

The next installment of Ricky.

In the last chapter Terri and Hermione slept together; Herm was only the second woman Terri has ever had sex with, but we learned she's seriously into giving head and, it seems, eating pussy.

In this chapter, as their relationship deepens, a secret begins to come to light.

If you like this one so far, 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.

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** =====

5. Omelets and Broken Eggs

I felt arms ease around my waist and smiled, leaning back into Hermione's embrace as she kissed my ear. "Morning, baby," she murmured.

"Hi," I said, dropping the whisk and turning to face her. She was dressed in the same thing I was, a long, plain tee, nothing else. I'd borrowed one from her closet, since I didn't have anything else to wear except my

bikini, still lying where I'd dropped it on the patio last night before we swam nude together, before we had embraced, and kissed, and come inside to make stunning love with one another. "Sleep well?"

"Oh yes," she said. "I slept beautifully well. When we *were* asleep. You?"

I nodded. As promised the night had been punctuated by passionate bouts of wonderful, urgent sex, interspersed with brief periods of slumber. I was half exhausted and wholly satisfied; for the first time in months my pussy was aching not with need, but with the feel of a mouth, tongue and fingers having been all over and inside it. "It was so good, sharing a bed again," I said, my hands sliding slowly over her torso. I rubbed my nose softly against hers and we smiled. "Especially with you."

We had a long, sweet kiss.

"Making breakfast again, I see," she said. "This could become a habit if you're not careful."

I nodded, smiling softly at her. "I don't think I'd mind. Last night was amazing," I said.

"It was. It was fantastic." She kissed me again and I sighed. "*You're* fantastic."

"So are you," I murmured. "God, Herm, the sex was so good. *Everything* was so good."

"So you gonna show me how you work your magic?" she said.

"Well, it's pretty simple; I start with your pussy, and..."

She laughed and I joined her.

I turned and resumed the process of breakfast as she watched, her arms still around my waist, a deep glow of satisfaction in my breast. No, not satisfaction — *happiness*. For the first time in longer than I could recall, I was genuinely, deeply happy.

"Are you crying?" she said.

I wiped my eyes and nodded, laughing a little.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing's wrong. Everything's so right..." I turned to her once more and pressed my face to her shoulder, shuddering as I sobbed the last of my pain away, the last of my loneliness, and was left instead with a beautiful feeling of joy. She held me and caressed my hair softly, letting me work it all out, swaying gently with me and giving me the comfort of her silent affection.

"It seems like you might have a little crush going yourself," she said when my tears were done.

I laughed, wiping my eyes. "I might," I said. "I ... I never felt this way about a woman before. Never."

She held me in her arms and smiled. "I know. It's different, isn't it?"

"Yeah. But ... but it's *so good*." My heart skipped. "I — Hermione, I think I'm falling in love with you."

She swallowed. "I think that makes two of us."

My heart skipped again.

She leaned in and I tilted my face to meet hers.

She kissed me gently, her hand sliding down to my ass, and I pushed against her and we held one another nearer, and the warmth grew and wrapped us in its sweet folds, and our fingers were wet.

When we parted, Ricky was standing there, looking at us with a little expression of surprise on his face. He was dressed in exactly the same way as his mother and I were, naked under a long tee, and I thought fleetingly of how cute it was that we all matched. "Hi," he said uncertainly, plucking nervously at his shirt. "I thought I heard someone else here. So I put this on."

"Hi, honey," Hermione said, sounding a little breathless.

He glanced at my reddened eyes, then back at her. "Is anything wrong?"

"No," Hermione said. "Terri's just having some feelings."

"Sad feelings?" he murmured.

"Happy ones, sweetie," I said. "Very happy."

Hermione squeezed my hand.

"Why do girls cry when they're happy?" he said. "It's weird."

"That's a good word for it," I said.

He studied the breakfast preparations. "Omelets again?"

"Yes. Want one?"

He grinned and nodded, taking a seat at the bar. "Did you guys have a sleep-over?"

"Yes, we did," his mother said.

"Kay," he said, his legs kicking idly at the air. "I like Terri a lot more than Roger."

"Me too, son," she said, smiling at me, and in a little while we ate.

I stayed the morning with Ricky after his mother had gone to work, basking in the deep, sweet glow of fulfillment. I had forgotten how much I loved good sex, how wonderful it was to be flooded with endorphins, and stoked the feeling periodically by remembering Hermione, how she had felt, how she had looked, how she had tasted, the sweet moist things she had done for me and the wet flavorful things I had lovingly done for her. The kisses, the touches, the embraces, the passion. The pleasure. The bottomless joy of superb lovemaking, woman to woman, pussy to pussy. And her words to me before she left, saying that I was welcome to stay with her again that night, assured me that I was only beginning to feel this beautiful sense of wholeness.

I had come to her looking for an apartment, but I had found a lover.

I tasted the word, tasting her in my memory. *She is my lover. I am a woman and she is too, and she is my lover.*

It was unspeakably good to remember what we'd done, to know how we had connected, to be certain that what we'd shared was real, something between us and us alone, something no man could ever truly know.

Ricky spent the time dotting over me; his crush was in full swing and I was waited on patiently, all my needs taken care of as he gazed adoringly at my face.

"I'm glad you and Mom had a sleep-over," he said in a while as we sat on the couch.

I ruffled his hair gently, knowing it was at last safe to do so. He didn't bolt like a frightened faun; he smiled as I enjoyed the soft feel of his thick, warm tufts. "Yeah?"

He nodded and reclined on the sofa beside me, his bare legs stretched out before him. From beneath the hem of his tee the plump tip of his oversized penis slid out and projected slightly. He saw it and tugged his shirt down modestly to cover it, but it was casual, reflexive, done without crushing embarrassment or shame; he didn't even glance my way to see if I'd noticed. I was reminded of the way that he'd spent the evening before wearing nothing but his tight little Speedos. He was learning to relax with me, and I was glad; if things kept going the way I hoped they would with his mother, he and I would be spending quite a lot of time around each other. Getting shy every time his penis was visible would make things very difficult. "Mom really likes you," he said as he tucked himself away. "Do you like her too?"

Another burst of memory and promise filled my belly with warmth. "Yes I do, honey. I like her a lot."

"She gets sad sometimes," he said. "But she's happy now. Because you stayed with her."

“I’m happy too,” I said. “I haven’t felt this happy in a long time.”

“Is that why people make love?”

I glanced at him, but his face was open and curious, not embarrassed in the least. “Ideally, yes.”

“How do you...” He paused and blushed. “I mean ... when a boy and a girl ... I know what they do, the boy puts his penis in the girl’s vagina, but ... how do girls do it?”

I remembered Hermione’s warning, on the day I moved in, that Ricky could be nosy. But this wasn’t impertinence. He wasn’t being deliberately invasive. He just didn’t understand the mechanics of what he knew had passed between me and his mother the night before. “Well,” I said, “Mostly in the same way a boy and a girl do. They hold each other, and they touch each other in special ways, and they kiss.”

“Oh. They kiss? Like you were kissing Mom before?”

“Yes, but they kiss each other all over.”

“Everywhere?” he said, slightly alarmed. “Even ... *there*?” His eyes flickered briefly to where my thighs disappeared under the fringe of my tee.

I tugged the hem down a little. “There, and in other places too, and if they kiss each other in just the right way they can have ... a very good feeling together.”

“You mean an orgasm?”

Christ, I thought, *someone save me from this conversation*. Yet Ricky’s frank — and innocent — curiosity let me forge ahead. “Yes.”

He thought about that for a while. “An orgasm,” he said at last. “From *kissing*.”

“It can happen,” I said. “It can even happen with a boy and a girl, if they decide to do it.”

He stared at me, thunderstruck. “I’d never kiss anyone *there*,” he said.

I sighed. “Never say never, kid.”

“Jeez,” he said, sounding a little disappointed in me. “You kissed my *mom* there, didn’t you?”

“Ricky,” I said, “we should probably talk about something else, okay? Sex isn’t — it’s not bad, honey, it’s good; and it’s not shameful or wrong, but it’s private. Like when you close the bathroom door to pee.”

“I don’t,” he said.

“Number Two, then.”

“I don’t —” He nodded thoughtfully. “I asked you an embarrassing question, didn’t I?”

“Kind of, yes,” I said. “But it’s all right. I’m not angry. I understand. You just wanted to ... to figure out what was going on. That’s a mark of an inquisitive mind; you’ll make a great scientist someday.” *If someone doesn’t clock you first for asking one damned thing too many.*

“Sorry,” he said.

I squeezed his knee. “Forget it, kid. It’s okay.” I stood. “I need to go get ready for work.”

“I scared you off,” he decided.

“No, honey, no — I have to be in at eleven, and it’s already past ten now. I have to shower, get dressed, the usual stuff. I can’t just show up for work in one of your mom’s shirts.” *And reeking scalp-to-heels of her wonderful, fragrant cum.*

“You’ll come back? Tonight?”

I smiled at him and watched his worry fade. “Of course I will, honey.” I leaned forward and kissed the top of his head. “Stay out of trouble, all right?”

“That’s what *Mom* always says too,” he said, but he was smiling. He reached up and gave me a hug, his face nestling between my breasts, and I returned the embrace with a little flare of delight. He was a sweet boy, and Hermione had been right; I was already beginning to love him. “Bye, Terri,” he said.

“Bye, honey. I’ll see you tonight,” I promised.

He was still smiling at me as I left him, and I saw the peak in his long, loose shirt, the sign of his full erection unmistakable as it rose massively over his flat belly, but I was sure it wasn’t sexual. He might still be bearing his crush, but he was, after all, only nine years old; it wasn’t as though he’d actually fallen in love with me, or become aroused by the innocent nuzzle he’d stolen.

I lay back and sighed, floating in the afterglow of my orgasms as Hermione snuggled up to me. We’d spent another evening together talking and enjoying one another’s company, Ricky openly delighted to see me and hovering around me dutifully the whole time, and when he was sent to bed we’d talked only a little while longer before going inside.

I didn’t think the night before could have been bested, and I was wrong. Hermione and I started much

earlier and we had much more energy; we went from teasingly undressing one another to fondling, stroking and fingering, at last settling back on her bed to kiss and taste one another however we wished. For a time I'd ridden her face, staring down in ecstasy as she smiled up; she did the same to me, and then we had gone for a full half-hour of glorious 69ing. As before we each smelled of the other's cum; as before, we both knew we were only taking a breather, that in a while the sex would resume. "I could really get used to this," I whispered, holding her near.

"I guess I corrupted you," she said with a smile.

"Thoroughly." I kissed her.

"Christ, Terri, I love eating your smooth little cunt." She rubbed her nose against mine. "Do you want me to wax like you? I will, if..."

"No," I said. "No, never. Don't wax and don't shave. I love how hairy your pussy is. I love how you feel and smell when you're coming on my face. You're so smooth and wet where it's best, and there's hair and it scratches on me, I know you're a *woman* because of your hair and it's so fucking hot. I love it all. I love *you*."

She sighed, tensing slightly.

"Herm?"

"I ... I love you too," she said.

"What's wrong?"

She shook her head.

"Honey, what's wrong?"

She had begun to tremble and I gathered her nearer. "I love you. I love you, Terri, I do," she said. "But ... I've never felt this powerfully for a woman before. I've only ever felt this way once before in my life, for Ricky's fa — Terri ... I ... there's something I..."

"What is it, baby?"

"I have to tell you this. I ... I just have to. Please, just listen, just listen, and ... and if you decide you never want to see me again when I'm through, if you want to move out and forget you ever knew me, I'll understand. But — Terri, I love you, I really do, and ... I never told anyone this, and I think you need to know if we're going to be lovers. I love you. I *love* you, Terri. Woman to woman, I mean it; it's not my pussy talking. I love you so

fucking much already. And you have to know about this. You *have* to know.”

“Okay,” I said, not sure I wanted her to continue. What could be so bad that she would think I’d leave her?

She was quiet for a while, trembling in my arms, and I thought she’d lost her nerve; and then she spoke again. “You told me about your first lover, Nate ... and how you saw your brothers with a girl. And you told me you’d never done anything with either of them but you knew they jerked each other off, and maybe even did more together. Right?”

“Yes,” I said quietly.

“Well, it happens that way with brothers and ... and sisters too, sometimes.”

“Oh,” I said. “Okay.”

The silence spun itself out in the darkness between us as she decided if she could trust the threads.

“Terri ... when I was fourteen, my brother Joe started ... he started masturbating over me.”

“Oh,” I said. I didn’t know what else to say. “Okay.”

“In my bed, beside me.”

“Oh.”

“And I let him.”

“Oh. Uh. Okay.”

“It ... it began one night right before summer started. He snuck into my room, and I woke up to the feeling of him settling on the mattress beside me. I didn’t open my eyes; it was annoying. I figured he was there to tease me, or to play some stupid trick on me, like maybe throwing a handful of cold marbles into my bed — we used to do things like that all the time — and I planned on catching him right in the middle of whatever he had in mind and whacking him hard upside the head.

“But the minutes went on and there didn’t seem to be anything happening. I could tell from his breathing that he was looking at me; I could feel his breath tickling my cheek. And there was a sound I’d never heard before, a sort of low soft hissing sound, a regular, very quiet noise. It seemed to be coming from somewhere around his stomach, and it seemed like his body was shifting or rocking a little, and I wondered what the hell he could be doing.

“I didn’t know. I couldn’t know. I was just a girl. I couldn’t know. How *could* I know? Boys, and ... and their

... what they do..."

"I understand," I said quietly.

"So I opened my eyes just a crack, just the tiniest bit, and then I saw exactly what he was doing. He was ... well, you can guess."

"Yeah," I said. "Yeah. I guess I can."

"He was lying on his side, staring at me, and he was naked, and he was ... his penis was hard, and it was in his hand, and his hand was ... it was moving. On it. And he was ... he was looking at me.

"He was beating off while he lay in bed next to me, staring at my body's shape under the sheet."

She looked at me. I nodded.

"I ... I sort of froze. I'd seen him beat off before; he used to do it all the time in his dorky tree-fort, I guess imagining no one could see him there, or ... or not really caring if anyone did. The boards in that fort got to be totally horrible, just covered with glaze and splatters. Not all his: He and all his friends would be up there, for hours sometimes with their magazines, stroking off together over the pictures, and it wasn't just him. *All* my brothers went up there with their friends and jerked it like mad. You couldn't go up there after it rained. It was too slippery."

I giggled helplessly. "Sorry," I managed. "Sorry. I'm just..."

She smiled a little. "I know. Me too. It really is pretty funny. That goddamn fort had more wax on its floor than a fuckin' bowling alley."

"Well," I choked, "at least it was organic..."

We held each other, shaking and sobbing a little, laughing and crying.

She wiped her eyes. "So I knew he did it, several times a day. He was fifteen and ... and full of cum, like all boys his age are I guess, and he didn't have a girlfriend and he'd never had sex, and he did everything he could, as often as he could, to empty himself.

"And ... and I knew that. And I didn't give a shit. I mean, it wasn't my goddamn business, and I didn't want to know, but I did anyway; I knew he jerked it raw sometimes. You know how boys are at that age, right? You have brothers. You gave head. So you know. They can't help it. They're so fuckin' horny."

"Yes," I said to the plea in her eyes. "Yes, of course. Clint and Sam were exactly the same. They used to beat

off all the time.”

She sighed. “Yeah. But it ... This was different. I’d never seen him do it this close up. It wasn’t happening in his fort. It was happening *in my bed*. And it scared the hell out of me to be lying there naked, with only a sheet to cover myself, with my big brother Joe naked and cranking off right beside me, his big fat cock in his hand.

“I’d heard stories about girls who got ... *used* by their brothers and I was afraid, so afraid, of what would happen if he pulled the sheet down, if he got on top of me and tried to put his cock in me. I knew that if he really wanted to, if he really wanted to fuck me, he could and there was no way I could stop him. He was just a year older than me but he was *big*, Terri, he was so big, and he was strong, he was on the wrestling team and he could pin me easily, he weighed fifty pounds more than I did and it was all muscle, and he ... he could have done *anything* and there would be no way I could keep it from happening unless I screamed.

“I was still a virgin then, I’d never had a cock in my mouth or even my hand, let alone my pussy, and I did not want to lose it like that.

“And then I started feeling shitty, thinking I was being a bitch for not trusting him, imagining he would actually rape me, my own brother raping me ... but there he was jacking off right beside me and what was *that* if it wasn’t a violation of trust, and ... God help me, I wondered if I *would* scream. If he actually did make me. Rape me. Or if I’d just ... let it happen, let it go on and end, because I hated him for what he was doing right then but he was still my brother and I loved him no matter what, and I didn’t want him to go to jail ... and I wondered how it would feel, how it would feel to have his cock in my pussy, pushing in, *making* me fuck him, would it hurt, or...” She took a deep shuddery breath and I nestled nearer to her, wiping her tears away. She smiled weakly at me.

“But he didn’t do that. He didn’t rape me. He didn’t even touch me. He just lay there beside me, jacking off, and I closed my eyes and hoped it would be over soon, hoped that would be all, and in a few more moments he let out a grunt and I felt something wet land on the sheet over my stomach. I knew what it was and I felt like I wanted to puke; my brother had just launched his cum onto me. Onto my body. He’d just shot his jizz all over me.”

“God,” I murmured. I couldn’t imagine it. Sam ... or, well, no, Clint ... beating off beside me in my bed, coming on my body. Brother-on-brother play, the kind of games enjoyed by my own sibs or Jack and Toby, had never been further from my mind as I felt and *lived* her story. Boy on boy was safe; it was just harmless fun. But

...

Boy on girl was ... it was...

“He let out a really low breath, something that sounded like a cross between a sigh and a moan, and then he got up and left as quietly as he’d snuck in.

“I shoved the sheet onto the floor carefully; I didn’t want to touch what he’d done, and I scrubbed at the patches of moisture that were on my belly, trying to mop the feeling away from me; then I got up, put on a nightdress and panties and propped a chair against the door.

“I didn’t think I’d be able to sleep. I lay back down for a while, and I cried a little. I was so angry, and I was so frightened, and I was so *confused*. I didn’t know why he’d done that when he had porn to look at. I didn’t know why *me* when there had to be girls out there who would let him do anything with them. He was a cute boy, a really good-looking boy. I knew that, and he could have had anyone. And I didn’t know how I could face him the next day.

“But I must have managed to drop off, because for a while I just seemed to float in the dark, and then it was morning.

“At first I thought it must have been a dream, but then I saw the chair leaning against the door where I’d left it, and there was the sheet lying on the floor. I sat up and looked it over, and I found some stiff yellow patches on the cloth that I knew had not come from my body.”

She sighed.

“It was all I could do to get up, get dressed and leave my room. But ... well, I did.

“My younger brothers were in the living room watching their Saturday shows, but Joe was missing. Todd told me his friends had dropped by earlier and they’d all taken off on their bikes. None of them looked at me strangely, so I figured they hadn’t seen him leave their bedroom in the middle of the night to sneak into mine for fifteen minutes, and I was sure that Joe wouldn’t be talking to them about what he’d done.

“And I wondered again if it had just been a nightmare, but I knew it wasn’t.

“I went into the kitchen and peeled an orange and then just stared at it, wondering why the hell I’d done it when I wasn’t even hungry. And I leaned over the sink and I started sobbing, and it was bad, Terri, it was bad, it scared me so much because it hurt, it hurt *so bad*, it felt like something inside me was being ripped open, it felt like I was dying, and I knew I couldn’t keep on like that in the house, I couldn’t keep crying like that with my little

brothers in the next room, and so I went outside and climbed my best tree and sat in the branches and I just cried, I cried so hard.”

She sat up, pulling her knees to her chest, and for a moment I could imagine her as a fourteen-year-old girl, lonely and afraid of something she couldn't even name, weeping hopelessly in the harsh and unconscious embrace of nature. I sat up beside her and put my arms around her, and she resisted for a moment, and then she sank into my warmth.

“I came down after a while, after I'd cried myself out, and actually did manage to eat something. My brothers were in the middle of a game of Mario and didn't even notice me. I went back outside and just sort of wandered aimlessly around for a while, then went back to my tree.

“In a while Joe came back home. I saw him skin his heels on the ground to halt his bike. It was too small for him right then; he was due for a new one in a few months, but he still rode his old one like it was his favorite ever. It was too small for him but he still loved it. He laid it in the grass and I saw how rusted the chain was against the shiny frame. And I thought how pissed Mom and Dad were at him that he seemed to go through heels on his sneakers so fast, and I cried again. Because I knew I'd seen something, another thing, that they didn't know about him, and it scared the hell out of me to wonder what else was going on with Joe they didn't know about.

“I watched him go inside. Then, after a while longer, he came back out and found me. He stood under the tree, and his face looked ... he looked a little green. ‘Are you all right?’ he said.

“I shrugged, trying to play casual. ‘I'm fine,’ I told him.

“He just stared up at me for a while longer.

“‘What's *your* problem?’ I said.

“‘Nothing,’ he said, but his face was still very pale, and I felt glad that he was so miserable. I knew he wanted to say something to me, but he didn't know what. And that was good, because I was pretty sure I wouldn't want to hear it anyway. ‘Well, come down in a while for lunch,’ he said finally, and then he left.

“It went on like that for a few days. We barely said ten words a day to each other. I knew what was on his mind, and I could tell he knew I knew it, but...” She sighed. “You know how it is with family. Routine settles in after a while, and sometimes you can forgive even the hardest things. It even got to the point where I wasn't propping my door shut every night when I went to bed.

“So I guess maybe I shouldn’t have been too surprised when he did it again a week later.”

“Ahh, God,” I groaned.

“It was the same as before. He snuck in, lay down naked beside me, and jacked off until he came on my sheet, then snuck out.

“I wasn’t as frightened that time. Instead I was just a little ... disgusted, and I suppose bored with it too, in a way. I mean, I just wanted him to get it over with so I could go back to sleep. I didn’t even push the sheet off me after he left; I just moved out from under the wet spots and managed to fall asleep again pretty quickly.

“A couple nights after that he came in and did it again, and then he started visiting almost every night, lying beside me and jacking off, getting up and leaving. It got so I was almost used to it; he came in at about the same time each night and that almost made it easier to deal with, because I knew when he was due, and I knew that, within another thirty minutes, I’d be back asleep again.

“And ... what’s so weird about all of it was that I was actually able, after a while, to just look past it all. I started to relax around him again when we were together, joking and laughing and bickering like always, and there was at least one fringe benefit: He changed his behavior toward me. He’d always been kind of an ass, not usually deliberately cruel but often just a total shit; but once he started his nightly *visits* he was much, much nicer to me. He took my side more often in arguments with my other sibs, and he did things for me like helping with my chores or making me snacks.

“So after a while I guess I decided that if having all that extra attention and help meant letting Joe beat off over me five or six times a week, well, maybe it wasn’t such a bad trade.”

She leaned back in my arms and looked into my eyes.

“I’m all right,” I said, kissing her gently. “I’m still here.”

She swallowed. “There’s more,” she whispered, and continued.

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

At last we’re getting something like a revelation from Hermione. It seems she may have got up to some *games* in the past with her older brother. We’ll learn more in the following chapters.

For the next half-dozen or so installments the narrative voice is going to change from first-person to third; it was the only way I could relate Hermione's history in depth without it turning into a painful, awkward jumble of tenses and pronouns. The story will still follow from a female's point of view, though not exclusively.

As for Terri, she seems to be so wrapped up now in her growing love with Hermione that she's completely rejecting the possibility Ricky may be genuinely attracted to her. And Ricky, being only nine, doesn't have the sophistication yet to come right out and tell her that he may have more than simply a crush on her. She's the first woman he's ever truly been attracted to and he has no idea how to proceed with any of it; and even if he did, Terri would almost certainly turn him away. She believes nine is too young, and she may be right about that — she's doctorate-bound, not realistically capable right now of sustaining a romantic involvement with a boy so young.

But she's right for the wrong reason. She just doesn't think Ricky is capable of having developed a sexual attraction to her, which is largely a mistake on her part. (Though not entirely: Witness Ricky's moderate disgust when he realizes Terri and his mother were having oral sex.)

As before there will be a buildup in the next few chapters to Hermione's first night of sex with her brother, but that doesn't mean no one will be coming. I think you'll like what I've got in store.