lively sweet boy; and then it had slowed, and we had moved closer together, and now we were left all alone together in the dark, the boy gone, two women making our quiet decisions.

Maybe. Maybe.

“I thought of aborting,” she said after a time. It felt like a confession.

“Oh,” I said. “I can understand that.”

“But ... you know, I’m very glad I didn’t.”

“You know what? So am I.”

“To kids.” Hermione lifted her bottle again.

“To *your* kid,” I said, clinking with her. “Most of ‘em are horrible little nasty shits.”

She snorted. “You clearly haven’t spent enough time with Ricky yet.”

“Come on. He’s *great*.”

“Think so? If you want him, he’s all yours.”

“You don’t mean that, and you know it,” I said.

She nodded. “You’re right.”

“Besides, I’d have nowhere to keep him. There’s no closet in my apartment. My cheap-ass landlady won’t put one in.”

She stared at me for a moment, then began to giggle with me. “I could put in a doggy door, though,” she said. “But I doubt he’s paper-trained.”

“Eww, pee-stains on the rug ... no, I think I’ll just do without for now.”

“Do you want kids, Terri?”

“Someday. Yes. At least one.”

“They’re a lot of work.”

“I know. Sort of, I mean. My brothers were both boys until ... well, they’re still boys really, a pain in the ass, but ... you know, I see kids like yours, and I think that maybe ... one day, well, yeah, sure.”

“Even Ricky? With all his...”

“Yes,” I said. “*Especially* Ricky. He really is a great kid, Hermione. He’s got problems, sure, the kinds of problems most kids never have, but ... he’s bright as hell, cute as hell and sweet as hell, and he’s never gonna rob a liquor store, or be convicted of rape, or mug an old lady in an alley.”

“I know,” she said, turning her beer restively. “I know.” She sighed. “Sometimes I forget that. How good he really is. How lucky I am.”

I set my bottle down beside the rest of the empties, a glassy forest of gentle inebriation. “Well...”

“You tired?”

“No,” I said, “but it’s bedtime anyway.” It was so much like signaling a boy that I felt a bizarre sense of dreaming; I felt like I was watching, not participating. Tension rose in me. It was now, or it would never be. “I think it’s time for me to stumble upstairs,” I said, standing. “Thanks again for the fantastic dinner, and the great company as well.”

She rose too and hugged me. “Any time,” she said, and eased back a little to look at me, but her arms didn’t entirely loosen from their embrace. “You don’t really have to leave if you don’t want to, you know,” she whispered. “I’m ready for bed too, but I’m not sleepy either.”

“Oh,” I murmured, my hands falling to her waist. We were still naked, and the heat of her bare skin where it met mine was electrifying. Like with a boy, just like with a boy, but Hermione was a woman. “Oh.”

“I’m going to kiss you,” she said.

“I know.”

She lifted her hands to my shoulders and leaned toward me and our lips brushed and met, and even through the rises of our breasts I could feel her heart pounding rapidly along with mine.

Our mouths parted and she looked into my eyes. “Stay,” she whispered, stroking the nape of my neck.

Yes. “But ... Ricky...”

“He’s seen me with women before. He won’t have a problem with it. Stay with me tonight, Terri. I promise you won’t be disappointed.”

“It’s not that.” I swallowed hard. She was beautiful, not much older than me despite being a mother, and ... and the truth was that I had *enjoyed* the things I’d done with Shelly as Alan watched us, and it had been half a year since I’d been pleased by anyone but myself, and I was really beginning to like the idea of not sleeping alone that night. “I know I wouldn’t be. But ... I mean, won’t it mess up...”

“It might,” Hermione said. “Or it might not. We won’t know unless we try. Terri, I really like you; you’re a lovely woman and very intelligent, and my son is fond of you and I know you love him, and I’m tired of being lonely in ... I love my boy, I *love* him, but sometimes a woman has ... I have needs that he can never meet, and I’d like, for just one night anyway, to be with someone who really understands, to have se ... some *adult* company for a change.”

I nodded, gazing mesmerized at her lips as they moved. They were full and sensual, and had tasted just a little sweet when she had kissed me.

“You’re a college girl,” she smiled. “Where’s your sense of adventure? Come on — don’t you want to go just a *little* bit wild?”

In answer, I leaned in and kissed her.

It was, without doubt, one of the all-time greatest kisses I’ve ever had.

It was sensual, it was erotic, it was deep and delightful, it promised pleasure, it promised freedom, it promised bliss; and it went on, and it went on, and it went *on*; our tongues met and tasted, lapped, danced delicately as our bodies swayed in a gentle rhythm of rising heat, and her hands slid down my hips to cup my ass as mine slipped up her body to massage her breasts; and the gentle tingle that had been rising from my clit most

of the evening burst alight into a raging flare of lust, and I knew from the way she shuddered and rocked against me that she was caught in exactly the same fire, ablaze but not consumed.

Soft sounds, feminine sounds, sounds of need and promise rose between us.

Our mouths parted after quite a long time, and we were breathing hard and shivering.

“Come inside,” she said softly, her hand stroking my hair. “Come to bed.”

“Okay,” I said.

It wasn't the intensity of my orgasms that surprised me; Shelly had succeeded in making me scream, so when I cried out with Hermione it was not new to me.

It was the sheer number of them, the freedom of their enjoyment, that was so different, and so very, *very* good.

I came. And then I came. And then I came; and I came.

And, as I came and came and *came* on Hermione's face, my rapture was deepened by the certainty I had that she was enjoying exactly the same riveting bliss.

We had barely made it to her bedroom, our bodies already wanting to weave together, and tumbled onto the mattress as our hands found each other's best places. I lay beside her and swung around, facing her muff and shuddering with need. My tongue slipped easily against her labia, moistening her desire-wet slit further with its gentle friction, and I felt myself tasted in the same way, moaning softly with her as we crossed the threshold from *maybe* into *fact*.

I teased her open as we lay side by side and 69'd, feeling with each gentle stroke of my mouth on her the answering kiss of her warm, soft lips. I found the arch of her vulva with ease and slipped my tongue against it, my motions echoed as her face rocked gently at my center; I sought and located her clitoris, swollen and salty at her vestibule, and gasped in delight as she tongued mine. I felt her hips rocking to meet the strokes of my cheek, and did the same to her; I slid a finger in gently to deepen the sensation and felt myself pierced as well.

I heard her gasp, her body shuddering against mine, and drank of the thin spurts of fluid she offered me, knowing as it happened that she was sharing the same feast from my own font.

It went on far longer than I realized; when we parted, breathless and sweaty and satiated, her bedside clock

was calmly and greenly announcing that it was nearly two AM.

“Jesus,” she whispered, taking my hand. “Jesus *Christ*. Was that really only the second time you ever ate pussy?”

“Yeah,” I managed. “Oh yeah. But I really think there’s gonna be a third.”

“*Fuck*.” She laughed softly and her fingers squeezed mine. “And a fourth, fifth and twelfth ... and then we’ll have to get some sleep for the night.”

I giggled. “It was really that good?”

She sat up beside me, her breasts swelling full on her chest. “Didn’t you feel it? Girl ... It was *incredible*.”

I nodded woozily, letting my fingertips glide around on her nipples. “I came a lot,” I said. “More than ever before.”

She smoothed my hair back and kissed me. “Me too,” she murmured.

“So you weren’t ... pretending or anything?”

“Oh *fuck* no,” she said. “I *never* scream like that unless I mean it.”

I smiled. “Me too.” I sat up with her and we embraced and kissed again, our nipples rubbing softly together. “You don’t think we woke Ricky up, do you?”

She bit her lip. “Maybe I should go and see.”

“Yeah,” I nodded, and she hesitated, staring at me with a puzzled look on her face. “What’s wrong?”

“A man would complain about me wanting to interrupt sex so I could look in on my little boy,” she said.

“But you just *suggested* it.”

“Well,” I said, “I’m not a man.”

She pecked my nose. “I noticed,” she said, “and I want you to know right now that you have the best cunt I’ve ever tasted in my life,” and then she rose naked to make sure her son was all right, leaving me with my pounding heart. I watched her go, her nicely-full ass shifting teasingly as she walked, her labia dark and plump between her thighs, and lay back with a sigh, her cum turning into a glaze on my face as it dried there.

Well, I’ve done it. I’ve had sex with a woman.

Not as an experiment, not to satisfy a horny boyfriend, but just because I wanted to.

And I liked it. I liked it a lot.

I smiled as the scent of pussy, *her* pussy, rose from my cheeks.

And I guess I did all right at it.

She was back in moments, her thick, full bush instantly arresting my gaze. She saw the look in my eyes and smiled. “You seem to like what you see,” she said, standing boldly before me.

I sat up and nodded, licking my lips in anticipation as the moist aroma of her desire drifted gently over me. I pulled her to me, nuzzling her groin, and kissed her sex as she looked down at me, watching me taste her hairy, lovely pussy again. I *did* like it. I liked *her*; she was beautiful, she was intelligent and passionate, she was an excellent lover and she was the mother of a wonderful boy, a handsome lovable boy who had sprung from the very cunt I was licking right now.

She was unspeakably sexy, and she was mine, all mine, and I was hers.

My clit was tingling again, my pussy as slick as the one that slid over my nose and lips, leaving salty traces of her lust for me to lick away, and I knew round two was about to begin. “How’s Ricky?”

“He’s asleep,” she whispered, settling on the bed beside me. “He didn’t hear a thing. But I closed his door just in case.”

“Good,” I said, sliding an arm around her waist.

She cupped my breasts in her warm hands. “Do I need to buy him some earplugs?”

“Think about it.”

“Okay.” She caressed my shoulders. “Christ,” she whispered. “You’re beautiful, Terri. You are such a lovely woman.”

“So are you,” I said, and we kissed.

“Make love to me again,” she murmured. “Please.”

“Oh yes,” I answered softly, my fingers gliding naturally over her breasts, stroking her taut nipples. “Oh yes.”

“Yes,” she moaned, pulling herself against me. “Oh God, yes, oh God, love me all night, honey. Eat my pussy, please, Terri, eat my pussy again. Let me eat you. Let’s eat each other until we taste the same.”

“Yes. Oh yes. Oh *yes*, Hermione, I want your pussy, oh yes I want your pussy so much. I want you to come in my mouth again. I want your cum all over me.”

“God, I need this. *Fuck* I need you so bad. Fuck, girl, your cunt is *so hot*.” She kissed me, slipped her mouth along my jaw, down my throat, until her lips were pursed at a nipple, sucking gently as she tweaked the other in her knowing, deft fingers. “Christ,” she groaned. “Oh Christ you taste so good. I’m going to lick you everywhere.”

“Me first this time,” I said, pushing her back on the mattress and settling my hips between her parted thighs, suckling at her breasts as she arched her back in joy and ran her fingers into my hair. Her dry warm skin glided salty under my tongue as I lapped downward, moving toward the moist mossy heat that wafted from the well of her groin. She didn’t shave or wax; and between her thighs lay a furry delight that was damp, inviting, welcoming me in its full readiness. I breathed the loamy scent of her desire and pushed her knees back, parting her, opening her, and stared mesmerized at the gleaming channel that lay before me. I saw her glistening arch, saw the dark wet oval of her vagina, framed by her taut thighs and golden tangles. It was beautiful, warm and beckoning, and as I leaned in to taste her she sighed with pleasure.

I licked deeply, sliding my tongue over her from perineum to pubis, and she gasped. I nuzzled in and kissed her lovely cunt, catching the heady scent of her musk and desire, then dove for another long, deep taste as she shuddered beneath me. “Oh God,” she whimpered. “Oh God, Terri girl, *do that again*.”

I obliged happily, repeating my motions, licking her again and again from her asshole to the top of her slit, moving in an ever-decreasing spiral as I centered on her mons and clit, the fulness of her lust wetting my face as I worked joyously, eating her pussy with total relish. I slipped my tongue into her as I sucked gently at the fat nub that surmounted her arch, listening to her passion rise in her voice, watching her clutch at the sheets, feeling her hips buck up and spasm against my face as she came. “*Christ*,” she keened. “Oh Christ Terri oh *yeah* — oh *yeah* girl — oh *yeah* — *yeah* — ***yeah*** — ***nngggg*** —” She jerked firmly against me and a well of salty fluid gushed into my mouth. I lapped at her, taking her offering, and swallowed it down and went in for more as she began a fast rabbit jerk on my cheeks, fucking my lips, her orgasms speeding and swelling into one tremendous, lengthy cum that flooded down my throat. I ate her. I drank her. I had her until she couldn’t stand any more.

“GOD!” she screamed, pulling my head away. “OH GOD! Oh *Christ* Terri, oh *God* that’s enough, oh *God* let me get my breath, oh God girl that’s enough for now...” She panted rapidly as I gently kissed her labia, easing her body down as the last traces of her joy sparked and settled in her nerves. She moaned and sighed, sobbing gently in release and passion as I slid up along her body and tasted her mouth, our thighs settling around one another

and our hips rocking softly together. “My cum is all over you,” she whispered, a light dew of sweat covering her bare skin.

“Yeah,” I said.

“Now it’s my turn,” she murmured, kissing me, and pushed me gently onto my back. “I want my face to smell like your cunt.”

“Oh fuck,” I moaned. “*Do it. Oh fuck do it woman, do it right now.*” I had got so hot eating her, my pussy was dripping now; and as she slipped down my naked body, kissing every inch of the way, I felt my need to be eaten rise until I was crazy with it. I put my hands on her head and pushed her the last half of the distance; she didn’t hesitate, didn’t resist. She just dove in.

It was exquisite. I looked down in rapture at her bobbing head as she made love to me with her mouth, listening to the sounds of my own wet cunt as it slipped and smacked against her lips, watching her tongue plunge and bob and circle inside me. Her hands rose to my breasts and massaged my nipples, her deft fingers pinching them, bringing little flares of thrill that matched the motion of her lips to mine, and I whimpered as the wave built and built fast.

“Her ... mi ... one,” I moaned. “Oh *God, oh my God...*”

She pushed her face down, *in*, and I felt her tongue slide into me, the warm soft muscle slipping perfectly just under my clit. She sucked at me softly, then firmly, and I couldn’t hold back any longer. “I’m gonna come,” I groaned. “I’m gonna *come* and it’s gonna be *big ... oh baby ... oh yes oh yes **oh fuck yes*** —”

Her lips pursed and I gasped, then bucked helplessly against her face, pulling her head deeper down into myself as I exploded on her cheeks, the heady rush of my fluids filling her mouth as she slurped happily. She moaned in unfeigned pleasure as I screamed her name out and my delight burst in a white explosion as I listened to her joyous acceptance of my climax, my *climaxes*, coming fast, hard and repeatedly on her cheeks as she devoured me. I bit the back of my hand and let out a low, wild wail of joy that gave to a rapid series of panting breaths, gasping her name as she took me past the place of totality, took me further than anyone ever had before, having the best orgasm of my life with her, and I lost every sense of where we were separate as I erupted onto her, saturating her face and the sheets with the pure fluid proof of my ecstasy.

I came to myself slowly, my body still writhing with bliss, my breath coming in little moans. I looked down

into her eyes, seeing her smiling softly up at me. “Welcome back to Earth, honey,” she murmured. She kissed my pussy.

I tingled everywhere.

“*Christ*,” I shuddered, my head dropping back to the mattress.

“Yes,” she said, moving to lie beside me, cradling my face in her hands. I could smell my cunt all over her; she was gleaming with my cum. “I needed this so much. I needed to make love so badly. God, woman, I really needed good, hot, *wet sex*.” Her lips tickled mine as she whispered. “With *you*.”

“Me too,” I panted. “Fucking. Christ. I didn’t even know what I was missing until you showed me.” I thrust my face forward, moaning gently as her soft mouth pressed mine.

We kissed.

In a while, after a very long while, we parted.

“You’re spending the night, right?” she said.

I stared into her eyes, then began laughing with her. “Just try to make me leave now.”

“I’m not shoving you off the mattress,” she said, nuzzling against my throat.

I sipped my arms around her, shuddering at the intimate touch of her warm naked body against my own. “It would take more than a shove,” I said, and I felt her smile on my breast. “I thought you wanted to make love all night.”

“I do,” she murmured. “We will. We’ll get a little sleep, and then we’ll wake up in a while, and then we’ll start all over again. Okay, baby?”

“Yeah,” I breathed, and I thought, *I’m going to eat her pussy again*. “Oh, *yeah*.” *I am going to eat this woman’s pussy all night*.

Smiling too, I let my eyes slide closed, and I drifted away in her gentle, good warmth.

===== **end chapter**=====

It won’t be this bad ever again: The ball is rolling now. Prepare for many chapters of sex to follow.

My correspondents so far have all agreed with me that backstory matters, that it helps build the plot and increases the erotic tension, bit by bit, as things go on; I'm gratified that it's working. To me, for a good sex story to be truly effective, it's not enough to know that some people, you know, they like got together once? and fucked or whatever? and like one of them? was like this kid and his mom? and I was all like eww gross? but whatever.

I have to know who they are, why they do it, and especially what they see in each other in order to get behind the narrative. I don't care about their bra sizes. I want to know how they feel when their lovers are taking their bras off.

But there are limits, and I've pushed them pretty heavily here. I think I'm as glad as you are that Terri finally ate Hermione's pussy. I mean Jesus fucking Christ, it was about fucking *time* someone finally got laid.

In the stories *Trevor's Summer* and *Good Son*, there are more than a few chapters which serve as pretty good standalone one-off fantasy pieces. What I mean by that is there are entire chapters of both stories which work, all by themselves, as decent stroke fiction; even without the subplots or the narrative thread there's enough sex to make for a nice session of come-off. There's a reason for that, and it's simply that I spend a lot of time thinking about those chapters, jerking off while I do it. What works hits the screen. What doesn't lands on the floor.

Make of those metaphors what you will.

This story is going to follow that start-cum-finish structure, more or less, from now on; there will be occasional forays into history, but there's going to be a lot of sex from here on out. Someone will be coming, I believe, in pretty much every chapter of the rest of this tale right through to the end. I hope you will join in the fun and beat off until you're raw and sore.

I've noticed a pattern in my Niftyesque stories: History, buildup, sex; then a brief time of denouement to cleanse the palate; then a buildup to a different kind of sex, followed by that sex; lather, rinse and repeat until the close

of the narrative, when someone ends up pregnant by a member of her own family. Same melody here, only the song is much longer this time. (Though actually it happened in this chapter, in littler ways, several times.)

Such a denouement and new buildup follows this chapter, at which time we'll start to discover why this is classifiable as an incest story in addition to bisexual. I won't say whether it's Terri or Hermione, but in the next chapter, one of our women reveals a sexual involvement with one of her own brothers.

Oh. Don't forget about Jesse. He was mentioned for a reason.