

# Allison and the Primdales

by [Daddycums](#)

*(inc, MF+mf+)*

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## ***Part 1***

### **Growing Up**

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# Chapter 1

## A Mysterious and Gorgeous Woman

It was Allison that transformed the Primdale family. Had their secrets ever gotten out, some might say that she ruined their lives. Others might say she saved them. But not a single member of the family had any regrets.

When Gregory Primdale's wife left him, he took it really hard. There had been no warning signs, no fights or coldness or anything to indicate trouble in their marriage; she just one day announced that she was leaving him for another man.

Apparently the affair had been going on for almost two years behind Greg's back, until she had finally made her decision. Suddenly he found himself a thirty-seven year old divorcee raising three children by himself, and the laughingstock of all of his friends.

It was as much a blow to the family name as to his ego; the Primdales had been a highly respected, wealthy family for five generations without even the hint of a scandal to mar their reputation. Now, suddenly, rumors spread like wildfire, people gossiped behind their backs, and the incident even made the newspaper. The press loved a good scandal, and the fact that it happened to one of the wealthiest families in town made it all the more delicious.

He had at least had his way in divorce court, though that was small consolation. His ex-wife didn't even want custody of the children, which was a great relief, since he would rather die than see them in the hands of "that rotten bitch," as he had called her so often that it became a nickname for her in the Primdale household. The only matter that needed to be settled, then, was how much of the family fortune she would get. Out of spite, he hired a private investigator to dig up all the dirt he could on her, especially her marital indiscretions, and by the time he was through the whole town knew what a slut she was, and her reputation had sunk so low that even the judge was against her. She ended up with nothing; not the mansion, not the car, not even alimony payments. Out of common courtesy he let her keep her clothes, but other than that, she didn't get a dime. No, that was not entirely true; in front of half a dozen television cameras as he was walking out of the courtroom, he had a spontaneous impulse to exact one last bit of revenge on her. And so with a wide grin on his face, as he passed her he tossed a quarter in her direction. "That's for fifteen years of sex," he said. "I figure this is about the going rate for a cheap whore like you."

It wasn't like him to do things like that. He was normally sweet-natured and kind. But she had hurt him deeply, and worse, she had hurt the children. If it were just for his own sake, he could forgive her. But to tear apart the family, causing the kids unknown anguish, was something he could never forget.

He never saw her again after that, and good riddance. She had burned him, but in the end he had triumphed. The truth was that all that really mattered to him were the children, but there was nothing wrong with making

sure she didn't get her hands on his nest egg. From the time she announced she was leaving to the time she disappeared for the last time was only two months, but it was two months too long.

The children took it surprisingly well. Melissa was fifteen at the time, old enough to understand the situation, and she helped to ease the burden for the other children, Geoffrey and Britney, who were thirteen and ten, respectively. She explained the situation to them in plain, almost childlike simplicity. In fact, it was due in no small part to Melissa that the others were able to cope with it at all, let alone so well. Still, he caught Britney, his "little angel" as he called her, crying several times, and tried to comfort her the best he could. But for some reason only her big sister could get her to stop crying, maybe because she could act as a surrogate mother to Britney. After that, Greg always had a special place in his heart for his oldest daughter.

Three weeks after the divorce was finalized, things had started to settle down and get back to normal again. The students at school had stopped asking the children questions, which was a relief, because he had been tempted to pull them out and send them to a private school to give them a clean start. His fellow board members at the corporation where he worked also stopped asking about the divorce; over half of them had gone through the same thing once or twice. He was able to get on with his job without distractions, though he continued to nurse a bitterness toward his ex-wife.

That was when Allison walked into his life and changed everything.

His first contact with her came in the form of a phone call. They were sitting down to eat dinner when the phone rang. He answered it, and was greeted by the voice of a young woman on the other end.

"Is this Greg Primdale?" she asked.

"Speaking."

"Mr. Primdale, my name is Allison Craven, and I have... well, you might call it a business proposition."

"We're not interested," he said almost automatically, and turned to hang up the phone.

"Just wait a minute," she hurriedly insisted, and he returned the receiver to his ear.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I'm not a telemarketer. This is a proposition that I believe will benefit both of us. It has to do with your ex-wife."

"I will thank you to refer to her as 'that rotten bitch' when speaking to me," he scowled.

"All right, it has to do with that rotten bitch," she replied. "More importantly, getting your revenge on that rotten bitch."

Greg was intrigued, so he allowed her to continue.

"Just to put your mind at ease, it's nothing illegal," she said. "It's not even really unethical. But I'd really prefer not to go into details over the phone. I'd rather meet to discuss it with you in person. Is there a time when I can come to your house? I want to talk to you in private."

Something seemed very fishy about the whole situation, but the woman on the other end of the line sounded sincere and affable enough. Still a little wary, he said, "Why don't you drop by tomorrow at 7:30 pm?"

"Perfect," she said. "Thank you for your time. I'll be there."

The next day, she arrived just as she said she would, at 7:30 exactly. It was Jeff who answered the door. What he saw astonished him. She was a gorgeous beauty, with long brunette hair and the most beautiful bright blue eyes he had ever seen. She wore a casual blouse and skirt that emphasized her amazing figure wonderfully. But her most striking feature was her smile, the kind of smile that could melt hearts instantly. As the sun had long since set, the light from the interior of the house bathed her in illumination and caused her to almost look like she was glowing against the darkness.

He caught a whiff of her perfume, a sweet floral fragrance carried into the house on the chill evening breeze. The mansion had been built on a hillside, away from the lights and noises and smells of the city, and her perfume seemed to blend nicely with the natural odors of a mid-autumn evening. It was actually quite subtle; he thought that if this had been spring when the flowers were in bloom, he might not have even noticed it.

He stood there gaping at her, unable to pull his eyes away or even to speak. If there was ever such thing as a perfect woman, this was her, standing on his doorstep.

Despite the fact that she looked like some kind of fashion model, she drove a modest car. It was a simple gray sedan that looked almost pathetic next to his dad's Jaguar in the driveway. Of course, the Primdales also had a minivan, which helped at least to soften the contrast.

Jeff felt a little intimidated by her presence, even awed. He himself was a scraggly thirteen-year-old boy with unkempt, brown hair and a little too many freckles for his liking. He was a little on the thin side, despite having a healthy appetite and rarely getting much exercise. While he was far from ugly, standing in this woman's presence made him think of every last imperfection in his appearance.

"You must be Geoffrey," she greeted amiably. "I'm Allison Craven. I'm here to see your father."

"Hey dad!" he yelled into the background. "There's a mysterious and gorgeous woman to see you!" He didn't know why he said it like that; he was usually quiet and reserved. But there was something about this woman that made it seem like he could get away with saying things like that.

Allison laughed. "A mysterious and gorgeous woman. I like that. I can see we're going to get along fine. And I hope to change your impression of me very soon. At least the mysterious part. I'd like to remain gorgeous for as long as I can," she said with a wink.

Greg appeared and approached the door. From the look on his face, he was as taken with her beauty as his son was. He was a tall, handsome man with a quite muscular physique. For a man only a few years from forty, he looked rather young. He had straight, dark brown hair without even the tiniest trace of gray in it. Perhaps one day age would catch up to him, but for now he seemed to be still in the prime of his life.

"You're Allison Craven?" he asked, with a little more astonishment in the tone of his voice than he had hoped.

"I hope so," she replied. "I'm wearing her clothes."

Greg chuckled a little uncertainly, not entirely sure how to take this woman. "So what can I do for you, Allison? May I call you Allison?"

"Only if I can call you Greg," she grinned.

"Fair enough. So what can I do for you?"

"Is there some place where we can talk in private?" she asked.

"Certainly. Jeff, I'm taking Allison to my office. See that we're not disturbed." He turned and led her into the great hall. The house was fairly moderate for a mansion; they could afford better but they had bought it early in Greg's career when they didn't have quite so much money, and the children all loved it because it was the only home they had ever known. Besides, if it were any bigger they would need to hire a maid, a gardener, and probably a butler as well. Greg had always been frugal with his money, especially since he wanted his children to grow up as normal, healthy kids instead of the snobs and brats that too many of his coworkers had raised.

The mansion itself was a combination of classic Fifth Avenue style and modern touches to bring it into the twenty-first century. The ground floor was taken up mainly by the great hall, which opened to a large living room on the left and the kitchen and dining room on the right, with a couple of other rooms further down. A large staircase led up to the second floor, where balconies overlooked the hall below and half a dozen doors led to other rooms. He led her up the stairs to one of these doors, which opened into a large, comfortable study that he had converted into a home office for when he had to bring his work home with him. He closed the door, then sat down in his chair behind a large, oak desk, then indicated a comfortable chair in front of the desk.

Allison nodded toward a couple of couches against the wall in the corner. "If you don't mind, I'd rather be a little more informal. I'm a little nervous, and that desk reminds me of an interview. I'd rather make this a nice, friendly chat."

Greg shrugged. In truth, he preferred the more informal atmosphere as well; he had only chosen his usual seat because she had said that this was a business proposition. He got up and plopped down on one of the couches. She took the other one.

"All right," she began. "Before we get to why I'm here, you need to know a little about me. This is going to sound a little awkward, a little personal even, but please don't interrupt me until I'm finished, okay?"

Greg nodded.

"My name, as I've already mentioned, is Allison Craven. I'm twenty-three years old and an ex high school teacher. I graduated with a degree in Math Education, taught a couple of years, and am currently unemployed. Though I may not look it, I'm a bit of a computer geek and a bookworm, but my favorite hobbies are camping, cooking, and photography.

"You're obviously wondering where this is going. No doubt you're thinking I'm looking for a job and wondering why I'm coming to you instead of putting in an application at one of the schools in the area. Well, first, I'm not looking for a job, and second, there's not a school in this country that would hire me.

"I'm going to be perfectly frank, Greg. I was fired for having sex with one of my students. Needless to say the school board wasn't too happy. I still believe I did nothing wrong; the affair had no bearing on his grades and he was eighteen and therefore a consenting adult. I still could have gone to prison if it was a public school, but since it was private, all they could do was fire me. I'm not in any legal trouble. But I'm not going to be able to go back to work in a school again, ever. Especially since he had a hidden camera and put the video up on the Internet for everyone to see. There's no way I'm going to live this down.

"Now, I'm not ashamed of what I did. I could sue him to have the video taken down because it was posted without my consent, but the fact of the matter is, now that the cat is out of the bag, I don't have any problem with it being out there. Hell, I'll even give you the address to the web site if you want.

"I tell you this because I don't want to have any secrets from you. Judge me as you will. The point I'm trying to make is that my career is over. The end, adios, sayonara, goodbye. I have no prospects left. One stupid mistake, and I'm going to pay for it for the rest of my life.

"Now, I don't want you to feel sorry for me. I refuse to let this get me down. But I have to look at things realistically. I'm a damn good math teacher, but that's it. I work well with children, especially teenagers. Unfortunately, that limits my options. There's no work for someone with my skills outside of school, and of course, there's no school that will take me. I moved out here to California both because I needed to get away from the scandal back home, and because I hoped to find a more liberal attitude that might allow me to go back into teaching somewhere. But none of the schools I applied at are *that* liberal.

"So I have three choices. Number one. I throw out my degree and my experience, and I get some job waiting tables or bagging groceries, and I spend the rest of my life working as hard as I can just to pay the bills. Not a pleasant thought.

"Number two. My only other asset is my good looks. I put it to work for me. Maybe modeling, maybe something a little less respectable. I've ruled out Hollywood because I can't act and because the movies are filled with girls that look as good or better than me."



Greg could have argued with her; he had never seen an actress that looked as good as Allison. But she had told him to wait until she was finished, so he didn't want to interrupt.

"I could go to modeling school," she continued, "but fashion models have a short life span, and I've got a late start. By the time I finished school, I would work a couple of years and then end up right back where I started. I might make enough to pay off the loans for modeling school, but not much more than that.

"And so we come to option number three. And this is where you come in. I forget all about a career, I marry a nice millionaire, and live in luxury for the rest of my life."

"You what?" Greg asked, astonished.

"You heard me. And yes, it's exactly what it sounds like. When I said this was a proposition, I suppose it would be more appropriate to call it a proposal."

Greg stood up. This was something he had certainly not expected!

"I rushed it a little, didn't I?" she asked. "Just for the record, I'm not in love with you, and I don't expect you to be in love with me. Let's not call this anything but what it is. A marriage of convenience. Look. You've just been burned by a woman you used to love. You're a little vulnerable right now. You're not ready for a serious relationship. On the other hand, you're a man, and that means that you're interested in cars, sports, and sex. Well, I can't help you with the cars and sports part, but I'm more than happy to give you all the sex you want. I'm not even the jealous type; if you want a mistress or two, you go right ahead. And I'd be happy to sign a prenuptial agreement so that you don't think I'm trying to scam you. So that's the deal. I get to live the good life, and you get a purely physical relationship with a beautiful woman. In the mean time, you get to show off your new trophy bride, and hopefully word gets back to that rotten bitch that you're doing just as well, if not better, without her. So what do you say?"

"I... I don't..." Greg stammered.

"Okay, look. You want to take some time to make up your mind. That's only natural; I did kind of spring this on you all of a sudden. Tell you what. You take twenty-four hours to think of all the reasons why you shouldn't do this, and I'll come back tomorrow and help you cross out everything on the list."

"Look, I don't think I can do this to my children. I mean, what would they think? Here it is only three weeks after the divorce, and I suddenly want to get married again?"

"Okay, that's item #1 on your list, and I can help you cross that one off right now. If you want, we can have a reasonable courtship. Say, six months? We can pretend we're just dating, and then announce the engagement at the end. Another three months or so after that, and we're married. No awkward questions, no scandal, and that will give the children time to get to know me. Tell you what. If at the end of the six months any of them object, we'll just call the whole thing off. We're talking no risk here."

"Well... I don't know."

"You drive a hard bargain, Greg," she said, then grinned seductively. "I think what you need is to sample the goods." With that, she stood up in front of him and started unbuckling her blouse.

"What? Stop that!" he exclaimed.

"Why?" she asked, removing her shirt and throwing it to the ground. Greg stared for a moment at her partially revealed body, starting to grow aroused at the sight. His ex-wife hadn't looked that good in ten years. Actually, she hadn't *ever* looked that good!

As Allison reached behind to unhook her black bra, Greg made one last futile attempt to put an end to it. "Look, there's no need..."

"Until you agree to marry me, there's every need," she smiled, and suddenly her bra came loose and she dropped it on the floor next to her shirt. God, she was beautiful! At least from the waist up, she had the most perfect body he had ever seen, even compared to the ones in the *Lecher* magazines that his ex-wife didn't like him looking at. Her breasts were large enough to be enticing, but not too large to hold up under their own weight. She had about average-sized nipples, very dark and well-defined. He felt his resistance weakening. With such an offer from such a woman, what man would be able to refuse?

She then went to work on her skirt, tossing it on the floor with the rest of her clothes. That left only her panties, her high-heeled shoes, and her long, black stockings.

He found his breaths coming in gasps now, and chills ran down his spine. What a gorgeous, absolutely perfect woman! He watched her in fascination as she slipped out of her shoes, then sat back down in the chair and lifted one of her legs to slowly, seductively remove one of her stockings.

"Enjoying the show so far?" she asked, and Greg nodded dumbly. He couldn't tear her eyes off of her!

After finishing with the other stocking, she stood up in front of him again. Then she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and slid them down partway, revealing her beautiful, shaved pussy. A little seductive wiggle sent the garment the rest of the way to the floor, and she stepped out of them, completely naked in front of him.

"And now for the fun part," she grinned, leaning over and pressing her lips up against his. From the first touch, Greg knew he was lost. Her lips were sweet and breathtaking, and she knew how to use them. Her tongue probed his mouth and he allowed himself to reciprocate with his own. Without breaking the kiss, she knelt down between his legs. Her hands went to his, drawing them up to place them on her breasts. It felt wonderful! Without thinking, he found himself massaging and fondling them, enjoying the feeling immensely. As he did so, she unfastened his belt and unzipped his pants. That relieved some of the pressure down there, but his cock was still somewhat restrained by his shorts. She drew her lips away from his and smiled at him as she slipped her fingers in the waistband. "Let's see just what I'm getting out of this," she said with a wink, then slipped his shorts down to let his member spring free. She glanced down at it, licking her lips. "Very nice," she grinned. "I'm going to enjoy this more than I thought." As she lowered her head, he realized what she was about to do.

"Oh my god!" he exclaimed through a haze of lust. His ex-wife had never pleased him like that; she had always thought it was too disgusting. But he had fantasized about it numerous times. And now it appeared that his fantasy was about to come true!

Her tongue came out, and she flicked it against the head, sending a wave of pleasure through him. Then she ran her tongue all over it, and he thought he was going to die of ecstasy. She gazed up at him with a smile as she continued to tease him with her tongue. This was heaven! He had never felt so good!

But it got even better. "This is your house, and I don't want to make a mess," she commented. "So I guess I'm going to have to swallow it."

The anticipation almost made him reach an orgasm right there. She was going to give him the ultimate pleasure!

When her lips wrapped around his cock and she began to suck, he thought he was going to pass out. She started out slow, taking it deep in her mouth then sliding her lips back up until only the head remained. Then she went deep again and repeated the process, over and over again, sending him to ever greater heights of passion.

"Oh, god, Allison!" he moaned. Hearing how much he enjoyed it made her work all the harder. She attacked his cock with wild abandon, driving him into a frenzy. He realized that all he had to do was agree to marry her, and he would get this same treatment as often as he wanted. She would belong to him. His Allison.

As he reached his peak, he knew he would not be able to refuse. He stuck a hand over his mouth to muffle his cry of pleasure; it wouldn't do to have the children hear what was going on up here.

Somehow, Allison managed to swallow every bit of his semen as his hips bucked and he shot load after load into her hungry mouth. He didn't even try to hold back, giving her everything he had. It was her idea after all, so he was going to enjoy it to the fullest.

Then the pleasure began to wane, and he collapsed in exhaustion back onto the couch. She continued to suck, coaxing every last drop out of his softening member.

A couple of minutes later, she let it slip out of her mouth, and she glanced up at him with a smile. "Looks like that's the last of it," she said as she stood back up and began to get dressed. He continued to stare at her beautiful body. The thought of this woman being willing to do *that* to him whenever he wanted was almost too much to handle. At that moment he felt that there was not a man alive who would refuse such an offer, himself included.

"All right, I'll see you again tomorrow to help you start crossing things off your list," she said once she finished dressing.

"What list?" he smiled.

She glanced at him, a smile forming on her face. "So you accept?"

"I'd be stupid not to!"

Allison laughed. "Yes you would, but I wasn't going to be the one to say it."

Then he thought of something. "What about the kids? What am I going to tell them?"

"Do you want me to tell them for you?"

"I don't know... maybe I should be the one."

"That is, of course, your decision, but I need to get to know them anyway, and this would be a perfect opportunity to meet them. Besides, if any of them have any objections, I want to hear it straight, so I can call this whole thing off if I need to. I won't do it unless everyone involved agrees."

"All right, go ahead and tell them."

"Good. You just wait right here. I'll be back in a few minutes. Oh, if I recall correctly, their names are Melissa, Geoffrey, and Britney?"

"Yes, but they go by Lissa, Jeff, and Brit."

"Got it. See you in a few minutes."

"So who's this Allison woman?" asked Lissa. She and Jeff sat on the couch, staring at the TV. Lissa took after her mother in looks, with light brown hair and hazel eyes. Her skin was fair and unblemished, which led to the family joke that Jeff had stolen all of her freckles. She had the tiniest trace of an overbite, or at the very least her front teeth were a little larger than average. But surprisingly enough, rather than detracting from her pretty face, it enhanced it. She had a very good figure for a fifteen-year-old, though it was usually hard to tell because of her fondness for baggy clothes. Their little sister, Brit, lay on her stomach on the floor in front of them, lazily kicking her legs in the air above her. If anything, she was skinnier than Jeff, which wasn't surprising considering her age. She was the beauty of the family, with long blond hair that she liked to wear in pigtails, and large, bright blue eyes. She was still a child, but in a few years she was bound to grow up into a gorgeous woman.

"I don't know," Jeff replied truthfully to Lissa's question.

"So what did she want?"

"She wanted to talk to Dad."

"About what?"

Jeff shrugged. "Work stuff, I think. A business proposition, I think Dad said yesterday when he got off the phone with her."

"So why not go to his office downtown?"

"How should I know? I just answered the door."

"Will you two be quiet?" interrupted Brit. "I'm trying to watch the show."

Jeff kicked her lightly on the side of the leg, for no other reason than that she happened to be where he could reach her. While her request had been reasonable this time, she was usually so bratty that he had just gotten into the habit of thinking she was whining every time she asked for something.

"Hey!" she said, and kicked him back. Lissa sighed. It appeared that this was going to degenerate into another fight between the two.

But the fight never happened, because they were interrupted by Allison, who descended the stairs and entered the living room where the three children sat.

"Do you mind if I turn this off for a minute?" she asked, picking up the remote and switching off the TV. Fortunately it had been on a commercial, or Brit probably would have complained about it.

"I have something to tell you three," Allison said. "My name is Allison Craven, and your father and I are getting married."

"What?" asked Lissa and Jeff, but Brit, in her childlike innocence, came up with the direct question that neither of them had thought to ask: "Why?"

"That's a good question," Allison responded, "and it's complicated. Let's call it therapy. I'm going to help your father forget that rotten bitch."

"So you're going to be our new mother?"

"In a way, yes I am. But let's not have any nonsense about calling me Mom. I'm more interested in being your friend than in being your mom. So call me Allison. Think of me as a permanent babysitter. But not the kind of babysitter you hate; I'm sure you know the ones I'm talking about."

"Brenda," said Jeff under his breath, and Lissa elbowed him in the ribs.

"I want to be the best babysitter you've ever had," continued Allison. "I need your help, though. I can't claim to be perfect, so feel free at any time to let me know what I can do better. Of course we'll have rules--" All three children groaned at this, but Allison wasn't finished. "--because if we didn't, where would be the fun in breaking them?" she grinned. "So what do you say? Will you give me a chance?"

Jeff was more than happy to agree, and he nodded enthusiastically. She was absolutely stunning to look at,

and for some reason he felt completely comfortable with her. She had that quality of making people want to be around her.

Lissa was a little more hesitant. For her father's sake, she wanted to like this woman, but she was not as persuaded by her charm as her younger brother was. True, the woman seemed friendly enough. But this was happening too fast.

Allison noticed her hesitation. "Melissa, what is it?" she asked.

"It's just that... it's so soon after our mother left. And you only met our father half an hour ago. Don't you think maybe you're rushing things a little?"

"Probably," the woman replied. "And I'm very glad you brought that up. You know, you're pretty wise for a girl your age. I know I was pretty stupid when I was fifteen, but you seem to have a good head on your shoulders. Would you do me a favor? Would you help me learn how everything works around here, you know, give me advice and things? I would be happy to put you in charge of the other two children, but I know little brothers hate having to take orders from big sisters." At this she winked at Jeff.

Melissa was flattered, but that made her all the more cautious. Was Allison just complimenting her to get in her good graces?

Britney tugged on her shirt. "I like her," she said meekly.

Allison noted the way the other children seemed to defer to Melissa. That was only natural; the girl had brains after all, and since their mother had left, Melissa had probably had to take on some of the family responsibilities. No doubt she had been forced to grow up very quickly over these past months.

"So we've got two in favor, and one against," said Allison.

"I'm not against," Lissa replied. "I'm just not in favor. Not yet. You haven't convinced me one way or the other."

"Okay, two in favor, and one maybe. But I'm not going to do this unless it's unanimous, because I want to start out right. If there's anyone opposed to me marrying your father, it's going to cause problems down the line."

"Come on, Lissa," Jeff said. "Just say yes."

"Jeff, would you and Britney do me a favor? Promise me you won't put any pressure on your sister about this. And if she decides against me, you won't get after her about it, or even mention it. I want her to like me for who I am, not because she feels obligated to. Would you do that for me, dear? Thanks."

"Well then, if Lissa's not convinced one way or the other, what do we do?"

"It sounds like we need time to get to know each other. I'll go tell your father to put the plans on hold until

Lissa says yes or no." She left the room and headed back up the stairs.

The three kids stared at each other, wondering what to think.

They were still sitting silently when their father and Allison came back downstairs five minutes later. The two of them came in and sat down in two of the empty chairs.

"I know this is kind of sudden," said Greg. "Allison explained the situation to me, and said that she wanted to spend some time with each of you individually. So here's what we're going to do. First, I've invited Allison over for Thanksgiving dinner on Thursday. I had planned to have it just with our family, but as she's likely to become part of our family soon, I think it's appropriate. Friday, I'm going to take Brit and Jeff with me out of the house. Maybe we'll go on a picnic or something, up in the mountains."

"Do I have to go with Jeff?" Brit whined.

"Yes you do, honey," he told her. "I want to leave Allison and Lissa here alone together all day. That way they'll have a chance to get to know each other better. Besides, that's just the first day. On Saturday, we'll do the same thing again, this time leaving Jeff with Allison."

Jeff liked that idea. He was more than happy to spend a day alone with her.

"And then on Sunday, it will be your turn, Brit. What do you think?"

"Oh, all right," she agreed.

"Good. Then it's all settled. Now I'm going to show Allison around the house, and then she has to get back home, but we can talk about it more after she leaves."

The two of them got up and headed out of the room.

"Can I come too?" asked Jeff, climbing up off of the couch.

"That's fine with me," said Allison. "Maybe Jeff can show me what he likes to do around here so we can make some plans for Sunday."

They first headed up the stairs so that she could see where all the children slept. The staircase led to a large balcony over the great hall, which led to the left and right to other smaller balconies along the wall. That much at least was somewhat traditional. In this house, however, the balconies continued further down, where they disappeared behind a wall and met around in the back. A glass door opened up to a small balcony overlooking the large patio and pool below.

Jeff's and Brit's bedrooms were on one side of the great hall, and Lissa's on the other. Jeff groaned inwardly when his father showed Allison his room; he wasn't the neatest person in the world. In fact, it was downright messy. "Don't worry, Jeff," Allison said. "One thing I'm good at is organization. I'll help you tidy it up some time." Not surprisingly, Jeff found himself motivated for the first time in his life to clean his room.

Brit's room was much neater, though Jeff preferred the chaos of his room to hers, with its pink paint, hope chest full of ceramic figurines, and walls covered in posters of kittens and the latest teen heartthrobs. Lissa's room was at least a little better. It was similar in motif to Brit's but toned down quite a bit.

The other rooms on the second floor were Lissa's bathroom, Greg's den, and another room that had been converted to storage space. One of these years, Greg promised himself, he would clean out the garage and the storage room, getting rid of probably ninety percent of their possessions.

They headed downstairs again, where he showed her the rest of the house. Further down the hall was the library with its impressive collection of books (one of Jeff's favorite rooms). Across from it was the master bedroom, which Allison said with a wink that she was particularly interested in. The bathroom just off to the master bedroom also had a door opening in the hall, and was used as a changing room for the swimming pool in the back yard. Jeff turned on the patio lights to show her the pool. Unfortunately they had already covered it for the winter; nobody but members of the Polar Bear Club would want to swim in it in the middle of November. Allison said that she liked to swim, and Jeff was secretly glad; it meant that he would have plenty of opportunity to see her out here in a swimsuit. Since the house was on a hill, the deck just outside of the sliding glass door in the back of the house was elevated above the pool, and large enough for the occasional barbecue party. Because the Primdales owned pretty much the whole hillside, they also had room for a sandy volleyball court and a basketball half-court, each enclosed by a chain link fence. The rest of the yard was grassy, with some shade trees in one corner surrounding a large guest house.

Then they headed down to the basement. One door led to the laundry room, but most of the basement had been converted into a rec room. There were couches and other chairs in the middle of the floor, including a bean bag chair that Jeff mentioned was his favorite. Off to the side, a pool table stood in one corner, a ping-pong table in another, and a wall-size TV and entertainment center against one wall.

After that, the three of them headed back upstairs. Jeff returned to the living room, and Greg walked Allison to the door. "See you Saturday," he told her. She smiled and disappeared outside.

The children had all kinds of questions after that, but their father was just as cryptic as she had been about why they were getting married. They somehow got him to admit that she was marrying him for his money, but that he didn't have any issues with that at all. The rest of the questions were about her personally. Yes, she liked kids. No, she wasn't like the wicked stepmothers in the fairy tales (that was Brit's question). No, she wasn't going to send them all off to boarding school (also Brit's question). Other than that, he really didn't know much more about her than the children did. But they all agreed that she seemed nice enough. Even Lissa had to concede that.

After they exhausted all of their questions and received surprisingly few answers, Greg scooted them all off to bed. Tomorrow was Monday, and they had school after all. The children reluctantly climbed the stairs and headed down the hall to their respective rooms.

It was no surprise that Jeff dreamed about her all night.





## Chapter 2

### Allison Makes a Friend

In the morning, he woke up still thinking about her. He was so engrossed in his thoughts that he didn't even yell at Brit for taking the bathroom before him. Their bathroom separated their two bedrooms, and was not otherwise accessible from the hall. Lissa, being the oldest, had one to herself. Brit had never quite gotten it into her bratty head that since she took at least three times as long in there as Jeff did, that he should be allowed to take his shower first. She almost treated it like a contest, to see who could get in it first. And since both doors locked from the inside, he had no choice but to wait for her.

He headed instead downstairs for breakfast, though he wasn't particularly hungry. He ate in silence, still thinking about Allison.

His father watched him, wondering about his thoughts. Jeff had taken the loss of his mother surprisingly well. Lissa had adopted a mature attitude about it, Brit had cried several times, but Jeff seemed to just shrug it off. He rarely spoke about it, but then, he rarely spoke about anything. The boy liked to read, play computer games, and watch TV. He wasn't much of a social person.

Still, there was nothing unusual about that. He just seemed particularly quiet this morning.

Lissa joined them a few minutes later, then Brit, with a cheerful smile on her face. It was the type of smile that was just meant to annoy Jeff, knowing that he was probably mad at her for taking the bathroom first. But he just ignored her and continued to eat in silence. Brit seemed almost taken aback that he wasn't trying to yell at her. One could always tell what Brit was feeling; she rarely tried to hide her emotions. When she had a good day, she beamed from ear to ear, and when she didn't, she scowled or cried. Today she just looked a little confused that Jeff wasn't trying to pick on her.

After breakfast he went back upstairs, took a shower, and got dressed. He finished just in time; the others were waiting for him so that their Dad could drive them to school. That used to be their mother's job, until she had left. Now Dad had taken over. It worked out fine; that left him plenty of time to head downtown to his office.

All through school, Jeff continued his pensive mood. He didn't listen to the lectures, he didn't look embarrassed about being chosen last again for teams in P.E. class and he didn't even try to sneak glasses at Kari Williams when he thought she wasn't looking. People observing him might have thought he was depressed, but in fact it was just the opposite. He was actually happier than he had been since his mother had left.

He boarded the bus after school, so lost in thought that he actually sat down next to Brit, who had gotten on earlier when the bus made its stop at the elementary school. Despite the fact that she was his sister, he never

sat by her, mainly because he didn't enjoy her company. "Ew, get away from me!" she complained teasingly, making it clear that she didn't enjoy his company either. But he made no move to change seats.

They had only started riding the bus home this year; their mother had faithfully picked them up from school every single day since they had started going to school. Jeff didn't particularly like riding the bus, but there was nothing to do about it now. Unless Allison...

Once again his thoughts returned to her, not that they had every really left. She was going to take the place of their mother now. That was both exciting and a little strange. He wondered if she would start picking them up from school. Wouldn't that be fun, to see the looks on his friends' faces when he got into the car with that gorgeous woman! He couldn't help smiling a little at that.

The bus then headed to the high school, which was just down the street. Lissa joined them, though she had to sit across the aisle from them this time. Normally she sat with either Jeff or Brit, depending on her mood that day. Since Jeff was not talking and Lissa was too far away from Brit to make any kind of conversation, the girls remained as silent as him.

Tuesday he was a little better, and by Wednesday he was back to his usual self, talking again with Lissa and his dad, picking fights with Brit, and actually advancing the pages in the current book that he was reading. There were only so many things one could think about a particular subject, even when that subject was a beautiful woman. And Jeff had just about exhausted all of the possible thoughts.

When his father came home that night, he had Jeff help him carry in the bags of groceries, which were mostly the food for their picnic and some last-minute things for Thanksgiving. Greg had decided that they would make submarine sandwiches with the works, so he had bought half a dozen different types of deli meats, four different kinds of cheeses, and of course, sourdough French bread, which was Brit's favorite. He then sat down with the three of them and made plans for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Even if it hadn't been Thanksgiving weekend, he still would have spent his days with them. Greg had made a decision since his wife had left that he would never work another weekend, since the kids were now seeing their parents less than before. Saturday and Sunday he reserved for his family.

On all three days, the plan was to leave at 9:00 in the morning and drive up into the mountains. Fortunately, in northern California where they lived, the weather was mild enough even in November to picnic in the mountains, and furthermore, the weather report said that it was going to be unusually warm this weekend, with no chance of snow. There was a nice picnic spot that they used to go to all the time with their mother, but it was at least a three hour drive away. Since the whole point was to give Allison time to be together with one of the kids, it worked out perfectly. Jeff, of course, didn't relish spending that much time in the car with Brit, but then, spending the next day alone with Allison would be more than enough reward for the ordeal.

That night, Greg had the children help him cut up vegetables, chop lettuce, slice the bread, and put it all in plastic bags to be assembled on-site. They also prepared a few things for Thanksgiving dinner in advance. It was actually kind of fun, especially with the anticipation to keep their excitement level high. For about half an hour, Jeff even completely forgot all about Allison.

Then they had dinner, finished their homework, watched TV, and finally went to bed. Allison returned to his dreams again that night, and he slept happily.

When he woke up the next morning, he could hear voices talking downstairs. It sounded like Allison! Trying not to seem too eager, he forced himself to shower and dress like he usually did, fighting back the urge to run down the stairs right away. Only after he finished making himself look as presentable as possible did he slowly and, at least outwardly, calmly make his way downstairs.

Greg, Allison, and Lissa were in the kitchen, about to put the turkey in the oven. As before, Allison looked absolutely stunning, though this time somewhat less formal than before. She wore a plain green tee-shirt and jeans that made her look a lot younger than she was, especially with her hair tied back in a ponytail. Of course, the apron that she had borrowed while working with the food made her look five years older, so in the end it all evened out. When Allison saw him, she came over and gave him a hug, which thrilled him so much that he couldn't help but grin.

"Looks like someone enjoys Thanksgiving," she said upon seeing that grin.

"Oh, Jeff likes anything to do with food," said his Dad, but Lissa flashed Jeff a knowing glance.

"As it turns out," said Allison, "your father doesn't have the faintest idea how to cook a turkey. That happens to be a specialty of mine, so I figured I could help out there. And Lissa's got to learn too, to carry on the tradition some day. It's just too bad you weren't up a little earlier or you could have learned as well."

Right now, Jeff was happy to learn absolutely *anything* from her, as long as it meant spending time with her.

When Brit joined them a little later, they all set to work on the various dishes that they would eat that afternoon. Thanksgiving in the Primdale household was no small affair, even when it was kept in the family. Candied yams, three different kinds of pickles, squash, salad, mashed potatoes, stuffing, corn, green beans in cheese sauce, cranberries, and some of the cheeses that they had bought for the picnic all complemented the meal. Instead of the usual packaged stuffing, Allison had prepared a real stuffing inside the turkey using her not-so-secret recipe. Seasoned with rosemary, thyme, sage, and several other herbs, it soon filled the house with a wonderful aroma.

"So do you like to cook then?" Lissa asked her as they were cutting up some more vegetables for a salad.

"I love it. It's nice to go out to a restaurant, of course, but there's always a little worry that I may never taste that particular food again. What if the restaurant shuts down, for instance? Or what if they change their menu? It's not enough to spoil the meal, but the thought just makes me a little sad. If I cook it myself, though, I know that I can have it again any time I want. I don't know if I'm making sense or not--"

"Oh, you're making perfect sense," Lissa agreed. She was liking Allison more and more with every minute she spent with her. The Primdales' mother had been a decent cook, but she never really enjoyed it. Lissa was taking a Home-Ec class in school and learning to cook because her mother had never really had the motivation to teach her. If Allison could teach her, that was a big point in her favor.

Soon there was nothing left to do but wait for the turkey to finish, so they all retired to the living room to talk. This was really the first time the kids had the chance to learn about her, so she was happy to tell them about herself. She mentioned how she used to teach math in high school, and would be happy to give them private tutoring if necessary (Jeff wondered for a moment whether anyone would catch on if his math grades suddenly began to slip and he needed the tutoring). Her father was an ex-Army officer, a real outdoors type, and would often take them on camping trips while they were growing up. She learned to enjoy the outdoors, and offered to take them all camping the next summer. She also liked photography; in fact, she had considered majoring in it in college and becoming a professional. But she decided she was too much of a nerd (Jeff laughed out loud when she said this) and decided on Math instead. Greg was interested to hear that she liked photography, as it was one of his own hobbies. His children had all posed for him at one time or another, and he had their portraits on some of the walls. Allison had taught high school for a couple of years, then lost her job. When the children asked her why, she merely said that she did something she shouldn't have, but she would not elucidate further. She also had a little sister named Rachael who had just graduated high school and was starting her first year of college. Greg suggested she come to visit some time, and Allison replied that she thought Rachael would love it.

The question came up again as to why she and their father were getting married, but she gave the same answer as before: to help him get over his ex-wife. Greg added that she had been very clear from the beginning that the two of them weren't in love, that it was simply a way for them both to get what they wanted.

"But now that I've met all of you," she smiled, "I'm happy that I'm going to go through with it. I'll admit that I was nervous at first, but now I almost feel like a part of this family already. You've all made me feel so welcome."

"Except me," mumbled Lissa with a frown.

"You too," Allison insisted. "You said yourself that you're just cautious, but actually I'm glad. Because you're willing to state your true feelings, I feel I can trust you. And because you're so smart for your age, you're a person I can talk to."

Lissa couldn't help smiling at the compliment.

She talked to the kids to find out what kinds of activities they enjoyed doing, making a mental list of the ideas for the next few days. Even though she knew she was under the microscope, she figured she might as well make it fun.

Once again, Allison reiterated what she wanted her role in the house to be. "Even though I'm marrying your father, I don't want you to think of me as his wife, or your mother. What I want is just to be a part of the family, like any of you. If it helps to think of me as a big sister, that's fine. I know that sometimes I'm going to have to take on motherly responsibilities, but I don't want you to think of me as some kind of authority figure. You've already got your dad for that. I'd rather just be your friend. And I want you to be open and honest with me. I'm bound to make mistakes, but I hope you'll be willing to help me correct them, okay?"

"Okay!" said Brit and Jeff enthusiastically, and Lissa nodded.

"So, since you're just a friend," said Jeff, "do you want to go downstairs and shoot some pool?"

"I'm afraid I'm not very good at it," she replied.

"That's okay, Jeff isn't either," Brit giggled.

"Shut up!" he told her.

"Kids, let's not act up when Allison's here," Greg said firmly.

"Why not?" asked Brit. "She's part of the family, so she might as well know what we're like."

"That's enough, Brit."

"So do you like playing pool, Brit?" asked Allison.

"Sure."

"What about you, Lissa?"

"I suppose."

"Okay, so why don't we do teams? That way I won't feel so self-conscious."

"Can I be on your team?" asked Brit. Jeff was about to say something, but held his tongue. In truth, he was going to ask the same thing, but unfortunately he couldn't afford to sound as enthusiastic as his little sister. Well, it really didn't matter.

"That's fine, dear," Allison replied. "What do you say, Lissa?"

"Okay."

The five of them headed downstairs to the rec room. Greg sat in one of the couches, just watching. Jeff explained the rules of the game and demonstrated how to shoot. He helped her take a few practice shots, adjusting her hands and posture (and she was *very* nice to touch) until she got the hang of it. Then they racked up the balls and started the game.

Jeff and Lissa won, of course. With Allison's inexperience and Brit's lack of skill, it wasn't even a contest. Then Allison suggested they switch teams, asking Jeff if he would mind a beginner like her on his team. He agreed immediately.

This game was much closer. Allison was learning well; she even sank a few balls, though she also scratched a couple of times. Lissa and Jeff were about evenly matched, so in the end it came down to whoever sank the

8-ball first. Miraculously, it was Allison. It took everyone by surprise, herself included. She was so excited that she grabbed Jeff and gave him a big hug. He seemed more startled by that than he had been by her winning shot, and spent the next few minutes in an apparent daze.

Then they switched teams again, and this time it was a disaster. With Jeff and Brit on the same team, it was only a matter of time before the whole thing blew up in their faces. They were only five minutes in when Brit missed an easy shot, Jeff called her an idiot, and she burst into tears and ran upstairs crying.

"I'll handle this," said Allison, and followed her.

The three remaining people stood in silence. Jeff was mad; his bratty little sister shouldn't have been so sensitive in the first place. And it really was a dumb shot. But everyone else was probably blaming him for it when it was her fault.

Ten minutes later, Brit and Allison returned. Though Brit's eyes were still a little red and puffy, she wore a smile on her face.

"How did you...?" Greg asked, astounded.

"Simple," Allison replied. "I just asked her to tell me all of the things Jeff does that show that he loves her."

"And she actually had an answer?" asked Lissa.

"You'd be surprised at how long the list was," Allison said. "It brought back a lot of happy memories for her. Believe it or not, Jeff does love Brit, and she loves him. And a little argument like this isn't going to change that. Now Jeff, I want you to do something for me."

"What?"

"I want you to tell Brit why it wasn't her fault for missing that shot."

"But--"

"Don't argue. Just tell her."

"Fine. Brit, it wasn't your fault for missing the shot because you didn't do it on purpose. Sometimes it just happens, even to the best pool players in the world. Okay?"

Brit nodded. Then she came over and threw her arms around him. "Thank you, Jeff," she said.

Jeff just rolled his eyes. "You're welcome," he mumbled.

After that they were all friends again. They decided not to play any more pool, which was just as well, because the two younger kids were likely to get into another fight. Fortunately, the turkey was getting close to being finished by this point, so the family headed back upstairs.

Allison insisted on changing her clothes; since it was a formal meal she wanted to look a little more formal. Greg agreed, and told the children to dress up as well. Grudgingly, they headed upstairs to change.

The dinner was excellent. Allison had done a wonderful job with the turkey; it was moist and flaky, slicing easily and almost melting in the mouth. The rest of the food was delicious as well. Surprisingly, Jeff and Brit didn't fight at all, but were very polite to each other. Maybe it was the formal attire. Perhaps it had a subconscious effect on their manners. Or maybe it was just that they were both embarrassed about fighting in front of Allison and didn't want to do it again.

After dinner they headed back out to the living room, but after such a big meal nobody was in the mood to talk. They just wanted to sit there and rest.

Allison was the first one to fall asleep. As she was sitting next to Greg, she lay her head down on his shoulder and closed her eyes. Five minutes later they could hear her heavy breathing.

It was contagious, almost hypnotic, and one by one the rest of them drifted off to sleep as well.

Later that evening they went over the plans for tomorrow. Allison would go home tonight and come back at 8:30. Greg and the children would leave at 9:00 and return some time before dinner. They would repeat it Saturday and Sunday as well.

It was getting late, so Allison kissed Greg goodnight, gave each of the children a hug, and drove home. Greg insisted that the children go to bed early so as to be able to get up on time, so they all went upstairs to their rooms, excited for the days ahead of them.

Lissa was the first to wake the next morning. She went through her morning ritual of showering, dressing, and doing her hair, all the time thinking about everything that had happened in the last week. Despite her misgivings, she did like Allison. She thought the woman was intelligent and charming, exactly the type of person she would want for a mother. In fact, the reason she hadn't immediately jumped at the chance was that she thought it was too good to be true. Why did this family deserve someone as perfect as that? Was there some higher force at work? Was it luck? Or was she just reading too much into it? Her dad had admitted she was marrying him for his money, which explained her motivation, and one needed only to look at Allison to see his motivation, so maybe that was all there was to it. The only question left was how she would treat the three of them, and today she would have her answer.

She was the first one downstairs for breakfast, so she just poured herself a bowl of cold cereal. Sometimes her Dad liked to make pancakes and eggs on the weekends, but there wouldn't be time today. She knew him too well; even if she offered to do the cleanup, he would insist that today was her day and that she shouldn't have to do any of that kind of work.

The others joined her a little later, and they talked about the upcoming trip. Surprisingly, Jeff and Brit hardly argued. Maybe they were learning to get along after all. Or maybe they were just too excited to fall into their



usual roles. Their dad opened the fridge and loaded the goods from last night into a large cooler.

Allison showed up at 8:30. Jeff, of course, rushed to answer the door. Lissa was not surprised; it was obvious he was smitten with her. Last weekend and all Thursday she had caught him staring at Allison, especially from behind. Well, Allison did have a little swing to her step that boys might find sexy. In fact, there really wasn't a single thing about her that boys wouldn't find sexy.

Of course, that was another reason why Lissa was a little wary. If it was a phase that he would get over, fine, but it wasn't the healthiest thing for a boy to have a crush on his stepmother.

That couldn't be helped, however. It wasn't Allison's fault for looking the way she did. Lissa decided that she would ignore that point when making her decision; she would decide solely on the basis of Allison's merits, not on the reactions of people that she couldn't control.

As usual, the woman looked absolutely perfect this morning. She wore a pastel blue button-down blouse, a navy blue jacket, a pair of denim jeans, and white tennis shoes. She wore her hair down like she had before, which suited her well.

"Hi, Jeff," she greeted cheerfully. "Are you guys all ready for your picnic?"

"Sure. It's just too bad you're not coming along."

"Oh, I'm sure I'll have plenty of opportunities. Maybe I can convince your dad to take us all camping next summer."

"That sounds like fun."

"Well, may I come in?"

"Oh, sorry. Of course."

She stepped into the house. Upon spotting the others in the dining room, she came over and sat down next to them.

"You look lovely, Allison," said Greg with a smile.

"Thanks," she beamed. "You're all ready for your picnic, I see," she said, indicating the open cooler.

"We're going to have a lot of fun, aren't we, kids?"

"Yes we are, even if Brit's coming along," said Jeff. Brit slapped him on the shoulder, a pouty look on her face.

"Okay, let's not start that just yet," Greg told them. "No fighting until we leave the house."

"Fine, but then we get to make up for it," Brit said, and Greg rolled his eyes.

"You see what I have to put up with around here?" Greg asked.

"Well, maybe I can do something about that," Allison replied.

"If you can get Brit and Jeff to stop fighting, it will be a miracle."

Eventually 9:00 came around, and Greg had Jeff help him carry the cooler out to the van, then they came back inside to say their goodbyes. Allison kissed Greg, then hugged Jeff and Brit. Jeff was ecstatic, Lissa noticed, not that that was surprising. Then the three of them climbed into the van.

As soon as her Dad drove off with Jeff and Brit, Lissa turned to Allison. "Okay, so what are we going to do now?"

"That's up to you," said Allison. "What are your favorite things to do?"

"Well, I like to go shopping," she said. "Mom always used to take me shopping."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Allison said. "I didn't mean to bring up any painful memories."

"Never mind that. Those days are over, and it's time to put it behind me and start making new memories."

"Sounds like you're facing this with the right attitude. Good for you. So let's see... Do you think you could accept a rain check on the shopping for a while? At least until you've decided whether to keep me. I like to shop too, sometimes too much. I'd probably end up spending a lot of money on you, and I don't want to seem like I'm buying your vote."

Lissa nodded. "That makes sense," she said. Allison was actually pretty smart. Once again Lissa wondered why she and Greg were getting married.

"So what's your favorite thing to do around the house?" asked Allison.

"Um, the hot tub?"

"You have a hot tub?" Allison exclaimed with delight. "Perfect! Where is it?"

"Downstairs in the rec room."

"Oh, your father showed me the rec room, but I didn't see the hot tub."

"He had it installed a couple of years ago. It's in an alcove to the side."

"Show me."

"Come on, then."

Lissa led Allison down to the rec room and pointed out the accordion-fold plastic screen in the wall opposite the entertainment center, hiding a separate section of the room. Lissa unlatched it and drew it to the side, revealing a room with a hot tub. The tiled floor was lowered about six inches to keep any accidental spills from seeping into the carpet. In one side of the alcove, a door opened up to a small bathroom with a shower. It actually had a second door leading out to the main section of the rec room so that people wouldn't need to open the screen in order to use it. In the other side of the alcove were cupboards full of towels, and a broom closet with a mop. Lissa's Mom had one rule about using the hot tub-- that the people who used it had to mop up any water that got on the floor.

Allison took off her jacket and tossed it on one of the nearby chairs. Then she began to unbutton her blouse.

"Er... what are you doing?" asked Lissa.

"I'm taking my clothes off," Allison explained casually. "You wouldn't want me to get in fully clothed, would you?"

"We... usually use the bathroom to change," she said, pointing to it.

Allison glanced at the door, then back at Lissa. "Oh. Well, it would be kind of pointless since I don't have a swimsuit."

"What?" Lissa asked. Then she remembered that Allison hadn't brought anything with her when she came over.

"Let me guess," said Allison. "You were going to put your swimsuit on, right?"

"Well, yeah."

"Well that won't do at all. My family had a hot tub too. My sister Rachael and I would always go naked in it when it was just us girls, ever since we were kids. It's no big deal, really."

"I don't know..."

"Come on, Lissa. It feels so much better that way. Tell you what. You try it, just this once. If you don't like it, you can go put your swimsuit on, then I'll never bug you about it again."

"Oh, all right," she agreed.

Still a little self-conscious, she began to undress as well. She tried not to look at Allison, but couldn't help stealing at least one glance once the woman was fully nude. Allison's body seemed every bit as perfect as her face. Her boobs were fully developed, but quite firm. She had a slender waist that gave her a graceful curve. It was that curve, perhaps, that added that bit to her walk that Jeff found so sexy, though Lissa didn't really understand her brother's fascination with staring at a woman's rear end. Then she noticed something else that

surprised her. Allison had no hair between her legs.

Lissa didn't think it polite to mention it, so she kept silent as she finished undressing herself. She felt all-too exposed in front of this strange woman.

It didn't help that Allison seemed not the least bit bashful. "Come on, then," she said, "let's have a look at you."

"What?" Lissa demanded, throwing her arms around herself.

"Oh, don't be shy," said Allison. "Here. You can look at me first if you want." She faced Lissa directly and put her hands on her hips.

"Why would I want to look at you?" asked Lissa, starting to grow red.

"Because you're way too uncomfortable. Let's just look at each other's bodies, get it over with, and then you can focus on more important things, like enjoying the bath."

Still hesitantly, Lissa turned her head and gazed at Allison's nude body. As she looked, she realized that it really was just silly on her part to feel that embarrassed about it. If Allison was all right about it, Lissa might as well be too. She dropped her hands to her sides and let the woman see her.

"There, now, that wasn't so bad, was it?" asked Allison.

"I suppose not."

"Good. There's no need to be ashamed of your body. Especially when you have a body like yours. I'll bet all the boys at school are dying to see it."

"Allison!" said Lissa, growing red again.

"What? For a girl your age, you've got a great body, and you're really pretty, too. If I know teenage boys, I'm sure they all have their fantasies about you."

"Come on, Allison. You're embarrassing me."

"Oh, all right. If you don't want to talk about boys, we don't have to. So let's get in the tub."

As it turned out, Lissa's apprehensions turned out to be unfounded. It really did feel nice to soak there in the water, completely unrestrained by any kind of clothing.

The two of them sat and talked about nothing in particular. Later Lissa couldn't even recall the topic of conversation; she just remembered that Allison was really easygoing and nice to talk to. She was intelligent, but so was Lissa, so they seemed to get on very well together.

"So what's the story with Jeff and Brit?" Allison asked her at one point.

Lissa shrugged. "They've been teasing each other and fighting since they were kids. Brit can really be a brat sometimes, and Jeff just encourages her. Mom and Dad have been trying to get them to stop for years, and it hasn't worked yet."

"Sounds like they just need to learn to have fun together," Allison commented.

"Good luck on that."

"So what about you, Lissa? You seem to be the peacemaker of this family. Both Jeff and Brit like you."

"I just... I just suppose it's up to me to be the mature one. Especially now that they don't have a mother any more. I can't afford to play those childish games."

"I'm sorry, Lissa. This whole thing must have been particularly hard on you. You've had to grow up too fast. Jeff and Brit could always come to you when they needed someone, but you had no one you could go to with your problems."

"I have Dad."

"I know, but there are some things that parents can't do for you. You need someone like a big brother or sister. I hope that even if you decide you don't want me in this family, you can still think of me as a friend, and come to me whenever you need to talk to someone."

"You would still be willing to do that even if I decided against you?"

"If you decided against me, I wouldn't be mad. A little sad, maybe, but I would respect your decision, and I would still want to be your friend. Whatever your decision, I don't think I could ever let you guys go completely, now that I know what you're like."

"But I *do* want you in this family," said Lissa. "That's just it. I think you're perfect."

"Me? Perfect? Hardly."

"Well then at least you're very good at hiding your flaws. But that's the problem. We've just gone through a tough time. Why should things suddenly turn around just like this? It sounds too good to be true."

"But it *is* true, Lissa. I promise you that. I think I'm falling in love with this family. I would never do anything to hurt any of you."

Lissa just stared at her for a moment. "No, I don't think you would," she said. "It's not about that. I just think... things just don't get this good so suddenly."

"I'm not sure I understand."

"I'm not sure I do either. What if... what if in three months you get hit by a car and die? What if Dad decides after all that he doesn't want to marry you? A lot of things can go wrong, and I would hate to get my hopes up just to have it all fall apart."

"And you think that because everything seems to be perfect right now, something has to come along and spoil it. You're just afraid of what that might be. Right?"

"Well, sort of."

"Lissa, first of all, I don't believe in any sort of cosmic justice. Things just happen when they happen. Bad and good. Besides, even if there is some kind of justice, maybe my showing up is to counterbalance your mother leaving. I think you've learned to accept the bad things in life, and that's a sign of maturity. You've had to, for the sake of your siblings. But do you think, just maybe, you haven't learned yet to accept the good?"

Lissa thought about that for a minute. It did make some kind of sense. She had just been through a traumatic experience with her mother leaving, and she had learned to deal with it. But maybe she had dealt with it by becoming a bit of a pessimist, by not recognizing good things when they literally walked up to her front door.

But there was still something nagging her, something she had to know. "Tell me one thing," said Lissa. "You're smart, you're friendly and kind, you've got everything you need to have a good career. So why choose this other path?"

Allison nodded. "I can see there's no fooling you, Lissa. You're right, there's something in my past that I'm not proud of. I'm perfectly willing to tell you, but I never got the chance until now because I didn't want to mention it in front of the other kids. Jeff may be old enough to understand, but certainly not Brit. I believe you're mature enough to hear this, but do you really want to know? Even if it tarnishes your image of me?"

"Yes. I think it's important if I'm going to make the right decision."

"All right. In short, I was fired from my teaching job for having sex with one of my students."

"What?"

"I know. It's not the sort of thing you want to hear. But you wanted the truth. So because of that one little indiscretion, I'll never be able to teach again, at least formally. So I decided to do something a little different, and marry a rich man. I looked for a recently divorced man and happened to hear about your father. When I did a little research, I found out that he had two teenagers and one preteen, and I decided this was perfect. After all, I like to be with kids your age. That's one of the reasons I started teaching in the first place, and that was the hardest thing for me to get over when I realized I wouldn't be able to teach again. Anyway, I was prepared to go through with my plan even if I hated the family, but it's turned out just the opposite of all my fears. You've all been so kind to me, I decided that this is what I really wanted. This is like a dream come true for me. So what do you think? Do you think I'm a terrible person?"

"Oh, Allison, of course I don't think you're terrible! I'm glad you were willing to share that with me, as painful as it is. Now I understand everything, and I know I can trust you."

"Thank you, Lissa. It means so much to me to hear you say that."

Lissa smiled. So there it was. She realized she had been looking for some kind of flaw, some imperfection in Allison. People were just not that perfect, and Lissa was afraid of discovering Allison's weaknesses later on down the road when it was too late. Ironical as it seemed, a lack of weakness was the only weakness Allison had. In Lissa's eyes it was all that the woman was missing. She needed to be human, to make mistakes. Without that, she wasn't real; she was just a fantasy. And that fantasy could end at any time. Now that she knew of Allison's past, Lissa could finally accept her.

Later, after they had gotten out of the hot tub and sat together on the couch continuing their conversation, Lissa knew there was something she had to tell her.

"Allison, I'm changing my vote from maybe to yes."

The woman's eyes lit up, and began to grow misty with tears. She threw her arms around Lissa and hugged her. "Oh, thank you!" she said, choking back the tears. "That means so much to me. I'll try my hardest to live up to your expectations."

"No, don't do that," said Lissa. "I just want you to be yourself. You're going to be with us for the rest of your life, after all, and I don't want you to have a nervous breakdown from trying to be perfect all the time. It's okay if you're not everything you seem. Nobody is."

"That's why I like you so much, Lissa. I'm the one marrying your father, and yet you've got more motherly wisdom than I do. Do you mind if I come to you for advice sometimes?"

"Only if I can come to you for advice too."

"It's a deal," Allison grinned. "And now, I have a great idea. Now that I already have your vote, you won't be able to accuse me of trying to buy it if we go shopping. What do you say?"

"Let's go," said Lissa enthusiastically.

They spent the rest of the day at the mall, visiting a multitude of stores. They had lunch at the new salad bar that had just opened up, and then got down to the serious task of shopping. Allison seemed to enjoy spending money on Lissa, but to keep it under control, she said she would match whatever Lissa spent on herself, which worked out well because when Lissa couldn't decide between two different blouses that she wanted to buy, she just bought one and Allison bought the other for her. In the end, Allison paid slightly more than Lissa did, but she said, "I won't tell anyone if you don't."

When they returned home, Greg and the other kids were already there. They had had plenty of fun themselves, although admittedly Jeff and Brit had fought a good portion of the time.

"I have an announcement to make," said Lissa. "I've decided I want Allison to join our family. So unless any of you have changed your minds, it looks like it's unanimous."

"Yay!" shouted Brit, running over and hugging her big sister.

"Remember, Lissa wasn't the only one who voted for me," said Allison. "I think your dad and brother deserve hugs too."

Brit immediately hugged Greg, then turned and looked at Jeff.

"Do I have to?" she asked.

"No," said Jeff. "You can settle for this instead." He immediately grabbed her and began to tickle her. She laughed and slapped him, then managed to get free and bolted out of the room.

The atmosphere was jovial as they all ate dinner together. They talked about their day, Lissa mentioning that they spent the morning in the hot tub but conveniently leaving out that they had been naked. Jeff and Brit talked about the picnic, and how nice the weather was, even in the middle of November. The weather was expected to stay that way all weekend, so they made no change to their plans. They would do exactly the same thing again the next day.

After dinner, Allison said she had to go home, to their disappointment. She gave them all hugs again and headed out the door. Jeff went to bed early, deciding that the sooner he fell asleep, the sooner his day with Allison would come.

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## Chapter 3

### Christmas with the Primdales

He woke up before anyone else, of course, and hurried to take a shower then head downstairs for breakfast. It felt like waking up on Christmas morning.

The others joined him not long after. Brit, of course, teased him incessantly, but he was so excited that he forgot to fight with her, so the morning went relatively peacefully.

At 8:30, just as before, Allison arrived. He was thrilled to see her again, especially knowing that he would get to spend the day alone with her. She seemed to be in good spirits, just like before, and talked and joked with the family until it was time for them to leave.

As soon as they drove away, Allison turned to Jeff. "I was looking forward to spending this time with you," she said.

"Really?" he asked.

"Yes. I used to play multi-player computer games with my students in the computer lab all the time before I lost my teaching job, but since then I haven't had a chance," she explained. That was when he noticed that she had brought over her laptop computer.

They went up to his room and she set to work networking it with his. He was amazed at how technically minded she was; in his experience, most women were at best uninterested in computers, and at worst, afraid of them.

"You don't graduate college with a math-related degree without knowing your way around computers," she explained. "Our knowledge of math has progressed to the point that it's impossible to prove, and in most cases even research, new mathematical theorems without computers these days; they're that complex."

He had no idea what she was talking about; math had never been his strong subject, but computers were perfectly understandable to him. He could write papers for school, look up stuff on-line, and play games on them. There was probably math involved in programming them, but he wasn't interested in programming. Mainly just games.

Surprisingly, she had a dozen games installed, most with some form of multi-player capability. They spent the rest of that day brutally punishing each other, figuratively speaking. He was surprised at her skill; he could hold his own with some of the other boys in the school, but he didn't think anyone over twenty was interested enough to spend the time needed to get good at it, especially a girl. Allison, however, managed to keep right up with him, and even won a few games.

After that, any misgivings he might have had about her simply vanished. All it took was a simple common interest in computer games, and suddenly he felt comfortable with her.

They shot a little pool that afternoon, and Jeff gave her a few more pointers, helping her with her aim, how to hold the cue, and how to pick the best shots. She was a quick learner, soon getting into the hang of things although certainly not competing at professional skill level by any means. She didn't win a single game against him, but she didn't seem to mind a bit. In fact, she looked like she was just happy to be spending the time with him. Of course, he felt exactly the same way.

When they decided to play a game of ping-pong, though, she beat him almost without effort. She explained that her parents had a table just like this one at home, and she would sometimes spend hours practicing with her friends or her sister. Jeff wasn't exactly thrilled with losing every single game, but with Allison laughing every time she made a mistake, or deliberately and sometimes comically missing shots just to give him a running chance, she actually made losing fun. Until that point, Jeff hadn't really understood the concept of "it's just a game," but now he realized that the score really didn't matter in the end; it was more important to enjoy himself than to win.

It was a shame when Greg and the girls returned that night; Jeff could have gone another day with her. But he had to be fair and let Brit take a turn.

The next day Allison arrived again at the appointed time, and soon Brit found herself alone with the woman. As soon as the van was out of sight, Allison immediately turned to her.

"Your father told me you like to draw," Allison commented.

"Yeah," said Brit.

"What kinds of things do you draw?"

"Fantasy stuff, mostly."

"Fantasy? I assume you're not talking about big-breasted barbarian princesses in chain mail bikinis," Allison smiled.

Brit gave an embarrassed laugh. "No, of course not," she said. "I mostly draw fairies and unicorns."

"Really? Would you mind if I saw some of your drawings?"

"I don't know..." Brit mumbled. "I'm not very good."

"I've never been a big fan of false modesty. Besides, nobody starts out good, so what does it matter if you're still learning?"

"Okay fine, but you have to promise not to laugh."

"I only laugh at things that are intentionally funny."

Brit headed to her room, where she pulled her sketchbook from her desk. Then she headed downstairs, where Allison was sitting on the couch. Brit plopped herself down beside her and opened it up.

They flipped through the drawings slowly, and Allison made comments about each of them. As she had said, Brit drew mostly fairies and unicorns, with the occasional dragon, castle, princess, or knight. There were pages of figure studies, of fantastical creatures in various poses, and one or two full drawings. Actually, now that she had the chance to look at them with a critical eye, she realized that they weren't all that bad after all. She had her weaknesses, but they were nothing that couldn't be overcome.

"May I give you a word of constructive criticism?" asked Allison.

"What?"

"You do marvelous work on the subjects of the drawings themselves. I don't see much effort put into the backgrounds, though."

"I know. I'm really not that good with landscapes."

"Any particular reason?"

"Part of it is the perspective. I can never get things the right sizes. And then, just visualizing things. Horizons, especially, like with mountains and things. It always ends up looking flat, like those mountains are just a cardboard cutout behind the subjects."

"Then it seems to me that you just need to develop an eye for landscapes."

"I suppose so. But how would I go about doing that?"

"I noticed there's a park down at the bottom of the hill, about a mile away."

"Yeah, we like to go there to play sometimes during the summer."

"Do you have a camera?"

"No."

"Then you can borrow mine. Let's go down to the park and have you take some reference pictures. Start building up a photography portfolio. When you get stuck on visualizing things, you can refer to those pictures."

Brit smiled. "That sounds like a great idea!" she said.

Allison gave Brit a five-minute lesson on how to use her camera, then the two of them climbed into her car and headed down to the park. The weather was cool but not cold, and the most of the trees had lost their leaves. There were still enough bright autumn colors, however, that Brit was able to take a lot of good pictures. There were places where Brit could take shots of the mountains in the distance, but mostly she just photographed the scenery around the park.

"There are a lot of flowering bushes," Allison commented. "It's too bad none of them are in season. I would love to come here during the spring; it must be beautiful."

"Oh, it is!" Brit smiled. "It's absolutely wonderful. There's something magical about this place when the flowers are all in bloom."

"Then we'll have to come back next year so you can take some more pictures. I can imagine a bunch of fairies flying around here, or sitting on the petals of some of those flowers. And right over there would be a great spot for a unicorn to pose."

Brit made sure to snap off a picture in the direction that Allison pointed. It was great to have someone with her who could visualize things the way she could. A lot of people said that Brit had an overactive imagination, and maybe it was true. She often saw magical beings or fantastic settings in the world around her, all in her mind of course. But they were there nonetheless. When she closed her eyes her mind was always whisked away to worlds of fantasy.

Apparently Allison could see some of the same things. The two girls talked about the images in their minds, sometimes joking but sometimes serious, and bit by bit their two imaginative worlds drew together and became one. While Brit had plenty of friends, this was the first time she had met someone she could talk to about all these wonderful visions.

Allison explained that most people lost the ability to see such things as they got older, but she herself had always refused to grow up. Although her perception of the fantastic had dimmed with time, she had never lost it entirely.

"Sometimes I need a little help, though," she said. "It takes someone like you to awaken it within me."

Brit blushed at the compliment, but she was certainly pleased. Now more than ever she was glad that Allison was going to become part of their family.

They continued to take pictures all morning, then went and picked up some hamburgers at the nearest fast food place and brought them back to the park to eat. Allison said that her favorite time to take pictures was in the late afternoon as the setting sun brought out the warm colors, so they continued for several more hours. The time passed surprisingly quickly, and before they knew it, the sun was slipping below the mountains in the west.

"Time to head home," Allison told Brit, and the two of them climbed back into her car and drove back up the hill to the house.

Greg and the others hadn't quite arrived home yet, so Allison asked Brit if she had a computer to download the pictures to. Unfortunately Brit didn't because she had never really been interested in computers before, but now she wished she had one. Instead, Allison brought out her laptop and downloaded the pictures there.

They didn't have time to go through the pictures together, because the others arrived a few minutes later. Greg insisted on hearing about what they had done all day, so they talked about their excursion.

After dinner, Lissa went to her room and Greg and Allison went to theirs. That left Jeff and Brit alone in the front room together, which meant it was only a matter of time before they got in a fight.

"What's this?" asked Jeff, picking up the sketch book that Brit had dropped there that morning. Brit tried to take it away from him, but he pushed her away, then dashed up the stairs. Brit chased him to his room, where he wasn't quite fast enough to close and lock the door before she entered. So he simply sat down on his bed and opened up the sketch book.

"Give that back, Jeff. It's mine!" she complained.

"Yeah, I can tell," he said, flipping through the pages.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I mean it obviously doesn't belong to a professional artist," he teased.

"You're just jealous because you can't draw!" she snapped.

That was true, but he wasn't going to let her win the argument that way.

"Apparently, neither can you, but at least I don't pretend I can."

To his distress, Brit suddenly burst into tears. "I hate you!" she shouted, then dashed into her bedroom.

Once more he had crossed over the line and made her cry. He always felt guilty when he did that, even though he knew she shouldn't be that sensitive. Feeling quite ashamed of what he had done to her, he followed her into her room, carrying the sketch book with him. He set it down on her desk and came over to sit on the bed by his sister, who had tears running down her cheeks.

"Brit..." he began, more softly this time.

"Get out of my room!" she shouted at him.

"Okay, what's going on here?" Lissa suddenly demanded, bursting through the door. Spying the two of them sitting there with Brit sobbing, she closed the door behind her and strode over to them. "Jeff, did you make your sister cry again?"

He had been just about to apologize, but now with Lissa butting in where she wasn't wanted, he had his honor to protect.

"No," he denied. "It's up to her whether she wants to cry or not."

"Jeff's being mean to me!" Brit blurted out.

"I thought you were supposed to be nice to her," Lissa said.

"It's her fault!" complained Jeff. "Why do you always have to take her side?"

"Because it's so much fun to punish you," Lissa replied, then pounced on him. Caught off his guard, he fell off the bed, with his big sister on top.

"Get his hands!" Lissa shouted at Brit, laughing and forcing Jeff's hands against the floor above his head. Brit's sad look instantly changed to a grin, and she knelt down on top of his wrists to pin them to the floor.

"No fair!" exclaimed Jeff. "Two against one!"

"Exactly," said Lissa. "Maybe this will teach you not to pick on your little sister." She suddenly puckered her lips and leaned in.

"No!" he shouted in playful horror, then turned his head away. This was something Lissa used to do to torture him when they were younger, but only when he was being a brat. Since their mother had left and she had suddenly gotten more mature, she had stopped doing it, until now.

She pressed her lips up against his cheek and made a loud smacking sound.

"Ew, gross!" he said.

"Just for that, I'm going to do it again," Lissa said.

"Don't you dare!"

But she ignored his pleas and kissed him again.

"Tell Brit you're sorry," she commanded.

"No way! It was her fault!"

"Okay, then we'll have to do this the hard way," she grinned, then grabbed his head and turned it face up. Once more she puckered up and very slowly leaned down. Jeff tried to turn his head away, but she held him tightly. This time she planted a big, loud kiss right on his lips.

"Blech!" he shouted, turning his head and pretending to spit. "I'm going to get rabies!"

Brit, meanwhile, was giggling hysterically. She seemed to be enjoying this every bit as much as Lissa. Perhaps that had been Lissa's plan all along, to put her in a better mood. Of course, it was at Jeff's expense, so he couldn't approve too much of what she was doing.

"Tell her you're sorry," Lissa demanded again.

"Brit, I'm not sorry," he said stubbornly.

Lissa forced his head up again and pressed her lips against his for the second time. This time she kept them there. Jeff felt humiliated and degraded, but another feeling had begun to grow inside of him. If he were anyone else, he would probably enjoy being kissed by Lissa. She was, after all, a beautiful girl. This game of Lissa's had worked well when he was younger and not interested in girls, but in the last year or so, most of his revulsion had disappeared. Now it was only the fact that she was his sister that turned him off, and even that was starting to lose its horror as his hormones reacted to being kissed by someone as pretty as her.

He had his eyes shut tight, but he stopped struggling and even relaxed his lips a little instead of keeping his mouth closed tight. The kiss suddenly became much less innocent.

Apparently Lissa noticed the change too, because she pulled away. For a moment she stared at him in surprise.

"I think he likes it," Brit teased.

"Shut up," Jeff snapped, although in fact, she was absolutely right.

"Widdle Jeffy's in wuv with big Lissa," Brit laughed.

Jeff pushed both girls off of him, something he admittedly could have done at any time. He sat up and wrapped one of his arms around Brit's neck and pulled her in to a headlock.

"Ow!" she complained.

"Take it back!" he told her.

Then he felt Lissa's hand on his arm. "Jeff, let her go," she said softly. He glanced at her. She didn't have an angry or haughty look on her face, and her tone of voice was anything but commanding. But somehow, it worked. He released Brit, who punched him in the ribs, although she wasn't strong enough to cause him anything more than the lightest discomfort.

"Brit, that's enough," said Lissa. "This game's over." She glanced once more at Jeff, then suddenly shuddered, though she had the tiniest trace of a smile on her lips. She looked a little flushed as she stood up and hurried out of the room. Jeff wondered what that was all about.

Jeff picked himself up off the floor, then headed for his own room. At the doorway he stopped and turned around.

"Brit," he said. She glanced up at him.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You really are a good artist."

Her only response was a frown. He sighed, then turned back around and headed through the bathroom into his own room, closing the door behind him.

After that weekend, Allison's presence around the house just became natural. She seemed to come and go as she pleased, sometimes coming for dinner, sometimes for special purposes, and sometimes just stopping by to say hi to everyone. She even came by a couple of times just to help the kids with their homework, especially math. She spent the next few weekends with everyone as November faded into December. Then one day, their father gathered the children together into the living room.

"I've invited Allison to live here," he announced. "The plan is to have her move in during Christmas break. That way we can all help her. It's not going to be pleasant trying to move everything during the middle of winter, but I think with us all working together, we can make it fun. But I want to know if there are any objections first?"

"Is she going to sleep in the guest house?" Brit asked.

"No, dear. She's going to sleep in my room."

"Why?"

Lissa and Jeff both couldn't control their laughter. It was a simple question, but it had a difficult answer, especially for a ten-year-old.

Greg handled it beautifully. "Because husbands and wives always sleep in the same room, and I want her to get used to it before we get married."

"Okay," said Brit, accepting the answer.

"So are we all agreed?"

The kids all nodded their acceptance enthusiastically.

So that was that. In just a couple of weeks, Allison became just like one of the family. She accompanied them when they went out to a Christmas tree farm that happened to be only a few miles away and picked out a nice, tall tree to set up in the great hall. Then she spent the rest of the day helping them decorate it (and Jeff had never been so enthusiastic about decorating a Christmas tree since he had been a child).

The semester came to a close and Christmas vacation started. On the last day of school, Allison came to pick them up. It was just the way Jeff had imagined. He left his friends standing around gawking as he climbed



into the car with the most gorgeous woman that any of them had ever seen. Unfortunately he had to sit in the back seat, as Brit had claimed the front, but that was fine. They made a stop at the high school to pick up Lissa, then they all drove home.

Over the next few days they made a dozen trips into town with the van to help haul Allison's things from her apartment. She had a surprising amount of stuff for such a small apartment, and most of it ended up in the garage. Then they all helped clean her apartment, which was surprisingly pain-free considering Jeff usually made it a habit not to clean anything if he could avoid it. Of course, Jeff could enjoy standing in a pit full of rattlesnakes if Allison were there with him.

For the first few days, she made it a point to be fully (and immaculately) dressed every morning before the children got up. Then on the fifth day, as if her self-consciousness had suddenly switched itself off, she started wearing a bathrobe in the morning as she fixed breakfast for everyone. With her hair uncombed and her face free of makeup, she still looked stunning, but then, she would probably look stunning wearing a burlap sack. In fact, Jeff liked her most like this, strange as it was. For one thing, she was the type of woman who looked extremely sexy in a bathrobe. For another, there was something about her not being all dressed up that made her seem less like a goddess and more like a real person. That made her more approachable, and he found he was most comfortable talking with her like that, not that she had ever been really uncomfortable to talk with in the first place. In fact, she was beginning to take on the role of a member of the family now, and his impression of her had changed from a mysterious and gorgeous woman to a familiar and gorgeous woman.

As soon as she moved in, she insisted on doing the cooking, since none of the others except for Lissa had shown the slightest interest in it. She had Lissa help her in the kitchen as much as possible, partly to give the girl some experience cooking, and partly just to talk with her. Whatever had happened that weekend when they had spent the day together, the two oldest women of the Primdale household were quickly becoming good friends. To Brit and Lissa, she seemed more like a big sister than a mother. To Jeff, though, she was still an object of fantasy, and it looked like it would remain that way for a long time. Greg, of course, looked happier than he had in months, if not years.

A couple of days before Christmas, Jeff woke up before everyone except Allison. He showered and headed downstairs, where he found her in the kitchen scrambling eggs. She greeted him with a cheerful "Good morning" and turned back to her task. He sat down at the table and just watched her. That had become one of his favorite pastimes lately.

A few minutes later, he remembered something she had mentioned the day they had spent alone together. She had said that she liked to play computer games with her students. That brought up an interesting question, which he decided to ask her. "Allison, when you taught high school, were you like you are now?"

"What do you mean?" she asked without turning around.

"I mean, you're not like a mom at all."

"Thank you, dear. I'm hoping not to be."

"So when you taught high school, did you act... well, did you act more like a student than a teacher?"

She remained quiet for a moment, and Jeff wondered if he had said something to upset her. He hoped she wasn't mad; he hadn't ever seen her lose her temper and he didn't want to be the one who caused it.

"I suppose that's one way of looking at it," she finally replied, still facing away from him. "I guess I never learned to grow up. I've never really thought of myself as an adult. So when I taught, yes, I really was more like a student than a teacher. At least I felt that way, and maybe my students did too. I suppose you could say I've never been comfortable being an authority figure because I don't like to get in the way of people's fun."

"So is that why you lost your job? Because you couldn't handle being an authority figure?"

"In a way. Some day I'll explain it to you, but not today. I'm just not ready to tell you."

"Why not?"

She sighed. "Because I'm afraid of what you'll think of me."

"I think you're perfect!"

"Exactly. I wouldn't want to spoil that, because even though I know I'm far from perfect, I'd like you to keep thinking of me that way for a while. It does wonders for the self-esteem."

"I can't believe you have any self-esteem problems."

"You'd be surprised. So do you mind if I hold off on telling you why I lost my job?"

"Not really. But you have to promise to tell me some day."

"Okay, I promise."

"And just for the record, you would have been my favorite teacher."

She turned around, a broad smile on her face. "Thank you, Jeff. That's just what I needed to hear right now." She came over and hugged him, and Jeff's grin was, if it were possible, twice as broad as Allison's.

On the morning of Christmas Eve, Greg and Allison decided to set a date for the wedding. Allison wanted a spring wedding, when all the flowers were in bloom, which would give them about five months to plan. Upon consulting the calendar, they realized that May 19th was the six-month anniversary of when they had first met, and furthermore, since it was a Saturday, the kids would be out of school that day. It seemed like the perfect day for the wedding.

They announced the plans to the children, with mixed results. Lissa and Brit were ecstatic; just the thought of the wedding filled them with glee. Jeff just smiled and shrugged. It sounded boring, but it was necessary after all, just something to get over with.

Allison called her parents to tell them the good news. She had made no secret to them of her plans, and though they weren't exactly happy with the idea of her marrying someone for money, they gave her a cautious congratulations. Greg spent an hour talking with them on the phone, assuring them that he would take good care of their daughter, and that everyone in the family was happy with the arrangement. He even joked that he was nervous about eventually meeting them because it had been over fifteen years since he had last gone through the ordeal of meeting his girlfriend's parents for the first time. By the time he was finished, they seemed to be much more at ease with the situation. Allison then talked with her sister Rachael, who was home from college for the break, and that conversation was a lot more cheerful. Jeff couldn't help but overhear half of it, and from the sound of it, Rachael was just as much a tease as Brit, despite being eight years older. The interesting thing, though, was that Allison didn't seem to mind. Until that point, Jeff had thought that teasing was something mean, but listening in on Allison, he realized that it didn't have to be that way.

Dinner on Christmas Eve was always a feast at the Primdale house, and this was no exception. It consisted of honey-glazed ham, fresh-baked rolls, fruit salad, and gingerbread cookies for dessert. Greg and Allison opened a bottle of champagne, while the kids had sparkling cider. Afterward, they all sat around talking and laughing and joking and teasing and generally having fun until bed time.

On most nights Jeff and Brit at least tried to stall before bed, but this time they wanted to get to sleep as soon as possible so that they could wake up early the next day.

Brit was, of course, the first one awake on Christmas morning. Though she was old enough that she didn't really believe in Santa any more, she liked to jokingly pretend that she did. The rest of the family enjoyed her jokes because it really helped to put them in the Christmas spirit.

The first thing she did was scamper through the bathroom into Jeff's bedroom and jump on him, waking him up instantly. While he would have normally gotten mad at her for that, he was in too much of a good mood. He merely reached up and tickled her, causing her to squeal and dash out of the room.

By the time he got out of bed, stretched, and used the bathroom, Brit had also similarly roused Lissa, so the three of them made their way to the top of the stairs, where they gazed on the multitude of presents under the tree. They scurried down the stairs to go knock on their father's and Allison's bedroom door.

Ten minutes later, they all sat around the tree, eagerly anticipating the opening of the presents.

"So how do you normally do the presents around here?" asked Allison.

Greg laughed. "It's really a sight to behold. Lissa, what's the record so far?"

"Twelve minutes," she replied, "Set three years ago."

"You're not serious?" asked Allison with a grin.

"All right, kids. The target is twelve minutes," Greg announced, staring down at his watch. The children crowded around the tree, hands ready and itching to start tearing into the presents. "Ready..." said Greg, "Set... Go!"

Suddenly the air was filled with torn wrapping paper as the kids dived in. They at least read the names on the tags and passed them around to the right people, but in some cases the wrapping paper was still literally falling to the ground from one present as the next was being stripped. The occasional present for Greg or Allison of course went to the adults and were opened slowly and carefully, but by agreement those presents didn't count in the race. Also, any presents with a tag that showed they were from relatives or friends went into a pile to be opened separately, so that they could remember who sent what. All of the gifts marked "From Santa" or without a giver's name, of course, didn't last three seconds once they got into the right hands.

They missed their target by about two minutes. The clock showed fourteen minutes before the last of the presents had been opened. Allison applauded for their valiant effort anyway.

At that point they had three different piles of opened presents and another stack of gifts from real people that Greg insisted that they write down so that they could send off thank-you notes. That was one thing that the former Mrs. Primdale had done every year, and Allison was happy to take up the duty. She got out a pad of paper and wrote down which present came from whom.

The gifts from Allison were, not surprisingly, perfect. To Lissa she gave a large cookbook, with notes on every ingredient in every recipe explaining why it was included, as well as cooking tips and discussions on why certain flavors complimented each other. To Jeff she gave a computer game that had just come out and that he had mentioned in passing that he wanted. To Brit she gave an instruction book on drawing landscapes, complete with examples and step-by-step illustrated directions on how to draw them.

"But didn't you get a present for Dad?" asked Lissa.

"I'll give it to him later," Allison answered with a sly grin.

Jeff and Lissa flashed each other knowing glances, but Brit just shrugged, not understanding but too distracted by all of her gifts.

The kids played with their new toys the rest of the day while Greg and Allison relaxed in the front room. Jeff, of course, spent most of his time in his bedroom playing his new game on the computer, except when he had to come down to eat. It was that, more than anything else, that kept him from fighting with Brit, and somehow they made it through the entire day without even the slightest argument between them, a new record for the two of them.

Later, Allison insisted that they write thank-you notes to everyone who had sent them presents. Jeff wasn't particularly enthused about that, but he managed to survive, especially when she said that when it came time for her turn, instead of a note she would accept a hug from each of them instead. He was more than happy to comply.

All good things must come to an end, and Christmas day was no exception. Eventually bedtime came around, and despite their grumbling and complaining, the children headed upstairs.

For Greg and Allison, however, Christmas wasn't over. Allison suggested that they too go to bed, but the look on her face implied that it wasn't to sleep. He was happy to take her up on that offer, so he kissed her, took her hand, and led her into their bedroom.

While he undressed, Allison disappeared into the bathroom. Greg climbed into bed, eager to see what she had in mind.

He wasn't disappointed. When the bathroom door opened, his eyes grew wide with delight. She stood there in a red, see-through baby-doll nightie with white fur strategically placed to cover her breasts and thigh, and a cute little Santa Claus hat.

"I hope you don't mind," she said. "This is actually *your* present, but it seems to fit me better than you," she giggled.

"I don't mind you wearing it for a few minutes," he grinned, "but you'd better take it off pretty soon."

"Oh, I plan to," she replied. "Merry Christmas."

She strode over, climbed up onto the bed, and attacked him.

The outfit didn't last long. Between the kissing, rubbing, fondling, and groping, their clothes didn't stand a chance. Quickly the garments lay in a pile on the floor. Somehow Allison managed to keep the Santa hat on, to his amusement, as she straddled his waist and rode him. She looked so cute like that, with the white tassel spilling down over one of her ears and her mussed hair peeking out from under the brim. He groped her gorgeous tits as she fucked him passionately, deeply, almost violently. Fortunately the walls in the house were thick and nearly soundproof, because otherwise the children would have surely heard the raw, animalistic sounds that they both were making.

He hit his orgasm first, but she wouldn't let him stop until she also climaxed. Only then did she lie down on top of him and let the hat fall off her head. Exhausted and happy, they both fell asleep.

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## Chapter 4

### Mrs. Allison Primdale

After the holidays, plans for the wedding seemed to dominate their activities. Greg let Allison take the lead; he had never been big on weddings, so he simply did what she told him and gave input whenever she asked. It was just as well, because she seemed to enjoy planning everything.

The first day of school after the break, all of Jeff's friends asked about the beautiful woman who had picked him up at school. At first he joked that she was his girlfriend, which of course they didn't believe, then after having his fun he admitted that she was going to marry his dad. Then they teased him about having a hot stepmom, their comments ranging from playful jabbing from Rick to obscene suggestions from Jesse. Jeff wasn't embarrassed; he was too happy about the situation to let it bother him, and he had long ago grown used to hearing Jesse's perverted fantasies. Instead, Jeff told them, "You should see her in a bathrobe. It's too bad you'll never get the chance." That shut them up fast. Jesse and Mike grinned stupidly, and Rick looked like he was about to pass out from the mental image.

Brit's friends were too young to understand all of the implications of the change in the family, so for the most part it was just one more item to bring up during their unending prattering. Lissa's friends, however, were all excited that she was going to have a new mother. They had been very supportive during the divorce, and now once they realized that Lissa liked Allison, they were all happy for her.

Things began to settle down into a routine at the Primdale house. While the novelty of Allison's presence wore off after a few weeks, the cheerful atmosphere that she seemed to emit remained. Greg just grew happier and happier as time went on and the pain and anguish of his divorce to his first wife faded, to be replaced by Allison's fun and energetic spirit.

Jeff also seemed much happier than he had been in years, possibly forever. Part of it was simply that Allison was easy to talk to, so he found himself spending more time being social than ever before. It was quite obvious that he really liked her.

In March, Mr. and Mrs. Craven flew in to meet their future son-in-law and his family. They turned out not to be much older than Greg, which was a little awkward, but after joking about it for a bit, they seemed to accept the idea. It turned out that they were very nice and although still a little cautious about the whole situation, they were surprisingly tolerant. Greg had been nervous about meeting Mr. Craven ever since Allison had mentioned he had been an officer in the Army, but the man turned out to be nowhere near as intimidating as the mental image Greg had in his head.

"I want you to know," said Mr. Craven as they sat together in the dining room the day after they arrived, "that we're both opposed to what Allison's doing. Not because of anything to do with you personally, just that we don't agree with her decision. But we've also decided to support her in it. I hope I'm wrong in my

apprehensions and everything turns out well."

"I can give you my assurance that Allison's going to be all right," Greg told them. "I'll let her tell you how she feels, but as for me, I feel twenty years younger. She's really the best thing that's happened to me in a long time."

Allison beamed at the compliment.

"Thank you, dear," she smiled. "And I'm so happy about this whole thing. I was scared at first about what I was doing, but Greg's been great. He's made me feel so welcome here that I can't imagine what I was so nervous about in the first place."

"So... are you two in love?" asked Mrs. Craven, a little hesitantly.

"No," Allison replied immediately. "We've talked it over, and we're both fine with that. There's no telling what the future may bring, but for now, we're satisfied just to like each other. It's not like we're mortal enemies or anything; we're friends. With benefits," she added with a grin.

"And what about the kids?" asked Mr. Craven. "I like the idea of being a grandpa, but suddenly having three grandkids, especially since the oldest is already fifteen, is a little disconcerting."

"I absolutely adore the children," Allison said. "Lissa was hesitant at first, but ever since she decided to like me, she's been wonderful. Jeff's been very nice to me right from the beginning, and Brit's the cutest little girl you've ever seen. Sometimes I just want to grab them all and hug them."

"And the kids all love her too," Greg added. "So don't worry about this relationship not working out. Allison's felt like a part of this family ever since we met her."

The Cravens stayed for Brit's eleventh birthday party on the twenty-second. Jeff had never been a fan of other people's birthdays, especially since Brit invited over several of her bratty little friends. But he promised himself he would be nice to her because it was her big day after all. He even bought her a present, which he and Allison had picked out for her (he even found *shopping* tolerable with Allison). It was a shirt with the words "I wear my emotions on my sleeves" on the front, and all over the long sleeves were words like "happy," "angry," "competitive," "moody," and "flirtatious." It described Brit perfectly, and it was even more appropriate coming from Jeff, being a subtle joke about her personality. Despite the teasing nature of the gift, she seemed to really like it, and gave him a hug. He didn't particularly like hugs from her, but then, he really didn't like hugs from anyone except Allison. Of course, there were a couple of girls at school that he wouldn't mind hugging, Kari Williams for instance, not that he would ever have the chance with a popular girl like her.

A week or two later, they began sending out invitations for the wedding. Allison and Greg went through their lists, and the kids all helped stuff, seal, address, and stamp envelopes.

It was during that time that Greg made his last bitter comment about his ex-wife.

"Do you mind if we send an invitation to that rotten bitch?" he asked Allison. "I'm sure she won't come. I just want to taunt her."

Allison laughed. "Your ex-wife is your concern. You do whatever you want."

Greg grabbed an envelope, stuck an invitation in, then sealed and stamped it. The others watched in amusement as he proved that it was possible for a person to address an envelope in a malicious fashion.

Later that month Greg had his lawyer draw up the prenuptial agreement. It was pretty simple, since Allison only had her car and a few belongings, and she didn't care to take anything away from Greg if later on down the line they decided it wasn't working out. They did, however, add the unusual clause stating that an affair on Greg's part did not constitute grounds for divorce, since Allison had already told him he could have a mistress on the side if he wanted.

April came and went in a flurry of wedding preparations, and before they knew it, May had arrived with only a couple of weeks before the big event. Greg and Allison met often with the wedding planner that they had hired, with increasing frequency as the days counted down. There were very few snags; the biggest one was that the professional photographer that they had hired had to cancel, but she gave them the name of one of her colleagues, who agreed to fill in for her at the last minute. Other than that, things seemed to go smoothly.

The weather turned out to be perfect for the wedding. Just as Brit had told Allison, the park was extremely beautiful in the spring with the flowers in bloom. The family went down a couple of days early to look it over. Brit of course wanted to go so that she could take some more pictures of the park, this time in the spring. Lissa always enjoyed Allison's company so that she didn't want to be left behind. Greg felt it more a duty than anything else, although he admittedly was getting excited with the wedding only a couple of days away. And of course, Jeff liked to do anything when Allison was around.

There was a covered shelter that they could use in case of rain, but it didn't look like it would be needed, since the weatherman predicted blue skies all weekend. So they picked a large open area in the park where they could hold the ceremony. Allison took Greg's arm and led him all over, jabbering away about where everything would go and how they would set things up. The two of them looked very happy together.

Jeff's feelings were surprisingly simple. Considering that the most gorgeous woman he had ever met was about to marry another man, it would probably have been natural for him to feel jealous. But there were two reasons why he felt only joy. First, he had never really expected for a moment that a romantic relationship between Allison and himself was remotely possible, so he was content to let it remain in his fantasies, where it could do no harm. Second, the very act of her marriage to his father meant that she would become a part of the family, to be with them for the rest of their lives. So he was more than willing to let things continue on their course.

The day before the wedding, Allison's family flew in to town, and Greg and Allison went to pick them up at the airport while the kids were in school. When Jeff arrived home that day, he was in for a delightful shock. Allison's parents had brought their other daughter Rachael with them. She was nearly as lovely as Allison



herself. She had the same long, brown hair and big, bright eyes as her sister. Even her smile was the same. It was unfortunate that they would only be staying until after the wedding, when they would fly back home again. Jeff certainly wouldn't have minded spending extra time with Rachael. But she was a freshman in college, and had to get back to school to take her exams. It was only by luck that she was able to take Friday off to fly in with her parents.

Being Allison's sister, that technically made her his aunt, but she was way too young for him to think of her like that. Maybe a cousin, perhaps. Yes, that would do. He would think of her as a cousin.

His grandparents arrived later that afternoon; they had flown in from Nebraska. He liked his grandparents, even though his grandma insisted on hugging him. She was one of the people he *didn't* like to hug.

The grandparents got the spare room, and Allison's family got the guesthouse out back. After eating dinner and spending a couple of hours talking, they all decided to go to bed to get a good night's sleep in preparation for the big day.

The children went upstairs to their respective rooms. Jeff had stripped down to his boxer shorts and was just climbing into bed when he heard a knock at the door. Allison stepped into the room, closing the door behind her. Jeff suddenly felt a little self-conscious; he was, after all, almost naked in front of her.

If it bothered her, she didn't show it. She merely pulled up a chair and sat down by his bed.

"Jeff," she said, "I wanted to talk to each of you one last time before I marry your father."

"Sure," he said. He always enjoyed talking with her.

"You've been great these last couple of months," she continued. "Always helpful and kind and full of compliments."

"It's easy to give you compliments," he smiled, "because you're so deserving of them."

"Thank you, Jeff. I just wanted you to know that I appreciate how well you've treated me, making me feel right at home. I've never had a son or brother before. And although I've spent a lot of time with teenagers, it's a new experience for me to have a teenage boy as part of my family. I have no problem with Lissa and Brit, because I grew up with a little sister so I just think of them like I think of Rachael. But with you, it's different."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just that it's not something I have much experience with. Oh, I could take on the role of a teacher and feel right at home, but I don't want that kind of relationship with you. I'd rather be a lot less formal and a lot more friendly."

"So far I think you're doing a wonderful job."

"Thanks. I just want you to know that although you might think I'm perfect, I'm far from it. So in the future I might make mistakes. Not big ones, hopefully. I mean, I'm not going to turn into a wicked stepmother like in the fairy tales, or try to bump off your dad and claim his fortune. On the other hand, I can't offer any proof of that, so you'll just have to take my word for it."

Jeff laughed at that.

"And I can't guarantee that I'll do everything right," she continued. "The only promise I can give you is that I'll try. Knowing that, I want to ask you one more time, is it okay with you if I marry your father?"

"Absolutely!" he exclaimed without hesitation. "I really want you to be part of this family."

"Me too," she smiled, then drew him in and hugged him tightly. It felt a little awkward; he was wearing only his shorts, after all. But it felt very nice. Her hands on his back and the feel of her body next to his with only a single layer of clothing between them, and especially her cheek against his own gave him a wonderful thrill.

Then she turned her head and kissed him on the cheek.

"It's all right if I do that, isn't it?" she asked. "I mean, tomorrow I'll officially be your mother, and it's perfectly natural for mothers to kiss their sons."

"Of course it's all right," he replied with a smile. "Why shouldn't it be?"

She drew back and looked into his eyes, as if searching for any clue to his feelings.

"I suppose if you have to ask that question, then there's no need for me to worry about it."

"What?"

"Never mind, dear. Thank you for accepting me."

She released him, then stood up. "Can I ask you a favor, Jeff?" she said.

"Anything."

"I don't want anything to spoil my big day tomorrow. Promise me you'll try not to fight with Brit. I'll get the same promise from her so it shouldn't be a problem."

"Okay, I promise not to fight with Brit," he smiled. "I'll fight with Lissa instead."

Allison laughed.

"Sorry, I couldn't resist," he told her. "How about I just promise to be on my best behavior? That should take care of everything."

"Good enough," she replied, then disappeared out the door.

The next morning, they were all up at the crack of dawn to get ready for the event. They all piled into the van and drove down to the park one last time for a rehearsal. Everyone involved was there, the chairs and tables were all set up, and the wedding planner had them go over everything twice to make sure they knew what they were doing. Then they returned home to get dressed and groomed for the big event.

An hour before the wedding, Greg took Jeff and his sisters in the car down to the park again, leaving Allison in her mother's and sister's hands.

"I'm not supposed to see the bride in her wedding dress beforehand, after all," he explained. That meant that Jeff had to stand there as his father greeted the arriving guests.

Jeff wasn't particularly thrilled about the ceremony; he wasn't big on formal events like this. At least he had a part; his dad had asked him to be best man. So he didn't have to just sit there bored the whole time.

In contrast, Lissa and Brit were ecstatic the whole day. Allison had asked them to be her bridesmaids, with Rachael as the maid of honor.

Over all, the experience was relatively painless. Jeff had to wear a penguin suit (or "tuxedo," as his father called it) and he had to stand up front with his dad, but soon enough the music started and he realized it would all be over soon. Allison began to walk down the aisle accompanied by her father and followed by his sisters. She looked absolutely stunning in her white dress, but that was nothing unusual for her. Jeff just smiled with everyone else as she approached. Surprisingly, she gave him a wink as she neared. He didn't know what she meant by that, but it was probably just innocent fun. Then she turned her full attention to Greg.

Jeff just watched her as the priest said a few words, then one by one Greg and Allison said "I do," then they kissed. Rachael, Lissa, and Brit were almost in tears by this time, which Jeff just figured was a girl thing. Then the audience got up out of their seats and Greg and Allison began to hug everyone.

That was it. He was surprised by how short the wedding was, and how pain-free. Granted, he had to stand in line and shake the hands of a number of people equal to the population of a small country after that, and then he had to sit by while his dad and new stepmom opened a bunch of presents, all of which seemed pretty boring. He had to pose for a bunch of pointless pictures with the rest of his family, but he found that he really didn't mind so much.

Some time during the event they had cake and other refreshments. Jeff sat at a table between his sisters. They talked and joked, and because of their promise, Jeff and Brit somehow managed to keep from fighting.

Rachael asked if she could join them, so they made it a foursome. Normally Jeff would have hated having to spend time with three girls, but Rachael seemed pretty fun to be around.

"So Lissa," she asked, "how does it feel to have an aunt who's only three years older than you?"

"About the same as it does to have a stepmother who's only eight years older than me," she laughed.

"Good point. I have to hand it to Allison, she sure knows how to pick a husband."

"You mean my dad?" asked Brit. "What's so special about him?"

"He's rich," replied Rachael.

They all broke out laughing at that. "So that's the most important qualification?" asked Jeff.

"No, the most important qualification is the size of his... um..."

"Rachael!" Lissa exclaimed, growing red.

"House!" Rachael grinned. "That's the word I'm looking for. But seriously, they seem really happy, and that's all that matters in the end, isn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"So Jeff, what do you think of my sister?" asked Rachael.

"She's amazing," he replied. "I can't think of a better person I'd like to have as a stepmother."

"Yeah, sometimes I'm jealous of her."

"Why, because she's so perfect?" asked Lissa.

"No, because she gets to spend a lot of time with Jeff," she said with a wink. Jeff felt himself growing red.

"Ew!" Brit giggled. "Auntie Rachael has the hots for her little nephew Geoffrey!" she teased.

"I'm just kidding," Rachael laughed. "I didn't mean to embarrass you, Jeff. But seriously, it looks like my sister has found the perfect family to settle down with. I've talked to her a lot on the phone and this weekend, and I can tell she adores all of you. I'm just jealous that she's found someone who can make her truly happy, that's all."

"You will too someday," Lissa insisted.

"I know," Rachael smiled. "Don't get the wrong impression; it's not putting me in a bad mood at all. I'm happy for her, really. And I'm having a great time."

"Me too," said Lissa. "What about you, Jeff?"

"What?" he asked. "Oh, sure."

Rachael laughed. "Typical boy," she said with a smile. "About as emotional as a rock."

"It's not that," he said. "It's just that weddings aren't my thing."

"And how many weddings have you been to?"

"Including this one? One," he replied.

Just then the live band started playing a romantic tune, and Greg and Allison stepped out into the middle of the field and began to dance. Jeff looked on with awe; he had never seen his dad dance before, even with his mom. But together with his new bride they looked surprisingly confident and graceful.

A few minutes later, Allison leaned in and whispered something in Greg's ear, and he smiled and nodded. They left the floor and approached the table where the kids sat.

"May I have the honor of this dance, young lady?" Greg asked Lissa, who giggled.

"Sure, Daddy," she said, taking his hand and walking with him back out to the floor.

To Jeff's delight and horror, Allison came over to him and asked him to dance with her.

"Uh..." he said. "I don't know how to dance."

"Don't worry, it's easy. I'll show you." She took his hand and led him over to the dance floor. She showed him where to put his hands, and then they began to dance.

It really wasn't all that difficult, although admittedly his technique left much to be desired. But really they just turned in slow circles, which was easy enough.

A few other couples joined in then so he didn't feel so self-conscious. In fact, it was rather pleasant to hold Allison like this, even with about a billion people watching.

"So how does it feel to be Mrs. Allison Primdale?" he asked her.

"Wonderful," she smiled. "You can't imagine how happy I am."

"Well if you're happy, I'm happy," he said.

"Thanks, Jeff. You're so sweet."

When the music stopped, Allison thanked him and let him go sit back down as her father took his place. Greg escorted Lissa back to the table where he exchanged her for Brit, and then the music and dancing started up again.

Before he had a chance to catch his breath, Rachael grabbed his hand.

"But I--" he started to protest.

"Don't you know it's rude to refuse to dance with a girl if she asks you?" Rachael told him with a grin.

"Sorry."

"That's okay. Just dance with me and we'll call it even."

So once more he had to go through with it. Actually, he didn't really mind. Holding Allison like that had actually been fun, and it was the same with her little sister Rachael, especially since Rachael was closer to his own age and therefore it didn't feel quite so awkward. Granted, she was still five years older than him, but they were both teenagers, so it was all right.

That seemed to set off a chain reaction among his sisters. He had to dance with Lissa next, and then even little Brit, to his annoyance. No doubt the three girls had schemed this between them to maximize his discomfort. Allison had probably even been part of the conspiracy. But he had promised to be on his best behavior, and to his credit, he kept his word, even when he had to dance with his bratty little sister.

Actually, seeing the smile on her face as she danced with him touched his heart, although he hated to admit it. She had a nice smile, though he rarely got to see it. It felt surprisingly good to know that he was helping her to enjoy herself.

Finally, after a couple of hours of surprisingly little torment, it was over. The family drove back up the hill to the mansion, where Greg and Allison changed into clothes more appropriate for traveling. They had a plane to catch to take them on their honeymoon to Hawaii. Allison insisted on kissing everyone goodbye, then she and her new husband climbed into the car and drove off to the airport.

Jeff went up to his room and collapsed on his bed, exhausted from the events of the day. So it was official now. Allison was here to stay. He couldn't remember ever being so happy.

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## Chapter 5

### Photogenic

That night, Greg and Allison stayed in the bridal suite of a luxury hotel in the city before their flight to Hawaii in the morning. They could have booked a later flight that same day, but with the hassle of the airport and the length of the flight, they would arrive late at night and exhausted from the trip. Most times he wouldn't have minded, but he wanted to be able to relax and enjoy his wedding night. There would be plenty of time to lie out on the beach or go swimming or have fun in a tropical paradise later.

After checking in, they took a cab downtown to a five star restaurant for dinner. Normally Greg didn't like to eat in places this fancy. Despite being quite wealthy, he was also a practical man, and would often be just as happy running down to the nearest fast food joint to pick up some hamburgers. But today he had an excuse to go all out, and he planned to enjoy himself.

It was hard not to with Allison there with him. Especially now that they had tied the knot and they belonged to each other. It hardly seemed fair that he should get to live the rest of his life with the most perfect woman in the world. The sting of his recent divorce had immediately dulled upon his first meeting with Allison, and now it had just about disappeared completely.

As he thought about it, he realized he hadn't even been this happy the first time he had gotten married. Admittedly some of that was due to the fact that he was older and wiser, and some of it was because he had already gone through it once and didn't feel so nervous this time around. But most of it, he concluded, was because Allison made him feel so comfortable. Ironically, that was partly because he didn't love her, so he didn't feel such a need to impress her, so he could just relax and be himself. Still, he enjoyed her company more than almost anyone else's, and now he was going to have all the opportunities he ever wanted to spend time with her.

She looked very beautiful sitting there in front of him, in a silk dress that really emphasized her charms. It looked almost oriental, perhaps a bit like a kimono. Greg had always thought silk dresses looked especially sexy. He hadn't recalled mentioning that to Allison, but maybe he had, and she was doing this to please him. Either way, he couldn't believe how gorgeous she appeared in it.

"You look happy," she commented over dinner.

"I *am* happy," he replied. "Tell me something. Why would a gorgeous, confident, graceful and charming woman like you ever want to marry a crotchety old geezer like me?"

"You're no geezer," she laughed. "Minimum age for that is fifty, and that's only in rare circumstances. You're not even forty yet."

"Good point."

"And I already told you why I married you," she joked. "For your money, of course."

"Yes, there is that," he admitted. "So is that the only reason? I mean, I was kind of hoping that... well..."

"I really like you, Greg, if that's what you're getting at. We have fun together."

"You can't be talking about *me*," he grinned. "I'm a boring old fuddy-duddy, a strict and boring man who's too wrapped up in maintaining an illusion of dignity to really enjoy myself. I think the only reason we have so much fun is because of you."

"You're solid, Greg. I mean, you're well-grounded. And sometimes I'm not strict or dignified enough, so you help to keep me from going too wild. And I don't care if I'm the only reason we have fun; the point is that we do. We're good for each other."

"Well, you're certainly good for me, and I hope I'm good for you too."

"You are."

"I just sometimes can't believe how lucky I am to be married to a woman like you. Is there anything wrong with you at all? Because if there is, I can't find it."

"Oh, believe me, I have my share of secrets," Allison admitted. "Maybe some day I'll share them with you. But let's not go into those right now. I want to keep living this fantasy for as long as I can."

"Me too," he smiled.

"Look, if you want, I'd love to help you learn to relax and enjoy yourself. Maybe you just need a taste of the wild side."

"Maybe I do. Do you have anything in mind?"

"Nothing in particular, but I'm sure I can come up with some ideas. Do you want me to start doing some research? I'll bet I could find some pretty interesting activities for a couple like us."

"I don't know. It sounds a little scary."

Allison laughed. "Well, maybe I'll take it slow. We can gradually work our way up."

Greg nodded. She was probably right. Maybe he needed to try something new, maybe even something a little wild and crazy. Allison seemed to have no problem with that sort of thing, so he would let her come up with the ideas.

After dinner, they returned to their suite, where Allison immediately threw her arms around his neck and



kissed him. He kissed her back passionately. As soon as she broke away, she began to slip out of that slinky little silk dress. Greg liked a lot of things about Allison, but her enthusiasm for sex was at the top of the list. Pretty soon they were both naked and kissing again.

"I know this isn't the first time we've done this," Allison told him, "but since this is our wedding night, I'd like it to be special."

"What did you have in mind?" he grinned.

Allison opened her suitcase and pulled out four sets of handcuffs.

"Oh my god!" he breathed. "You're serious?" This was certainly something he hadn't ever done with his first wife. She would have never gone for anything the least bit kinky. The fact that it was so new to him excited him tremendously. He had a little reservation about it, but he realized that because Allison was his wife, there was nothing wrong with a little bondage play with her.

"Four sets of handcuffs, four limbs, four bedposts," she told him. "Get the picture?" She grabbed a scarf, then unzipped a pouch in the inner lining of the suitcase and brought out a feather.

"So what are those for?" he asked.

"The scarf is to use as a blindfold. And the feather is for a little extra fun. Tonight I want to be the one chained to the bed. Maybe we'll let you try it out later. Put the blindfold on so that I don't know where you're going to touch me with the feather. It's all the better that way because I can't anticipate it so it comes as a shock each time."

"You know this from experience?" he asked.

"Remember those secrets I told you about earlier?"

"Say no more," he grinned.

Allison lay down on the bed and spread her arms and legs out toward the bedposts. It was such a vulnerable yet inviting position that Greg couldn't help but grin with excitement. He first made sure that Allison had brought the key for the handcuffs (wouldn't it be awkward to have to call a locksmith!), then locked her in to the bedposts. He slipped the blindfold over her eyes and fastened it in back.

"Now all you have to do," Allison told him, "is run that feather over my body. Use short strokes, and touch me in different places. Don't follow any pattern or I'll be able to anticipate it, which will spoil the fun."

"Are you ticklish?" he asked.

"A little, but that's all a part of what makes it feel so good."

Greg lifted the feather, then experimentally ran it lightly over Allison's ribs. She gasped at the contact, her

mouth opening into a wide grin.

"Perfect!" she exclaimed. "Just like that."

With those words of encouragement, Greg continued. He touched the tip of the feather to her hip, with a similar reaction. There was something exciting and erotic about the whole thing, and not just because she was naked and bound in front of him. It was a little playful; in one sense little more than a children's game. More than once when the kids were growing up, he had caught Jeff tormenting Brit in a similar way by tying her up and tickling her, though always with their clothes on of course.

On the other hand, seeing Allison's body squirm under his ministrations and watching her gasp every breath had a powerfully arousing effect on him. He had never been into sexual games like this, especially bondage play. Maybe that was because his ex-wife was just as boring as he was, so neither of them were creative enough to come up with ideas like this. Allison, though, made it fun. He had a suspicion that sex would never get dull with her.

When he touched the tip of the feather against one of her nipples, she squealed in delight. He loved the sight and sound of her lying there crying out with excitement, made all the more intense by the fact that she couldn't see what was coming up so each stroke with the feather came as a surprise to her. He enjoyed seeing her breasts jiggle as she laughed from the ticklish sensation, and the nipples swelling in her arousal.

If he got this much of a reaction out of her just from touching her nipples, he was interested in seeing what would happen if he touched a certain other place. He took the feather and ran it lightly over her exposed pussy lips.

She shrieked this time, and her hips raised right up off of the bed. Afterward, she laughed at her own reaction.

"Oh god, Greg!" she breathed. "That was intense! Do it again."

He did. Allison gritted her teeth and tried to suppress the groan that built up inside her, but it escaped anyway. As he worked all over her body, she moaned and squealed and panted and wriggled and squirmed. More than once he suspected she had an orgasm, though she was laughing and moaning and wiggling around so much the rest of the time that he couldn't be sure. He nearly climaxed a couple of times himself just from watching her. More than once he was tempted just to climb right on top of her and make love to her. She would probably have been willing, but he wanted to draw this out as long as possible. He was just having too much fun.

After about twenty minutes of their little game, he set the feather down. Instead, he reached out with his own hands and slipped them onto her breasts. She moaned with pleasure as he massaged them firmly but gently. It wasn't the first time he had touched her there, but he never grew tired of the feeling of her gorgeous, soft breasts in his hands. He had never seen a more perfect pair, even on the rare occasions when he snuck peeks at dirty magazines when he was growing up.

He let one of his hands slide down her body, coming to rest between her legs. His middle finger pressed into the groove, lubricated by her dampness. She seemed to like that feeling even more than she had liked it on her chest.

This much, at least, was familiar territory. He knew his way around a woman's pussy, and unless Allison was completely different from his ex-wife, he knew a few tricks to really make her feel good.

He needed to stop thinking about that rotten bitch, he decided. Allison was his wife now, and there was no point comparing the two women; Allison would come out on top every time.

"Greg," she breathed. "Take me. Take me now."

He wasn't about to pass up an invitation like that. He leaned over and kissed her on the lips, then, still holding that kiss, he mounted her. He felt the wonderful warmth and softness of her body as he lay down on top of her. He pressed his thighs against hers and enjoyed the slick dampness as he slid inside. Allison cried out again, and this time he felt like joining her. It was such a wonderful feeling to make love to her like this, to see her face so close to his, to kiss her luscious lips, to press his body against her own. She belonged to him tonight, and he to her. She had once told him that she wouldn't mind him having a mistress on the side, but why would he ever want that when he had such a woman as her to take care of his needs?

He let himself go, thrusting into her hard and deep. She seemed to enjoy it, so he didn't hold back. He heard his own grunting mixed with her moans, loving the chorus that they made. No doubt people in the nearby rooms could hear them, but right now he didn't care. Allison was his wife, and he was going to take advantage of that privilege, damn it!

She struggled at her bonds as he pounded into her, but from the smile on her face he could tell that she didn't really want to get free. He wondered if those very restraints added something to the pleasure. Could the straining at the handcuffs actually enhance the sensation? Perhaps it was like stretching when tired or sore; there was a kind of euphoria that came from working those muscles. Plus there was the excitement of being completely at the mercy of someone else. Maybe there was something to this whole bondage idea after all. He ought to give it a try himself some time.

He felt the end approaching, so he thrust even harder and deeper, faster and faster in a violent frenzy. Then suddenly his cock jerked inside of Allison's body, emptying its satisfying load deep within her. He continued to thrust as he shot over and over again as his orgasm overtook him. He loved the intense pleasure, especially with a woman as beautiful as Allison. It was almost unfair just how lucky he was to have her.

As the pleasure dropped off, he collapsed on top of her body. He lay there exhausted for a minute or two, then rolled over off of her. The two of them rested in post-orgasmic bliss for a while, both with broad grins on their faces.

Eventually he managed to work up the willpower to sit up. He grabbed the key to the handcuffs from the nightstand where he had placed it, then unfastened Allison. She immediately took off the blindfold and gazed at him affectionately.

"Wow, Greg!" she breathed. "That was the best sex I've had with you yet! We should do this more often."

He laughed. "Yes we should. Just don't think this gets you off the hook though. You're still going to have to come up with some more wild and crazy ideas to help me get over my inhibitions."

"Don't worry," she said. "This is nothing compared to some of the ideas I have."

"I can't wait."

They got up early the next morning and drove to the airport to catch their plane. Greg normally didn't enjoy airports or long flights, though he had seen his fair share of both with frequent business trips. He didn't like the hassle of security and checking baggage, the long wait before the flight, or sitting in a too-small seat inside a tin can packed full of other sardines like him. True, he usually flew first class when the company paid for it and on special occasions like this, but he tended to be grouchy and irritable all the same.

With Allison it was different. She made him feel relaxed and comfortable. Her friendly and cheerful manner had a contagious effect on him; he found it impossible to be ill-tempered while talking with her. The wait in the airport seemed like the blink of an eye, and even the flight was just another chance for them to talk and joke and generally enjoy themselves. Before he knew it, the plane was landing in Maui, and the usually annoying flight was just a happy memory.

They collected their luggage, then headed to the rental car counter to retrieve the vehicle they would be using during the vacation. They climbed in and headed toward their lodgings. Greg had rented a quaint yet elegant villa outside of town, a little off the beaten track in fact. The back side had a balcony looking out to the west down to the shore and across the sea. Being a relatively unknown haven, there were few people around, which suited him fine. He understandably wanted a little privacy with his new bride during this vacation. There might be the occasional person or two wandering down the beach, but for the most part, it was like their own private little world.

Allison looked delighted when she saw it. She spoke aloud the words he had been thinking, commenting about how they wouldn't have anything to distract him from the "essential task of making love," as she put it. They unpacked their clothes, then changed into shorts and tee shirts and made their way down to the beach.

It was relatively unoccupied. Across the bay they could see the more crowded beach downtown, and in the opposite direction they noticed some kids playing frisbee about a mile away, but this stretch was theirs alone. They clasped hands and stood there for a while, letting the waves wash over their feet and relaxing in the afternoon sun. It was a very romantic setting, soothing and peaceful and especially pleasant with Allison there by his side. For now he could just forget all of his cares and be at peace.

Of course, they couldn't stay like that forever, and eventually Allison suggested they go for a walk. So they walked along the surf line toward the playing kids. He enjoyed a good walk along the beach, though he usually didn't like crowds. Most of the beaches in northern California where he lived were too cold, and in

southern California they were too full of people. This was a good chance for him to have fun his own way.

When they reached the kids, Allison asked them if they could join the game. Since they were all boys between about nine and fourteen, they were all too happy to let such a gorgeous woman play with them. Greg could see the same look in their eyes that he had had in his own the first time he had met her. Allison didn't seem to mind, and he wondered if she really was aware of the effect she had on men. Or boys for that matter.

They played frisbee for a while, having lots of fun. He hadn't realized just how athletic she was, but she ran for the frisbee and made diving catches, one time even ending up in the water. Fortunately the heat of the sun dried her off quickly. Allison certainly knew how to have fun.

Greg found himself spurred on by her example, trying to impress her just like the boys were. Somehow she brought out the inner child in him, a part of him that hadn't shown itself since he was, well, a child. It brought back fond memories of hanging out with his friends, tossing a football around, and showing off for any girls who passed their way.

All too soon it had to end. The mother of one of the boys called them home, so Allison and Greg made their way back up the beach to their villa. They drove into town and found a nice restaurant to eat dinner at, then returned home to relax and enjoy themselves.

After the airport, the flight, and the playing, Allison wanted to soak in a nice, hot bath. She asked Greg if he would join her there, so the two of them stripped off their clothes and climbed into the tub. They took turns washing each other's backs, then they changed positions so that they faced each other. Allison slipped her legs over his so that she was basically straddling his lap, and they made out like teenagers in the back seat of a car. Eventually they got so excited that they made love right there in the bath.

They didn't bother putting on their clothes; there was really no point after all. Instead, they slipped into bed and snuggled with each other until they drifted off to sleep.

When Greg awoke the next morning, he saw Allison standing out on the balcony, resting against the marble railing. Dressed in just her robe with her head turned to the side and her body outlined against a backdrop of palm trees, sea, and early morning sky, he thought she looked more beautiful right then than he had ever seen her. He had a sudden idea. Despite his sleepiness, he couldn't let this opportunity go to waste. He hopped out of bed and reached for his camera.

Allison saw that he was awake and started to come in. "Wait just a minute," he told her, so she returned to the balcony. He pulled the camera out of his case, removed the lens cap, and turned it on.

"Now lean up against the balcony again, just like you were just a minute ago," he told her, and she was happy to comply. "Now turn your head to the side again. Yes. Just like that. Perfect!" He tested the lighting and realized he needed a flash, so he took a few steps back to diffuse the lighting so it wouldn't result in a washed-out image. Then he snapped the picture.

Allison turned and grinned at him. "You know," she said, "If we're going to do this, we might as well go all out. Get your tripod."

Greg was thrilled by her enthusiasm. Any thought of returning to the warm bed immediately fled from his mind. He slipped on his robe and slippers, then fetched the tripod from his suitcase. Having once been quite interested in photography, he was still always on the lookout for photographic opportunities. He had invested in a compact tripod that he took with him on every vacation, just in case he needed it. He set it up in the bedroom and mounted the camera on it, taking a couple of minutes to move it and adjust the zoom for the perfect composition. Then he had Allison resume the same position as before so that he could get another shot just in case the spontaneous nature of the first one caused it not to turn out. He hit the shutter button and took the picture.

"Now face the camera and flash me that gorgeous smile of yours," he told her. She cheerfully obeyed, and he took another picture.

Allison turned out to be an excellent model. He had never doubted that she was photogenic, but her cheerful and enthusiastic attitude, along with her natural grace and comfort in front of the camera gave him plenty of material to work with. As she tried out various poses, he occasionally gave her suggestions, but for the most part she took over. All he had to do was press the button on the camera. She posed standing, sitting in one of the chairs on the balcony, leaning against the railing, and even sitting on it. Sometimes she smiled, sometimes she wore a sultry expression on her face, and sometimes she flashed him looks that were downright sexy.

Then he caught a wicked gleam in her eye, and he realized she had just come up with a naughty idea. A moment later he discovered its nature as she took hold of the drawstring of her robe and began to pull on it.

His heart raced as he realized what she was doing. Would she actually go through with it? Would she let him take nude photographs of her?

In one sense it seemed so wrong; his parents had always been strict about pornography, and he had adopted something of the same attitude. Sure he had looked at a few magazines when he was a teenager; what boy hadn't? But he had never told his parents, and as he matured he had tended to avoid it, especially since his first wife was even more strict than he was. If either of them had ever caught Jeff looking at dirty magazines, for instance, they would have grounded him until he turned eighteen. His wife would have tried for thirty if she could legally get away with it.

On the other hand, these pictures were for his eyes only. Allison was his wife, after all. What seemed sinful and dirty was actually perfectly acceptable under the circumstances. As long as she was willing (which was pretty obvious by the expression on her face), he could enjoy himself without guilt.

He took a couple of pictures as she pulled on the string of her robe, then suddenly the knot came undone. She adjusted the robe so that it didn't show anything but a thin line of her body running from her neck down between her cleavage until it disappeared as the folds of the robe met just below her navel. It was clear that

she wore nothing underneath it.

She tried out a few demure poses like that, almost but not quite revealing her naughty bits. In some she faced directly forward, while in others she turned to the side. In these cases, the curvature of one of her breasts became quite obvious and pronounced; only the nipple remained covered. She put one of her feet on the chair, displaying her long and shapely leg with only the hem of the robe strategically covering her between the legs. For the next pose she slipped the top of the robe off her shoulders, unfortunately keeping it closed with one hand clutching the inner edges together just above her breasts.

Then she got a little more daring and sat down on the chair facing the camera, her legs up and her feet on the edge of the chair with her knees spread and the robe completely open below her breasts. It showed a great deal of her cleavage but again no nipples, and only her hands folded in her lap hid her most intimate spot from view.

Greg felt himself growing a little warm (and a bit tight in the pants) as the pictures progressed, but he wasn't going to let the discomfort stop him. As long as Allison was willing, he wanted to continue this photoshoot.

"Okay, enough of this teasing," she said finally. She stood up and took her original position at the railing, but this time she opened her robe completely to his view. She turned her head to the side just like in the original pose, and Greg snapped the picture.

Damn, she had a gorgeous body! He was certainly going to get quite a collection of pictures here. He had once envied the life of a fashion photographer, and occasionally fantasized about being a photographer of a less reputable sort, but right now he didn't care for those professions in the least. He had his own absolutely gorgeous nude model right here!

Allison seemed to be just as excited as he was about these pictures. She enthusiastically posed in various positions ranging from innocent (or as innocent as possible without her clothes on) to extremely sexy. She used the robe to her advantage, sometimes holding it open, sometimes letting one or both of the sleeves fall off the shoulder, and eventually discarding it completely. She also used the chair and railing. In one picture she stood leaning up against the railing with her arms spread to the side on top of it as she lowered her head and stared into the camera with just a hint of a smile on her face. It gave her a somewhat hungry look, as if she knew what she wanted and she planned to take it. In another picture she lay with her back on the chair, her feet up on the railing, and her head upside down looking into the camera with her hair dangling on the floor. She clutched her breasts with her hand, making sure not to cover the nipples. In a couple of pictures she climbed right up on top of the marble railing and lay down on it, either on her back or on her side facing into the bedroom, her hand either resting on her hip or her elbow raised and a hand behind her head. This position was a little precarious, so he only took a few pictures like this.

She even did some more hardcore poses sitting in the chair with her knees spread and her hand between her legs, a look of pleasure on her face as if she were making herself feel really good. These ones really got Greg excited, and it took all of his effort not to just grab her right there, carry her inside to the bed and ravish her body.

He was having so much fun taking the pictures that he didn't even realize that several people had gathered on the beach and were watching the goings-on. When he finally noticed them, he turned beet red, especially seeing that one of the men employed a pair of binoculars. Allison noticed his mortification and glanced out to the beach and saw the people standing there. She laughed, obviously nowhere near as embarrassed as he was. Instead, she waved and blew a kiss to the voyeurs, then stepped inside and closed the door behind her.

The photoshoot had had its effect on both of them, so before showering and dressing they hopped back into bed for another lovemaking session.

They spent most of the day on the crowded beach in town, and frolicking in the ocean. Yes, Greg actually frolicked. Being with Allison sometimes felt a lot like being a kid again. She splashed him and jumped on his back and tried to dunk him. He soon got into the spirit of things, and the two of them played childish and immature games. He soon realized that he hadn't had this much fun swimming since he was a kid.

Of course, it was even better with a gorgeous woman in a tiny little bikini that she had bought that morning specifically for this vacation. It was bright pink, a vibrant color that stood out and tended to catch people's attention, not that she needed it much. Every man on the beach turned his head when she strolled out onto the sand, and Greg had a feeling that the color of the swimsuit had very little to do with their reactions. She ignored the unsuccessfully hidden lecherous looks (probably used to it, Greg figured) and held his hand. It was the strangest feeling in the world, to have men look at him with jealousy like that. Sure, people had been envious of his wealth or position before, but this was more of a raw, primal, and even spontaneous jealousy.

It didn't bother him; So far Allison had seemed completely uninterested in other men ever since he met her. She didn't give the young surfers and bodybuilders so much as a glance. True to her word, she was completely devoted to him and him alone. Once again he wondered what a young and beautiful woman like her could possibly see in an older man like himself. Still, it really felt nice.

For his part, he didn't look at any other women, but he couldn't claim any moral strength of character there. It had more to do with the fact that Allison provided him all the visual treat he needed. He loved seeing her body, especially damp and glistening in the sunlight. Her hair looked just as good wet as dry, perhaps even more so. And of course her playful smile as they wrestled around in the water multiplied her beauty by a factor of ten.

That night they dined on roasted pork and poi at a luau. That was Allison's idea. He would have been just fine finding a nearby restaurant, but she claimed that it was a crime to visit Hawaii without going to a luau at least once. He joked that he wasn't aware of any such statute, but since he was a law-abiding citizen, he felt it was his duty to go, on the off chance that it was true.

Afterward, they returned home to their villa. The sun was just beginning to set, throwing bright reds, oranges, and purples across the sky. It was absolutely gorgeous, a breathtaking sight from their balcony.

Allison and Greg glanced at each other. At the same time they both broke out in grins, and Greg reached for



his camera.

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## Chapter 6

### Secret Paradise

Allison had an idea for an activity the next day. She had been to Maui before; the summer after her graduation from high school her family had taken a vacation there, and Allison and Rachael had borrowed the car one day to find a certain swimming hole that they had read about. It had a spectacular waterfall, and although the water was cold, the beach surrounding it was sunlit and warm. The two girls had liked it so much that they had gone three more times during their vacation. Only once had they encountered someone else there.

She wanted to share the secret with Greg now. Because it was relatively unknown, there was a good chance that they would have it all to themselves, which would give them an opportunity to take some more of "that kind" of photo in a beautiful setting. It was about an hour's drive plus a hike of about a mile in to the waterfall, but she promised it would be worth it.

Greg was all for trying something new, especially something involving Allison without her clothes on. So they ate a good breakfast and then immediately hopped in the car to head for the secret paradise.

The last few miles of the trip, the road was just gravel, and there was just a small parking lot. They found three cars already there, but Allison mentioned that there was an even more beautiful waterfall at the end of a different trail nearby, and almost everyone went to see that one. There was still a good chance that the two of them would be alone.

Greg retrieved his camera and tripod, and Allison carried the sack lunches that they had made up that morning. They headed out along a small dirt trail through the lush, tropical jungle. In any other situation, Greg would have insisted they stop periodically so that he could take some photographs along the way. But considering what lay in store for them, he wanted to reach their destination as quickly as possible. If he wanted pictures of the trail, he could always take them on the way back.

Half an hour later, the forest opened up to reveal the wonderland that Allison had been so eager to show him. The swimming hole was just the way she had described. It was essentially a small pool fed by a waterfall, surrounded on all sides by tropical forest and only the dirt trail connecting it with civilization. A sandy beach surrounded it on one side, and a moss-covered hill sloped down into the water on the other. In the heat of the afternoon, the cold water looked nice and inviting.

Despite Allison's claim that it was a secret, the two of them were not the only ones there, to his disappointment. A couple of women swam in the pool near the waterfall. Upon spying the newcomers, they waved. Allison waved back.

"Do you know them?" asked Greg.

"Nope," Allison smiled. "But people are really friendly here."

One of the women swam closer. When she neared the shore, she stood up, lifting her torso out of the water. Greg gasped. She was naked.

Allison noticed his reaction and laughed. "I forgot to tell you," she said. "This swimming hole is popular with nudists. You don't mind, do you dear?"

"Uh... no..." he said, unable to take his eyes off of the woman. She was young, maybe slightly older than Allison, with a nice body and a pretty face under her dark brown hair that hung limply and wetly about her shoulders. As he watched, she reached back and pulled her hair together at the back of her neck to gather all the strands away from her shoulders and face.

She approached Greg and Allison with a friendly smile on her face. "Hi," she greeted. "I'm Roberta Corrigan."

"We're the Primdales," Allison replied, seeing that Greg had a hard time speaking right now. "I'm Allison, and this is my husband Greg."

"Nice to meet you."

Allison glanced at Greg, then turned her attention back to Roberta. "You'll have to excuse him," she said.

"First time at a nudist swimming hole, no doubt," Roberta said affably.

Greg nodded. "Yeah," he said. "Sorry. I didn't know until you stepped out of the water. Kind of caught me off my guard, I'm afraid."

"That's okay. It's not the first time it's happened, and probably not the last."

The other woman had swum over, and was now wading toward the shore. She was every bit as lovely as her friend. Her hair was much lighter, almost but not quite blond. Her body was just a little more developed around the chest and hips, quite attractive in fact.

As soon as she reached them, Roberta made the introductions. "Kristen, this is Greg and Allison Primdale. Greg and Allison, this is my partner Kristen Millwood."

"Oh, so you two are lesbians," Allison smiled.

"That's right," Kristen grinned, then leaned in and gave Roberta a kiss on the cheek. The two women clasped hands, smiling.

Greg tried not to stare. He had a difficult time dealing with women who loved other women. He had been brought up in a very conservative household, so he was taught that only traditional relationships were acceptable. On the other hand, something fascinated him about such forbidden love. He had browsed a few

websites with images of women engaged in sex with other women, and despite everything he had been taught, he had found himself getting aroused by the pictures. He was no fool; he understood that it was quite common for men to be turned on by lesbians. He just had a hard time reconciling his feelings with what he thought he knew.

That didn't mean he had to be rude or mean to these women. It really was none of his business after all. He could be friendly and sociable with them, regardless of their sexual orientation.

"Allison and I are here on our honeymoon," he said.

"Congratulations," Kristen smiled.

"Thanks. Anyway, she's been to this swimming hole before, and wanted to show me. She didn't mention it was a popular destination for nudists." He said the last part in a playful, self-deprecating way so as to put the joke squarely on himself. The three women laughed.

"I hope you don't mind," said Roberta. "But if it does, Kristen and I brought a couple of bikinis that we can put on."

"Oh, you don't mind, do you, Greg?" asked Allison.

He shrugged. Part of him did mind, but most of him was more than happy to have the girls leave their clothes off. He felt kind of strange and just a little guilty staring at naked women while on his honeymoon with his gorgeous new wife, but then, Allison claimed she wasn't the jealous type, and so far her actions seemed to support that claim.

"It's all right," Greg told them. "I'm still getting over my initial shock, but I'll be fine in just a minute."

"Well then, everything's settled," said Allison. "Greg, you can leave your swimming trunks on if you want, but I'm going to take everything off."

He grinned. This much, at least, gave him absolutely no moral qualms. "Okay!" he exclaimed delightedly.

As Allison stripped down, Kristen and Roberta headed over to a couple of beach blankets that they had spread on the ground near the shore. As it was just outside the radius of the spray of the waterfall, it was a warm and sunny spot, perfect for sunbathing. They lay down on the blankets to soak up the rays.

Greg figured he could at least take off most of his clothes; he had come here to swim after all, and despite the presence of three gorgeous and naked women, he wasn't going to change his plans. He shed his shirt and pants, leaving only his swimming suit on.

Once Allison had taken all of her clothes off, she led him over to the beach, where she spread her blanket down near those of Roberta and Kristen. Greg thought it was perhaps a little too close for his liking, but the other women didn't seem to mind. In fact, he caught them sneaking admiring peeks at Allison's body. He

wasn't surprised; she had the most perfect figure he had ever seen, and it was bound to be appealing to men and lesbians alike. If it bothered her, she didn't show it. She simply sat down on the blanket and pulled out the bottle of sunscreen.

"Greg dear, would you mind?" she asked.

He didn't mind at all, so he took the bottle from her and began to apply it to her back.

"I have a favor to ask you," Allison asked the women. "Greg's brought his camera and his tripod, and he's planning to take some pictures."

"Of you or the waterfall?" asked Roberta.

"Both," Allison smiled. "Anyway, if you wouldn't mind staying out of the shots, we would appreciate it. We don't want to be too obtrusive; we'll work around you as much as possible."

"Oh, that's fine," Roberta told her. "Kristen here is a model herself."

"Really?" asked Allison delightedly. "Nude?"

"Sometimes," Kristen smiled. "You won't find me in many gentlemen's magazines though. Mostly I do fashion, with the occasional *artistic* nude photoshoot."

"I considered going into modeling," said Allison. "I've been told I have the face and body for it."

"You certainly do!" Roberta replied, perhaps just a little too enthusiastically.

"In fact, I did a little bit in college," Allison continued.

"I didn't know that," Greg commented.

"It was when I was in my photography phase," she explained. "I had my roommates pose for me. At first we kept it professional, then we started having too much fun with it, so we took a lot of silly pictures. They insisted that I do my share of the modeling, which I did. One of them commented that I had the looks for it, and I could probably do it professionally. I gave it a shot, and had some fun with it for a few months. Made a decent amount of money too."

"So did you do any nude modeling yourself?" asked Kristen.

Allison grinned. "Actually, you *will* find me in gentlemen's magazines."

"Are you serious?" asked Greg. "You mean you..."

"I didn't do anything hardcore, if that's what you're wondering," Allison replied. "Although I did do some posing with other girls. A couple of softcore lesbian shoots. It was actually pretty fun."

Greg nearly gasped. Allison had done *lesbian* photoshoots? That was something she hadn't mentioned to him before. He wasn't sure how he felt about that. It didn't really surprise him; she was the most uninhibited woman he had ever met. The revelation had caught him off his guard, however.

"Oh my god," Roberta breathed, a grin on her face and excitement in her eyes.

"But those days are behind me now. I was never really serious about it anyway."

"So Greg," asked Kristen, "does that mean you're professional photographer?"

"I wish," he smiled. "No, I'm afraid my job isn't so glamorous. I'm on the board of a real estate company. Photography's a hobby of mine though. I even won some awards back in the day, although I haven't really done much in the past five years."

"Well, now that you've got someone like Allison to model for you, I'll bet you pick it up again."

"I already have," he grinned.

"He took a bunch of nude photos of me yesterday," Allison commented.

Greg did gasp this time, surprised at how casually she talked about it.

"What?" she asked. "No, I'm not going to go blabbing about it to everyone we meet, but I don't think we need to worry too much in this company what they think of us. Besides, you were planning on taking more pictures of me today, weren't you?"

"Okay, good point," he chuckled. "Sorry. Just my old fuddy-duddy ways popping up."

"I hope you don't mind an audience for this photoshoot," said Kristen.

"It doesn't bother me," Allison shrugged. "What about you, Greg?"

"No, I guess not."

"Well, shall we get to it?" she asked eagerly.

Greg laughed. "As long as you're willing, I'm all for it."

The two of them rose to their feet, and Greg set the camera on the tripod. As he did so, Allison went exploring, looking for some good spots for posing. Being an amateur photographer herself, she had an eye for scenic views, so together they found a few good places.

First they set up on the beach, with her standing on the shore with the waterfall in the background. She looked stunning there, framed against the cascading torrent, especially nude. She first stood facing him with her hands on her hips and that smile he loved so much on her face. After he snapped the picture, she turned

one leg to the side, lifted the knee so that only her toes touched the ground, and put most of her weight on the other leg. Her hand rested on her thigh just above the knee. He found that pose to be even sexier for some reason.

She tried out various poses, some with her hands behind her head, some with her arms demurely covering her breasts and thing with a playfully surprised look on her face as if she had been caught unexpectedly. He took a few pictures as a closeup of her head and torso, with her face turned to the side and the waterfall blurred behind her, giving it a romantic look.

Then she got down and posed on her knees for a few shots, and even once with her hands on the ground and her head up facing the camera like an animal on the prowl.

As she continued to pose, sometimes sitting and sometimes reclining, he noticed Kristen and Roberta watching with interest. It didn't surprise him any more than it would have if they had been a couple of men instead of women. Nor did it bother him; Allison had already confessed that she had taken some naughty pictures with other women before, so at the very least she wasn't particularly homophobic. And as long as she was comfortable with it, he refused to let it worry him.

When she lay down on the ground, he moved the tripod to a different spot so that he could catch the glow of the sun on her skin just the way he wanted. She closed her eyes and let one of her hands slip between her legs. He watched with fascination as she slowly rubbed herself there, obviously not shy at all about doing this in front of an audience.

However, she didn't step over the line into pornography, keeping it tasteful. After a few minutes she sat back up. Greg didn't know how he felt about that. He wasn't into raunchy stuff, but he wouldn't have minded a little more of her self-stimulation.

"Do you want to do some in the water now?" he asked.

"Sounds fun," said Allison. She rose to her feet and brushed off the sand, then waded out into the pool. Greg took a few snaps of her back as she did so.

"That's good," he told her when the water was up to just above her knees. Allison turned around and smiled again. She put her hands behind her head and stood there as he took some more pictures. As on the beach, she took over, moving herself around in various poses as he snapped away. He loved the sight of her in the water like that, with the waterfall in the background and the waves lapping at her thighs. She let her face run the range of expressions, from demure and shy, to playful, to happy, to sultry, to aroused. She was certainly not shy in front of the camera.

Allison flaunted her body, posing in the most provocative ways. Sometimes she dangled her fingers in the water, sometimes she placed her hands on her hips, and sometimes she fondled her breasts. She lowered her head and stared straight forward with a lusty expression and her tongue sticking out to touch her upper lip. Then for the next shot she chewed on the tip of her finger with a shy look in her eyes.

She waded out further until the water rose to her hips. For some reason, Greg found the sight of her half hidden like that even sexier. It was the lure of the unseen, the center of her femininity lurking beneath the water where he could almost, but not quite see it. Of course, the part of her out of the water was plenty. Her body almost glowed in the sunlight, especially with the shady area under the waterfall behind her. He spent plenty of time taking photos and just admiring her gorgeous figure. He couldn't decide what her best feature was; her hair, her eyes, her smile, or her breasts. She was simply perfect.

"I'm going under," she announced, and he nodded. Allison turned and dove under the water, swimming gracefully out to the deeper part of the pond. She rose to the surface halfway to the waterfall, then waved to him, covered up to her shoulders. From her movements he could tell that she couldn't touch the bottom there.

He zoomed in and took a few pictures like that, but there was only so much the lure of the unseen could do, so these shots weren't anywhere near as interesting. He did manage to get a great one of her face with the sunlight shining on it, her hair over her shoulder, the brightness of her deep blue eyes as she gazed right into the camera, and a radiant smile on her lips. It just seemed to catch the essence of her face perfectly and beautifully.

She yelled something to him, but he couldn't hear her over the roar of the waterfall in the background. He cupped his hand over his ears to signal his deafness, so she pointed to the mossy rocks on the opposite bank. He nodded, and she swam over to them.

He followed her in the viewfinder of the camera, zooming out to better keep track of her, then back in when she reached the rocks. Fortunately, they were covered only in moss, not algae, or she might not have been so willing to climb up on them. The water was shallower there so she could stand up to scramble up onto the moss-covered rocky hillside. Greg had to wade out into the stream this time to keep the waterfall in the frame, but fortunately the tripod was waterproof. He set it down and adjusted it to get her in the shot, then gave her the thumbs up signal to start posing. She reclined against the hillside, lifting one of her arms to rest it on the slope above her head. She breathed in deeply to push her chest forward and emphasize her curves, and Greg snapped off one of the sexiest photographs he had taken yet today.

There were only a limited number of poses she could do on her perch, but she managed to get in several. She first lay on her back with her eyes closed, then turned to the side and smiled into the camera with her hand resting on her hip. She even blew him a kiss.

After a few more pictures, she stood up and dove into the water. Greg snapped a couple of rapid shots as she did so, photographing her in the air. There was something incredibly graceful about his wife, and the shot of her at the top of her arc managed to capture that grace perfectly. She came up near the center of the swimming hole, then glanced around. She pointed to the waterfall, and he nodded.

Allison swam over to it and found herself a nice spot where the water wasn't too deep and she could stand there up to her waist with the cascading torrent splashing all around her. As she bathed under the stream, she ignored the camera completely and simply ran her hands through her hair and over her body. Greg preferred it that way anyway; he liked the more spontaneous shots. He was happy to just stand back here and take the



pictures, letting her do whatever she wanted.

After a while, she glanced up again and waved at him. Then she once more dove into the water and swam toward him. Greg waited as she swam the length of the pool, standing up and wading the last twenty feet.

"How was that?" she asked as she came out of the water.

"Sexy," he grinned. "You know, I'm glad Rachael and you found this spot. It's perfect for taking pictures."

"Yes, well, unfortunately we didn't have a camera when we were here before. On the other hand, considering that Rachael was only thirteen at the time, we could get arrested for taking that kind of picture."

Greg laughed. He had a sudden image of a thirteen-year-old Rachael running through those same poses, and for some reason that excited him even more than seeing Allison like that. He had never been the type of man that liked young girls, but on the other hand, Rachael was absolutely gorgeous. He wouldn't mind seeing her naked, no matter her age.

What was he thinking? This was no time to be fantasizing about his wife's sister, especially when his wife looked as good as Allison did.

"You know, you're a natural," commented Kristen, approaching Allison. "You should have stuck with modeling."

Allison smiled. "If I had done that, I never would have met Greg," she replied.

"Well, it's not too late to go back to it. I've got some connections, and I'd be happy to make a few calls..."

"You're just trying to get your hands on copies of these pictures," laughed Allison.

"No, I'm serious. If you're interested, I could set something up."

"I appreciate the offer, but right now the only person I'm interested in showing my body to is Greg. But I'll tell you what. Let's exchange email addresses. Maybe we can get together some time."

"I'd like that."

Now Roberta approached them. "You know," she said, "I have an interesting idea. Go ahead and say no if it bothers you."

"I like it already," Allison grinned.

Roberta laughed. "Okay. Why don't we take some pictures together? You, me, and Kristen."

"You mean... all three of you? Naked?" asked Greg.

"Why not?" said Kristen. "I'm not shy in front of the camera, and apparently neither is Allison."

Allison glanced at Greg. "It's up to you, dear," she told him.

The thought of seeing these three beauties posing together, and recording it so he could see those pictures again any time he wanted, was almost more than he could bear. He was so excited he thought he might have a heart attack.

"Okay!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. The girls all laughed at his reaction.

He spent a moment finding a good spot to set up the camera so that the waterfall would be in the background. He planted the tripod as firmly as he could in the sand, adjusted the camera, then told them to begin. Since he had never done any photography of this sort, he suggested that they come up with the poses themselves, to which they happily agreed.

They started by standing together facing the camera, their arms around each other's waists, and smiling cheerfully. Allison stood in the middle, which emphasized her role in the shoot. It was for her husband after all. It wasn't a particularly provocative pose, but with the three women all nude, he found it quite arousing. He thought of Allison's words earlier that day talking about her modeling sessions with other girls. She had even done a few softcore lesbian scenes. He didn't know how he felt about that; on the one hand, he had grown up thinking that that was wrong. On the other hand, the very forbidden nature of it gave it a certain mysterious, tempting quality. The thought of seeing her with another woman excited him.

He wondered if he would get to see something similar today. After all, the other girls were openly lesbian. Probably not; just because they preferred the company of women over men didn't mean they would jump into bed with any beautiful woman they came across any more than he would.

He did notice, however, that with them like that, the sides of Allison's breasts touched those of the other girls. That gave him a bit of a shock, but not an unwelcome one. Did she even notice it the same way he did? Probably not, but he found that to be exciting in itself. It meant she wasn't opposed to touching another woman's body like that.

The second pose was even steamier than the first. This time, the two girls on the outside turned in to face Allison, pressing their bodies up against her side. They reached up and put their hands on her shoulders, and she let her own hands slip around their waists to hold them to her. It seemed that he was going to get a nice show after all.

When the two women leaned in and kissed Allison on the cheeks for the third shot, Greg thought he had died and gone to heaven. Allison flashed him that gorgeous smile of hers, and he felt his heart pounding in his chest and his breathing growing heavier. He even started to shiver, something he hadn't done since he was Jeff's age and snuck peeks at naughty pictures in magazines. That had been partly due to the fear of getting caught, but this time he trembled out of pure excitement. He shook so hard he almost couldn't even press the shutter button on the camera.

Then Allison turned to face Roberta and put her arms around the woman's waist. Roberta leaned in, her breasts mashing up against Allison's. Kristen pressed her body against Allison's back, and the three women turned their heads toward the camera. Now the final barrier had been breached; if they were willing to touch each other like that, then there was no limit to what he might see today.

After he took the picture, Roberta whispered something in Allison's ear. It wasn't supposed to be a pose, but when Allison's face brightened at whatever the woman told her, Greg found it too alluring not to snap a photo.

Then the girls broke apart, but this time they got down on the ground. Allison knelt facing him, then Kristen lay down on her back, her head resting in Allison's lap and her body spread out to the side. Roberta knelt down on the opposite side, then leaned down, held Kristen's head in her hands, and kissed her fully on the lips. Greg hurried and took the picture, just in case he fainted from excitement. That didn't quite happen, though he was certainly feeling light-headed. He had to force himself to calm his breathing so that he wouldn't hyperventilate.

Roberta then scooted forward, kissing down her girlfriend's body as Greg watched in fascination and snapped the pictures. When Roberta reached Kristen's breasts and sucked her nipple into her mouth, Greg suddenly left the camera and dashed over to the water, where he splashed in up to his waist. The girls laughed in amusement as he stood there letting the cold water calm him down. It worked, and a minute later he returned to the shore, dripping wet but more composed.

"Sorry," he grinned sheepishly. "I was about to faint, so I had to do something to wake myself up."

"By 'faint' he means 'climax' of course," Allison explained, and the others giggled.

They continued the photoshoot, this time more spontaneously. The three women put their hands all over each other, sometimes kneeling, sometimes sitting up, and sometimes reclining. Allison didn't seem to mind when Roberta and Kristen ran their hands over her breasts, and Greg was surprised to discover that rather than being jealous or angry, he enjoyed seeing it. He probably would have had an entirely different reaction if it had been a man fondling his wife, but he didn't mind so much when it was a couple of gorgeous women.

As before, they kept the shots tasteful. Though they seemed completely uninhibited, the most they did was kissing each other's boobs, and that was limited to Roberta and Kristen. Allison didn't seem to mind putting her hands on the women's bodies, and she kissed each of them on the lips a couple of times, but she didn't use her mouth on any other part of their bodies, nor did she let them use their mouths on hers. Greg didn't know how to interpret that; perhaps she wasn't really a lesbian herself, but just didn't mind touching other women's bodies. Or maybe it was just because Kristen and Roberta were lovers, so taking things too far with Allison would be like having an affair with her. Either way, he was almost disappointed that she didn't go further with them.

After a couple dozen shots, Kristen suggested they get back into the water, so the three women stood up and waded into the pool. Greg followed them with the camera, letting them pose as they wished. These shots

were similar to the others, with them groping and fondling and kissing and licking each other. He couldn't keep the grin off his face as they played around for the camera.

After a while, they gave up all pretense of posing for the camera, and just splashed around instead like children. Greg was happy to take this kind of picture as well; there was something particularly sexy about beautiful women just playing like that. He continued to snap the photos for another twenty minutes until Kristen announced that Roberta and she had to leave. It was too bad, but they couldn't keep it up forever after all.

The three women left the water and dried themselves off. Before their newfound friends left, however, they exchanged phone numbers and email addresses with Allison. Roberta and Kristen dressed, then headed back up the path, leaving Greg and Allison alone.

He had already taken plenty of pictures, so for the rest of the time they just swam together in the water. Allison insisted that Greg remove his swimming trunks, and he grudgingly agreed. Actually, once he had them off he found it quite enjoyable. There was something liberating about skinny dipping, and doing it with a beautiful woman made it all the better.

They swam and sunbathed for another hour, but eventually they too had to leave. They put their clothes back on, then gathered up their things and returned up the trail to the parking lot and the car.

As they drove back to the villa, Allison reached out and took her hand in his own, giving him a smile. "Greg," she said. "Did you have a good time?"

"Let's put it this way. I think you need be taken out and shot."

"Shot?" asked Allison, surprised.

"Yes. By 'taken out,' I mean on a date, and by 'shot' I mean with a camera. I just hope this isn't the last time I get to shoot you," he grinned.

"Was that a joke?" Allison laughed. "Greg Primdale actually told a joke?"

"Hey, I'm not *that* boring," he complained facetiously.

"Of course you aren't," she smiled. "I was just kidding about that. But seriously, it didn't bother you when I posed with the girls? It looked like you were having fun, or I would never have done it. If you had asked me to stop at any time--"

"It's all right," he reassured her. "You wanted to help me to loosen up a little. Well, this sure helped. I can't deny that I enjoyed myself today."

"So did I. It was fun, wasn't it?"

He nodded. There was something else he knew he had to ask her, and now was a good a time as any. "So

Allison, does that mean...?"

"It means I don't see what the big deal is about touching another woman's body. It's just skin after all. It's not like I'm going to catch some fatal disease if my hand happens to touch her boobs, any more than I would if I touched her arm. The only difference is that a lot of men seem to get excited at seeing the one, but not the other. And I like to get you excited."

"It worked."

"So it doesn't bother you?"

"Well, it does just a little. My conservative upbringing and all that. Before today, I would probably have been angry to find out that you had done some nude modeling with other women. I would have thought it was a horrible thing. You have to understand that I was always raised to believe that it was wrong for two women to touch each other like that. I just... oh, I suppose it's all right. Allison, you've been absolutely wonderful these past few months, and I can't remember ever being so happy. So I have a choice to make. I can either staunchly hold onto the things I was taught and let this drive a wedge between us, or I can reject those things and accept you for who you are. I want to stay happy like this forever, so I guess my choice is obvious."

"I'm sorry, Greg. I wish I didn't have to make you choose between me and your upbringing."

"It's okay. I feel better about it already."

"Well then, I'm really grateful that you chose me. I won't say I love you, but I like you a whole lot, and ever since I met you I've been every bit as happy as you are."

"So I take it you didn't tell about your modeling before because you were afraid what my reaction would be?"

"Exactly. I guess I just hoped that if I waited until after the wedding, the commitment would be too strong for you to go back on it even after I told you of my extracurricular activities. I was just so afraid of losing you. I don't like the fact that I deceived you like that, but I did it for the best of reasons."

Greg sighed. "I don't blame you for waiting. But let me assure you that if you had told me early on, I still would have made the same choice."

"I guess you *really* liked that blowjob," she grinned.

Greg chuckled. "That's for sure!" he exclaimed. "But that's not all. Once I saw what you were really like, how good you are with the kids, heck, how good you are at everything you do, I realized I was the luckiest man in the world. You're the most perfect woman I've ever met, Allison. Even if I saw this as a flaw in your character, you would still be far beyond what I could have ever hoped for in a wife."

Allison beamed at the compliment. "Well, I know I'm far from perfect," she said, "but I like the fact that you think of me that way."

"But this brings up another issue. I don't know if it's a good idea to tell the kids about it. About today, and about your previous modeling experiences. Even if it's no big deal just like you say, I've always been a bit protective of them. 'Sheltered' is the word that comes to mind."

"You don't have to explain your actions," Allison told him. "I can tell that you love them very much, and you just want what's best for them. I won't necessarily bring it up, but if it happens to come up in the conversation, I'm not going to lie to them."

"How could that possibly come up in a conversation? 'Hey Allison, I was wondering something. Did you ever pose naked with other girls when you were in college?'"

Allison laughed. "I don't think it would be quite so blunt, but it's always possible. Look, Greg. I'm not ashamed of what I did. And from what it looked like today, neither are you."

"That's a good point. But I'm still not sure it's a good idea to tell them. I don't know if they're old enough to understand."

"I think Lissa's old enough by now. I don't have to tell you how mature she is, and I think she would accept it easily enough."

"I suppose so. And Jeff too, now that I think about it. I don't think there would be any harm done if you told him; in fact, he would probably get as excited as I was today."

They both laughed.

"I mostly worry about Brit though," Greg continued. "Maybe because she'll always be the baby of the family. It's going to be hard to think of her as anything but a child."

"Well, I'll hold off on mentioning anything to Brit for a few years. But like I said, if it happens to come up, I'll go ahead and tell them."

"Okay. But if any of my kids turn out gay, I'm blaming you," he laughed.

"Oh, so you're not quite over your moral dilemma after all," she teased.

"Not quite," he smiled. "I have to accept that this is part of who you are, but that doesn't mean I wouldn't be furious if, for instance, I found out that Lissa had a girlfriend."

Allison shrugged. "It's probably a moot point. From my conversations with her, it sounds like she doesn't have any lesbian leanings. Brit's too young for any kind of assessment, so we're just going to have to go by statistics and say that she's much more likely to turn out straight than gay. And I think it's pretty obvious from the fact that Jeff is madly in love with *me* that he likes women."

Greg laughed. "It doesn't surprise me that he likes you. Heck, if I were his age and my dad married a woman as gorgeous as you, I'd fall for her too."

"I could have a talk with him about it if you want, but really it's just a harmless crush. I'm sure he'll get over it on his own eventually."

"Oh, I'm not too worried about it, as long as I don't discover that you've made another one of those videos, this time with my son."

"Don't worry; I learned my lesson. I always check for hidden cameras before beginning a steamy love affair," she teased.

"Oh, very funny," he grinned.

"Just kidding. I would never jeopardize my relationship with you like that. You're just too good for me."

"You're good for me too. And I'm not just talking about sex. I'm talking about the little things. Like just sitting and talking at home, the romantic walks on the beach..."

"The lesbian photoshoots..." Allison interrupted.

"Yes, that too," he grinned. "To be perfectly frank, it got me *really* excited."

"Hence your quick dip in the pool."

He laughed. "Exactly. You realize of course that you're going to have to do something about that as soon as we arrive at the villa," he grinned.

"That was the whole point," she replied, and Greg suddenly couldn't wait to get back.

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## Chapter 7

### Jeff's New Interest

Back home, things settled down a bit after the wedding. The first couple of weeks, while Greg and Allison were on their honeymoon in Hawaii, were a little difficult, because they had left Lissa to watch Jeff and Brit. She had the phone number of the Beauforts, a couple of empty-nesters who lived at the bottom of the hill, in case there was trouble, and Greg and Allison called in once a day to make sure everything was all right, that the kids were doing their homework and getting to bed on time. Before leaving they had made sure that there was plenty of food to last the two weeks, especially with the leftovers from the wedding.

More importantly, they had made Jeff and Brit promise to try to be nice to each other. That worked out reasonably well; only twice did they fight. It was the same pattern that often happened when Lissa babysat them. First Jeff teased Brit to the point of crying, then Lissa followed Brit to her room to comfort her, then Lissa returned to scold Jeff, then Jeff shouted at Lissa for taking Brit's side, then Lissa broke down crying, then Jeff felt guilty and apologized, then Lissa accepted his apology and hugged him, then she told him that Brit needed a hug too, then Jeff grudgingly went to Brit's room and apologized, then Brit hugged him, and then finally they were all friends again.

Jeff enjoyed the freedom of not having any adults around. Lissa was sometimes very mature, but she didn't seem to have the same issue with having fun that most adults had. The three of them played games together, or sat in the hot tub together, or now that the days were warm enough, swam in the pool together. Those were the times when Jeff enjoyed himself the most. Lissa liked to try to push him under, but although she was still a little bigger than him, he was always slippery enough that he managed to turn the tables on her and end up dunking her instead. Even Brit got in on the action, jumping on his back and wrapping her arms and legs around him to try to drag him down. He had to be a lot more careful with her because she was so small and fragile, so instead of fighting back, he would take a deep breath and go under, dragging her along with him. Since he could hold his breath longer than she could, she always ended up letting go of him to make her way back up to the surface. He never held her down; even though they fought and teased each other out of the water, he still loved her and wouldn't do anything to put her in danger.

It was during those pool parties that he began to notice Lissa's body. He had been interested in girls for a couple of years now, as attested by his infatuation with Kari Williams at school and Allison at home, but he had never really been exposed to the physiological differences between boys and girls. He had seen pictures in Sex-Ed class, of course, but those were just illustrations. Now, though, he found himself in the presence of a nearly sixteen-year-old girl with only a swimsuit covering her body.

Granted, her suit was a conservative one-piece that didn't actually reveal anything important, but it left her legs and arms bare, and showed the gentle curve of her waist and swell of her breasts, even displaying two bumps where her nipples poked against the fabric. When she bent over, he had a nice view of the valley



between her breasts, and he found that he liked it. Unfortunately, her swimsuit hid more than it showed, so he decided to do what any other thirteen-year-old boy would do in that situation. He would find some way to take it off.

That turned out to be surprisingly easy. One afternoon while they swam in the pool, he made his move. Ironically, it was Lissa that initiated it, though she could hardly be blamed; she didn't know what was going to happen, after all. Jeff deliberately turned his back on her to make himself an easy target for her to try to dunk him. He paid close attention to the sounds of her approaching him, though he tried not to let her know he was aware of her presence.

As soon as she jumped on him, he was ready. He squirmed in her grasp, managing to turn around and get a hold on her to try to wrestle her under. He put one of his hands on her shoulder, then deliberately lost his footing. His hand "slipped" and suddenly came away with the strap of her swimsuit.

It worked even better than he had planned. As he fell down into the water still holding onto it, it slipped the other strap off the shoulder as well, and suddenly the whole front of the garment fell away.

Before she could react, he released it and got his footing again. He took a moment to stare at her bare chest. Though he had not had much basis for comparison, he liked what he saw. Her breasts were not particularly big, but they seemed firm and perky. The small nipples in particular intrigued him; they were perfectly round and well defined, pointing straight forward.

It only took him an instant to decide that he wanted to feel them. And in that instant his mind hatched a plan. Though he had only had about half a second to view them, he immediately pounced on her. She half-shrieked and half-giggled, but she was still in too much shock to fight back. He managed to tip her over, and the two of them plunged under the water, arms wrapped around each other.

Her bare chest felt very nice against his own. He enjoyed the way her soft yet firm tits flattened against his body, and especially the way her nipples poked against him.

Then he felt another, less pleasant sensation. She was pounding him on the shoulder with one of her free hands. It was something she had never done before, and although it didn't hurt him, especially with the water to slow her fist, it alarmed him.

He quickly set his feet down and helped her gain her footing. She stood up, spluttering and coughing, and scrambling to pull up her swimsuit.

"Oh my god, Lissa!" he exclaimed in feigned shock. "I didn't realize--"

Brit stood nearby, laughing. For a moment, Lissa looked angry, but then she began to laugh too.

"That's okay," she said. "If I thought you had done it on purpose, I'd drag you to the bottom and sit on you until you drowned."

"Do it again, Jeff!" Brit giggled.

"Shut up!" Lissa snapped, but good-naturedly. "Anyway, I think it's time I got out."

That was really too bad, in Jeff's opinion, but he had no regrets. It had been worth it.

Since he didn't want to be left alone with his bratty little sister, he decided to get out too, and Brit followed. They dried themselves off, and Jeff deliberately avoided watching Lissa as she did so. No doubt she would be conscious of his eyes on her, so if he seemed too curious she might begin to suspect. There would be plenty of time later.

After changing one at a time in the bathroom, they divided up. Brit decided to sit in the front room watching TV, while Jeff and Lissa went to their respective rooms.

Jeff sat down on his bed, closed his eyes, and imagined her body again. It was the first time he had seen a real pair of boobs, at least that he could remember. Naturally he had breast-fed as a baby, but this was something different. This was a real girl. Granted, it was his sister, but that didn't change the fact that she was actually pretty, and in his opinion at least, she had a great body.

It still left him unsatisfied, however. That quick glimpse had been all too brief; he wanted to be able to sit and stare for as long as he wanted.

That was when he first came up with the idea of looking at internet porn. While not the same as a real live girl, at least he would be able to see as much as he wanted. All three of the children had computers in their rooms, and all were networked together and could access the Internet. His only hesitation was that he knew that his father would be mad if he found out. But that just meant that Jeff couldn't let him find out. He locked both the hall and bathroom doors, then sat down at the computer, his heart pounding in his chest.

A quick search led him to the *Lecher* Magazine homepage. Naturally, there was a warning not to go beyond that point if he wasn't over eighteen, but that didn't matter. There was no way they could trace him anyway. He clicked the "I agree" button and found himself staring at a list of article headlines with small pictures, mostly of naked women. But they were too small to get a good view.

There was a "Models" link, which sounded promising, so he clicked on that, which led to another page with a list of girl's names. Choosing one at random, he entered a page with a list of photo-shoots. He selected the first one, and suddenly he found himself staring at a page full of tiny images that seemed to be in a set. All of the images could be clicked on.

He started with the first one, which showed a good-looking woman with a dress on. He skipped forward a few pages until he found the first one where she was naked. It was a great view of the woman's body, with her standing there unashamedly and hiding nothing.

Her body was much more fully developed than Lissa's. She had great big boobs, but slender hips and a flat stomach. This time he actually got to see her pussy, which was completely hairless. For some reason she had

shaved it off. That just gave him a better view.

A few pictures later, she began to play with herself. She had her legs spread wide open, with one hand on her breast and one hand touching herself between her legs. Jeff felt a stirring between his own legs, and knew that he was getting an erection. And why not? Wasn't that supposed to happen when he looked at naked women? These past couple of years his erections had gotten more and more frequent, happening sometimes spontaneously and without any provocation. But according to his Sex Ed class, that was normal for boys his age. He decided just to let it happen.

A moment later there came a knock at his door.

"Go away," he said. "I'm busy."

"Jeff, I need to talk to you," came Lissa's voice.

A little angry, he closed the web browser on his computer. Then he got up, smoothed out his pants to make sure the bulge wasn't too noticeable, then unlocked and opened the door.

Lissa came over and sat down on his bed. He sat on the chair next to the computer desk.

"Look, if this is about what happened at the pool," he said, "I'm sorry."

"Oh, I'm not mad. Now that I've had a chance to think about it, I can look back and laugh. Although I'll admit, it's not exactly the kind of story that I'm going to tell my kids later on down the road."

Jeff chuckled. "Me neither. Can you imagine that? 'Look, that's Auntie Lissa. Did I ever tell you about the time I pulled her swimsuit off in the pool?'"

Lissa couldn't help but laugh at that. "So Jeff, tell me something. Did you do it on purpose?"

"What?" he asked, suddenly defensive. "No, of course not. I--"

"Tell the truth, Jeff. I promise I won't get mad."

Jeff stared at her for a second, as if unsure whether to confess.

"I'll take your silence as a yes," said Lissa.

"I... Oh, all right. I did it on purpose. Are you satisfied?"

"Why?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"You must have had a reason, or you wouldn't have done it."

"Well..." he said, growing red. "I just... I just have never seen a naked girl before, and so this just seemed like a perfect opportunity. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done it."

"It's okay. I just want to know one more thing. Since you wanted to see my body so badly, does that mean you think I'm... well... sexy?"

"Er... I don't know."

"Oh, thanks so much for the compliment," she said sarcastically. "At least tell me whether you think I'm pretty."

"Okay. You're pretty."

"And sexy?"

"Why do you keep going on about that?"

"I'm just curious."

"Maybe we shouldn't be talking about that. You're my sister, after all."

"Come on, Jeff. Just tell me whether you think I'm sexy or not."

"Fine. I just started noticing how sexy you are this week, out in the pool."

"It was the swimsuit, wasn't it?" she grinned.

"Well, yeah."

"Okay. That's all I wanted to know." She got up to leave.

"Lissa," Jeff said.

"What is it?"

"You wouldn't really drag me to the bottom of the pool and sit on me until I drown, would you?"

She laughed. "Only if you try it again," she replied.

When Lissa returned to her own room, she immediately plopped down on the bed and shuddered. She felt both disgusted and excited at the same time. Somehow she had managed to conceal her feelings from her brother, but her heart had been pounding as she had sat on his bed next to him.

He had actually pulled her swimsuit off on purpose, and it was because he thought she was sexy! Her own

brother! She didn't know whether she should feel flattered or angry.

On the verge of turning fourteen, he had been developing in interesting ways in the past year. She couldn't ignore that his little-boy body was starting to develop a little muscle; she had noticed him in the pool the same way he had noticed her. And a few months ago he had begun to shave. There was something else about him too, a kind of smell perhaps, though so subtle that it wasn't even noticeable. But it sometimes made her shiver when he was around.

Despite his lack of self-confidence and his negative self-talk, he was far from the ugly kid that he claimed to be. His boyish face was losing some of its childlike innocence, and taking on more mature features. Even his freckles had started to clear up, revealing a surprisingly handsome face.

That low self-esteem had begun to peel away in the last few months, though. That was probably due to Allison. The woman was absolutely gorgeous, and yet very down-to-earth in her personality. There was no hiding that Jeff had a crush on her, but at the same time, he was able to talk to her, which did wonders for his confidence. In a few years, he might even work up the courage to ask out a girl.

For some reason, that thought gave Lissa a sharp pang of... something. She wasn't prepared to label it jealousy. Maybe since she was his big sister she just felt a little protective of him, and didn't want him to get into trouble.

She just couldn't get over the fact that he thought she was sexy. Despite her uneasiness, it did make her feel good. After all, if even her own brother thought of her like that, surely some of the guys at school did too. At the moment though, for some reason she didn't really care about their opinion. It was only Jeff's that mattered. Was he in his room right now thinking about her body? Imagining that sent a tingle down her spine.

She felt warm, perhaps even a little flushed. No doubt it was due to the heat of the day, and the fact that she had just put on her clothes after wearing a swimsuit for a couple of hours. Her clothes felt restricting and uncomfortable.

Since her door was closed and locked and there was no one to see her, there was no harm in taking off her shirt. She sat up for a moment and pulled it over her head, then dropped it on the floor and lay back. Yes, that felt much nicer. However, her jeans still felt too tight. She quickly stripped them off as well and lay down in just her underwear. She wondered what Jeff would think if he saw her now. The thought of him suddenly barging into the room and then staring in shock made her giggle. That would be awkward. On the other hand, he would probably enjoy the view of his sexy big sister. Not that she would ever allow such a thing. She wasn't about to pose half-naked for her little brother.

On the other hand, what if she wore a bikini out by the pool? It wouldn't cover up any more of her than her underwear, and it would be completely innocent. Okay, not *completely* innocent, but it wouldn't be anything that other girls didn't wear in public. Unfortunately, she didn't own a swimsuit like that; her dad would never approve of it. She wondered if Allison would take her shopping again some time?

She sighed. Knowing Allison, she would be in favor of the idea. But Lissa would feel too self-conscious about it, so she would never do it. Still, it was fun to fantasize about it. One look, and Jeff would probably lose all control of himself. He'd probably strip her out of it in no time flat, the pervert. Once again she giggled. If wearing a skimpy bikini in front of him would be fun, being naked with him would be even better!

She took a deep breath. Even though the hottest part of the day was over, for some reason she felt like the heat kept rising. Even her bra and panties were too stifling now. She shuddered as she thought about taking them off, feeling strangely guilty. That didn't make any sense to her; what was wrong with being naked alone in her room? It wasn't like she had never done it before. She took her clothes off every time she took a bath or shower, after all. But with her thoughts on her brother, it felt almost like he was in the room with her. Her little brother, staring at her as she stripped in front of him.

Before she knew it, she had her bra off and lay there with her breasts exposed to the eyes of the specter of her brother. It felt so naughty to lie here in front of him, even though she knew he was just in her imagination. But she had gone this far, and she might as well go the rest of the way. She slipped off her panties and let them fall to the floor, and lay naked, exposed, and vulnerable.

She closed her eyes and imagined him standing there beside her bed, staring at her. She trembled, feeling a little frightened but also excited. What would he do if she exposed herself to him like this? Would he blush and turn away? Would he dash out of the room? Or would he stay there with her, and perhaps see just what he could get away with?

She felt a hand between her legs and she almost yelped in fright. But it was just her own. Lately when she got into these moods it almost seemed to work independently, seeking out the most pleasurable spots of her body. She knew that what she was doing was dirty, or at least, she had always been raised to think that way, but she just couldn't help herself. She tried to be good, but sometimes she just needed to feel that kind of pleasure.

There were no men in her life right now other than her daddy and her brother, and she wasn't about to ask one of *them* to help her, so it was up to her to do what needed to be done. Maybe that was her own fault; she had unconsciously built a wall between her and all the boys at school because she was a little afraid of them. Ever since she had lost her virginity a couple of years ago to her first boyfriend, she had been turned off by sex. And since she knew that that was on the mind of every boy her age twenty-four hours a day, she really didn't want to have much to do with them. Her relationship with her boyfriend had lasted a grand total of three months. He had dumped her after she told him that she didn't want to have sex any more. And who could blame him? He probably sensed that she didn't think he was very good at it, and felt insulted. It was his awkwardness, his lack of emotion or romance that had spoiled it for her. Maybe some day she would find a man who could give her what she always dreamed of, but until that time she was a little hesitant about getting involved in a physical relationship. It was much more important to find someone who loved and cared for her.

Like her brother.

She gasped as a tingle ran up her spine. Her finger had just made contact with that sensitive bud. Or was that the real reason? Her train of thought had been derailed by that sudden sensation, but she remembered what she had been thinking about right before. She had thought about Jeff as a lover.

That felt weird, but at the same time a little thrilling. Oh, she would never go through with it of course, but here by herself, alone in her room, she could explore those deep, dark fantasies. It was wrong, horribly wrong, she knew, but that was what made it so exciting. The forbidden lust drove her deeper into the throes of passion.

She stuck her fingers of her free hand into her mouth, letting her teeth clamp down on them. It was a trick she had learned in those rare occasions when she pleased herself, to keep her from crying out. It wouldn't do to have Jeff and Brit hear her and wonder what was wrong. That would be enjoyable, though. It was too bad she had locked the door, because otherwise he might burst into the room to see if she was in trouble, spy her lying there playing with herself...

"Oh Jeff!" she breathed, careful not to raise it above a whisper. Even that was enough to heighten her pleasure. She had actually vocalized her fantasy. Now it had left the confines of her mind and was out there in the real world, and she could never take it back.

Her hand was moving automatically still, rubbing and pinching at the center of her passion and sending electric thrills through her. She wouldn't be able to hold herself back much longer, and she didn't intend to. There was no telling when she would get another chance like this, and so she might as well make the most of it. A few more minutes and she would achieve that sweet release that she craved.

Jeff would make a great lover, she decided. Although he might be just as awkward as her boyfriend had been, at least she knew that he loved her. He would sense her own needs and involve her in his lovemaking as a partner rather than an object. He would take her slowly, gently, and lovingly as he entered her.

"Oh god!" she whispered as she imagined the act. She had almost forgotten what it felt like to be filled like that. But Jeff would do it for her. He would penetrate right into the very center of her being.

Her teeth tightened on her fingers so hard that she almost drew blood. She could feel the pleasure wracking her body as she reached a climax. Her entire body tensed, at the same time shuddering almost violently, and she had to use all of her willpower to keep from screaming right then. Somehow she managed to keep silent until her body finished its journey through that wall of ecstasy, and she collapsed back on the bed, completely exhausted.

Then the guilt hit her. She had actually masturbated to thoughts of her own brother! That was wicked and perverse, not something a good girl should do.

She got up and began to dress. From now on she wouldn't allow herself to lose control like that. It had been a moment of weakness, nothing more, and it wouldn't happen again. By the time she finished dressing, she felt fine.

After Lissa left his room, Jeff wasn't in the mood to look at naughty pictures any more. In fact, now that he had seen pretty much all there was to see (or so he thought), that was enough to tide him over for a couple of days. It wasn't until the day before Greg and Allison returned that he got another chance, especially since as the end of the school year was approaching, he had plenty of homework and studying to do. He wasn't too worried about the Math test he had coming up, since he had a simple, and admittedly pleasant, backup plan if he didn't get a good grade. But he had an essay to write for English class that he had been putting off for a month, and it was getting to the point where he couldn't procrastinate any longer. So when he finished it Saturday afternoon, he decided to reward himself with another look at that website.

This time he skipped the Models section, and went into "Couples." A moment later he found himself staring at a man and woman engaged in sex. Once again he felt that familiar stirring between his legs as he clicked through the pictures. He found it fascinating and exciting as he watched them progress. In some of the pictures the man had his penis in the woman's vagina, but there were others where it was in her mouth! That both shocked and delighted him. His friend Jesse had mentioned something about that before, but Jesse was such a pervert that Jeff never took anything he said seriously. He couldn't imagine that any woman would let a man do that to her. On the other hand, he imagined that it would feel extremely good. The thought of a girl's mouth wrapped around his own cock, using her tongue to stimulate it while she sucked on it, was terribly thrilling.

He spent about half an hour more looking at the pictures (for "educational" purposes, he told himself), then reluctantly turned off the computer. He still had a little more homework to do, and there would be plenty of time to continue later.

Greg and Allison returned home the next day. They spent all afternoon talking about their trip, and how wonderful and warm it was. Jeff felt a not-surprising stab of jealousy; what he wouldn't give to have been in his father's place! But he was becoming an expert at hiding his feelings around Allison.

All the next week, she seemed even happier and more cheerful than before. That wasn't surprising; she had just been married, after all. And although she had admitted that she wasn't in love with Greg, she was at least in love with the family as a whole.

Jeff spent the next week dividing his attention between lusting after Kari Williams at school, lusting after Allison at home, and fantasizing about the images he had seen. He was still pretty responsible about doing his homework; it was easy to set aside the time when he knew that in just a couple of weeks he wouldn't have to worry about it all summer. He was especially excited about this vacation because Greg and Allison announced that the family would go camping for a week in July. He hadn't ever camped out before, but Allison talked about it so enthusiastically that it sounded very fun. Of course, *anything* would be fun if it involved her.



He put off viewing naughty images for a few more days. He still thought it was wrong, so he rationalized that as long as he didn't do it too often, there was no harm. But Wednesday night he decided he couldn't wait any longer, and turned on the computer. This time he skipped the *Lecher* Magazine site and just ran a search for pornography. Two minutes later he was happily clicking through steamy images.

The door suddenly opened. Jeff hurriedly covered the screen. "You're supposed to knock!" he yelled. The door closed again, and he heard a knock. This time he had time to close the windows on the screen to hide what he was doing.

"Come in," he said, hoping that whoever was there hadn't seen what he had been doing.

Allison opened the door and walked in. "I'm sorry for not knocking," she said in a tone so sincere that he felt bad about yelling at her. She closed the door behind her. "I'm still learning the rules around here. I'll be more careful in the future about walking in on you while you're looking at porn."

"I wasn't--" he insisted, but she put a hand up to silence him.

"I saw everything," she said, and he began to grow red. The last person in the world he wanted to catch him was Allison!

"Oh, don't worry. I won't tell your father," she smiled. "I don't think he'd be quite as understanding as I am."

"So... you don't care?"

"Care? Of course I care. I want to know about the things you're interested in. But does it bother me? No."

As she spoke, she approached the desk, and before he could stop her, she took the mouse and brought up the window that he had just closed.

There was nothing he could do about it. There were the images, right in front of her. He wished he could crawl under a rock and die. He expected at any moment to hear her gasp at what she saw, or to hurriedly close the window in disgust, or to start lecturing him about how immoral he was.

"Is your homework done?" she asked.

That was certainly the last question he had expected from her. Was she blind or something? Could she not see what was on the screen?

"What?" he asked.

"I said, is your homework done? I told your father I would check on you to see if you finished your homework."

"Well... yes," he replied.

"All right then. Mind if I sit down?" Without waiting for a reply, she grabbed the chair from his other desk and rolled it over next to him. She sat in it and watched the screen.

He was too stunned to move. What was she doing? He didn't know what she expected of him. Was he supposed to turn off the computer, or close the web browser, or something like that? He had already said that he had finished his homework, so she wasn't expecting him to open up a word processor and start writing an essay, was she?

"Aren't you going to continue?" she asked.

"I... don't know. It's a little different with you here."

"I see. You're the kind of person who likes to look at porn alone."

"And... you're not?"

"I think it's much more enjoyable to do it with someone else. Kind of like sex. It's just not as fulfilling by yourself."

"I wouldn't know about that," he mumbled under his breath.

"Well, there's a first time for everyone. I'd be more than happy to be your first time."

"What?" he exclaimed.

"Looking at porn together," she explained, nodding toward the screen. Then she laughed. "I didn't exactly make myself clear there, did I?"

"No you didn't," Jeff chuckled, his embarrassment subsiding. Once again, Allison was showing her talent of making him feel perfectly comfortable in her presence.

"So I notice you're looking at pretty typical heterosexual stuff," she commented. "Is that your favorite? Man-woman, I mean."

"I don't really know. Is there any other kind?"

"Well, are you interested in lesbians, for instance?"

"What's a lesbian?"

She laughed again, then cut off when she realized it wasn't a joke. "You really don't know?" she asked.

"No."

"I can see your father has kept you sheltered," she said. "Already thirteen years old and you don't know what

a lesbian is. A lesbian is a girl who likes other girls."

"Don't all girls like other girls?"

"I mean, a girl who likes other girls sexually."

"Really?" he asked.

"Yes. It's quite common, in fact."

"That sounds... gross."

"Well, maybe you're not ready to see that just yet. But most men find it erotic. Some women, too."

"Well, they would have to, wouldn't they?" he said. "That's sort of the point."

"Yes, I guess it is. But anyway, maybe we could look at some lesbian stuff together some other time. Right now, if you want, we can just focus on the male-female stuff. Do you have any particular web sites that you go to regularly?"

"Um... no. This is really only my third time doing this."

"Oh, so you're just starting out. Well, I could--"

Just then, they heard Greg calling for Allison from downstairs.

"Oops," she said. "I was just supposed to check on you, not look at naughty pictures with you. If your father asks, I was helping you finish up some math homework." She winked, then stood and turned to go. She hesitated for a second, then turned back around. Leaning in, she put her lips close to his ear. His eyes opened wide as he heard what she was whispering. It was a web address. She smiled and headed for the door.

"Enjoy," she said as she opened it and disappeared through.

He hurriedly typed the address into his browser, wondering what he would find there so intriguing that she would choose to tell him this particular address out of the millions of possibilities.

Even before the page finished loading, he gasped. There, in the center of the screen, was a picture of Allison herself, completely naked and having sex with a younger man! There was a "Play Video" link, which he eagerly clicked. His heart began to pound in his chest with anticipation for what he would see.

He was not disappointed. It was obviously a hidden camera showing a bedroom. The door at the far end of the room opened, and in walked the couple. She looked exactly the same as she did now; the video couldn't have been shot more than a year or so ago. The man was probably eighteen or nineteen.

They began to kiss, and the man started to fondle her breast over her shirt. A few seconds later, he turned her

toward the camera (she still didn't see it) and stepped behind her to kiss her neck. She lay her head back against him as he slid his hand down her torso and between her legs.

Jeff licked his lips; his mouth was starting to go dry. His cock, which had settled while Allison was in the room, now threatened to burst out of his pants as he watched her slowly being undressed on screen. Never had he expected to see someone he knew in a movie like this, and the fact that it was Allison, of all people, the most beautiful woman he had ever known... he thought he was going to pass out.

The man in the video started to unbutton her shirt from the top down, gradually revealing more and more of her chest. After the last button was finished, he pulled it open and ran his hands over her tits, which were now covered only in a black, silken bra. She began to turn around, but he stopped her motion by holding her tightly against his chest and firmly yet gently squeezing her breasts. Jeff felt extremely grateful to this unknown man, realizing that he probably did that so that the camera could get an excellent view.

About a minute later it paid off as he pulled the shirt off her shoulders and let it fall to the ground, then reached behind and unfastened the bra.

The instant her tits came into view, Jeff's heart literally skipped a beat. They were just as beautiful as he had imagined, large but firm with slightly undersized nipples, at least compared to those of the women he had seen on other web sites.

Jeff's heart was pounding so hard now that he could hardly breathe. There were two reasons for this. First, the fact that this was someone he knew, especially Allison, added to the thrill of it. Second, the thought that she had deliberately led him to this video! It was as if she wanted him to see her naked. It was almost too much to bear. And now, in just a few minutes, he was going to actually see her having sex!

Unfortunately, it was not to be, at least not that night. There came another knock at the door, and he hurriedly closed the window, cursing the interruption. Fortunately, he remembered the web address, so he knew he could return to it again later.

"Come in," he said. This time, it was his dad who appeared at the door.

"Hey, Jeff," Greg said. "We've got ice cream downstairs. You want some?"

"Um, sure," Jeff replied, trying not to sound as out-of-breath as he felt. Right now his heart was beating so loudly he thought his father would be certain to hear it, even from across the room. "I'll be down in a minute."

"Okay." His father closed the door. Jeff could hear him knocking on Brit's door down the hall to announce the treat.

Jeff closed his eyes and deliberately slowed his breathing to get his heart back under control. He felt the pressure subsiding in his pants, and a couple of minutes later he stood up to go down to ice cream. He would much rather have stayed in his room and finished the video, but thought it would be a little suspicious to

refuse the dessert.

Once downstairs, he scooped out a dish of rocky road and sat down between Lissa and Brit, who had dashed down the stairs as soon as their father had told them. He joined in the conversation half-heartedly, his mind still drifting back to that video. Allison sat across from him, and he couldn't help imagining her naked just like in the movie. What he wouldn't give to see that!

"So what did you think of that web site Allison showed you?" Greg asked him.

"Er... what?" he asked, surprised by the question. Had she actually told him?

"She said she showed you a new website. What did you think of it?"

He looked wildly at Allison for any sign of help from her, but she simply ate her ice cream as if there was nothing out of the ordinary.

"I..." Jeff stammered, trying to collect his thoughts. Obviously his father was neither surprised nor upset at what he thought Jeff had seen, so whatever the situation, the best solution was simply to treat it as casually as possible.

"I thought it was... it was..." he said.

"Educational?" Allison offered.

"Oh, it certainly was educational!" he blurted out, and Allison burst out laughing.

"What was that about?" Lissa asked.

"Never mind, dear," replied Allison. "It's an inside joke."

"So what was the name of the site?" Greg asked. "I might have to look it up myself some time. If it's as good as she claims, I could probably pick up a few pointers myself."

This time, Allison snorted so hard that she began to choke. Coughing and fighting back the laughter, she hurried to the sink to pour herself a glass of water. Everyone stared at her, trying to figure out exactly what she was thinking.

"I wish I knew what was going on around here," Lissa complained.

"Me too," Greg agreed.

Allison returned to the table, her laughter finally under control. "Yes, I'm sure it would be helpful for everyone in the family," she said.

"So what was the website?" Greg asked again.

Allison told him, and Jeff nearly sighed in relief. It wasn't the one with the video. In fact, this new site sounded like a perfectly legitimate educational site. But of course it would have been. Now that Jeff thought about it, it made sense that she wouldn't have told him the real site; he felt foolish for suspecting it even for a moment.

Later that evening as the children made their way upstairs for bed, Allison accompanied Jeff to his room. He wasn't sure if she was going to want to continue what they had started earlier in the evening, but just in case, he sat down in front of his computer desk.

Sensing the unasked question, she shook her head. "Not tonight," she said. "You've got school in the morning. But I promise, some other time."

Disappointed, he got up from his chair and then sat down on the bed.

"Allison, would you tell me something?"

"You want to know why I showed you that website earlier."

"Exactly."

"The scandal of your parents' divorce made the headlines in this town, but that video made a scandal in its own way. You see, that was one of my students, and I was fired because of it. Your father knows it; in fact, I told him the first day I met him because I didn't want to start out our relationship with any false pretenses. My 'mistake' is public knowledge, and now that the hubbub has died down about your parents' divorce, I figure it's only a matter of time before you stumble onto references to that little incident of mine. Naturally you'll be curious, and especially since you have a perfectly healthy interest in pornography, it's inevitable that you would find your way to that video anyway. Well, there's no getting around the fact that once you've seen that video you're going to start thinking of me in a different way. No doubt you were imagining me naked at the dinner table tonight while we were eating our ice cream."

Jeff began to grow red again, but Allison merely laughed.

"I was right, wasn't I? Oh, don't feel embarrassed. If you're going to have those thoughts about me, I'd rather know about it.

"Anyway, suppose you did find that video on your own. You would be torn by lust, feelings of guilt for what you would see as a form of invasion of my privacy, and of course, wondering whether to tell your father about it. You would probably think it your moral duty, if nothing else to protect him from another incident like what happened between your mother and him. On the other hand, you would also consider that it would be none of your business, as it was a private matter between that boy and me. Oh, and you wouldn't even know how to approach your father about it, plus you would be embarrassed to admit that you were looking at porn, especially involving me. In short, you would be fucked in the head. Do you get the picture?"

Jeff nodded. He was shocked to hear her use language like that; they had never been allowed to use even the mildest swear words in the house before. But she certainly got her point across.

"All right. So you might keep these feelings to yourself for months, or even years. That's not something you should have to go through. So now you don't have to. It's all really simple."

"Okay, that makes sense."

"Good. Oh, and by the way, I'm the one who suggested the ice cream. And yes, it was to take you away from the video."

"Why?"

"Because even as I left the room, I realized that I wanted to watch it with you."

"Really?"

"Of course. So do me a favor. Don't watch it until we have a chance to see it together, okay?"

"Okay!" he readily agreed. Of course, his heart had nearly exploded just seeing her naked on screen. He didn't know if he would survive having her there with him while he saw it. But at least he would die happy.

"And one more thing," Allison said as she turned to go. "That website that I mentioned to your father. You know, the legitimate one?"

"Yes."

"It really does exist. I would appreciate it if you would look it up some time so we won't be found out if Greg ever brings up the subject again."

Jeff nodded, and Allison smiled and left the room. He enjoyed sharing a secret with her, especially this one. He eagerly looked forward to when they could finish the business they had started.

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## Chapter 8

### Jeff's Continuing Education

The school year ended with much excitement from the kids and much relief from the teachers and administrators. Jeff was of mixed emotions. On the one hand, he wouldn't see Kari Williams for another three months. On the other, he would see a lot more of Allison. He decided that all things considered, it was a net positive. At least Allison he could talk to, joke around with, and look at porn together with. Though he had been madly in love with Kari ever since he was old enough to like girls, he had never worked up the courage to actually talk to her. She was one of the more popular girls in the junior high, which meant a guy like him didn't have a chance. So he hid the torment of his tortured soul and pretended to ignore her.

Now that school was over, Jeff had much more free time with just his sisters and Allison, since Greg still had to work. Unfortunately, for some reason Lissa got it into her head that because she would be turning sixteen in a couple of months, she needed to find a job. Allison was more than happy to drive her around to the interviews, which meant that either she had to take Jeff and Brit along, or they had to have a babysitter, since Greg insisted that he was not old enough to stay by himself.

The times they went out with Allison weren't too bad. While Lissa was interviewing, Allison took the other children around to the mall or other stores. It wasn't Jeff's favorite thing to do, but on the other hand, any activity with her couldn't be all bad.

When they hired a babysitter, however, Jeff usually just sat in his room playing computer games or browsing porn. It was getting frustrating not being allowed to view that video. He was known to bend the rules occasionally when he thought he wouldn't get caught, but the promise that Allison would watch it with him did what rules could not.

Fortunately, less than two weeks after the last day of school, Lissa came home from one of her interviews ecstatic. It was with one of Greg's friends who needed a part-time receptionist in the afternoons, and he had seen first-hand how mature Lissa had become in the last year, so he offered her an after-school job starting in September.

Allison said she would have a talk with her later about finances and budgeting, but she didn't want to spoil her mood right now.

To celebrate, Lissa decided to go for a swim in the pool, which she hadn't had time to do since starting the interviews. Brit wanted to swim too, so the two of them changed into their swimsuits and headed out back.

Jeff had been in his room most of the day, so he hadn't heard the news. He had just finished reading one of his favorite novels and was sitting down to the computer for some porn browsing when he heard a knock at the door.



"Come in," he said.

Allison opened the door and stepped inside. "Good news," she smiled. "Lissa's found a job for next school year."

"That is good news," Jeff replied. "Now I won't get stuck with a babysitter any more."

Allison laughed. "Well, I was kind of hoping that you would be happy for your sister, but I guess that will have to do."

She closed the door behind her, then came over and sat down beside him. "So what are you working on?" she asked.

"Nothing yet. I was just about to... you know."

"Look at naughty pictures?"

"Yeah," he said with an embarrassed grin.

"Anything in particular you had in mind?"

"Well... now that you're here... I was thinking maybe we could look at that video together."

"I was hoping you would say that," she grinned. "Okay, go ahead and open up the website. I hope you haven't forgotten the address already, because if you have, I'll be offended."

"Oh, I haven't forgotten it!" he said, perhaps just a little too eagerly. He quickly typed in the address, and suddenly that image he had seen before appeared. Allison leaned in, putting an arm around his shoulder in the process. Jeff felt a tingle of excitement at the touch. Just being this close her was thrilling enough, and on top of that, he would be seeing her naked, in a sense.

Allison gave an embarrassed laugh. "That's not a very flattering picture of me," she said.

"What are you talking about?" asked Jeff. "I don't think it's possible to take a picture of you that's not flattering."

"Thank you, dear. You're very sweet."

"So are you ready?" he asked, indicating the "Play Video" button in front of them.

Allison sighed. "I guess so," she said.

Jeff clicked the link.

The movie came up again, starting with the empty room. Then the door opened and Allison came in with her

partner.

"I'm going to have to remember that hidden camera trick," Allison commented. "Speaking of which, you haven't planted any hidden cameras around the house, have you?"

"You mean like the one in your shower? I mean, no, of course not," he smiled, and she laughed.

"Now you're making me paranoid. I'm going to have to search the shower before I use it next."

By this time, the on-screen Allison was already being undressed. She had her blouse open and the man was fondling her tits through her bra. Then the blouse fell to the ground, and he reached behind her to unfasten her.

"Here it comes," said Allison with a grin.

"I saw this much last time," Jeff explained.

Then the bra came off, exposing her body to view.

"So what do you think?" asked Allison.

"Um... very nice."

"So do you think my boobs are too small?"

"What, compared to some of the other ones I've seen that look like they're so heavy they're about to fall off?"

Allison laughed. "I guess there is a limit to everything. I was just curious about what you thought."

"Well... I don't think they're too small at all." He couldn't believe he was actually having this conversation with her. She was discussing her breasts as if it were perfectly normal.

"So you like them?" she asked, in the same tone of voice that she would use to ask him if he liked her hair, or her dress, or her earrings.

"I think they're perfect," he told her.

"So what do like about them?"

"Um..." That was hard to answer. "Well, they're... um... the right size... and the right shape..."

"Come on, Jeff. That's just too generic. Tell me the truth."

"Okay. I like the nipples especially."

"I always thought my nipples were too small."

"Oh, no. I like them small. Especially when they're nice and clear like that. I've seen some pictures where the nipples are almost the same color as the rest of the girl's boobs, so you can hardly see them."

"Okay, so what about the color?"

"The color?"

"I like to sunbathe naked so that I don't get a tan line. Do you think it looks better that way?"

"Absolutely!" he said.

"Do you think your father would agree?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, since he's the one I'm trying to impress, I wonder if he likes a tan line or not."

"I have no idea."

"All right, then I'm going to go strictly by your own judgment. I'll have to do some naked sunbathing this summer. When you're not around, of course."

"Oh, I don't mind," he said before he could catch himself.

Allison laughed. "No, I don't think you would. But that's a line I don't think we should cross. I'm not ashamed of my body, but as long as I'm married to your father, I think I should limit who gets to see me naked."

Jeff felt a sudden stab of jealousy, but had to admit that she had a point. It was an unfortunate catch-22. The only reason he got to spend time with her was because she was married to his dad, but because she was married to his dad, he wouldn't be allowed to see her naked, at least in person. Well, at least there was the video.

By this time the man on the screen had taken off her skirt, and slid his hands down inside her panties. He began to rub her, and the Allison in the video looked like she was moaning in pleasure. It was too bad there was no sound. On the other hand, it wouldn't do to have *that* particular noise coming from his bedroom.

Then the man stopped and knelt down beside her. He kissed her hip, then reached around to grasp the waistband of her panties. Slowly he slid them down, revealing her beautiful, hairless pussy.

"So there you see it," the real Allison commented. "Now I'm completely naked. Do I measure up to your expectations?"

"Well, my expectations were very high..." he commented.

"Oh, thank you very much," Allison said sarcastically.

"But somehow you managed to exceed them."

She grinned. "I'll say this for you. You certainly know how to compliment a girl."

"Allison, can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"Promise you won't get mad?"

"I promise."

"Why don't you have any hair... you know... down there?"

"Because I shave it."

"Why?"

"Because I think it feels better during sex."

"Oh." She was certainly frank, but then again, so was his question.

By this time the man had stood back up, and the two of them were turned toward each other and were kissing passionately.

"One thing about that guy, he sure knew how to kiss," Allison said. "Let me give you a word of advice. How you kiss a girl will determine how your lovemaking will be."

"I'll keep that in mind."

"So what about you? How are you at kissing?"

"What?"

"Come on, Jeff. I'm being perfectly honest with you. The least you can do is do the same for me. How are you at kissing?"

"I think that's a little personal."

"Okay, I'll rephrase the question. How would you rate your experience with kissing on a scale of 1 to 10? For reference, the guy in the video is an 8. The only person I've ever met who's a 9 is my sister Rachael, and I figure somewhere out there there's someone who's a 10. So what are you?"

"Zero," Jeff mumbled. While that wasn't technically true, he didn't think kissing Lissa counted.

"Zero is reserved for people who have never kissed before," Allison said.

"Zero," Jeff repeated.

Allison just watched him for a moment, as if expecting him to explain himself. Well, there was nothing to explain.

"Hey, it's nothing to be ashamed of," she told him, sensing his uneasiness. "We were all zeroes at one point. We'll just have to work on that."

"Er..." he stammered, growing red.

Allison laughed. "I wasn't talking about myself, of course. So you can stop drooling. I just meant we're going to have to find you a girlfriend."

"Oh, um... yeah. But I'm too young for a girlfriend. I haven't even turned fourteen yet."

"My first boyfriend was in third grade."

"Yeah, but that's different."

"How?"

"Because that's just little kids playing around."

"Well, if you want to wait until you're a little older, there's nothing wrong with that. You're just missing out. Oh, here comes my favorite part of the video!" she suddenly grinned, turning back to the screen.

The couple in the movie had moved to the bed. The man had also undressed by this point, and lay down on his back. The Allison in the movie knelt on the bed by his legs, then grabbed his cock, lowered her head, and took it into her mouth.

"Oh my god!" Jeff exclaimed, thrilled at the sight.

"Don't tell me with all the porn you've been looking at, you've never seen a blowjob before."

"I... well... sure I have. It's just not the same to see someone you know doing it."

"Well, this one's pretty mild by blowjob standards. I didn't even make him come. It was just to warm him up. Make him plenty hard."

"So you don't mind doing that sort of thing?"

"Mind? I enjoy it. There's a certain feeling of satisfaction that I get when I make a man ejaculate in my mouth. I suppose it's just the thought that I have the power to give him that kind of pleasure. Besides, I like the taste."

"That's disgusting!"

"Wait till the first time a girl sucks you off. You'll change your mind instantly. Your father told me your mother never gave him oral sex; I was the first one that ever did."

"You mean you did that to Dad?"

"A number of times. I'm planning on doing it to him again tonight."

"Allison, I can't believe you're telling me these things."

"Why not?"

"Because... well... your sex life is personal. It's not the kind of things people talk about."

"See, I've never understood that. Why shouldn't people talk about it? Oh, I'm not going to go blabbing about it to strangers, but you're hardly a stranger, are you? Look, if it bothers you, I'll stop."

"Well, maybe it does just a little bit."

"You don't like to think about me that way?"

"That's not it at all!"

"Then you *do* like to think about me that way," she grinned.

"I didn't say that!"

"Oh, don't worry, I'm not embarrassed. It's my fault, really, for showing you this video. Unless you've been thinking about me that way since before I showed you."

"No!" he insisted.

"There's no need to get defensive, Jeff. Let me tell you what I think. I think you find me very attractive. Maybe you even get horny thinking about me. And you know what? I'm okay with that."

"Really?" he asked, stunned.

"Really. I think it's... well, I'll come right out and say it. It's a little exhilarating to catch you staring at me and imagine that you're undressing me with your eyes. I figure, what's the harm in a little fantasy? As long as we don't act it out, of course."

"Um, sure."

"All right, you don't have to tell me if it would make you uncomfortable. But just understand, I'm going to

believe that's how it is until you prove otherwise."

"Yeah, okay."

On the screen, the couple had changed position again, and this time Allison straddled him, positioning herself above his cock. Slowly she lowered herself onto it. They took a moment to make sure everything fit together correctly, then she began to move up and down on him.

"I always liked to be on top," the real Allison commented. "What about you? What's your favorite position?"

"Um, Allison, if I rated myself a zero on kissing, don't you think it's probable that I'm also a zero on... other things?"

"Oh, so you're a virgin?"

"I'm only thirteen!"

"Okay, I suppose at your age there's nothing wrong with that. I'll give it a year or two, but then I expect you to do something about it."

"Are you sure you're my stepmother, and not some evil being trying to corrupt me? Most parents, step- or otherwise, would encourage their children to wait as long as possible."

"I'm not an evil being as far as I know, though admittedly I haven't checked in a while," she laughed. "But seriously, most people start experimenting with sex when they're not much older than you. Sometimes younger. I figure if you're old enough to enjoy looking at porn, you're old enough to enjoy the real thing. So it's really rather pointless for parents to tell their kids to wait, because it's just not going to happen. I just want you to live a normal life, and that means losing your virginity in the next couple of years."

When she put it that way, it did make sense. It did seem a little strange talking to her about it, though. On the other hand, he found it much easier to discuss it with her than it would be with anyone else.

He returned his attention to the screen, where Allison was bouncing up and down in a frenzy. The boy rocked his hips up and down to match her motions. Jeff was getting very aroused by the sight, especially since the woman on the video was sitting right there with him. His breathing was growing deeper, his throat was dry, and he squirmed in his seat. Unconsciously, his hand went to her knee.

Immediately he knew he had made a mistake. He shouldn't be touching his stepmother like this, no matter how beautiful she was, no matter how much she excited him.

Allison could have handled it in several ways. She could have scolded him, or forcefully removed his hand, or turned off the video, never to watch it with him again. Instead, she took his hand from her knee and held it in her own hand in her lap. It was a simple gesture that both told him that he had crossed a line he shouldn't have, and at the same time let him know that she wasn't angry with him.

Her other hand went to his shoulder, where she began to rub him gently. He didn't know if it was an unconscious gesture like his hand on her knee had been, or if it was just to help relax him, but it did feel nice.

All too soon, the video ended. The on-screen Allison tensed up, throwing her head back in a silent scream. Her partner wasn't far behind. After they both climaxed, she lay down on top of him, and then the screen went dark.

"So that's it," the real Allison said. "What did you think?"

"Oh my god, that's the most erotic thing I've ever seen!" he told her.

Allison laughed. "It's always better when it's someone you know," she smiled. Then she changed to a more serious tone. "Jeff," she said, "I don't mind looking at naughty pictures and videos with you, but you need to be careful about what you do with your hands."

"I know, and I'm sorry. I just did it without thinking."

"It's all right, Jeff. Like I told you before, I'm flattered that you think of me like that. I just think we should be careful not to start down that road, because if we let it go too far, I doubt you would be able to control yourself. And I'm pretty sure I wouldn't."

"Really?" he asked, astonished.

"You've been nothing but honest with me, so I feel I should be honest with you. You're an attractive young man. You're sweet, gentle, and charming. Everything a girl like me could want in a man. If I were to lower my guard, I might wind up doing something I shouldn't. It's inappropriate not only because you're only thirteen, but also because you're my stepson."

"Wow. I guess I never really thought I could be attractive to someone like you."

"You'd be surprised at how many girls would find you attractive. You just need a little self-confidence, that's all. Anyway, the point I'm trying to make is I really like you, and I don't want to spoil that."

"Me neither."

"Good. Because there are plenty of other more appropriate activities we can do together. I think a good rule of thumb is that if you wouldn't do it with the rest of your family, then you shouldn't to do it with me, okay?"

"That works for me."

"I'm glad you understand. Speaking of activities involving the family, that reminds me that I have a promise to keep. I told you all I would take you camping this summer. What do you think of that?"

"That's a great idea," he smiled.



"Good. I'll talk to your father about it and we'll make a weekend of it some time."

That evening at the dinner table, Allison decided to bring up the subject of camping.

"Greg, do you remember last Thanksgiving I promised to take you all camping this summer?"

"So you did," he smiled. "I had forgotten about that. I haven't been camping since I was a boy."

"I've never been camping," said Brit with an enthusiastic grin. "Can we go, Dad?"

He laughed. "Lissa, Jeff, what do you think?"

"I'm all for it," Lissa replied.

"Me too," said Jeff.

"Well then it's settled. We just have to pick the day."

"Tomorrow!" Brit exclaimed with a grin.

"I'm afraid I have to work tomorrow," Greg told her.

"The next day then."

"These things take time to plan," Greg said. "We need to buy some tents and sleeping bags and things. Allison, do you mind being in charge? I'm afraid I won't be much help in that area."

"I don't mind a bit," she smiled. "As you said, the first step is to pick the day. Maybe next month some time."

"My birthday!" said Jeff.

"Now that's an idea," Greg said.

"Hey!" Brit complained. "How come we get to go camping on Jeff's birthday but not mine?"

"Because your birthday is in March," Jeff told her. "We're almost guaranteed to get rained on that time of the year."

"We'll just have to think of something special to do for your next birthday," Allison told her.

"Okay," she beamed.

They consulted the calendar and discovered that Jeff's birthday was on Monday. Greg said he would arrange to get off work that day, and they would go the whole weekend starting on Saturday. They put it to a vote and

it came up unanimous.

Over the next few weeks then began to buy the equipment for the trip. They visited a sporting goods store and bought a couple of tents: a three-man tent for Greg and Allison, and a four-man tent for the kids (Allison said that to be comfortable you should always use tents with room for an extra man). They also shopped for sleeping bags, a propane camp stove, and various other miscellaneous items. The shopping trips were fun family outings in and of themselves, especially with the anticipation of the upcoming camping trip.

During one of these trips to the sporting goods store at the mall, Jeff noticed that there was a movie playing in the cinema that he wanted to see, a sci-fi action flick with plenty of explosions. None of the girls were particularly interested, so Greg suggested that he and Jeff stay for the movie while Allison drove Brit and Lissa home. Greg had his cell phone, and would call after the movie finished so Allison could return and pick them up.

The girls had been home only a minute when the phone rang. It was one of Brit's friends, who wanted to know if she could come over for the rest of the day. Fortunately the girl only lived a couple of miles away, so Allison and Brit hopped back in the car. She dropped Brit off at her friend's house and drove back home. That left Lissa and Allison alone together in the house for a couple of hours.

With Brit and Jeff out of the house, Lissa decided to go for a swim. Ever since that incident in the pool, she had been self-conscious about swimming while Jeff was around, but now she decided to take advantage of his absence. As soon as she announced that she was going to go swimming, Allison asked if she would like some company. Since Lissa always liked spending time with Allison, she enthusiastically agreed.

Five minutes later the two women met out back by the pool. Lissa wore her conservative one-piece swimsuit and carried an inflated beach ball, but Allison showed up in a tiny little pink bikini.

"I bought this in Hawaii on my honeymoon," she explained. "Your father seems to like it."

"I can see why," Lissa grinned. It did very little to cover up her impressive figure.

"Of course, for obvious reasons I'm never going to wear it while Jeff's around," Allison commented. "Brit either, for that matter. I don't want her to get any ideas about the types of swimsuits she wears."

"Probably a good idea," Lissa replied.

Allison walked over to the side of the pool and slipped in. She went under for a moment and then came back up, letting the torrents of water run down her body. Lissa watched her in fascination. Allison's figure was absolutely perfect. With her body wet and glistening like that, she could be a swimsuit model. Lissa wished she had a figure like that. Of course, she was still developing, so she couldn't say what she would turn out like when she was Allison's age.

"Come on in," Allison smiled. Lissa headed to the steps in the corner of the pool. She slowly and gradually made her way down the steps until she stood on the bottom in the shallow end. Then she walked forward toward the deep end.

The two women relaxed in the water, floating on their backs or leisurely swimming from one end to the other. They tossed the beach ball back and forth, and even got competitive with a made-up game that had a vague resemblance to water polo. It ultimately broke down into a splashing match, and soon the two laughing, spluttering, and waterlogged girls climbed back out of the pool to dry off.

Lissa lay down in one of the beach chairs and started dabbing herself with her towel. Allison, however, hesitated.

"Lissa," she said, "would you mind if I took my swimsuit off?"

Lissa glanced at her in surprise. "Why?" she asked.

"Let's just say I have a hunch that your father likes a woman without a tan line," she explained.

Lissa nodded her agreement with an embarrassed smile. While Allison was always frank about sex, any mention of her father in a sexual way embarrassed Lissa. Allison didn't seem to notice, but removed her top and slipped out of her bottoms.

Lissa tried not to stare, but it was hard not to look at a woman with a body that perfect. She had the most beautiful breasts, and her hairless mound couldn't be any more ideal. Interestingly enough, Lissa felt completely comfortable with her. Her own body, though hardly measuring up to her stepmother's, was nice in its own right, and ever since that first day in the hot tub when Allison refused to judge her, Lissa didn't mind nudity with the woman.

"Why don't you take your swimsuit off too?" Allison asked. "The sun feels much nicer on bare skin."

Lissa didn't even hesitate, but quickly stripped off her garment and laid it neatly on the nearby patio table.

Allison reached for a bottle of suntan lotion that she had brought out with her. She squeezed a few drops onto her hand and then began to rub herself all over. Lissa watched her with the amusing thought that Allison had just graduated from swimsuit magazines to "gentlemen's" magazines.

Then Allison held out the bottle to Lissa. "Would you mind?" she asked.

"Mind what?"

"Putting lotion on my back. Just the parts I can't reach."

Lissa hesitated, nervous at the thought of touching a naked woman's body. But it was just her back after all. With any other girl she would have refused. But with Allison, it was different. That comfortable feeling she had with her stepmother included touching her as well. She took the bottle, and Allison turned around and sat

facing away from her.

Pouring some lotion on her hands, Lissa first rubbed them together and then began to spread it over Allison's back. Her skin felt soft and smooth to the touch, and very warm. Lissa found she enjoyed the sensation of running her hands over the woman's body.

It wasn't anything sexual, she decided. It was just friendly, perhaps a sign of trust between them that they were able to touch each other this way. It reminded her of images of apes grooming each other on the wildlife documentaries she occasionally saw on TV. It was nothing more than innocent affection.

As soon as she was finished, Allison offered to do the same for her, and she agreed. She sat down facing away from her stepmother, who poured some lotion into her hands and then placed them on Lissa's back.

The first contact sent a shiver through her; the lotion was a little cold. But that shock lasted only an instant, to be replaced by the tender caresses of Allison's hands. She relaxed and let herself enjoy the feeling. Yes, it was just two women making each other feel good, she decided. Nothing more, nothing less.

Even when Allison's hands reached over her shoulders and began rubbing Lissa's upper chest, she didn't mind. It was no more sexual than a hug. She enjoyed the closeness, the intimacy even. It didn't mean she was going to jump into bed and have lesbian sex with her stepmother.

"Put your hands up," Allison told her, and she trustingly obeyed. Allison put some more lotion on her hands, but this time she reached around and began to fondle Lissa's breasts. In the process, she pressed her own breasts up against Lissa's back.

That was a little less innocent, but she still didn't mind, assuming her stepmother had the same attitude that she did. She decided to ask her about it.

"Allison," she said. "You're just... you're just putting lotion on me, right?"

"What else would I be doing?"

"Well... I was just wondering if..."

"If I was trying to seduce you?" Allison completed for her.

Lissa couldn't help blushing as her thoughts were put into words, but she nodded.

"I guess it does kind of look that way, doesn't it?" Allison smiled. "But really, nothing could be further from my mind. I mean, I like you, Lissa. I think I'm even beginning to love you, but not in a sexual way. I've just never understood the taboos of nudity or touching. As far as I'm concerned, putting my hands on your boobs is no more sexual than shaking your hand. Does that make sense?"

"It makes perfect sense," Lissa nodded, relieved. So Allison had been thinking exactly the same thing Lissa was.

"It's even okay to enjoy it, in the same way you enjoy a hug," Allison continued. "But if you start getting aroused or feel at all uncomfortable, just tell me and I'll stop."

"Oh, I don't want you to stop," Lissa said cheerfully. "It does feel kind of nice. Like you said, a hug."

"Right, a hug," Allison echoed, then slid her arms around Lissa's stomach, drew her in, and embraced her tightly.

Lissa giggled. She had never expected that she would enjoy being touched by a naked woman. For that matter, she had never even thought of it. And yet here they were, both naked, and hugging. She wondered with amusement what people would think if they could see them now. What her dad's or Jeff's reaction would be.

Allison kissed her lightly on the side of the neck, then pulled back and returned to the task of applying the lotion. Lissa relaxed and let her run her hands all over her body. She didn't even protest when Allison's hand slipped between her legs; she just spread them a little to grant her better access. Allison didn't abuse her trust; she simply rubbed the lotion in and then worked her way down to Lissa's legs.

By the time she was finished, Allison had touched just about every square inch of Lissa's body. Lissa found that she didn't mind at all; on the contrary, she had enjoyed the contact. She lay down in the chair as Allison returned to her own. Both women closed their eyes and basked in the warmth of the sun.

After about ten minutes, Lissa felt she had cooked long enough on the one side, so she spread her beach towel on the patio and lay down on her stomach. Allison came over and spread her towel next to Lissa's to do the same thing.

"So Lissa," said Allison a couple of minutes later. "Do you mind if I ask you a personal question?"

"Not at all."

"Why don't you have a boyfriend?"

Lissa sighed. "I know, I figured it was only a matter of time before people started bringing that up."

"I'm sorry. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable."

"It's all right, Allison. I don't mind. The truth is, I'm not really interested in boys." That wasn't entirely true; she found some of the boys at school attractive, but also obnoxious and immature. In fact there was really only one boy she enjoyed being with, and that was Jeff. Especially since that incident with the pool a couple of weeks ago, she had begun to think of him differently.

"Does that mean you're a lesbian?" asked Allison.

"What? No, of course not!" Lissa replied, growing red.

"I'm sorry. Your answer was just a little ambiguous. I was just thinking, if you're a lesbian then maybe my touching you wasn't so appropriate after all. The last thing I want to do is start an affair with one of my own stepchildren."

Lissa blushed as that mental image popped into her head.

"I'm sorry, Lissa," Allison said with obvious sincerity. "I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"That's okay. But really, I'm not a lesbian. I just don't think any of the boys at school are the type that I'd like to get close to."

"I suppose that's fair enough. I never really had a serious relationship until after I graduated from high school."

"Really?"

"Don't get the wrong impression," Allison laughed. "I had my share of boys chasing after me. And I even had a few boyfriends, but none that were good for anything other than the occasional fun time. I think most girls your age should be dating, but the last thing I want is to see you get into a relationship that isn't good for you. I just want to see you happy."

"Don't worry. Maybe when the right guy comes along I'll take a chance, but for right now, I'm happy the way I am."

"Well, when that right guy comes along, don't hesitate to ask me for help. I'm great at coming up with diabolical schemes," she grinned.

Lissa laughed. "Thanks, Allison."

"Anyway, I agree that there aren't too many good men out there. I'm really lucky I met your father. He's absolutely wonderful. He's a real gentleman. In fact, if he has one flaw, it's that he's a little *too* gentlemanly, if you know what I mean."

"Yeah, I guess Dad's really not the romantic type. He's always been a little formal. Sometimes I wonder if that's why my mom left him."

"Lissa, I don't want you to put too much thought into analyzing that, because if you do, you're bound to either come to the wrong conclusion or hate somebody or even blame yourself. Your mother left because she couldn't see how absolutely wonderful your father is like I can, that's all."

"And it doesn't bother you that... well, that he loved her first?"

"Honestly? I'm grateful to her for leaving your father just when I needed to meet a man just like him. For that, I can never really hate her."

"You've got a great attitude about this whole thing."

"It's not hard when I have everything I've ever dreamed of."

"A big mansion and lots of money?" Lissa grinned.

"Forget the money. That was what attracted me to your father in the first place, but I would give it all up if I had to choose between that and my new family."

"You really mean that?"

"Absolutely. I couldn't ask for a better husband than Greg, you make me so comfortable that I feel I can be completely honest with you, Brit is so cute and full of energy, and Jeff... well, I've had some time to get to know Jeff a little more lately. You mentioned there aren't many boys worth having as a boyfriend, but Jeff definitely falls into that category."

"Jeff does?"

"I know, he's your brother and all that, so I'm not suggesting you actually pursue a relationship with him. Not a serious one, at least."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing really. Just that it's natural for girls to experiment, that's all. And if they can experiment with someone they can trust, all the better."

"You think I should... experiment... with Jeff?" asked Lissa, shocked.

"You're mature enough to know where to draw the line," Allison told her. "And Jeff loves you too much to take advantage of you. If you're not interested in any of the boys at school, you could do worse than to experiment with your brother."

"But aren't you talking about... incest?"

"Incest is just a word that society uses to sneer at something that they don't approve of. I've never been a big fan of doing things just because society says I should. I'm not telling you what to do; I'm just letting you know of a possibility you might not have considered."

"I don't know. It sounds creepy." Actually, it sounded tempting. Who better than Jeff to help explore her emotions and even her sexuality? Like Allison said, he loved her too much to take advantage of her. And Lissa had already fantasized about him a couple of times. Perhaps it wasn't so bad after all.

"If it makes you uncomfortable, then don't do it." Allison shrugged. "It's really up to you."

Lissa considered it for a moment. She wondered if she could find a way to get him alone some time. Would

he go along with it? Would he actually let her fool around with him?

There was only one way to find out. She couldn't suppress her smile as she made up her mind.

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## Chapter 9

### Family Campout

The drive out into the mountains was long but full of excitement. The strategic placement of Lissa between Jeff and Brit in the back seat of the van kept their bickering to a minimum, so they managed to keep a mostly cheerful tone to the conversation.

Allison kept them interested the whole time by telling stories and amusing anecdotes about when her family went camping when she was younger. They laughed at the tale of the skunk that had taken up residence in their campsite forcing the family to sleep in the car, and the time when Allison had gotten disoriented coming back from the bathroom in the dark and accidentally ended up in the wrong camp and even climbed into a stranger's tent, and the incident of the missing car keys (it turned out that a raccoon had stolen them, and then later changed his mind and brought them back). The kids wondered how many of these were true and how many were tall tales, but in the end it didn't matter. The whole point was to entertain them, and it worked like a charm.

She had been the one to pick the campground. It was a little known out-of-the-way place near a stream with several campsites and running water in the bathrooms. It had a couple of short hiking trails of not more than a couple of miles and a nice swimming hole about half a mile downstream. She said that unless things had changed since the last time she had been back there, there was a good chance that they would have the whole campground to themselves.

She was right. When they pulled in, they found the place deserted. That didn't mean it was dusty or overgrown or full of cobwebs; on the contrary, it seemed to be well maintained.

There was a small parking lot surrounded by about half a dozen camp sites hidden back in the woods with picnic tables and flat spots for tents. They surveyed the area and chose a site with room for both tents, then went to work setting up camp.

All things considered, they did a fairly decent job of it. Allison helped them set up the tents with only a couple of minor comments of worry from Brit that they were going to break the poles, since she didn't understand that the poles were designed to be flexible in order to create an arch to support the tent.

After finishing they unpacked the gear, unrolling the sleeping bags in the tents so that everyone could reserve their spots. Jeff didn't relish the thought of sleeping between his two sisters, but he was determined to enjoy himself on this trip so he didn't complain too much about it.

Even though there was a picnic table, they had also packed several folding lawn chairs, which they set up around the camp.

By the time they had the camp fully set up it was lunch time, so they gathered around the picnic table and ate sandwiches and chips. Afterward, they divided into various activities. Greg, who had done most of the hard work setting up the camp, was tired so he decided to just relax and read a book he had brought along. Allison had brought her camera, so she asked Brit if she would like to go on another photographic excursion like they had last November. Brit enthusiastically agreed, which left only Lissa and Jeff.

Lissa suggested they go explore the hiking trail that Allison said led to the swimming hole. Jeff wasn't in the mood for swimming, but Lissa said she just wanted to scout it out. So Lissa grabbed a little day pack from the tent and the two of them took off in the direction of the stream.

The silvery water looked cool and refreshing, and Jeff wished he had changed into his swimming trunks after all. The stream had a rocky bank, and a dirt trail ran alongside it, which the two siblings followed. They laughed and joked as they went, in high spirits from the freedom of the outdoors. Even after only a couple of hours here, he decided he liked camping. No wonder Allison wanted to take them. No doubt she knew that once they experienced it for the first time, they would be hooked.

In no time the campground vanished into the forest behind them and they found themselves in the deep woods. They didn't worry; with the trail so clearly marked there was no chance of getting lost, and in fact the separation from the others only added to their feeling of liberation.

Soon they came across what must be the swimming hole. It was a wide spot in the stream, shallow on the near side and deep on the far side. The water slowed down to a lazy crawl here. There was even a sandy beach, probably artificial because all along the rest of the river there were only flat river rocks. The forest opened up here, allowing the warm sun to beat down on them and relax them into a near lethargy. In short, the swimming hole was perfect.

"Let's rest here for a while," Lissa suggested, taking his hand and leading him over to a nearby fallen log that made a perfect bench. They sat down on it, and for some reason that Jeff couldn't understand, Lissa didn't drop his hand. It didn't matter; it wasn't like she was his girlfriend or anything, so it didn't really mean anything.

"This is nice," Lissa commented.

"What's nice?" asked Jeff.

"Everything. The campground, the swimming hole, you."

"Me? What's so nice about me?"

"You know I don't get along with any of the boys at school, so it's nice to have at least one boy I can talk to. Thanks for being such a good brother, Jeff."

"Well I think you're a good sister, too. I guess it's because I don't get along with any of the girls at school. And I *certainly* don't get along with Brit."

"I know. It's sad. She's your sister, Jeff. You're supposed to love her."

"I do love her. It's not that I *like* to fight with her. It's just that sometimes she's so bratty."

"So you have to be the mature one."

"Let's not talk about her right now. I'm in too much of a good mood and I don't want to spoil it with a lecture."

"Okay," Lissa smiled. "So what about the girls at school? Why don't you get along with them? I know some of the girls your age, and they're really nice."

"I know. There's nothing wrong with them. I guess I'm just shy."

"You don't have to be, you know. You're really good-looking, and really nice. I'll bet any girl in school would love to get to know you. Take Kari Williams for instance."

"Oh, come on. Don't tease me about her."

"I'm not teasing. I know you like her, Jeff. I think you should at least talk to her some time."

"One of the most popular girls in the school? Are you kidding?"

Lissa sighed. "You really need to work on your self-confidence."

"Allison told me the same thing," he replied.

"She's right."

"Probably. But it's hard."

"I've got an idea," Lissa grinned. "Why don't you pretend I'm Kari? Pretend we're at school, and you come up to me. What would you say?"

"I don't know."

"Just start. I'm sure it won't be as hard as you think."

"Well for one thing, I doubt I'm going to be holding her hand before I even start talking with her," he said with a grin, glancing down.

Lissa laughed and dropped his hand. "Okay, good point. So just start talking to me."

"But what should I say?"

"'Hi' is always a good opening line."

"Okay. Hi, Kari."

"Hi, Jeff. Let's kiss," Lissa grinned, then puckered up and leaned in.

Jeff burst out laughing, and Lissa did too.

"You see how easy that was?" said Lissa.

"Somehow I don't think it would be *that* easy," he answered.

Lissa put her arms around him and hugged him. "Jeff, you're really a great guy. You just don't realize it. I wasn't kidding when I said I thought any girl would love to get to know you."

"You're just saying that because you're my sister," he said, but he really did appreciate it. He put his arms around her waist and hugged her back. Normally he didn't like hugs, but for some reason this one was okay.

"No, I'm not just saying it because I'm your sister. In fact, if I *weren't* your sister, I would love to be your girlfriend."

"Okay, now you're getting weird," he said, but with a smile.

"I'm serious, Jeff. The reason I don't get along with boys my age is because they're all so stuck on themselves. It disgusts me. You, on the other hand, can be really nice when you want to be. I mean, when you're just being yourself. I love you, Jeff. And if I weren't your sister, I think I would still love you, after I got to know you of course."

"Come on, Lissa. Don't tease me like that."

"I'm not teasing. I just think you ought to give Kari a chance to know you, and I'll bet she learns to love you like I do."

"I hope it's *not* like you do. The last thing I need is another sister."

Lissa laughed. "You know what I mean," she said. "I just think if you put forth a little effort, you'd be surprised at the results."

"Okay, I'll think about it."

"Well don't think too long, because otherwise some other guy will come along who won't treat her half as well as you will. You wouldn't like to see that, would you?"

"No I wouldn't."

Lissa drew away, to his disappointment. He let go of her and just sat there with her for a minute.

"Oh!" she suddenly said. "I forgot to put on my sun block. I'd better put it on if I'm going to stay out here any longer." She reached into her day pack and rummaged through the items in there. A moment later she pulled out a bottle of sunscreen.

"You need some too if you don't want to burn," she told him.

"Yes, mommy," he teased.

"Tell you what. I'll do you if you do me."

"Okay," he shrugged.

Lissa flipped the top open on the bottle, then hesitated. "Why don't you take off your shirt?" she suggested.

"What? Why? I just need it on the parts that are exposed."

"I know, but what if you decide to go swimming later? Then you'll need to put it on again. This way you'll just have to do it once."

That made sense. He grabbed the bottom of his shirt and pulled it over his head.

Lissa poured some lotion on her hand, rubbed them together, then put her hands on his chest. She began to rub it in, and he felt strangely excited by her touch.

She rubbed him all over his chest, starting with his shoulders and working her way down to his stomach. When she reached his pants, he was surprised to feel her slide the tips of her fingers under the waistband and into his shorts. She skimmed across the top of the hair line.

It was only a momentary touch, then she withdrew her hand and finished rubbing his abdomen as if nothing had happened. He couldn't believe it; had she not realized what she had done?

She had him turn around, and she began to work on his back. He decided just to relax; if she didn't mind that she had touched him there, then he wasn't going to make a big deal of it, and perhaps embarrass her. If he did that, she might not want to keep doing this, and it really did feel nice.

All too soon it ended. She removed her hands from his back, to his disappointment, and he turned around to face her again. He was about to put his shirt back on, but she told him to leave it off. He didn't know why she asked him to do that, but he obliged her. The sun on his bare torso did feel rather nice.

"Now my turn," she said, holding out the bottle of lotion. Jeff took it, poured a few drops on his hands, and rubbed them together.

"So where should I start?" he asked.

"Start with my shoulders," she replied. She pulled the strap of her tank top off to the side to bare her shoulder

to him. It was a simple, innocent gesture, but for some reason seeing her there without that single little strap was strangely erotic.

He forced himself to clear that thought from his head, and began to rub her shoulder. She pulled aside the other strap as well to give him access to the other shoulder.

It was almost like a massage, as he rubbed the lotion into her skin. Lissa closed her eyes and smiled, as if enjoying the sensation of his hands on her body. Jeff certainly did.

"Now where?" he asked as he poured some more lotion onto his hands.

"Lower," she replied casually.

"Lower?" he asked, surprised.

"Yes. Do all around my neck."

A little hesitantly, he began to work her upper chest, trying to keep his hands from straying too far down. It was difficult, the swelling of her breasts began almost too high for him to apply the lotion without touching them. Somehow he managed to complete his task, though.

Then she looked at him with a strange gleam in her eye. "Lower," she said again.

"Lissa..." he began, but didn't know what to say.

"Jeff, can you keep a secret?" she asked.

"Um... sure," he said. "What's the secret?"

"It's not something I'm going to tell you," she replied. "It's something I'm going to do. Or rather, we're going to do together."

"What do you mean?"

"Remember this spring when you pulled down my swimming suit?" she asked.

Jeff began to grow red. "Yeah. I'm sorry about that."

"Don't be sorry," she replied. "I'm flattered that you wanted to see my body. In fact, if you want to see it again, I'll let you."

"What?" he exclaimed in shock.

"I want you to rub sun block all over my chest, just like I rubbed it all over yours. So I'm going to take off my shirt."

"Really?" he asked, a broad grin forming on his face.

"Really," she answered. "But there's something I want you to do for me too."

"What?" he asked.

"If you're going to see my boobs, I want to see your cock."

"Okay!" he agreed enthusiastically.

She smiled, then she took hold of the bottom of her tank top and with one swift motion pulled it over her head. Jeff stared in amazement at her bare breasts. He had only had an instant to look at them that spring, but now he took a good, long look at them. While they weren't as full as Allison's by any means, they were beautiful in their own way. She had a certain youthful charm to her figure, very attractive and appealing.

"Now you have to show me your cock," she said. Jeff nodded and unzipped his pants. He slipped the front of his boxer shorts down and let his member spring free. It was already hard from the view of Lissa's body.

Lissa's eyes lit up with delight when she saw it. "Wow, Jeff!" she said. "It's gorgeous! Can I touch it?"

Without waiting for an answer, she reached out and wrapped her hand around it. Jeff gasped as the contact sent a thrill through him. He had never been touched like that before.

As if that wasn't enough, she began to stroke it up and down, which sent the pleasure through him in waves. He couldn't believe it! He never knew it was possible to feel this good!

"You still have a job to do," she told him. He nodded and squirted some more lotion onto his hands. He reached out and placed them directly on her boobs.

That felt wonderful too. He took a moment to get used to the feel of them; they were not too soft and not too hard. His hands slid all around them, massaging the lotion into them.

Something was happening to the nipples, he realized. They were firming up, getting harder. He glanced up at her face, but she had her eyes closed and was breathing deeply. Then he remembered reading somewhere that when a woman was aroused, her nipples hardened just like a man's penis did.

"Oh Jeff," she breathed, obviously enjoying this as much as he was. She hadn't released his cock, but continued to stroke it up and down. His hands fell into the same rhythm as he rubbed all over her breasts. It was delightful, exquisite, and absolutely wonderful.

Unfortunately, it had to come to an end. He suddenly heard someone calling their names from a distance. Lissa's eyes opened wide, and she hurriedly grabbed her shirt as Jeff stuffed his cock, a little painfully, back inside his pants and zipped up. Lissa barely had enough time to throw her tank top back on before Allison and Brit appeared, walking around the bend in the path.

"Oh there you are," Allison smiled. "Enjoying the sunlight, I see."

"Yeah, it's nice and warm here," Jeff replied.

"I see you found the swimming hole."

"Yes, isn't it great?" said Lissa. "Now I wish I had brought my swimsuit instead of leaving it back at the campsite."

"Well, maybe we can go swimming later. We've got all tomorrow and Monday to have fun. Today I just want to relax."

"And take photos," Brit added. "Smile, Lissa. Smile, Jeff."

They both grinned as she raised the camera and snapped a picture. Then she walked around them and took a few pictures of the swimming hole.

"Do you mind if we join you on your photographic expedition?" asked Lissa. "I'm in the mood for some company."

"And Jeff doesn't count because he's no fun to be with," Brit replied.

"That's funny, coming from you," Jeff said sarcastically. "At least I prefer the company of people to the company of a camera."

"Just because you're no good at photography."

"Come on, guys," said Lissa. "Let's not fight. We're supposed to be having fun."

"Okay," said Jeff. "Truce, Brit?"

"Truce," she agreed.

They spent the rest of the afternoon following Brit along the trail, suggesting pictures for her to take and reveling in the great outdoors. Jeff had to admit, he had been a little uneasy about this vacation, but now that he was out here, he decided it was great. And that wasn't just because of what had happened between Lissa and him.

They got back to camp a couple of hours later and found Greg napping in his tent. Allison slipped inside and woke him with a kiss, and he groggily returned to the land of the living.

With all the trees around, darkness came early to the campground. As Greg prepared a dinner of beef stew on the camp stove, Allison set about building a fire in the fire pit. It wasn't long before they had a nice, warm blaze going. They sat around talking and eating dinner as the sky darkened and night approached.



Jeff kept stealing glances at Lissa that evening, wondering what she was thinking. She seemed to have forgotten all about what they had done that afternoon, or more likely, was pretending that it never happened. He wondered if that was just so that the rest of the family wouldn't suspect, or if maybe she was ashamed and didn't want to think about it.

After dinner, Greg turned on the propane lantern that he had bought for the trip, which gave them enough light to sit around the picnic table and play card games. They had brought a couple of their family favorites, and they played for hours, laughing and smiling and having a great time, until it was time for bed.

By agreement, Lissa and Brit went into the tent first to change into their pajamas, then they emerged and Jeff changed into his. He wore a tee-shirt and sweat pants to protect against the chill of the open air. Even during the summer the temperature dropped into the fifties at night, not fatally cold but not pleasant to be in without warm clothes.

His sisters joined him in the tent, and they all climbed into their respective sleeping bags. None of them seemed to want to go to sleep; it was a new experience and therefore an adventure. They stayed up talking until they heard Greg's voice from the other tent telling them to quiet down.

They immediately fell silent, and Jeff lay there staring up at the domed ceiling of the tent for a while, thinking about a hundred different things. His sister Lissa was at the top of the list. He wished he knew what she was thinking, whether she wanted to forget all about what had happened that day or whether, like Jeff, she wanted to try it again some time. He knew it was naughty, but they were just fooling around, not being serious. That made it okay, or at least, not as bad.

Maybe he would get her alone tomorrow and talk to her about it. If she wanted to stop it and never think about it again, he wouldn't push her. He just had to know.

He was beginning to get drowsy, so he rolled over onto his side and closed his eyes, just listening to the sounds of the woods all around him. It was a peaceful symphony, very restful in fact.

He had just about fallen asleep when he heard Lissa shuffling her sleeping bag closer to his. Suddenly she was up against his back, and she slipped her hand down inside his bag.

"We never did get to finish what we started this afternoon," she whispered quietly as her hand sought out his crotch. Jeff nearly gasped as her hand entered his boxer shorts and fastened around his cock.

"I'd almost forgotten what one of these felt like until today," she said as it began to grow hard.

That at least answered his questions about her. She really *did* want to continue, and he was more than willing to let her. He smiled and let the pleasure take him as she stroked it slowly up and down.

It was an incredible feeling. He had always been conservative like his father; sex was just something that a person didn't do until they were older. It wasn't appropriate to receive any kind of stimulation on certain parts of the body. He had been so strict about it that he never knew what he was missing. Now as the almost

ticklish, intensely pleasurable feeling filled him, he realized this was one of the greatest sensations in the world.

Lissa seemed to enjoy stimulating him like that. She brought her head in close to his and kissed him on the side of the neck. Six months ago he would have squealed and pushed her away from him if she tried that, but this was different. It didn't feel gross or uncomfortable; it just felt nice.

With his mind focused on the sensation of Lissa's hand down his pants, he almost didn't hear the soft, nearly silent noise of his little sister whimpering in the sleeping bag next to him. He glanced over at her and saw her curled up in the fetal position, facing away from him. Her trembling frame and quiet sobbing alerted him that there was something wrong.

He should have expected that she would spoil his fun. Brit had notoriously bad timing, almost as if she planned it to be the most annoying to him.

Still, he couldn't exactly fault her if she was hurt or frightened. She was just a little girl after all.

He carefully reached down and withdrew Lissa's hand. "Later," he whispered. Then he turned over and put a hand on Brit's shoulder. "Brit, what's wrong?" he asked, also in a whisper.

"I want Daddy," she sobbed.

"Why? What happened?" he asked.

"I hear noises outside. Maybe there's an animal out there."

Jeff listened, but all he could hear were the usual sounds of the forest. The wind in the trees, the scratching of branches against each other, and the murmur of the river in the distance.

"Brit, there's nothing out there," he told her. "Now go to sleep."

"But I can still hear it!" she whined. Jeff rolled his eyes. It was her overactive imagination, nothing more. He decided to have fun with it.

"I know what it is," he said.

"What?" she asked.

"It's a ferocious, man-eating bunny rabbit! I hear they're common around here."

Brit couldn't help but giggle at the absurd suggestion.

"But seriously, Brit," he said, "this is the way forests sound. I'll prove it to you. Tomorrow when we're all in the camp, you go into the tent and listen. You'll hear exactly the same thing, and you'll know there's no animal out there because we'll be outside. Okay?"

"But that won't be until tomorrow. What if there really *is* an animal out there? What if it's a bear?"

"There aren't any bears around here. No wolves, no mountain lions, and no saber-toothed tigers either. Remember when you were younger and you used to hear noises at night, even in our house?"

"Yes."

"But it was just the normal creaks and groans of a house. Just normal sounds. This is the same thing. Forests have their own set of noises like that."

"I still want my daddy."

"I'll tell you what, Brit. Remember what you did when you heard those noises in the house and got scared?"

"I slept in your bed with you."

"Exactly. If you want, you can sleep in my sleeping bag tonight."

"Really?"

"Really. My sleeping bag's bunny rabbit proof."

She giggled again, then they both unzipped their bags. At first she tried to crawl in with him, but there wasn't enough room, so instead they opened them both up, spread hers on the ground, and threw his over the top of them. She snuggled up against his chest.

"Do you feel better now?" he asked her.

"Much better. Thank you, Jeff."

"I love you," he whispered. "Good night."

Lissa then climbed out of her sleeping bag and under the covers with Brit and Jeff. "Is there room enough for one more in here?" she asked.

Jeff wondered if she was going to try to continue their adventure, with Brit right there. "Um, Lissa... maybe we shouldn't."

"Shouldn't what?" she asked. "I just want to sleep in here with you too, that's all."

"Okay, fine," he replied.

She slid up against his back and put one hand over his arm to stroke Brit's hair.

"Jeff," said Lissa, "you're wonderful. You took care of Brit when I'm sure you'd rather be doing other things."

"Of course I'm going to take care of her. She's my little sister."

"I know. And I know you love her. It's just nice to see you showing it like this once in a while."

"This isn't going to turn into another lecture about how I shouldn't fight with her, is it?"

"No. I just want you to remember this moment. Remember how it feels. And just think about it next time you get into an argument with her, and then decide which you like better. That's all I'm going to say about it. Except to let you know that I'll think of a suitable reward for you."

Jeff laughed. "I can't wait," he replied, wondering what she had in mind.

"I love you, Jeff," she said.

"I love you too."

As it turned out, they *weren't* devoured by a wild bunny rabbit during the night. The three of them woke up safe and sound in the morning. Jeff was the first to wake, and he found himself with both of his sisters in his arms. Lissa looked so beautiful sleeping like that; he had always thought she was pretty, but he rarely got to see her asleep. Then he glanced down at Brit, and realized that she was lovely too, in her own way. It was more of a childlike cuteness, although he could tell that she would be every bit as beautiful as Lissa one day. Probably even more so.

It was times like these that he wished he wasn't so mean to her, even if she deserved it. He decided he liked being her big brother after all, even if the only time when he liked being with her was when she was asleep.

He heard hushed voices outside the tent, probably Greg and Allison. Apparently they had gotten up first. He wanted to see what they were up to, but he didn't want to disturb Lissa or Brit. So he contented himself with just lying there peacefully as his sisters continued to slumber in his arms.

Lissa was the next to wake. She opened her eyes and glanced around groggily. When her eyes caught Jeff's, she smiled. Then she saw Brit sleeping there and leaned over to kiss her on the forehead. Although Brit was usually a sound sleeper, this morning that contact was enough to wake her. She opened her eyes and smiled at her big sister.

"How are you feeling?" Lissa asked her.

"Fine," she said. "This is my first time sleeping outside."

"See?" said Jeff. "No wild animals ate you."

"Only because I had my big brother to protect me," she said, which made Jeff smile. It was unusual for her to say things like that, so he really enjoyed it when she did.

"Okay, I'm going to get up now," said Jeff, then lifted off the top cover. Immediately, a blast of cold air struck them, and he realized that the only reason he had felt warm was because he had the heat from his sisters' bodies keeping out the early morning chill.

He replaced the covers over the tops of his sisters, who scooted in and snuggled up next to each other. He hurriedly threw on a sweatshirt, then his socks and shoes and finally his coat. He unzipped the tent flap and stepped outside.

His father and stepmother were crouched by the fire pit, with a small blaze going. Apparently Allison was teaching Greg how to start a campfire.

"Good morning, Jeff," Allison smiled. "Do you want to learn too?"

"Sure," he shrugged. She reviewed some of the information she had told his father. The general idea was that the easier a material was to light, the shorter its life span. Therefore, one needed to gradually build up from the easy-to-light materials such as paper, through twigs and small branches, kindling, larger sticks, and finally long-lasting logs.

By the time she concluded her lecture, they had a nice fire going.

They heated a large kettle of water for breakfast, which consisted of instant oatmeal and cocoa. Jeff made a quick run to the bathroom, and by the time he returned Lissa and Brit were both up.

"So how did you all sleep?" Allison asked the kids.

"I didn't," Jeff said. "Brit's crying kept me awake all night." He spoke the words without thinking; he had gotten so used to teasing her that even though he didn't want to, he did anyway.

"You're a jerk!" she snapped.

"Kids, we're on vacation," said Greg. "Let's not start fighting."

"I'm sorry, Brit," Jeff said. "Really. I shouldn't say things like that."

"No you shouldn't," she replied, still frowning at him.

"So were you really crying?" asked Greg.

"Just for a little bit. I thought there was a wild animal outside of the tent."

"It did kind of sound like it, didn't it?" said Allison. "It's amazing how when you're out in the forest at night, every little sound seems to be amplified. You just get used to it after a while."

"Yeah, so I'm not a crybaby after all, Jeff," Brit said.

"Come on, I said I'm sorry."

"Fine. You're sorry. Now stop talking to me."

"So what did you do last night when you thought you heard the animal?" asked Allison.

"I just imagined it eating Jeff. Then I was fine."

"You did not!" he exclaimed. Then to Allison and Greg, he said, "We put our sleeping bags together so she could snuggle up to me."

Both Greg and Allison laughed at that.

"Yeah, I know it's hard to believe," Brit countered, "but even I make mistakes sometimes."

"Brit, will you just drop it?" Jeff demanded. "I said something I shouldn't have, and I feel bad about it. Especially since I don't like it when you're mad at me. Can we just assume you won this fight and get on with having fun on our vacation?"

"Thank you, Jeff," Allison told him. "You're being very mature about this."

"Why do you care if I'm mad or not?" Brit demanded.

"Because I'm worried that next time you're scared or unhappy you'll suffer in silence instead of coming to your big brother," he told her. "The thought of you alone and scared bothers me."

"Really?" she asked in a more subdued tone.

"Really," he replied. "Brit, I didn't mind your crying last night. I'm just glad that I could help you feel better. And just because I sometimes say things I shouldn't doesn't mean I don't care about you. Forgive me?"

She hesitated for a moment, then came over and gave him a hug. "I forgive you, Jeff," she said.

A cheerful atmosphere once again settled on the camp after that, and Jeff and Brit managed to keep from fighting all the rest of the morning.

The early morning chill burned off quickly, to be replaced by the warm summer sun. Pretty soon they all took off their jackets and sat around in short sleeves.

At about 11:00, Allison asked Lissa to accompany her into her tent for a minute. They disappeared inside, then emerged later with a couple of towels over their arms.

"Lissa and I are going to go to the swimming hole," Allison said.

"Let me know what you think of it," replied Greg. "Maybe we'll all go swimming this afternoon."

"That will be nice."

"Have fun," Jeff told them. The two girls headed off into the woods in the direction of the river.

Jeff wanted to explore one of the other hiking trails, but he didn't relish the thought of having Brit tag along, so he tried to think of some excuse to go alone.

As it turned out, Brit herself came up with a solution. She was sitting in one of the camp chairs when she suddenly pitched forward and fell on the ground. Jeff laughed, but Greg hurried over and picked her up. "Are you okay?" he asked.

"Sorry," she said, growing red. "I just nodded off."

"Do you want to take a nap?" Greg asked, and Brit nodded.

"Jeff, I need to finish cleaning up from breakfast," Greg said. "Would you mind putting her to bed?"

"Come on," Jeff said, taking her hand. He led her over to the tent, unzipped the flap, and helped her inside. He folded her sleeping bag back over and zipped it part of the way up so that she could climb inside. Before he could get back up, she suddenly wrapped her arms around his neck.

"I love you," she said.

"Okay, fine. Now let me go," he replied.

"Not until you tell me you love me," she said.

"Okay, I love you. All right?"

She kissed him on the cheek, then released him. He gave an amused laugh, then left the tent.

Lissa and Allison arrived at the swimming hole. It was just perfect. With a small beach, a sandy bottom, and a slow current, it looked nice and inviting.

Allison immediately began stripping off her clothes, and Lissa followed her lead. By unspoken agreement, neither of the girls had brought swimsuits. Ever since that first time naked in the hot tub with Allison, Lissa no longer felt self-conscious about her body with the woman.

Once they had their clothes off, they waded into the water. The water wasn't particularly cold, which was nice, but it was cold enough that Lissa didn't want to just jump right in. She spent some time standing in the shallows getting used to the feel of it on her ankles, then her calves, then her knees. Besides, she liked the feel of the sun on her bare body.

Allison, on the other hand, waded out immediately to the deeper part, submerging for a second then standing up again to let the water run off her body. In the sunlight she almost sparkled. Allison had the type of hair that looked especially good wet. Once again, Lissa was reminded of just how beautiful the woman was.

Lissa continued to walk slowly out toward Allison, letting the water crawl inch by inch up her skin and watching her stepmother treading water further out. Lissa suddenly realized that this symbolized some of the difference between the two girls. While Lissa was somewhat timid, Allison had no fear. She dove right in to new experiences, literally in this case. Lissa had to laugh at the pun.

"What's so funny?" Allison asked.

"Nothing," Lissa replied. "I'm just in a good mood."

"Me too. I like spending time alone with you. It's too bad we don't get the chance more often. Why don't you come out here with me?"

"I'm working up to it. Don't worry. I'll be out there soon enough." She took another step forward.

By this point, she was up to her hips. She almost gasped as she felt the water lapping at her skin between her legs. In the last couple of years she had been growing increasingly sensitive there. The slightest touch could sometimes set her off, arousing her regardless of the situation she was in. She understood it was a natural part of growing up, so it didn't bother her. And occasionally, like right now, she enjoyed it. She stood there for a moment, letting the water stimulate her.

Allison watched her, but if she knew what Lissa was doing, she didn't say anything. Even if she did, Lissa wouldn't have minded. With anyone else she might have been embarrassed, but not with Allison. She felt completely comfortable in the woman's presence.

However, as much as she wanted to continue, she knew it would be too suspicious if she remained there too long. She continued her progress forward into the stream, wading in up to her waist.

"By the time you get out here it will be time to get dressed and go back to camp," Allison told her. She swam up close to her, then stood up in front of her. She grabbed Lissa's hand and pulled her toward the center of the swimming hole.

"Hey!" Lissa protested, trying to pull her hand away. But Allison wouldn't stop, and Lissa suddenly found herself up to her chest.

"Just go under once, then you'll be fine," said Allison.

"I will in just a minute," Lissa replied.

"Okay, you leave me no choice." Allison suddenly wrapped her arms around Lissa and pulled her under the water. Lissa had just enough time to take a deep breath before her head went under. She playfully struggled



against the older woman, who held her tight. Both girls kicked their legs, wrestling with each other under the water.

A moment later Lissa managed to break free and stood up, spluttering and laughing. She wiped the water from her eyes and slicked her hair back.

"You're mean," she said, but it was all in fun.

"I'm sorry, Lissa," said Allison with a wide grin on her face. "Forgive me?" She spread her arms in a gesture of asking for a hug.

Lissa reached in and embraced her. The two women held each other for a minute or two. Lissa enjoyed hugging Allison, especially when they were naked. Once again, she realized that an outside observer might get the wrong impression, but really there was nothing sexual about it at all. The two women were close friends, but that was it. The physical contact was simply an expression of affection. They had only talked about it once, and that was all they needed. Lissa was well aware of the fact that it wasn't typical for two heterosexual women to touch each other like this, but it didn't bother her.

Allison kissed her on the cheek, then drew away with a smile on her face. She lay back on the water and let herself float there.

Hidden behind a tree, a pair of eyes watched in shock and fascination as the women frolicked in the water. Jeff couldn't help but feel aroused by the sight of them together. While he had seen Lissa's upper torso before, and Allison on the video, seeing two naked women at once was twice as exciting. Furthermore, they had been hugging just a moment ago. Did that mean they were interested in each other sexually? Allison had talked about lesbians before, but had never imagined that his own sister and stepmother could be that way.

Unfortunately, from this distance he couldn't really get a good view of their naked bodies, but he dared not risk going any closer. He had not meant to follow them; it was just that the other trail that he was following had a side path that he had decided to explore that apparently led to the swimming hole. And now that he saw what was going on, he found it impossible to tear his gaze away. He wondered if Lissa and Allison would actually have sex, right there before his eyes.

When they emerged from the water a few minutes later, he watched in anticipation as they spread their beach towels and lay down in the sun to dry off. Unfortunately, his fantasy was not to be fulfilled; they were merely sunbathing. They didn't even touch each other.

All too soon the heavenly vision ended. The girls stood up and began to dress. Jeff took that as his cue to leave, so he crept back into the forest and continued his journey up the trail.

They all met back in camp for lunch. Jeff ate plenty, although his mind wasn't on the food; it was on what he had seen that morning. He wondered how that related to Lissa's and his playing with each other yesterday. Or was there any relation at all? Lissa had been involved in both; that was the only thing he could say with certainty. So she shared a dirty secret with Allison, and she shared a dirty secret with Jeff. How many other people were involved? Was Lissa secretly some wild woman masquerading as a serious, even a little repressed, schoolgirl?

He couldn't help laughing out loud at the absurd image that that brought to mind.

"What's so funny?" asked Lissa.

"Nothing," he replied. "I just had an absurd thought."

"About what?"

"Never mind that. Maybe I'll tell you later."

In the afternoon they all went swimming. Even Greg accompanied them. This time Lissa and Allison wore swimsuits, to Jeff's disappointment, though he hadn't really expected them to go naked again except in a fleeting thought.

This time it was all completely innocent fun, a regular family outing. The kids all got into a splashing contest, and even Allison joined in. She won.

As they dried off on the beach afterward, Allison taught them to skip rocks. They stood there happily playing together until one by one their arms got sore and they dropped out.

The good, clean, wholesome fun was entertaining enough that Jeff almost forgot about the earlier incidents, and his desire to continue what he had started with his big sister. He was really beginning to like camping, especially with Allison involved.

When they went to bed that night, he wondered if Lissa would try to do the same thing as the previous night. But she simply lay in her sleeping bag and went to sleep. Jeff's disappointment gave birth to a new feeling: jealousy. He found it surprising and a little ironic. He had never been truly jealous of his father even though Greg had Allison and Jeff didn't. But as he lay there in bed that night, he realized that he was jealous *of* Allison. Had the woman seduced Lissa away from him? What had *really* happened between them at the swimming hole? But he had been watching them almost the entire time; other than a couple of hugs and what looked like a kiss on the cheek, nothing serious had gone on between them. No, he couldn't really accuse Allison of stealing Lissa from him. It was more likely that Lissa was just a little confused about her emotions right now. If she needed time to sort them out, he would give her that time. And if she *did* choose Allison over him, well, he could live with that. His sister and he had only been fooling around after all.

There was something else he wanted, though. It wasn't sexual, it wasn't incestuous, it was only borderline intimate. Last night had felt so nice with his two sisters to cuddle with him, he wanted to feel that same way

again tonight. He felt awkward about asking Lissa for that favor, so he reached his hand out and placed it on his little sister's shoulder.

"Brit, are you asleep?"

"Yes," she replied, but even with a whisper he could sense the grin on her face.

"Do you want to sleep like we did last night?" he asked.

"I thought you didn't like it," she told him. "I thought my crying kept you awake."

"I was only kidding when I said that. Any time you want to sleep in my bed like we used to do when we were kids, you go right ahead."

"Thank you, Jeff," she said, then began to unzip her sleeping bag. Five minutes later they lay there together in each other's arms, both smiling contentedly.

The next day was Jeff's birthday, and they celebrated it not with a cake, but with a peach cobbler that Allison cooked up from one of her family's secret recipes. They stuck fourteen candles in it and lit them. Jeff made the secret and absurd wish that Allison would seduce him, never expecting it to come true. But that was the point of birthday wishes. He blew out all the candles in one breath, and then they dug in. It was the first time Jeff had ever tasted anything like it, and it was delicious.

Greg said there hadn't been room to bring his presents, so they would have to open them later after returning to the house. That gave Jeff plenty of motivation to help break the camp that afternoon. He found that he enjoyed the work; it was fascinating to see the camp transformed from a place where a family could live for two days into a wilderness area where there was no hint that they had ever been there before, all in the space of less than an hour.

It was a little sad to leave the camp, but he knew this would not be the last time they did it. Allison insisted that Greg make a promise that they would make it a family tradition, and with enthusiastic encouragement from his children, he readily agreed.

Jeff secretly hoped that certain events during the campout would become traditions as well.

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## Chapter 10

### Auntie Rachael

The rest of the summer passed quickly, too quickly in the kids' opinions. All too soon, the new school year began. This year, Jeff was a freshman in high school, which meant he had his big sister to "take care of him." That consisted of her occasionally saying hi to him in the halls while he pretended not to know she existed. It wasn't that he didn't like her. He just felt that being her little brother somehow made him somehow inferior to her in social status, and the last thing he needed was to feel inferior to a girl.

Lissa began her new after-school job, which meant she didn't get home until dinner time on the weekends. That, unfortunately, left Jeff and Brit without a big sister to keep them in check, and although Allison stepped in when things got out of hand to keep them from murdering each other, she did so reluctantly, not wanting to be seen as the authority figure in their lives.

Then one afternoon in October Greg gathered his children into the living room to talk with them.

"Allison and I are going away for the weekend," he said. "We're going to spend a couple of days in Vegas. We'll leave Friday night and come back Sunday evening."

"But Friday I have the slumber party over at Debbie's," said Lissa. It was no wonder she brought that up; Lissa didn't socialize much. She was too busy trying to keep Jeff and Brit from murdering each other. The last time she had spent the night at a friend's house, she was only seven.

"Don't worry; we won't make you miss it," Greg told her.

"Can I take the car?" she asked with a grin.

"Absolutely not," her father responded. "Not while I'm out of town. If you were to have an accident--"

"All right," she said, disappointed. "So how am I supposed to get there?"

"I'll have the babysitter drive you over."

"Babysitter!" Jeff protested. "We don't need a babysitter!"

"Yes you do. I would trust Lissa to watch you as usual, but she's not going to be here for half the time."

"But I'm as old as she was when she started watching us."

"Lissa is very mature for her age."

"Yeah, and I'm just a big baby apparently," mumbled Jeff.

"That's enough, young man," Greg stated firmly. "This is not open for discussion. We've already called the babysitter. She'll be here when you get home from school on Friday."

"It's not Brenda, is it?" Brit whined.

"No, it's not Brenda," said Allison. "Someone new."

"Oh, great. She'll probably turn out to be some eighty-year-old woman who wants us to sit and look at pictures of her cats all day," Jeff complained.

"I'd like to speak to you alone for a minute, Jeff," Allison told him. "Come with me, please."

He reluctantly followed her up the stairs to his bedroom. She grabbed her purse on the way up. Once in his room, she opened it and pulled out a wallet. This she spread out to reveal a series of photos, which she rifled through until she found the right one.

"My sister Rachael," Allison explained, pointing to one of them. "You remember her, from the wedding."

Jeff most certainly did remember! The family resemblance to Allison was very clear. She had the same long, brown hair and penetrating blue eyes. In the photo, she sat on a bench in a park, wearing a light tee-shirt and shorts, with a baseball cap on her head. She was almost as pretty as Allison herself.

"She's nineteen, not eighty," Allison grinned. "She doesn't even own a cat, much less have pictures of one. She likes sports and physical activities of *all* kinds," she added with a sly wink, but the meaning was lost on Jeff, "and she likes to try new things. So you can decide what you want to do, and she'll be more than happy to oblige you. Just don't try any tricks, because if you start playing those games, she'll win every time."

"Well, I suppose she's all right," Jeff replied, trying to hide his excitement.

When Friday came around, he couldn't wait to get home from school. He daydreamed through most of his classes until the last bell rang, then he hurried out to the bus as if the sooner he got there the sooner it would leave.

The ride home seemed to take twice as long as usual, but that was mostly because of the anticipation. As soon as the bus dropped his sisters and him off, he almost ran to the front door of his house. He noticed an unfamiliar car in the driveway, probably Rachael's.

As soon as he opened the door, he spotted Rachael sitting with Greg and Allison in the front room. She looked just like he remembered her from the wedding, with long brown hair and a face similar to Allison's, but five years younger. She had her hair pulled back in a ponytail, and wore a green tee-shirt and jeans. She looked very pretty like that, though he still thought Allison was even prettier.

Her face lit up with a smile when she spied the three children. "Hi, Lissa, Jeff and Brit," she said. "Remember me?"

*Boy, do I ever!* Jeff thought, but said instead, "Of course."

"We're going to have so much fun this weekend," she told them. "I've got some games we can play, but if you have things you want to do instead, I'm happy to go along."

"All right, Rachael," said Greg. "Allison and I are going to head out now. We just wanted to wait to make sure the kids got home safely. There's a hundred dollars on the dining room table for emergencies, and you're welcome to use some of it if you want to take the kids out to eat or to see a movie. I told them you would be happy to join them in whatever activities they want to do, but they're to remember that you're in charge here. Lissa needs to be at her friend's house by seven tonight, so you might want to go grab something to eat on your way over. Lissa will call you Saturday afternoon when she has to come home, so make sure you're here and available. I want the kids in bed by nine." Then he glanced over at Jeff. "Actually, I think Jeff's old enough that he can start making those decisions for himself. He's allowed to stay up as late as he chooses, but make sure he's up by eight in the morning. He needs to learn his own limitations, so don't push him too hard to get to bed early, unless he abuses it. You got that, Jeff?"

"I can stay up as long as I want. Got it," Jeff replied.

"Not as long as you want. Just as long as you can handle and still wake up at a decent time in the morning. I'm leaving it up to you to figure out how long that is, whether that's ten, midnight, or five a.m. Just remember that Rachael has to sleep too, so if she wants to go to bed before you do, you need to stay out of her way and be quiet, all right?"

"I think he's got it," Rachael said. "And if not, I brought my whip along to make sure he doesn't get out of line."

"What about your guillotine?" joked Allison.

"I was considering it, but I usually don't like to behead anyone until at least the second babysitting job."

Greg chuckled. "I'm sure they won't be any problem, but if they are, give me a full report when I get back, and I'll take appropriate measures."

"You got it."

"All right, we're going to head out now, so we'll see you on Sunday."

Allison gave Rachael another quick hug, then Greg and Allison disappeared through the door.

"Can I ask you something?" said Jeff.

"Sure," Rachael smiled.

"You don't live anywhere near here, but you drove all the way here to babysit us. I'm sure Dad and Allison could have found someone closer."

"And you want to know why they had me come over instead?"

"Exactly."

"I volunteered."

"Why?"

"To get to know you three, of course."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. This is my first time being an aunt, so I wanted to spend some time with my new nieces and nephew. Although, I don't feel old enough to be an aunt, especially to a couple of teenagers. So why don't you just think of me as a friend instead?"

"Fine with me," Jeff grinned.

"As long as you're on my side," Brit said.

"What do you mean?"

"When Jeff and I get into fights, of course," she giggled.

"Hey!" Jeff exclaimed.

"Please, Auntie Rachael?" Brit asked, flashing her "I'm so cute that you can't refuse me anything" smile. She had it down to an art; it worked on Greg, it worked on Allison, and sometimes it even worked on Jeff.

"Allison was right," Rachael laughed. "You're really an adorable girl. I can see we're going to get along great."

"So you'll be on my side?"

"Tell you what. Why don't you and Jeff promise not to fight? Then there won't be any sides at all."

"Might as well have them promise to stop the sun from shining," Lissa commented. "It would probably be easier."

Actually, there was surprisingly little fighting between Jeff and Brit. Although it was too cold for outdoor activities, there were plenty of things they could do inside. Since there were four of them, they decided to go doubles at ping-pong. Lissa suggested that they keep Jeff and Brit off of the same side, so Rachael

volunteered to be on Jeff's team, to his delight. He hoped that she wasn't very good at it, so that he would have to show her how to hold the paddle, and maybe even give her a little hands-on training on her posture and how to swing.

Unfortunately, she was even better than any of them. She explained that not only did her family have a ping-pong table, but also there was one in the rec room in her dorm at her college, and every Tuesday a lot of the girls would get together and hold a tournament. Since Rachael was very competitive, she frequently won.

After Rachael decisively beat the girls (with only a little help from Jeff), they decided there wasn't enough time for another game before dinner. Since Rachael had to drop Lissa off at her friend's house for the slumber party anyway, she offered to take them all out to eat on the way over. The children of course agreed, and they decided on a buffet and salad bar that was one of Jeff's and Brit's favorites, one of the few things they actually agreed on.

Jeff didn't eat as much as he usually did here; he was trying to impress Rachael and didn't want to make a pig out of himself. He limited himself to only two and a half plates, plus dessert.

After dinner, they headed over to Debbie's house to drop off Lissa, then returned home. This time Rachael brought out a deck of cards and taught Jeff and Brit a couple of card games. They played until it was time for Brit to go to bed.

"I'll go tuck her in," Rachael said. "Come on, Brit." The two girls ascended the stairs, leaving Jeff alone in the front room.

He couldn't help smiling. In a few minutes he would have the chance to be alone with Rachael. Not that anything would happen, of course. For one thing, she was five years older than him, and older women intimidated him. Since he was naturally shy anyway, he wouldn't dare to try anything. Plus, she probably thought of him as a little kid. She was his babysitter, after all. Still, she was fun to be around, and he looked forward to spending some time alone with her.

When Rachael returned from Brit's room, she sat down on the couch next to Jeff. "Your sister's really a doll," she said.

"No, I'm pretty sure she's human," he replied with a grin.

Rachael laughed. "No, I mean, she's one of the cutest little girls I've ever met. Give her a few more years, and she's going to be breaking the hearts of all the boys at school."

"Sure she is," he snorted.

"Really, your whole family is good-looking. Take you for instance."

"Me? I'm just a nerd."



"No you're not. You're really quite handsome. If you just had a little self-confidence, all the girls at school would be falling all over themselves trying to get to you."

"Flattery alert!" Jeff exclaimed sarcastically.

"Well, if you don't want to believe me, I guess that's up to you. You almost make me wish I was five years younger."

"Why, so you wouldn't be old enough to babysit us, then you wouldn't have to be here right now?"

"Okay, why is it that any time I try to give you a compliment, you throw it in my face?"

That made Jeff feel a little guilty. "Sorry," he said. "I'm just not comfortable with compliments."

"Then I guess we'll just have to work on that."

Jeff shrugged, not knowing how to take that. It was true that he didn't like to be complimented, but at the same time, he might not mind if they came from Rachael.

"So do you have a girlfriend?" she asked.

He snorted again. "A guy like me? Could you see me--"

"The first thing you have to stop is all that negative self-talk," she interrupted. "And for the record, I could definitely see a guy like you with a girlfriend. It might be just the thing you need. I take it you've never kissed a girl."

"Aren't we getting a little personal?" he asked, growing red.

"Oh, come on, Jeff. I promise I won't tell anyone. This is just between you and me."

"Oh, all right. I've never kissed a girl. Are you satisfied?" That wasn't exactly true, since he had kissed his big sister, and that last time during Christmas break had been a little more than just teasing, but he figured it still didn't count because she was family.

Rachael wasn't through with the embarrassing questions yet, though. "Ever had sex?" she asked.

"What!? That's none of your business!"

"There's no need to be embarrassed. There's a first time for everyone. At fourteen, there's no shame in being a virgin."

"I think I'll go now," he said, starting to get up.

Rachael put an arm around him and pulled him back down. "I'm sorry, Jeff. If it makes you uncomfortable,

"I'll change the subject."

Grudgingly, he nodded.

"Ever had an orgasm?" she asked.

"That's not changing the subject!" he nearly shouted, but Rachael just laughed.

"Okay, I couldn't resist that. Your reaction is way too satisfying. Look, if it will make you feel better, you can ask me the same questions."

"I don't want to."

"Okay, then I'll answer them anyway. I don't currently have a boyfriend, I've kissed lots of them though, and a few girls as well, in case you're wondering. I've had sex plenty of times before, and I bring myself to orgasm at least two or three times a week. Sometimes more. There. Now wasn't that easy?"

Jeff was stunned, and his embarrassment instantly gave way to arousal. Did Rachael just say what he thought she did?

"You..." he stammered, staring at her. "You said you... kissed... girls?"

"Yes. You knew there were girls out there like that, didn't you?"

"I don't... I suppose so. I just never met one."

"You're making me feel like some kind of alien or something. Just because I occasionally like to get naughty with my girlfriends doesn't mean I'm a freak."

"Sorry. I just..." He continued to stare, not sure what to say. The image of her naked with another woman filled his mind, and he could feel a stirring inside of him, an excitement at the thought. He wondered why that idea intrigued him. He remembered Allison saying something about that the day they first looked at porn together. He hadn't given it much thought then. Now, though, he found it excited him. Perhaps he would have to look up some pictures later.

Rachael leaned back and rested her hands behind her head as she looked at him with an amused smile. The pose stretched her shirt across her chest, emphasizing her well-formed torso. Perhaps she was unconscious of the fact that it only served to heighten his excitement.

"Now tell me the truth," she said. "When I told you that, did it make you a little... well, horny?"

He grew beet-red and immediately turned away.

"No, it's okay," she hurriedly reassured him, leaning in and putting a friendly arm around him. "You're a fourteen-year old boy. That's pretty much expected. You probably think of sex all day long."

"I do not!"

"Well if you don't, then there's something wrong with you. Look. It doesn't bother me a bit to be talking about these things. Why should it bother you?"

"It just does."

She sighed. "You know, you're going to have to learn to get over your shyness," she said.

"Well, talking about sex sure isn't going to do it."

"All right. We'll change the subject."

"You already tried that."

"For real this time. So how long are you planning on staying up?"

He glanced over at her, and realized that she still had her arm around him, which put her face about a foot away from his own. He turned away again. It wasn't that she wasn't nice to look at, or that he had any problem being that close to her. In fact, it was quite pleasant. But he couldn't get that image of her out of his head.

"I don't know," he replied. "Maybe till midnight. I've never been up that late before."

"Midnight. Good. That gives us time to watch a movie."

Jeff sighed, relieved. That wouldn't give them time to do much talking. Not that he had anything against talking with her, but he wasn't ready to handle more of the same topic of conversation just at present. He had too many conflicting feelings. On the one hand, he liked being around her, just for the sake of being around her. On the other hand, she had pretty much bored straight to the root of his embarrassment, and it bothered him. A movie seemed like a good idea to get his mind off of it.

"You know, you're very tense," Rachael said.

"I am?"

"Yes. Your shoulders especially. My fault, probably. All that talk of things that embarrass you. Here. Sit down on the floor in front of me."

"What? Why?"

"Because I want to give you a back rub, silly," she smiled.

Jeff had never had a girl rub his back before, but it sounded nice, so he obediently slid down off the couch and sat, cross-legged, in front of her.

She leaned over and began to massage his shoulders. Immediately, he started to relax. It felt every bit as good as it had sounded when she suggested it. Her hands worked his shoulder like magic, drawing out all the tension. He closed his eyes and let the sensation fill him.

She moved down to his back and rubbed all over it, almost like she was washing him. She ran her fingers down his spine with firm pressure, causing him to laugh at the ticklish sensation. But as she repeated the move several more times, it turned from ticklish to relaxing. She continued on to his shoulder blades, then moved to his lower back. Finally, she finished by scratching him all over. When she finally removed her hands, he sighed in pleasure and a little regret that it had to end so soon.

"How was that?" she asked.

"Great," he smiled.

"Okay, now it's my turn."

"Hmm?"

"I want you to do the same for me."

"Oh. Okay," he agreed, realizing that she was literally asking him to put his hands on her. "Just don't expect me to be as good at it as you are."

"That's fine. Back rubs are like sex. Sometimes it's fun to try out an inexperienced partner."

"If you say so."

They switched places, and Jeff went to work on her shoulders. He tried to remember the motions she had used on him, and found that they came naturally. It really wasn't all that difficult. He spent a few minutes on her shoulders then moved to her back. As his hands went over her, he noticed a lack of a bra strap. Unless there was some mechanism he wasn't aware of, Rachael wasn't wearing a bra.

He figured it was rude to point it out, so he didn't. Instead, he continued to massage her, enjoying the feel of her on his hands. He had never really put his hands on a girl before, at least not like this.

Just like she had done, at the end he scratched her all over her back. She seemed to like this part best of all, because she gave a satisfied hum as he did so.

As soon as he finished, she climbed back up onto the couch and sat down next to him. They both leaned back and relaxed, just staring up at the ceiling and breathing slowly.

"You're really good at that," she commented. "I thought you never had a girlfriend. Where did you learn to give back rubs like that?"

"From you," he replied.

"Your first time? Well then you're a fast learner. Would you do it for me again some time?"

"Only if you do it for me too."

"It's a deal. Now, how about that movie?"

"Oh, right. Dad's got quite a video collection. Do you want to go pick one out?"

"Sure. And do you mind if we watch it downstairs in the rec room?"

"Why downstairs?"

"Allison told me you have a hot tub down there. I'm in the mood for that right now."

Right now, Jeff was in the mood to do just about anything at all with Rachael, especially sit in the hot tub! He could imagine her in a skimpy little bikini, her almost-nude body rubbing up against his... Unfortunately, she would probably wear a conservative one-piece that would leave far too much to the imagination. Still, a swimsuit was a swimsuit, and even just having her arms and legs bare would be great.

"That sounds nice," he said with as neutral a tone as he could muster, trying to hide his excitement.

"Great! I'll go pick out the movie while you change, and then you get everything set up to watch while I change." She hopped up and grabbed her bag, heading down to the basement. Jeff tiptoed up the stairs to his room to grab his swimming trunks, then headed back down.

Rachael was kneeling in front of the cabinet where they kept all of their movies, scanning the titles. She glanced back at him and smiled.

Jeff unlatched the divider between the rec room and the hot tub room, then drew the screen to the side. He flipped on the lights in the alcove and headed into the bathroom to change.

Once again his thoughts returned to Rachael, and he imagined her in a bikini. There was a small chance that fantasy might become reality in the next few minutes! He could hardly wait to change his clothes and sit in the hot tub awaiting her.

When he stepped out of the bathroom wearing his swimming trunks and carrying a couple of towels, Rachael had already made her selection, and was sitting in the bean bag chair reading the blurb on the back. When she saw him standing there, she took a second to look him over. Though it was only the shortest of glances, Jeff couldn't help but think there was a degree of approval in her eyes, and possibly even a touch of excitement. He wasn't sure what that meant, but the look passed as soon as it had appeared on her face.

"What about this one?" she asked, holding up the movie case.

It was a low-budget sword and sorcery flick that Allison had added to their collection when she moved in, but their dad never let him watch, probably because the images of scantily-clad women surrounding the

musclebound hero on the front suggested there was quite a bit more of the same inside. Jeff was quite prepared to agree to it, but realized that he couldn't afford to have Rachael mention it to Greg, or he would be in trouble. Reluctantly, he decided that he would just have to tell the truth.

"I've never seen it," he said. "Dad won't let me."

"Well, I won't tell him if you won't," she winked.

That settled it then. "Good enough for me," he grinned, and she handed it to him. "All right, now I'll go change. I'll meet you in the hot tub." She grabbed her duffel bag from the floor and headed into the bathroom.

Jeff put the movie in, then opened the cupboard where they kept the waterproof universal remote. His dad had bought it specifically for this purpose when he converted the far side of the rec room into a hot tub room. He started the movie playing and got it set up at the beginning of the first scene, then climbed into the tub.

He had just settled in when Rachael appeared in the bathroom doorway. Jeff's heart nearly stopped right there. Her swimsuit wasn't exactly like in his fantasy, but it wasn't far off. It was a tiny little string bikini that served to emphasize her beautiful curves. The white top did nothing to hide the shape of her breasts; on the contrary, it simply covered the skin in a fabric so thin it could have been painted on. The shape of her nipples clearly showed through. The bottom was just as revealing, barely covering her thigh, and showing clearly the outline of her femininity. It was also white, which made the whole outfit resemble a bra and panties.

If she noticed him staring, she didn't mention it. Instead, she slowly moved toward the tub, making Jeff think of a model on the catwalk. Her every move was graceful and highlighted her feminine nature.

Time seemed to slow as she ascended the steps to the top of the tub, then slipped daintily into the seething water. She let herself drift over to the side where she sat and slid right up next to him, her arms, hips, and legs brushing against his. Naturally he had expected her to sit on this side in order to best see the movie, but he didn't think she would sit this close. He certainly wasn't about to complain, though!

As he reached for the waterproof universal remote which floated in the tub in front of them, she yawned and stretched, her arm coming down behind his shoulders so that when he leaned back her arm enclosed him. She smiled at him as if there was nothing out of the ordinary, then turned to watch the screen as the movie began.

He wasn't disappointed. It started off with a 2-girls on 1-man sex scene with plenty of nudity, which was broken up by a sword-wielding barbarian smashing his way into the room to attack the man. As the movie progressed, the rest was much the same: sword fights, musclebound heroes, and scantily (if at all) clad women.

They were only fifteen minutes into the movie when Rachael began to doze off. Her head began to droop, almost imperceptibly at first, then gradually falling lower and lower until she lost control and pitched forward into the water.

Jeff couldn't suppress his laugh when she immediately stood up, coughing. Then as she turned toward him,

he cut off with an audible gasp. While her bikini had started out white, now it was so transparent as to be almost invisible! He could clearly see the darkening of the flesh around the nipples, and he suddenly felt his member enlarging in his trunks.

Rachael glanced down at where he was staring, but instead of gasping as he had, she just giggled. "Oh dear," she said. "I just bought this the other day, and this is the first chance I've had to wear it. I had no idea it would turn this transparent in the water. This must be the same material they use for wet tee-shirt contents." She shrugged. "Oh, well. Nothing to do about it now. It doesn't bother you, does it?"

"No," he said, trying to sound nonchalant.

"Good, because if it did, I'd have to take it off."

"I mean, it *really* bothers me!" he exclaimed, half as a joke and half hoping she would take it seriously.

Rachael laughed. "And put on a different one. You didn't let me finish. Nice try, though."

"Dang!" he said, trying to make it sound sarcastic, a difficult task considering how sincere his disappointment was.

Rachael sat down next to him again, every bit as close as before. This time she leaned back a little more so that if she started dozing off again, she wouldn't fall forward.

It didn't work. Ten minutes later, just as her heavy breathing indicated that she was sleeping, she slid down the side of the tub into the water again. Once again she stood, coughing.

"You know, this isn't going to work," she said, sitting down. "It's not that I'm bored, it's just that the water is so relaxing. And I was already relaxed from your back rub earlier." Jeff was hoping she wasn't going to suggest they get out of the tub, because that meant they would likely have to put their clothes on. Her next statement, however, was more than he could have hoped for.

"I know," she said. "Why don't you put your arm around my waist, and then if I fall asleep again, you can help to hold me up."

"Really?" he asked, astonished.

"Unless you have a better idea?"

Jeff was prepared to forget everything he knew in order *not* to come up with a better idea. With a move that he tried to make seem casual, he slipped his arm over her head, behind her back, and around her waist. She scooted in until she was even closer, if it were possible, to him. In the process, she laid her nearest hand, perhaps accidentally, perhaps even unconsciously, on his leg, with her fingers resting on the inside of his thigh. Though it was really just above the knee, the touch thrilled him.

As the movie progressed, she began to drift off to sleep again. He kept a firm, yet gentle grasp on her so that

she couldn't topple forward or slide backward. What she did, though, was lay her head down on his shoulder.

Jeff was in heaven. This beautiful goddess was about as perfect a woman as he had ever dreamed of. In fact, the only reason he didn't consider her the most beautiful woman in the world was that her big sister had already claimed that title. Rachael had the same beautiful eyes and beautiful smile as Allison, making her a close runner-up, and here she was, half naked, lying in his arms. He didn't think he would ever forget this moment.

He only half-watched the rest of the movie; he was more focused on the beautiful girl at his side. He did tune in for the girl-on-girl scenes. Apparently the evil sorceress was a lesbian, and kept a bunch of slave girls around to pleasure her. Toward the end of the film, she even captured the princess and attempted to seduce her. She stripped the girl down to her panties and got a couple of licks in on her breasts before the hero broke in and rescued her.

Jeff found he enjoyed those scenes a lot. He had seen some lesbian pictures on the Internet, and when Rachael said she had done those things, he had really gotten aroused. Perhaps it was the thought of forbidden love between two women that turned him on so much about it.

As the movie ended and the credits began to roll, Jeff had to break the spell by gently shaking her awake. It was a shame; he wished he could go on forever like that. But he had his memory of the experience, and it would have to do.

She groggily blinked, then glanced up at him. As she realized where she had her head, she smiled. "Thank you for letting me use your shoulder, Jeff," she said. "You're such a gentleman."

He didn't tell her that it wasn't any kind of gentlemanly feeling that had prompted him to do so.

She yawned and stretched, which had the erotic effect of thrusting out her chest, and Jeff could feel his heart beating. Was it possible she wasn't aware of what she was doing to him? She had to be! She had pretty much told him earlier in the evening that she knew his mind was constantly on sex. How could she possibly sit there in that almost nonexistent swimsuit and not know that he was aware of every inch of her body so close to him?

"You're staring," she commented, and he realized it was true. Immediately he pulled his eyes away, turning red.

"Don't worry, I'm used to it," she grinned. "Allison always said I have a bit of an exhibitionist in me. I like it when men look at me. Boys too. So don't be bashful; you can look all you want."

"Really?" he asked.

"Really. Here. I'll show you." She stood up in the center of the pool and faced him, spreading her arms wide. "What do you think?"



"I... uh... I..." he stammered, flustered.

"I'll take that as a compliment," she grinned, then turned around to climb out of the tub. He watched her from behind, noticing that she had that same swaying movement of her hips that her big sister had. It was really exciting to watch. He followed her out of the tub.

Instead of reaching for a towel, she headed over to where her bag sat in the corner. She opened it and rummaged through it.

"What are you looking for?" asked Jeff.

"My blow dryer," she replied. "Ah, here it is." She took it out and headed for the bathroom.

"Your hair's already dry," he told her.

"It's not for my hair," she explained.

"What do you mean?"

"Come here and I'll show you," she smiled.

Jeff was curious, so he followed her into the bathroom, where she plugged in the dryer and turned it on. Instead of putting it up toward her hair, she aimed it toward her shoulders and let the head run over her.

"This is a much nicer way to dry off than using a towel," she said. "Of course, it's much more fun if you have someone else do it for you. Would you mind?" She held out the dryer to him.

"Er... not at all," he said, taking it from her. She leaned back, placed her arms on the counter to prop herself up, and threw her head back, closing her eyes.

"Just let it run all over my body, wherever you see a drop of water," she told him, and he could feel his heart pounding inside his chest in excitement.

He started with her shoulders and neck, using the heat to evaporate the smaller drops and the air pressure to push the larger ones off toward her back, where they fell to the counter. He watched in excitement as some of them ran down between her breasts, slipping underneath the strap of her top and continuing down toward her stomach. When her shoulders and upper chest were dry, he wondered whether he dared work on her tits.

As it turned out, Rachael solved that dilemma herself. "Make sure to spend plenty of time on my swimsuit," she said. "I don't want to be dripping on the carpet afterward."

Jeff took that as a green light, so he enthusiastically aimed the dryer at her tits. She began to breathe a little deeper as he did so, and he watched her chest rising and falling with each breath. It was one of the most erotic sights he had ever seen, especially knowing that she had deliberately told him to do this to her. At first he could see her nipples clearly through the waterlogged fabric, but unfortunately it lost its transparency as it

dried. Still, he enjoyed looking at her body even slightly covered up.

Too soon the bikini top finished drying, and although he wanted to continue on that particular part of her anatomy, he knew it would be too obvious, so reluctantly he lowered the dryer and focused on her upper abdomen and stomach. She brought her head forward to look at him.

"You'd better hurry," she said, "or you'll be dry before I get a chance to return the favor."

That was plenty of motivation for him to speed things up. He worked only a few minutes on her stomach, then, figuring her previous instructions applied to her bikini bottom as well, he aimed the dryer toward her crotch. She spread her legs slightly to allow him better access, to his delight. As he ran the dryer over her, she gave a satisfied sigh.

"I don't get much chance to have someone dry me off like this," she said. "Sometimes my roommates and I do it to each other after we've taken a shower, but since we're naked and don't need to dry out any swimsuits, it's over too quickly."

Jeff's heart beat in his chest as he imagined Rachael in the shower with her roommates, a couple of naked girls washing each other's backs or rubbing up against each other, or maybe even making out.

"Mm," he mumbled in acknowledgement.

"Oh, I'm sorry, did I embarrass you again?" she asked, but this time it sounded more sincere than her earlier teasing.

"What? Oh, no," he replied.

"I just thought you might have been shocked that I take showers with my roommates."

He shrugged. "You shocked me earlier in the evening when you mentioned that you like girls, but I've gotten over that."

"Oh, then you won't mind if I tell you that there are six girls in the apartment but only three beds. And we sleep naked," she grinned. This time he could tell that she was teasing.

"Oh very funny," he smiled back.

Rachael laughed, then turned around and leaned forward over the counter. "You're just about done," she said, and Jeff got to work on the back of her swimsuit. He found this pose to be every bit as erotic as her previous one, and suddenly wondered if she was doing this on purpose. Did she realize just how excited he was? It was getting harder and harder to hide the bulge in his swimsuit. He almost wanted to jump back into the hot tub before she noticed it. But that would be too suspicious.

A few minutes later she turned back around. "That's good for now," she said. "Now it's your turn. I'll show you how good this feels. Come over here and lean back over the counter."

He handed her the dryer and followed her instructions, closing his eyes the way she had. Then he felt the hot air running over him, and realized that this felt *much* better than drying off with a towel, especially with someone like Rachael to hold the dryer.

He was already mostly dry except for his swimming trunks, so she spent only a minute on his shoulders, chest, and stomach. Then she knelt down in front of him. He opened his eyes and stared at her, realizing that her face was only a couple of feet from his crotch. He also realized in embarrassment that he was still hard! Worse still, the trunks were plastered against his body, so the outline of his cock was completely visible to her eyes.

She giggled as she stared at it, and he felt his face burning with shame. When she glanced up and saw his red face, her smile of glee turned to one of pity.

"Oh, don't be ashamed that you have an erection," she told him. "I suppose it's my fault, you know. I'm well aware of the effect I've been having on you."

"So... you're not embarrassed?" he asked.

"Embarrassed? I'd be offended if you didn't. You could tell me how beautiful and sexy you think I am all day, but an actual physical confirmation like this is the best compliment you could pay me."

Jeff didn't know how to take that, so he just remained silent. Rachael got to work drying him. Once he got over his initial shame, he had to admit that the heat and wind felt good down there. Since she had said that she knew exactly what she was doing to him, he decided not to worry about it, and just enjoy it.

Once they were both dry, Rachael unplugged the dryer and they left the bathroom. She replaced the dryer in her duffel bag, then headed over to sit down on the couch. Jeff wondered if he should follow her or if it was time for him to go to bed, but she patted the seat next to her as a signal to come sit down by her, and he willingly obliged.

She turned her head to stare at him, and he suddenly felt uncomfortable. What was she thinking? Why was she looking at him like that?

It all became clear a moment later, as she spoke the words that thrilled Jeff to the core, but that never in his wildest fantasies had he ever expected to hear from her.

"So what does a girl have to do to get fucked around here?" she asked.

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## Chapter 11

### Jeff's First Time

Jeff's mouth dropped open. Had he really heard her correctly?

"Er... what?" he asked.

"Look, Jeff, I know you're a real gentleman, but I've been flirting with you all night, and you haven't made a move yet. I'm really starting to get impatient."

"I... I don't...."

"Let me spell it out for you. I want to have sex with you. There. Now, are there any objections?"

"Um... no objections here," he said.

"Good." She reached around behind her back, undid her top, and took it off. Jeff's heart literally skipped a beat as he saw her bare breasts. They were every bit as beautiful as Allison's! Rachael then slid the bottom half of her swimsuit off, and Jeff found himself looking at a real live naked woman for the first time in his life.

"Now your turn," she grinned, and grabbed the waistband of his suit.

"Hey!" he exclaimed, but she giggled and pulled it down. His rock-hard member sprang free.

"That looks delicious!" she said, staring at it. Then she put her hand on it, and he felt an exciting thrill. It wasn't the first time a girl had ever touched him there, but knowing what was going to come later made it feel twice as good!

Her hand stroked it up and down, sending wave after wave of pleasure through him. She smiled at him as she did so, showing that she was enjoying this teasing.

"But we have to do this right," she said. "If this really is your first time, you want to do it in your bed rather than on this uncomfortable old couch." She released his cock and stood up, grabbing his hand and pulling him to his feet. "Come on," she said.

"Where are we going?"

"Up to your bedroom," she replied.

"But we're naked!"

"I should hope so. We're about to fuck, aren't we?"

"But what if Brit catches us?"

"Wouldn't that be funny?" Rachael laughed. "Anyway, we'll be careful."

Still hesitant, he allowed her to lead him up the stairs to the front room. It was all dark up there, and they took a few minutes to let their eyes adjust. To Jeff, it seemed that she picked a spot right in the middle of the house to wait, where she could be seen from just about every room. Jeff was a ball of nerves. What if Brit came down just now for a drink of water?

But it didn't happen, and a minute later Rachael led him to the staircase.

He had never noticed the creak of the stairs before, but now it sounded like even the tiniest of noises echoed through the house. He almost held his breath going up those stairs, but somehow, an eternity later, they made it to the top. It was just a quick trip down the hall to his bedroom.

Rachael, however, had other plans. Instead of stopping by his open door, she led him past it.

"Where are you going?" he whispered.

"I thought it would be much more fun to take the scenic route," she whispered back. As they neared Brit's door, he realized that it was open!

"She'll be able to see us!" he whispered in alarm.

"Not if she's asleep."

"But what if she's awake?"

"That's a chance we'll have to take."

Jeff tried to pull away, but Rachael grabbed him with her other hand and pulled him harder. To avoid making a ruckus, he had to give in. His heart pounded in his chest as he realized where Rachael was leading him: right to Brit's door!

He opened his mouth to protest, but it was too late. Even a whisper would be too loud here. Frightened half out of his wits, he found himself entering his little sister's room.

She lay there sound asleep in her bed, to his immense relief. But what if she woke up? Rachael and Jeff were standing there completely naked in front of her.

"Isn't she adorable?" Rachael whispered, and Jeff put his finger to his lips in a gesture for silence. But Rachael released his hand and walked over to the bed. Jeff stood there petrified in fear. What was she going to do? Was she going to deliberately wake Brit?

As Rachael leaned over and kissed her on the forehead, Jeff felt panic rising. That simple touch might be enough to wake her. But the girl didn't stir, and Rachael silently walked back over to him.

"Can we get out of here now?" he asked.

"Not yet," Rachael responded. "First you have to kiss me."

"Kiss you?"

"Yes."

"Here?"

"Yes, I want your first kiss to be with me, right here, in your little sister's room, right in front of her. You have to admit, this will definitely make it memorable."

But--"

"Kiss me or I wake her up."

Jeff leaned in and tried to give her a quick peck, but Rachael grabbed him and pulled him into her. He nearly lost his footing, but managed to keep from falling. Pressed up against her naked body and with their lips locked in a passionate kiss, he felt both excitement and fear.

Then he felt Rachael's hand go to his cock, and she began to stroke it again. Jeff tried to pull away, but she held him fast. Did she actually mean to have sex with him right here in Brit's room?

She let it go on for another five minutes, then pulled away. "Okay, I think I've tormented you long enough," she whispered, and finally they passed through the bathroom to his room. He quickly closed both bathroom and hall doors and locked them, then Rachael turned on the lights.

Jeff squinted in the sudden glare, but it only took a few seconds for his eyes to adjust. The two of them stood there naked.

"I hope I didn't scare you," she whispered. "No, on second thought, I hope I did. I don't know about you, but there's nothing like a little shock or panic to get me in the mood."

"Well, in my opinion there's nothing like a little shock or panic to scare me out of the mood."

"You're just not used to it. So we'll just have to work on it some time."

"You don't have to, really," he said.

"We'll save those lessons for later. You were such a good sport, I think it's time for your reward. But first, you have to answer a few questions, so I can find out the best way to treat you."

"They're not going to be like those questions from earlier in the evening, are they?"

"Not just like them, they *are* the questions from earlier in the evening. First, are you a virgin?"

"That's none--"

"If I'm going to have sex with you, I think it *is* my business. Tell me the truth, Jeff. Look, it's easy. Whether you're a virgin or not, you won't be five minutes from now, so it really doesn't matter, does it?"

"All right. I am. Satisfied?"

Rachael grinned. "I was hoping I got to be your first. I don't want you to have any preconceived notions when I teach you how to have sex the Rachael Craven way."

"And I take it you're an expert?"

"You'd better believe it. Now, I have just one more question, and again, I want you to be honest. Have you ever had an orgasm before?"

Jeff sighed. "Oh, all right. Not that I remember, and I'm sure I would know if I had, so I'm going to have to say no."

"That's even better," she grinned. "Jeff, this is going to be a night you'll never forget." She stepped in close, put her arms around his neck, pressed her body up against his and kissed him. Since she was actually half a head taller than him, she had to lower her head and he had to raise his, but it all worked out in the end. At first he was too startled to do anything, but as she continued kissing him, he just did what came naturally. Her mouth opened, and her tongue probed his. She sought out his tongue and began teasing it with her own. Getting into the spirit of it, he reciprocated by rubbing it up against hers.

A moment later she broke away, smiling at him. "We'll have plenty of opportunities to practice that later," she said. "I could sense your inexperience, but it's nothing we can't fix with a few practice sessions."

"You're making this sound like school," he said.

"It is. Sex-ed, to be precise. But with less emphasis on theory and more emphasis on practice. Unfortunately they don't give degrees in this, so you're just going to have to trust me that I'm qualified to be your teacher."

"You must be the stereotypical hot teacher that all the boys in the class fantasize about."

"And most of the girls, too. You're fortunate to get this one-on-one tutoring from the most popular teacher in the school. Usually I prefer bigger class sizes, if you know what I mean."

Jeff laughed. Apparently she was into orgies, which wasn't surprising.

"But for right now, I'm all yours," she told him. "Now, since this is going to be your first orgasm, we need to

do it right. So I'm going to give you a choice. Do you want to stick it in my pussy, or my mouth?"

"Your mouth? Really?"

"Haven't you ever heard of a blowjob before?"

"Yeah, I've seen pictures of them on the Internet, and Allison--" He suddenly paused, realizing that he had just about revealed that he had seen that video. Did Rachael know about it?

"What about Allison?" Rachael grinned.

"Um... I..."

"Did you spy on your father and stepmom or something?"

"No! Of course not!"

"And you said you've never had an orgasm before. Knowing Allison, if she had given you a blowjob, you definitely would have had an orgasm. So I'm guessing you saw a certain video on the internet, right?"

The bright red color of Jeff's face gave him away. Rachael merely gave an amused laugh.

"Oh, don't worry, Jeff," she said. "I know all about that video. I've got a copy of it myself. Great masturbation material. I never fail to get myself off when I watch it."

"Does... does Allison know?"

"Of course. There's really no reason for her to hide it from me, since I'm the one who convinced her to have sex with him. He was my boyfriend at the time, and I thought she'd get a kick out of fucking him. She's always liked trying new things, and the idea of doing it with one of her students got her really excited. Of course, if I knew he was going to set up a hidden camera, I would never have let it happen. As soon as he put that video up on the internet, I dropped him like a rock. *No one* hurts my sister like that and gets away with it."

"You mean... you let your own sister... have sex with your boyfriend?"

Rachael shrugged. "Why not? Allison likes to share her guys with me, so why shouldn't I reciprocate?"

Jeff gasped.

"But we're getting off the subject. We were talking about blowjobs. Specifically, me giving you one."

"Yeah!" he exclaimed, excited. "Just knowing how sensitive I am there, I'd imagine it would feel pretty good."



"You'd better believe it. Though I can't confirm it for obvious reasons, I've heard that the most fulfilling orgasms for men are in a girl's pussy, but for the most intense orgasms, you just can't beat getting sucked off. So do you want to try it?"

"Um... will I get another chance to put it in your pussy?"

"After we sleep for a few hours first. You're young enough you should be able to have multiple orgasms, but since this is your first time, you haven't built up the stamina you need. Especially since I'm going to make sure the one in my mouth blows your mind."

"So you're going to blow my cock *and* my mind at the same time."

Rachael laughed. "I love it when you talk dirty. Go lie down on the bed and let me take care of you."

Jeff did as instructed, eager to get on with the activities. He couldn't believe she was going to actually suck him off!

But rather than get right to the action, she lay down next to him, leaning in and putting an arm around his neck. She kissed him on the cheek.

"But I thought..." he began.

"The longer you build up to it, the better it feels," she explained. "And I'm aiming to make you pass out from the pleasure."

"That shouldn't be too difficult, with my inexperience."

She slid over on top of him, and he felt her amazing chest rubbing against his own. Instinctively he wrapped his arms around her waist. She smiled, then lowered her lips and kissed him deeply and passionately. He was in heaven; here was this astonishingly beautiful woman seducing him, something he had only dreamt of before. How could such a wonderful experience possibly be true?

She lowered her head a couple of inches and kissed him on the chin, her eyes still staring up at him. That sent thrills through him, perhaps because of the thought of this dominant woman taking a submissive position. As she lowered to his neck, he shivered from the chills running down his spine.

She touched the tip of her tongue to his neck, and he literally jumped from the sensation. Rachael giggled. "Just pulling out an old standby from my bag of tricks," she explained. "I can tell you liked it."

"Oh god, yes!" he smiled.

She did it again, but this time he merely gasped. She began to bathe his face and neck with kisses, driving him wilder and wilder with passion. By the time she finished, he was groaning in pleasure. The wide grin on her face showed that she enjoyed doing it to him.

She lowered herself to his chest then, kissing him first on the shoulders and along the collarbone. While this felt nice too, it was a more subtle pleasure, perhaps designed to cool him down a little so he wouldn't lose it too early. He relaxed and let the sensation overcome him. Then she lowered again, this time kissing him in the center of his chest. She moved to the side and made a circle around his nipple, at first a couple of inches away but circling slowly toward it.

"Not quite as fun as doing this to a girl," she said, "but it works on a man too."

His breaths were coming in gasps now as that circle grew tighter, especially as she teased him with that reference to sapphic love. His body was becoming more aroused and more sensitive as each second passed. The anticipation was almost painful.

Then she flicked her tongue against the nipple and he shook with the pleasure. Rachael certainly knew how to drive him crazy! Her tongue worked over the nipple energetically, almost savagely, and he began to groan once more. She worked it for several minutes until he thought he couldn't take it any more, then moved over and began to give the same service to the other one.

She was absolutely right about drawing out the experience. It was an exquisite torture as she kept stimulating him for as long as possible. She worked her way down his chest to his stomach, but only millimeters at a time. She deliberately avoided any contact with his cock, which by that time was aching for release. She was teasing; he knew that. But at the same time, he also knew that in the end he would thank her for it. It was so incredibly erotic to lie here while she kissed him all over his body. Still, it wasn't something that could last; he needed her to finish what she had started. He groaned in both pleasure and dissatisfaction, and she picked up on the signal.

"I think I've been toying with you long enough," she said. "Don't you agree?"

"Oh god yes!"

"All right. I've finished with the appetizers; let's go on to the main course." She lowered her body and positioned herself between his legs. He watched in eager anticipation as she reached out with one of her hands. At the moment she wrapped it around his cock, he gasped in pleasure. She had already done that earlier in the evening, but he hadn't been half as aroused as he was now. The nerves were all on full alert, and the slightest sensation sent electric thrills through him.

She winked, then opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue. When she touched the tip very lightly against the head of his cock, he thought he was going to die from pleasure. But somehow, amazingly, that wasn't the maximum of what he was capable of feeling. It was even better when she began to run her tongue all over the head. There was a small spot on the underside that she paid particular attention to, sending almost overwhelming waves of pleasure through him as she teased it with her tongue. It was like the focal point of all the nerves in his body.

He groaned as she stimulated him, somehow keeping it to a whisper, though admittedly a loud one. She smiled as she heard the sounds coming from his mouth; she was enjoying doing this to him.

Then she sucked it in between her lips, and he gasped. At first she took only the head in, and he didn't need to see the compression in her cheeks to know that she was sucking it. The reverse-pressure was an even more intense feeling than the tip of her tongue had been. He began to shudder as the pleasure overtook him.

Even inside her mouth her tongue continued to work it, rolling over and under it as she sucked.

Then, still sucking, she lowered her head and let him slide further into her mouth. Jeff was in heaven. This was the most exquisite feeling in the whole world.

But she wasn't done yet. She lowered further still, and he wondered just how far she was willing to go. He could feel himself at the back of her throat now; there was nowhere to go but down.

That was exactly where she was aiming. He felt himself actually sliding right into her throat as she managed to take his whole length in.

"Oh my god!" he gasped. "I don't believe it!"

She pulled out until she had only about half in her mouth, and laughed around it, no doubt amused by his naïveté. Then she began to move her head up and down, sucking and licking all the while.

His hips began to get into the motion, so she wrapped her hand once more around his cock to help control how deep it went. She bobbed up and down on it, driving him wild with ecstasy. He lay his head back and closed his eyes, blocking out all external stimuli except the feel of her mouth around his cock.

She was moving quickly now, almost violently. It was with only the greatest self-control that he kept himself from grabbing her head and spearing her throat with his dick; she certainly wouldn't appreciate *that*!

Then he felt something happening. The pleasure, already beyond anything he had ever experienced before, began to climb to new heights. It was like a pressure building in him, nearing a boiling point. In a few seconds he was going to explode.

"Oh god oh god oh god oh god!" he began to moan as it intensified. The world was spinning around him; he couldn't think straight. All he knew was that he was about to experience something he had never felt before.

When it hit, he shook with ecstasy. He felt his cock throbbing wildly, and felt something shooting out of it. He was having an orgasm! His first orgasm, in Rachael's willing mouth. She showed him no mercy, but continued sucking as hard as she could as she swallowed everything he gave her.

Somehow he survived the extreme pleasure, the overloading of his senses that he had never even thought possible before. His dick stopped pulsing and the pleasure waned. He found himself lying in his bed literally gasping for breath as Rachael let his softening member slip from his mouth. She licked her lips as she stared up at him with a grin.

"So how was your first orgasm?" she asked.

"My god!" he exclaimed. "That was amazing! I never knew it could feel that good."

"It gets even better," Rachael said, moving up his body. "But you're probably not up to it at the moment."

"Probably not," he replied. "I'm exhausted."

She lay her head down on his chest. Her body against his felt so wonderful, so peaceful and relaxing. Instinctively he wrapped his arm around her.

"Why don't you get some sleep?" she suggested.

"Thanks. I am pretty tired. It's nice to have you here with me."

"I'll wake you in a couple of hours after you've had time to recuperate, and we'll make it official."

"Official?"

"Yes," she grinned. "You haven't had your cock inside a girl's pussy yet, so depending on your definition, you're still technically a virgin."

He laughed. "I guess I am. Just make sure it doesn't stay that way."

"Don't worry; it won't."

Jeff closed his eyes, thrilled at the thought of what she was going to do to him and at the same time, content to just lie here snuggling with her. Her body felt so soft and warm that he almost felt like he could just lie here with her and forget about the sex.

With that wonderful thought, he drifted off to sleep.

Later that night he dreamt that he was lying there immobile while a beautiful woman kissed him all over his face, neck, and chest. He was more than a little aroused, and she kept staring down at his crotch to check on his progress. All in all, it was a wonderful fantasy.

Five minutes later he realized that it wasn't a fantasy, but reality. He had been half awake the whole time, and as full consciousness took him, he recognized the beautiful woman as his aunt Rachael. He slipped his arms around her waist.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," she grinned.

"Is it morning all ready?"

"About four o'clock. A good time for sex."

"I've never heard that before. Four o'clock in the morning is a good time for sex?"

"Of course. Any time is a good time for sex."

He laughed. "Okay, I'll grant you that."

"So judging by your little guy down there," she said, nodding toward his erect member, "it looks like you're ready."

"He's not so little," Jeff complained playfully.

"No he isn't," Rachael conceded. "Okay, your big guy down there."

"Much better."

She rolled onto her back. "But if we're going to do this right, you're going to have to loosen me up a little."

"Loosen you up?"

"Stimulate me."

"Stimulate you?"

Rachael laughed. "You really *aren't* experienced, are you?" she asked.

"I don't think that's in any doubt."

"All right. I'll guide you. You can start by kissing me."

"That much I can do," he grinned. He leaned over and pressed his lips against hers. She closed her eyes and let it happen. A little boldly, he slipped his tongue between her lips, and she accepted it eagerly.

The kiss was absolutely wonderful, and he wanted it to last as long as possible. In the end, it was Rachael who pulled away. "I can't believe it," she said.

"What?" he asked, worried that he had done something wrong.

"I'm *never* the one to break the kiss," she laughed. "It's usually the other person who has to come up for air first."

"I cheated," he grinned. "I breathed through my nose."

She grabbed his head and kissed him again, but this time it was a short one. "Now kiss my neck," she said.

"Yes Mistress," he teased.

"Ooh, I like that! Maybe we can play that game next time. Right now is more a learning experience."

Jeff lowered his head to her neck. As she had done to him, he stuck out his tongue and flicked it against her skin, and she jumped as a chill ran through her body.

"Who taught you that trick?" she asked.

"You did, don't you remember?"

"Oh yeah. Do it again."

He did.

She shuddered in delight as he teased her like that. His licks turned to kisses, which he spread all over her neck. He could hear her breathing growing heavier, and he watched with arousal as her chest rose and fell as she breathed in deeply. Her breasts gave a delightful little jiggle with each movement, which he found very sexy.

"You're staring," she told him.

"Oh, sorry," he said.

"Don't be sorry. I like it. But I'd like it more if you did more than stare."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to touch them."

"Okay!" he grinned enthusiastically, reaching out with his hand. He didn't hesitate, but began to run it all over her breast. She closed her eyes and sighed in pleasure. He took that as a good sign, and began to squeeze and rub it, gently at first but gradually more and more firmly. His fingers went to her nipple, and he ran his fingertip around the outside of the areola. He knew that he was sensitive there, and supposedly girls were even more sensitive, so he wanted to see what her reaction would be.

She sucked in her breath in a loud gasp, which thrust her chest out even more. That meant she was really enjoying it. He continued to trace around it for about thirty more seconds, then pinched her nipple gently between his thumb and forefinger.

"Oh god," she whispered, and he grinned. It was fun to give her pleasure like this.

But the other breast wasn't receiving any attention. He knew what he wanted to do with this one. Instead of touching it with his hand, he leaned down and flicked his tongue against the nipple. The sudden pleasure along with being caught off her guard like that caused her to give out a brief but loud squeal. They both suddenly froze, and Rachael put a hand to her mouth in embarrassment. They lay there immobile for about ten seconds as they listened for any sign that Brit had awakened in the next room. Only after they were sure

that she was still asleep did they dare even start breathing again.

"Sorry, Jeff," said Rachael with a nervous giggle.

"It's my fault," he told her. "I shouldn't have licked you like that."

"No, that's exactly what you *should* have done," she grinned. "In fact, I want you to do it again. I promise I won't shout this time."

"Okay." He lowered himself again and began to tease her nipple with his tongue. Her reaction this time was more subdued. She merely gasped and shuddered with the pleasure of the contact.

He was enjoying this as much as she was. It felt good to be doing this to her, to be causing her body to react in this way. There was a bit of pride there; here he was, an ordinary fourteen-year-old boy, and he was giving pleasure to a nineteen-year-old girl.

"Jeff," she said. "Put your hand between my legs."

He did as instructed, sliding his hand down her abdomen to her pussy. She spread her knees to offer him better access, then put her hand on his and began to guide it in gentle strokes. He felt moisture down there; he had heard that when women got aroused they got wet like that, just like men got hard.

"Do you feel that there?" Rachael asked, placing his fingertips against the top. He felt a little bump. "That's my clitoris," she told him. "It's just as sensitive to me as your dick is to you. So make sure you don't neglect it."

He ran his fingers around it, feeling it growing and opening up for him. She returned to her quiet moaning and heavy breathing as he stimulated it with his fingers. His mouth went back to her nipple, and this time he sucked it in between his lips.

The rest of her pussy was opening up as well. Experimentally, he slid a finger inside.

"Oh god, Jeff, that's good!" Rachael groaned. "Just like that."

He ran his fingers around and inside, feeling her opening up more and more for him. Her body was starting to move now, her hips rocking forward to spear herself on his fingers.

"It's time," she told him. "I want to take your virginity now." She spread her legs even wider than they were already, and he stared down at the beautiful, inviting, pink opening.

He rolled over on top of her, positioning his hips slightly above hers. She grasped his member and placed it against her entrance.

"Now slowly stick it in," she said.

Jeff lowered his hips, gasping at the wonderful feeling of her pussy surrounding the tip of his cock. As he pressed further, he felt the warm softness enveloping him, caressing him.

Finally, he was all the way in, and he was lying completely on top of her.

"Do you like that?" she asked.

"Oh yeah," he replied.

"Then what are you waiting for? Fuck me."

He drew back, then plunged in again. Her own body rose up to meet him. The smile of intense pleasure on her face was enough encouragement. He began to rock back and forth, penetrating deep inside her. He started slowly at first, then gradually built up the tempo.

She wrapped her legs around him and held him there as if forcing him ever deeper inside her. He continued to slam her with his cock, and she bucked underneath him.

They kissed each other passionately, wildly, insanely. It was the most wonderful feeling to lose himself in the lust and just go crazy with her. Somehow they managed to keep one tiny inhibition; rather than scream out like they wanted to, they kept it silent, with only the occasional gasp as momentary spikes in the pleasure shot through them.

He had thought that her mouth had felt exquisite around his cock, but it was nothing compared to her tight little pussy squeezing it and the rest of her body against his. Just like she said, it had been more intense with her mouth, but to not only have the stimulation on his cock, but also to feel her breasts and to be face to face with her supreme beauty was the most amazing feeling in the world.

She began to take charge, controlling the tempo and writhing her hips against his. He was more than happy to let her lead; she was the more experienced of the two after all, and therefore knew what to do better than he did.

He didn't know how long it lasted; the world had disappeared as well as all sense of time. There was nothing but Jeff, Rachael, and the boiling hot passion between them. But that passion wasn't constant; on the contrary, it intensified with every second that passed. He could feel the pleasure building again just like it had with her mouth, and knew that he would reach the ultimate goal soon.

Rachael hit it first. She gritted her teeth and shut her eyes tightly as her body tensed up. He could feel the walls of her pussy tighten, squeezing his cock as she shook with orgasm. He had done it! He had given this girl the ultimate pleasure!

That thought was enough to push him over the peak as well. He slammed into her one last time and released, feeling his cock pulsing inside of her. He gasped with each spasm as he emptied himself deep within her body.



The climax itself lasted for what seemed like forever, but he knew it could only have been a few seconds. Then the pleasure began to fade, leaving him tired and spent. He collapsed on top of Rachael, too weak to move.

"Roll over onto your back," she whispered.

"What?" he asked.

"Roll over onto your back. You may be younger and just a little smaller than me, but you're still pretty heavy."

"Oh, sorry."

She laughed as he rolled off of her. She took her previous position at his side, with her warm body pressing against his and her head on his chest. He put his arm around her.

"Congratulations," she said. "You're no longer a virgin. And by the way, you're the best fuck I've had in a long time."

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## Chapter 12

### A New Experience For Lissa

Jeff woke surprisingly early in the morning, considering his exhaustion from his first sexual experience. Rachael, though, wasn't far behind. They lay there under the covers together for a few minutes, then she grudgingly climbed out of the bed.

"I'd better go get some clothes on before your sister wakes up. I'd hate to have to explain to her why I'm up here and my clothes are all downstairs."

Jeff laughed. She had a point. Rachael quietly slipped out the door, blowing him a kiss before closing it behind her.

He got up and headed for the bathroom for a quick shower, then dressed and headed downstairs. He found Rachael sitting on the couch, dressed in a tee-shirt and shorts. He sat down beside her, and she put an arm around him as she nuzzled him affectionately.

She continued to hang all over him when they went in to breakfast. He enjoyed the attention, especially with someone as beautiful as Rachael.

Once Brit woke up, Rachael's attitude completely changed. She was still friendly and cheerful, but no longer did she fawn over Jeff. She adopted a more respectable demeanor so as not to give Brit any hints that anything had gone on between Jeff and Rachael.

Jeff didn't mind; while he certainly enjoyed Rachael's attention, he was understandably tired. In fact, he was a little worried that Rachael would want to repeat the activities that night. Jeff didn't think he had the energy to perform again.

He took her aside into a different room that morning, and asked her about it. She kissed him on the cheek and told him that it was all right. She understood she could be quite draining on a man (or a woman, she added with a wink), especially since it had been Jeff's first time.

They spent the rest of the morning playing various games. Even without the "special" activities, she was a great babysitter. The three of them had a lot of fun together, and Jeff and Brit almost forgot to annoy each other. Their teasing remained at a minimum.

That afternoon, the three of them climbed into the car and went to pick up Lissa from her party. After returning home, Lissa took a nap for a couple of hours, since she had stayed up late with the rest of the girls and not gotten much sleep.

That evening, Jeff decided to go to bed early, since he hadn't had much more sleep than Lissa. It was ironic;

the first chance he got to stay up as long as he wanted, he was in bed by 9:00. Rachael came in to "tuck him in," and gave him a long, deep, open-mouthed kiss. Then she left him there, and he fell immediately to sleep.

Brit wanted to stay up later, but Rachael had made a promise, so she made sure Brit went to bed at the same time. That left Lissa, who also decided to go to bed right away. She first wanted to take a shower, so she went to her room, stripped off her clothes, and entered the bathroom.

After the long day, the hot water felt good. It really helped her to relax so much that she almost fell asleep right on her feet. She spent a few minutes enjoying the shower, then turned off the water and dried herself off.

Lissa wrapped a towel around herself and stepped out of the bathroom. She was surprised to see Rachael sitting on her bed. The girl was dressed in a thin tee-shirt and panties.

"What are you doing in my room?" Lissa asked.

"I wanted to talk with you, if you don't mind," replied Rachael. "I spent all yesterday and today with Jeff and Brit, but I haven't had a chance to get to know you yet."

"Next time, knock first."

"I did, but you didn't answer because you were in the shower. I just didn't want to wait downstairs."

"But I might have come out of the bathroom naked."

"I don't mind. Look, I'm sorry for invading your privacy. I didn't realize you were going to get angry about it, or I would have waited. I really don't want you to be mad at me. Forgive me?"

She sounded so sincere that Lissa decided just to drop the whole thing. "Okay, I forgive you," she replied, then strode over and sat down on the bed next to her.

"My sister told me you were the only one hesitant about her marrying your father," Rachael commented.

"Yeah, I suppose it's because I saw her as too perfect. Sometimes I wonder if she's even human. I mean, she's beautiful, she's smart, she's nice, and she's got a great sense of humor. Any flaws she has, she hides very well."

"So what made you change your mind?"

Lissa stared at Rachael for a second. Did she dare tell her? What if she revealed something that Rachael didn't know about already? She decided to find out first.

"Rachael, do you know why Allison lost her job?" she asked.

"For having sex with one of her students."

Lissa sighed. "Okay, so you do know. Good. Well, Allison confessed that to me. So once I saw that she does occasionally make mistakes, that made her seem more real to me, and not just a fantasy."

"So you fantasize about Allison?"

"No!" Lissa said, growing red. "I didn't mean it like that!"

"I know," Rachael laughed. "I just couldn't resist. But at any rate, it sounds like you've put her on a pedestal, which isn't too surprising. It was a little hard growing up with her, since she *was* so perfect. Everyone always compared me to her, and you can guess the result."

"That must have been frustrating."

Rachael stretched and yawned, then lay back on the bed and stared up at the ceiling. "I got really jealous sometimes, always being second best. I went through a stage where I hated her. Fortunately that only lasted a couple of months."

"I'm sorry, Rachael."

"For what?"

"I'm just sorry that it was so painful for you growing up."

"Thanks. I appreciate your sympathy, but there's no need, really. Do you know what ended my hatred finally?"

"What?"

"Allison did. One day after I blew up at her and ran to my room crying, she came to talk to me. I was shocked to see tears in her own eyes. It was the first time I had ever seen her cry. As it turned out, she had been suffering right along with me. She hated to see me upset, so every time I got mad at her, it really bothered her. So after I told her what was wrong, she hugged me for a while. You might have noticed, Allison's really nice to hug."

"I suppose so. Jeff seems to think so," Lissa smiled.

"I'm not surprised. So we just hugged each other for a long time. Then she kissed me on the forehead. I remember that so well. And then..." Rachael suddenly stopped. She closed her eyes and sighed, a tiny smile on her lips.

"What?" asked Lissa.

Rachael opened her eyes again. "I don't think I should tell you the rest," she said.

"Why not?"

"Lissa, how open-minded are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are you open to new experiences? New sensations?"

"I'm not sure what you're getting at."

"Allison's talked about you quite a lot. Maybe I'm reading too much into this, but I have some suspicions about you."

"What kind of suspicions?" asked Lissa defensively.

"First, am I right in assuming that you're the mature one in this family?"

Lissa laughed. "It's not hard to be more mature than Jeff or Brit."

"I know, but I think that ever since your mother left, you've had to grow up too fast. The truth is that I suspect that you're missing your teenage years."

"I am not!" Lissa insisted, but it was more a reflexive response to what she considered to be an insult. In fact, she had thought the same thing several times.

"I'm sorry," said Rachael. "I didn't mean to offend you. I just meant that you act much more like an adult than is perhaps healthy for a girl your age. Other girls are out chasing boys, but you're here being a surrogate mother to Jeff and Brit."

"What are you talking about? They already have a stepmother. Why do they need me?"

"Do you really see Allison as a mother figure?"

"Well... no, not really."

"Maybe you don't realize it, but in the absence of a mother, you've taken on that role because you're the oldest girl in the house other than Allison. Your siblings trust you. They love you. I think that's great for *them*, but in my opinion it's not good for *you*."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for instance, when is the last time you went out on a date?"

"There's nothing wrong with me not dating right now," said Lissa, still defensive. "I'm only sixteen, and I've got an after-school job, so I really don't have much time." But deep down inside, she realized that Rachael was getting a little too close to the truth. In fact, she had gotten a job partly so that she had an excuse not to go out. There would be plenty of time for that later, she had decided, but now with Rachael confronting her

about it, she felt self-conscious about it.

"A girl with your face and body could have your pick of any boy in the school," Rachael commented. "A good portion of the girls, too."

"That's gross!" Lissa exclaimed.

"I'm just saying there are a lot more lesbians than care to admit it. I'll bet a lot of girls steal glances at you in the P.E. shower room."

"Shut up!" Lissa snapped, growing red.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you. My point is, you've built this shell around yourself, keeping yourself away from everyone else."

Now Lissa was getting mad. Rachael didn't even know her, and she was making all these assumptions. "How do you know?" she demanded.

"I told you, Allison's talked to me about you. She adores you, did you know that?"

Lissa's astonishment suddenly overcame her anger. "Allison... adores *me*?" she stammered.

"Absolutely," Rachael smiled. "She told me she was hesitant about going through with her plan to marry a rich millionaire at first, but after spending time with you, she lost all of her fears, and decided that she wanted to be a part of your family. Not Jeff's, not Brit's, not even Greg's, but yours."

"But why me? I'm nothing special."

"Wrong. You're the only woman in this family that could talk to her as an equal. She's never gotten used to the idea of being an adult, so in some ways she's pretty childish. And you are very mature for your age, sometimes even more mature than she is. That puts you at least at her level."

"I'm nowhere near Allison's level."

"She seems to think so, and that's what she loves so much about you. You may not realize this, but she told me you're her best friend."

Lissa couldn't help but smile with pride. Allison, the most perfect woman in the whole world, actually thought of *her* as her best friend.

"Personally, I think it's wonderful," continued Rachael. "I'm happy for Allison, and I'm happy for you, although I'll admit I'm a little jealous."

"Jealous?" asked Lissa.

"I'm her baby sister," Rachael explained. "But now there's someone she likes even more than she likes me."

Lissa didn't know what to think. Her emotions had been tossed back and forth throughout the conversation. She had been embarrassed, angry, surprised, and proud all in the space of about two minutes. Now, looking at the girl, she felt pity for her. It was true that Rachael was Allison's little sister, and now Lissa had, in a sense, come between them. She could understand the girl's jealousy; Lissa had a little sister that she loved too.

"I'm sorry, Rachael," she said. "I didn't mean to--"

"Oh, don't worry. It's all right," Rachael smiled. She sat up again. "These things happen when people grow up. Allison is a different person than she was six years ago, and so am I. You know what? That's okay. It doesn't mean we love each other any less."

Lissa nodded, happy that Rachael was taking it so well.

"If it's okay with you," said Rachael, "I'd like to be your friend too."

Lissa could feel the sincerity in her words, and she decided that despite being angry at her earlier, she appreciated the girl's honesty and openness. Rachael was much like Allison in that respect. Impulsively, Lissa threw her arms around Rachael in a hug.

"Of course you can be my friend," she told her. "You're right; I've built a wall around myself, and so I don't have many friends, so anyone willing to put forth the effort is very welcome."

After they drew apart, Rachael asked, "So now that we're friends, can I give you a little constructive criticism?"

"Sure," Lissa smiled.

"First, the psychological evaluation. In Dr. Rachael's opinion," she said, and Lissa laughed, "you've gotten too comfortable in your role as the mature one, and you haven't yet learned that maturity doesn't mean you can't have fun. You're afraid to go out on dates, or even to talk to boys, because you might, heaven forbid, enjoy yourself."

"Hey, that's not really fair."

"Lissa, can you tell me honestly that you know how to enjoy yourself?"

"Of course I do. For example, I enjoyed myself over at my friend's house this weekend."

"Tell me something, Lissa. What was the first thing you thought of when she invited you over?"

"I don't know."

"Think."

"Okay, I almost said no. It was my first time sleeping over at someone else's house, and I was a little afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

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

"I do. You're afraid of trying new things. That's your biggest problem. You see adults as people who have settled down into a particular lifestyle, who don't have time for fun. Maturity, to you, is to accept your place in the world and never vary from your routine."

"That's pretty harsh, Rachael," said Lissa, but at the same time, she wondered if it were really true. Had she really forgotten how to have fun because she thought it was incompatible with maturity?

"Since we're friends now," Rachael told her, "I'm not going to lie to you. I'm sorry if it makes you uncomfortable, but that's just how I see you. Look, I want to help you, Lissa. You don't have to stop enjoying yourself just because you're growing up."

Lissa sighed. There was a certain logic to that. Maybe Rachael could actually help her there. "Okay, so what does 'Dr. Rachael' recommend?" she asked.

"Do you want my honest opinion?"

"Yes."

"Okay. You need to do something completely out of character, something completely spontaneous, something wild and reckless, without worrying about the consequences."

Lissa nodded. It made perfect sense. The best way for Lissa to overcome her fears was to confront them directly. She really did need to do something different. The only question was what?

"Wild and reckless," Lissa repeated. "You mean like skydiving?"

"That would work, but it's not exactly something you can do spontaneously. You have to plan it, usually weeks in advance."

"So what do you suggest?"

"Since relationships are your problem, I think that's where we need to focus our attention. Here's an idea. Find the cutest guy in the school, go up to him, and ask him to have sex with you."

Lissa's eyes opened wide with astonishment. "Oh my god, Rachael! That's... I mean... I couldn't do that." The idea was terrifying, but at the same time, she recognized that that was partly because of her conservative upbringing, and partly because of her fear of having fun. The more she thought about it, the more she came to



realize that it was just the thing to help her. But her inhibitions were too powerful; she could never bring herself to do that.

"Why not?" asked Rachael.

"Well for one thing, I can't just go around having sex with strangers."

"One of your friends then."

"I don't have any male friends." That was true, but it had never really bothered her until now. Suddenly, however, she felt like it was some kind of failing on her part.

Lissa was completely unprepared for Rachael's next comment. "What about Jeff?" she asked. "I'm sure he'd be happy to oblige you."

Lissa began to grow red. It wasn't that the suggestion abhorred her; she had been fantasizing about that very thing for months now, and had even taken a few steps in that direction. But to have someone actually come out and say it...

"That's disgusting," she said to cover her embarrassment and excitement. "He's my brother."

"So you know he loves you. Much better than a stranger, wouldn't you say?"

"But that's just... wrong."

Rachael shrugged. "That's what most people claim, but I've never put much stock in the opinions of others. Unless you can give me a good, logical reason why it's wrong, I'm not convinced."

"I can't give you a good, logical reason, and I'm not going to try," Lissa told her. "You can believe whatever you want. But we're talking about me here, not you. And I happen to believe that it's wrong."

"All right, I'll concede that point. But that means it will have to be someone else."

"I don't know, Rachael. Whoever it is, I could get pregnant."

Rachael shrugged. "Good point. Of course, there's a simple solution to that problems."

"What?"

"Are you sure you want to hear this?" asked Rachael. "I mean, it might make you even more uncomfortable than you are right now."

Lissa considered. She was growing embarrassed again, but on the other hand, she really did want to know how to overcome her fear of trying new things. "Just tell me," she said.

"Ask one of your girlfriends to do it," smiled Rachael.

If Lissa was shocked before, she was doubly so now. The thought of actually doing that with another girl was horrifying! And yet at the same time, it would certainly qualify as a new experience.

"I can't believe you just said that, Rachael," she breathed.

"Now that I think of it, that's absolutely perfect," Rachael continued, ignoring Lissa's last comment. "For a straight girl like you, a little lesbian sex would be the best thing to break you out of your shell. You have no idea how liberating it is until you try it."

That sounded suspiciously like Rachael knew that from first-hand experience! "So... have you done that before?" Lissa asked, hesitantly.

Rachael stared at her for a second, as if trying to decide whether to answer her. "You know what we were talking about earlier, about Allison and me coming to an understanding?" she finally asked.

"Yes."

"After she kissed me on the forehead, she kissed me again. This time on the lips."

Lissa gasped. The mental image was so dirty, yet the forbidden nature of it also thrilled her. She had no idea that two sisters would ever do something like that together.

"You're not serious!" she breathed.

"Yes I am. We kissed, then we took our clothes off, lay down on the bed, and made love. That was when I decided to stop hating her, because no matter how perfect she was, by giving herself to me she was in a sense sharing that perfection. It was my first sexual experience by the way, with a boy or a girl."

"I don't know if I want to hear any more."

"Don't worry, that's really all there is to tell. I was thirteen, she was eighteen. A few months later she went off to college, so we didn't have much chance after that to continue our relationship. She made me a promise, however, because she didn't want me to feel like she was abandoning me."

"What kind of promise?"

"She promised that she would share all of her lovers with me."

"She what?"

"Allison refuses to get into any kind of intimate relationship unless I'm involved."

"So did you... get involved with that guy on the video?"

"Him? Actually he was my boyfriend first. I think he was using me to get to Allison, not that I really minded, since she would have just shared him anyway. The three of us would probably still be together if it weren't for the fact that he betrayed her by making that video. That's something I can never forgive."

Lissa suddenly had another thought, one that was frightening in its implications.

"What about... Dad?" she asked.

Rachael, however, had no qualms about answering the question. "She hasn't worked up the courage to ask him yet. You see, your dad's a bit of a problem because he's more conservative than most of her previous lovers, and she's so afraid of offending him, because she's terrified of losing this family. But one day she'll find a way to ask him. Maybe sooner rather than later," Rachael added with a wink.

"What's that supposed to mean?" asked Lissa.

Rachael laughed. "Just that I'm not driving back until Monday morning. And your dad and my sister get back from their trip on Sunday night."

"You don't mean..."

"I do."

"So you would actually... seduce my dad?"

"He's quite a handsome man, considering his age. Your whole family is good-looking. You're beautiful, Jeff is so gorgeous I can't stand it, and even Brit looks like she's going to turn into a real knockout in a couple of years. So to answer your question, yes. I would love to seduce him. But he's not who we're talking about here. We're talking about you."

"Me?"

"Yes. I told you my idea for helping you come out of your shell. So what do you think?"

"You mean you think I should actually make love to another girl?"

"Exactly."

"I don't know... It sounds so--"

"Before you start throwing adjectives around, keep in mind, that's the whole point. You need to do something that is abhorrent to you just so that you can discover that it's not as bad as you think. You might even enjoy it."

"I'm still not convinced. For one thing, I don't know if any of my friends are gay, so I wouldn't know who to ask."

"That does present a bit of a problem. I wonder..."

Then she stared at Lissa. Lissa couldn't read the expression in her eyes.

"There's one thing we could do..." Rachael said. "I'm almost hesitant to bring it up."

"What is it?"

"No, I'd better not."

"What are you talking about?"

"Just forget it, Lissa. It was just a fleeting thought."

"Now you've got me curious."

"Okay, but you have to promise not to get mad."

"I promise."

Rachael sighed. "If your problem is that you can't find a girl who would be willing to do this with you, it seems there's a simple solution right before you."

"What do you mean?"

Rachael grinned. "I mean, it's literally right before you."

Lissa stared at her in puzzlement for a second. Then she opened her eyes wide and gasped. "*You?*" she asked, astonished.

"I'd be happy to help you out like this. Hell, I'd love every minute of it. What do you say?"

"But I'm not--"

"Exactly! That's the point. It's *because* you're not a lesbian that you should do this."

Lissa shivered. Despite how horrible the thought was, there was something enticing about the woman's offer. Lissa did want to learn to open up, to break out of her shell and have fun. She knew that her reserved, conservative nature was holding her back. Even her disgust at the idea of doing those strange and creepy things with Rachael was a part of that weakness.

"You're not doing this because you want..." Lissa began, but couldn't make herself finish the sentence.

"Well, I'll admit that it's not *only* for your benefit," Rachael smiled. "To tell you the truth, I find you very attractive. If the roles were reversed and you were to make the same offer to me, I would accept in an

instant."

Lissa blushed, embarrassed but also flattered by Rachael's words. She had never been one to take compliments well, and considering the implications, she was surprised she wasn't completely mortified. But Rachael was very friendly and she seemed sincere.

Rachael reached out and put her hand on Lissa's cheek. "Look, I'm sorry if I embarrassed you," she said. "If I'm making you feel at all uncomfortable, just tell me and I'll leave you alone."

"It's okay," Lissa replied. "It doesn't bother me."

"Really?"

"Well, not really. It does bother me a little, but it's okay. I'm not mad at you or anything, but I don't think I'm ready to do this."

"I understand. I hope you don't think I'm disgusting or horrible for suggesting it. I've just never been the type to be shy about sex. When I have those kinds of feelings toward someone, I tell them."

"I guess I can understand that. Allison says I'm very honest with my feelings, although I suppose I've been brought up not to talk about certain subjects."

"Like sex," Rachael nodded. "Go ahead and say it."

"Okay, sex. I've been brought up not to talk about sex."

"And that's part of the problem. Sex is so taboo to you that you can't even say it."

"Apparently you don't have that problem," Lissa grinned.

"Nothing's taboo to me. I won't go into any details except to say that if I told you some of my previous exploits, you'd run screaming from the room."

Lissa laughed.

"So anyway, I don't suppose there's any way of changing your mind about having sex with me?"

"No there isn't," Lissa replied, though only half-heartedly. In fact, even just since the beginning of the conversation, some of her inhibitions had dropped. Rachael made it sound like it was so simple. It was like she was asking Lissa if she wanted to play a game or go shopping with her. In fact, Lissa realized, it probably was that simple to Rachael. It was just an activity to her, just like sports or swimming or reading.

"I have an idea," said Rachael.

"Why do I get the impression that this is going to end up bad?" Lissa laughed.

"That depends on what you mean by bad," Rachael replied. "And you just might change your definition by the time I'm through with you. So do you want to hear my idea?"

Lissa shrugged. It admittedly sounded intriguing.

"You're open to the idea of doing something against your character in order to help you to open up to new experiences, but you're frightened to take such a big step all at once. Am I right?"

"More or less."

"So we'll take small steps instead."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean we'll take it slow. A little kissing, a little touching, and hopefully on to the grand finale. I don't know how far you're willing to go, and I don't think you do either. But there's no harm in finding out, is there?"

"I don't know..."

"Look, let's just start. At any point you can tell me to stop, and I will."

Lissa considered. She did want to learn to try new things, and this sounded harmless enough. She could call it off at any point that she felt uncomfortable, but at least she would know that she had made the effort. That had to count for something. Still, she didn't feel comfortable with even the most innocent of sexual contact with Rachael.

"Maybe..." she said.

Rachael grinned. "I like the sound of that. Look, we'll start simply. I'll give you a shoulder massage. That should be all right, shouldn't it?"

Lissa nodded. It seemed innocent enough. After all, her mother used to do that to her sometimes, so there was nothing wrong with it.

"Come sit down in front of me," Rachael told her. Lissa slid off the bed, and Rachael took her place behind her.

From the first touch, Lissa began to relax. Rachael's hands on her bare shoulders felt wonderful. The girl certainly knew how to give a massage. Her fingers kneaded Lissa's shoulders, working her collarbone and shoulder blades. Every motion seemed to suck out the tension, making her feel more and more at ease. She realized that she had never been massaged on her bare skin before; it had always been when she wore a shirt. The difference was astounding. There was something thrilling about feeling the girl's hands touching her without clothes to get in the way. Perhaps that was why massages were typically done on a person's bare back.

Lissa surprised herself by sighing. Rachael laughed at that. "I take that as a compliment," she said.

"Okay, I admit it feels good," Lissa conceded.

"I can make you feel *really* good if you want," Rachael told her. "Just say the word."

"Not yet," Lissa replied.

"Can't blame me for trying. Anyway, I'd like to work on the rest of you, but you're going to have to take your towel off for that."

Lissa tensed up a little, and Rachael noticed it.

"It's okay," she soothed. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to. I would love to see your body, but it's completely up to you."

Lissa let herself relax again. Rachael was being a very good sport about the whole thing, and she seemed genuinely interested in helping Lissa. Perhaps this wasn't so bad after all.

"Why don't we go half way?" Rachael suggested. "You get up on the bed and I'll give you a more traditional massage."

"You mean, without my towel on?"

"Exactly. You'll only be exposing yourself from behind."

Lissa took a couple of seconds to consider the request, then nodded. It wouldn't be nearly as bad if all that Rachael could see of her was her back. She climbed back up onto the bed, and Rachael gave her an encouraging smile. Lissa lay down on her stomach, keeping her legs tightly together so as not to give the woman a chance view of more than just her back. She turned her head and considered keeping her arms tight against her side, but then she wrapped her arms around her pillow instead, taking a deep breath to steel her nerves. That would give Rachael access to at least the sides of her breasts, she knew, but since she could stop it at any time, there was no reason not to be bold.

Rachael reached for the knot in the towel and unfastened it. A moment later Lissa felt a cool draft on her back.

"Absolutely gorgeous," Rachael commented. "I hope you at least let me see you from the front later."

"Do a good job and maybe I'll make that your reward," giggled Lissa. In truth, this whole situation felt exhilarating. It was so naughty and wicked, but that was what made it so exciting.

A moment later she felt Rachael's hands on her back, and the same feeling she had had on her shoulders a few minutes before returned. She realized there was nothing wrong with what was happening right now; she could hire a professional masseuse to do exactly this same thing to her and nobody would think there was

anything sexual about it at all. Only the thoughts that must be going through Rachael's mind right now made it anything other than innocent.

"Jeff really liked it when I massaged his back," Rachael commented. Lissa opened her eyes in shock. In most circumstances, she wouldn't think twice about it. But knowing Rachael like she did, there was an unspoken message there.

"Was it... was it like this?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" asked Rachael.

"I mean, on the bed with... with his clothes off?"

"No. I was on the couch and he was on the floor in front of me, just like you and I were a few minutes ago."

"And he had his clothes on?"

"Exactly. I got him to rub my back afterward. He's got great hands. If you ever want a good back rub, ask Jeff to do it for you."

"Really?"

"Really. You're lucky that you get to live with him. If I were you, I would take advantage of it as often as possible."

"So it was just a back rub then."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, you didn't..."

"Didn't what?"

"You didn't have sex with him?"

"Of course I did," Rachael laughed. "I wouldn't pass up an opportunity like that with such a gorgeous guy."

Lissa gasped. "You're not serious!" she exclaimed.

"Come on, Lissa. You know I don't see anything wrong with it. And he's a fourteen-year-old boy, so naturally he would jump at the chance to do it with me. Fuck false modesty; I'm well aware of the fact that I'm a good-looking girl. Especially since I resemble my sister so much, and you and I both know he's got a thing for her."

"So you just had sex with him? Just like that?"



"Not just like that. He took a little bit of encouragement, just like you. In his case, it took some special equipment: a tiny little bikini and a hair dryer."

"A hair dryer?"

"Secret weapon," Rachael explained. "I'd tell you, but then I'd have to kill you."

Lissa was astounded. This woman who was trying to seduce her had done exactly the same thing to her little brother only a day before! Lissa had experimented with Jeff a little, but nothing had come of it. Now Rachael had finished what Lissa had started. She felt a little jealous, but quickly suppressed those feelings. The truth was that no matter how inappropriate the woman's actions had been, they were in fact much more appropriate than Lissa's own. She couldn't fault her for that.

"Does it bother you that I slept with your little brother?" asked Rachael.

"A little," Lissa admitted. "I suppose as his big sister, I feel an obligation to protect him from... well..."

"From girls like me," Rachael finished for her.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to imply anything."

"Fuck that. I know exactly what kind of girl I am, and I'm proud of it. But don't worry. I was just giving Jeff a little educational experience. It will be good for him."

"Maybe," said Lissa.

"Anyway, let's drop the subject. It's not good manners to fantasize about one person while you're seducing another," Rachael laughed, and Lissa joined in. It was true; Rachael was seducing her. But the fact that she was so open and honest about it took all of the edge off of the horror of the idea.

Just then, Rachael leaned in and kissed Lissa on the shoulder, just below her neck. Once again Lissa tensed up, but forced herself to relax. She also wanted to take this as far as she could, and that meant giving in to a few simple pleasures like that. It wasn't even enough to just allow Rachael to do it; Lissa had to enjoy it.

Rachael kissed her again, a little lower than before, and Lissa allowed herself to let the sensation stimulate her. Now she had crossed the first real line; there was certainly nothing innocent about this. But she was determined to keep going. Besides, it really did feel nice.

Rachael's kisses worked all over her back. It was completely random, lacking any kind of pattern. That was what was so exciting about it. With no way to anticipate it, she was left unprepared and vulnerable to the stimulation. It bypassed any kind of defenses she might put up, working directly on her naked skin.

Suddenly she felt Rachael's lips on her buttocks, and she had to giggle at that. It was a little embarrassing, but Rachael apparently didn't think so, as she kissed her all over.

"You surprise me," Lissa commented. "I figured you're usually the dominant one in a relationship."

"I am," Rachael replied.

"So then why are you so good at kissing my ass?" Lissa laughed.

In reply, Rachael playfully bit her on one of her cheeks. Lissa yelped, then began to giggle.

"Auntie Rachael hurt poor little Lissa," Rachael said. "Let me kiss it better." She did.

Lissa sighed. Now that the initial shock had worn off, she found this new experience actually quite stimulating.

"It sounds like you're enjoying this," Rachael told her.

"Believe it or not, I am," she admitted.

"Should we go on to the next stage?"

"What's that?"

"Let me take my clothes off, and I'll show you."

Lissa turned her head and glanced at her. She wondered if she should put a stop to this right now. With both of them naked, the seduction would naturally speed up. But she found that she actually *wanted* to see Rachael naked.

"Go ahead," she said.

Rachael pulled her shirt over her head and dropped it on the floor, revealing her bare chest. Lissa forced herself to look at it, a surprisingly easy task. She had seen other girls naked before after all, and Allison had once insisted that she look directly at her body. Rachael's was quite nice. Lissa suddenly wondered what it would feel like to touch it.

"You like?" asked Rachael.

"I don't know," Lissa replied. "Maybe. I mean, I would if I were a guy. Or a lesbian."

"Well, we'll see if we can't get a more positive answer from you by the end of the night," Rachael grinned, then pulled off her panties. Like her sister, she was hairless between her legs.

"Are you ready for the next step?" Rachael asked. Lissa nodded, a little afraid. She watched as Rachael climbed onto the bed, and then lay down on top of her. Lissa shivered as she felt the girl's naked body pressed up against her. She could feel Rachael's breasts against her back, especially the hard buds of her nipples. It was the first time she had ever felt a girl's body like that.

Rachael kissed her on the back of the neck as she slid her arms around Lissa's body. Her hands came to rest beneath her chest, just below her breasts.

"What do you think of that?" Rachael breathed.

"It's hard to say," answered Lissa. "It feels kind of weird."

"But kind of nice too?"

"Maybe."

"Tell the truth, Lissa."

"Okay, fine. I like the warmth and the softness. It still bothers me a little to be doing this, though."

"Remember, you can stop me any time you want."

"I know. Maybe I can go on a little further."

"You're a brave girl. I like that. If you're willing to go as far as I want you to, I'll make sure you get a nice reward for your effort."

"What kind of reward?"

Rachael leaned in and pressed her lips up next to Lissa's ear. "An orgasm," she whispered.

Lissa shuddered as she thought about how that would feel. It was a dirty thought, but she couldn't deny that it also excited her.

"You like that, don't you?" asked Rachael.

"Maybe."

"Well, all you have to do is accept the reward. That's it. I don't even care if you reciprocate, because giving you that kind of pleasure is reward enough for me." She kissed Lissa on the cheek. "You're such a beautiful girl," she whispered, and Lissa found that it didn't bother her. Rachael continued to kiss her, and all of the tension she had felt earlier seemed to melt away. She couldn't believe how good it felt to lie here with Rachael on top of her. It was so relaxing she felt like just drifting off to sleep.

Rachael had other ideas. "Lissa?" she asked.

"Mmm."

"Are you ready to continue?"

"Maybe. What do I have to do now?"

"Turn over on your back."

Lissa gasped. So this was it. If she didn't end this right now, she would expose herself to the girl's lusty eyes. Then it would be very easy for Rachael to...

"It's okay if you don't want to," Rachael told her. "If you just want to lie here like this for a while longer, I don't mind."

"No, it's all right. I'll turn over. I just have to work up the courage to do it."

Rachael climbed back off of her, and Lissa took a few deep breaths. Rachael put her hands back on Lissa's shoulders and began to rub them for a minute, then put gentle yet firm pressure on them to help turn her over. That was just what Lissa needed. She really didn't have to put forth much effort, just give in to Rachael's strength.

A moment later she found herself staring up at Rachael's smiling face, completely naked and vulnerable. Rachael ran her eyes all over Lissa's body, her smile widening as she saw it. Rather than feeling embarrassed, Lissa felt only complimented that her babysitter seemed to like what she saw.

"Absolutely stunning," Rachael breathed. She lowered her head and pressed her lips to Lissa's. Lissa closed her eyes and tried to relax. It was the first time another woman had ever kissed her like that, and she tried to enjoy it. After all, it was really no different than kissing a boy. Somehow she just couldn't convince herself of that.

Rachael noticed her hesitation and drew back. "It's all right," she said softly. "I know it's not easy for you."

"I'm sorry; I'm just not used to doing things like this."

Rachael climbed up onto the bed next to her and put her hand on Lissa's bare stomach. Lissa had a moment of panic, but Rachael kept her hand there, not moving it. She leaned in and kissed Lissa on the cheek.

That was much easier to accept, since it was no different from receiving a kiss from her mother or sister.

"Next I'm going to start fondling you," Rachael whispered in her ear. "But I won't do it until you say that I can. Just tell me when you're ready."

Lissa nodded, closing her eyes and breathing deeply, trying to work up the courage. She was actually going to go through with it! She was going to get felt up by another girl! As disgusting as that seemed, she also felt an uneasy excitement at the thought. There was something strangely appealing about knowing that soon she would be touched by someone other than herself, especially a woman.

"Go ahead," she whispered, almost imperceptibly, her eyes still shut tight as if blocking out the sight would somehow offer some protection against the experience.

She felt Rachael's hand slide upward along her stomach, to the base of her rib cage, then slowly higher, and higher...

It didn't feel anywhere near as bad as she had expected. Her aunt had soft hands and a gentle touch. It was warm and soft and even relaxing. She couldn't believe she was letting a girl do this to her, and even more, that she was actually enjoying it. It wasn't difficult for Lissa to let herself go and just accept the wonderful caress.

Rachael sat up, and a moment later Lissa felt her other breast being fondled as well. It was a massage more than anything else, with Rachael's hands running over them, squeezing and kneading them gently. Lissa even let out a sigh.

"Do you like that?" Rachael asked her.

Lissa nodded.

"Do you want me to play with your nipples?"

Lissa hesitated for a moment, then bit her lower lip and blushed as she nodded again.

Rachael's fingers sought out the hardening buds and began to tease them. She rubbed and squeezed them between her fingers, sending thrills through Lissa's body. It was a bit ticklish but at the same time very pleasurable. This was a technique she hadn't tried herself while masturbating, but from now on she would have to practice it. She couldn't believe how aroused she was getting from the feel of her aunt's hands on her.

After about ten minutes of this as Lissa's pleasure grew and her breathing became deeper and more labored, Rachael lowered herself and kissed Lissa on the chest just below her neck. Lissa gasped at the sudden, unexpected contact.

"Do you want me to kiss them?" Rachael asked.

"Oh my god!" Lissa exclaimed. What an experience that would be to have another girl's mouth on her nipples! It was so wrong, yet so enticing! Even as she nodded, she couldn't believe what she was doing. She opened her eyes now, watching Rachael's head lower along her body as she kissed her way down to one of Lissa's breasts. Rachael stopped at the nipple, kissing all around it and then finally putting her lips right on the pleasurable center.

There was no doubt about it now, Lissa was losing herself in the pleasure. Now that she had come this far, she knew she was going to see it through to the end. Her breaths came in gasps now, the rising of her chest thrusting her breast right against Rachael's mouth. Rachael, sensing that she no longer had to ask permission, began to work the nipple over with her tongue, causing her niece to make little mewling sounds. Almost unconsciously, Lissa put her hands up and placed them behind Rachael's head, pulling her in. Rachael giggled and began to suck, realizing the effect she was having.

She switched to the other breast, but her hand took her head's place at the original one. It was almost too much for Lissa to bear. How could she be deriving such pleasure from another woman? It was raw, it was lustful, it was passionate, it was like nothing she had ever felt before. Not even when she had lost her virginity had she felt this good. Perhaps if her boyfriend had been a little more experienced he might have been able to do this to her, but in fact, nobody had ever given her this much pleasure but her aunt Rachael.

Lissa released Rachael's head with one of her hands and let it slide down her body toward the center of her sex. Sensing the motion, Rachael grabbed it and held it away.

"Why...?" Lissa began, frustrated and a little angry that Rachael was withholding this from her. But as her aunt moved her head off of her breast and began kissing down her chest toward her stomach, Lissa suddenly realized what was about to happen.

"Oh shit!" she exclaimed. "Really?" She very seldom swore; those words just weren't used in the Primdale household. But her excitement was getting the better of her. She was no longer responsible for anything she did; the pleasure had taken control of her and she was powerless before it.

Rachael worked lower and lower, kissing and licking her all over her stomach. The anticipation was so overwhelming that Lissa was almost in tears. How could this be happening to her? If there was some kind of cosmic justice, was she being rewarded or punished? At this point she really couldn't tell which. All she knew was that she was taking immense pleasure in this horrifying and disgusting act.

As Rachael neared the goal, Lissa couldn't help herself. "Oh god!" she moaned. "Oh god oh god oh god oh god!" The pleasure was mounting. She didn't even know if she could hold on long enough for Rachael to reach the target; even the anticipation was nearly enough to tip her over the edge.

Then suddenly, it happened. She felt her aunt's moist tongue running all over her pussy, licking up and down the slit and teasing her clitoris. The feeling could only be described as electrical, like being shocked. Wave after wave of pleasure washed over her. Rachael reached up with her hands and gently spread the lips, which were already sensitive enough now that they parted easily. Then Rachael thrust her tongue inside, causing Lissa to cry out in delightful torment and place her hands once more on Rachael's head to pull her almost violently in. Her hips thrust forward, mashing the girl's head against her body. It was beyond pleasure now; it was intense and exquisite and delicious. Her whole body shook with the most powerful orgasm she had ever experienced. She didn't know it was even possible for a person to feel this good!

Then she was past the peak, and the wonderful pleasure began to ebb. It was almost a shame to let it go, but at the same time, she couldn't remember the last time she had felt so exhausted. Rachael continued to lap at her for five minutes as the aftershocks coursed through Lissa, causing her to spasm uncontrollably with each breath. Slowly the pleasure waned until she found herself, completely spent, lying naked on the bed with her aunt between her legs.

She began to grow red from embarrassment. What had she done? She had completely lost control, giving in to such unnatural carnal desires. How could she, Lissa Primdale, have allowed herself to feel such pleasure

from a woman?

But when Rachael slid back up to lie down beside her with an adoring smile and a tender kiss on the cheek, Lissa realized that it wasn't so bad after all. It wasn't something that she would ever do again, but that didn't mean she wouldn't look back on this night with fondness.

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## Chapter 13

### The Pajama Club

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Allison asked Greg as they sat in their hotel room on Saturday morning. Despite easily being able to afford it, Greg had never been to Las Vegas before, but Allison had come up with the idea of spending a weekend there. So far he had blown a couple of grand at the casinos, just pocket change to a wealthy man like him. But that wasn't the real reason they were here. Tonight, Allison had something planned for him, something she had kept secret except for a bare minimum of information.

"Hey, you're the one who insisted on dragging me along," he joked. "Don't tell me you're getting cold feet."

"Me? No, of course not. I just wanted to make sure you weren't going to back out at the last minute. After all, this is something unlike anything you've ever done before."

"I think it will be good for me. You know me; I'm just a boring old man who doesn't know how to have fun."

"That's not true!" Allison exclaimed.

"Well, compared to you, I don't know how to have fun," he qualified.

"Okay, maybe that's true," she smiled, and they both laughed.

"But seriously," he said, "you seem so free, so unrestrained, and yet, you also seem a lot happier than me. Sometimes I'm jealous. So maybe I just need to learn to loosen up a little, and I think this is going to help."

"Okay, but you have to admit, this is kind of a big first step. If you're at all uncomfortable with it, we can call the whole thing off. We can just spend some time alone right here in our room."

"No, I'd like to try it. Who knows? I might even have fun."

Allison laughed. "I sure hope you have fun, since that's kind of the point."

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

"And you don't mind that I'm not telling you what you're getting into?"

"I suspect that you're keeping it as a surprise because if I knew, I would back out. But that's exactly the kind of thing I want to experience. Something I would never choose to do if I were making the decision."

He wasn't completely in the dark, however. Allison had made all of the arrangements, and given him three bits of information. First, someone would meet them here at the hotel to take them to a very exclusive, very



expensive, and very discreet establishment. That suggested he was in for a very interesting time indeed. Second, it was known as the Pajama Club. Third, and related to the second, all the guests were expected to wear their pajamas. It seemed a little juvenile, but fun nonetheless. They wore their regular clothes right now but had their pajamas in a couple of handbags to change on the way.

They heard a knock at the door, and Allison strode over to open it. A man stood there in what looked like a chauffeur's uniform.

"Hello," he smiled. "I'm Carl from the Pajama Club."

"We're Greg and Allison."

"Nice to meet you. Are you ready?"

"We just need to check out first," she replied.

"Of course. I'd be happy to help you with your luggage. Keep your carryons with your pajamas, but I'll stow the rest for you."

He took both of their suitcases, then they locked up the room and headed for the elevator. Greg and Allison exited on the ground floor while Carl continued down to the parking garage beneath the hotel. The Primdales headed over to the desk to check out. The process took a few minutes, during which Carl reappeared and met them in the lobby. Then the three of them once more entered the elevator and rode it down to the parking garage.

They had to walk quite a distance to the parking spot, but eventually they reached their transportation. It was an unmarked truck about the size of a moving van. It surprised Greg at first, until he realized that it fit in nicely with the whole secrecy of the event. What better transportation than a nondescript van like this? Still, it seemed a little plain considering what Greg was paying for a single night at the Pajama Club.

When Carl opened the back door, however, the quote "don't judge a book by its cover" jumped into Greg's mind. Instead of the cold, empty interior he expected, he was surprised to see what appeared to be a comfortable living room, with carpeted floor, bright ceiling lamp, and two couches facing each other on opposite walls. It looked rather homey and comfortable, like the living room of a small house or at least the waiting room of an office.

A pretty young girl sat on one of the couches reading a magazine. She looked to be about Lissa's age, or perhaps even younger, with straight brown hair and a cute little slightly upturned nose and pouty lips. Greg was startled to see that she wore only a lacy white negligee. Then he realized, considering the instructions that Allison and he had been given, her attire wasn't so strange after all.

She glanced up as the door opened and smiled at them. "Come on in," she greeted in a friendly voice.

"There's plenty of room, and I don't bite. Unless you ask me very nicely."

Carl lowered the ramp from the bottom of the truck and locked it in place. Allison immediately started up it. Greg hesitated for a moment. Now he was starting to have second thoughts about this whole thing. Should he really be doing this? After all, what if people found out? From what Allison had told him, it was hardly innocent; and if what he saw now hinted at things to come, things might get pretty wild indeed.

His wife turned around and smiled at him. "Coming, dear?" she asked.

He had to go through with it, he realized. Not for her sake, but for his own. He needed to do something absolutely contrary to his character in order to get over his old and boring ways.

The first step was the hardest. After that it became much easier, and he found himself ascending the ramp to the pleasant and inviting room. Before he knew it, he was standing inside. Carl slid the ramp back into its slot, then closed the doors.

"Have a seat," the girl told them, so Allison and Greg sat down in the couch opposite her. Allison, sensing Greg's uneasiness, took his hand.

"My name is Lonnie," the girl introduced with a smile. "I'll be your hostess for the trip to the Pajama Club."

"I'm Allison, and this is my husband Greg," Allison replied.

Lonnie glanced at him, and he realized that he was staring. He turned away, growing red. The girl didn't seem to mind though, but gave a friendly laugh. "Let me guess. This is your first time to the Pajama Club."

He nodded.

"Don't worry," Lonnie reassured him. "A lot of men are nervous their first time. Just relax and enjoy yourselves."

Just then they heard the engine start up, then a jerk as the van began to move.

"You can change into your pajamas now if you want, or you can wait until we're nearing the club," Lonnie told them. She pointed toward the front of the truck, where Greg now noticed a door in the wall. "You can use the restroom to change, if you're so inclined," she said, "but if you want to change out here, that's fine too."

"Well I don't know about you," Allison said to Greg, "but I think I'll go ahead and slip into something more comfortable right now."

"While you're changing, can I offer you a drink?" asked Lonnie, nodding toward what appeared to be a fully stocked bar in the corner.

"I'll have a gin and tonic, if you wouldn't mind," Allison smiled.

"And for you?" Lonnie asked Greg.

"Bourbon, please. After I've changed."

As she poured the drinks, Allison began to unbutton her blouse. Greg picked up his bag and headed into the restroom. It was roomier inside than he expected. He had thought it would be about the size of an airport restroom, but instead it was about the size of the shower in the master bedroom of his mansion, quite roomy in fact. There was a toilet on one wall, hooks for clothes on the other, and a large mirror on the third, presumably so that he could see how he looked in his pajamas. He immediately set to work changing out of his clothes and into his pajamas. They were the typical button-down night shirt and pants, more functional than glamorous. Allison had assured him that it didn't matter; the point wasn't fashion, but just to have a fun time.

He stuffed his daytime clothes into his overnight bag and stepped out of the room. Allison was completely naked except for her lacy black, thigh-high stockings that she had worn all day. As usual, her nudity didn't seem to bother her at all, even in front of a complete stranger. He wondered if she would have felt the same way if Lonnie were a man.

As he made his way over and sat down on the couch, Allison fished through her bag and retrieved her own pajamas. "Pajamas" was probably a misnomer. It consisted of a black lace teddy that matched her stockings. She sat down next to him and slipped it on, though it hardly made a difference. It was transparent enough that it really didn't hide anything; her nipples were clearly visible through the thin fabric, and he could even see the outline of the slit between her legs.

"I bought it especially for tonight," she told him. "Do you like it?"

"Wow," he breathed. "That is so... so..."

"Sexy?" she asked.

He nodded, a stupid grin on his face, then sat down next to her.

"I guess it's doing its job," Lonnie said. "Of course, it may not be such a good idea to let you two into the club after all," she teased. "The guys are going to spend more time staring at your wife than at the girls."

The girls. Greg thought about the implications of that. He hadn't really doubted that this was going to be anything but a sexual experience. That meant four general categories for what the Pajama Club could be. It could be a nudist resort of some kind, but the fact that everyone wore at least some clothes ruled out that possibility. It could be some kind of swingers' club. He had heard about those, but didn't think it was likely in this case, because Allison had already said she didn't want to have sex with other men. That left two other options: a strip club, or a brothel. Either way, there were bound to be a lot of young lovelies there. Still, hearing it confirmed from Lonnie's own mouth excited him.

He wondered about the whole legality of it, though. Lonnie looked too young to be in that kind of business. He decided to find out if his suspicions were correct.

"Do you mind if I ask you something?" said Greg.

"Not at all," Lonnie smiled.

"How old are you?"

The girl laughed. "How old do you think I am?"

"Well, I've got a sixteen-year-old daughter, and you can't be any older than her."

"I'll take that as a compliment. Actually, I'm eighteen. The Pajama Club hires the youngest-looking girls it can find."

"Not much future in the business, I guess," he commented.

"Not in the Club, no. But when they decide to let me go, I'm guaranteed a transfer to one of their other affiliates. Believe me, they treat you well."

"But you are... I mean... this is..."

"What?" she asked.

"Um... maybe I shouldn't say it. If I'm wrong, it might sound offensive."

A knowing smile crept onto Lonnie's face. "It's a brothel," she told him. "That's what you were going to ask, isn't it?"

"Well... yes."

"If you didn't know what you were getting into, why are you here?" she smiled.

"I'm afraid that's my fault," Allison replied. "We wanted to try out something new, so I set this up as a surprise for him."

Lonnie laughed. "And what a surprise it is!" she exclaimed. "Don't worry, Greg. Just relax and have a good time. The girls will take good care of you."

"So it doesn't surprise you that my own wife set up a visit to a brothel for me?" asked Greg.

"Not really. It happens more than you would expect. Some couples just want to try something different to add a little excitement to their marriages. No different from a swingers' club or a key party really."

"Yes, I suppose you're right."

"In case you're wondering, you're allowed to have sex with me during the trip if you want. I don't recommend

it, because the couch isn't the most comfortable place to do it, and because you'll disappoint the girls at the club if you're too tired for them when you arrive. But that's up to you."

"Um, I think I'll wait if you don't mind," he said. It was the second time in his life that a girl had offered to have sex with him the first time he met her. He had taken the first one up on the offer, and had never regretted it since. On the other hand, he was still a little nervous about this whole thing, and might not be able to perform until he had a chance to relax and get into the mood a little more.

The rest of the trip was relatively uneventful. He had a couple of drinks to loosen him up a little, not enough to get drunk but just enough to calm his nerves. Lonnie was bright and cheerful the whole time, which helped to keep him relaxed. If the atmosphere in the club was anything like the atmosphere in the van, he would probably enjoy himself.

He had never visited a brothel before, and had never really planned to. Even the last couple of years when his ex-wife had grown a little cold to him, he had remained loyal to her, not once ever considering being unfaithful. He still had issues with committing adultery, but since his new wife not only accepted it but encouraged it, he figured he might as well try it once.

The journey took several hours, which didn't really surprise him. There was a certain secretive mystique about the whole thing. Despite Lonnie's assurance that it was all legal, there was probably something about the Pajama Club that might put some people off. No doubt they didn't want picketers trying to get it shut down, so they kept the location hidden even from their clients.

The length of the journey suggested that it was outside of the city, but he couldn't tell that for sure; for all he knew, the van was just driving around in circles the whole time to give them the impression that it was further away than it really was.

He didn't really mind; he enjoyed Lonnie's and Allison's company. Since Allison had refused to tell him about the club, Lonnie thought it would be fun to be tight-lipped about it as well. She teased him with nuances and innuendos, but masterfully kept from revealing anything about it.

At lunch time, she served sandwiches from a refrigerator below the bar. They were fresh, with quality meats and cheeses. Considering what he was paying for this outing, he would have been disappointed otherwise.

The trip lasted until about three in the afternoon. Eventually they felt the van slowing, and it finally came to a stop. A moment later, Carl opened the door and slid the ramp down. Lonnie gave Greg and Allison one last hug, then they descended the ramp into what appeared to be a short tunnel. The cold stone beneath his bare feet didn't feel particularly pleasant, but Carl motioned toward a door off to the side, with a carpeted step in front and another uniformed man standing beside it. Carl took their carryons, assuring them that he would have their luggage delivered to their suite. The door man opened it for them, and Greg and Allison stepped inside.

They found themselves in a large, elegant lounge with stylish furnishings. There were no windows, which again didn't surprise him. There were several men there, but only one other woman. All wore pajamas, of

course.

The woman and one of the men approached Greg and Allison.

"Hi," the man greeted cheerfully. "I'm Frank, and this is my wife Carol."

"Greg and Allison," Greg replied warmly. They all shook each others' hands.

"My wife arranged this for my birthday," Frank said. "Hell of a birthday present, wouldn't you agree?"

"Absolutely," said Greg.

"Anyway, it's nice to see another fellow here whose wife isn't the jealous type."

"I just figure if I let him have his fun like this once in a while, he's not likely to start up an affair," Carol said. "Isn't that right, Allison?"

"Our situation is a little different," Allison replied. "It doesn't bother me if he wants to have an affair, just like it doesn't bother him that I married him for his money."

Frank and Carol chuckled at that, obviously not sure whether it was a joke or not.

"It's true," Allison shrugged. "But just because I married him for his money doesn't mean we can't have fun together," she grinned.

"That does make a strange kind of sense," said Carol. "It explains why you're here at the Pajama Club. Anyway, we're just waiting for the last couple of guests to arrive. They should be here any time."

It didn't take long. Five minutes later, another man entered, looking a little disheveled. More than likely he had spent time in the back of a van with a young lady like Lonnie, but in his case he had taken her up on her offer.

A few minutes after that, another man arrived. Frank mentioned that that should be the last of the guests, so the festivities should start at any time.

Just then, the door at the far end of the room opened, and a man stepped through. He appeared to be in his mid fifties, with gray hair and slightly overweight frame. Wearing an old-fashioned nightgown that hung around his ankles, a tassled nightcap and a pair of pink, fluffy, bunny slippers, he looked so ridiculous that Greg no longer felt the least bit self-conscious about his own attire. That was probably the point, he realized.

"Welcome to the Pajama Club," he announced with a jovial smile. "I am the director of this establishment, Chuck Farnham, but the girls all call me Grandpa. You may call me Mr. Farnham, Chuck, Grandpa, or just 'Hey you.'"

There were a few chuckles among the crowd, and Greg felt at ease with this man. Considering how much he

had paid to get in, he found the atmosphere to be surprisingly casual. But then, that made sense, considering that this was a pajama-themed establishment.

"Now let me explain how things are going to work," the man continued. "We want you to feel at home here in the Pajama Club. When you're here, you're with family."

Greg heard some more chuckles from the crowd, but he failed to get the joke.

"To that end," Chuck continued, "each man will choose one of our girls to be his daughter for the duration of his stay. These are good, obedient girls who will do anything for their daddies. *Anything*," he repeated for emphasis, and Greg immediately realized what he meant. Now he understood everything. The secrecy, the expense, and Allison's reluctance to tell him what he was getting into. This wasn't just pajama-themed, but *incest* themed. Of course it was all a fantasy, but if he had known about it before, he might have refused to come. Now that he was here, though, he decided to see it through. He might as well have fun with it.

"If she's good, reward her with hugs and kisses," continued Chuck. "If she's bad, give her a good spanking. Or spank her anyway, if that's your thing. She's yours for the night, so have fun with her any way you wish. Then when it's time to put your little girl to bed, each girl has her own suite where you can tuck her in and give her a good cuddle. Our girls love to sleep with their daddies, so her bed is yours for the night.

"I see that we have a few mommies here as well. Unfortunately, we have no little boys for you, but we don't want you to feel left out. It's fine if you just want to watch, but if you're so inclined, our girls like to cuddle with their mommies just as much as with their daddies, if you know what I mean."

Greg glanced at Allison, but she kept her expression neutral. Considering what had happened on their honeymoon, he wondered if she would want to take an active part in the activities.

"But you didn't come here to hear me babble on and on. Let's get down to business. Before I present the girls, we'll draw numbers to determine the order in which you get to pick your daughters."

He took off his cap, then reached into a pocket in his robe and pulled out a series of numbered tiles. He dropped these into his cap and went around to each of the men, having them draw out a tile. When Greg reached into the cap, he drew out the number 3.

After everyone had drawn their tiles, Chuck walked back over to the door from which he had entered. "And now, it's time to meet the daughters!" he announced, and opened the door.

One by one, a dozen young girls stepped through and lined up against the wall. Upon seeing them, Greg nearly gasped. If Lonnie hadn't already told him that the girls at the Pajama Club all looked young for their age, he would have sworn that they were far too young to be in this business. Some of them looked no older than fourteen. They were all short, with slender frames and each with a very appealing little-girl look to her. Some even wore braces. Their hair color ranged from a very light blond to jet black, including several brunettes and redheads. There were two asian girls, one black, and the rest caucasian. They wore assorted clothing, some in lacy lingerie, some in nearly transparent nightgowns, and some in tank tops and panties.

Two girls in particular caught his eye. One was a pretty brunette with wide, green eyes and a bright smile. She had her hair tied back in a ponytail and wore nothing but a lacy black bra and panties. The other had long, blond hair and blue eyes in a cherubic face that reminded him of an older version of Brit. She had the most adorable smile of all the girls in the group, and wore a pink tank top that didn't quite cover her cute little navel, and a pair of bright pink panties. The bulges of her nipples and the crease between her legs were readily apparent through her clothes.

The girls all lined up against the wall, each holding up a rectangle of cardboard with their names written on it. Clearly each girl had written her own name, and some had decorated their name tags with stars, hearts, or other designs. The brunette that Greg had noticed was named Pauline, and the blonde was Sherry.

Allison leaned in and whispered in Greg's ear, "Sherry looks like Brit." Apparently she had noticed the resemblance too.

"Now take a good look, folks," said Chuck. "Aren't they beautiful? Let's go ahead and begin. Who has number one?"

Frank raised his tile in the air. Chuck came over and took it from his hand. "Who would you like to be your daughter tonight?"

"Pauline," he said, to Greg's disappointment. He had considered choosing Sherry, but after Allison had noticed the resemblance, he didn't want to choose her and maybe give Allison the wrong impression. Just because he liked the looks of a girl who resembled his daughter didn't mean that he thought of his own daughter in that way at all. Now that his second choice had been taken, he had to either choose Sherry or look for a third option. Of course, there was a chance that the second man would choose Sherry, in which case the decision would be made for him.

Pauline strode up to her new daddy with a shy look on her face, but as soon as she reached him, she wrapped her arms around his neck, drew him down toward her, and planted a kiss right on his lips. It lasted a few seconds, then she pulled back and with a smile on her face, took his hand.

The man with number two didn't hesitate, but immediately waved his tile in the air with a big grin on his face. He pointed to one of the asian girls. "Miko," he said. The girl came over and gave him a kiss as well.

Now it was Greg's turn. When Chuck asked who had number three, Greg held out the tile, then glanced over at Allison.

"Sherry?" she asked.

That was enough to make up his mind. As long as Allison was okay with it, he might as well go with his first choice. "Sherry," he confirmed. The girl skipped over to him, just a little more enthusiastically than the previous two girls had greeted their daddies. It was probably just her personality, though he liked to think that maybe she had been hoping to be picked by Greg.



When she reached out her arms for him, he glanced at his wife, who smiled and nodded her approval. Greg leaned down and let Sherry kiss him on the lips. It was a very pleasant sensation, both innocent and naughty at the same time. She wore some kind of lip gloss that tasted a bit like strawberries. When he drew back, he saw a look of adoration in her eyes as she took his hand in hers. It was all part of the act, of course, but that didn't mean he couldn't enjoy the attention.

The other men chose their daughters one by one until each had a girl on his arm. The remaining girls headed back through the door, leaving Chuck with the daddies and mommies and daughters.

"All right then," Chuck smiled. "Feel free to mingle and get to know your daughters while we get the rest of the evening's festivities set up." He slipped out the door.

The men and women immediately began talking with their daughters. Being completely new to this, Greg didn't know where to even begin, but Allison took over and asked Sherry about herself. Sherry first asked if they wanted her to step out of character or maintain the illusion, and Allison replied that she was interested in knowing the truth. So Sherry told them that she was eighteen and just starting her freshman year in college. Her older sister was an escort with one of the agencies affiliated with the Pajama Club, and had put in a good word for Sherry, who thought she would do well here because she had always looked younger than she really was. Greg was curious as to why a girl would choose this line of work, and Sherry simply replied that she enjoyed sex. In that regard she was as liberal as Allison. As far as Sherry was concerned, she was just having fun every weekend. The fact that they were paying her for it was just a bonus. As an aside, she admitted that she had a thing for older men.

Fifteen minutes later, Chuck entered the room again.

"All right everyone," he said, "it looks like we're all ready. Let me explain what will go on for the rest of the day. We'll be moving into the auditorium momentarily, where you'll be served cocktails. We have a fun show for you tonight which I just know you'll love. Afterward you will be served dinner, and then your daughters will take you up to their rooms where you may enjoy yourselves with them for the rest of the night. Are there any questions?"

There were a few murmurs in the crowd, but nobody spoke up.

"Good," Chuck smiled. "So let's go on in." He opened the door, and the daughters all took their daddies' hands and led them through it, into a short hall ending in a set of large double doors, which Chuck opened. Inside was a large room like a nightclub, with a curtained stage at one end. The room was filled with semicircular booths with soft seats and tables. The daughters were each apparently assigned a particular booth, to which they led their daddies. Sherry, Greg, and Allison took one slightly to the right of the center.

As he sat down, he realized that the high backed seats hid all of the other guests from view, other than just their heads. He wondered if that was intentional, so that nobody could see what was going on down below. That implied that something *would* go on down below.

After everyone was seated, half a dozen more girls appeared from a different door from the one the guests

had entered from. They took orders for drinks, then returned to serve the cocktails. After they finished serving everyone, they disappeared through the door again.

The curtain on the stage opened, revealing a scene made up to look like a teenage girl's bedroom. Three girls sat next to each other on the bed. They were all as cute as the "daughters," and looked to be about the same age. Like all the other girls in the room, they had on skimpy little pajamas.

"So do you guys want to play Truth or Dare?" one of them asked the others.

"As long as you go first, Jenny," one of her friends replied with a grin.

"Okay," the first one replied.

"Truth or dare?" asked the second speaker.

"Truth," said Jenny.

"How many boys have you kissed?"

"On the lips or elsewhere?" Jenny laughed.

"Any part of the body that touched your lips."

"Okay then, twelve."

"Twelve?" the third girl asked, astonished.

"Yep."

"Okay, how many have you kissed on the lips?"

"Three," Jenny replied. Several of the "daddies" laughed at the obvious innuendo there. "Okay, my turn," Jenny continued. "Molly, truth or dare?" she asked the third girl.

"Dare," said Molly.

"I dare you to... French kiss Kelly."

"Hey!" Kelly complained. "I'm not the one you dared."

"She's got a point," Molly said triumphantly.

But Jenny wasn't about to let her get out of it that easily. "Okay, I dare you to French kiss *me* instead."

"Ew!" Kelly exclaimed, but with a grin on her face.

With an embarrassed expression, Molly scooted over to Jenny. The two girls leaned in and opened their mouths, then pressed their lips together. Even from a distance Greg could see their tongues teasing each other. It both shocked and delighted him. Now that he was trying to be more open about his sexuality, he couldn't deny that the sight of two girls kissing really turned him on.

It only lasted a few seconds, then the girls separated, giggling girlishly.

"You're such a slut, Jenny," Kelly told her.

"Because it's so much fun. Anyway, I think it's your turn. Molly?"

"Okay," said Molly. "Kelly, truth or dare?"

"Truth," said Kelly.

"How many boys have you had sex with?"

Kelly laughed. "Twenty-six."

"You're such a liar, Kelly!" Molly said.

"It's true," Kelly shrugged.

"And you called *me* a slut?" said Jenny.

"Just because you're a slut doesn't mean I'm not one too," Kelly replied. "Anyway, it's my turn. I'm going to reverse it this time. Molly, truth or dare?"

"Dare!" Molly grinned.

"I dare you to lift up your shirt and show us your tits."

Molly stared at her with an embarrassed grin, then slipped her hands down to the bottom of her night shirt. She pulled it up, giving her friends, and the audience, a good view of her small breasts. Greg nearly gasped at the sight; he had never seen such a young body before. It looked like she was just starting to develop. The sight immediately started his cock swelling.

If the sight was arousing before, it was nothing compared to what happened next. Before Molly could put her shirt back down, Jenny reached out and squeezed one of Molly's breasts.

"Hey!" Molly exclaimed, immediately pulling her shirt down. Jenny giggled.

"What?" Jenny asked, with a forced innocent look. "You've got pretty little titties. I just had to have a feel."

"Well, now I get my revenge," Molly said with a smug look on her face. "Truth or dare?"

"Dare!" Jenny replied in a challenging tone, making it clear that she wasn't afraid of what Molly would have her do.

"Okay, I dare you to strip off all of your clothes. And leave them off all night."

Jenny grinned, and stood up. She slowly removed her pajamas, turning it into a striptease more for the audience than for her friends.

Suddenly, Sherry reached down between Greg's legs and gave him a squeeze. This time he did gasp. He could hear Allison silently giggling as he stared at Sherry.

"Just checking," Sherry whispered. "You like that, don't you, Daddy? You get turned on by little girls like us."

He didn't answer, but she simply grinned but left her hand there.

On stage, Jenny finished stripping, giving the audience an eyeful of her nude body. Like Allison, she had shaved off all of her pubic hair. In this case it was probably to enhance the illusion of her youth.

But now it was her turn to get her revenge. "Molly," she said. "Truth or dare?"

"How come everyone picks me?" Molly complained.

"What, are you chicken?" Jenny taunted.

"No," insisted Molly.

"Well then, quit your griping. Truth or dare?"

"Dare," Molly told her.

Jenny's face broke out into a bright grin, and Molly's eyes opened wide in a fearful expression.

"I dare you to suck on my tits for one minute each," Jenny told her.

"Oh my god!" Molly exclaimed. "That's so gross!"

"You're the one who picked Dare."

"Okay, fine." Molly leaned in and gingerly took one of Jenny's nipples into her mouth. Greg watched in erotic fascination at the lesbian display in front of him. He could no longer deny that it turned him on; that little voice in the back of his head telling him it was wrong had faded to almost nothing.

In the mean time, Sherry removed her hand from his crotch, but only so that she could slip it down inside of his pajama bottoms and fastened it around his cock. He actually jumped at the contact, causing Allison to

glance over. She looked down and saw what Sherry was doing, and her face broke out into a grin.

He couldn't believe it. He was getting manually stimulated by a girl right in front of his wife! Not only that, but his wife actually liked it!

As Sherry pumped his cock up and down, Molly continued to suck on Jenny's tits. Her cheeks deflated into cute little dimples as she did so. She spent a minute on one, then left it and focused on the other. From the sighs and smile on Jenny's face, it was apparent that she enjoyed it.

It couldn't last forever, and finally Molly withdrew her head.

"You do that so well," Jenny told her. "Are you sure you haven't had practice?"

"No!"

Jenny laughed.

"Okay, now I'm going to get even more revenge!" Molly said. "Jenny, truth or dare?"

"Truth," Jenny smiled.

"Oh, come on!" Molly complained. "You're no fun."

"Truth," Jenny repeated.

"Oh, all right. Have you ever... seen your dad naked?"

"Of course," Jenny shrugged. "He fucks me every night."

"You're not serious!"

"You mean yours doesn't?" asked Jenny.

"Of course not!"

"Oh, I feel so sorry for you. Isn't that horrible, Kelly? Molly's dad doesn't fuck her."

"That really is a shame," Kelly replied.

"Not you too!" exclaimed Molly in shock.

"If a daddy really loves his little girl, that's how he proves it to her," said Kelly.

"But my dad says I'm not supposed to go around doing things like that with boys. It's not right."

"He only says that because he wants to keep you for himself," Kelly told her.

"You're a liar!" Molly laughed, then grabbed a pillow and whacked Kelly on the side of the head with it. Kelly retaliated by grabbing another pillow and hitting her back. Jenny got into the action, and suddenly it was a three-way fight. Greg watched in amusement at the display. It was especially exciting considering that one of them was topless.

They fought for several minutes, until finally Jenny pounced on Kelly, who squealed and tried to fight her off. Jenny grabbed the bottom of Kelly's nightshirt and with a quick motion, pulled it over her head and off of her body, leaving her bare above the waist.

That left only Molly, but that didn't last long. Both of her friends immediately attacked her, and soon the three of them were topless.

They resumed their pillow fight, and Greg watched in delight as their breasts jiggled with every motion. He was getting very aroused, though admittedly that had a lot to do with Sherry's hand down his pants.

After a few more minutes, Kelly grabbed Molly's pillow to keep the girl from hitting her. Molly tried to yank it out of Kelly's hand, but the motion just put her off balance and she ended up falling onto her back on the bed. Jenny couldn't pass up this opportunity, so she immediately pounced on Molly and tried to pin her down. Kelly joined in, and the three girls wrestled around on the bed, laughing and squealing as their half-naked bodies rubbed up against each other.

Just then, a man entered from off stage. "Will you girls please..." he began, then stopped and stared as the girls sat up with guilty looks on their faces.

"Daddy!" Molly exclaimed, throwing her hands over her chest.

"Why aren't you girls wearing your tops?" he demanded.

"We're just having some girl fun, Mr. Harding," Kelly explained.

"Girl fun?" asked the man.

"Yes, but now we're here we can have fun with you too," said Jenny with a wicked grin.

"I... I don't..." he stammered, but before he could react, Jenny slid off the bed and knelt in front of him, reaching for his belt.

"What are you doing, Jenny?" demanded Molly.

"What does it look like I'm doing?" she replied. "I'm seducing your dad."

"Oh god!" Mr. Harding groaned. "Jenny, you shouldn't..."

But the girl had already finished unfastening his belt and unzipping his pants, and was in the process of pulling them down to his ankles.

The other girls watched in amazement at the spectacle in front of them. Mr. Harding had given up on trying to protest, and was now standing there in shock. Jenny reached up and took hold of the waistband of his briefs, then pulled them down to let his hardening member spring free.

"Ew!" exclaimed Molly, covering her eyes.

"Oh come on, Molly," Kelly said. "You can't tell me you haven't fantasized about seeing your daddy's dick."

"Of course I haven't!"

Jenny reached up and wrapped her hands around Mr. Harding's cock, eliciting another groan from him. Jenny pumped her hand up and down on it as she stared up at him with a grin.

Sherry matched her rhythm to Jenny's, and Greg began to gasp at the pleasure. He happened to glance over at the other booths and noticed delighted smiles on the faces of the other men, and he realized that they were receiving the same stimulation from their "daughters." It was probably all scripted to mirror the events on the stage.

Then Jenny opened her mouth, and Greg realized with shock what she was about to do. She continued to gaze up at Mr. Harding's face as she took his cock into her mouth.

At the same time, Sherry slipped the front of Greg's pants down, exposing his own cock. She lowered her head into his lap and engulfed it in her own mouth. He groaned then, not surprised to hear similar sounds coming from the other booths. Allison watched with an excited and amused look.

On stage, Kelly climbed off of the bed and knelt down beside Jenny. "I want a taste," she said. Jenny drew back and let Kelly take over.

"A taste of what?" asked Molly, her hands still covering her eyes.

"Of your dad's dick," Jenny told her.

"Oh my god! You're not serious!"

"Open your eyes and see for yourself," Jenny told her.

"No way!"

Jenny stood up then and returned to the bed. She immediately grabbed Molly's hands and pulled them down.

"Hey!" Molly exclaimed, her eyes shut tight. Jenny wasn't about to give up so easily though. She moved around behind Molly, pulling her hands back. Molly struggled, but Jenny was too strong for her. Soon she had the girl's hands behind her back.

"Open your eyes," Jenny insisted.

"No!" Molly replied.

"I'm not going to let you go until you open your eyes."

Molly finally gave in, opening her eyes and turning to stare at the sight before her. Her eyes grew wide as she saw what was going on.

"Oh my god!" she breathed.

Kelly took her mouth off of Mr. Harding's cock and turned to grin at the girls on the bed.

"Pretty nice, isn't it?" she asked.

"Daddy, it's so... big!" exclaimed Molly.

"And tasty," Jenny added. "Hey Kelly, I'll bet Molly wants a turn."

"I do not!" Molly said.

"Oh yeah?" asked Jenny, then she slipped her hand down inside the front of Molly's panties. "Considering how wet your pussy is, I'd say you're getting turned on by it."

"Hey, that's not fair!" she complained, but she couldn't keep her eyes off of her daddy's cock.

"Come have a taste," Kelly grinned. "It's so delicious."

Molly continued to stare, but the embarrassed look on her face was quickly turning to one of excitement.

Finally, she glanced up at Mr. Harding's face. "Is... is it all right?" she asked.

"Oh god, yes!" he replied.

Jenny released the girl, who immediately came over and knelt in front of him. Gingerly, she stuck out her tongue and touched it to the tip of his cock. He groaned in delight.

"What did I tell you?" Kelly said. "Good, isn't it?"

Molly nodded, then took the whole thing in her mouth.

The sight of the girl giving her own father a blowjob, fiction or not, was enough to push Greg over the edge. He tensed up as his climax hit him, releasing his cum into Sherry's mouth. He glanced down to see her eyes open wide with delight and the corners of her mouth turn up in a smile as she drank it down eagerly. Greg collapsed against the back of the seat in exhaustion, and Sherry sat back up.

"I just might have a new favorite food," she whispered.



"I know what you mean," Allison grinned, giving her a wink.

On stage, Mr. Harding's hips were beginning to thrust forward into his daughter's mouth. She pulled back off of his cock in alarm.

"Naughty Daddy," she said with a smile.

"Get on the bed," he told her gently.

"Really?" she asked, the smile on her face widening with delight. He nodded.

Molly climbed up onto the bed and lay down. Mr. Harding stepped out of his pants, then removed his shirt and came over to his daughter. He knelt in front of her and pulled off her panties, revealing a smoothly shaved cunt. Molly spread her legs, and he immediately placed his head between them and licked her pussy.

"Ooh!" she squealed. He teased her with his tongue, licking her from the bottom of the slit to the top. Her own hips now started getting into the rhythm, and her breathing grew heavier.

In the mean time, Jenny and Kelly lay down beside her and fondled her breasts. They toyed with them with their hands for a minute, then both leaned in and took her nipples into their mouths.

After several minutes of oral stimulation, Mr. Harding stood back up. Then he climbed onto the bed, positioning his body above his daughter's.

"Do it," she told him. He lowered himself onto her, slipping his cock inside and causing her to gasp from the contact. He started rocking his hips forward, driving deep inside of her body.

It didn't take long before they both cried out in ecstasy, and he fell down on top of her, completely spent. They rested for a few minutes in each other's arms like that, panting from the exertion but both with happy smiles on their faces.

"I love you, Molly," said Mr. Harding.

"I love you too, Daddy," Molly sighed.

"Wow!" Jenny breathed. "Kelly and I were just kidding about fucking our dads. Maybe I'll have to give it a try now."

The curtain began to close, and the men in the audience immediately started clapping, Greg included.

After the show, the waitresses returned with menus for the guests, since it was getting on toward dinner time. Sherry hopped up on Greg's lap and held open the menu for him, making suggestions about her favorite dishes. Greg decided on shrimp scampi, while Allison ordered chicken in white wine sauce and Sherry had a kind of fajita salad topped with avocado dressing.

"I take it your snack before dinner didn't spoil your appetite?" Allison asked her with a grin.

"Nope," Sherry replied. "In fact, if Daddy's willing, I wouldn't mind some more for dessert."

"We'll have to see. There's only so much I can do."

"That's okay," Sherry told him. "As long as we can snuggle in my bed tonight, I'm satisfied."

They ate their dinner, then as soon as they finished, Sherry took both Greg and Allison by the hand and led them out the door. Some of the other daddies and daughters were also getting up to leave. Sherry led the Primdales up a set of stairs and into a hall much like that of a hotel. She brought them to one of the doors and opened it. Inside was a large bedroom with a small kitchen off to the side and a door leading to a bathroom in one wall. It had a large bed, big enough for all three of them. The floor layout, again, resembled that of a hotel room, but the decorating was very feminine, even girlish. Posters of kittens and horses hung on the walls, a plush turtle lay on the bed, and the bed itself had a teddy bear pattern on the covers. There was even a doll house in the corner.

"This is my room," Sherry told them. "What do you think?"

"It's perfect," Allison smiled.

"So did you do the decorating yourself?" asked Greg.

"Yep. These are all my own things."

"Well, I can tell you right now, Mommy and Daddy are going to love sleeping in here with you tonight," said Allison.

"Good. Make yourself at home. I'm going to go freshen up a bit."

As she skipped into the bathroom, Allison climbed onto the bed and lay down, smiling at Greg. He came over and sat down by her, placing his hand on her hip and stroking her gently.

"This really doesn't bother you?" he asked. "I mean, I'm about to commit adultery right in front of you."

"I told you when I first met you that I don't mind, remember?"

"You said you didn't mind if I had a mistress. I figured you meant as long as I was discreet about it. I didn't think you would actually want to watch."

"Greg, you are a very handsome man, and Sherry's a gorgeous little girl. Why wouldn't I want to watch two beautiful people making love?"

"Well, because you might be jealous that it's her and not you."

"Look, if you feel at all guilty about it, you can make it up to me tomorrow night after we get home," she grinned.

"Okay, it's a deal," he replied, then leaned down and kissed her on the lips.

Just then, Sherry appeared from the bathroom, and Greg gasped at the sight. When she had said that she wanted to freshen up, he didn't realize that she meant that she would get undressed. Despite knowing what was coming up, he was completely unprepared for the sight of this young girl standing completely nude in front of him.

Like the girls on stage, she was completely hairless below her eyebrows, no doubt to add to the illusion of her young age.

"Ew!" she giggled, with a playfully disgusted look. "Mommy and Daddy are kissing!"

"Jealous?" Allison smiled.

"I sure am. Would you kiss me like that, Daddy?"

He glanced at Allison once last time, who nodded her approval. He sat up and opened his arms. "Come on over here, Sherry, and give Daddy a nice big kiss."

She strode over and hopped onto his lap, straddling his waist and wrapping her legs around his hips. She threw her arms around his neck and leaned in for a sensual, passionate kiss. She pressed her hot, nude body up against his and held him there in that embrace.

When she drew back, she glanced down at his pajamas. "But Daddy," she said, "on such a warm night, wouldn't it be more comfortable without your pajamas on?"

"I don't know," he teased. "We're in the Pajama Club, after all."

"The funnest part about wearing pajamas is taking them off," she insisted.

"Good point," he chuckled.

She glanced over at Allison. "You too, Mommy?"

"Absolutely," Allison replied. "I'll take mine off just as soon as you help me get Daddy's off of him."

"Ooh!" she grinned, hopping off of his lap.

The two girls pushed Greg down onto the bed, then set to work with the buttons on his night shirt. "No fair!" he complained. "Two against one!" But he didn't try to struggle at all. Soon they had his shirt off and started working on his pants. These took less effort, and in a moment he found himself naked and completely exposed to the eyes of this girl that he had only met a couple of hours ago.

"Oh wow, Daddy!" she said with excitement as she stared at the hardening member between his legs. "I normally don't like to go to bed this early, but with a daddy like you to snuggle with, I don't think I could stand to wait until my bed time." She climbed on top of him and kissed him again, this time with absolutely nothing between him and the feel of her soft, hot, young body.

Meanwhile, Allison slipped out of her teddy. She reached over and began to massage Sherry's back as the girl continued kissing Greg. He was so excited by now that he could hardly stand it. This whole thing seemed so wrong, but at the same time it felt so good.

He reached around the girl's back and suddenly rolled her over so that he lay on top of her.

"Are you going to make love to me now, Daddy?" she asked.

"You bet I am," he told her. He reached down and started rubbing her between the legs, discovering that she was already soaking wet. Apparently she was as turned on as she claimed. It didn't take much manual stimulation before she was ready for him. He lined up his cock and pressed it gently inside.

"Oh yes!" she cried out. "Oh Daddy!"

He thrust deeper into her, then pulled out slightly. Then he thrust in again. After a few more thrusts he got into a rhythm, and her own hips rocked into his as well. They continued like that, panting and gasping and moaning, bringing each other to exciting heights of pleasure. He glanced over at Allison and saw her watching with excitement and rubbing herself between the legs.

Probably because of his orgasm earlier in the evening, Sherry reached her peak first. She cried out in ecstasy, but Greg wasn't through with her yet. She was happy to oblige him until he also climaxed, grunting as he shot his load up inside her body.

When it was all over, he rolled over off of her, and the two girls lay down next to him, both hugging him tightly. He couldn't believe how wonderful it felt to lie here together with two gorgeous girls. He had always been a monogamous man, but he could certainly get used to this lifestyle. He wondered if Allison had anything else like this planned for him, and found himself looking forward to it, whatever it was.

He smiled to himself, then with happy thoughts of future naughty encounters like this, allowed himself to drift off to sleep.

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## Chapter 14

### Rachael's Final Conquest

Rachael was still lying in her arms when Lissa woke up in the morning. Lissa just stared at her for a few minutes, trying to sort out her own thoughts and feelings. It was something she had never experienced before; Lissa had always been a good girl, never one to do something so dirty. But she couldn't deny that she had enjoyed it.

For now she decided to just call it an experiment and leave it at that. So now she had had a lesbian encounter. That didn't mean she was a lesbian; it was just one time after all. She still liked men, not women.

Rachael woke a few minutes later. She kissed Lissa once on the chest, then sat up and stretched, smiling brightly.

"I told you you would like it," said Rachael, then reached out and put her hand on one of Lissa's breasts. "Are you up for seconds?"

"No," Lissa told her. "Look, I..."

Rachael removed her hand. "So you haven't really converted over then," she nodded. "Oh well. It was worth a try."

"I'm sorry," said Lissa.

"Don't be. You let me do it once, and that's good enough for me. If you ever feel like getting naughty with another girl again, though, keep me in mind."

"I won't. This was just to see what it would feel like. I'm not going to do it ever again."

"We'll see," Rachael said with a wink. Then she picked up her tee-shirt and panties and headed for the door.

"What are you doing?" Lissa demanded.

"I've got to get downstairs before the others wake up," she explained. "What would they think if they saw that I had slept in your room?"

"But you're naked!"

"I'll dress downstairs."

"But what if they see you?"

Rachael laughed. "I like to take risks," she explained, then opened the door and slipped outside.

Jeff was sitting at the dining room table eating breakfast when Rachael appeared in the hall, completely naked. He stared in shock as she glanced around, then spied him. Her face lit up with a grin, and she motioned for him to come over. He did so, and she took his hand and pulled him into the front room.

"Why are you... I mean...?" Jeff stammered.

"Because I slept in the nude last night," she explained.

"But you weren't on the couch when I came downstairs," he said.

"That's because I didn't sleep on the couch."

"Where did you sleep then?"

Rachael grinned. She slipped her hand down inside his sweat pants and wrapped them around his cock, which was rapidly hardening. Then she leaned in and whispered, "With your big sister."

Jeff gasped, and his cock spasmed, causing Rachael to giggle. She withdrew her hand, to his disappointment.

"I wanted to see your reaction," she explained. "Or more accurately, feel it. You like that, don't you?"

He didn't know the answer to that question. She already knew he liked the idea of girls with girls, but his sister...

"You have to promise not to tell her," Rachael insisted. "Or anyone else, for that matter."

"But did you two...?"

"Yes we did. At least, I did to her, but since this was her first time I didn't expect her to reciprocate. That's why I need you to take care of me."

"Take care of you?"

"I've got to have an orgasm, or I'm going to explode," she said. "I could just play with myself, but I'd rather have someone else do it for me." She immediately grabbed his hand and placed it on her crotch. "It's not as good as lips, but until you warm up to the idea you'd probably think that's disgusting. And it's not as good as a cock, but that could be messy. So I'll have to settle for your hand," she said.

"But... right here?"

"Yes, right here in the front room, where everyone can see us if they come downstairs. And if you do a good

job, I'll take care of your needs as well."

A little frightened of being caught, he began to rub her. She spread her arms over the back of the couch and gripped it in anticipation of the coming pleasure. At first she sat there immobile, but as the pleasure built she rocked her hips forward with each motion. He could feel moistness on his fingers, and her lips were beginning to spread. He let his fingers find her opening, slipping them in on the downstroke and back out on the upstroke. Her grip on the couch tightened and she threw her head back with her eyes shut tightly. Her mouth was closed, but he could hear little mewling sounds in her throat as she fought to keep from crying out.

He couldn't help himself, but leaned down and kissed her on the nipple. She gasped in pleasure and shock at the unexpected sensation. Taking that as a sign to continue, he licked all over it, and even held it in his teeth and nibbled gently.

As his fingers explored her opening, he could feel her starting to tense up around them, and he knew that she was close. He sucked her nipple into his mouth as hard as he could to maximize her pleasure.

Her orgasm was intense, but thankfully silent. She thrust her hips forward against his hand as if trying to drive his fingers deeper inside her, shuddered violently as she clenched her eyes shut tightly and grimaced in the height of pleasure, then finally collapsed back on the couch. Her hips continued to rock back and forth for about a minute longer as the pleasure died down, then finally she sighed and relaxed. Instinctively, he leaned over and kissed her on the lips. She kissed him back, putting a hand behind his head to hold him there. When she released him and he drew away, he could see the smile of contentment on her face.

"You kiss like your sister," she commented. "Have you two been practicing together?"

"Uh... no..." he stammered, growing red.

"That's right, you said you'd never kissed anyone before me. So maybe being a good kisser is hereditary. I suppose there's one way to find out. I'll just have to kiss your dad."

"What?"

"Later, though. Maybe after he comes home tonight."

"Oh, very funny."

"It wasn't a joke. But I forgot, I promised to take care of you, Jeff."

"Um, maybe we should do it in my room," he told her. "I don't want to make a mess on the couch."

"Good point. I guess I'll just have to swallow."

He grinned in anticipation as she slid down onto the floor in front of him.

She didn't disappoint him. She kissed the tip of his cock, and let the kiss open up into a slurp as the head disappeared into her mouth. She didn't stop there, though, but lowered her head along it until it reached the back of her throat. Then she pulled her head back until just the tip was in again.

She repeated this motion over and over again, sucking hungrily as she did so. Jeff watched her cheeks deflate each time she pulled back and let himself enjoy the stimulation.

It was her tongue that really drove him wild. She licked all over his cock, teasing it especially hard when just the tip was in her mouth. It danced over the head, sometimes pressing against the slit as if trying to burrow its way inside. It was almost a ticklish sensation, but in a good way. He loved the intensely erotic feeling.

She sped up her motion and at the same time sucked even harder. He didn't think it was possible, but the pleasure felt even more intense. He threw his head back, shut his eyes tightly and gritted his teeth, trying not to let out the moans of pleasure that threatened to escape his lips at any moment. Just like Rachael a few minutes ago, he began to rock his hips back and forth in unconscious motions.

She sensed his movements and wrapped one of her hands around the base of his cock to keep him from spearing it into her too far. She brought the other one up and began to tease his balls, running her fingernails lightly over them. That served to heighten the stimulation, pushing him closer and closer to a climax.

He could feel the pleasure mounting, and he smiled as he realized that Rachael was about to give him his third orgasm. His heart pounded in his chest and his breaths came in gasps. He was almost there...

A sudden movement off to the side caught his attention, and he turned his head. To his astonishment, Lissa stood there in the great hall, a look of shock on her face as she stared into the living room. Her eyes seemed to be fixed on the point where his cock disappeared into Rachael's hungry mouth.

The thought that he was putting on a show for his big sister was enough to push him over the edge. He gritted his teeth to keep the sound from escaping as he let the thrill overtake him, and he released his load. Rachael gulped it down eagerly and kept sucking as he shot over and over again into her mouth. Lissa continued to watch in fascination, her look of shock giving way to one of delight.

It finally ended, and Rachael let his cock slip from her mouth. She placed it back inside his pants as Lissa ducked out of view.

Rachael stood up. "We'll have to do this again some time," she said as she started searching through her bag for some clothes to wear.

"Definitely!" he exclaimed with a grin.

"So tell me Jeff, who's your favorite babysitter now?"

"Is there any doubt?" he laughed.



"Well, I guess I'd better go take a shower," she said, then grabbed her duffel bag and headed down the hall to Greg's and Allison's room, leaving Jeff on the couch feeling absolutely wonderful.

After resting for a few minutes with a broad smile on his face, he got up and headed back into the kitchen to continue his breakfast. He had just about finished when his little sister appeared in the hall.

"Hi, Brit!" he grinned.

"You sound particularly cheerful this morning," she replied. "What happened?"

"Nothing. I'm just happy to see you."

"That's a first," she giggled.

"I just don't feel like being in a bad mood today," he smiled. "So let's not spoil it, okay?"

"Aw, you're no fun," she teased, but he just laughed. She sat down at the table and poured herself a bowl of cereal.

A few minutes later Rachael returned from the bathroom, dressed in a tee-shirt and shorts. "So how's cute little Britney doing this morning?" she asked with a wide grin.

"Okay, what's going on?" asked Brit. "You're acting unusually cheerful too."

"I'm just happy to see you," Rachael replied.

Jeff and Brit both laughed.

"That's exactly what I said," Jeff explained.

"Well, why not?" asked Rachael. "Apparently you're the popular one this morning, Brit."

"That or there's some kind of conspiracy going on here."

"You found us out," Jeff said. "We've got an evil plot to trick you into getting in a good mood, and then... well, we haven't really planned any further than that yet. But trust me, our plot will be suitably diabolical!"

"Well, the first part's working," she smiled.

Rachael stood back up. "I need to go see your sister for a minute," she said.

"Aren't you going to eat breakfast?" asked Brit.

"I already ate," Rachael replied, and Jeff snorted as he tried to keep from laughing.

"What's that all about?" Brit demanded.

"Just an inside joke," said Rachael, then headed for the stairs.

Lissa was sitting on her bed when Rachael knocked on the door and entered. Rachael came over and sat down beside her.

"I figured I should come talk to you before Allison and your dad get back," she said. "Lissa, if you feel at all bad about what happened, I want you to know that you did absolutely nothing wrong."

"Nothing wrong?" Lissa said. "But I let you..."

"Don't you dare blame yourself," Rachael insisted. "It was my fault, not yours. I won't say I wish it didn't happen, because I'm glad it did. You're an absolutely gorgeous young woman, and I've been attracted to you since I first met you."

"Please don't," said Lissa.

"So it does bother you. I'm sorry. I don't want you to hate me, but better that than to hate yourself. If you want to put all the blame on me, I'm perfectly willing to accept it."

"It's all right," Lissa sighed. "I knew what I was doing."

"Let me give you a word of advice then. Don't look back on the experience with disgust or horror. Remember how good it felt and think of it with fondness. Let it be a wonderful memory, even if you never do anything like it again. Then you won't feel so bad about it."

Lissa nodded. "Okay. I can do that much at least. I hope it doesn't sound like I'm mad at you, Rachael. I really do like you. I just can't do this again."

"I understand, and I'm glad that you like me. Can I still be your friend?"

Lissa laughed. "Of course, Rachael. Just don't expect me to let you take it any further than that."

Rachael leaned in and hugged her. "Thanks," she whispered.

When Greg and Allison arrived home that afternoon, Rachael ran up and gave Allison a hug. All three children were sitting in the living room playing card games.

"How did everything go?" asked Greg.

"Couldn't be better," Rachael reported. "Your kids are great. I'm jealous that Allison gets to spend so much time with them."

"So Brit and Jeff weren't any trouble?"

"They did get into a couple of arguments, but nothing serious."

"So how late did Jeff stay up?"

"Until midnight on Friday. After I sent Brit to bed, we went downstairs and watched a movie. Then on Saturday, he went to bed early. Probably tired after staying up so late Friday, the poor dear."

"Well, I'm glad you got along so well," said Allison. "And what about you three?" she asked the kids. "Should we invite Rachael back to babysit you again?"

"Sure!" said Jeff, a little too enthusiastically.

Allison laughed. "Looks like you have a fan," she told her sister.

"It feels good to be liked so well," Rachael beamed, "especially by someone like my little nephew Jeff."

"Hey, I'm not so little!" he complained, though jokingly. He understood what Rachael was doing; she was deliberately emphasizing the difference in their ages in order to minimize any suspicion about what had happened between them.

Rachael shrugged. "Okay, I'll admit that you're growing up, and that you're not just a kid anymore. Satisfied?"

"Fine," he said.

The three adults adjourned to the dining room to talk while the kids finished their game.

Rachael stayed for supper, where they all talked about their weekend. They conveniently left out certain parts, of course. To Jeff's immense relief, Rachael didn't even hint anything about it. He knew she enjoyed living on the edge, and could very easily have accidentally given it away.

After dinner, Jeff retired to his room, where he spent most of the rest of the evening lying on his bed, staring up at the ceiling and reliving the events of Friday night and Saturday morning over and over again in his mind. He couldn't believe how lucky he was to have a girl as beautiful as Rachael take his virginity. It was the most wonderful feeling in the world. He decided that he liked sex.

When bedtime came around, he stripped down to his boxer shorts and climbed back into bed. Just then he heard a knock at his door. Lissa opened it and stepped inside, closing and locking it behind her.

So here it was. He was about to have that talk with her that he had been anticipating all day. He didn't know whether he looked forward to it or dreaded it.

"Jeff," she said, sitting down on his bed next to him.

"I know," he replied. "We have to talk about today. You saw me and Rachael this morning."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to walk in on you like that."

"Don't be sorry; you didn't do anything wrong. I mean, we were right in the middle of the front room after all."

"But I... I stayed and watched. I should have just left right away. It was a private moment between you and Rachael, and I peeked."

"If I had really thought it would bother me, I wouldn't have let her do it out where anyone could see us. Just from what I know about Rachael, I'm sure she would have been delighted to know that you were watching. And it's not like you haven't seen my... well..."

She grew red. "I suppose you're right," she mumbled. "So it really doesn't bother you?"

"Not at all."

"So I suppose Rachael told you where she spent the night," Lissa sighed.

"Er... I..."

"Jeff," she said, and he was startled to see a look of fear in her eyes. "Look, I... Oh, Jeff, I know I shouldn't have done it, but I just..."

Then she suddenly broke down into tears. "I feel so dirty!" she said. "I'm horrified of what you must think of me! Promise me you won't tell Dad. I couldn't stand that."

He put an arm around her, and she collapsed into his arms, her tear-stained face against his chest. He didn't know what to do; this was the first time he had seen her cry in years. She was his big sister, always so strong, so sure of herself. He wrapped his arms around her and just sat there, not saying anything but just letting her sob into his chest.

"Jeff, if you can believe me, I'm not a bad person," she said. "This was the first time I've ever done anything like that. I just wanted to know what it felt like."

"Lissa," he soothed, "I don't think you're bad at all. You're my sister, and I'll never stop loving you." The words seemed to come naturally, and from the way they seemed to calm her, apparently they were just what she needed. "I want you to do whatever makes you happy. Personally, it doesn't bother me a bit; if you decide you like girls in that way, then I'm happy for you and I'll support you in that decision. But if you think this was a mistake, that's fine too, but don't dwell on it. Put it behind you. Personally, it doesn't bother me a bit if that's what you're worried about."

"Really?" she asked.

"Absolutely. You were just experimenting, that's all. You know I don't see anything wrong with experimenting, right? I mean, what else would you call that little incident while we were camping?" he smiled. Lissa looked up at him and laughed.

"Good point," she said. "Thanks, Jeff. But do you promise not to tell Dad?"

"I already promised Rachael I wouldn't tell anyone. Even you, but it looks like that's a moot point now. Your secret's safe with me. As long as you promise not to tell anyone about what you saw this morning."

"I promise. Jeff, I love you so much."

"I love you too, Lissa."

When bedtime came around, Allison made up a bed for Rachael on the couch. Greg noticed Allison give her sister a wink, but didn't know what she meant by that. It didn't bother him; if she wanted to share a secret with her sister, that was all right with him.

While the women talked in the front room, Greg headed into the bedroom to get ready for bed. Allison joined him five minutes later with a grin on her face. "Are you up for some kinky sex?" she said.

"What did you have in mind?"

Allison went to her dresser and opened the top drawer. She pulled out several pairs of handcuffs.

"Remember these?" she asked.

"Do I ever!" he grinned.

"We haven't used them since our wedding night. I've been saving them for another special occasion."

"And tonight's a special occasion?" asked Greg.

"It could be," she smiled. "So what do you think?"

Greg was all for the idea. Allison knew how to make sex fun; although they had been married for less than six months, he had a suspicion that it would never get dull with her.

"So who gets chained to the bed this time?" he asked.

"You do," she told him.

Greg chuckled. He was really going to enjoy this.

He began to strip off his clothes as Allison took each pair of handcuffs and attached one side of them to the bedposts. Then she began to take off her clothes as well.

As soon as he was completely naked, he lay down on the bed, face up. Allison took one of his arms, spread it out toward the nearest bedpost, then locked it in place. She repeated the gesture with the other arm, then slid her hands down his body toward his legs, making sure to brush against his hardened cock in the process. She pulled his leg to the side and locked it up with the third set of handcuffs. Finally, she went to the other side of the bed and locked his other leg in place.

Greg now lay spread-eagle on the bed, completely at Allison's mercy. She grinned and licked her lips. "We're going to have lots of fun with you tonight," she said. "I've got a special surprise for you, but I'm not sure if you'll like it or not. That's why I chained you up, because now you can't refuse."

"You naughty girl," he smiled. "What's the surprise?"

"You're just going to have to wait and find out." She sat down on the bed next to him, then reached out and grabbed his cock. He groaned as she let her hand slide up and down the shaft.

"I know what you like," she smiled. "You claim to be conservative in your fantasies, but you can't deny you have one or two tendencies that are a little wild. Nothing abnormal, of course. Just a healthy interest in a certain kind of sex."

"What are you talking about?" he asked, although he enjoyed her teasing. All the secrecy and mystery were really starting to turn him on.

"For one thing, I know you get excited by girls doing it together," she remarked.

He shrugged. "Okay, I'll admit I like lesbians. So what? A lot of men do."

"Exactly. You know I've been with other women before, right?"

Greg's cock jumped as he imagined Allison naked with another girl. She giggled at his reaction. "Apparently you like that, don't you?"

"Well... I suppose..." he said. It was really an awkward question after all. How was he supposed to answer it?

"Oh, don't worry. There's no chance of me running off with another woman and leaving you all alone. There *is* a chance, however, of me bringing home another woman so you can watch us."

"Oh god, Allison!" he exclaimed, that thought driving him wild.

"You wouldn't be opposed to that idea, would you?" she asked.

"No," he gasped, wondering if she was serious or just teasing. Would she really do it with another woman for him to watch?

"And of course, if you wanted to, we would let you join in. I'd like nothing more than to get fucked by my husband and a woman at the same time."

Greg couldn't believe what he was hearing. More than that, he couldn't believe the effect it was having on him. He found himself wanting more and more to take her up on the offer.

"Can you imagine it, Greg? The three of us there, our bodies rubbing up against each other, our hands exploring, our mouths kissing and licking and sucking. Can't you just see me with my lips wrapped around her nipples while you drive your cock deep into her pussy? Or maybe I would eat her out while you shove your dick down her throat. Wouldn't that be exciting?"

"Oh god yes!" he exclaimed, the thought nearly overwhelming him.

"Of course, it would have to be the right woman," Allison commented. "Someone who would be willing to do that with us. Someone not afraid to touch both of our bodies, someone who is already attracted to you and has already made love to me. I wonder if we know anyone like that?"

Greg tried to think. He didn't know too many of Allison's friends, and in fact, he couldn't remember her mentioning any of them as her former lovers.

"Wouldn't it be nice if we could find someone like that right now?" asked Allison. "As a matter of fact, I've got someone in mind."

"Really?" he said, shocked.

"Not only is she someone we both know," Allison grinned, "she's someone very close. In fact, she's standing right outside the door listening to us."

Greg's eyes grew wide. Did she really mean...?

"Rachael, you can come in now," Allison called. Rachael opened the door and stepped into the room.

Greg nearly lost it right there. So everything Allison had said was true! She really was going to involve another woman in their sex.

Rachael's face broke into a wide grin when she saw him tied there with Allison stroking his cock. Greg merely stared in amazement, almost not believing that this could be happening.

"Allison said you had a great body," Rachael told him. "I can see she wasn't lying."

Greg continued to stare, finding it impossible to speak. He realized he was naked in front of his wife's sister, but that thought, rather than embarrassing him, simply fueled his excitement.

"Remember I told you that my sister and I were lovers?" asked Allison, and Greg nodded. "Well, there was one thing I hadn't mentioned about our relationship," she continued. "You see, that first time we made love, I

promised her I would share all of my lovers with her. And I've kept my promise faithfully. Every single man, or woman, that I've made love to, Rachael has too. Except one, and I intend to rectify that tonight."

"You're serious!" Greg exclaimed.

"Completely serious," Allison replied. "Tonight, you're going to fuck my little sister."

Greg chuckled. "And that's why you chained me up? So that if I refused, you could have her rape me?"

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," she said. "We would simply keep you tied up so you couldn't escape while we put on a little show for you, driving you insane with desire. By the time we were through, you would beg her to fuck you."

He laughed.

"Don't think we could do it?" asked Allison.

"I *know* you could do it," Greg answered. "That's why I'm laughing."

"You know, Greg's a little more enthusiastic than I had hoped," Rachael said. "I was kind of hoping we would have to convince him."

Allison reached out and slid her arm around Rachael's waist. "We could always pretend he has to be convinced," she said, then leaned in and gave her sister a juicy, open-mouthed kiss.

Greg groaned at the sight. It was one of the most erotic things he had ever seen. He had always thought incest was something horrible and disgusting, at least, until Allison had revealed her relationship with Rachael one night while they were making love. The thought of two sisters, especially ones as gorgeous as Allison and Rachael, as lovers had suddenly seemed more thrilling than revolting. When he was honest with himself, he had to admit that it had become one of his favorite fantasies.

Allison suddenly released his cock, and he made a sound of disappointment. It was almost cruel to get him excited like that and then leave him unsatisfied. On the other hand, when he saw her place it on Rachael's breast and fondle her over her shirt, he decided he wasn't as disappointed as he had thought.

Allison turned her head to glance down and smile at Greg. Rachael took the opportunity to kiss her on the side of the neck. Allison closed her eyes and sighed. Rachael took her own hand and placed it on Allison's breast, this time with no clothes in between. She massaged and kneaded it, pinching the nipple between her fingers.

"You know, this would be more fun if we were both nude," Allison commented, and Rachael nodded. She stepped back, then pulled her shirt over her head.

Greg found the sight of her body extremely enticing. Although she still wore a bra, the parts of her that showed looked magnificent. She had beautiful, soft-looking skin with a cute, flat stomach and curvaceous



hips.

Allison reached down and unfastened Rachael's pants, then dropped to her knees and slid them down to the floor. Rachael daintily stepped out of them, leaving her long, silky legs bare.

"Do you like what you see?" Rachael asked Greg, and he nodded dumbly, too awestruck to say anything. She giggled, then put her hands behind her back to unclasp her bra.

"Allow me," her sister offered, stepping behind her and unfastening it. She slid her hands up over the shoulders, under the strap, then forward until she rested them on the girl's breasts. The bra tumbled to the ground.

"Oh wow!" Greg exclaimed as he stared at Rachael's bare chest. While he still liked Allison's tits better, Rachael's weren't far behind. She had small yet well-defined nipples, and her boobs jiggled very slightly as she moved. Allison caressed them gently, her hands sliding all over them.

As she did so, she leaned down and kissed Rachael tenderly on the shoulders. Rachael leaned her head back and she sighed in pleasure. Allison grinned as she caught Greg's eyes, seeing how much he was enjoying this.

One of her hands slid down Rachael's body until it rested over her panties between her legs. Allison pressed gently with her middle finger and she rubbed it along her sister's slit. Rachael gasped at the contact. "Oh yes, Allison!" she breathed. "I love it when you touch me there!"

"I know," Allison told her. "Nothing's too good for my baby sister. Just tell me what you want and I'll do it."

"I want your hand down inside my panties," Rachael replied, and Allison happily obliged. Greg watched in wonder and excitement as he saw the the outline of his wife's fingers against the fabric.

Rachael's hips were starting to rock forward, pressing up against Allison's hand as if trying to drive those fingers deep inside. There was dampness on the cloth now wherever it came in contact with Rachael's skin, revealing just how excited she was getting. Of course, Greg himself was probably just as excited, despite having no physical stimulation.

"Take them off," Rachael whispered. Allison knelt down behind her sister, put her hands to the waistband, and slipped Rachael's panties down to her feet. Greg was delighted to see her pussy as clean-shaven as his wife's. Her nub was just barely peeking out from the top of the slit.

Allison reached underneath her sister's legs with one hand and rubbed her fingers up and down on the lips, beginning to spread them. Rachael moaned, putting her hands to her own breasts to fondle them. Greg watched his wife's hand work expertly on her sister's pussy, loosening her up and driving her more and more wild.

"Let's give Greg something to really get excited about," Allison said, then placed her hands on Rachael's hips and turned her to the side. Allison shuffled around until she was directly in front of the girl. Greg watched in

exquisite delight as Allison leaned forward, stuck out her tongue, and pressed it against Rachael's pussy. He gasped as it slid inside.

"Oh yes!" Rachael called out. "Fuck your little sister with your tongue!"

Allison obliged her, using her fingers to spread Rachael's lips and shoving her tongue in deep. Rachael's breaths, which had grown heavier and heavier, now came in gasps. Allison grinned, obviously enjoying giving her sister that kind of pleasure.

Then suddenly, she stopped and pulled out, causing Rachael to groan in dissatisfaction. "You're about to lose it," Allison giggled.

"Then let me lose it!" Rachael demanded.

"Don't be impatient," she playfully scolded. "You haven't even taken Greg's dick up inside you yet."

"Oh my god, Allison!" Greg gasped. "Are you really going to let me have sex with your little sister?"

"I don't care whether she lets me or not, I'm going to do it," Rachael said, climbing onto the bed. She swung one leg over Greg's waist so that she straddled him, her pussy directly above his cock. Allison grasped his member and pointed it up toward her waiting hole. She took her other hand and spread Rachael as Rachael lowered herself down onto his cock.

At the first contact, he groaned in ecstasy. She was so hot, so soft and wet. He couldn't help himself, but lifted his hips off the bed, spearing into her and causing her to gasp. She grinned, and pressed down even harder, and he felt himself sliding deep into her tunnel.

"That's right," Allison told him. "Fuck your sister-in-law. Fuck her long, hard, and deep. Shove it all the way up inside."

The words fueled his arousal, and he started to thrust even before Rachael was all the way down. As soon as she rested her full weight on him, though, she wasted no time but matched his rhythm. It felt so naughty to be having sex with a nineteen-year-old girl while his wife sat there watching, but as long as Allison didn't mind, he would take full advantage of it.

The sight of Rachael's hot little body bouncing up and down on his cock was almost too much for him. She was absolutely gorgeous. It was just too bad that he couldn't reach out and run his hands all over her, but on the other hand, the restraints added their own degree of excitement. The only thing he could touch her with was his cock, so he focused all of his energy there, spearing her almost brutally. She matched him with equal violence.

Then Allison climbed onto the bed. She straddled him above his stomach, facing her sister. She sat down, put her legs up over the top of Rachael's, and pressed their bodies together. The two girls kissed passionately as they held each other in a tight embrace, their tongues dancing together.

"Oh god!" Greg exclaimed as that erotic sight pushed him over the edge. He felt the pleasure mounting and knew he couldn't hold it any longer. "I'm going to cum!"

"Make sure you cum big," Allison told him. "Or you'll disappoint Rachael. Fill my sister full of your sperm."

He cried out as he felt the release. A wide grin spread onto Rachael's face as she felt him throbbing inside of her. That was enough to push her to the peak as well, and she nearly screamed as she climaxed. She thrashed about wildly, her hair flying all over. By the time she was through, her hair had fallen all over her face, completely hiding it from view.

Allison put her hand up and smoothed the hair away from her face, leaning in to give her one last kiss, this one more tender. "Are you going to take care of me now?" she asked her sister.

Rachael grinned and nodded. Allison lay back on top of Greg as Rachael climbed off of him. "You're going to love this part," Allison told him. Rachael lowered her body down until her head was at the level of his cock, which was still leaking cum. To his astonishment, she began to lick it clean. Although it had been growing soft, it suddenly firmed up again with the sudden stimulation. Rachael grabbed it and pointed it at Allison's pussy. Allison lowered her body onto it, letting it penetrate her.

As soon as it was inside, Rachael attacked both of them with her tongue. She licked them all over, from the base of Greg's shaft to the top of Allison's slit, paying particular attention to the point just where he entered her. Allison gasped in her breaths, especially when her little sister nibbled at her clit.

Greg couldn't believe what was happening. The sheer eroticism and forbidden nature of the act excited him beyond almost anything he had felt before. Here were two women, sisters even, stimulating each other and him at the same time!

When Allison reached an orgasm five minutes later, he did too. As his cum seeped out of his wife's pussy, her sister hungrily lapped it up. If he had been astonished before, that was nothing compared to what he felt now. Rachael apparently liked to eat cum. He wondered if she would ever give him a blowjob. He felt certain that if she did, she would swallow.

After it was all over, Allison rolled over off of him, and lay down next to him in the bed, her body pressing up against his. Rachael took a similar position on the other side. They didn't even bother to unchain him, which he found a little exciting. After all, he was still at their mercy, and they could do anything they wanted to him.

He was absolutely exhausted. The last time he had had more than one orgasm in a session was his wedding night with Allison; she had managed to get four out of him that night. Before that, he couldn't remember ever climaxing twice.

Allison reached out and put a hand on Rachael's breast. Rachael copied the motion, and Greg realized that they weren't through. It was too bad that he was too tired to enjoy it, but he liked to watch it anyway. He wondered if they would keep it up all night.

Unfortunately, he never found out. His exhaustion was so complete that despite wanting to enjoy the show, he felt sleepiness overtake him, and five minutes later he closed his eyes, not to open them again until morning.

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## Chapter 15

### Fantasies

For the second morning in a row, Greg awoke to the wonderful feeling of two very beautiful women lying in his arms. He could hardly believe what had happened last night. He had made love to his wife *and her sister!* Furthermore, they had made love to each other right in front of his eyes. His conservative upbringing told him that that was horribly wrong, but he couldn't deny that he had enjoyed every minute of it.

Rachael was the second one to wake. She stared up at him and smiled. "Good morning, handsome," she said.

"Good morning, gorgeous," he replied.

She rose up and gave him a quick kiss on the lips. "Thanks for a wonderful night," she said, then climbed out of bed and headed into the bathroom to shower.

The motion woke Allison, who yawned and smiled up at him just like her sister had. Greg put his hand behind her head and lovingly stroked her hair.

"So do I know how to show you a good time or what?" she grinned.

"Do you ever!" he exclaimed.

"So what do you think of Rachael, now that you've had a chance to fuck her?"

"Watch your language," he teased. "There's a lady present."

She laughed. "I'm serious, Greg."

"I'm absolutely overwhelmed. I mean, you actually let me have sex with your sister!"

"It's not that I let you. I *wanted* you to have sex with her."

"Your promise to her," he nodded.

"That and the fact that now I can make love to her without worrying about you getting mad at me. I mean, it is okay, isn't it?"

Greg sighed. That was a difficult question to answer.

"I suppose so," he replied. "I guess it's really none of my business."

"You're my husband. It *is* your business. In one sense, it's not all that important, because I'm your wife now,

so I'm completely devoted to you. Just like I wouldn't ever have sex with another man, I won't ever have sex with another woman without your permission. That's why I had Rachael seduce you. In order to get your permission."

"What? You're joking, right?"

Allison laughed. "Believe it or not, I'm serious. I'll be completely honest with you, Greg. It's pretty obvious that you're the type of man who likes to see women getting friendly with one another. And you already know that I don't think sex is as big a deal as most people make it out to be. To me, it's just a fun way to enjoy yourself. Of course, the more you like the person you're with, the better it feels. That's why I enjoy having sex with Rachael so much. I would never go behind your back, but whenever you're in the mood to see some kinky lesbian sex, I'd love to give you a show. Especially if it's with someone like Rachael." She glanced at him and smiled. "See? I can tell by the look on your face that that gets you excited."

His face began to turn red. It was true, though he hated to admit it.

"Don't be embarrassed," Allison told him, putting a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, and it doesn't harm my opinion of you at all. In fact, I'm glad. It will help you get over the fact that your new wife is into incestuous lesbian relationships. Because I can see that that bothers you a little."

"A little," he replied. "It's just one more thing I'm going to have to get over. But if it makes you happy..."

"The question is, does it make *you* happy?"

He thought about that for a moment, then nodded. There was a certain thrill of the forbidden in seeing Allison and Rachael making love, not only because they were both women, but also because they were close family members. He wondered what it would be like to be so sexually liberated that he would be willing to do that. He had no sisters, but he did have a couple of beautiful young daughters...

He wasn't about to start that train of thought. He had read of such men in the news, and thought it horrible that they were willing to harm their own children like that. It was just beyond belief. Greg would never do such a thing to Lissa or Brit.

"So was that the reason for that trip to the Pajama Club?" he asked. "To warm me up to the idea of an incestuous relationship?"

"More or less," Allison smiled. "I just wanted to see what your reaction would be. Since you seemed to have no problem with the fantasy, I figured you wouldn't mind seeing the real thing."

"You were right," he said.

A few minutes later, Rachael emerged from the shower fully dressed, to Greg's disappointment. She came over and gave Greg and Allison a kiss.

"I wish I didn't have to leave," she commented. "This was just too much fun."

"We'll have to get together and do this again some time," Allison told her. "That is, if you're willing, Greg."

He nodded. Despite what he had always been taught to believe, he couldn't deny that it was one of the most erotic experiences of his life.

Rachael left the room and headed upstairs to wake up the kids one by one to say goodbye to them, with a hug for the girls and a long, extended kiss for Jeff. It was too bad that she had to leave, but she had a long drive back home still. She packed up her things and then gave Allison one last, long hug that they held for nearly five minutes. It was obvious that the two sisters cared about each other very much. Then Rachael blew them all a kiss and disappeared out the front door.

After that, everything returned to normal in the family. While Jeff couldn't forget what Lissa had told him the night before, he had told the truth when he said it didn't bother him. So what if Lissa had experimented with another girl? He still loved her.

Lissa began her new job after that, as the evening receptionist at a company run by one of her father's friends. It was really only about three hours a day after school, but even just fifteen hours a week was enough for her to start building up a nice savings account at the bank. At first Allison insisted that the family wait until she got home before they ate dinner, but since she would often not arrive back at the house until well after 7:00, they quickly abandoned that schedule. The family would eat first, then Lissa would eat by herself afterward. Greg and Allison always sat with her at the kitchen table as she ate, so that she wouldn't feel lonely.

September gave way to October, then to November, and suddenly a year had passed since Allison had walked into their lives. She had become so much a part of the family by this time that it was as if she had always been there. Jeff, of course, still maintained his crush on her, and although Lissa knew about it she didn't tease him or try to blackmail him. Since that night after Rachael had left, she felt a kind of closeness to him stemming from her gratitude that he was willing to keep her secret. Her little brother, though sometimes immature, was really a great guy underneath, and she found that she really liked him after all.

It was sometimes exasperating when he fought with Brit, because she knew that her two siblings really cared for each other. But they had fallen into this habit and it seemed like they would never break it. Lissa continued her role as the peacemaker.

By this time, Allison and Lissa were inseparable. By the way they did everything together, it was hard to believe they were eight years apart in age. When she was with Lissa, Allison sometimes acted just like a teenager, joking and playing around, and even giggling. It was very entertaining to watch, especially for Jeff, since he found her particularly sexy when she was like that.

That wasn't to say that she didn't spend time with the others as well. Brit had recently gotten into using live models for her drawings, Allison in particular. Sometimes they would sit together in the rec room for hours

as her stepdaughter sketched her. Brit refused to show the sketches to Lissa and especially Jeff, but one day he snuck into her room and peeked at them, and was surprised at how talented she was. Especially in the later sketches, she was really beginning to catch Allison's essence.

Allison would often visit Jeff in the evenings as well. Usually they played computer games together, but with increasing frequency she browsed porn with him. Occasionally they watched that video again, which apparently didn't bother Allison in the least.

During one of these sessions Jeff asked her about lesbians. Rachael had admitted that she had those kinds of tendencies, and that had made Jeff curious.

Allison explained that it was all right for men to get aroused by the thought of women with other women. For some reason, it was quite common in fact. She helped him find some sites along those lines, and he suddenly found himself looking at the first images of all-girl sex that didn't originate in his own mind.

His heart raced in his chest and his breathing grew heavy as he saw those pictures. There was something so terribly forbidden yet extremely exciting about them. Allison sat next to him, amused at his reaction. As usual, she kept an arm around his shoulders as they browsed the images together, which only served to heighten his arousal.

Whenever Allison visited Jeff at night, Lissa would see her going into his room and hear the click as she locked the door, and wondered what was going on. While it was probably just harmless fun, she couldn't suppress a suspicion that there was something more sinister happening. She didn't have the same imagination that her little sister did, but thoughts kept popping into her head, thoughts of what the two of them could be doing alone together.

She found that those thoughts, rather than disgusting her, aroused her. Thoughts of them naked in bed together, fondling and groping and even having sex. When she closed her eyes, she could see Jeff kissing her all over her face and neck, his hands grasping at her breasts. Meanwhile, Allison's hand was on his cock, stroking it up and down, maneuvering it closer and closer to her pussy, until finally...

Usually when Lissa started thinking these thoughts, she had to do something about them. Whenever Allison disappeared into Jeff's room, Lissa headed to her own, where she could take care of her own needs.

It was worst when she got those thoughts into her head early in the day, and she had to go through the entire school day and three hours of work before she could come home. On one particularly frustrating day in December she skipped dinner entirely and headed upstairs to satisfy herself.

She immediately stripped off her clothes, dropping them on the floor and lying down on her bed. She closed her eyes and put her hand to her moist pussy, rubbing it firmly and almost roughly. Her other hand went to one of her breasts to stimulate it as she had visions of Allison and Jeff together.

She had been going for about ten minutes when a knock at her bedroom door suddenly intruded on her fantasy.



"Who is it?" Lissa asked, grabbing her bathrobe and pulling it on.

"It's Allison," the voice on the other side of the door replied, and Lissa sighed in relief. She climbed out of bed and opened the door. Her stepmother entered, carrying a plate of food and a glass of milk.

"I was just about to take a shower," Lissa explained. "You kind of caught me at a bad moment."

"Sorry," replied Allison. "Anyway, I knew you missed dinner, so I brought you something to eat."

"Thanks," Lissa grinned, taking the plate and setting it on her desk. "I'll eat later."

Allison stared at her for a few seconds, until Lissa began to feel uncomfortable in her gaze.

"It sounds like you're trying to get rid of me," said Allison.

"What? Why would I want to get rid of you?"

"So you can go back to whatever you were doing."

"I told you, I was just about to take a shower."

"Really? It doesn't look like it."

"What do you mean?" asked Lissa, a little embarrassed. Did Allison suspect?

"Flushed face, slightly labored breathing, an embarrassed look, and of course, the smell."

"What smell?" Lissa demanded.

"It's unmistakable. You've been playing with yourself."

"What?" Lissa almost shouted.

"No need to get defensive," Allison smiled. "It doesn't bother me. A girl your age needs to get relief somehow, and since you don't have a boyfriend, your options are limited."

"Allison, I..."

"Come on, Lissa. There's no need to keep secrets from me. I love you, remember? No matter what you do, I won't judge you. Besides, you think you're the only one who masturbates?"

"What are you saying?"

"I like to play with myself now and then too."

"But you have Dad."

"I know, and the sex with him is great. But sometimes I just like to feel my own hands, that's all. So if you want to pleasure yourself, go right ahead."

"But I..."

"Tell me the truth, Lissa. Is that what you were doing?"

Lissa gritted her teeth, then nodded, still red from embarrassment. Allison smiled and threw her arms around her. "It's okay, Lissa, really," she said. "I'm just sorry I interrupted. Sometimes a girl needs her privacy, and I took that away from you. If there's anything I can do to make it up to you, let me know."

"I'll be fine," Lissa replied, hugging her stepmother back. She always enjoyed the physical contact that came from hugging Allison. It was one of the most wonderful feelings in the world to have her stepmother hold her like this as a sign of her affection. Allison leaned in and kissed her on the cheek, and Lissa smiled in contentment.

"I have an idea," said Allison, drawing away. She took Lissa's hands in her own. "If you wouldn't be too embarrassed, maybe we could do it together."

"Together?" Lissa gasped.

"Yes. The bed's big enough for both of us. You take one end and I'll take the other. What do you say?"

"I don't know..." Lissa stammered. "It's just a little too..."

"Intimate?" asked Allison. "It's all right if you say no, but I'd really like to share this with you."

Lissa considered for a minute. She had never played with herself in front of someone else, never even thought of it except in the occasional fantasy about Jeff. Normally she would be horrified at the suggestion. But this was Allison. If there was one person with whom she'd be willing to share this experience, it was her.

"All right," said Lissa, and Allison's face lit up with delight.

Lissa moved to the head of the bed and stripped off her bathrobe. She watched as her stepmother undressed, folding her clothes neatly and placing them on the nearby chair. Then Allison sat down on the foot of the bed. Both girls lay back across the bed, which was wide enough to support them from their heads to their thighs.

Lissa watched in amazement as Allison spread her legs and put her hand between them, beginning to rub up and down. She closed her eyes and breathed slowly and deeply. Lissa found it surprisingly comfortable to watch Allison like this. The two of them had no secrets from each other; they were open about their bodies and sex, so it was just natural that Allison would share this experience with her. It was exciting and even-- dare she even think it?-- erotic. Lissa found her own hand sliding to that place between her legs that she knew so well.

She closed her eyes and let the pleasure overtake her. While she was used to fondling herself this way, this was different, because she was with her best friend. The difference, though subtle, heightened her arousal.

"So who do you fantasize about when you masturbate?" Allison suddenly asked.

"What?" asked Lissa, opening her eyes and turning her head to the side to stare at the woman. Allison continued to rub herself, so Lissa did the same.

"Who do you fantasize about?" Allison repeated. "A boy at school? A movie star?"

"I... Well..." Lissa didn't know how to answer that question. How could she tell her stepmother the truth without sounding like a horrible person?

"Would it help if I told you my fantasies?" asked Allison.

"Um... maybe."

"All right. Sometimes I fantasize about your father, but mostly with him I just live out my fantasies. Sometimes I fantasize about Jeff."

Lissa gasped. Jeff? Her brother?

"Come on, Lissa, it's not that strange," Allison said. "I'm sure you've noticed, he's a great-looking guy, and he's one of the nicest men I know. It would probably be strange if I *didn't* fantasize about him."

"But... he's your stepson."

"Even if he were my real son it wouldn't change things. It's just a fantasy, Lissa. I feel sorry for anyone who doesn't allow themselves to live out their wildest dreams in their fantasies. It's the one place where you can throw off all of your inhibitions. I'll bet you fantasize about him too sometimes, don't you?"

"No, I--"

"Tell me the truth, Lissa. Remember, I refuse to judge you."

"Okay, fine. Sometimes I fantasize about Jeff when I play with myself."

"Now see, that wasn't so hard, was it?"

"No, I guess not."

"There's nothing wrong with thinking about your brother when you pleasure yourself. Especially when that brother is someone as handsome as Jeff."

"So is that who you're thinking about right now?"

"Actually, I'm thinking about Rachael."

"Your sister?"

"She told me that she mentioned our unorthodox relationship. So this should come as no surprise to you. I love having sex with her."

"So is it common for you to think of other women?"

"Depends on the woman."

"Well... I mean... Allison, do you ever... do you ever fantasize about... *me*?"

"All the time," Allison grinned.

"Oh my god!" Lissa gasped. The thought was so naughty, and yet so thrilling at the same time. Allison, the most perfect woman in the entire world, actually masturbated to thoughts of Lissa herself!

"You see, there's nothing wrong with it," said Allison. "As long as I don't act on it, of course. Never be ashamed of your fantasies. And don't be embarrassed when someone fantasizes about you."

Lissa closed her eyes again, still wondering about Allison's words. With anyone else she would feel uncomfortable in this situation, knowing that the other person sometimes fantasized about her. Even Rachael, who had gone as far as introducing Lissa to lesbian sex, would have made her nervous. Not so with Allison. In fact, the thought of the woman thinking of her while pleasuring herself thrilled her. Maybe it was just because it was nice to know she was someone's fantasy, or maybe because she trusted Allison completely.

She wondered what the details were of that fantasy. Did Allison imagine them hugging and kissing? Kissing. And not just on the cheek but on the lips. Allison had such beautiful lips...

Lissa groaned in ecstasy as she imagined those lips pressed against her own, their tongues intertwined. And then those lips moving down her body. Would the woman ever consent to kissing her on her nipples? Wouldn't that feel exquisite! Only Rachael had done that to her before, but it wasn't the same because it wasn't Allison.

Her free hand gripped the bed tightly as the thought took her pleasure to a new level. Then suddenly she felt something touch that hand. She opened her eyes momentarily to see that it was her stepmother's hand. Lissa took her hand in her own, enjoying the intimacy of such a simple gesture. They were exploring their lust together, so it was only natural for there to be some kind of contact between them.

Contact. She loved physical contact with Allison. She remembered how nice it felt to have the woman run her hands all over her body. She could still feel those hands massaging her back, rubbing her breasts, and sliding in between her legs. At the time it had been innocent; why hadn't Lissa taken advantage of it? Why hadn't she let herself feel the pleasure that could come from such contact?

But it had been all too brief. She wanted more, much more. She wanted to spend all day with Allison pleasuring her in all possible ways. She wanted to feel not just her hands, but her entire body. Especially her mouth. She wanted Allison to do what Rachael had done, to bring her over the edge with those luscious lips and tongue. She could almost feel it burrowing deep inside her sex.

"Oh god, Lissa!" she heard Allison whisper as her stepmother's hand tightened on her own, and she realized with shock and delight that Allison was actually crying out her name in the throes of passion! Lissa was the one who had brought her to orgasm!

She bit her lip to keep the scream from escaping her lips as that thought finished her off. She didn't dare open her mouth or she would no doubt call out Allison's name in return. The pleasure wracked her body, causing her to shake almost violently as the fantasy-Allison drove her tongue deep into Lissa's pussy.

Even as the climax ebbed, she continued to gasp as the aftershocks ran through her. She lay there exhausted in post-orgasmic bliss for a few minutes, a smile on her face. She could feel the warmth of Allison's body nearby, nice and hot from the exertion and arousal.

Just then, she heard her stepmother moving, and as she opened her eyes she saw the woman rolling over on top of her. She felt the woman's soft body against her own, a delightful sensation but a little confusing. What was she doing?

"Thanks for the fantasy, Lissa," said Allison, leaning down. For one brief moment Lissa wondered if Allison was trying to seduce her. That thought sent a strangely erotic thrill through her. At that instant she realized that if that were the case, she wouldn't refuse, but give in to her own desires.

*Her own desires!* Was that what she really thought? Did she actually *want* to make love to her stepmother?

But Allison merely kissed her on the cheek, then rose to her feet and began to collect her clothes.

Lissa continued to watch her as she dressed, wondering about those thoughts that had gone through her head. The woman really did have the most beautiful face and body; she was absolutely perfect physically. Even just a few minutes after her orgasm, she began to grow aroused as she watched the woman move, and that disturbed her.

But didn't Allison herself say that it was okay to fantasize? It didn't matter what she thought as long as she kept it to herself and didn't act on it. And Allison had admitted that the fantasy worked in the other direction as well. Lissa shivered at the memory of her stepmother thinking of her just now when she pleased herself to orgasm. That only served to increase her arousal.

Now that she had had a chance to take care of herself, she was able to keep that arousal under control. Maybe next time she would allow herself to fantasize about her stepmother, but for now, she was content to just lie there a little longer. She would take a shower, which would help relax her.

As the woman finished dressing, Lissa knew there was one more thing she had to ask her stepmother before

she left.

"Allison," she said. "When you go into Jeff's room and lock the door... what do you do in there?"

Allison turned and looked at her for a few seconds, as if choosing her words carefully before answering.

"I suppose after what we've been talking about, it's natural for you to be suspicious," she replied.

"Well, you did just say you sometimes fantasize about him. And I know Jeff likes you."

"Yes he does. I'm well aware of his feelings toward me. I think that's what first got me thinking about him. That and the fact that he's so handsome and charming."

"Yeah, he is," Lissa agreed.

"But Jeff and I have an understanding. I've told him basically the same thing I told you. You can fantasize about whatever or whomever you want, as long as you don't act on it. He understands that, and he's been a perfect gentleman. I trust him completely."

"So you don't mind that he thinks of you like that?"

"It's not as rare as you might think for a boy to develop a crush on his stepmother. After all, a boy is a lot like his father, and the same traits that attracted his father to the woman would naturally be appealing to the son."

"But aren't you just a little bit worried? I mean, it's been going on for over a year now."

Allison nodded. "Hmm, that's a good point. I've been so preoccupied enjoying the attention that I hadn't really thought that it might be more serious than a childhood crush. I think it's time he got himself a girlfriend."

Lissa had a momentary flash of jealousy, which she completely suppressed. The thought of Jeff with another girl made her just a touch angry, though she knew it shouldn't. She admitted now that she was attracted to him, but a serious relationship between them was impossible. They had fooled around a little, but that was as far as they could take it. Jeff *should* have a girlfriend. It was just what he needed right now.

Unfortunately, that was easier said than done. "Jeff won't even talk to any girls at school," she said. "He's too shy."

"Lissa, do you think maybe it's because he's preoccupied with me?"

"I don't think so. There are some girls at school that he likes."

"Anyone in particular?"

"Yes, but I promised him I wouldn't tell anyone who it is."

"Good. I wouldn't ask you to break your promise. So if he's interested in this girl, then I think all he needs is a little nudge."

"What do you have in mind?"

"I don't know. For now I'll just wait and see if he does anything on his own. I'll give it a few months, then see if I can work something out."

After that, Allison seemed to watch Jeff a little more closely than before. She was especially interested in his emotional state when he came home from school every day. Each day she started off by asking him how school went, then carefully steered the conversation to the subject of his friends, and finally to the girls at school. She kept it non-threatening; at first she just asked him if he had any friends who were girls, which he didn't. Then a week or so later she asked if any of his friends were going out with girls, which he again answered in the negative. The closest was Rick, who was good friends with a girl named Vanessa Moon. But they had been friends since childhood, and he had never made a move.

A few days later, Allison brought up the topic of Brit graduating from elementary school at the end of the year and going on to 6th grade and therefore junior high, and asked him if he thought she would fit in. She specifically asked what the girls at his school were like when he was there the previous year. He found it a little hard to answer that, saying that he really didn't know any of them. Allison suggested that he work on that, but didn't press him any further.

At Christmas time, Allison wanted to get a special gift for each of the kids to show her appreciation for them. Of course, that likely meant a considerable expense, so she discussed it with Greg. Despite being rich, he was not particularly materialistic, but agreed that this year they would go all out on presents, no matter what the cost. So when they woke up on Christmas morning, they were all in for a treat.

To Brit, Allison gave a top-of-the-line digital camera with a tripod and a dozen other accessories. She jokingly said she bought it for Brit out of frustration because she was tired of Brit borrowing her camera.

Allison had wanted to come up with a gift for Jeff that would encourage him socially, but couldn't think of anything so instead did just the opposite; she bought him a new computer, since the one he currently had was getting out of date and couldn't play some of the newer games. She suggested he give his old one to Brit so she had some place to store her pictures, which he agreed to since there was no point in keeping it. Brit already had her own computer, but it was even more ancient than Jeff's, and was in serious need of an upgrade.

For Lissa she reserved the biggest gift of all. Now that Lissa had a job, her schedule didn't always coincide with that of the rest of the family. Instead of looking under the Christmas tree for her present, Allison had her open the front door. There in the driveway was a new car.

While it wasn't the sportiest or most expensive model, just the fact that it was hers made her literally scream with delight. She threw her arms around Allison and kissed her on the cheek.

After the holidays, Allison continued to nudge Jeff toward developing a relationship with a member of the opposite sex. She was mostly subtle about it, talking about how wonderful it was to have someone special in her life, or continuing to ask him about the girls in his school, or reminiscing about the good old days when she was his age and could be wild and carefree. She cautioned him not to let those years slip away from him, but he should be going out and having fun instead.

Her hints began to grow more and more obvious as spring approached. That was all a part of her plan; she knew that spring was the time to fall in love, and with her making sure it was on his mind all the time, she hoped to get him enthusiastic about the idea.

Then one day after school, Allison asked him a very pointed question. "So Jeff," she said. "Why don't you have a girlfriend?"

"A girlfriend?" he stammered.

"Yes. A girl you go out with. You know, you take her to the movies, or treat her to dinner, or come back home and screw her brains out."

"Allison!" he exclaimed. Even though it had been Rachael's favorite subject, he still found it difficult to talk about sex.

"Come on, Jeff. A boy your age needs to start going out with girls. Rachael said you were a little shy, but now that you're no longer a virgin, you really have no excuse."

"Ra... Rachael said?" Now he was really growing red! How could Rachael have betrayed him like that? Telling her own sister, his stepmother even!

"Yes. She said you were nervous at first, but once you got going, you're a real sex maniac in bed. It would be a shame to keep that from the girls in your school."

"You knew about that?"

"Knew about it? I planned it."

Jeff just blinked. He was too stunned even to speak. Not only was Allison aware of his affair with her sister, she had even had a hand in it! He wondered just what else Rachael had told her. Had she mentioned Lissa, for instance?

"Look, Jeff," Allison told him. "I know you're interested in girls, because I've looked at porn with you. And I know you think I'm gorgeous, because you told me so the first time you met me. So I figured the best thing for you would be to have your first time with someone who looks a lot like me, such as my sister Rachael. So



I explained the situation to her, and she jumped at the chance to fuck you. As a matter of fact, she's been fantasizing about you since she met you at the wedding."

"Really?" he asked, surprised. That was something Rachael hadn't mentioned.

"Yes. But I told her it was only this once, just to let you experience sex. Give you a little motivation, as it were. Now that you know what it feels like to fuck a girl, I would think you'd be eager to get yourself a real steady girlfriend."

"Well, I'd like to, but... well..."

"Jeff, I'm going to ask you something a little awkward, but I want you to be truthful, all right?"

"Even more awkward that it is right now?"

"Unfortunately, yes. Jeff, is the reason you don't have a girlfriend because you're preoccupied with... with me?"

"No!" he exclaimed, growing even redder than he was already.

"Really?"

"Really. I just... I can't think of any girl who would go out with me."

Allison put her hands on her hips and gave him a disapproving glare. "Geoffrey Primdale, I don't want to hear you say things like that again. Rachael also mentioned that you have a bad habit of negative self-talk when discussing things like that. You've got to stop doing that."

"But it's true!"

"All right, forget who you think would go out with you, and think instead about who would you like to go out with."

"I don't know."

"Come on, Jeff. You can't tell me you haven't fantasized about some of the girls in your school. If you could fuck any girl you wanted, who would it be?"

Actually, the truth was that it was Allison herself, but he wasn't about to tell her that!

"That's kind of personal, don't you think?" he said instead.

Allison sighed. "All right. Let's try a new approach. Would you be open to a little wager?"

"I don't know. Depends on the wager."

"In short, you need to find yourself a girlfriend by the end of the school year. That gives you about three months. If you do, you win. If not, I win."

"Three months? That's--"

"That's plenty of time," she insisted.

"Okay, so what do I get if I win?"

"A girlfriend. That should be reward enough."

"And if I lose?"

"Then it's time for me to take extreme measures."

"Um, what do you mean by extreme measures?"

"Just that I'll take a more proactive role. We'll just have to see when it comes to that."

"I don't know..."

"I'm not exactly giving you a choice here. If you don't take the bet, I win by default."

"Okay, fine. I'll try to find a girlfriend," he shrugged.

"You don't sound too enthusiastic about the idea," said Allison.

"Okay, fine," he repeated with a big grin on his face. "I'll try to find a girlfriend."

"Much better," she laughed.

She left him there to reflect on his new mission. He sat for a long time wondering just how the hell he was going to even start to find himself a girlfriend.

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## Chapter 16

### A Mischievous Plot

By the next day he had completely forgotten his goal. He had three months, after all, so there was no point starting on it right away. He could afford to put it off a couple of weeks at least. Kari would just have to wait.

Brit's birthday came and went just like it had last year; with a bunch of giggling, bratty little girls. Although, now that she was twelve, some of those girls weren't so little any more. A number of them were quite easy on the eyes, especially to a fourteen-year-old like Jeff. Some of them flirted with him through the whole party, but he ignored them; they were still a bunch of immature little brats.

He was more interested in girls his own age, like Kari Williams for instance. Strangely enough, ever since that camping trip last summer he had been thinking of Lissa in that way as well. Oh, he would never do anything serious with her, but he had his fantasies. She was beautiful, intelligent, and just about the only girl that he got along with. He found himself wanting to spend time with her, which was unfortunate because her after-school job kept him away from the house until the evenings.

She seemed to enjoy it, although sometimes she looked tired after work. Sometimes she would be bright and cheerful, while other times she would have a much more subdued attitude as if hoping that time would speed up so that she could just go to bed.

One night she came home from work exhausted. Greg and Allison had gone out to dinner and a movie, and Brit was over at her friend Natalie's house, so that left Jeff to keep Lissa company. He sat with her at the table as she microwaved the plate of food that Allison had left for her and ate it. She didn't seem particularly talkative, so Jeff asked her what was wrong.

"Nothing," she replied. "I'm just tired, that's all. It was a busy day today at work. I hope I don't sound rude to you; it's just that I'm half asleep right now."

"Oh, that's all right," he smiled. "Sounds like you just need to go to bed early."

"No, it's okay. You're so sweet to stay home with me; I don't want you to feel like I don't appreciate it."

"Actually, it's just because I was the only one without something to do," he laughed.

After dinner, they headed into the front room to watch television. They sat down on the couch, and Lissa grabbed one of the throw blankets and laid it over the top of them.

Five minutes later, she plopped her head down on his shoulder and closed her eyes.

"Lissa," he whispered.

She opened her eyes and glanced around. Immediately she sat back up straight. "Sorry," she said.

"I don't mind," he replied.

"You're okay with me putting my head on your shoulder?" she asked. "It doesn't make you feel uncomfortable?"

"Why would I feel uncomfortable?"

"I don't know... because I might give you cooties or something," she grinned.

Jeff laughed. "I stopped believing in cooties about the same time I stopped believing in the tooth fairy," he said.

"What, the tooth fairy's not real?" she asked in feigned shock.

"She's just a lie spread by the Easter Bunny."

Lissa laughed. "Oh Jeff, you're so fun to talk to. I just wish I had more opportunities to get you alone."

"Er... what do you mean?"

"Whenever Brit's around, you spend too much time fighting with her. It doesn't leave any time for just you and me to sit and talk like we're doing now."

"I know. It's not that I like to fight with her; it's just become a habit."

"Habits can be broken."

"But this one involves two people. We'd both have to stop fighting at the same time."

"If you chose not to fight with her, what's the worst that could happen? So she gets the better of you a couple of times and you end up with a wounded pride. So what? Who cares what she thinks? The rest of us think you're great."

"Thanks, Lissa. I think you're great too."

She smiled, then laid her head down on his shoulder again. "Anyway, since you say you don't mind, I think I'll take a nap."

Five minutes later, she was completely asleep. This time he didn't try to wake her, but just enjoyed the feel of her head on his shoulder, her face so close to his own.

She slept for about half an hour, then sat back up groggily. She gave him a smile, then yawned and stretched. "What time is it?" she asked.

"A quarter after eight," he replied.

"Too early to go to bed," she said in a tone that sounded like disappointment.

"And my company's too boring to keep you awake, apparently," he smiled.

"Oh, Jeff, I'm sorry. I didn't mean--"

"I'm just joking, Lissa. Really, it's okay. You know what you need right now?"

"What?"

"A nice, hot bath."

"That sounds wonderful," she smiled. "Good idea, Jeff."

She stood up, then immediately sat back down again, putting her hand to her head.

"I'm apparently not as awake as I thought," she explained with a laugh.

Jeff rose to his feet and stood in front of her, holding out his hands. "Come on. I'll help you."

She giggled, then took his hands and let him pull her up to her feet. He stepped in and put one of her arms over his shoulders and slid his hand around her waist.

"I'm not *that* tired," she laughed. "I think I can make it up the stairs by myself."

"No sense taking any chances," replied Jeff with a smile. "Besides, I've got to do something to make up for putting you to sleep from boredom."

Lissa giggled, apparently enjoying his teasing. "Okay then. Up the stairs we go."

They headed into the hall, then made their way up to the second floor, where they proceeded to her bedroom. Once there, she collapsed on the bed, bringing him with her. He found himself staring up at the ceiling with her lying beside him.

"Oops," she grinned. "It was a mistake to lie down. Now I'll never be able to get back up again."

"I helped you up once; I can do it again."

"No, Jeff. Just lie down here with me for a minute. I want to talk to you."

"Talk? About what?"

"About you."

"Me?"

"Yes. I just wanted to thank you for being a great brother."

"What's so great about me?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. It's just all those little things you do."

"Let's see... like pulling off your swimsuit in the pool?"

She laughed. "Exactly," she joked.

"Or groping you on the camping trip?"

"Hey, I was the one who started it, remember?"

"Good point."

"And of course, not telling Dad or Allison that I had wild, hot lesbian sex with our aunt," she giggled.

"Actually, I've got an ulterior motive," he replied. "If I had told them, they probably wouldn't let her babysit ever again, and I'm secretly hoping you'll let me at least watch next time, if not join in."

Lissa grabbed her pillow and swung it into his face with a laugh.

"Hey, what's that for?" he complained.

"For being so naughty."

"Me? It seems to me that you're just as guilty as I am."

"Good point. We're just a couple of perverts, I guess."

"Yeah. Isn't it fun?"

Lissa was silent for a minute. Jeff glanced over at her to see if she had fallen asleep, but she had her eyes open, staring up at the ceiling. Then she turned her head to the side and stared at him.

"Jeff," she said.

"What?"

"Well... since we're both perverts... do you want to do something perverted?"

Jeff's eyes grew wide. "Like what?"

"I just remembered I still owe you from last summer. Remember? There in the tent, Brit was crying, and I told you I would make it up to you."

"Oh yeah, you did," he grinned.

"Well... since I was going to take a bath anyway... would you join me?"

"You want to take a bath together?" he asked, his voice betraying his eagerness.

Lissa nodded. "Jeff, I think it's okay if we fool around this once. But we need to make sure we both understand exactly how far we're going to take this."

"I'm willing to go as far as you are."

"I know, and that's my point. Look, Jeff. I'll admit I'm attracted to you, and it sounds like you're attracted to me too. So we need to make sure we don't do anything we'll regret."

"What are you saying?"

"I want to take a bath with you. I want to be naked with you. I want to touch you, and I want you to touch me. But I don't want to have sex. This isn't about becoming lovers. It's about learning."

"You make it sound like school."

"Jeff, I'm not an experienced lover. I want to explore this with someone I can trust, like you."

"Are you... are you a virgin?"

Lissa grew red. "Um..." she said.

"It's nothing to be ashamed about," Jeff told her.

"Oh, I'm not ashamed because I'm a virgin," she said. "I'm ashamed because I'm not."

"Really?" he asked, astonished.

"I've only done it once. It was a few years ago, before Mom left. I didn't like it, but that was probably just because I wasn't mature enough to understand it. I was just afraid of what you might think of me, Jeff."

He shrugged. "I already think you're a pervert, remember?"

Lissa laughed. "Okay, you have a point there."

"Anyway, if you don't want to have sex, I can accept that. But you have to understand, if a boy gets aroused, he has to find some way to get relief. We don't have to have sex, but I'm going to need to... I mean..."

"Have an orgasm?" she asked.

Jeff nodded.

"All right. What if I do it with my hand? Would that be enough?"

"That would be fine."

"Then you have to do the same for me," she said.

"Okay."

"Good," she smiled. "So now that we understand one another, I don't have to worry. Let's get naked."

Jeff watched in delight as she unbuttoned her blouse. She always wore a button-down blouse and long skirt to work; it made her look older and more professional. It also turned the heads of a lot of the guys at school, he had noticed. There was something sexy about her maturity, and Jeff had had to explain that she was a student to more than one boy who asked what subject she taught and how he could get into her class. There were a few of them that still didn't believe him.

Once the blouse was off and only her bra covered her tits, she glanced at him. "Aren't you going to get undressed too?" she asked.

"What? Oh yeah. I was too busy staring to think straight."

She giggled. "I'll take that as a compliment."

He pulled his shirt over his head, letting it drop to the ground. As unfastened his belt, Liss slid her skirt down. Now she was in only her underwear. She waited for Jeff to drop his pants to the floor and step out of them.

Then she turned around. "Would you mind unfastening my bra?" she asked.

Jeff's heart was pounding in his chest as he reached for the clasp. He fumbled with it for a second; it was the first time he had ever unfastened a girl's bra. It came loose, and she slipped it off her chest and dropped it to the ground.

When she turned around and put her hands on her hips, he nearly had a heart attack. Granted, it was the third time he had seen her tits, but it never got old.

"What do you think?" she grinned.

"Wow!" he exclaimed, staring at her bare chest. "I... wow!"

She laughed. "I'll take that as a compliment too," she said. "Now your turn. Take off your shorts. And you'd



better have an erection, or I'm going to feel insulted."

He slipped his shorts down, letting his rock-hard dick spring free. Her grin widened when she saw it. "Just like I remembered," she said. She then slipped her own panties off, letting Jeff see her pussy for the first time.

It had a nice, neat crop of hair around it, the same color as that on her head. It looked, in its own way, as beautiful as Rachael's or Allison's.

"I'm going to start filling up the tub," she said, then headed into the bathroom. Jeff followed her, staring at her body. She leaned over and turned on the hot water, then held her hand under it for a minute as it warmed up. Once she was satisfied with the temperature, she pulled the latch to plug the drain. Then she stood back up, turned around, and hugged him. It was a wonderful feeling; the only other woman who had rubbed her chest against his was Rachael, so it was still quite a new experience for him. Lissa was still slightly taller than him, but in the past year he had grown over four inches, and he would soon pass her up.

It felt especially nice to have his cock pressed against her abdomen. The pressure was exciting, as was the heat of her body.

Too soon she pulled away, but she kept her hands on his shoulders and smiled at him. "I love you, Jeff," she said.

"I love you too, Lissa," he replied.

"Good. Girls like to hear that. So remember that, especially if you ever do get together with your true love Kari."

"Right now I couldn't care less about Kari," he grinned.

"Whatever happened to your adoration and undying devotion?"

"Oh, it's still there. It's just kind of hard to think about it when there's a gorgeous, naked girl standing in front of me."

She giggled. "Thanks, Jeff. You certainly know how to compliment a girl." She glanced over at the tub.

"Let's get in the bath," she said.

Jeff was all too happy to oblige her. She slipped into the tub and turned off the water. She lay back against one end of the tub, and Jeff took the other. All of the bathrooms in the Primdale house had large and deep tubs, so the water rose to their chests with them half-reclined like they were. Jeff loved the sight of the tiny waves lapping against her nipples; it was amazingly erotic.

Lissa raised one of her legs out of the water and pointed it at him. "Let's start by washing each other's feet," she said.

"Does that turn you on?" he grinned.

"Just a little," she admitted. "It's like a foot massage."

"Okay," he said, reaching for the liquid soap. He poured a little on his hand, then rubbed it all over her foot. She closed her eyes and smiled with the sensation as he massaged it. He was surprised to find that it didn't bother him at all; normally if she had her feet this close to his face he would complain and tease her about how smelly they were, despite the fact that they weren't smelly at all. Besides, he wanted her to wash his feet as well.

After he soaped up her foot, he began to work on her leg. It was nice and smooth, and very sexy. He spread soap all over it up to her knee.

When he announced that he was finished, she lowered her leg into the water, rubbing her foot against his crotch.

"Hey!" he laughed, and she giggled.

"Oh, come on, you can't say that doesn't feel good," she insisted as she rubbed him with it. Actually, it *did* feel kind of nice.

"You just caught me off guard, that's all," he replied.

She lifted her other leg out of the water, and he went to work on it as well. She continued to tease him with her other foot, tickling his cock and balls with the toes.

Once he finished with her other leg, she slipped it under the water to join the first. Now he had both her feet teasing him. She trapped his cock between her two big toes and began to rub them up and down.

"Hey, if you keep doing that you're going to finish me off before we get to the real fun," he told her.

"We can't have that," she grinned, drawing her legs back. "Now let me wash your feet."

He handed her the soap, then lifted one leg out of the water. Lissa set to work immediately, and he was surprised at how good it felt. He had never had his foot massaged before, but this felt very nice. All of the tension of the day seemed to vanish in her capable hands.

Like he had done to her, she lathered him up all the way to his knee. When she finished, he decided to give her a taste of her own medicine, so he lowered his leg into the water and pressed his big toe against her feminine slit.

Lissa squealed in surprise and delight, then they both burst out laughing at her reaction. But he didn't take his foot away.

As she washed his other foot, he continued to play with her down there, noticing that not only was she

spreading her legs wider and wider as the foreplay continued, but her pussy was beginning to open up. Her clitoris had emerged, and he made sure not to neglect it, just like Rachael had taught him. But there was something else he wanted to do, if Lissa was willing. Experimentally, he pressed his toe against her opening, this time pushing a little harder.

She obviously felt it, because she gasped. He glanced into her eyes for confirmation that it was okay, and the smile on her face told him all he needed to know. He pressed a little harder, and suddenly he felt his toe slide inside of her.

Lissa shuddered as she closed her eyes and sighed. She released his other leg, and he brought it down just above the other one, where he rubbed it against her clit. Both feet worked in unison now, and he watched her body begin to move in rhythm with his toes.

Her hands unconsciously went between her legs, where she took hold of his feet and directed the action. He was more than happy to oblige her; he liked giving her this kind of pleasure. Her breaths were deep and heavy now, and he watched as her chest came out of the water as she inhaled then submerged again as she exhaled. He was enjoying the view immensely.

Then she stopped and stared at him, pushing his feet away.

"What?" he asked, concerned. "Did I do something wrong?"

No, you did something *right*," she explained. "But the same thing applies to me as applied to you. I don't want to finish before we get to the real fun either."

Jeff laughed. "I don't blame you."

Lissa rose up on her knees, bringing her torso all the way out of the water. Jeff stared at her beautiful chest as she slid over to him. "Sit up," she said.

"What?"

"Sit up," she repeated.

Jeff did as instructed. Lissa wormed her way behind him, then gently guided him down into the water until he was submerged up to his neck and his head rested against her chest.

"Now relax," she told him. He closed his eyes.

She put her hands on his shoulders, and then ran them down his body to just above his cock. Then she drew them back up again and repeated the motion. He sighed in pleasure as she massaged his chest like that. It was absolutely heavenly to be lying here on her breast as she ran her hands all over his body.

She continued it for five minutes, then got a little bolder and let her fingertips brush against his shaft. He moaned as she did that, which she obviously took as a signal to continue because she did the same thing each

time she went down. It was almost incidental contact, designed not so much to stimulate him as to just keep him aroused.

After another five minutes, Lissa said, "Okay, let's switch places."

"Do I gotta?" he asked playfully.

"No, you don't gotta," she said. "You don't have to rub your hands all over my boobs if you don't want to. We can just--"

Jeff hurriedly rose up and turned around. Lissa giggled as he grabbed her and pushed her forward so he could get behind her. She lay back against his chest, and he found this position just as comfortable as the previous one. He put his hands on her shoulders, then slid them down to her gorgeous breasts. Instead of continuing or drawing them back up again, however, he left them there, rubbing and squeezing and massaging her tits. They felt so wonderful in his hands, so soft and fun to play with. He focused especially on the nipples, squeezing them between his fingers or teasing them with just his fingertips. They grew hard as he stimulated them, and he knew that she was enjoying this.

"Lower," she whispered.

"What?"

"I want to feel your hands between my legs," she said.

Jeff moved his hands down her body, but couldn't quite reach his destination. So Lissa sat up and leaned back so that her head fell back over his shoulder. Her neck so close to his face looked too inviting for him to resist, so he kissed her there. She moaned in pleasure at the contact.

Jeff brought both of his hands down between her legs, where he began to rub her. He enjoyed the feel of her swollen lips and the cute little bud at the top as he ran his fingertips all over her. Once again her breathing became heavier as her body responded to the sensation. He watched as her breasts thrust out with each breath. Her hands went to those breasts and rubbed them as he took care of her pussy.

He continued to nibble at her neck, which served to heighten her arousal. Her whole body was rocking back and forth by now; she was obviously lost in the pleasure. He enjoyed seeing and feeling her like this; he felt a kind of pride at being able to give her this much pleasure.

He slipped a couple of fingers inside of her, and she cried out. His fingertips on her clitoris seemed to drive her into a frenzy. She didn't even try to conceal the sounds she was making, but screamed them out loud enough for everyone in the house to hear. It was fortunate that they were the only ones at home.

After a few more minutes of this, she reached the peak. "Oh my god, Jeff!" she screamed. "I... I... I..." He could feel her walls closing tightly around his fingers as she gave one last cry, before collapsing back against him and panting in exhaustion.

He removed his fingers then wrapped his arms around her stomach and held her there for a minute. She rested there in his arms for a while as her heart rate slowed and her breathing came under control.

Finally, she lifted up her head.

"Oh, Jeff!" she breathed. "That's the first time a boy's ever given me an orgasm. That was wonderful."

"But I thought..." he said, confused. "I thought you said you weren't a virgin."

"I'm not," she replied. "The boy who took my virginity never actually brought me to orgasm. That was one of the reasons I didn't like it."

"So it doesn't bother you that the first one to do that to you is your brother?"

"I'm glad it was you. I don't think I could have done it with someone I didn't trust. Thank you so much, Jeff."

"Well, you can thank me by reciprocating," he grinned.

Lissa laughed. "You got it," she said.

She scooted forward, then turned around. She put her legs over the top of his so that she was practically sitting on his lap. Then she put her arms around his shoulders and drew him in until her tits rubbed against his chest.

"I want to be face-to-face this time," she told him. "I want to see the pleasure on your face when I drive you crazy."

"Sounds good to me," he said, sliding his arms around her waist.

Lissa let go with one of her arms and moved it down between them. He gasped as she closed it over his cock. Then she began to stroke it up and down.

She started slowly at first, letting him get used to the feeling of her hand and the waves of pleasure running through him with each stroke. Then, bit by bit, she increased the tempo. Jeff began to thrust his hips forward as his body reacted unconsciously to the stimulation.

His big sister leaned in and kissed him lightly on the lips as she continued her stroking. It was different from a kiss between siblings, or even that kiss last Christmas that had started out teasing but ended up anything but innocent. This one was tender and caring, but at the same time passionately erotic.

Since she had made plenty of noise earlier, Jeff didn't feel any self-consciousness about doing the same, so he began to moan as her hand continued to stimulate him. The look on her face suggested that she was enjoying the sounds he made just as much as he had enjoyed the ones she had made earlier.

Faster and faster she moved, and the pleasure increased. He knew he wouldn't last much longer, and didn't

want to. He wanted her to bring him over the edge with her hands. The thought of having his big sister do this to him was deliciously naughty.

The pleasure began to build, and he knew it was about to happen. He didn't try to stop it, but simply let it go.

The first spurt shot all the way up to Lissa's chest, coating her tits. The second made it almost as far, and the third merely landed on her stomach. There were several more after that of diminishing power until finally it was over.

Lissa released his cock and stared down at her body with shock. "Oh my god!" she exclaimed. "There's so much!" She began to giggle in embarrassment.

"It's your fault, you know," he said. "You're the one who got me this excited."

Still laughing, Lissa climbed off his lap and pulled the lever to let the water drain away. She stood up, and held out her hands to him.

"Up," she said.

He took her hand and let her help him to his feet. Then she turned on the faucet and pulled the knob to turn on the shower.

She rinsed away all of his cum off of her body as the water drained out of the bath. A few minutes later they stepped out of the tub to dry each other off.

Although it wasn't quite as fun as using a blow dryer, Jeff enjoyed drying his sister with a towel as well, especially since she did the same for him. She took his hand, and then they headed back into the bedroom where they plopped down on the bed and stared up at the ceiling, just like they had done before.

"Jeff," said Lissa after a few minutes.

"Yes?"

"Did you have fun?" she asked.

"You bet I did!" he said enthusiastically.

"Me too."

"Good."

"Jeff, maybe we shouldn't do this any more."

"Why not?"

"Well, because it's not right. I'm glad we did it this once, but I don't think it's a good idea to continue. I just don't want to give you the impression that this kind of thing is all right to do."

"But it didn't hurt anyone, and we both enjoyed it," he protested.

"I know, but... well..."

"What is it, Lissa?"

"The truth is I'm worried about Brit."

"Brit?"

"Yes. I'm old enough to know what I'm doing, and you... well, you're a boy."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Just that you're not as emotionally fragile as a girl. To you, this is just a fun time, but something like this could be damaging to a girl like Brit."

"So what? I don't have the slightest inclination to do this with her. Not only is she too young, and my sister, but the two of us don't even get along. We wouldn't even be able to keep from fighting long enough to even think of getting naughty with each other."

"People change, Jeff. And remember, I'm hoping you two learn to like each other eventually. I'm just worried that if you ever do, well, maybe you'll end up doing something like this to her."

"I guess I can see where you might worry," he nodded. "But you don't have to, really. I may fight with her, but I would never do anything to hurt her. She's completely safe with me."

"Thanks, Jeff," Lissa smiled, then rolled over on top of him and kissed him on the cheek. "Now let's get dressed. Dad and Allison should be home soon, and it wouldn't do to have them find us like this. They might jump to the right conclusion," she winked.

Life was good for Jeff the next couple of months. Although there were no more incidents with Lissa like the one in the bathtub, the two of them were good friends. Lissa was fun to be around, and Jeff enjoyed spending time with her. Of course, whenever Brit was around there were conflicts, but even those were kept to a minimum.

Something still nagged him, though. He remembered he was supposed to do something, but he had forgotten what.

In the mean time, he continued to worship Kari Williams from afar. Springtime brought thoughts of love and

romance, and Jeff really wished he had the courage to go talk to her. But what business would a guy like him have talking to someone as beautiful and popular as her?

It was the same every day. He would get to school, see her down the hall, try not to stare, daydream about her in his classes, and then come home. At least it wasn't affecting his grades; he was doing well in all of his subjects so far, and with the end of the school year approaching, it looked like it would all end on a high note.

About a week before the last day of school, something happened that very nearly gave him an opportunity to meet Kari. He was sitting in the cafeteria eating lunch and avoiding staring at Kari across the room, when he noticed tears in her eyes. She was sitting with a group of her friends, who all had looks of sympathy on their faces.

Suddenly, Kari broke down crying. A few nearby kids snickered at her, and Jeff had an overwhelming urge to run up and punch them. But he had always been afraid of fighting, so he just sat there.

He wanted to go talk to Kari, to give her words of comfort, but he didn't know what he would say. Besides, maybe that would just make things worse. Maybe she just wanted people to leave her alone right now.

The bell rang to signify the end of lunch, and he felt disappointed at the lost opportunity.

Later that day he was talking to his friends when one of them mentioned Kari's outburst in the cafeteria. Jeff asked if any of them knew what it was about, and Rick said he had heard from his friend Vanessa that Kari's father had told her she had to go to summer school to make up her bad grades in math.

Now Jeff really felt bad for her. Her father was the P.E. coach at the high school. Jeff was taking P.E. from him, and the man was downright scary. He could imagine him yelling at Kari for her low grades; it was no wonder she was crying. Plus, to have to go to school all summer was something he considered cruel and unusual punishment.

Once again he wished he had the courage to talk to her about it. But he had never been to summer school, so he couldn't give her any words of hope there. He really couldn't think of anything to say that would cheer her up. So all he could do was just hope that she felt better soon.

The next day she seemed to be at least a little more cheerful, for which he was glad. But there was still just a bit of depression about her, especially any time her friends brought up their plans for the summer. She would go silent, just smiling at them to hide her melancholy.

It went on like that for another week, until the last day of school arrived. Jeff was too ecstatic to worry about it any more; summer vacation was about to begin. That meant no more school, and although it meant he wouldn't see Kari for a few months, it did mean more time to spend with Lissa and Allison. He couldn't wait for the last bell to ring and grant him his freedom.

Even though the last couple of hours dragged by, finally the school day ended, and he hurried out to the bus. As usual, he sat across the aisle from Brit, and they rode home in silence.



As soon as Jeff got home from school, Allison put an arm on his shoulder and gently but firmly guided him upstairs to his room. Once there, she closed the door.

"All right, Jeff, we need to talk."

"About what?" he asked. This didn't sound too good. He had a feeling that his summer vacation was about to be spoiled.

"Remember what I said back in March? About you getting a girlfriend?"

Jeff groaned. So that was what this was about. He hadn't really put much effort into it, and now it was coming back to haunt him.

"So you do remember," Allison commented. "All right, I take it you haven't found a girlfriend?"

Jeff shook his head.

"Then it looks like it's up to me."

Jeff's eyes opened wide. What was she saying?

She nodded toward the book in his hand. "Your yearbook?" she asked.

Jeff nodded.

"Perfect. That's just what we need. Come sit down here on your bed and we'll go through it together."

"What?" he asked. "What are you..."

"Unless of course you already have a girl picked out."

In a sense, he had. He just hadn't expected to have to admit it, especially to Allison. He didn't move, keeping the book clutched tightly against his chest. There was no way he was going to tell her who he had a crush on! The embarrassment would kill him!

Allison put her hands on her hips in that manner that she did when she was angry. "Go sit on the bed, now!" she told him in a commanding voice. It was the first time she had used that voice on him, and in truth, it was a little scary. Almost trembling, he strode over to his bed and sat down. She sat down next to him and then pulled the book out of his petrified grip.

Instantly her manner changed, and she was back to that bright, cheerful Allison that he knew and liked so well.

"Now there are two ways we can do this," she smiled. "In my experience, boys your age always have a crush on some girl. It may change two or three times during the year, or it may last your entire junior high and high

school career. It may even be more than one girl at a time. But you're never without a crush. So, option A. You can tell me who it is so I can start making plans. Option B. I go through the yearbook and start looking up all the prettiest girls so that I can call them up and ask if they want to go out with you."

"You wouldn't!" he exclaimed, aghast.

"Oh, wouldn't I?"

Jeff was in a panic. If she started calling all of the girls, his life would be ruined until graduation. He would be the laughingstock of the school.

"Look, Jeff. I can do this more subtly if you want, but I don't have time to do it for every girl in the yearbook. So narrow it down for me. Give me a name."

"I can't..." he croaked.

"Fine." She reached for the phone on his nightstand.

"Okay! You win!" he exclaimed. "But it's not a crush. I just think... I think she's pretty, that's all."

"You don't need to lie. There's nothing wrong with it. Just tell me who she is so that I can start planning."

Jeff sighed. There was no way out of this. "Kari Williams," he mumbled.

"Well, she's got a nice name," said Allison. "At least it's not a Bertha or Hildegard or something like that." She opened the yearbook and started scanning down the faces.

"Page twelve," Jeff sighed in defeat. Now that he was committed, he might as well go all the way.

Allison grinned. "So you just happen to know the page number of this girl that you just think is pretty."

"Fine. I like her. Is that good enough?"

"Good enough." She turned to page twelve and looked for Kari. Jeff couldn't have been any more embarrassed if he had drawn a red heart around her picture.

Allison's grin turned into a broad smile once she found the photo she was looking for. "Well, I'll say this, you certainly know how to pick them. She's really beautiful."

"If she wasn't, I wouldn't like her, would I?" he asked.

Allison laughed. "I suppose that's a conversation for another time," she said. "Remind me to lecture you some time on picking a girl for her personality and not just for her face. Or boobs, for that matter."

"Allison!"

"Okay. Tell me about Kari."

"Well, she's in my grade. In fact, she's one of the few kids younger than me in my grade. That's what first got me interested in her. I used to think older girls were..."

"Intimidating?" offered Allison.

"Yes. Intimidating."

"I'll bet Rachael changed that really fast."

"Boy did she ever! But anyway, since there were only a few girls in my grade younger than me, and since Kari's very pretty, well, now you sort of see why I like her."

"What about her personality? Is she nice? Or is she a real bitch?"

"Oh, she's very nice."

"To you?"

"Honestly, I don't think she knows I exist."

"We'll count that in our favor."

"Oh gee, thanks."

"I didn't mean it like that, Jeff. I just mean that if she's never met you, then she doesn't have any preconceived notions, positive or negative. A good first impression will make a huge difference. So what are her hobbies?"

"Well, she's on the JV volleyball team at the high school. Next year she's going to try out for the varsity team."

"The athletic type. That's a point against us, since you don't like sports. But that's okay. We can work around it. Is there anything else you know about her?"

"Her dad teaches P.E. at the high school. He's also the assistant coach for the varsity basketball team."

"Again, that doesn't help us, unless you want to try out for basketball."

"Too short."

"Right. Okay, anything else? What about her grades?"

"Well, I probably shouldn't tell you this. It's not really nice. But then again, pretty much the whole school knows."

"What?"

"Last week she... she broke down crying during lunch. She told her friends that her dad was going to make her go to summer school because she got a bad grade in math. A lot of the other kids laughed at her because she was crying, but I felt really bad."

"Did you say anything to her? Something to comfort her maybe?"

Jeff shook his head. "I wanted to, but I was afraid to approach her."

"All right. Her father coaches basketball and she's not particularly good at math. This is going to be easier than I thought."

"What?" Jeff asked, startled.

"Sounds to me like she needs a math tutor," Allison grinned. "Do we know anyone that could fit that role?"

Jeff's surprise gave way to understanding. Of course! It was absolutely perfect.

"And now if you'll excuse me, I think I'll make a call to Mr. Williams," she said. "What's his first name again?"

"Allen."

"All right. I'll see you in a minute."

She left him there and headed downstairs to make the call. Taking a moment to look up the number in the phone book, she dialed it and waited for the answer.

"Hello?" a girl's voice on the other end of the line greeted.

"Hello. This is Allison Primdale. Am I speaking to Kari?"

"That's me," the girl replied.

"Hello, Kari. I was wondering if I could have a word with your father?"

"Just a minute."

A few seconds later, a man's voice came onto the phone. "This is Allen Williams," he said.

"Hello, Allen. May I call you Allen? My name is Allison Primdale. You don't know me, but I have a favor I would like to ask you."

"I know your husband," the man said. "We used to sometimes play racquetball together. So what can I do for

you, Mrs. Primdale?"

"Oh, please, call me Allison. It's about my stepson, Jeff. Do you know him?"

"Of course. He was in my P.E. class this year."

"Well, I'm not exactly sure how to put this... Oh what the hell. He's a bit of a couch potato. Spends most of his time in front of the TV or the computer, or with a book in his hand. Mind you, I'm not really concerned about the book part; I think it's healthy for a boy his age to read. But he's not particularly physical. I'm sure you're aware he doesn't do so well at sports."

"Well, now that you mention it, yes. I didn't want to get on his case about it in class this year, but you're absolutely right."

"Well, I had an idea. In my opinion, he just needs a start. I think if he were to start in on some kind of routine, he would get into the habit of working out every day. A little push and the change would be tremendous. So I need someone to coach him, say, for a month."

"I'm not sure I have the time, Mrs. Primdale. Allison. I've got basketball camp coming up at the beginning of July, and I need to make plans for my daughter to go to summer school."

"Actually, I'm glad you mentioned that, because I wouldn't dream of asking you to do this without something in return. I'm actually quite aware of your daughter's shortcomings in math."

"Let me guess. Jeff told you about that incident in the cafeteria."

"Yes he did. You see, it bothered him all the rest of the day. Nearly broke his heart, poor dear. He's always been a bit sensitive like that. He always hates to see people hurt. So after school he asked me if there was anything I could do to help. You see, Allen, I used to teach high school mathematics. I would be happy to tutor your daughter for the summer. I think it's quite clear that she doesn't want to go to summer school. Maybe it's the embarrassment, maybe it's that she wouldn't get to spend time with her friends, that sort of thing. I'm willing to make my schedule as flexible as she needs, so she won't have to miss out on anything, and of course, private tutoring doesn't have quite the stigma of summer school. So what do you say? You train Jeff until your basketball camp starts. I'm not talking about professional quality training here. A couple of hours a day, maybe. Whatever you think he needs. Once you see that he's into a routine and doesn't need your help any more, feel free to stop. In exchange, I tutor Kari all summer. If you want, I'll give you my personal guarantee that she'll get an A on the first math test of the school year."

"I don't know. It sounds tempting, but I'd like to talk it over with my daughter first."

"Of course. Tell you what. Do you have our number here?"

"I should."

"Okay, go ahead and talk it over with Kari. Call me back tomorrow evening after you've made your decision."

Allison returned to Jeff's room and reported on the phone call, adding that she thought it was a good sign. Jeff wasn't particularly happy that he would have to spend time with Allen Williams; the man had been a little intimidating at school, but at least he would get a chance to meet Kari.

The next night Jeff was in his room when he heard the phone ring. Knowing who it would be, he waited in anticipation as Allison answered it downstairs. He couldn't quite hear what she was saying, but from the tone of her voice it sounded positive. She continued speaking for several minutes, then hung up and ascended the stairs to his room. He opened the door almost before she knocked.

"So it's all settled," she told him. "Monday morning you start getting in shape. Kari's father is going to train you. You go over to his house every morning to work out in his weight room, then in the afternoon he brings you two back here so I can tutor her."

"What?" Jeff demanded. "You're going to embarrass me in front of Kari? After she sees how out of shape I am, she won't want to have anything to do with me."

"If she's so shallow as to judge you based upon your current physical fitness, she doesn't deserve you."

"Okay, fine. Just remember, this was your idea."

"Don't worry. By this time Monday night, you'll be thanking me."

Jeff nodded. He hoped she was right.

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## Chapter 17

### First Day With Kari

When Monday came around, Jeff woke up in a bad mood. He was not looking forward to this day. The thought that he would finally meet Kari Williams should have thrilled him, but instead it terrified him. It wasn't that he was particularly shy, not any more at least. Rachael had quickly cured him of that. But he knew that first impressions were always the most important, and he had no idea how he would act when he saw her.

Added to that worry was the thought of spending a couple of hours with her father, Allen. The man was a giant, or so he had seemed in class that year. No doubt he could pick up Jeff and break him over his knee.

Jeff sighed. He had to go through with it, but he didn't have to like it. He took a shower then headed gloomily down to breakfast. Allison was the only one in the kitchen, and she smiled when she saw him. Normally he enjoyed seeing Allison smile, but today he was too distracted.

"Now that won't do," she told him, sliding some pancakes from a pan onto a plate and setting it in front of him. "What would Kari think if she saw you sitting and frowning like that?"

Jeff shrugged. "I don't care."

Allison laughed. "No, I think you're in a bad mood because you *do* care. Are you nervous?"

"I suppose."

"Okay, let me tell you how to act in a way that girls can't resist."

His eyes lit up at that. That sounded helpful. "How?" he asked.

"Be yourself," she replied, and Jeff's hopes sank.

"So I should sit in the corner and read a book in front of her?" he mumbled.

Allison laughed again. "No, you should be funny and charming and friendly and playful. Like I said, just be yourself."

"So you think I'm funny and charming and friendly and playful?"

"I know you go too far sometimes teasing your sister, but just the fact that you like to tease each other is sign that you've got a sense of humor, and you like to play around. Girls like that sort of thing."

"I guess so."

"Do you remember what you said when you first met me?"

"What?"

"You called your Dad and said there was a mysterious and gorgeous woman to see him. That's the real you, not the guy who sits and reads all day."

"Yeah, but with you it's different."

"How?"

"I don't know. I guess it's just easy to say things like that with you."

"Thank you, dear. And that's another thing. Never miss an opportunity for a compliment."

"Allison, you're beautiful."

She laughed. "Thanks, but I meant with Kari."

"Just practicing," he replied, but he was starting to feel much better now. Allison had that effect on him.

By the time they left, his spirits had lifted considerably. Maybe it was just the adrenaline rush of finally meeting Kari, or maybe Allison's cheerfulness was contagious. Whatever the reason, he was actually eager to meet her.

Allison drove him to the Williams house. She dropped him off in the driveway, and in nervous excitement he made his way to the front door, then pressed the doorbell.

When the door opened, he found himself staring into the beautiful face of Kari Williams. She had her long, brown hair tied back in a ponytail, a style that he found extremely sexy on her. She had big brown eyes, and a slightly suntanned complexion. Her lips were a little below average in size but had a slight pucker to them even when she wore a neutral expression. It was as if she were at every moment asking for a kiss. But her smile was the type that could turn storm clouds away and brighten up a dark and dreary room.

"Hi, Jeff," she beamed.

This was almost too much. In all the years of school together, he could not recall her ever smiling at him. Heck, for that matter he could not recall her ever speaking to him.

Allison had to get back to the house to finish making breakfast for the rest of the family, so she waved at him and turned her car around to head back home.

"Hi," Jeff replied, trying to sound casual. "It's Kari, right?"



"Right. So how are you doing, Jeff?"

He shrugged. "Okay, I guess. I'll be able to give you a better answer after I've seen your dad's torture chamber."

Kari laughed. If she had never smiled at him, she had certainly never laughed at any joke he had made. His confidence was beginning to grow now that he had broken the ice.

"Don't worry. No one's died in there in at least three weeks," she replied.

Just then her father appeared in the hall. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with slightly graying hair and a chiseled chin. During school, he had reminded Jeff of a drill sergeant, but he looked quite different out of uniform. With a pair of slacks and a simple button-down shirt, he seemed quite a bit less threatening than in P.E. class.

"So you two know each other?" Allen Williams asked.

"Sure," said Kari.

Jeff's heart leaped in his chest. While her answer was simple enough, there was an implication there that boosted his spirits. It meant that he hadn't been anonymous to her after all. Though certainly not a grand revelation, just the fact that she had known who he was gave him a great thrill.

"All right, Jeff, why don't we get started? I'll show you my weight room, and you can try out some of the equipment there. Your mother said--"

"Stepmother," Jeff corrected absentmindedly. He didn't like to think of her as his mother, because then it would feel so wrong to fantasize about her.

Mr. Williams didn't push the issue. "All right, your stepmother said that your father's all in favor of getting you in shape, so he's going to set up some equipment in the rec room. Today we'll just go over the machines and have you try them out, see which ones you like the best. Tomorrow we'll start organizing an actual workout routine. What do you say?"

"Sounds good."

"Can I watch?" asked Kari.

"No, dear," her father replied. "Some people get self-conscious about working out when there's an audience."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Jeff. "She can watch if she wants." Anything that got her to spend time with him was good enough for him!

"Well, if it's okay with Jeff, it's okay with me," said Allen.

Then Jeff spotted another girl sitting on the couch in the living room watching TV. She looked astonishingly like Kari, except younger. She looked to be about Brit's age.

"I'm going to go out on a limb here and say that's your sister," said Jeff.

Kari laughed. "So you can see the family resemblance?"

"Well, you know, it is kind of subtle, but..."

"We have to make sure we clearly label the pictures in our family photo albums, or a few years later we can't tell if it's me or her in the photos. Hey Crystal," Kari said. "Come here for a second."

The girl got up and walked over to them.

"Crystal, this is Jeff. Jeff, Crystal."

"So you've finally managed to bring a boy home with you," Crystal grinned maliciously. "It's about time."

"Shut up!" said Kari, growing red.

Jeff just shrugged. "Little sisters," he commented, and he could see a look of gratitude on Kari's face.

"What's that supposed to mean?" asked Crystal.

"It means you're as much a tease as my sister Britney."

She put her fists on her hips and flashed him a playfully haughty smile. "Oh, you haven't seen anything yet," she said.

"Let's get out of here before she really gets going," Kari said hurriedly, grabbing Jeff's arm and half-dragging him down the hall to the weight room.

It looked every bit as scary as he had expected it to. There were numerous machines that looked like they belonged in a medieval torture chamber. Mr. Williams began to point them out, describing how they worked and in most cases demonstrating. He explained how to change the weight settings for heavier and lighter weights, and suggested that since Jeff was just trying to get into shape instead of building up strength, he should keep with light weight and perform the sets rapidly and without breaks in order to get his heart rate up. As he went over the devices, Jeff began to have less and less apprehension. They seemed simple enough. Kari even showed off some of her favorites, and Jeff found himself enjoying just watching her move. She was the type of girl that he could just watch for hours on end, no matter what she was doing.

Then Mr. Williams had Jeff try a few of them. Some were designed to work the major muscle groups, but others worked muscles that Jeff didn't even know he had. On some of the machines, he even had trouble with the lightest weight settings, to his embarrassment, but Kari explained to him that that was expected; the muscles that those machines were designed to work were usually extremely weak unless specifically trained,

but would grow strong surprisingly quickly if he continued to work on them.

The ultimate humiliation, though, came when Kari and he alternated on the bench press, and he discovered that Kari could lift more than he could. But she actually came to his rescue by telling him that she had deliberately worked on her upper body strength to be better at volleyball. Mr. Williams agreed, adding that Kari was at the peak of her potential strength while Jeff was toward the bottom, and since he was a man, he would pass her in just a few weeks of practice. It made for a good, if somewhat embarrassing, goal at least.

"If it turns out that Crystal can bench press more than me though," he said, "I'll kill myself."

As he tried out the various machines, he told Kari's dad the ones he liked. Mr. Williams had a clipboard with him and jotted down notes. An hour later, he said it was time to quit.

"Okay, we've got some ideas here," he said. "Tell you what, Jeff. I'm going to have a talk with your father. He already said he's willing to buy some equipment for you. Maybe later this week the three of us can get together and make some orders on the Internet."

"Fine," said Jeff. Actually, now that he had had a chance to try it, he was actually excited to start working out on a regular basis. There was still plenty of space left over in the rec room, especially if they rearranged some of the chairs, so a few of these machines down there would work out nicely.

"Well, we're done for the day," said Mr. Williams, "unless you want to keep going. Your stepmother isn't expecting Kari for another hour and a half, but we can head back over to your house now if you'd like."

"Well, maybe I could go back over some of my favorites for a few minutes."

"Good! You're getting into it already. I'll tell you what. I've got to do some yard work, but I'll leave Kari here with you. You don't mind, do you Kari?"

"No problem," she said.

"Okay. Just remember to spot him if he wants to use the bench press."

"Spot me?" asked Jeff.

"Yes. Other than the occasional sprained muscle if you're not careful, none of the machines in here are dangerous except the bench press. That's because if your strength goes out on the other machines, all that happens is a loud noise as the weights come crashing down. But on the bench press, all the weight is over your chest. You could collapse your rib cage that way. So you have someone spot you, which means they stand over you ready to catch the weight if it looks like you aren't going to be able to get it back up."

"That makes sense."

"All right. I'll be back in to check on you in half an hour," he said.

Jeff was overjoyed. As Mr. Williams left the room, he found himself alone with Kari for the first time. She offered to show him her routine that she usually did when working out, and he readily agreed. Not only did he want to get an idea of how it was all supposed to fit together, but it also gave him an excuse to just look at her.

She showed him how to alternate sets on one machine with sets on another so as to work different muscle groups while keeping the heart rate up. They took turns on the different machines, though Jeff had to take frequent breaks because he couldn't keep up with someone as fit as she was. She gave him encouraging comments, making him feel much more confident with his shortcomings, telling him that he would get better over time.

They tried the bench press then. Kari went first, and Jeff stood over her, staring down into her beautiful face. Even all sweaty as she was, she still looked gorgeous. Then Jeff took a turn, and found it just as pleasant to stare *up* into her beautiful face as she stood over him with that encouraging smile.

Afterward, they took a break, resting from the exertion.

"You're not used to working out," commented Kari, noticing him panting.

"No I'm not. Apparently you are, though."

"It's my dad's fault. He's always been big into sports, but he doesn't have any sons to throw a football around with or play basketball with. So he had to make do with what he had. That's what got me started on athletic activities."

"Whatever the cause, I think you turned out great."

Kari laughed. "I think you did too, Jeff," she replied.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You may not be as physical as me, but you've got plenty of other good qualities. Speaking of which, this is the first chance I've had to thank you," said Kari.

"Thank me? What for?"

"For getting me out of summer school."

"That? Oh, that was my stepmom's idea."

"But you're the one who decided you wanted to help me."

"Oh, yeah, I guess so."

"That incident in the cafeteria was so embarrassing. I wanted to die. Everyone else was laughing at me, but

you felt bad enough to do something about it."

"I just don't like to see people cry, that's all."

"Well, that just means you're a decent person, unlike most of the kids in school."

"I suppose so. Besides, it's not the first time I've seen you cry."

"Really?" asked Kari. "What was the other time?"

"Um... maybe I shouldn't mention it. I mean, it might bring up painful memories."

"Just tell me, Jeff."

"Okay. It was at your mother's funeral five years ago."

"Oh, that. Don't worry, Jeff. It doesn't bother me to think about it any more. That was a long time ago. Besides, we all knew it was coming, so she was able to talk to us to prepare us for it."

"It was cancer, wasn't it?"

Kari nodded. "Your dad and my dad were good friends back then, weren't they?" she asked.

"Yep. That's why he made us go to the funeral. I'll tell you what, though, as sad as it was to see you crying, it was the weirdest sight to see a big, scary guy like your dad crying too."

She laughed. "You think he's scary?"

"You think he's not?"

"Oh, Dad's just a big teddy bear. He's the greatest guy in the world if you give him half a chance."

"Yeah, he wasn't half as frightening today as he was in P.E. class this year."

"I guess he doesn't show that other side of himself very often, at least outside of our family, or at funerals."

"I think that was the first time I started noticing you," said Jeff.

"Noticing me?" asked Kari, and Jeff realized he had just made a big mistake.

"I mean... I had never even seen you before that."

"And you've been stalking me ever since," Kari grinned.

"I didn't mean it that way!" he exclaimed, blushing.

"But you have been 'noticing me'?" she asked.

"Well... I guess."

For some reason that he couldn't quite fathom, her face lit up in a smile at those words. "So how come we never talk at school then?" she asked.

"Are you kidding? A nerd like me talking to a popular girl like you?"

"If you believe in all those stereotypes. I never did."

"That's easy for a popular girl like you, but not for a nerd like me."

"Have you ever thought that maybe that's the reason I'm popular?"

"So you wouldn't have minded if I just came up and started talking with you, right in front of all your friends?"

"Of course not. I would have felt flattered."

"Flattered?"

"Yes. Most of the kids at school are too preoccupied with how other people think of them. That's why they organize themselves in their little cliques or groups or things. It's all about their identity. So if someone were to just come up to me out of the blue and start talking with me, I'd take it as a sign that they were more interested in *me* than in how I thought of *them*."

"I guess you have a point."

"So now that you've actually met me, you'll talk to me at school, won't you?"

"I don't know," he grinned, feeling a lot better about things now. "As a self-declared nerd, it is my solemn duty to only worship popular girls from afar, never to speak to them. I mean, what would people think of me?"

"Oh, very funny. Well if you're not going to talk to me, I'll have to talk to you instead."

"No! You threaten the very foundation of the established order!"

"Didn't you know? It's my mission in life to destroy the established order. I'm recruiting volunteers for the cause. Do you want to sign up?"

"I don't know. What's in it for me?"

"For starters, you get to be seen in the company of a so-called popular girl."

"Oh. As long as she's pretty."

"Me, you idiot," she grinned, slapping him playfully on the shoulder.

"Well you certainly meet the requirements."

"You think I'm pretty?" she asked.

"Oh, I wouldn't exactly say 'pretty.'"

"Oh really?"

"I'd say you're more like... oh, about halfway between 'beautiful' and 'gorgeous.'"

Kari laughed. "I never knew you were such a flirt, Jeff."

"If we're going to single-handedly tear down the whole establishment, I need to practice not being shy with popular girls."

"Well you can practice with me any time you want."

"Good. So how's this? I--"

Just then, Mr. Williams appeared in the doorway, and Jeff decided it wasn't a good idea to continue along those lines at the moment. Instead, he said that he had finished working out, so they called it quits for the day. Since they hadn't had a full workout, there was no need for showers, but Mr. Williams said that for future reference, Jeff should come dressed in gym clothes and bring a change of clothes with him. Kari did insist on at least running upstairs to the bathroom to wash her face, since she had broken a sweat, so the two men went into the kitchen to get some lunch. Crystal joined them there, and spent the whole time teasing him about how Kari lacked taste in the boys she brought home. It was all in fun, of course, and Jeff was used to getting the same treatment at home. Crystal was just like Brit!

Kari joined them a few minutes later, and she somehow managed to turn the tables on her little sister, asking her why she didn't have a boyfriend, and making reference to every boy Crystal's age that she could think of. Jeff was in awe. That was an art he had never learned with Brit, how to turn the teasing around like that. Usually his attempts were more vicious and hurtful, and sometimes brought Brit to tears, but when he was honest with himself, it was because she was so much better at teasing than he was that it was the only way he could gain some kind of power over her.

After lunch, Allen, Kari, and Jeff climbed into his car and he drove them back to his house. Allison met them at the door.

"Allen and Kari, I presume?" she greeted.

"Yes, and you must be Allison," replied Allen.

"Right. It's good to meet you two. I hope Jeff wasn't any trouble."

"Not at all. Once we got going, he started getting enthusiastic about it. If you wouldn't mind, will you tell your husband that I would like him to call me? I'd like to have the three of us sit down and decide on some equipment to order for Jeff to use."

"Certainly. Jeff, why don't you take Kari inside? I'd like to talk to her father for a minute."

"Come on, Kari," said Jeff. "I'll show you around."

He led her into the house, where she gazed up at the ceiling in the great hall. "Wow!" she said. "This is great!"

"I like it," Jeff shrugged. "Here, let me show you the rec room." The two of them headed downstairs, where they found Brit sitting on the couch watching TV. She glanced up as soon as they entered the room.

"So this is Kari," said Brit.

"Hi," greeted Kari cheerfully. "What's your name?"

"Brit."

"It's nice to meet you. How old are you, Brit?"

"I'm twelve," she replied.

"You know, I've got a sister your age. I think you'd like her. Maybe I'll bring her along next time."

"Thanks. You're very nice." Then with a malicious grin, she added, "No wonder Jeff is madly in love with you."

Jeff felt he wanted to die. He had been so happy all day in Kari's presence, and now, suddenly, his bratty sister had spoiled it in an instant.

"Brit!" he shouted, moving toward her.

Then he felt a hand on his arm, which stopped him. He glanced over and realized that it was Kari's. Her touch, though a simple gesture, was thrilling enough to put all thoughts aside of pounding on Brit.

"Don't worry," Kari said with a smile. "Remember, I know what it's like to be teased about every boy I like, or even every boy I happen to be alone with for a few minutes. You've met my sister Crystal, after all. Sounds like Brit's the same way."

Jeff felt overwhelming gratitude toward her. She was taking this extremely good-naturedly, and, thankfully, she didn't ask him whether it was true or not.



"Yeah, she is," he said. "She can be such a pain sometimes." Feeling his confidence building once again, he decided to be a little daring. "So..." he said, "do you have a boyfriend right now?"

Kari glanced over at Brit for a moment, then back at him. "Better not say in front of her. Here." She leaned in close, and for one exhilarating moment, he thought she was going to kiss him. But she maneuvered her face to the side of his head and brought her lips close to his ear. It wasn't what he had hoped, but just being this near her was tremendously exciting.

"I haven't had a boyfriend since second grade," she whispered in his ear.

Then she drew back, and laughed. "So what do you think about that?"

"Wow!" he joked. "I had no idea anyone's love life could be so extensive! You'll have to give me all the sordid details some time." They both laughed at that.

"What did you say to him?" Britney demanded.

"Never you mind," said Kari.

Allison came down the stairs then, a couple of large books and a binder full of papers in her hands. "So Kari," she said, "are you ready to get started?"

"I suppose," Kari replied, unenthusiastically.

"Good. Jeff, why don't you and Brit go upstairs? I've got a sample test that I'd like to give Kari just to see where her strong and weak points are, and the last thing she needs is to have someone looking over her shoulder making her feel self-conscious."

"So make Kari go upstairs instead," said Brit. "I was here first."

"No dear. I'd like a relaxing atmosphere for the test, and I think the rec room would be perfect. Would you do that for me Brit, please?"

"Oh, all right."

"Is it all right if I stay, Kari?" asked Jeff.

"I don't think that would be a good idea," Allison told him. "Not unless you want to take the test too."

"Okay," he said.

"Really?" asked Kari.

"I've got nothing better to do," he shrugged. "To tell you the truth, I could use a little extra help in math myself."

"But you're on vacation, and this is too much like school."

"Knowing Allison, I suspect it won't feel anything like school at all."

"It's up to you, Kari," Allison said. "If it bothers you, I'm sure Jeff would be happy to leave us alone."

"Oh, it doesn't bother me," Kari smiled. "In fact, with him here I won't feel quite so intimidated."

"It's settled then. I think I printed out an extra copy of the test in case you needed it."

Brit headed upstairs, and Jeff and Kari sat down on the couches. Allison went over to the closet and retrieved a couple of TV trays for them to do their work on. She handed them the four-page test and pencils.

"You can take all the time you need," Allison said. "There's no time limit, so don't race. Jeff, we already know you got better grades in math last year than Kari did, so don't be too competitive; I'm sure Kari wouldn't appreciate that."

As soon as they began the test, Allison went over and sat down in a chair in the other side of the room, booting up her laptop.

Most of the questions on the test weren't that hard, except for a few that he recognized as trigonometry, which he hadn't learned at all yet. There were also some geometry questions involving formal proofs that he had never really been good at, but the rest was basic algebra.

Jeff finished the test in about forty-five minutes, and Allison suggested he go upstairs until Kari finished, since it wouldn't do to have him sitting there making her feel self-conscious. He headed up the stairs, where he found Brit sitting on the couch.

"You were down there a long time," she said. "Of course, I'm not surprised, since you got a chance to be alone with both the girls you've been lusting after for years."

"Shut up, Brit!" he snapped. "For your information, all I did was take a math test."

"You would actually take a math test out of choice? You must be in love."

"Shut up, Brit!" he said again.

"So now that you've seen Allison and Kari together, which one do you like best?" she taunted.

"Shut up, Brit!" he said again. Then he forced himself to adopt a calmer tone. "You realize, I know where you sleep. Maybe I'll go outside and collect a jar full of ants, and dump it out on your face tonight after you're asleep."

"I'll lock my door," she countered.

"I'll pick the lock."

"I'll tell Dad."

"Tell him what? He won't believe you until it's too late, and any punishment he gives me will be worth it. Let's see. Where would I find an empty jar?" He got up and headed into the kitchen.

Brit followed him, grabbing him by the arm. "Jeff, don't," she pleaded.

"I think there are some jars in the pantry," he said, ignoring her.

"Please, Jeff?"

He looked down at her, surprised to see fear in her eyes.

Jeff burst out laughing. "You believed me?" he taunted. "How stupid can you get?"

Her fear turned to anger. "You're a big jerk!" she snapped, then went back to the front room and sat down on the couch.

Once again he had overdone it. Now she would be in a bad mood for the rest of the day, and that wouldn't be pleasant with Kari around to see it. He followed her into the front room.

"Okay, I'm sorry," he told her. "I shouldn't have scared you like that, and I shouldn't have called you stupid. I was just mad because you teased me about Kari."

"Okay, fine, you're sorry. Now go away."

Then he had a wicked idea. "Wait a minute," he said. "I'm not through. I didn't say I wasn't going to punish you. You still have it coming."

"What are you going to do?" she asked, her eyes going wide.

"Well for starters, this!" He immediately thrust his fingers into her side and began to tickle her. She squealed and laughed, fighting him off.

A moment later, they heard footsteps on the stairs, and Allison appeared there. Immediately Jeff stopped attacking his sister.

"What's going on here?" asked Allison, walking over to them.

"Nothing," said Jeff.

"He was tickling me!" Brit accused.

"Oh he was, was he?" she asked. "Jeff, is this true?"

"Well, she deserved it."

"Whether that's true or not, Kari's trying to take a test downstairs. The last thing she needs is a bunch of noise going on up above her." She put a hand on Jeff's shoulder. "Now Jeff, you're the only one who had a choice in the matter."

Brit stuck her tongue out at him.

"So I'm afraid you're the one who has to be punished," Allison continued.

"But--" Jeff began to protest, but she didn't give him a chance to answer. She immediately caught him in a full-nelson headlock, immobilizing him.

"Time for revenge, Brit," she grinned.

His little sister wasted no time, but sprang forward and began to tickle him the same way he had tickled her. He couldn't hold back the laughter as she tormented him with the sensation; he was actually just as ticklish as Brit.

Kari appeared at the top of the stairs a minute later. "What's going on here?" she asked.

"I caught Jeff tormenting his sister," Allison explained. "Come help us punish him."

Kari grinned and began to walk over.

"No!" Jeff exclaimed in both fear and delight. Three against one was unfair; on the other hand, any kind of physical horseplay with Kari sounded fun, even if it meant being tickled by her.

She attacked him mercilessly, digging her fingers into his sides and below his arms. All he could do was push with his feet to try to keep away from her. As it turned out, that strategy worked in the end, because Allison suddenly lost her balance and had to release him to keep from falling over. That didn't work out quite so nicely for Jeff, because he fell backward. Since he had pinned Kari's hands under his arms trying to keep her fingers away from his armpits, he took her with him, and a second later he found himself flat on his back with Kari lying on top of him. They stared at each other for a moment in shock.

"Ooh, look at the lovebirds!" Brit giggled.

"Shut up!" Jeff and Kari both told her at the same time, then they broke down laughing. Kari got up off of him and rose to her feet, then reached down and helped him up.

"Sorry about that," she said.

"Oh, that's okay," he smiled. "It wasn't your fault. Just tell me one thing."

"What?"

"Are you ticklish too?" He tickled her sides, and she suddenly yelped and jumped back, a grin on her face.

"Apparently so," he said. "So now that I know your secret, how about we call a truce?"

"I was hoping you would say that."

"Good. Now, I wonder if between the two of us we have enough firepower to take on both Allison and Brit?"

"You can try," Allison said with a prideful grin. "But it's only fair to warn you, if you do, I'll show no mercy. And by the way, I've never lost a battle."

Jeff and Kari glanced at each other. "Maybe a cease-fire is in order," Kari said.

"I agree."

"So do I," said Allison.

"So do I," said Brit.

"Good," Allison said. "So Kari, does this mean you're finished with your test?"

"Yes I am."

"All right. That's all for today then. I'll grade them tonight, and tomorrow we'll start to make plans for the rest of the summer. So I can drive you home now if you want, or you can stay here for a couple more hours."

"Well, there's really no rush," said Kari, to Jeff's delight. The fact that she preferred to stay here meant that at the very least, her attitude toward him was positive rather than neutral.

"Okay. Jeff, why don't you and Kari go back downstairs and shoot some pool or play some ping-pong?"

"I'm really not that good at either or those," said Kari.

"Perfect!" laughed Jeff. "Maybe now I can finally piece together my shattered ego after you've proven yourself better than I am at everything else today."

Kari giggled, but she apparently enjoyed the compliment. "Don't worry. As soon as you see my math test score, you won't have any problem with your ego. But as long as you promise not to laugh at me, ping-pong sounds fun."

They headed downstairs and played for a couple of hours. At first, Kari couldn't manage to hit anything, but Jeff was very patient with her, and soon she began to gain a little skill and self-confidence. By the end of the session, she was playing quite competitively, although that was partly because Jeff went easy on her.

They were having so much fun that they didn't realize how long they had been playing until Allison came downstairs and announced that it was time to drive Kari home. Jeff saw her to the door, and then Allison and Kari headed out to the car, which left Jeff and Brit alone together.

Although Jeff was in a good mood, he still had unfinished business with his sister. After her teasing, she deserved to be punished, and now she was going to get it.

"You've been a bad girl," he told her with a wicked grin. Her eyes grew wide with horror, but she had a smile on her lips. She knew what was coming.

Immediately she squealed in terror, half-laughing, and turned to run out of the room. Jeff chased her up the stairs, and she hurried into her own room, trying to slam the door behind her. Jeff was too fast.

"No!" she shouted, still giggling.

Jeff pounced, grabbing her and throwing her on the bed. He thrust his fingers under her armpits and tickled her. She laughed until she started crying, but he wouldn't let up.

Somehow she managed to get her legs up between them and thrust her knees into his stomach to push him away. He stumbled and fell on the floor. While he was down, she tried to make a dash for freedom, but he caught her around the waist. Standing once again, he threw her onto the bed.

This time he climbed on top of her, pinning her down. He pulled both of her arms up and at an angle to the side so that she was completely helpless.

"Say the words!" he demanded. This was a game he had invented when she was younger. She had been bratty back then also, and after she had been particularly nasty, he loved to torture her like this.

"No!" she insisted, sticking her tongue out at him.

"Say them!" he repeated.

"Oh, all right! Now I'm completely at your mercy. You can do anything you want to me, and I can't stop you. My body is yours to play with." It was kind of humiliating, but that was the point.

Sometimes when he got her like this he tickled her mercilessly. Sometimes he even tied her up, with the pieces of rope that she had sitting on the headboard of her bed. He didn't know why she kept them there when she knew what they would be used for. Maybe she had a masochistic streak and liked this game more than she admitted.

Today, though, he wasn't in the mood to do anything really sadistic to her. After all, despite Brit's teasing, she hadn't really spoiled the day. It had turned out rather well, in fact.

"Say you're sorry," was all he demanded.

"I'm sorry," she repeated.

He released her and sat up. She rose to a sitting position as well, panting and out of breath after the ordeal.

Then she threw her arms around his neck and lay her head on his shoulder. "I really am sorry, Jeff," she said.

He could never stay mad at her for long, especially when she was this affectionate. He put his arm around her waist. "Promise you won't tease me about Kari again?" he asked gently.

"I promise."

"All right. It's settled then."

"So you're not mad at me any more?" she asked, though it was with a playful, rather than meek, tone.

"No, I'm not mad at you."

"Do you still love me?"

"Of course I still love you."

"Thanks," she said, then kissed him on the cheek.

He released her, then stood up and left the room.

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## Chapter 18

### Pool Fun

Later, when Allison returned home, he took her aside, out of hearing range of Brit.

"So how much of that was scripted and how much was accidental?" he asked her.

"If by 'scripted' you mean that I had it all figured out days ago, very little was scripted. On the other hand, I'll admit that I was looking for opportunities, and made the most of them when I saw them. For instance, Kari tickling you was a stroke of genius, if I do say so myself, and Kari falling on top of you was pretty clever as well, although in hindsight it was probably a little risky. You might have hurt yourself."

"Well, whatever you're doing, you're doing it right. Kari and I went from zero to good friends in one day."

"Just remember, ninety percent of it is you. I'm just giving you and her a little nudge. It's really because of the way you act with her that she likes you so much."

"I don't know..." he mumbled, but he enjoyed the compliment.

"Jeff, don't you see? You're wonderful with girls. All you needed was an excuse to meet her, and your charm and good looks did the rest."

"I suppose you're right," he smiled, suddenly feeling great.

That mood lasted all the rest of the day, and into the next. When he met Kari at her place in the morning, she seemed to be in just as good a mood. He hoped it was because she felt the same way about him as he felt about her, but maybe his cheerfulness was just contagious. Either way, he was glad to see her smiling at him.

Again she accompanied him into the weight room. Her father sat him down and brought out his notes of Jeff's favorite machines from yesterday. Using that as a guide, the two of them worked on organizing a workout routine that would keep his heart rate up as he went from machine to machine. Kari threw in some helpful suggestions, like making sure that he didn't do back-to-back sets that worked the same or similar muscle groups. Fortunately there were about the same number of machines for working out the arms as for the legs, so they alternated upper-body and lower-body exercises.

Once they finished drawing up the plan, Allen had him go through it once to see if he liked it or whether they needed to make any changes. It turned out to be just right, so they agreed that that would be his routine from then on.

Unfortunately, he didn't give Jeff and Kari any time alone together that morning, but stayed for the whole workout. Jeff went through the routine several times, only doing half-sets and taking it slow as he memorized



it. By the time he was through, he had it down perfectly.

Jeff had actually broken a sweat this time, so Allen showed him where the bathroom was so he could take a quick shower before heading home. He stripped out of his gym clothes, cleaned himself off in the shower, and dressed in his everyday attire.

When they arrived back at the Primdale house, Lissa greeted them at the door.

"So this is the infamous Kari," she grinned.

"Infamous?" asked Kari.

"Yes. I know all about your father's fiendish plan to transform Jeff from a weakling to a strong hunk of a guy. You're obviously his partner in crime."

"Ah, but you're too late," Kari grinned, playing along. "We already have an accomplice right in your own home. Your stepmother."

"Dang!" Lissa said. "You've corrupted her too? Who's next?"

"Well, I've had my eye on little Brit," replied Kari. "I think I just need to get her together with my sister Crystal and she'll be turned to the dark side in no time."

"I guess I've been defeated. Well, you know what they say. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. So do you mind if I join the cause? Oh, I'm Jeff's big sister Lissa by the way."

"I kind of figured that. He mentioned he had another sister. So I figured you must either be her, or some other mysterious girl that he keeps locked up in his house for his own diabolical purposes."

"Hey, I got out of that business two months ago," Jeff complained facetiously. "Besides, it was just a hobby. Do you see me talking bad about your hobbies?"

"Okay, now I'm scared to come inside," Kari grinned. "If I do, maybe I'll never come back out."

"Well, that was the original plan," he joked, "but since we're going to put some new equipment downstairs in the rec room, we'll need to move some things into the lab, which leaves no room to work in there. So that puts an end to my experiments for a while. You're perfectly safe."

Kari laughed. "Good," she said. "Because I really do need to get my math scores up." She headed inside, followed by Jeff.

They met Allison downstairs, who handed each of them their tests back, graded. As expected, Kari's score was quite a bit lower than Jeff's.

"I've taken some time to analyze where your weaknesses are, Kari," Allison told her.

"Just tell me how dumb I am and get it over with," said Kari.

"Dumb? Oh, you're far from dumb. In fact, I'd say you're pretty bright. It's actually just what I suspected right from the beginning. I saw this over and over again when I taught school. Did you know that you're not any worse at math than Jeff is?"

"But you saw my score!" Kari protested.

"Yes, and furthermore, I saw exactly which questions you had problems on. Let me explain it to you. Everyone has problems in certain areas of math. Everyone. Even Jeff, even me. For most people, those problems are fortunately at a high enough level that they're able to still achieve reasonably good grades. You just happen to be unfortunate enough that your problems are in some of the fundamentals, so it holds everything back. It's not that you're not as smart, or that you're worse at math. It's just that you haven't quite grasped some of the basics. Once you do, I wouldn't be surprised if your score jumped ahead of Jeff's."

"Oh gee thanks," Jeff said sarcastically, but he kept a smile on his face.

But Kari had a look of hope in her eyes. "Really?" she asked.

"Really," Allison responded. "The only reason you're behind in math is that the public school system can't really accommodate giving each student the attention they need. An hour of private instruction at the beginning of the school year once your problems were identified would have solved everything. Instead, you've had to suffer through a year of being behind, thinking you're not as smart as the other kids. So now instead of having to make up an hour, you have to make up the whole year. But don't worry. By the end of the summer, you're going to be caught up with the rest of the kids your age. You might even be a little ahead."

"Thank you!" Kari exclaimed, tears in her eyes.

They set to work learning some of the fundamentals of math. To Jeff, it was mostly boring, because he already knew it all. But Kari seemed very interested. She asked a few questions that Jeff thought were stupid, but Allison answered them nonjudgmentally. Even before the end of the first lesson, Kari looked a little more confident. Apparently she was beginning to understand.

That afternoon after the lesson, Jeff and Kari sat in the rec room and watched a movie on the big screen. Lissa and Allison made themselves scarce, but unfortunately Brit had to spoil things by lying down on the floor and watching the movie with them. Jeff would have loved to have some time alone with Kari, but it was not to be, at least not that day. After the movie was over Allison drove Kari back home.

That night, Greg called Allen. They talked for quite a while, then Greg headed upstairs to Jeff's bedroom to talk to him.

"We're going to put some machines down in the rec room," he said. "We'll go over to Allen Williams' house on Saturday to discuss it and make some orders on the Internet."

"Great!" Jeff said enthusiastically. Now that he had gotten over his initial fear, he was actually excited to get into shape. Of course, part of that was to try to impress Kari, but the reason wasn't as important as the action itself.

On Wednesday morning, Jeff began his new routine in the rec room at the Williams house. Kari asked if he minded if she worked in her routine with him, to which he agreed immediately. While it wasn't exactly a date, it was at least an activity that they were doing together, one that would probably become a daily event.

Allen Williams stayed with them the whole time, unfortunately, but Jeff really didn't mind all that much. He was likely to have plenty of time alone with Kari during the summer. Allen commented on Jeff's workout, offering him pointers here and there to help improve the experience.

After Kari and Jeff took a quick shower in separate bathrooms, Allen drove them back to the Primdale house, where Allison had made lunch.

As they were about to head downstairs to the rec room, they encountered Lissa in the hall, who wore her swimsuit and shorts, with a towel draped over her shoulders. "I'm heading out back to the pool," she said.

"I didn't know you had a pool," said Kari excitedly.

"Yeah, it's out back," Lissa told her. "Do you like to swim?"

"I love to swim!"

"Well, bring your swimsuit tomorrow. After you're done with your lesson, we can go swimming."

"Okay!" she agreed. "Jeff, do you like to swim?"

"Sure," he said. "We'll have a pool party."

Somehow he managed to keep from passing out from the thought of seeing Kari in a swimsuit, and Allison accompanied Jeff and Kari downstairs.

The lesson this time was much like last time, with Kari asking several question and Jeff simply content to sit there in her presence. In fact, he was picking up a couple of pointers as well.

After the math lesson, Allison said she needed to take Lissa and Brit shopping, and asked if Kari and Jeff wanted to go too. Jeff made no secret of his dislike for shopping, and Kari decided to stay home with him. The three other girls headed out to the van.

That left Jeff and Kari alone in the house together. They sat on the couch, talking and joking. To Jeff, this was a dream come true. He had always wished he had the nerve to even talk to her, and now they were sitting and talking like old friends. She was the type of person who was very nice to be with, and he was glad he had this time alone with her.

"So what's the story with your stepmom?" Kari asked him.

"What do you mean?"

"Well first of all, why don't you call her Mom?"

Jeff laughed. "She insisted on that. She says she's too young to be the mother of a couple of teenagers."

"And that's another thing," said Kari. "Isn't she too young to be married to your dad?"

He shrugged. "They don't seem to have any problem with it," he told her.

"I suppose you're right. I guess I really shouldn't pry into your family life."

"Oh, that's okay. It doesn't bother me."

"You sure?"

"Of course. Look, Allison will be the first to admit that she's not exactly conventional. And so the situation in our family isn't really conventional either."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that my so-called stepmom is more like a big sister than a mother. She and Lissa are best friends, and she likes to spend time with Brit and me too. So we call her Allison."

"She sounds like a lot of fun. I never had a big sister. Or a brother for that matter."

"I never had a brother either," Jeff smiled.

Kari laughed. "Well, I'd offer to be your brother, but, uh..."

"You're missing the number one requirement."

"Exactly."

"Well, I've already got two sisters and someone pretending to be a third, so I don't need any more. On the other hand, you fit in great with the rest of us, so maybe we can make you an honorary Primdale."

"Okay, as long as I can make you an honorary Williams."

"It's a deal. But seriously, you've only been here a couple of days and everyone likes you."

"Everyone?"

"Sure."

"What about you?"

"My first opinion is positive, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to wait until the next full moon to make sure."

"The next full moon?"

"Yes. In case you turn out to be a werewolf," he joked.

"Oh, you know this from experience, do you?"

"Hey, it wasn't *me* who brought her home. It was one of Lissa's friends. Oh, wait. I promised I wouldn't tell anyone. Oops."

Kari laughed. "Jeff, I never knew you were so funny."

"Only around potential werewolves."

"Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm not a werewolf."

"Oh. I guess that means I have to get serious."

"I'm actually a vampire," she grinned, then bared her teeth as she pounced on him.

Jeff playfully tried to push her away, but she latched onto him too tightly. He tried to get up from the couch, but her weight dragged on him and he ended up toppling to the floor with her on top of him. She lowered her head and aimed her mouth for his neck.

She stopped a couple of inches short, then lifted her head again. "Just kidding," she said.

"Whew!" he breathed in exaggerated relief. "You had me scared there for a second."

"Either you're joking or you're the most gullible person I've ever met."

"Or possibly both," he shrugged. "You know, this is starting to become a habit."

"What is?"

"Every time you come over, you end up on top of me."

"Didn't you know? I like to be on top," she grinned.

"Uh..." he stammered, growing red.

She laughed, then rolled off of him onto the floor. "Sorry, Jeff," she said. "I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"Oh, that's okay," he shrugged. "I'm already so embarrassed by the fact that you can bench-press more than

me that this hardly makes a difference."

They continued to lie on the floor for a while, just talking and joking with each other. Jeff was having a great time, and it looked like Kari was too. He wondered if maybe she was beginning to see him as a possible love interest. But no, that was absurd of course. Surely a girl as beautiful and popular as Kari had higher standards than that. Still, just being her friend was nice in its own way.

The girls arrived home a couple of hours later, and Kari stayed for dinner. Afterward, Allison drove her home, leaving Jeff excited about tomorrow.

Jeff woke up in a great mood the next day. The workout and tutoring would be the same as before, but afterward he would get to see Kari in a swimsuit.

He went through the workout routine that morning with that pleasant thought on his mind, and he hardly felt the weights. Kari of course joined him, and Allen sat by as well, but this time he merely watched; Jeff really didn't need any pointers this time.

Afterward, Jeff showered and met Kari and Allen in the living room. Kari wore a tee-shirt and shorts this time, and carried a small duffel bag. He hoped that was her swimsuit in there, or that she was wearing her swimsuit under her outfit and the duffel bag held a change of clothes. Either way, it looked like she remembered the pool.

Surprisingly, Crystal joined them this time.

"Oh, I forgot," Kari said. "Jeff, Crystal said she wanted to come over and swim too, and I said I'd ask you."

Jeff glanced down at the girl. She wore a pleading look in her eyes. He knew that look; it was the same one that Brit used on him whenever she wanted something. It usually worked.

"You know, I could be mean and tell you that you have to sit through a math lesson with us first," he grinned. "But I guess I can introduce you to my little sister and you two can go do what girls your age do."

"On second thought," said Kari, "is it really a good idea to get those two together?"

"Why not?" asked Crystal.

"I'm just thinking that could be a little..."

"Dangerous?" suggested Jeff.

"I was going to go with 'apocalyptic,'" Kari laughed.

"Oh, great. Not only are you stronger than me, now you've out-vocabularied me as well," Jeff jokingly

mumbled.

"So Crystal," said Kari, "if you come over, you have to promise that you and Brit won't destroy the world."

"Oh, you're no fun," Crystal complained.

"Okay, then in that case, you have to at least wait until the end of summer."

"That's fine," Crystal replied. "I wouldn't want to destroy the world until the vacation is over anyway."

They all climbed into the car and Allen drove them back to Jeff's house. Jeff opened the door and led them inside.

"Wow!" Crystal exclaimed. "You have a nice house!"

Jeff shrugged. "Hey Brit!" he yelled up the stairs.

"Jeff, don't yell in the house!" Lissa yelled from the dining room table.

"Lissa, don't yell in the house!" Brit yelled from up in her room. Allison, who was sitting on the living room sofa, just rolled her eyes and sighed in exasperation.

Brit appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Come here, Brit," Jeff said. "I'd like you to meet someone."

"Oh hi, Crystal," Brit smiled, coming down the stairs.

"You two know each other?" asked Kari.

"I don't think we've ever met," Crystal said, "but I know who she is."

"We do go to school together after all," Brit added.

"Anyway," said Jeff, "Crystal wanted to come over and play in the pool with us after the math lesson, so we were wondering if you wouldn't mind babysitting her until we're ready."

"Oh very funny," said Crystal. "I'm older than Brit."

"Only by a few months," Brit insisted.

"Okay Crystal, so *you* babysit *her*," said Jeff.

"How about we babysit each other?" Brit suggested.

"Sounds fine with me," Crystal replied.

"Let's go up to my room."

"Okay."

The girls scampered up the stairs and disappeared down the hall. Allison got up from the couch and came over to Jeff and Kari. "Crystal looks just like you," she told Kari.

"Yeah, you'd think we're sisters or something," Kari grinned.

"All right, are you ready to start?"

"Sure," Kari shrugged, and the three of them headed down the stairs to the rec room.

Jeff couldn't concentrate on the lesson, as he was still daydreaming about Kari in a swimsuit. He just wanted the lesson to end so they could go out back and jump into the pool. Unfortunately, as is the case in such situations, time seemed to drag on for an eternity. It was almost a relief when Allison passed out the daily test over what they had learned that day. Jeff, in fact, hadn't learned anything, but fortunately it was still in the fundamentals, so he was able to answer all of the questions without really trying.

Lissa peeked her head down the stairs just as they finished the tests. "Are you done, Kari?" she asked.

Kari handed the test to Allison and asked, "Am I done?"

"You're done," Allison replied. "Go have fun."

"Come on," Lissa told her. "You can change into your swimsuit in my bathroom. Jeff, are you coming out with us?"

"Sure," he smiled.

The three of them headed up the stairs, where Jeff disappeared into his room while Kari and Lissa continued down the hall to hers. He quickly stripped down and put on his swim trunks, then threw his tee-shirt back on and made a quick stop in the bathroom to grab a towel. He knocked on the other door, and Brit opened it. She and Crystal were already changed into their swimsuits as well. Both wore simple one-piece suits. Brit's was green and Crystal's was blue.

"I guess that means you're coming out to the pool with us," he said.

"You're coming out too?" Brit complained. "Oh, great."

"Hey, that's not very nice."

"I'm just kidding, Jeff. It will be fun, even if you're there."

He laughed. Normally he would try for some pithy comeback, but he was in too much of a good mood to



argue with her right now.

They met Lissa and Kari in the hall. Both girls wore shorts over the bottom half of their swimsuits and carried towels.

"What do you think, Jeff?" asked Kari, spreading her arms and turning slowly around in a circle.

"Very nice," he said, which was an understatement. While it didn't show any more skin than Lissa's, for some reason it seemed to show off her figure very well. It was bright pink trimmed with black around all of the edges. Jeff found himself admiring her very pleasing shape. For a fourteen-year-old girl, she certainly had a nice body.

"Notice the straps in the back," Lissa told him.

Kari turned around to show him. The straps crossed in the back, forming an "X" across her shoulder blades.

"So?" he asked.

"So it's not going to be as easy to pull it down," Lissa giggled, and Kari joined in.

"You didn't tell her about that incident last year, did you?" he groaned.

"Hey, it was more embarrassing for me than it was for you," she said.

"Besides, it was just an accident," said Kari. Well, at least Lissa hadn't told her that he did it on purpose. And if Lissa could laugh it off and it didn't bother Kari, then he might as well not let it bother him.

"Does Jeff like to pull down girls' swimsuits?" Crystal grinned.

"I wouldn't pull *yours* down even if you begged me!" he told her.

"He only does it to his sisters," Brit explained.

"No, I only do it to girls who have boobs," he replied. Brit started growing red. It was the first time in recent memory that he had actually gotten the better of her.

The five of them headed down the stairs, where they met Allison in the hall, who had also changed into a swimsuit.

Jeff was in heaven. Now both of the girls he had been lusting after were scantily dressed in front of him. He had to admit, Allison had the best figure of all of them, but part of that was because she was the only one fully mature. The other girls were all just adolescents.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked. "I know teenagers don't like a chaperone, but--"

"You're not a chaperone," Lissa insisted. "Everyone in favor of making Allison an honorary teenager?"

They all raised their hands.

"Looks like it's unanimous," Lissa said.

"Thanks," Allison grinned.

She made one stop in the kitchen before following them out. She had made up a pitcher of lemonade that morning and stuck it in the fridge, so she grabbed it along with six glasses and went with the others out the back door and down the stairs to the pool deck.

Jeff claimed one of the deck chairs by putting his towel and his shirt on it, then headed to the far end of the pool where there was a ladder into the deep end. He could go down the stairs in the shallow end, but he preferred to just get right in, getting the shock of the cold water over with at once.

Before he reached the ladder though, he heard a couple of pairs of feet pattering behind him. Too late, he saw Crystal and Brit run up alongside him, then they both bumped him. He lost his footing and tumbled into the water. He went under for a second, then rose back up, sputtering and laughing.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Jeff," said Crystal with a grin. "I wasn't looking where I was going."

Brit laughed. "I was," she said.

"That was perfect, you two," said Kari, walking up to them. "You forgot about Jeff's secret weapon, though."

"What's that?" asked Brit.

"Me," Kari replied, then pushed Brit into the pool as well.

Immediately Crystal attacked her, trying to push her in, but Kari grabbed hold of her arm and they both came tumbling into the water.

Lissa and Allison walked over to the edge of the pool, staring down at the kids who had started in on trying to dunk each other.

"You know, if I were an adult," said Allison, "I would say that roughhousing like that is dangerous. But since you made me an honorary teenager..."

She suddenly put her hand behind Lissa's back and pushed. Lissa shrieked as she toppled over the edge into the water.

"Looks like I win," said Allison with a triumphant grin.

"Well we can't have that," said Jeff, heading for the ladder. Allison quickly dashed toward the other side of

the pool. However, Lissa was already moving toward the shallow end and the stairs to cut her off. Kari followed Jeff toward the ladder, and Crystal and Brit went to the stairs. A moment later, Allison found herself surrounded by all of the kids, who closed in on her from both directions.

She suddenly jumped off of the deck and into the pool, disappearing under for just a second, then rising back up again. "Looks like I still win," she taunted them.

They couldn't let it go at that. All of the kids jumped into the pool after her, then waded over until they surrounded her on every side. Once again they closed in. This time she had nowhere to run. They all pounced on her and pulled her under.

After sufficiently humbling her, they let her go. She stood there in the water, soaking wet and laughing.

Jeff, of course, loved it. Not only did her glistening skin look so lovely as the water ran down it, but her laughing tended to jiggle her breasts. He tried not to stare, but for the rest of the day he made it a point to glance over in her direction whenever she laughed.

Brit suddenly jumped on his back. "Give me a piggy-back ride!" she insisted.

"Aren't you too old for that?" he asked.

"What, are you afraid Kari will see how weak you are? You can't even hold up your little tiny sister?"

As if to prove her point, Crystal jumped on Kari's back the same way. She scrambled up until she was sitting on Kari's shoulders.

"Oh, all right," Jeff conceded. Brit climbed up and slipped her legs over his shoulders just like Crystal. Jeff grabbed hold of her feet.

"Better watch out," Kari warned them. "When we do this in the pool, it's not just a piggy-back ride, it's a battle."

"What do you mean?"

"Whoever knocks the other team over first wins," Crystal explained as Kari approached them menacingly. Brit giggled nervously, but Jeff wasn't about to back down from a challenge. He waded right up to Kari and Crystal.

The two girls on top began to push each other as Jeff and Kari tried to remain on their feet. Jeff turned sideways and slammed his shoulder gently into Kari, and she responded by pushing him back. They were having so much fun that they didn't see the hidden threat until it was too late. Allison came up behind Jeff and Lissa came up behind Kari, and together the older girls grabbed hold of Crystal and Brit and pulled them backward. Jeff found himself losing his balance, toppling over into the water.

He came up spluttering and saw that Kari and Crystal had suffered a similar fate.

"That's not fair!" Crystal protested.

"It wouldn't be fair if we did it to only one of the teams," Lissa told her with a grin. "But we did it to both, so it's perfectly fair."

"Then I guess so is this," said Kari, and attacked her. Crystal joined in.

Jeff wasn't about to pass up this opportunity, so he grabbed Allison and tried to pull her under the water. Brit got on the other side to aid him. Allison squealed playfully and tried to get away. But two against one was too much for her, and she ended up falling backward. She managed to grab both Brit and Jeff, and the three of them went under together.

Lissa had suffered a similar fate, and a minute later all six people stood there completely drenched.

"Okay, enough with these violent games," said Lissa.

"Just because you got dunked," Brit told her.

"Basically, yes," Lissa laughed. "I just think we should play something that doesn't involve trying to drown each other."

"But this was my chance to murder Jeff and make it look like an accident," Brit complained.

"Never mind that. I'll help you plot his death later."

"Okay," Brit grinned.

"Allison, save me!" he pleaded.

"How many times do I have to tell you, Lissa?" said Allison. "You're not allowed to commit murder until you're eighteen."

"I suppose I can wait. It's not much more than a year away," Lissa smiled. "Sorry, Jeff. It will have to wait until next summer."

"Oh, good. A reprieve. Kari, I don't suppose your dad would like to adopt me, would he? Say, around... August third next year?"

"I like that idea!" Crystal said. "I've always wanted to have a big brother."

"What's wrong with having a big sister?" Kari demanded.

"Boys are so much more fun to torture. Which do you prefer, Jeff? The iron maiden or the rack?"

"I prefer to run away screaming like a baby," he told her.

"Oh, I'm just kidding. The most I would ever do is pull your fingernails out with pliers."

"Kari, tell your dad to get that sister of yours to a psychiatrist, quick!"

"We tried it," Kari shrugged. "Unfortunately, she beheaded him on the third session."

"Not to change the subject," said Jeff, "but I think it's time to change the subject."

"I take it you don't like violence?" asked Kari.

"Not when I'm the victim. So anyway, who's up for a game of tag?"

"As long as you're it," said Brit.

"Fine," he replied, then touched her on the shoulder. "Now you're it."

"Hey!" she complained, but he was already running away.

The six of them chased each other all over the pool. Crystal and Brit, being the smallest and the quickest, managed to avoid being touched more than anyone else, but they too had their turns. Kari seemed to always tag Jeff, and after the third time, Brit pointed it out.

"Do you like putting your hands on my brother?" she asked in a teasing voice.

"Only because he's the only challenge," Kari replied. "The rest of you are all too slow."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah," said Kari, jumping toward her with an evil grin. Brit squealed and dashed away, narrowly missing being tagged.

The game continued for about half an hour, after which Jeff decided to get out of the pool to dry off. He sat down in one of the deck chairs, poured himself a glass of lemonade, and lay back.

A moment later Kari joined him on one side and Allison on the other, leaving Lissa and the two younger girls still in the pool. Jeff offered to pour Allison and Kari each a glass of lemonade, which they graciously accepted.

It felt nice to be relaxing next to two beauties like that. Both Kari and Allison looked incredibly sexy wet, and even better wet and reclining. He didn't allow himself to stare at them, however, but closed his eyes and basked in the warmth of the sun.

That lasted only about five minutes. He gasped in shock as a torrent of cold water landed on him. He sat up with an angry look on his face and stared toward the pool. Brit and Crystal stood there in the water, both grinning at him and both pointing to each other.

They looked so silly and in reality, the situation was so absurd that he just had to laugh. "I guess since I don't know who did it, I'll have to punish you both. That will be fun. I've never tortured two girls at the same time."

"Hey, *I'm* the torturer," Crystal insisted.

"Good. You can show me some of your methods so I can use them on you."

"Come on," Brit told Crystal. "Let's get out of here. With Jeff, you never know if he's serious or not." They hurried to the other side of the pool.

He spent the next twenty minutes drying off in the heat of the sun, this time keeping an eye on the pool. Brit and Crystal didn't try anything more, so he dried relatively quickly. It was getting late, so he grabbed his shirt and towel and headed for the house.

"Jeff, can I talk to you for a minute?" asked Kari, hurrying up behind him.

"What about?"

"In private?" she asked.

"Ooh!" Brit and Crystal called out in unison.

"I didn't mean it like that!" Kari said, a little embarrassed.

"Kari likes Jeff!" Crystal taunted.

"Yuck! Don't insult me," Kari replied, though with a grin to let Jeff know it was all in fun.

"Yeah, don't insult her," he agreed, in a similarly playful tone. "I mean... don't... um..."

"For once in his life, Jeff is right," teased Brit. "He would be an insult to *any* girl that liked him."

"Come on," Kari told him before he had time to get mad at her. "I don't think we're going to get a moment's peace with those two around." Ignoring the whistles and catcalls from the girls, they climbed the steps and headed inside the house.

Once they were out of sight of the pool area, Kari suddenly threw her arms around him. Jeff, caught off his guard, merely stood there for about twenty seconds, before finally putting his arms around her waist. He couldn't believe how good it felt to be hugging Kari, especially with nothing between them but the thin fabric of her swimsuit.

"Um... if you don't mind my asking, what's that for?" said Jeff.

Kari drew away. "I just wanted to thank you," she said.

"Thank me? For what?"

"For making Crystal and me feel at home."

"I wasn't the only one, you know."

"I know. But it's mostly you."

"What do you mean?"

Kari suddenly looked a little embarrassed. "It's just that... well... I mean, Crystal seems to like you a lot."

"So much she wants to pull my fingernails out with pliers."

"Oh, you know she just likes to tease. She feels comfortable with you. Like a big brother, just like she said."

"I think it's just Brit being a bad influence on her. Or maybe Crystal's being a bad influence on Brit. Maybe you were right about them being... what was it you called it?"

"Apocalyptic?"

"That's it."

Kari smiled. "I just like to see my sister having fun, that's all. Look, Crystal's at that age when she's starting to get interested in boys. And some of the boys she spends time with... well, let's just say I don't really trust them. It's good to know that she's having fun with someone as nice as you."

"So what about you? Are you having fun?"

"I'm having lots of fun. You know what, Jeff? I'm glad I didn't get good grades in math."

"Oh, you're just saying that. I know you'd rather be spending time with your friends."

"*You're* my friends," she insisted.

"Thanks, Kari. That means a lot to me."

She flashed him a smile, then headed upstairs to the bathroom to change.

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## Chapter 19

### Jeff's New Love

On Saturday, Greg took Jeff over to the Williams house, where they sat together in front of the computer looking up equipment for the rec room. It was only natural for Kari to join them, since she had been with Jeff every day that week and could offer some suggestions. In the end, they decided on three machines that were versatile enough that together they could provide a similar workout to what he was had gotten used to, as well as some free weights and barbell for bench pressing.

The machines were delivered the next week, and Allen, Greg, Jeff, and Kari set to work assembling them. They had to rearrange some of the furniture in the room, but nothing too major since there was plenty of space. The project took most of the day, but finally they had the equipment set up.

Allen said that from now on, instead of Jeff going over to the Williams house, Allen would come over to the Primdale house and they would work on a new routine with the new equipment. Kari, of course, insisted that she come too, saying that she could just as easily work out at the Primdale house as at home, and it would save her father a trip. He agreed, and the next day they all met together downstairs.

Since Jeff already had experience now, he was able to easily adjust his routine to fit the new equipment. With Kari working in as well, it was like a game of musical chairs, with him constantly chasing her around the machines as they switched between them. They ended by bench pressing, and decided to check his progress by maxing out. Jeff was pleased to see that he had closed the gap with her, though she still won by about ten pounds.

Apparently word had gotten out about the pool, because several times over the next couple of weeks, Kari asked if some of her friends could come over in the afternoon and use the pool. Jeff had absolutely no objection to that; a lot of Kari's friends were nice to look at, especially in swimsuits. Sometimes Crystal would come over too, and sometimes she would stay home. Kari's friends Jenny Boyce and Shelly Hooper from the JV volleyball team came over one day, to Jeff's delight. Jenny was a cute blonde that wasn't quite as pretty as Kari, but definitely in the top ten at his school. It was just too bad that she wore the most conservative swimsuit. Shelly had light brown hair, and although not as stunningly gorgeous as Kari or Jenny, she was pretty in her own way. She was a great swimmer; she was planning to get a job as a lifeguard the next summer.

After his experience with Rachael, Jeff was beginning to have a little more confidence around women, and actually managed not to make a fool out of himself with the girls. Jenny was a flirt, and Jeff would have enjoyed her attentions were it not for the fact that Kari seemed to get into a bad mood whenever Jenny and Jeff interacted. That was both astonishing and flattering. It looked as if Kari was actually jealous!

Needless to say, she never invited Jenny back again. The next week she brought over Vanessa Moon and



Kayla Fallon. Vanessa had flaming red hair and beautiful green eyes. He was surprised to find out that she knew Kari, because she was also good friends with Jeff's friend Rick. If he had known that before, he might have tried to get Vanessa to introduce him to Kari, though that was certainly a moot point now. Kayla was black, and although Jeff had never really found black girls that attractive, Kayla was certainly the exception to the rule. She was really fun, though not as flirtatious as Jenny had been.

Even Crystal sometimes invited her friends over. First it was the Dover twins, Tammy and Tanya. They were a pair of cute, twelve-year-old brunettes. While he certainly didn't entertain any romantic or sexual notions about them, they were nice to look at, and he figured that in a couple more years they would become a pair of gorgeous teenagers.

Another one of Crystal's friends that she brought over several times was Monica Matheson, a pretty girl with unusually black hair. He recognized her from Brit's twelfth birthday party. She was one of the giggling girls that had flirted with him the whole time, and this continued in the pool. While she was an amateur compared to Jenny, her childish teasing had a certain innocence that made it all the more amusing. He didn't mind it a bit.

Then there was Natalie Ross, or "Nat" as she preferred to be called. She had the tendency to climb all over things, including the trees, the guest house, and Jeff. She never used the stairs to reach the upper deck from below; she always climbed the poles supporting it instead. She had been taking gymnastics and ballet since she was old enough to walk, which explained her limberness. She liked to jump all over Jeff, scrambling up to sit on his shoulders. Being small for her age, she weighed almost nothing, so he was more amused than annoyed. While it could be interpreted as flirtatious, more likely she was just a little hyper and needed releases like that for her excessive energy.

As it turned out, Jeff enjoyed the times when Kari came over by herself even more. It seemed that as the weeks wore on, Allison made excuses to get Lissa and Brit out of the house with increasing frequency. Sometimes Jeff and Kari joined them when the activity wasn't too girlish. But whenever Jeff stayed home, Kari decided to stay with him.

It was during one of these times, about three weeks after he first started training, that something happened that changed their relationship forever.

In the morning Jeff had finally, for the first time, caught up and surpassed Kari in the bench press. That elation was short-lived, however, because after the math lesson while the girls were out shopping, Kari beat him at ping-pong. Still, Jeff had never really been all that competitive, so he didn't mind that she won. They came over and sat down on the couch.

"Jeff, can I ask you a personal question?" said Kari.

"Sure."

"Do you... do you like me?"

"What? Of course I like you."

"No, I don't mean that. I mean... Don't be mad, but Allison said that you... had a crush on me."

"She what?" he exclaimed.

"Please don't be mad, Jeff. Just tell me the truth. I promise, I don't mind either way."

"I know, but it's not something I'm really comfortable just coming out and saying."

"Would it help if I told you first what I think of you?"

"I don't know. It might."

"All right. Until this summer, I just thought of you as a good-looking guy, maybe a little freckly, although that's kind of cleared up lately, who wasn't particularly social. You were always kind of a loner. I'll admit I didn't really give you much thought until you came to my house that first day to work out, but once I found out what you're really like, I'm glad I got to meet you. I want to be friends... and maybe more."

"More?"

"Yes, more. But I'm not going to elaborate until you tell me how you feel about me."

"Oh, all right. I'd like to be more than friends with you too."

Kari smiled. "I was hoping you'd say that. Would it be all right if I kissed you?"

"Only if I get to kiss you back," he grinned.

"It's a deal!" she exclaimed, then slid her arms around his neck and pressed her lips up against his. He put his arms around her waist and held her to him, kissing her a little awkwardly yet passionately.

When she drew back, she had a smile on her lips as she gazed lovingly into his eyes. "That was nice," she breathed. "I've always wondered what that would feel like."

"Haven't you ever been kissed before?"

"Not since second grade, remember, and he wasn't anywhere near as good a kisser as you are," she laughed.

"Well, I can't claim to be all that experienced either."

"Compared to a second-grade boy?"

"Good point."

"Well, since neither of us is very good at it, maybe we should practice," she said with a grin.

"All right. Now if only we had a boy for you to practice on and a girl for me..."

She laughed and slapped him playfully on the shoulder. "Together, I mean."

"That's an even better idea! Why didn't I think of that?" he joked.

They continued to kiss for half an hour, until Allison returned home with Lissa and Brit. Jeff and Kari hurriedly moved slightly away from each other on the couch so that when Brit came down the stairs, she didn't suspect anything. But later on, just before Kari had to leave, she managed to get him alone for a few seconds and stole a quick kiss. "We'll continue this tomorrow," she grinned.

Jeff was positively ecstatic the rest of the evening. He couldn't hide his happiness, as he grinned like an idiot the whole time. Brit just rolled her eyes, obviously not understanding what was going on, but Allison and Lissa gave him a knowing look.

The next day Allison again took the girls out while Jeff and Kari remained home. They did indeed continue what they had started yesterday. Jeff couldn't believe this was really happening to him. Kari Williams, the most perfect girl in the entire school, was actually kissing him!

He wanted to do more. He wanted to take her to his room and make love to her. Perhaps a more outgoing man would be a little more forward, but Jeff was scared that he might ruin their relationship if he tried anything. So for now, he was content to just hug and kiss her.

She seemed to especially like it when he just put his arm around her and she lay her head on his shoulder. They would do this while watching movies or television, or even just for the sake of doing it. She had a certain romantic streak to her; she loved little touches and caresses, and Jeff was happy to oblige her. She had such soft skin.

Jeff turned fifteen a few days later, and although he had a fun party, he had already received the best birthday present ever. He invited a few of his friends over, including Kari and even Crystal. They made it a pool party, and everyone had a lot of fun.

After that first time they kissed, Jeff and Kari had kept it a secret from the others out of a desire not to be teased by Brit or Crystal, and it had just seemed to become a habit that they wouldn't show affection while others were around. That was too bad, because he would have loved to kiss her while they were in the pool. Or even out of the pool while they wore their swimsuits.

After horsing around outside for a couple of hours, they came in and ate cake and ice cream, and Jeff opened his presents. All in all, it was his best birthday ever, even better than the previous year when they had gone camping.

That was also the first day that Allen didn't stay for Jeff's training. With basketball camp starting, he left Jeff with Kari in the mornings, and the two of them continued to work out together. She insisted that during that time they actually do what they were supposed to do, no matter how much they would rather be doing other

things. Jeff did manage to steal a few kisses here and there, and she didn't seem to protest too loudly.

It continued that way for another three weeks as July wound down. It seemed that these days the other girls left them alone almost every day, to Jeff's delight. Kari and he would spend their time "practicing" their kissing, and Jeff was getting increasingly aroused with each session. He didn't know how much longer he could wait, but he was determined to control himself until she was ready.

By this time, Jeff was doing far better than Kari in the bench press, and in fact, was now stronger than her in all of the ways they worked out. On the other hand, on the first day of August when they received their scores back from the previous day's test that Allison had administered to them, they found that for the first time, Kari actually beat his score, if only by a single point. Jeff didn't mind that so much, since as soon as she saw her score she threw her arms around him and hugged him tightly, even in front of Allison.

"I think," said Allison, "in light of your achievement, at the very least you deserve a day off, don't you agree?"

"I'm not going to say no to a day off from school," Kari grinned.

"Good," Allison said. "That means I get the day off too. I'm going to take the girls to go see a movie. You two are welcome to come along too, but I have to warn you, it's a chick flick. I doubt Jeff would enjoy it at all."

"You're right about that," he replied. "I'm going to stay here. Kari, if you want to go see it though..."

"And leave you here by yourself?"

Jeff shrugged. "Rumor has it I've been by myself before, and somehow I survived all right."

"Do you want me to go?" she asked.

"No."

"Then it's settled."

"Okay, we'll be back about 4:00," said Allison, then headed up the stairs to collect the girls.

As soon as they left, Kari pounced on Jeff and began to kiss him.

"I'm so happy!" she said. "I actually got a good grade on a math test! Now I know I'm not dumb."

"Except maybe a little slow in catching on to what the rest of us already knew," he grinned.

"I'm in such a good mood. I scored well on my test, and now I get to be alone with you all afternoon. This is the perfect day!"

She threw her arms around his neck and pressed her lips against his in a long, slow, deep kiss. Surprisingly, she slipped her tongue between his lips, something she had never done before. It caught him off guard, but he quickly regained his composure and began to caress her tongue with his own. He could feel Kari's heart beating; strongly and quickly, and he realized she must be getting excited for some reason. It all became clear a moment later when they drew apart.

"Let's go to the bedroom," Kari whispered. She gazed at him with longing.

"Really?" he asked, surprised. "Do you mean..."

"That's exactly what I mean," she replied. "Don't you want to?"

"I've wanted to for a long time, but I guess I was kind of scared of rushing you and doing something that would hurt our friendship. Are you sure this is what you want?"

"Yes it is," she smiled, then stood up and took his hand. He rose to his feet and led her up the stairs and down the hall to his room. Quietly closing both the hall door and the bathroom door, he came and sat down on the bed beside her. They continued kissing then, their hands beginning to explore each other's bodies. Jeff slid his hands under the back of Kari's shirt, lifting it ever so slowly and enjoying the feel of her bare skin. Kari placed her hand on his crotch, feeling his hardening member through his pants. It felt good, but also a little constricting. As if sensing his need, she unfastened his belt.

"Let's do this right," he said, then stood up. He took her hands and lifted her to her feet. His hand went to the bottom of her shirt, and he began to raise it. She smiled at him and raised her arms over her head as a sign for him to keep going. With one swift motion, he pulled it up and over her head and arms, then dropped it to the floor as he stared at her body with hunger. Though she was not as fully developed as Rachael or Allison, she had a beautiful figure for a girl her age. Not that he had seen too many before. Her skin looked incredibly soft, surprising for a girl who worked out. She had a slender waist which curved gracefully out to her nice hips. While the curves were shallow due to her age, he could imagine that in a few years she would have a body that would rival even Allison's. Her stomach was flat, and she had the cutest little belly button. But what he really longed to see was still covered.

He drew in and kissed her again, loving the feel of her body against his. As he did so, he put his hands behind her back and reached for the fastener to her bra.

"No fair!" she giggled, drawing back. "Now it's your turn."

"Would you care to do the honors?" he asked, reaching his arms over his head.

She grabbed his shirt and pulled it over his head. Before it even hit the floor he was back against her and fumbling with her bra clasp. A second later it came undone. He took the two ends and started pulling the garment away from her.

Kari suddenly tensed up. "Wait a minute," she said.

"What is it?" he asked, stopping.

"I'm..." she began. He could see hesitation in her eyes.

"I thought you wanted to do this," he said.

"I did. I do, I mean. Just... oh, all right. Go ahead."

He continued, pulling the straps forward until suddenly her bra slipped free. She immediately put her arms up over her chest.

"Come on, Kari," he said. "Let me see you."

"Um... okay... I'll just..." she stammered, but she made no move to uncover herself.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "First you say you want to do this, and now suddenly you've changed your mind? You can't just lead a boy on like that."

"I'm sorry, Jeff. I just need to take a minute to psyche myself up for this."

"It's okay," he replied. "Take all the time you need."

"Thanks."

"Would it help if I finished undressing first?"

She nodded.

Jeff unzipped his pants and dropped them to the floor. Kari stared at the bulge in his shorts. He winked at her, then dropped them to the floor as well, exposing his hard cock to her eyes.

"Oh my god," she gasped as she stared at it.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing," she breathed. "Would you believe I've never seen one before? I just didn't expect it to be so big."

Jeff laughed. "I'll take that as a compliment. So now it's your turn."

Kari nodded. Taking a deep breath, she lowered her hands to her sides.

He was amazed at how beautiful her body was, at least the top half. If the bottom half were anywhere near as beautiful, she would be a goddess! Her breasts, though still somewhat small, were firm and perky, with cute little pointy nipples that looked so inviting. He wanted to just take them in his mouth right now and suck on them. For some reason, he found the sight of a girl in jeans, topless from the waist up, to be extremely erotic.

He noticed she had her eyes closed. Was that out of fear? Embarrassment? Or was it some kind of invitation? Maybe if he were a little more experienced, he might be able to read the signals. He decided to just experiment and see. He reached out and put his hands on her arms to draw her in for a kiss.

She jumped at the touch, stepping backward and almost stumbling. She opened her eyes, and he could see fear there.

"It's all right," he told her soothingly. "I'm not going to do anything you don't want me to."

"I know, Jeff, and I appreciate it," she replied. "I'll be all right in a minute. It's just that I'm not used to doing this."

He kissed her again, and he could feel her tenseness melt away. She was just a little shy right now, so he had to be gentle with her.

She unfastened her jeans and let them slide down to the floor, leaving only her white cotton panties. If he had thought she looked erotic in jeans, she was doubly so in just those panties. But he was more interested in what was underneath. He knelt down in front of her, put his hands to the sides of the garment, and slid them down.

She was extremely beautiful there, too. She had a light covering of hair just above her slit, which ran down between her legs and disappeared. He was growing excited with the thought that in a few minutes, he would enter that sweet opening and fill her with pleasure.

Jeff leaned in and kissed her stomach just above the hair line. Kari shuddered at the sensation, and a whimper of lust escaped her lips. Jeff grinned, delighting in the fact that he had caused it. Then he stood back up, wrapped his arms around her, and kissed her. She kissed him back, her eyes closed and seemingly at ease once again.

Kari lay down on the bed, and Jeff lay down beside her. He leaned over and kissed her on the lips, but there was something different this time. She seemed a little hesitant. Jeff slipped one hand onto her breast, and she trembled. He continued to kiss her, moving his hand from her breast down toward her stomach, then to the spot between her legs. As he did so, he could feel her shaking more and more strongly.

She suddenly pushed him away, clenching her legs tightly together. "Wait, Jeff," she said, a look of fear in her eyes. Jeff drew back and removed his hand, confused.

"Jeff, I..." she stammered. "I can't. Please don't be mad."

"It's okay, Kari, really," he said with a loving smile. "I don't want to do anything you don't want to do."

"But I *do* want to. I just panicked. It's not that I don't love you, but I... I just..."

"You're not ready," he finished for her, and she nodded, tears in her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Jeff. I got excited earlier because of all the wonderful things that have happened to me lately, and I thought today was the day. But I guess I'm not as ready as I thought. I want to please you, but I just can't do this right now, all right?"

"I don't mind," he told her. "If you're at all uncomfortable with it, we can stop now. But I would like to try again some other time, if you're willing."

"Tomorrow," she told him. "I promise."

"No, don't promise. I don't want you to feel obligated to please me. I want you to enjoy it as much as I do, so it has to be when the time is right."

"Oh, Jeff, you're so wonderful! I know it must be difficult to control yourself when you're like this, but I want you to know I appreciate it. If it's okay with you, I'd just like to cuddle this time."

"Of course it's okay," he said, lying down on his back. Kari rolled over on top of him, and he basked in the feeling of her warm body against his. She lay her head down and pressed her cheek against his chest. He reached down and drew the blanket up over her, then slipped his hands underneath it and wrapped his arms around her. Her trembling gradually diminished, then faded entirely.

"So you're not mad?" she asked him. "After I led you on like that, and then in the end..."

"I'm not mad, Kari, really."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. You didn't do anything wrong."

"Some boys would say that a girl who led on her boyfriend like that and then chickened out at the last minute is a... well..."

"Let's not go into those names, Kari, because that's not the way I feel about you. I'm just so overjoyed to spend time with you, no matter what we do."

"Really?"

"Really. I mean, I can't deny that you got me aroused. But I think maybe you weren't as ready to do this as you thought. And that's okay with me."

"We can try again tomorrow, Jeff. I want it as much as you do. Just not right now."

"I'd like that. And don't worry if tomorrow it ends up the same way. I won't go through with it if it makes you at all uncomfortable."

"I think with all day for me to work up to it, I'll be all right tomorrow. It's just that..."



"What?"

"I... well, remember how I said I haven't had a boyfriend since second grade?"

"Yes."

"I'm sure you can draw your own conclusions as to how experienced I am."

"You're a virgin?" he asked.

"Yes," she sighed.

"Well I'm not exactly the most experienced man in the world either, so let's not judge each other, okay?"

"Okay," she agreed with a smile.

"So tell me something. How is it that a girl like you, who could have her pick of all the guys in the school, has never had a boyfriend before, and yet you somehow decided that I'm the one for you?"

"I guess I was just waiting for the right guy," she smiled. "I'm glad I picked you, because I suspect if it were anyone else, he probably would have gotten mad at me for teasing him like that. Heck, half the guys in the school probably would have raped me."

"I just think you deserve to be treated like the beautiful, wonderful girl you are. Sure you're gorgeous and you've got a great body, but there's so much more to you than that. I want to experience *all* of you, not just the physical part. If I had gotten mad at you or tried to force you, I would risk losing you, and that thought, frankly, terrifies me."

"You're so sweet, Jeff. Thanks for understanding. I'm kind of embarrassed that I panicked."

"Don't be. To tell you the truth, I was a little nervous myself. What boy wouldn't be when he's about to make love to the most beautiful and perfect girl in the school? And besides, this feels kind of nice too."

"It feels *very* nice. Jeff, promise me that after we go through with it, you'll hold me like this again."

"I promise."

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## Chapter 20

### Love Fulfilled

"So how did you two make out today?" asked Allison as she visited Jeff in his room right before he went to bed that night. "If you'll excuse the pun."

"Er..." he said.

"Oh come on, Jeff. I've given you time alone with her all week. If you haven't at least kissed her yet, I'm going to be very disappointed."

"Okay, I kissed her. Satisfied?"

Allison grinned, and almost clapped her hands in glee.

"Great!" she exclaimed. "Now tell me the truth. Was all my scheming worth it?"

Jeff sighed. "Okay, I'll admit, it's nice to have a girlfriend. Especially Kari Williams."

"So did you score?"

"Allison!"

"I mean it, Jeff. I've put a lot of effort into this; I'd like to know if it's paying off."

"Isn't that a little personal?"

"Just tell me. Did you and Kari have sex?"

He shook his head.

"Are you planning to?"

"We almost did. I don't know if I should tell you this or not."

"Well don't keep me in suspense. That's just cruel after you've piqued my interest."

"All right. We got as far as taking our clothes off and making out on the bed. But then she stopped me from going any further. She panicked, probably because it's her first time."

The grin fell from Allison's face. "Her first time?" she asked, suddenly serious.

"Yes."

"You mean a good-looking girl like Kari Williams has never had sex before?"

"Right."

"I didn't know that. If I had, maybe I wouldn't have been so pushy. Unfortunately, if you've gone as far as you claim, it's probably too late to call it off." She scooted her chair over so that she sat directly in front of him. "Listen, Jeff. This is very important. It's a completely different situation if she's a virgin, because if you make a mistake, it can really hurt her emotionally."

That reminded Jeff of Lissa's confession to him, about how she didn't like it her first time, and how she needed to experiment with a man that she could trust. Jeff decided that he would be that man, not just for Lissa, but for Kari too.

"You have to be extra gentle," Allison continued, "and you have to take your time. It's too bad my sister isn't here, because then we could give you some hands-on instruction and let you practice a bit. Just be very careful with Kari. She has to know that you really care about her, and you have to help her to relax, or she's going to be tense, and if she's tense it's going to be painful. You do know about the difference in physiology between a girl who's a virgin and one who's not, right?"

Jeff's face grew red. "Yeah," he mumbled. "We learned about that in Sex Ed."

"Okay. So you don't need any technical instruction. The important thing is to love her. Before and after the act, and I'm not just talking in the bedroom. You have to treat her with gentleness and respect, and be very aware of her feelings, or afterwards she's going to feel hurt and betrayed. A girl's first time is special; it's not something you can give back once you've taken it away. She needs to feel that she's giving her virginity to the right boy, and that means you have to make sure you're the right boy for her. Do you understand?"

"I... I guess so. It's a little hard to keep up with you sometimes."

"Just remember that even though the actual act is just a brief moment in time, it's how you treat her in the weeks before and after it that make it special. Can you understand that?"

Jeff nodded.

"So how are you going to treat her?"

"Well, I'm going to be nice to her. And gentle. And I'll... do nice things for her. And I'll hold her hand, and kiss her, and treat her like she's the greatest girl in the world. Which, by the way, she is."

Allison smiled. "I think you've got it," she said.

The next day Kari and Crystal came over in the morning. Crystal went off to play with Brit, and Kari met Jeff downstairs to work out together. Jeff and Kari both kept glancing at each other with grins as they thought about the secret that they shared and what they planned to do that day. It was difficult to concentrate, but they stumbled through their workout routine.

Neither of them paid much attention during the class, but Allison didn't seem to take any notice. She even cut the lesson about fifteen minutes short.

Crystal and Brit came downstairs, and Crystal asked Allison if she wouldn't mind driving Brit and her back to the Williams house so the two could spend some time over there this time, since Brit hadn't even been over there once. Allison agreed. Then she turned back to Jeff and Kari.

"I'm going to give you two a homework assignment," she said.

"What?" they both demanded together.

"You didn't seem to be paying much attention to the lesson today, so you're going to have to do some studying on your own. I'll give you my notes, and you can learn today's lesson at your own pace."

"Do we have to?" asked Jeff.

"Yes, you have to. I figure a good two hours of studying should do it."

"Two hours?" Kari exclaimed in shock.

"Yes. I'll make sure Lissa and I stay out of your way so there won't be any distractions. Jeff, why don't you take Kari up to your room? It's a little too public down here."

"My room?" he asked.

"Yes, you know, that place upstairs that you've been known to disappear into at night, not to be seen again until the morning."

Jeff and Kari glanced at each other. "Two hours," Jeff breathed, trying not to hide his excitement.

"Here," said Allison, handing him her notes. Then with a wink, she said, "Good luck."

Jeff and Kari wasted no time, but hurried up the stairs. They saw Lissa sitting in the front room watching television.

"Hi, Kari," she smiled.

"Sorry, Lissa," Jeff told her. "Allison's making us study. She says you're not to disturb us for two hours."

"Okay," she shrugged. "Have fun."

They climbed the stairs to the second floor and hurried down the hall to his room. Once inside, Jeff closed the door and Kari threw her arms around him in a hug.

"Hey!" he said. "I thought we were going to study."

"Who wants to study?" she laughed.

"I told Allison I would, so I will."

She drew away from him, a look of disappointment on her face. "But... don't you want...?"

Jeff glanced down at the papers in his hand. "A squared plus B squared equals C squared," he quoted. "Okay, enough studying. Now what are we going to do for the rest of the two hours?"

Kari's face immediately brightened up. "You little tease!" she exclaimed. "You're just as bad as Crystal!"

"I doubt she teases the same way I do, though."

"And that's a good thing."

"We kind of got lucky, didn't we?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Even if Allison said she would keep everyone from bothering us, I don't think it would be safe for us to... you know... while they're around. But since she's taking Brit over to your house..."

"Actually, I had something to do with that," said Kari.

"What do you mean?"

"Last night I had a talk with my sister. I told her I wanted to spend some time alone with you."

"That was a big risk you took. I'm surprised she hasn't been teasing you about it this whole time."

"I told her if she promised to get Brit out of the house and not to tease me about it today, she could tease me all she wanted last night. Needless to say, she took full advantage of it."

Jeff laughed. "I can imagine."

"And what about your stepmom? Doesn't she suspect anything? I mean, she literally told you to bring me up to your bedroom."

"Don't worry about Allison. I already told you she's not the most conventional stepmother in the world. I think she *wants* us to enjoy ourselves."

"Oh, we'll enjoy ourselves all right," Kari grinned.

First came the hugging and the kissing. They were both a little nervous about going any further with people in the house. They did at least lie down on the bed; Kari lay on top of him and he let her take charge. She began with a few little pecks, then lingered a bit more with each kiss, until finally they attacked each other's lips passionately. Jeff enjoyed it, of course, but he was anxious for more.

Kari seemed to sense his restlessness, and rolled off of him and stood by the bed. "I'm not going to be shy this time," she grinned, then knelt down and pulled off her socks. She then stood back up and pulled her tee shirt over her head and let it fall to the ground.

"I would do a slow strip tease for you," she said with a grin, "but I was never much of a dancer."

"Well, I'll forgive you this time, but you better be very nice to me to make up for it," he teased.

She laughed. "Oh, I'll be *very* nice to you," she winked, then put her hands to the front of her jeans to unbuckle them.

"Wait a minute," said Jeff. "Would you... would you do me a favor?"

"What?" she asked.

"Well, yesterday when you undressed, you took your bra off before your pants. I don't know what it is, but the sight of you wearing nothing but jeans was extremely erotic."

Kari shrugged. "Whatever turns you on," she smiled, then reached behind her back and unfastened her bra clasp. She let the garment fall to the floor, not even trying to cover up this time. Jeff stared at her bare chest and smiled. "My god," he breathed. "I know this is only the second time I've seen you like this, but I don't think I'll ever get tired of it."

Kari blushed, but she had a broad grin on her face.

"Okay, your turn," she said.

Jeff wasted no time, but sat up and pulled his socks off, followed by his shirt. Kari moved in close and hugged him, pressing her bare torso up against his. He grabbed her around the waist and lay back, pulling her over on top of him.

"Again?" she asked with a grin. "I thought you wanted to... you know."

"Oh, I do," he said. "This is just an appetizer before the main course."

They maneuvered themselves on the bed so that they were in the same position as before. As Kari kissed him, Jeff relaxed and lost himself in the feel of her warm body. He loved the touch of her breasts against him, the hardening nipples stabbing against him. His arms went to her back and he caressed her. She giggled when

he slipped his hands down to her ass, but made no move to stop him, only giving a surprised squeak when he pinched her.

"No fair," she said. "I can't pinch you back because you're on the bottom."

"Oh, I think you're going to have plenty of opportunity to get me back later," he said. "And no pants in the way either."

"Good point," she grinned.

They continued to kiss for a few more minutes, then Kari stopped and rose up on her knees. She yawned and stretched, putting her hands behind her head in the process. Whether the movement was meant to arouse him or not, Jeff thought it was extremely sexy.

She climbed off the bed and stood beside it. Jeff sat up, facing her.

"I'm getting impatient," she told him. "I want you to hurry up and take my virginity."

"How can I refuse when you ask me so nicely?" he grinned.

Kari immediately began to unfasten her pants. She pulled down the zipper, then slid her jeans down to her feet and stepped out of them. Before she went any further, though, she jumped on Jeff and knocked him back on the bed. Laughing and smiling, she climbed up onto the bed and knelt beside him. She immediately went for his belt. Before he knew what was happening, she was pulling his pants down. They came off and fell to the floor, and she then went for his boxer shorts with similar enthusiasm.

He couldn't hide his erection from her, and he didn't want to. She grinned with delight as she saw it come into view, taking only a second or two to remove his shorts the rest of the way before grasping his manhood with one of her hands.

"You're sure being aggressive today," he noted as she began to slowly pump him up and down.

"Do you like aggressive women?" she asked.

"It depends. When you're being aggressive, I like aggressive women."

"Well I happen to like men who like aggressive women when I feel like being aggressive."

"And I like women who like men who like aggressive women when they feel like being aggressive."

"Well I like women who... I mean... Oh, never mind. You know what I mean," she laughed.

"I sure do. But maybe you'd better stop touching me, or I'm liable to go off too soon."

"We can't have that now, can we?" she asked, withdrawing her hand.

Jeff sat up, then stuck out a finger and poked her in the shoulder, not hard enough to hurt but hard enough to push her off her balance. She fell back on the bed, smiling at him.

"It looks like you're being aggressive too," she told him.

"I can't let you have all the fun," he told her, then grabbed her panties and pulled them off. This time, rather than trying to cover herself, she spread her legs to give him a perfect view of her femininity. He stared at it with desire; he wanted so much to slide up inside of her and give her pleasure like no man had ever given her before. He knew, however, that he had to take his time and make sure she was ready.

"Jeff, would you do me a favor?" she asked.

"Anything," he smiled.

"I want you to kiss my tummy."

Jeff grinned. The way she said the childish word was so cute. He lay down next to her and pressed his lips against her body. Her "tummy" as she called it was flat and beautiful, a little on the firm side from her exercising perhaps, but nonetheless absolutely gorgeous. There were other parts of her that he enjoyed more, but he found her stomach with its cute little belly button to be surprisingly appealing.

As he kissed all over it, her breathing began to grow heavier. He glanced up at her face and saw that she had her eyes closed and her mouth open. This close to the center of her sex he could smell her alluring feminine odor, the smell of desire and passion. He couldn't help himself, but brought up one of his hands to touch her there.

She gasped at the sensation, but rather than trying to push him away she opened her legs even wider.

His fingers sought out the top of her slit, delving slightly inside in search of her tiny bud. He gently rubbed her up and down, noticing how wet she was getting there. Her pussy began to open up as her clit gradually emerged. Jeff pinched it gently between his fingers, rubbing it slowly.

In the mean time, he moved his head on up her body toward her magnificent breasts, kissing as he went. He reached her breast and stuck out his tongue, licking it from the underside all the way up to the nipple. Then he wrapped his lips over the nipple and sucked. Kari cried out when he did so, and her mouth widened into a smile.

Her nipple was already growing hard, and his mouth made it even more so. He continued to pleasure it for a few minutes longer, then moved on to the other one to give it the same treatment.

Jeff's hand between her legs and his mouth on her breasts were having their effect on Kari. She was breathing heavily now, her hips rising up to meet his fingers as he played with her. She had her eyes closed and a trace of a smile on her face. She looked so cute like that.



After several minutes of this stimulation, she opened her eyes and gazed at him affectionately. "Jeff," she said. "I'm ready."

He nodded, drawing his hand away. He moved up along her body and positioned himself over the top of her until he was staring straight down at her beautiful face.

"Oh god, Kari!" he exclaimed. "I can't believe I'm finally doing this with you! I've been in love with you for years. Never in my wildest fantasies did I ever think that I would one day make love to you."

She blushed and even giggled a little at the compliment.

He positioned the tip of his member at her opening and pressed in a little. No more than the tip had squeezed between her outer lips when Kari shuddered, and he stopped.

"Are you all right?" he whispered.

"I'm fine," she replied. "I'm still just a little nervous."

"It's okay," he said. "So am I. I want so much for you to enjoy this."

"Don't worry, I am," she smiled. "You can go on."

Jeff lowered himself a little more, and her lips spread to accommodate him. Her eyes opened wide. "Wow," she said. "That feels good."

"It feels good to me too," he replied, pressing in a little further. It was only a couple of millimeters more each time, but his sensitivity was so heightened that even that made a big difference in the sensation.

She gasped, but she kept that smile on her face, so he took it as a sign to continue. He pressed in again, and this time he felt her unbroken barrier blocking him.

"Jeff," she said, a bit of fear on her face. "Wait a minute."

"I'll wait as long as you want," he replied. "Just tell me when you're ready."

"Thanks. I'm just... well, I heard it's supposed to hurt the first time, and I just wanted to prepare myself for the pain."

"I don't want to hurt you, but I promise, it will only be for a little while, and then it will feel so much better."

She nodded. "I know. I'm glad you're the one who's doing this to me."

"Me too," he replied, kissing her tenderly on the lips.

Kari took a few deep breaths, then closed her eyes and tried to relax. "I'm ready now, Jeff," she told him.

He pressed in again, against that barrier. He had never taken a girl's virginity before, so he wasn't sure how much pressure was needed. Too little and he wouldn't break through. Too much, and he could hurt her. Still, it was better to get it over with quickly, so he gave a hard thrust, and suddenly he slipped through.

Kari gasped. Jeff looked down and saw tears in her eyes.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry!" he told her.

"No, it's okay," she hurriedly told him. "It just hurts a little, just like I was told. You didn't do anything wrong."

"I just don't like to see you in pain."

"I'm sure I'll be fine in a little while. But could you wait just a minute before continuing?"

"Of course," he said. "Look, when you're ready, why don't you lead?"

"Lead?" she asked.

"Yes. I mean, you go ahead and... um... well... I don't know how to say it without making it sound crude."

She giggled. "I think I know what you mean," she said. "Thanks."

A couple of minutes later, Kari began to move. Jeff forced himself to stay still as she rocked her hips forward up toward him. Each time she went a little further, and he felt himself penetrating deeper and deeper inside of her. He began to lower himself bit by bit, a centimeter at a time so as to keep it slow.

Finally, his hips rested on top of hers, and he was all the way inside. He began to thrust now, slowly and gently. He pulled out only about an inch, then pushed back in again. Kari rose up to meet him.

"Oh god, this does feel good!" Kari breathed as the two of them settled into a rhythm. Jeff had to agree. The pleasure washed over him with each thrust, spurring on his passion. She felt so good wrapped around his manhood, so tight and soft and hot.

He attacked her lips with his own, and the two of them kissed passionately. She had her arms wrapped around the back of his head, keeping his face next to hers. Her legs slipped around his waist to spread her and afford him deeper penetration. With each thrust he pressed in as far as he could possibly go, as if wanting to go further. Kari moaned in pleasure, and Jeff found himself doing the same thing.

It was like a dream come true for him, to actually be making love to Kari Williams. He had loved her secretly for years now, and finally he had his chance to show her how much.

"Oh Jeff!" she breathed. "I can't believe how good it feels! It's so deep, and so wonderful!"

Her words spurred him on. Knowing that he was giving her such pleasure gave *him* pleasure, and he

continued to thrust with a heightened passion.

Her moans suddenly began to rise in pitch and volume, and she put a hand over her mouth to silence them. He could feel her contracting around him, squeezing him tightly as her body tensed up, and he knew she was having an orgasm. Seeing her like that, lost in the passion and experiencing the ultimate pleasure, pushed him over the edge as well. He thrust in deeply one last time, then let the explosion happen. She gasped as he pumped his seed into her awaiting body.

It lasted only a minute, then his strength gave out and he collapsed on top of her. He wanted to rest there forever, but knew it wouldn't be comfortable for her, so he started to roll off of her, a bit reluctantly.

"Wait a minute," said Kari, holding onto him and keeping him there. "I almost forgot."

"What?" he asked.

She moved her hands down to his ass and pinched him. He yelped, then began to laugh.

"Okay, I guess I deserved that," he smiled, rolling to the side and letting his deflating cock slip out of her.

"Remember your promise," Kari whispered, sliding over and laying her body against his with her head on his chest. Jeff slipped his arms around her and held her there to him.

"How do you feel?" he asked her.

"Amazing," she breathed. "That was the most intense orgasm I've ever felt. I want to do that over and over and over again with you."

"That's just the way I feel. That was far better than I could have possibly hoped for. I'm so much in love with you, Kari, that you couldn't possibly imagine."

"Yes, I can, because I'm just as much in love with you."

"Kari, tell me this isn't just a dream. I couldn't stand it if I woke up and discovered that none of this really happened."

"Tell you what. If it's just a dream and it never happened, then when you wake up we'll have to do it over again, won't we?" she grinned.

"I like that idea. Maybe we should go to sleep and pretend it was all a dream just so I can take you up on that offer."

"It will be different, though," Kari said.

"Why?"

"Because... well, because I'm no longer a virgin."

"That's a good point."

She smiled. "I can't believe I just lost my virginity to Jeff Primdale!"

"Hey!" he complained.

"I didn't mean it like that," she assured him. "I meant that I'm the luckiest girl in the world."

"You're not half as lucky as I am. I felt like I was the luckiest guy in the world when I finally got to meet you. And then I was ten times as lucky as that when you first kissed me. And now I'm ten times as lucky as that to be Kari Williams' first time."

"So let's just say we're both the luckiest people in the world to have found each other," she said.

"Sounds good to me."

They lay there for a while together, just relaxing in the feel of each other's bodies. Kari occasionally sighed in contentment, and Jeff found that he loved that sound, knowing that he was the cause of it. She was so beautiful, so wonderful, and he couldn't remember ever being so happy in his life.

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## Chapter 21

### Caught in the Act

He didn't remember falling asleep, but he awoke to the sound of someone knocking on the door. The two of them froze, in a sudden panic. "Jeff, Kari," Allison said from behind the door without trying to open it. "I'm taking Lissa over to pick up Brit now. Does Kari want to go now, or stay for dinner?"

"I'll stay for dinner," Kari replied.

"Okay. See you when we get back." They heard her footsteps heading down the hall.

Jeff and Kari waited a minute longer, then broke out in nervous laughter. "That was close," Kari said. "Maybe we'd better get dressed so we're not still up here when they get back."

"It takes about twenty minutes round trip to your house," Jeff said. "And I'm in need of a shower. Care to join me?"

"Of course!" she grinned.

Jeff pushed her gently off of him to the side. Instead of letting him get up, however, she put her arms around his neck and pulled him over on top of her, bringing his head down to hers so she could give him a long, tender kiss. He wasn't about to argue with that, so he let it happen. He enjoyed when they kissed, and she apparently felt the same way.

A second later she released him and let him stand up. He helped her off the bed and she walked gingerly toward the bathroom.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"A little sore," she replied.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. It was worth it," she smiled.

Jeff climbed into the tub and started up the water as Kari climbed in behind him. He waited a minute for it to heat up, then pulled the latch to start the shower.

Kari and he stood together under the spray, hugging tightly as the water washed over them. Jeff ran his hand through her hair, helping to get it nice and wet. Kari looked especially good with damp hair, and it felt nice to touch it.

"Jeff, would you wash my back?" she asked.

"I'd love to," he replied, grabbing the soap. She turned to face away from him, and he ran it over her shoulders and down her back, rubbing it into her skin with his other hand. He found that he really liked just touching her like this. Even though it wasn't necessarily sexual, it was just the intimacy of the simple act. She sighed as he ran his hands all over her, and once more he found happiness in just knowing that he was giving her simple pleasures like this.

He couldn't help himself, but wrapped his arms around her waist and leaned in to kiss her on the neck. She tilted her head to the side and leaned it back against his shoulder to give him better access. He could see that she had her eyes closed and mouth turned up in a smile.

"That feels nice," she breathed.

"Anything to make you happy," he told her.

"Well, this is a good way to start," she smiled.

He continued to kiss her neck and shoulder, then started to draw his head back. She put her arm up and pulled his head back down to her.

"I'm not finished yet," she scolded him playfully.

"There's that aggressiveness coming out again," he smiled, but worked his lips all over her neck and shoulder, moving even as high as her cheek just below her ear.

Finally, she released his head, and he took a step backward as she turned around. "Now I get to wash your back," she told him.

"That's fine with me," he grinned, handing her the soap and turning around.

She began to rub him, and he discovered that he enjoyed her hands on him every bit as much as his hands on her. It was so pleasant and relaxing, like a massage. She seemed to enjoy it too, and kept teasing him by "accidentally" brushing up against him with her tits. It grew more and more frequent until she abandoned all pretense and started using her chest to rub the soap in.

"Now that's a new one to me," he commented.

"What?"

"Just that we're getting clean by getting dirty."

Kari laughed. "Or are we getting dirty by getting clean?"

"Either way works for me."

Unfortunately, they had to cut their horseplay short, because they didn't have much time left. The two of them stepped under the water one last time to wash away the remnants of the soap, and then Jeff turned it off. They spent a couple of minutes drying each other with towels and running the blow dryer quickly over their hair to hide the evidence, then headed back into Jeff's bedroom, where they picked their clothes up off the floor and started to dress.

Kari put on her panties, jeans, and socks, then headed for the door.

"What are you doing?" Jeff asked.

"I'm going downstairs," she replied, turning around and putting her hands on her hips. "Do you have a problem with that?"

Jeff picked up her bra and tee shirt from the floor and held them out to her.

She giggled. "So *that's* what I was forgetting," she said. "I knew there was something."

She came over and took the articles from his hand, then without putting them on, headed for the door again. This time, before he could stop her, she opened it and stepped out into the hall.

Jeff hurriedly finished dressing, then followed her. By that point she had made it all the way downstairs, and was sitting in the front room, still topless. Fortunately, the house was still deserted.

"Aren't you a little cold?" he asked.

"Aren't you a little warm?" she countered, reaching for his shirt.

"Hey!" he exclaimed, but with a grin on his face.

"Come sit down by me," she told him, and he willingly obeyed. She pulled him in and began to kiss him.

Apparently she had a bit of an exhibitionist in her. Jeff didn't mind at all. If she wanted to go around topless or even fully nude in front of him, he was more than happy to let her. It reminded him a little of Rachael.

"So do you think we ought to let your family in on our secret?" she asked as soon as she pulled away from him.

"Er..." he said.

Kari laughed. "I meant that we're boyfriend and girlfriend now. I wasn't suggesting we tell them how far we've gone."

"Right," he chuckled. "Of course."

"So what do you think? I mean, if we think we can handle the teasing from Brit."

"Sure," he smiled. "Let's get it over with. Besides, it will be a refreshing change to be teased by her about something I'm not sensitive about."

They heard the sound of the car in the driveway. Fortunately, the curtains were closed, or Allison and the girls would be able to see everything. Kari hurriedly put on her bra, and just barely finished throwing on her shirt when the front door opened. She took his hand and lay her head on his shoulder as Allison, Brit, and Lissa walked in and glanced over at them. Allison and Lissa pretended not to notice, but just as expected, Brit wasn't about to pass up this opportunity.

"Ooh, look at the lovebirds!" she teased.

"Hey, I resent that," Kari grinned. "We're not birds."

"But you're in love!"

In response, Kari leaned in and kissed Jeff on the cheek. "I can't deny that," she said.

Lissa came down and sat next to her. "So Jeff's finally got himself a girlfriend," she said in a playful voice.

"Finally?"

"He's been fantasizing about you for years," his sister laughed.

"Lissa!" he exclaimed, growing red.

"Don't be embarrassed, Jeff," Kari told him. "I'm flattered."

"Really?" he asked.

"Really. I just wish you had made your move earlier. Think of all this time we've wasted."

"Well, we're not going to waste any more," he promised.

"In fact, we'll have to make up for lost time," she told him, then put her hand to his cheek, drew his head gently to the side, and kissed him deeply on the lips.

Brit giggled as she watched them, but said nothing.

When the kiss ended, Jeff suddenly realized that there were three pairs of eyes on the two of them.

"Don't you guys have anything better to do?" he asked them.

"Not really," said Allison. "We're just having fun watching the show. And by the way, Jeff, I'm impressed with your new dedication to scholasticism."



"What do you mean?"

"I mean, you finished studying your math, and decided to study a little chemistry."

"Chemistry?"

"Yes. The chemistry between a boy and a girl," grinned Allison.

"I think that's my new favorite subject," Kari said, then threw her arms around his neck and kissed him again.

It was too bad when Kari had to leave later that night; Jeff was enjoying himself tremendously. Kari gave him one last, long, deep kiss that lasted at least three minutes, then she followed Allison out to the car. Jeff headed back to the couch and plopped down on it, grinning and not caring who saw it.

Brit tried to tease him, but for once she had no power over him. He simply agreed with everything she said, since it was all true. She gave up after about ten minutes, and headed upstairs to her room.

Lissa came and sat down beside him, putting an arm around his shoulder. "I'm so happy for you, Jeff," she said. "Kari seems like a really nice girl."

"She's wonderful," he said.

"So is she everything you imagined her to be?"

"More."

"Wow! She really must be something then, because you had really put her on a pedestal. It's so good to see you finally get the girl you've been in love with for years. You're such a great guy, you deserve to be happy."

"Thanks, Lissa," he smiled. Then he thought of something else. "But Lissa, what about you? You deserve to be happy too. Isn't there any guy that you'd like to have as your boyfriend?"

"None that I know of," she replied. "I guess my happiness will just have to wait a little longer."

Seeing the look of concern on his face, she said, "Oh, don't worry, Jeff. I'm not planning on becoming a nun or anything. I'm just waiting for the right man to come along, that's all. It will happen when it happens, and in the mean time, I'm not too worried about it."

Jeff smiled. "Okay. Just don't wait too long, because I want you to be happy."

Lissa reached over and hugged him. "Thanks," she whispered with a smile on her face.

"Geez, Jeff!" said Brit, who had just come back into the room. "I guess Kari wasn't enough for you, so now

you have to move on to your own sister."

Lissa grabbed a pillow and threw it at her, laughing. Brit ducked out of the room.

Naturally, the conversation at the dinner table that evening centered around Jeff's new relationship with Kari. Brit of course made a bigger deal out of it than it really was, claiming that she had "caught" them smooching.

Jeff was in too much of a good mood to get mad at her, so he replied, "Oh, that's not the half of it. You should have seen us before you got home."

"Really?" asked Brit with a delighted grin. "What did you do?"

"That's not the type of thing a gentleman mentions in civilized company," he said smugly.

"Oh, that's okay. We're not civilized."

"I know *you* aren't," he teased.

Jeff didn't know what to expect from his dad; after all, this was the first time Jeff had ever been involved in a romantic relationship. And Lissa, though older, had never openly had a boyfriend. Jeff wondered if his father would get angry, or be shocked, or embarrassed. But Greg seemed to find it all quite amusing, especially Brit's reaction to it. That seemed to suggest at least a little approval, so Jeff didn't worry about it any more. For once in his life, things were perfect.

That evening, as he was getting ready for bed, Lissa knocked on his door and came in. She sat down in the chair by his desk. "Jeff," she said. "I wanted to ask you something."

"What?" he smiled.

"I couldn't ask you earlier today with Brit around, because it's kind of personal. It's about Kari."

"What about her?"

Lissa sighed. "Did you two have sex?" she asked.

Jeff blinked in astonishment. It was the last question he expected. Unfortunately, he was never a very good liar, so if he tried to deny it, she would know.

He decided to turn it into a joke instead. "Why, are you jealous?" he grinned.

"A little," she admitted.

"What? Are you serious?"

"I'm just thinking back to those times we fooled around. Remember?"

"Yeah," he nodded. "That was fun."

"But I guess now that you've got a girlfriend, we can't do that any more."

"Lissa, I'm sorry."

"No, it's all right, really. I'm happy for you, Jeff. And I don't want you to worry about me. I'm not interested in having a boyfriend right now, but I think it's great that you have a girlfriend. It's just what you need."

"So you're okay with it? If it bothers you at all..."

"It doesn't."

"Because I couldn't stand to have you mad at me. I..."

"You what?"

"Oh, I guess it won't hurt me to say it. I love you, Lissa. I've loved you my whole life. Kari's absolutely wonderful, but if I had to give her up to keep my big sister from hating me..."

"Don't say that, Jeff," she said, but she couldn't hide the smile on her face. "I don't want you to give her up. I like her too, and I think you should keep her for as long as you can. Okay?"

"Okay," he smiled.

Unfortunately, Jeff and Kari didn't get another chance to be alone together for a few more days. Crystal wanted to come over and swim, so for the next few days they relaxed by the pool after the lessons.

Kari's scores continued to improve, and it was no longer a sure thing for Jeff to beat her on the tests. While he still outscored her the majority of the time, she was never far behind. With Allison's help, both of them were by this time getting A's on most of the daily tests.

His ego was saved by the fact that he was now consistently lifting heavier weights than Kari on all of the machines, including the bench press. It also helped that she seemed to notice the difference in his physique from before, and commented on it often. She liked to feel the muscles in his arms, and he of course enjoyed any kind of physical contact with her.

During this time, Jeff remembered what Allison had told him about how to treat Kari. He looked for little things he could do for her. A lot of it was the traditional chivalrous actions like opening the door for her or complimenting her on her looks. But there were also the little touches, like holding her hand as they sat together, or hugging her whenever he got a chance. He even snuck kisses whenever the others weren't

watching, and sometimes when they were.

Whenever they sat together on the couch, Jeff put his arm around her and she lay her head down on his shoulder. Sometimes he put his fingers to her cheek and gently stroke it, which she seemed to enjoy, judging by the contented smile on her face whenever he did that.

Brit and Crystal, of course, teased them any time they got affectionate, but neither Jeff nor Kari paid them any mind. They were too much in love to let their little sisters bother them.

One day after the math lessons Allison said she was going to take Brit and Lissa to the mall, and Kari said she wanted to stay home and study a little more with Jeff. As soon as the girls climbed into the car and disappeared down the hill, Kari attacked him with her lips.

After a five-minute session that left Jeff gasping for breath, she released him.

"So do you want to go swimming?" asked Kari.

"I was hoping for... you know," Jeff replied.

"Oh, there will be plenty of time for that. I just want to get in the pool for a few minutes."

"I suppose that's all right."

Jeff headed up to his room to put on his swimming trunks, then met Kari downstairs in the hall, and they headed out back to the pool.

As soon as they descended the stairs to the pool deck, she began stripping off her clothes.

"I hope you don't mind," she said. "I forgot to bring my swimsuit."

He stared in shock and delight as she dropped her clothes on a chair and stood there in front of him wearing absolutely nothing.

Kari turned out to be quite the exhibitionist. As soon as she was completely naked, she spread her arms and turned slowly around in a circle to give him a great view of her body.

"What do you think of my swimsuit?" she asked.

"I think I'll wear one to match it," he said, dropping his swimming trunks.

She giggled as she saw his hardening cock. "I'll take care of that later," she said. Then she held out her hand. "Come join me in the pool, Jeff."

He took her hand and the two of them descended the stairs into the water. He had never swum naked before; it felt refreshing and liberating. Having a girl like Kari there with him made it especially nice.

As soon as they were deep enough, she dove forward and swam toward other end of the pool. Jeff followed her, ending up treading water next to her as they smiled at each other.

"This is my first time skinny-dipping," Kari told him. "It feels nice."

On impulse, he reached out and squeezed one of her breasts under the water. "It sure does," he grinned.

"Hey, if you're going to do that, I'm going to do it right back," she said, diving under. He watched her swim toward him, then suddenly she had her hand wrapped around his stiffening member. She stroked it a couple of times, then released it and rose once more to the surface.

"How did you like that?" she asked.

"You can do that any time you want," he replied.

"Good; I was planning on it."

"Well, maybe I'll get you first," he said, then put his hands on her shoulders and shoved her under the water. She reacted by moving in and wrapping her arms around his chest and pulling him down with her.

He found himself in the delightful position of having his body entangled with hers as they struggled and fought playfully. The water even at the deep end of the pool was shallow enough that they could both have their heads above the surface by standing on their toes, so there was no danger. He just loved to feel her body rubbing up against his.

They stayed under only about ten seconds, then released each other and rose back up and emerged from the water. Kari gave him no chance to catch his breath, but immediately wrapped her arms and legs around him. He managed to stay on his feet, and ended up just holding her in his arms.

"I think I like this game even better," he told her.

"Me too. I think we're both winning."

"Well we can't have that now, can we?" he laughed, then let himself fall backward, dunking them both under the water again.

They continued to wrestle, struggle, and try to push each other under for fifteen minutes, their horseplay alternating between innocent and naughty as they kept finding unique ways to rub up against each other. By this time, Jeff was as hard as a rock, despite the chill of the water.

Eventually, Kari got tired of playing in the pool and headed for the ladder. Jeff watched her as she climbed out of the water, displaying her cute little ass for him. He quickly followed, and they headed for the towels.

They couldn't even manage something as simple as drying each other off without ending up in each other's arms hugging and kissing. Somehow they ended up in one of the deck chairs, Jeff relaxing on his back and

Kari lying on top of him with her lips pressed against his and her warm body all over him.

"So are you ready to go upstairs?" Jeff asked.

"My, you're impatient," she giggled. "Not just yet."

"Oh, come on!"

"The pool's a little cold. I want to do something to warm me up."

"I can take care of that," he told her with a smile.

"Tempting," she replied, "but I was thinking more of the hot tub."

"That sounds nice too."

"Come on then."

They retrieved their clothes and towels from the ground then climbed the stairs back up to the back door. Still wearing nothing, they made their way down the stairs to the rec room, where they immediately headed to the alcove with the hot tub. Stopping only long enough to toss their towels and clothes in the corner, they climbed into the tub. It felt very nice after the chill of the pool.

Kari sat down on Jeff's lap, his erect cock pressed against the crack of her ass. He immediately reached around and fondled her breasts, while at the same time leaning forward and kissing her on the neck and shoulder. He remembered how much she had liked that when they had showered together a few days ago, and her reaction this time was similar, tilting her head to the side to give him better access.

He let one of his hands slide down her body toward the center of her sex. She sensed his intentions and spread her legs to accommodate him. His fingers found her slit and he began to rub her there. He found that he liked to stimulate her like that; he enjoyed the thought that he was the one to give her such pleasure, especially knowing that no one else had ever done it to her.

After a few minutes of that, she turned around to face him as she straddled his lap. His hand returned to its previous position between her legs, but this time she reciprocated by reaching down and grasping his cock, slowly pumping it up and down. She grinned as she saw the look of pleasure on his face. He threw his head back and let the feeling overtake him.

Kari leaned in and kissed him on the chest, arousing him even more. He let her tease him all over his chest with her lips, relaxing and enjoying the sensation. As she worked him over like that, she continued to stroke his cock, and he knew that if she kept it up, he couldn't last much longer.

"Oh god, Kari, you'd better stop," he told her.

"I guess that means it's time to go to the bedroom," she grinned, releasing him and standing up. Jeff rose to

his feet, then on impulse picked her up in his arms and helped her over the side of the tub. He then climbed out after her.

They didn't even stop to get dressed, but just dried themselves with the towels, then grabbed their clothes and headed upstairs to the bedroom. Kari immediately jumped onto the bed, lying back and offering herself to Jeff.

Despite his earlier impatience, he wanted to draw this out as long as possible. Even the short trip up the stairs had been sufficient to cool him down enough that he could hold out for a while. Instead of pouncing on her and drilling her right there, he leaned over the bed and kissed her, touching nothing but her lips. She closed her eyes, apparently enjoying it.

He moved down to her chin, then to her neck, knowing how sensitive she was there. Her breathing became heavier as he continued down to her chest, moving in the direction of one of her luscious tits. He worked ever so slowly toward it, advancing only millimeters with each kiss. She began to moan softly in anticipation, and he enjoyed watching her chest rising and falling with each deep breath.

It took him almost a full five minutes to get to her nipple. When he flicked his tongue against it, she squealed in pleasure.

"Jeff!" she cried out. "That feels so good!"

But he wasn't through with her. With one of his hands he reached for the other nipple, tracing around it lightly with his fingernail. This caused her to actually go into spasms as she gasped for breath. She was apparently extremely sensitive there. Taking that as a good sign, he continued to circle the nipple, teasing her with the intensity of it all. She grasped the bed hard, digging her fingers into the sheets with shaking hands.

After a few minutes of that delightful torment, he moved his hand down her body, slowly toward her sweet, beautiful pussy.

"Oh god, not there!" she gasped as he neared it.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"If you touch me there you'll set me off."

"Then I'd better get inside of you, quick," he grinned.

"Oh, yes! Take me, Jeff. Take me now!"

He climbed onto the bed and positioned himself over her. For a few seconds, he just stared down at her gorgeous face as she stared back up at him with an adoring smile. He gently lowered himself down on top of her, positioning his cock at her feminine entrance. She gasped as he pushed into her, first with only shallow strokes, and then bit by bit going deeper with each thrust.

Her legs were thrown wide open to help the penetration, and he took full advantage of it, driving his full length into her moist, hot depths. Her body reacted to his, and soon they fell into a passionate rhythm.

He bathed her face with kisses, planting them all over her cheeks, forehead, and lips. She had her eyes closed and her mouth open wide as she gasped in each breath. Jeff could feel every inch of her body against him, his nerves intensified by the pleasure of the act. He knew it wouldn't be long before they drove each other over the edge, consummating their love.

Suddenly, the door opened and Allison walked in. "Oh, shit!" Jeff exclaimed, quickly climbing off of Kari and throwing the blanket over them both.

"So this is what you call studying?" Allison said. "I might have figured you'd be studying 'chemistry,' but you've gone way beyond that. I'd call this more 'biology.'"

"What... what are you doing home so early?" asked Jeff.

"Tonight's dinner requires some advanced preparation. I left Brit and Lissa at the mall so I could come home and start getting it ready. I came upstairs to check on you, and here I find you having sex."

"Please don't tell my dad, Mrs. Primdale," Kari pleaded, frightened.

"All right, I won't tell him, on one condition."

"What's that?"

"Stop calling me Mrs. Primdale. It makes me feel so old. Call me Allison."

Kari stared at her. "Really? That's it?"

"Well, what do you want me to say? You want me to make you be my slave? You want me to put on a black leather dominatrix outfit, tie you to my bed, and whip you? Okay, I'll admit that might be kind of fun for a while, but it would get boring too quickly."

"Allison!" Jeff exclaimed.

She laughed. "I'm just kidding, Jeff. You really need to learn to lighten up."

"But you're not angry at us?" asked Kari.

"Why should I be angry? Don't most teenagers your age have sex?"

"Yes, but... not in front of their mothers."

"I'm not his mother. I'm his stepmother."



"I don't see..."

"The difference is that I'm twenty-four years old, too young to be thought of as a teenager's mother. You don't see me as a mother figure, do you, Jeff?"

"Er... not at all."

"So that's it then. Oh, and by the way, Jeff, just so you know, the locks on these bedroom doors are easily picked, so don't expect them to hold back someone determined to get in."

"Why did you pick the lock?" asked Jeff.

"Because I wanted to see you two fuck, that's why."

"Allison!" he exclaimed in embarrassment.

"In all seriousness, have you ever done it with someone watching?"

Kari grew red. Jeff felt just as embarrassed. This whole thing had gone horribly, horribly wrong! What was Allison doing? She had tried so hard to get him a girlfriend, and now that he had one, she was going to spoil the whole thing!

"This is only the second time we've done it," Kari explained meekly.

"Don't be embarrassed, you two," Allison said. "Kari, I don't know if Jeff has told you this or not, but I'm not exactly the typical stepmother."

"I don't need to be told that. I can see it myself," she replied.

"Most stepmothers would try to hold back their sons' sexual development. Not me. I'm all for it. I think his interest in you is perfectly healthy. I just want to see the results of my efforts, that's all."

"Your efforts?"

"Just so you don't get any wrong ideas, it was never hands-on training, in case that's what you were thinking. No, I've just pushed him a little in the right direction now and then."

Kari glanced over at Jeff, confused by this whole encounter. "And what about me?" she asked. "Am I your stepmother's doing as well? What did she do, go through the yearbook and pick me out?"

"No!" Jeff exclaimed. Kari had hit too close to home. "I just... I just..."

"Tell her, Jeff," said Allison. "Tell her the truth."

"I've wanted to go out with you for a long time," Jeff explained. "But I was too shy to ask you out."

"Too shy?"

"Yes. I mean, what business does a guy like me have asking out a girl as gorgeous as you?"

Kari's frown of disappointment suddenly vanished, and she found it hard not to smile.

"So Allison offered to tutor you, to give us a chance to meet and get to know each other. That's all, I swear." As he said it, he realized that it really didn't sound so bad after all.

"Well, all I can say is that you're lucky to have such a wonderful stepmother," Kari smiled. "Allison, you've done some fine work on him."

"I just helped him along. He brought all the equipment himself."

Kari giggled at that. Jeff's shame was rapidly disappearing. There was still the awkwardness of being naked with his girlfriend with only a single blanket hiding them from his stepmother, but now that he had time to calm down, it was actually a little amusing.

"So what do you say? Do you mind an audience?" asked Allison.

Jeff groaned. Just when he was starting to feel all right about the situation, she had to do this!

"I think it's a little late now," said Kari. "Your walking in on us... well, let's just say I'm not in the mood any more."

"Sorry about that. Tell you what. Why don't we try again tomorrow?"

Kari and Jeff glanced at each other. In point of fact, he found the thought of having sex in front of Allison quite stimulating. Of course, he didn't know if he would be able to perform with her there, but he was actually eager to give it a try.

"What do you say, Jeff?" Kari asked timidly, as if not sure how he would take the question.

"You wouldn't mind?"

"To tell you the truth, it's... well, it's kind of a turn-on."

"Then it's settled," said Allison with a smile. "Of course, you're going to have to get comfortable with me here first. Why don't you take off that blanket?"

"Right now?" asked Jeff.

"Of course right now."

Kari grinned and dropped the blanket, exposing her body. Surprised, Jeff froze, just staring. His girlfriend

was naked in front of Allison!

"Come on, Jeff. Don't make me sit here the only nude person in this room."

He glanced once at Allison, seeing something on her face that surprised him even more. Eagerness? Lust, even? Though his member had been slowly shrinking after the initial embarrassment, it sprang right back up with the thought that Allison wanted to see him naked.

"Okay, you asked for it," he said, then threw the blanket aside, watching Allison's expression.

He was not disappointed. For one brief instant, her eyes lit up with delight. He could almost imagine her drooling as she saw his outstretched tool.

"Well, I can see one person in the room hasn't lost the mood," she said. Jeff glanced over at Kari, who was sitting there staring at his crotch. He loved the idea of their eyes on his body, especially both girls' at the same time! What he wouldn't give to make it much more physical.

"And Kari, I can see why Jeff likes you so much. You've got a beautiful body."

"Thank you," said Kari with an embarrassed smile.

"Well, maybe you're no longer in the mood, but I think Jeff needs a little care."

"What do you mean?"

"Come on, Kari. When a man's as hard as that, leaving him in that state without getting him off is cruel. If you're not going to let him stick it in your pussy, how about your mouth?"

"My mouth?" Kari asked, her eyes growing wide.

"Allison, I don't think Kari's ever done that before," said Jeff.

"You've never given a blowjob?" asked Allison.

"No. I've heard about it, but I've always thought it was disgusting."

"You should try it some time. Jeff loves blowjobs. The first orgasm he ever had was from one."

"Allison!" Jeff groaned again. The last thing he needed was for her to tell Kari every detail of his short yet sordid sex life.

"That wasn't... from you, was it?" Kari asked her. But from the look on her face, she found the idea fascinating rather than revolting.

"Of course not," Allison smiled. "I told you I never gave him any hands-on training. It was my sister."

Kari obviously didn't know how to react to that. She just stared at Allison in awe.

"So if you're not going to suck him, at least jerk him off," Allison said. "I'm tempted to do it myself, but you're his girlfriend, not me."

Kari continued to stare at her, blinking in surprise. Then slowly she tore her gaze away and turned to look at Jeff. "I suppose I can... just use my hand," she said.

"Oh, god, yes!" he exclaimed. Kari smiled, then wrapped her hand around his cock and began to stroke slowly up and down. Jeff collapsed back on the bed, the pleasure overcoming even the strength to sit up. Kari lay down next to him, her hand still grasping his member. Surprisingly, Allison came over and sat down on his other side, staring at the action between his legs. Jeff couldn't believe it. Allison was watching him get beat off by his girlfriend! She was mere inches from his naked body. If she wanted to, she could reach out without any effort and take Kari's place. Or she could lower her head, open her mouth, and...

That thought pushed him over the edge. He squealed in pleasure and erupted.

What an eruption it was! Half a dozen spurts shot straight up, a couple of feet into the air. Some of them landed on Kari's nude body, but others landed on Allison's face.

"Oh, shit!" said Kari, staring at Allison in shock. But Allison just broke down laughing.

"Okay, I'll admit, I didn't expect *that*!" she chuckled. Then she licked her lips, where some of his cum was dangling.

If possible, Kari's eyes opened even wider. "Did you just...?" she asked.

"He tastes a bit like his father," Allison replied nonchalantly.

"God, Allison!" Kari exclaimed. "I've never met a woman like you before!"

"I hope you mean that in a good way."

"Oh, I do. Your son is so lucky."

"He's not my son, remember?" Allison corrected. "Otherwise, this situation wouldn't be quite so humorous."

Kari laughed. "Good point."

"Okay, it looks like you two need to take a shower. And I need to wash my face. You don't mind if I'm in the bathroom while you're washing up, do you?"

"Not at all," said Jeff and Kari at the same time, then began to laugh.

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## Chapter 22

### Experimenting

The scariest moment in Jeff's life happened the next day. Allen Williams had called the night before and asked Jeff to come over for a man-to-man talk. Under the circumstances, Jeff was pretty sure it had to do with his relationship with Kari. While he knew Allen pretty well by this time, it did nothing to quell his dread of that conversation.

After the math lesson the next day, Allison drove the two of them back over to the Williams house and dropped them off.

Jeff stood there staring at the front door for a second, petrified in fear. Kari opened the door, then turned around and saw Jeff just standing there.

"Come on, Jeff," she smiled. "Dad's not going to murder you or anything. He just wants to talk."

"He doesn't own a shotgun by any chance, does he?" asked Jeff.

Kari laughed. "Nope. Besides, he prefers to use a chainsaw."

"Oh, thanks. That really helps."

Kari grabbed his hand and pulled him into the house. Crystal was sitting on the couch, with a look of fiendish delight in her eyes. "Boy are you in trouble, Jeff," she grinned. "Dad's been sharpening his machete all morning."

"Very funny, Crystal," said Kari. "There's no reason for Dad to be angry at Jeff."

"Well, there wasn't until I mentioned a few things about you two," Crystal shrugged.

"What kinds of things?" asked Kari, her eyes growing wide.

"Nothing important. Just a couple of things I made up off the top of my head."

"Is it too late for me to run away screaming?" asked Jeff.

"Look, don't worry," said Kari. "Dad knows not to believe anything Crystal says. In fact, he's more likely to believe just the opposite."

"Exactly," Crystal grinned. "I told him Jeff's intentions were strictly honorable. Just like you said, he didn't believe me."

Just then, Allen appeared in the hall. Jeff nearly panicked at the sight. Despite the warm smile on the man's face, he seemed about three feet taller than the last time Jeff had seen him, and perhaps four feet wider in the shoulder.

"Good to see you, Jeff," he said, walking over and extending his hand. Jeff took it, expecting at any moment for his hand to be crushed to a pulp. But Allen simply shook it with a firm but painless grip. "If you don't mind, I'd like to talk to you alone for a minute. Kari, I'm taking Jeff up to my den. You stay here and keep Crystal from sneaking up and listening at the door."

"If she gets out of line, can I tie her up?" Kari grinned.

"Whatever it takes," Allen laughed. "Come on, Jeff."

The two of them ascended the stairs and entered a room off the hall with a large desk with a computer and a couple of office chairs. Jeff sat down in one while Allen took the other.

"So you're going out with Kari," Allen commented.

"Yes sir," Jeff replied. "I mean, we haven't actually gone out, like on a date, but... well..."

"I understand. And there's no need to call me 'sir.' That's for when you meet your girlfriend's father for the first time. But we're old friends. Call me Allen."

"Yes sir. I mean, Allen."

"Good. Anyway, whatever you call it, you and Kari are a couple. She's really fond of you."

"And I'm really fond of her."

"Yes, I kind of figured that from the first day."

"You did?"

"I was once your age, Jeff. So I know what it's like, and I can recognize the signs. You've loved her for a long time, haven't you?"

"Well... yes. I guess you could say I've been infatuated with her for years."

Allen laughed. "It's almost like there's some higher force at work."

"What?" asked Jeff, confused.

"As you're probably aware, my daughter is pretty popular at school. She has lots of girl friends, but she hasn't been very active in the dating scene. I was starting to worry about her. But I guess she was just waiting for the right man. And since you admit that you've been infatuated with her for years, it sounds like you've been

waiting as well. It took a sudden coincidence to bring you two together. It's almost like it was planned."

Actually, it *was* planned, but Jeff wasn't about to admit that to Kari's father.

"Anyway, I'm glad she's finally got a boyfriend. And to tell you the truth, I'm glad it's you."

"Really?" asked Jeff.

"Absolutely. I like you, Jeff. I've been teaching at that school for a number of years, so I've seen the kinds of boys who go there. There are quite a few of them that would worry me if Kari ever started going out with them. Heck, half the players on my basketball team fall into that category. But fortunately, you don't. You don't seem to be stuck on yourself, you're not afraid to admit your weaknesses, and most importantly, you make Kari smile. Every day after she comes home from your house, she's always very happy. You're good for her."

"Thanks," said Jeff, a little embarrassed by the compliment.

"Now there's one more thing I need to say, and I'm going to be blunt. I'm well aware of the fact that most people start becoming sexually active about your age. I don't like the thought of it happening to my daughter, but I can't ignore the fact that it's a real possibility."

Jeff's panic, which Allen had succeeded in banishing, suddenly flared back up again. Did he suspect?

"I wish I could discourage my daughter from having sex," Allen continued, "but I have to face the fact that it's going to happen with or without my permission. Teenagers don't like to be pressured by their parents, and if I were to put too much pressure on her, she would resent it and turn rebellious."

"So you want to talk me out of it instead," said Jeff.

"No, I'd probably have even less influence over you than over Kari. So based on the assumption that I can't really do anything about it, I'm going to just have to leave that decision up to her. The only thing I want you to promise me is that you'll do the same. Don't try to pressure her into it. Would you do that for me?"

"Yes sir. I promise," Jeff replied.

"Good. If and when it happens, I don't want to know about it. I suppose I'll always be protective of my daughter, but she's growing up, and there are some things that she's going to have to experience without me there for her. For those things, I'm going to have to leave her in your hands. I know I can trust you."

"Absolutely. I love Kari too much to let anything bad happen to her."

"Then I don't have to worry," Allen smiled. "Thank you, Jeff. I'm glad we had this talk."

"I'm just glad it didn't turn out like in my nightmares last night."

Allen laughed. "We'll leave that one for when you come to me to ask for her hand in marriage. Now get out of here. If I know my daughter, I'm sure she's missing you already."

Jeff stood up, and in much better spirits he shook Allen's hand again then left the room. He headed down the stairs, where he found Kari and Crystal sitting together on the couch.

"What, no bruises?" asked Crystal with a facetiously disappointed tone.

"He didn't want to leave any evidence," Jeff explained.

"Must have used electricity," she shrugged. "I use it on all my victims. There's nothing better for torturing someone without leaving a mark."

"You know, she's really obsessed with torture," Jeff told Kari.

"She picked it up from her big sister. Oops. I wasn't supposed to admit that."

"Okay, now I'm really starting to get worried," he said.

"Don't worry, Jeff. I like you. As long as you don't make me mad, you're safe."

"That just gives me one more reason to keep you happy. That and the fact that when you're happy, I'm happy."

Kari leaned in and gave him a kiss.

"Hey, if you two are going to get obscene, at least find some place private," Crystal grinned.

"Jealous?" asked Kari.

"Yeah, I'm jealous that I don't get to make a fool out of myself in front of other people too."

"Hey, you can make a fool out of yourself if you want. Just not with Jeff."

Jeff stayed at Kari's house for the rest of the day, although they didn't get the chance to do what they really wanted. That was all right; there was still plenty of time for that, especially now that Allison was in on their little secret.

In fact, that worked out nicely the next day. At the beginning of class, Allison said, "Today we're going to have two lessons. First, an introduction to trigonometry. Then, after I drop Brit and Lissa off at the mall, I'll come back and give you a second lesson. You pick the subject."

Jeff and Kari glanced at each other. "You mean..." Kari breathed.



Allison grinned. "That's exactly what I mean."

Kari began to turn red as she grinned. Obviously she was thinking of something very naughty.

"It looks like you have an idea in mind," said Allison.

"Well, yeah. I just..."

"You just don't want to be the one to bring up the subject. All right. Let me come right out and say it. I want to teach you two something about sex. So what is it?"

"Well..." said Kari. "The other day you said... you talked about using my mouth."

"Oral sex!" Allison exclaimed with a grin. "That's a great idea. Is it all right if Kari sucks you off, Jeff?"

"Hell yes!" he replied.

"Watch your language. There's a lady here, and you have to treat her with respect if you want to fuck her."

Both Jeff and Kari laughed. "Now *you* watch *your* language," Jeff told her.

"Hey, I'm not the one who wants to fuck her, so I don't have to treat her with respect," Allison shrugged.

Jeff at least didn't pay much attention to the lesson, as he spent the whole time fantasizing about what would happen afterward. Kari seemed to be daydreaming too, because a couple of times when Allison asked her a question, Kari simply blinked and said, "What?"

Still, Allison insisted on finishing the lesson, or at the very least putting in the time. That was unfortunate, because time seemed to slow down to an imperceptible crawl as Jeff waited for it to be over.

A million years later, Allison put down her notes and announced that they were finished for the day. Jeff and Kari grinned and stood up.

"Why don't you two go wait in Jeff's room while I drive the girls to the mall?" suggested Allison.

"That's fine with me," Kari said, taking Jeff's hand and kissing him. They headed up the stairs to his bedroom, where they lay down on the bed with Kari on top, and spent the whole time kissing while they waited for Allison to return.

It was about half an hour later when she knocked on the door and entered. Jeff and Kari sat up.

"Still have your clothes on I see," Allison commented. "That's good. It means you have self-control, which is important in sex."

"There are limits to self-control," Kari said. "And I'm about to reach that limit."

"Well then, let's not waste any more time. Strip."

The two lovers helped each other out of their clothes, admiring each other's bodies once again. Jeff thought Kari had the most beautiful tits he had ever seen, except perhaps Allison's. Still, he was willing to settle for second best, especially since he loved Kari so much. Allison was still an infatuation, but it couldn't beat the real thing.

He did notice the expression of delight on Allison's face as he dropped his shorts and exposed himself to her. That and the anticipation were enough to make him as hard as a rock.

"Okay Jeff," she said, "your part in this is easy. You just lie there and let Kari do all the work."

Jeff lay down on the bed, thrilled by what was about to happen to him.

"There's really not much to giving a blowjob," Allison said. "Just remember a couple of things. A man is most sensitive on the head, especially right underneath. Tease a man there with your tongue and he'll be completely in your power. But to really do it right, you have to suck it into your mouth as far as you can."

Kari climbed up onto the bed and positioned herself over him. She stared at his engorged member for a second as if unsure how to proceed.

"Here, let me help," Allison said. Then she did something that caught Jeff completely off his guard. She grasped his cock at the base and pointed it upward toward Kari's mouth.

"Oh my god, Allison!" Jeff exclaimed. Only in his fantasies had she ever touched him there. The feeling was incredibly thrilling.

Allison grinned. "You like that, don't you?" she asked.

"I love it!" he exclaimed.

"Well, hurry up, Kari. Unless you want to waste his orgasm on a handjob from his stepmother."

Kari stared at her in shock. Then she turned her attention back to Jeff's cock.

"So is he really going to..." she stammered.

"Have an orgasm?" Allison suggested, and Kari nodded. "That depends on you. You can stop at any time if it makes you feel uncomfortable. But if you really want to make Jeff feel good, you'll let him cum in your mouth, and you'll swallow it."

"Jeff, do you want me to swallow it?" Kari asked him.

"Oh yes!" he exclaimed.

"Okay," she smiled, then began to lower herself.

"The first thing you do," Allison instructed, "is tease the head with your tongue. Just flick your tongue against it a few times."

Kari opened her mouth and gently brushed her tongue against the head. Jeff groaned in pleasure.

"You see what that does to him?" Allison smiled. "Do it again."

Kari repeated the action, and Jeff couldn't help but groan once more. She giggled at the sounds he was making. "So it's that easy to make him feel good?" she asked.

"Have you ever had your nipples licked?" said Allison.

Kari glanced at Jeff and blushed. "Well, yeah," she mumbled.

"This is exactly the same thing. Pretend his cock is a girl's nipple and do what you think would make it feel good."

"Ew!" she said, growing even redder.

Allison laughed. "Okay, maybe that wasn't the best way to say it. I just meant, think of what feels good on your nipples."

Kari leaned down, and this time she ran the tip of her tongue all over the head. Jeff gasped at the sensation, especially when she brushed against that sensitive part on the underside. The stimulation was driving him wild.

"I've brought his dad to orgasm a couple of times just from tonguing it," Allison commented. "You can practice that on your own later. This time, Jeff said he wants to cum in your mouth."

Kari suddenly drew back, staring down at his cock, which was leaking fluid. "That's not..." she said, "that's not his cum, is it? I mean, he didn't have an orgasm already?"

"That's just his pre-cum," Allison told her. "It always does that during sex. It helps to lubricate the girl. And it's very tasty." To Jeff's astonishment, Allison reached in, ran her finger along the tip to scoop up some of the fluid, then stuck her finger in her mouth.

"Mmm," she smiled, and Kari and Jeff gasped. "What?" asked Allison. "It makes for a good appetizer before you get to the main course. Of course, there's not much, so don't waste it."

Experimentally, Kari reached out with her finger and did the same thing. When she put it in her mouth, Jeff nearly climaxed right there at the sight. Her eyes lit up with delight.

"That's not bad at all," she grinned.

"It tastes better right from the source," Allison told her, so Kari lowered her mouth again and began to lick him.

"Oh god that feels good, Kari!" Jeff groaned.

Kari continued to lick all over the head, smiling as she did so. Jeff was in heaven; this was one of the most wonderful feelings he had ever felt, especially coming from the girl he had been infatuated with for years.

"Don't neglect the rest of it," Allison told her. Kari nodded, then began to run her tongue up and down the shaft, pushing Jeff further toward bliss. His body was beginning to respond, his hips tensing up as she continued to stimulate him.

Kari stared up at him as she licked, smiling every time she made eye contact with him. She was really enjoying this! Of course, she couldn't be enjoying it half as much as Jeff was, but just the thought that she liked to do this for him excited him. That meant he could get her to do it again in the future. Just the thought of her doing it over and over and over again to him was driving him wild.

"I don't think he's going to last much longer," Allison said. "You'd better get it in your mouth. Just be careful to watch your teeth; the last thing he needs is to for you to scrape it."

Kari rose up above his cock, which was hard as a rock and pointed straight up by Allison's hand. Jeff knew that the pleasure was about to intensify, and he groaned in anticipation. Kari glanced down once at his dick, then lowered her mouth over it.

"Oh my god!" Jeff exclaimed as she enveloped it.

"Now suck," Allison commanded her. Kari obliged, and suddenly waves of pleasure washed over Jeff. Only once before had he felt such intensity, when Rachael had done this same thing to him. With Kari, though, it was different. Despite her lack of experience, his love for her made it a thousand times better. In his wildest fantasies, never had he imagined that one day she would actually give such pleasure to him.

He was moaning in pleasure now, his hips squirming uncontrollably. He watched as Kari's head lowered, taking him to the back of her throat. He couldn't believe she was actually deep throating him on her very first time! Then she rose back up again, nearly letting his dick slide from her lips, sucking hard as she did so and nearly sending him over the edge. She repeated the motion, each time causing the pleasure to spike just a little higher.

Meanwhile, Allison took her free hand and began to fondle his balls. She cupped them in her hand, rolling them back and forth in her fingers. Jeff shuddered with the new sensation; it was almost too much.

Kari suddenly changed her motion. She pulled back until only the head remained in her mouth, but she continued to suck on it. As she did so, she began to tease it with her tongue.

That did it. The sudden, unexpected stimulation drove him over the edge, and the pleasure began to peak.

"Oh god, Kari!" Jeff cried out. "I'm about to cum!"

"Now it's time to make your decision," Allison told her. "Either stop now or let him cum in your mouth. It's up to you."

Kari returned to bobbing her head up and down on it, but with renewed vigor and increased pace. Jeff felt the room spinning around him as the intense pleasure overwhelmed him. He groaned in ecstasy as he released into Kari's willing mouth.

She tried to swallow it all, but there was too much and some of it began to spill out the corner of her mouth and dribble down her chin. To Jeff's surprise and delight, Allison leaned in and licked it right off of Kari's chin. He groaned one last time from the erotic sight, then collapsed in exhaustion, completely spent.

"So how was it?" Allison asked Kari.

"Not as bad I had expected," she replied.

"So if you thought it would be bad, why did you do it?" Jeff asked.

"Because I want to make you feel good, silly," she replied.

Jeff smiled. "Kari, you're absolutely wonderful. Not only are you the most beautiful girl in the school, you're so sweet to me. I can't imagine what I've done to deserve you, but I must have done something right."

"Yeah, you introduced me to sex," she giggled. "Now I think I'm addicted."

"Well, we make a perfect couple, because I'm addicted too."

Kari scooted up next to him and lay her head down on his chest. Jeff wrapped his arms around her. He always liked to snuggle with her afterward, and it was clear that she liked it too.

Allison released his cock, then bent over and kissed them both on the forehead. "So you two will be all right without me?" she asked.

"We're just going to take a nap," Kari replied.

"Okay, I'll see you later. If you're still asleep when I have to go pick up the girls, I'll come wake you up." She headed for the door.

"Allison," Jeff said, and she turned around.

"Yes?" she asked.

"Thank you."

She smiled, then disappeared out the door. Jeff lay back and closed his eyes, letting sleep overtake him.

With the end of July and only one month left before school began, the trips to the mall came less frequently. Lissa especially wanted to stay home more often and play in the pool, because she had the job in the late afternoon and wouldn't get much chance to swim once school started.

That meant less time for Jeff and Kari to be alone together, but that was all right. When they had first started sleeping together, it had been new and exciting and they had wanted to do it as much as possible. Now that they had less opportunities, they found that the long periods in between meant that the sex maintained that same level of excitement.

Of course, swimming with Kari was enjoyable too, even with others around. The two of them made it a point to accidentally yet frequently rub up against each other in the water. Brit and Crystal never missed an opportunity to tease them about it when they caught them, which surprisingly didn't bother Jeff at all. Although Crystal's presence definitely increased the frequency of Brit's teasing, it also changed its character. Both of the girls were more flirtatious than mean-spirited. Jeff found that he actually enjoyed being teased by Crystal.

Part of that was because she was a very pretty girl, and even in just the few months since he had first met her, she was beginning to develop in all the right places. Her swimsuit, which had fit her perfectly earlier in the summer, was now stretched tight across her bust and hips. He found himself even a little attracted to her, although that was probably due mostly to the fact that she resembled her big sister so much. While he admitted his attraction, he entertained no notions of anything but a friendly relationship with her. She was still a little girl in his eyes, not yet even thirteen. And Kari was more than enough to keep Jeff occupied.

That didn't mean he didn't like it when Crystal pounced on him in the pool and tried to drag him under, or splashed him with water when he wasn't prepared for it. Once she even tried to pull his swimming trunks down, claiming that it was only fair because he had done it to Lissa. Fortunately, he had the drawstring tied tight so it didn't work. He took these actions as good-spirited fun, and with that attitude he enjoyed himself all summer.

On August third, Lissa turned 17. She invited over several of her friends for a birthday party, all girls of course. Jeff didn't think he had ever seen her with a boy who wasn't related to her, at least in the past few years. She seemed to do all right without them, though he was still a little concerned.

As it turned out, the older girls were just as flirtatious as the younger ones. Jeff remembered Brit's 12th birthday party a few months ago, and how all of her friends seemed to fawn over him. Lissa's friends were the same way.

That got him thinking. Before, girls tended to ignore him, but now they seemed to be more interested. These same girls, who wouldn't have given him the time of day a year ago, now actually talked and joked with him.

True, his freckled complexion, which had been his bane in his earlier years, had pretty much cleared up. And the exercising had made a noticeable improvement in his physique. But neither of those could explain the sudden shift in the girls' attitude toward him.

As he thought about it, he came to the surprising and delightful conclusion that the change in attitude had less to do with them than with him. The girls talked with him because he talked with them. They weren't afraid to be friendly because he was a friendly person himself.

He mostly had Kari to thank for that. She had helped him to open up, giving him a much-needed boost of self-confidence. Especially now that she was his girlfriend, he was no longer afraid to talk to girls since there was no risk of them mistaking his attentions and he wasn't worried so much about making a fool out of himself.

He had to credit Rachael too, though. She was the first girl who had shown any kind of attraction toward him, and it was because of her that he first began to realize that he *could* be attractive, even to someone as gorgeous as her. Granted, she was kind of a slut, but just the fact that she had wanted to have sex with him had opened his eyes to a new way of looking at things. He, Jeff Primdale, didn't have to be shy or afraid of girls; he wasn't ugly or repulsive. It was even possible that some of them liked him!

By the time the party ended, Jeff was feeling pretty good about himself. It wasn't conceit, necessarily, just good, honest self-esteem.

A few days later he got his next chance to be alone with Kari. Brit had gone over to Crystal's house, and Lissa's boss had asked her to come in to work a couple of hours early to help reorganize their filing system, offering to pay her overtime. That meant they had all afternoon together until Greg came home from work. After the math lesson, Allison told them to go fuck, so they hurried up the stairs and stripped off their clothes.

Jeff moaned in pleasure as Kari rode him. He lay flat on his back on his bed, Kari bouncing up and down on his cock. She had a similar smile on her face to what Jeff figured he himself must have.

"Oh, God, Kari!" he exclaimed. "You're such a good fuck!"

"Better be quiet," she teased, "or your stepmom might hear you."

"And I even forgot to lock the door," he laughed.

She continued to ride him, driving more and more wild with every motion. He could see that she enjoyed this position, and he enjoyed it too, especially since it gave him a perfect view of her naked teenage body. He reached up and fondled her tits, and she sighed in pleasure.

"Studying biology again?" asked Allison from the doorway.

"Oh, no!" Kari exclaimed in false fear. "Your stepmom just caught us fucking!" All three of them laughed.

Allison stepped into the room and closed the door behind her. She pulled up a chair and sat down next to the bed. "You know, Kari, if Jeff's anything like his father, I know what he would love to see," she commented.

"What's that?" asked Kari.

Allison leaned in and whispered something in her ear, too low for Jeff to hear it.

"You're not serious?" Kari asked, her eyes growing wide.

"Ten bucks says Jeff comes the instant he sees it."

"I don't have ten bucks to bet."

"All right, we'll make it no-lose on your part. If I win, I give you ten bucks. If I lose, you don't owe me a thing."

Kari considered for a moment. "Okay, it's a deal."

Allison glanced at Jeff for a moment. "Watch this," she grinned, then leaned over, stuck out her tongue, and licked Kari's breast.

"Oh shit!" Jeff exclaimed in delight. This was like one of his best fantasies come true!

Allison glanced over at him again. "Still going, huh?" she asked. "Well, Kari, do you want to go for best two out of three?" She didn't wait for an answer, but immediately dropped her head again and began to stroke her nipple with her tongue.

"Oh god, Allison!" Kari exclaimed with a wide grin on her face. "You shouldn't... Oh my god! You shouldn't be... Oh, please!"

Allison's hand went to Kari's other tit and began to fondle it. Kari's movements on top of Jeff grew faster and more violent. Then Allison lowered her head even more, down to Kari's stomach, and kissed her there. But she didn't stop. Her head went even lower, and Jeff, with shock and excitement, realized where she was headed.

"Oh my god!" Kari exclaimed. "What are you doing? Oh wow!"

To Jeff it seemed like it took Allison forever to move down Kari's body. Her hair covered up the view, but he could imagine Allison kissing Kari above the navel, then below the navel, then at her hair line, then...

Then he felt it, a tickling, teasing sensation at the base of his dick, and he realized that Allison was licking them both at the spot where he entered his girlfriend. Allison, beautiful, sexy Allison, actually had her tongue on his cock!

That was enough to put him over the edge. He cried out in ecstasy, and through his own screams he could



hear Kari matching him. Allison had given her an orgasm too!

Kari collapsed in his arms then, resting her head on his chest and staring at Allison, who was licking her lips.

"God, Allison, you're such a pervert!" Kari grinned.

"Maybe so, but you can't deny that you liked that. Was that your first time getting pleased by a woman?"

"Well, yeah. I'm no lesbian."

"Not entirely, at least," Allison grinned, teasing her.

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## Chapter 23

### Girlfriend For a Day

After that, Allison often joined them when they made love. She continued to leave her clothes on, and she never really got involved. Mostly she just watched.

Occasionally she ran her hands over Jeff's body, or even Kari's. Both drove Jeff into a frenzy. Kari surprisingly didn't mind a bit, even when Allison touched her in places that were hardly innocent.

Jeff was ecstatic to have the two girls that he had been lusting after in bed with him. True, he would have enjoyed it more if Allison took her clothes off as well, but just having her there was like a dream come true.

Kari and Jeff even started dating, if one could call it that. Sometimes they went with Allison and the girls to the mall or other places, during which times Jeff and Kari always found some excuse to run off together. Kari had her cell phone, so Allison simply called them when it was time to head back. It worked out well enough, and both Jeff and Kari agreed that they could consider it an official date.

For her 15th birthday on August 20th, Kari decided to have a private party, with just the Williams and Primdale families. Allison suggested they make it a pool party, and Kari agreed immediately. They all met together at the Primdales' pool for soaking wet fun. Even Allen Williams joined them this time; being a teacher at the high school, he had a summer vacation just like the others. The only one absent was Greg. Kari's birthday was on Tuesday that year, which was just another work day for him.

Jeff didn't get a chance to do what he *really* wanted to do on her birthday, so they had to wait a few more days until they managed to get a little privacy.

The end of summer vacation crept up on them, and before they knew it school started again. That unfortunately meant less opportunity for Kari and Jeff to be alone together. It was all right; they could still see each other at school and on the weekends.

A week before school started the varsity volleyball team held tryouts to replace the seniors who had graduated. Kari made the cut, as did her friends Jenny and Shelly. Jeff was happy for her; she had been excited about the tryouts for the past two weeks.

Her successes were not limited to only athletics, but included academics as well. The first day of classes, the Math teacher passed out a pre-test to gauge the students' competence. The next day he handed them back, graded. Kari got the highest score in the class, followed closely by Jeff.

Of course, word soon got out that the two of them were going together, and it became the talk of the school. Kari had always been a popular girl, and her new achievements served to enhance that popularity. Jeff, of

course, was held up as a god among the geeks and nerds of the school, for managing to get her to go out with him.

His friend Mike asked him about it in the halls one day. "So what's your secret?" he asked. "How the hell did you get a girl like Kari Williams to go out with you?"

Kari, who had been approaching from down the hall and happened to overhear the last bit of the conversation, squeezed past Mike and grabbed Jeff's hand. Mike stared open-mouthed as she flashed him a smile. "You could always try talking to the girl you like," she suggested.

"Uh..." he stammered.

"What are you afraid of?" asked Kari. "That she'll tell you to leave her alone? If she's that shallow, she's not worth having anyway, is she?"

A week later Mike started going out with Holly Stephenson, a gorgeous blonde who had just made the cheerleading squad.

With school taking up most of their time, Jeff and Kari didn't get to see each other as often as they would like, especially since Brit was always home after school and therefore there was no privacy. Fortunately, Allen coached basketball in the evenings so if they could convince Crystal to visit Brit after school, Jeff and Kari managed to have at least a little time alone.

The sex during this time was great. That was mainly due to the fact that they never knew when they would get another chance, so they had to make it memorable each time. It wasn't quite as playful as when Allison was around, but her absence made it more intimate. They would often lie together in each other's arms for hours afterward.

They were at least responsible enough to study together on most of these occasions. Usually they would start out with sex, then they would shower together, then open the books and study. While Jeff would have preferred to do it the other way around so that he had something to look forward to, that wasn't a good idea; if Kari's father came home early, it could end up being an awkward situation. Even though he had given his blessing to their relationship, Jeff didn't relish the thought of Allen walking in on them while they were in bed.

Lissa spent most of her free time these days filling out applications for college. There wasn't any real question about her getting accepted; being the responsible one in the family, she had excellent grades.

Things settled down pretty quickly into a routine with the new school year. September passed quickly, and before they knew it, October had begun. On the 11th, Crystal turned thirteen, and she had a party for all of her friends, including Brit. Jeff came too, but mainly to spend time with Kari. He still didn't like birthday parties for little girls, though admittedly thirteen was a bit too old to be considered little.

On Sunday a week later, Jeff had another chance to spend most of the day with Kari. Allison drove him over

to the Williams house. Kari answered the door, looking a little down.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"It's Crystal," Kari shrugged, standing out of the way so that he could come in and then closing the door behind him. "She's up in her room crying."

"Uh oh. What happened?" asked Jeff.

"Her boyfriend broke up with her."

That surprised him; he hadn't realized Crystal even had a boyfriend. If he remembered correctly, Kari had mentioned that Crystal didn't currently have a boyfriend the first day they met, so she must have started going out after that. Besides, the way she had been flirting with Jeff all summer, he had almost gotten the impression that she had a crush on him.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" he asked.

"I don't know... maybe. I was just talking with her a few minutes ago, and I think her confidence is shattered. She thinks there's something wrong with her."

"There's nothing wrong with her!" Jeff exclaimed.

"I know, but I think she needs to hear that, especially from a boy. Would you go talk to her?"

"Sure," he said. "Are you coming with me?"

"Yes. Let's go see her."

She led him up the stairs to Crystal's room, then knocked on the door.

"Go away," Crystal said from the other side.

Instead, Kari opened the door and led Jeff inside. Crystal lay on her side on her bed, facing away from them and sobbing.

"Crystal," said Kari. "Jeff's here. He's concerned about you."

"I don't want to talk to him," she insisted.

"But *I* want to talk to *you*," said Jeff. "I don't like to see you sad."

"Then go away and you won't have to see me."

"Let me rephrase that. I don't like to *know* that you're sad. I want to cheer you up."

"What can you do? You're just a boy. Boys are mean."

"Some boys are mean," he conceded. "But surely you don't think *I'm* mean."

"Yes you are."

"Why?"

"Because you won't go away when I tell you. You've come in here to make fun of me for crying."

"I'm not going to make fun of you, I promise. I'd be a terrible person if I did that. It's okay to cry. Even *I* cry sometimes. Just tell me what's wrong, and maybe I can do something to help."

Crystal sat up and faced them. Her eyes were red and puffy from her tears, and her hair was disheveled, but she made no move to fix it.

"Okay," she said meekly, staring down at the floor. "But not with Kari here."

"What--" Kari began, then glanced at Jeff, who shrugged. Silently, Kari slipped out of the room and closed the door. Jeff came over and sat by Crystal on the bed.

"So what was it you wanted to tell me that Kari can't hear?"

"I wanted to ask you something, something only a boy can answer."

"Okay."

"What's wrong with me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why don't boys like me?"

"What are you talking about? Who said they don't like you?"

"Well... Chad, he was my boyfriend, he broke up with me the day after we... I mean..."

Jeff was shocked. Was she really saying what he thought she was saying?

"Tell me, Crystal," he said.

"I don't know if I should."

"Are you worried I might be upset? Or angry?"

"No. That's why I wanted to talk to you alone, because Kari and Dad would both get mad at me if they knew."

I'm just embarrassed."

"Crystal, I promise I won't judge you. And I won't tell anyone else, if that's what you're worried about."

"Okay. Yesterday Chad and I slept together."

"Do you mean... you had sex?"

Crystal nodded.

Jeff put his arm around her. "Was it your first time?" he asked. Again, she nodded.

"Then he's not only the biggest creep in the world, he's also the biggest fool in the world."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Anyone who would give up someone as beautiful and wonderful as you has got to be pretty stupid. Whatever the problem is, it's not with you; it's with him."

"You're just saying that to make me feel better."

"I'm saying it because it's true."

"But I think he started going steady with me just because he wanted to... you know. Like I was some kind of conquest or something. And then once we did it, he didn't want to have anything to do with me any more."

That reminded Jeff of something Lissa had told him, about her own first time. Because she wasn't ready for it, she had had a bad experience, and it had bothered her for years. He realized that something like this could really be damaging for a girl, and Crystal was really vulnerable right now. Jeff decided immediately that he didn't like Chad. How could he hurt a girl like Crystal?

"There are boys out there like that," said Jeff, "but not all of them are. There are plenty of nice ones."

"I haven't met one yet."

"What about me? Don't you think I'm nice?"

"Oh, you're okay, I guess. You're good to Kari."

"Exactly. So let's have no nonsense about thinking there's something wrong with you, because there isn't. You just happened to fall in love with the wrong guy. It happens sometimes."

"So do you like me?" she asked.

"Of course I like you. You remind me of my little sister."

"But you hate Brit!"

"No I don't, I love her. We don't always get along, but that's okay."

"Just like you don't get along with me."

"What are you talking about? You think just because you like to tease that I don't like you? Sometimes your teasing is fun."

"You think so?"

"Absolutely. Crystal, not only are you a beautiful girl, you're also fun to be around. So don't worry about Chad. He made the stupidest mistake of his life by breaking up with you. He'll never find a better girl."

Crystal once more broke down into tears, but she threw her arms around Jeff's neck and sobbed into his shoulder. He wrapped his arms tightly around her and held her to him.

There came a knock at the door. "Is everything all right in there?" Kari asked. "I heard Crystal crying again."

"I think she's going to be fine," Jeff replied. "Crystal, is it okay if your big sister comes back in again?"

Crystal nodded.

"Kari, you can come in," he said, and she opened the door and entered the room. She came over and sat down on Crystal's other side.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

Crystal pulled herself away from Jeff, then wiped away her tears. "Better," she replied. "Thank you, Jeff. Even if you didn't mean all those things you said, I'm glad you said them."

"Of course I meant them," he told her.

"Kari, you're lucky you get to have Jeff as your boyfriend," Crystal said.

"That's the truth," Kari smiled.

"I just wish I could meet someone as nice as Jeff. Just once I wish I had a boyfriend who actually cared about me." Then she laughed. "I suppose there's no chance I could steal him away from you?" she asked.

Jeff grinned. It was good to see her in better spirits. "Unfortunately, if I ever broke up with Kari I would be just as stupid as Chad, so you're out of luck there. On the other hand, if *she* ever broke up with *me*, I'd be happy to take you up on that offer."

"Hey!" Kari complained, though jokingly.

"Just kidding," Jeff said.

"Oh, so you *weren't* serious then," Crystal grinned.

"Yes I was," he hurriedly replied, then glanced at Kari. "I mean, no I wasn't... I mean... Anyway, it sure was a nice warm day today, wasn't it?"

Both Kari and Crystal laughed. "Okay, let's stop tormenting Jeff now," Kari suggested.

"But he's so fun to torment," Crystal grinned.

"So does that mean you're feeling better?" he asked her.

"Much better. Thank you. Both of you. I still wish I had a boyfriend like Jeff, but at least it doesn't bother me so much any more."

"You know," said Kari, "I just had an interesting idea."

"Interesting in a good way, or interesting in an 'I should run away screaming' way?" asked Jeff.

"Interesting in a good way, of course. Crystal, you said you wanted to steal Jeff away from me."

"I was only kidding about that!" she said.

"Okay, but what if it wasn't stealing? What if I let you have him?"

"What if I have no idea what you're talking about?" Crystal replied.

"Kari, just what are you saying?" asked Jeff.

"Not what you're thinking. I have no intention of giving you up permanently. Just for a day. Say, next Saturday?"

"I'm still confused," he said.

"Jeff, I want you to take my little sister out."

"You mean... on a date?" asked Crystal.

"Exactly."

"You're serious?"

"Of course."

"But..." Jeff began.



"But what?"

"But *you're* my girlfriend, not her."

"Well, for a day, *she'll* be your girlfriend."

"I don't know..."

"So you don't want to go out with me?" asked Crystal. "What's wrong with me?" At least this time she asked it in a teasing, rather than depressed tone.

"Nothing's wrong with you," Jeff insisted, "except that I'm too old for you."

"No you're not."

"Yes I am. Look, Crystal. Don't take this the wrong way. I really do think you're a beautiful, wonderful girl. But I also told you that you remind me of Brit. And to me, she'll always be a little girl. She's my baby sister, after all. So even though you're a teenager now, I still think of you as a little girl."

"I'm not asking you to marry her, Jeff," said Kari. "Just take her to a movie or something. Come on. Won't you spend one day with her, for her sake?"

"Please, Jeff?" asked Crystal.

Jeff sighed. "Oh, all right," he replied. "I guess if you don't mind, Kari, I can take her out. And who knows? I might even enjoy myself."

"Just don't enjoy yourself too much," Kari smiled.

"Hey, this is your fault," he teased. "And she's going to be my girlfriend for that day after all. I might as well take advantage of the situation."

"Ooh, Jeff's naughty," Crystal joked.

"Not half as naughty as I'm going to be on our date," he grinned.

"I can't wait."

Kari rolled her eyes. "Maybe this wasn't such a good idea," she laughed.

Surprisingly, everyone seemed to be in favor of the date. Brit thought it was a great idea because Crystal had become her best friend and she didn't like to see her depressed. Lissa and Allison both told Jeff how proud they were of him for being willing to do this. Even Allen Williams thanked Jeff for cheering up his daughter,

though to him the whole situation was more amusing than serious. He might not have been so amused if he knew the reason why Chad had broken up with her, but from the very beginning Allen had liked Jeff. Since Kari was okay with the situation, Allen told Jeff he was the perfect boy to help Crystal get over her ex-boyfriend.

By the time the day arrived for the date, Jeff felt no more reservations about it. In fact, he was looking forward to spending time with Crystal. He hadn't had much chance to get to know her before; really the only thing he knew about her was that she was as bad as Brit when it came to teasing, perhaps even more so. While getting those two together hadn't quite turned out "apocalyptic," as Kari had put it, they did seem to be a bad influence on each other. They tended to team up on Jeff, so he avoided them as much as possible when they were together.

Since Kari had suggested he take her out, though, he was starting to see Crystal in a whole new light. Yes, she was still a little girl, but she was a beautiful little girl. She looked a lot like her big sister after all. And now that he thought back on it, the teasing was more flirtatious than malicious. Like he had told her, sometimes it was even fun.

He found himself actually looking forward to the date. Granted, if any of his friends saw him they would tease him mercilessly about "robbing the cradle" or something like that, but he actually wanted to get to know Crystal better. Maybe it was because closeness to Kari implied closeness to her family; the better he got along with them, the better his relationship with *her* would be. He also enjoyed the feeling that came from knowing that he was brightening up someone's day, especially a cute girl like Crystal. There was a third reason as well. Since he had gotten to know Kari, he had started getting over his shyness around girls, and he liked being around them. He actually found himself wanting to have friends of the female variety.

They made arrangements for the date. Since he was too young to drive, on Saturday Allison would drive him over to the Williams house to pick up Crystal. She would drive the two of them to the mall, where she would drop them off for the day. There were plenty of things to do there, certainly enough to fill the day with activities. He would borrow his dad's cell phone, and call her that evening when it was time to come home.

Friday night he called her to confirm the arrangements. Kari answered the phone.

"Hello," he said. "This is Crystal's boyfriend Jeff. Is she there?"

"She's busy right now," Kari replied. "But this is her stunningly gorgeous big sister. Is there something I can help you with?"

"Tempting," he said. "Tell you what. I've got a date with Crystal tomorrow, but I'll take you up on that offer later."

"Is that Jeff?" he heard Crystal's voice say in the background.

"Yes it is," Kari told her. "Your boyfriend wants a word with you."

A few seconds later, Crystal picked up the phone. "Hi, handsome," she said.

"Hi, beautiful. Are you all ready for tomorrow?" he asked.

"Every moment away from you is an excruciating torment."

"I know, but soon we'll be together, my love. So I'll see you at 10:00 in the morning?"

"I'll try to be strong until then. Only the thought that these moments of sadness will soon be over keeps me going."

"Oh god, I think I'm going to be sick," Kari's voice said in the background.

"Tell Kari this was her idea," Jeff said.

"Hey Kari, Jeff says this was your idea," Crystal repeated.

"Well, you don't have to be so enthusiastic."

"I only get Jeff for a day. I have to make the most of it."

"Okay, fine."

"So Jeff," said Crystal. "I'll be dreaming about you tonight."

"In that case, I'll dream about you too."

"Good. See you tomorrow."

"Bye."

Actually, he *didn't* dream about her, but considering that she was probably joking when she said she would dream about *him*, he didn't feel too guilty about it.

When he arrived at her house the next morning, she seemed to have mellowed a bit. He had half expected her to fly into his arms at the first sight of him, but instead she simply met him at the door with a smile. She looked as cute as ever, in a pastel blue blouse and a matching long skirt, sandals, and a pink bow in her hair. The bow was perhaps overdoing it; it made her look five years younger. But he liked the way she looked all the same.

Kari appeared behind her. "Hi, Jeff," she said. "Are you two ready for your big day?"

"I think we're going to have lots of fun," he replied.

"Well if you're going to do this, you might as well do it right," she grinned. She stepped forward, grabbed Jeff by one hand and Crystal by the other, and put their hands together. "There, that's much better," she said, stepping back. Apparently she wasn't as disgusted by this as she had pretended to be last night while the two of them were on the phone.

Jeff and Crystal glanced at each other, then they simultaneously broke out into a nervous laugh.

"Okay, I guess if I'm your girlfriend, it makes sense to be holding your hand," Crystal said.

"It works for me," Jeff shrugged.

Allen appeared in the doorway. When he saw Jeff and Crystal holding hands, he grinned. "Looks like you're taking this seriously," he said.

"Kari insisted," Jeff explained.

"Well, I guess this is the part where I'm supposed to say 'take care of my little girl' and then you say 'I will sir' and I say 'I know you will. I trust you.'"

"And then I say 'oh dad, you're embarrassing me,'" Crystal added with a grin.

"Sorry dear," said Allen. "I just want to know that you're in good hands. Well, you two have fun." He shook Jeff's hand, then waved at Allison who was sitting in the car in the driveway.

Jeff led Crystal out to the car, where he opened the back door for her and they both climbed into the back seat.

"You two make a cute couple," Allison commented.

"When a couple has been together as long as we have, they just naturally seem like they go together," Crystal explained. "Isn't that right, honey?"

"Of course it is, dear," Jeff smiled, playing along.

Allison drove them to the mall, then handed Jeff Greg's cell phone. "Call me when you're ready to be picked up," she said. "Or if there are any emergencies."

"Like if Jeff and I smooch for so long that he passes out from lack of air?" Crystal suggested.

"That's exactly what I was thinking of," Allison replied. "So I'll see you later tonight."

"Thanks, Allison," said Jeff, then took Crystal by the hand and headed for the front entrance.

The first thing they did was head to the theater to catch one of the early showings of a movie that Crystal wanted to see. Jeff wasn't too thrilled by it, since it was a chick flick and therefore on his list of movies to

avoid. But since he was doing this for Crystal's sake, he was willing to make that sacrifice. In truth, Crystal was the type of girl who was very nice to be with, no matter what he was doing.

As they sat together before the movie started, she sensed his dislike. "You don't like this kind of movie?" she asked.

Jeff shrugged. "I'm not big on romances," he explained.

"Unless you're involved," she grinned.

"Of course," he smiled back. "Especially with a girl as beautiful as you."

Crystal blushed. "Well aren't you the smooth talker!" she remarked.

"You bring out the best in me."

"You know, Craig here doesn't like movies like this either," said the girl sitting next to Crystal. She was a little older than Jeff, probably college-aged. Next to her sat a tall boy with glasses. "I know it's a pain for him to sit through it for two hours, but he's willing to do it to be with me. Make sure you let your guy know how much you appreciate it."

"Thanks, I will," Crystal replied, then turned back to Jeff. "Geoffrey dear, I really appreciate you taking me to see this movie."

"Anything for you, my darling."

Crystal laughed. "We aren't usually this lovey-dovey," she explained to the girl. "We're just being especially affectionate today."

"Hey, there's nothing wrong with being affectionate, is there, Craig dearest?" said the girl.

"Of course not, Paula my love," Craig grinned.

"So what's the big occasion today?" Paula asked them.

"Didn't you know?" asked Jeff. "Today is International Get-All-Mushy-In-Public Day."

"Sounds like my new favorite holiday," said Paula. "Craig might object to that; he doesn't like to show his emotions as much as I do. But he certainly makes up for it in private."

"So how long have you two been going out?" asked Crystal.

"A year and a half," Craig replied. "In fact, today's our eighteen-month anniversary."

"What about you?" asked Paula.

"A little less than that," Crystal said. "Jeff refused to date me until I turned thirteen. He said he's opposed to going out with pre-teen girls."

"So is that how old you are?" asked Paula. "Thirteen?"

"Yes," she replied.

"And what about you, Jeff?"

"He's nineteen," Crystal said before Jeff could respond.

That did it. Paula and Craig both stared at them in shock. Jeff was about to tell them she was lying, but then decided it would be more fun to go along with it.

"I like younger girls," he shrugged. "I don't think I've ever dated a girl over fourteen."

"And... you're okay with this?" Paula asked Crystal.

"Why shouldn't I be?" said Crystal. "Jeff is handsome, smart, funny, and great in the sack."

Jeff nearly lost it. It took all of his self-control to keep from bursting out laughing. Crystal was definitely a bold one!

It was almost too bad that they couldn't continue the conversation, but about that time the lights dimmed and the movie started.

She continued to hold his hand as they watched it, and even lay her head against his shoulder. The feel of her against him, the sight of her beautiful face so near, and even the smell of her perfume made it kind of hard to concentrate on the movie, but on the other hand, that really wasn't a big loss. He found that he much preferred to concentrate on *her*.

That was surprising, and perhaps even a little alarming. After all, Jeff was going out with her big sister. Although Crystal was pretending to be his girlfriend for a day, he was doing this as a favor to Kari. He was allowed to enjoy himself, but he wasn't supposed to be thinking of Crystal romantically.

Nevertheless, he found himself glancing over at her repeatedly, taking in the beauty of her face. There was something enticing about her.

He was surprised when the movie ended; he hadn't thought it had been that long. But the lights came on and the audience began exiting the theater.

Needless to say, Paula and Craig hurriedly left without saying anything more to Jeff and Crystal. He had meant to explain the truth to them, but they never gave him a chance. Still, the whole thing had been amusing.

After leaving the theater, Jeff and Crystal headed to her favorite sandwich shop to eat lunch. Kari and he had eaten there several times in the past, and he liked the food. He didn't mention that to Crystal, of course. It wasn't that he had anything to hide; he just didn't want to spoil the illusion by bringing up his real girlfriend.

As they were finishing lunch, Crystal got a sudden, mischievous gleam in her eye. Jeff asked her what she was thinking, and she replied that she wanted to go look at rings.

"Rings?" he asked.

"Yes. I know we're too young to get married, but we can at least start getting ideas for the future."

Jeff laughed, glad that she was enjoying this little charade and surprised that he was enjoying himself just as much.

They headed over to the jewelry store, where the sales lady gave them a suspicious look. Crystal played her role perfectly, pretending to be engaged to Jeff and looking through the collection of diamond rings. They spent nearly twenty minutes there, discussing which ones they liked the best. The sales lady, obviously hoping for a nice commission, was very helpful and courteous despite looking mistrustful of the two of them.

In the end, they thanked her and told her they needed to shop around some more, but would definitely keep the store in mind. As they were leaving, they saw Paula and Craig approaching the same store, but before Jeff could say anything, the other couple pretended not to notice them and instead turned around and walked the other way. Crystal actually did break down laughing at that point.

Across the hall, Jeff spied something that he thought would be amusing. He took Crystal over to the toy store, where there were Halloween spider rings in a jar by the register for a penny each. He bought two of them, then put one of them on his finger and the other on hers, explaining that this was just temporary until he could afford a real ring for her. She grinned and threw her arms around him, saying that it didn't matter whether the ring cost one cent or a million dollars; what mattered was that it was a sign of his love.

She was really getting into the spirit of things, and Jeff was more than happy to oblige her. She was so cute when fooling around like this.

They decided to spend the rest of the afternoon at the Mini Golf and Arcade. It was at the other end of the mall, so they began to head in that direction.

"Well if it isn't Jeff and Kari!" Jeff heard behind him. They turned around and found themselves face to face with Kayla Fallon. The smile on Kayla's face turned to a look of surprise when she saw Crystal.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I thought..."

"People mistake me for my big sister all the time," Crystal explained.

"So... um..." said Kayla. "What are you two doing here? And where's Kari?"

"We were just--" Jeff began, but Crystal interrupted.

"You won't tell her, will you?" she asked Kayla.

Jeff glanced at her, wondering what she meant by that.

"Tell her what?" asked Kayla suspiciously.

"Well... that Jeff and I..." said Crystal.

Suddenly, he realized what she was doing. Crystal always did like a good joke, so he decided to play along.

"Look. Kayla," he said. "I'd really rather prefer it if Kari didn't find out about this, all right?"

If Kayla looked shocked before, she was doubly so now. "Jeff, are you really going out with your girlfriend's sister behind her back?"

Jeff tried to look guilty. "No," he insisted. "Crystal and I are just friends. It's just that Kari can get jealous sometimes."

"Can I talk to you alone for a minute?" Kayla asked him. "Crystal, would you excuse us?"

Crystal shrugged.

Kayla led Jeff down the hall out of hearing range. "Jeff, what's going on here?" she asked. "She's your girlfriend's sister. And she's way too young to be going out with you. She's what, twelve? Thirteen?"

"She just turned thirteen two weeks ago," Jeff replied.

"So why are you doing this?"

"Well, you know, Kari's nice and everything, but she hasn't been very open to... certain activities."

"You mean you and Crystal are...?"

"Well..." said Jeff, trying to look even guiltier than before but inside having a great time.

"Jeff, I thought you were a great guy," Kayla told him, "but frankly, I was wrong."

It looked like he had overdone it, so it was time to tell her the truth. "Okay, this has gone on long enough," he replied. "Maybe Crystal should explain the situation to you."

"Yes, maybe she should."

Jeff waved Crystal over. She approached them with a smile on her face. "So did you tell her all the sordid details of our relationship?" she asked him.



"Kayla's about to crucify me, so maybe we'd better drop the charade," said Jeff.

"Oh, but it's so much fun!" Crystal teased.

"It's all fun and games until someone gets lynched," said Jeff. Considering Kayla's dark skin, it normally wasn't the most politically correct thing to say, but Jeff already knew it was a favorite catchphrase of hers. "Crystal, why don't you explain it to her? The truth."

"Okay, the truth," Crystal said, then addressed Kayla. "But I have to warn you, it's not as much fun as what you're thinking."

"Just tell me."

"The truth is, I was feeling a little depressed the other day. You know, boy problems. So Kari suggested that Jeff take me out on a date to cheer me up. That's all there is to it."

"Really?" asked Kayla, still dubious.

"Really," Jeff insisted. "Look, if you're at all worried about it, why don't you call her?"

"I think I will," said Kayla, then opened her purse and retrieved her cell phone. She dialed Kari's number then put it to her ear.

"Hi, Kari," she said. "It's Kayla. I'm here with Jeff and Crystal. Neither of them will give me a straight answer, so would you tell me, do you or do you not know that they're on a date?"

Through the phone Jeff could hear Kari laughing. Kayla couldn't suppress a smile. "Okay, I guess that answers that question. What's that? Yes, that's exactly what they told me. I mean, after they led me along for a bit making me think they were doing this behind your back. As long as you're fine with it. Okay, thanks. Bye." She closed the phone and put it back in her purse.

"It's a good thing we planted one of our confederates in your house to answer the phone," Jeff told Crystal. "I'm just glad we were able to find someone whose voice sounds so much like Kari's."

"Okay, very funny," Kayla chuckled. "You had me going there for a minute. You guys are naughty."

"I wish," said Crystal with a grin. "Unfortunately, that's where Kari draws the line."

Kayla rolled her eyes. "Anyway, it was good to see you two again. I've got to get going though, but I'll see Kari at school on Monday and I'll ask her face to face."

"Do we know anyone who looks like her?" Crystal asked Jeff. "I mean, with a little plastic surgery..."

"By Monday?" asked Jeff. "Not enough time. Oh well. It was fun while it lasted."

Kayla laughed, then headed down the hall.

Jeff and Crystal walked the other direction toward the Mini Golf and Arcade. He had only been there once, about four years ago. Unfortunately he had had a bad experience because Brit and he had gotten into a nasty argument and their parents had taken them out halfway through their game and vowed never to bring them back until they could learn to get along. In the Primdale household, that was generally synonymous with "never."

With Brit absent though, he figured he could survive. Granted, Crystal liked to tease as much as Brit did, but he actually enjoyed Crystal's teasing.

The arcade included the titular miniature golf course, along with some pool, foosball, and air hockey tables, pinball machines, video games, and a concession stand. All in all, it was a great place for a date.

Jeff paid the admission fee for the two of them at the mini golf course, and they collected two balls and two clubs. Jeff offered to let Crystal go first, but she asked him if he would show her how it was done. He placed his ball on the tee, lined up the shot, gave it a tap, and watched it overshoot the hole and bounce off the far wall and around the corner where it would be a difficult shot to save. Crystal giggled, but Jeff just shrugged and smiled.

"Your turn," he said.

Crystal stepped up to the tee and placed her ball. "Jeff, would you come here and show me how to hold the club?" she asked coyly.

He walked up behind her, wrapped his arms around her, and placed his hands on top of hers. She turned out to be very nice to hold like this, not that he had had any doubts.

"So you just draw your arm back a little," he said, demonstrating the move, "then give it a tap. You don't have to hit it very hard; as you can see from my shot, a little goes a long way. Got it?"

"I think so," she smiled. Jeff stepped back to give her room to swing.

When she knocked it right into the hole on the first shot, Jeff had the sudden feeling that she had asked for his help just so she could snuggle with him.

He managed to bank it not too badly on the second shot, which set it up for an easy putt on the third, putting Crystal only two strokes ahead.

"Jeff, would you show me again?" she asked on the second hole, that cute grin on her face that he was learning to love. Perhaps the first shot had been a fluke. So he took his position behind her, demonstrating the swing once again.

This time the hole was at the top of an incline. She took the shot, putting the ball at the top, about six inches

from the hole. Jeff, on the other hand, didn't quite get the ball to the top, and it rolled right back down, coming to rest a foot from the tee.

Crystal made it in two on this hole, and Jeff made it in three. They advanced to the next hole.

"Jeff, would you show me again?" asked Crystal, this time trying her hardest not to conceal her smirk. By this point it was obvious that she needed no instruction at all.

"You're ahead of me," Jeff replied. "Maybe *you* should show *me*."

"Okay," she grinned, coming up behind him and pressing her chest against his back. Both of them laughed as she took his hands and demonstrated a swing.

This time he bounced it off the windmill blade, while Crystal made it right on through on the first shot.

In the end, Crystal beat him by about twenty points, although half of that came from the dreaded Hole #5, with the hole at the top of a circular incline that Jeff took thirteen shots on while Crystal only took three. In fact, the only hole where Jeff beat her was #7, where he managed to get a hole in one.

"Okay, now my pride has been wounded," he told her at the end. "I want a rematch."

"Oh, don't feel so bad, sweetheart," Crystal told him. "Dad takes Kari and me here all the time so I've had lots of practice."

"Oh, so that's why you needed me to show you how to hold the club," he chuckled.

"Who says I *needed* it? 'Wanted' would be a more appropriate term. Anyway, I'd be happy for a rematch, but now that you know I'll beat your pants off, are you sure you're up for it?"

"That sounds like a challenge," he grinned.

"Okay then."

The two of them headed back to the entrance where Jeff paid for another round for both of them. This time he played more competitively, mostly keeping within one or two strokes of her score. Even at Hole #5 he made it in only four shots, and Crystal made it in three again. It wasn't until the ninth and final hole that he dropped back, losing by four this time.

"Good job," said Crystal. "If you keep this up, you might even beat me some time next year."

"Hey! I made up more than three-quarters of the difference this time."

"Just because you got lucky on Hole #5," she teased.

"I knew we should have gone bowling instead," he mumbled.

"Just so you know, I average 240," she smiled.

Jeff rolled his eyes. "Is everyone in your family better than me at everything?"

"Probably," Crystal told him. "But don't worry, honey. I still love you."

"Thanks," he said. "So do you want to get some refreshments? At least eating isn't competitive."

"Not the way *you* eat, at least," grinned Crystal.

"Okay, never mind then," he laughed.

"No, I was just kidding. Let's go get something to eat."

They handed in their clubs and balls and headed over to the concession stand, where they ordered a couple of root beer floats. They took them over to one of the booths against the wall to eat them.

"You know something, Jeff?" said Crystal as they ate. "I'm completely over Chad. You're absolutely wonderful."

"Me? I'm just an average guy. Nothing special about me."

"Except how good you are with the ladies," she smiled.

"Okay, I can't argue with you there," he grinned.

They finished their refreshments, then decided to play some air hockey for a while. Jeff did much better at this than he had done at golf; it had some definite similarities to ping-pong after all, and he had had plenty of practice on the ping-pong table at home. He managed to beat Crystal three games out of five.

It was growing late, and Jeff's feet were getting tired, so they agreed it was time to go home. They left the arcade and sat down on a bench in the middle of the mall. Jeff called Allison to come pick them up.

As soon as he ended the call and put the cell phone away, Crystal lay her head down on his shoulder.

"Thank you so much, Jeff," she said. "This is one of the best days of my entire life."

"It was fun, wasn't it?"

"I wish it didn't have to end."

"I know, but it's not like we'll never see each other again. You'll still visit Brit, and I'll still visit Kari."

Crystal laughed. "Isn't it considered rude to talk about other girls with your girlfriend?"

"Sorry," he said. "Okay, so let me rephrase that. You'll still visit Brit, and I'll still visit you. Unfortunately, I'll

end up spending more time with your big sister. She can really be annoying, monopolizing my time when I'd really rather spend it with my girlfriend."

"Much better," Crystal grinned. "Anyway, you've been great today. I know you didn't want to do this, but I appreciate that you went out of your way to cheer me up."

"I'll tell you a secret," he said. "I actually enjoyed myself. I'm glad you and Kari talked me into this."

"Well then, I guess there's only one thing left to do."

"What's that?" he asked.

Crystal stood up for just a second, then sat down sideways on his lap. Before he knew what was happening, she put her hands on his shoulders, drew him in, and pressed her lips against his.

His eyes opened wide for a second as he realized what she was doing, but he couldn't think of how he should react, so he did nothing. As she drew out that kiss, his initial shock gave way to pleasure, and he found himself slipping his arms around her back without thinking. He held her to him, and suddenly he realized that he had taken over, and now *he* was kissing *her*!

She obviously sensed it too, because she closed her eyes and relaxed in the warmth of his embrace. For one brief moment, he forgot all about Kari, and Crystal really *was* his girlfriend.

When the kiss ended, she drew back with a contented smile on her face. Jeff realized that he had a similar one on his own.

Then he remembered where they were, and why he was here with her. "Um..." he said.

"Why Jeff, you always know just the perfect thing to say to a girl," she teased.

"Crystal, what just happened?" he asked.

"Well dear, that's what's sometimes referred to as a 'kiss.'"

"But why did you kiss me?"

"Because that's what boyfriends and girlfriends do, of course."

"But we shouldn't..."

"Come on, Jeff. It was the perfect ending to a perfect day. Don't spoil it. I know this was all just pretend, but I wanted to do it once because I may never have another opportunity. Tomorrow you're going to be Kari's boyfriend again, and I'll go back to being a little brat. I knew if I didn't take the chance now, I would regret it."

He smiled. "Okay, I suppose it's all right. You just caught me off guard, that's all."

"It's little surprises like that that keep the romance alive," she laughed, then hopped up off his lap and sat down next to him, taking his hand once again in hers.

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## Chapter 24

### An Early Christmas Present

It was almost a shame that the date had to end. If he didn't already have a girlfriend, he had to admit he would seriously consider getting involved in a more permanent relationship with Crystal, despite the difference in their ages. After all, were their ages really all that important? If they were ten years older, he wouldn't think twice about dating a girl two years younger than him. He mainly thought of her as a little girl because, as he had mentioned, she reminded him of Brit, and he remembered Brit as a child. It really wasn't all that long ago.

When Allison met them a few minutes later, she asked how the date went.

"It was fun," Jeff replied. "Except that Crystal couldn't keep her hands off me. Not that I blame her, of course. I just have that way with girls."

"Actually, it was the other way around," Crystal grinned. "You should have seen the looks people were giving us, when they saw the older guy groping the younger girl. I think some of them were about to call the police on Jeff."

"The only reason they didn't was because it was obvious the younger girl liked it so much," Jeff added.

Crystal shrugged. "I guess I just have a thing for child molesters," she said.

Allison laughed, then led them out to the car.

When Jeff met Kari at school on Monday, she took his hand and kissed him on the cheek. "You know, you really made an impact on Crystal," she said.

"A good impact, or a bad impact?" asked Jeff.

"Well, that depends on your point of view. She won't stop talking about you. You really cheered her up, you know that? She doesn't even mention Chad any more, only you."

"So I guess that's good then."

"Good for her, bad for me. Now I'm worried that she really *will* try to steal you away from me."

"You could always share me between you," he grinned.

"Okay, now I'm *really* worried," she laughed. "Maybe I'd better keep her away from you for a while."

Just then, Kayla approached them from down the hall. "Hi Kari," she grinned. "So I take it everything's still fine between you and Jeff after he took your little sister out."

"He did *what*?" Kari exclaimed with a shocked look on her face. "Jeff? Is this true?"

"We've been secretly going behind your back," he grinned. "I meant to tell you, but..."

Kari laughed, then turned back to Kayla. "We're joking of course," she said. "It was my idea in the first place. Crystal had just had a bad experience with her ex-boyfriend, and I figured the best thing for her would be to spend some time in the company of the sweetest, kindest boy in the world."

"Unfortunately he wasn't available, so she had to settle for me," Jeff said. "I was actually... what was it, ninth?... on the list."

"Don't be so modest," Kari told him. "You were seventh."

Kayla couldn't suppress a chuckle. "From now on, I'm not going to take anything you guys say seriously."

"Good idea," said Jeff. "Even *I* don't believe anything I say."

Now that everything was all straightened out, Kayla was just as friendly as ever. The date with Crystal had turned out to be harmless, or at least, *mostly* harmless. Jeff couldn't help but notice that Crystal's flirting had seemed to increase.

She wasn't as open or obvious about it as she had been on the date; she didn't try to hold his hand or (heaven forbid) kiss him again, for which he was grateful, and she didn't pretend they were lovers. She just seemed to be a lot friendlier toward him.

Brit noticed the difference, and suddenly her teasing, which she had previously reserved only for Jeff, was now redirected at her friend. It still all came back to Jeff however, because usually Crystal took Brit's teasing good-naturedly, sometimes pretending that all of Brit's claims were true.

Jeff found that he didn't mind it a bit. Even Kari, who he thought would be jealous, merely thought Crystal's attentions were cute. He took Kari aside one day and asked her about it, and whether it bothered her.

"As long as Crystal's preoccupied with you," Kari replied, "she's not going to get involved in a relationship with another Chad."

"But aren't you even the least bit jealous?"

"I trust you Jeff," she told him. "So there's no reason for me to be worried."



Her faith in him made him feel good, and he made a promise to himself that he would never betray her. Not that there was any chance of that, even without the promise. He loved her too much to ever go behind her back.

It was strange, in a way, that Jeff found himself surrounded by girls who liked him. Granted, only Kari and possibly Crystal had any kind of romantic feelings for him, but until the last year or so, he had never been very comfortable around women. Now he had Kari and Crystal, Lissa and Brit, and even Allison as good friends. Okay, so he still didn't get along with Brit, but he was learning to tolerate her a lot more than he used to.

Just like she had told him, Lissa seemed genuinely happy that he had found a girlfriend. Those few times that they had fooled around were in the past, a part of their lives that they had left behind. She no longer seemed interested in doing anything like that again, which was just as well.

That didn't mean she didn't love him any more, of course. She still liked to spend time with him, just talking. That was the one thing different about his relationship with her; she was the only one who would actually go out of her way just to talk with him. Allison, of course, had no problem holding a conversation with Jeff, but she didn't seem to *need* to talk to him like Lissa did.

Whenever he wasn't visiting Kari, Jeff always made sure he was there for his big sister when she came home from work in the evenings. Sometimes they sat on the couch and threw a blanket over themselves as they watched TV. Sometimes she laid her head on his shoulder, or even on his lap. On nights when she seemed particularly tired, he gave her a back rub, helping to ease out the tension from the day. Greg and Allison seemed to like seeing when he would do things like that for her. Allison even commented on how mature he was acting and how much she appreciated what he did for Lissa. Of course, that often turned into a lecture about how he should be treating Brit with the same respect and affection, to which Brit usually replied that if he ever tried to rub her back she would kick his teeth in. Needless to say, he kept his hands off his little sister.

As the weeks passed and the weather grew colder, those occasions with Lissa curled up next to Jeff under a blanket came more frequently. He enjoyed those moments; it was nice and warm, and she was very soft. Even though he had a girlfriend now, he still enjoyed it when Lissa was affectionate like that.

In November she got some good news: the college that she had been hoping for had accepted her application, and she even got a scholarship. The family celebrated by going out to eat at Lissa's favorite restaurant.

November passed surprisingly quickly, perhaps due to the fact that Jeff was enjoying himself so much with Kari. With the change in the weather both families spent more time at home, which meant less time for Jeff to be alone with her. Usually they found time for sex about once a week, and they made the most of it. This was usually when Brit went over to Crystal's house after school while Kari came over to Jeff's. With Lissa and Greg not arriving home until later, and Allison respecting their privacy or participating in their lovemaking, it made for some perfect opportunities.

One Saturday in December, Kari invited Jeff over to her house. Her father was out of town that weekend,

leaving only the two Williams girls and Jeff. By this time, Crystal was well aware that Jeff and her big sister were lovers, and she was surprisingly accommodating. At first the three of them sat together on the bed in Kari's room talking, but when Kari asked if she wouldn't mind leaving the two of them alone, Crystal agreed, leaving the room.

Kari wasted no time, but immediately threw her arms around Jeff and began to kiss him passionately. He kissed her back, enjoying it and at the same time a little impatient to get on with the sex. He slid his hand down to the base of her shirt to pull it out from her pants.

"Wait Jeff," Kari said, drawing back. "Not yet."

"I'm sorry," he replied. "Do you want to take it more slowly?"

"That's not it," she grinned. "I have a surprise for you first."

"What kind of a surprise?" he asked.

"Well, it's a Christmas present, of sorts."

"Christmas isn't for a couple more weeks."

"So it's a little early. Once you see it, you'll be glad I gave it to you sooner rather than later."

Jeff chuckled. "Okay, now you've got me curious. Okay, where is it?"

"Close your eyes," said Kari with a grin.

"Oh, it's one of those presents," said Jeff. He obediently shut his eyes.

"No peeking," she told him. "It will spoil the surprise if you see it before it's ready."

"I'm not going to peek."

"Okay. Crystal, you can bring Jeff's present in now."

He could hear the door to the bedroom opening, and Kari's sister walking in.

"You naughty girls," Jeff laughed. "You've had her listening at the door this whole time."

"Exactly," Kari replied. "Okay. You can open your eyes now," she said. He did so.

He gasped. Crystal stood there, dressed only in a Santa Claus hat and a piece of red ribbon, strategically wound around her to cover her nipples and thigh. She had a bow over the top of each nipple.

"Merry Christmas, Jeff," said Crystal in the most seductive voice she could.

"So what do you think of your present?" asked Kari.

Jeff continued staring for a minute, still too shocked to respond. What did this mean? Was Kari really offering her little sister to him? And if so, should he accept? He loved Kari and had never even considered fooling around behind her back. On the other hand, Crystal was such a gorgeous girl, if a little young. He had to admit he had felt a little attracted to her, but had told himself he wouldn't act on it. But now, suddenly, he had the perfect opportunity, and even Kari was in favor of it!

"Well?" Kari asked him.

"Um... I don't know what to say."

"Don't you like your present?" Crystal asked him in a teasing voice. "Kari and I worked so hard on it."

Jeff found himself so shocked that he could hardly talk. "I don't..." he stammered. "I mean... Kari, you actually... not that I... I mean Crystal's damn gorgeous, but... well..." He glanced at Kari. "You're all right with this?" he asked.

"Of course I am. I wanted to give you the best Christmas present I could, and in truth, I'm kind of curious to know what it's like to watch. Crystal confessed to me last week that she's had a crush on you at least since you went out with her, and probably even before that," Kari explained. "So the two of us cooked up this little idea. Now stop worrying about it, and just have fun with your new present."

"Seriously?" he asked.

"Seriously," Kari smiled.

Jeff was still conflicted. He really did think Crystal was beautiful, and he couldn't deny a little attraction to her, but he had managed to put it aside because he wanted to remain faithful to Kari. But now Kari was actually encouraging his infidelity!

As long as she was fine with it, he decided, he might as well take advantage of this opportunity.

"I think half the fun is going to be unwrapping it," Jeff grinned. "Of course, I can't wait to play with it, too." He grasped the ribbon between Crystal's breasts and pulled it down. The entire thing came loose and fluttered to the ground, revealing her beautiful 13-year-old body.

He had noticed her figure a couple of months ago on their date; she was just beginning to develop, and he could tell she was going to have a beautiful body one day. Now that he saw it without clothes to obscure his view, he realized that it was already beautiful in its own youthful way.

Her breasts were just starting to form; they were little more than swellings on her chest. She had the cutest little nipples, almost perfect circles no bigger than a penny. Her hips could stand to be a little more curvaceous, but he could tell that they were already starting to develop in that direction. She had only the

lightest trace of fuzz on her pussy; it hadn't had time to grow in yet. That meant it didn't conceal anything either. He had a wonderful view of the treasure between her legs.

"Oh my god Crystal," he gasped. "You've got a great body."

"Thanks," she replied, blushing. "You can touch it if you want."

"I want," he grinned, then reached out and put his hand on one of her breasts. She giggled at the contact. Her skin felt so soft and smooth. He couldn't wait to feel the rest of her.

"So how far are you two willing to let me take this?" asked Jeff.

"Sex?" Crystal asked Kari.

"Sex," Kari nodded in agreement.

"Okay!" Jeff exclaimed with a grin on his face. He wrapped his hands around Crystal's waist and pulled her in to him and kissed her slowly and deeply on the lips. He held it like that for the longest time, well aware of Kari's eyes on the two of them. When he finally drew back and glanced in her direction, Kari wore a grin on her face.

"Oh my god, that was so erotic!" she breathed.

Jeff returned his attention to Crystal, who had her eyes closed and a smile of contentment on her face, obviously still lost in that kiss. Jeff drew her in and hugged her. "Do you want to undress me?" he whispered in her ear, and she nodded.

Jeff released her, letting her take a step back. She grasped his shirt at the base and pulled it up over his head. He put his hands on his hips and grinned as she knelt down before him and reached for his belt. As soon as it was loosened, she unzipped his pants, exposing his boxer shorts.

"I knew it!" she laughed.

"What?" asked Jeff.

"Kari and I had a discussion before you started sleeping with her about whether you wore boxers or briefs."

"Do you talk about every boy's underwear like that?" he asked.

"Only the cute ones. Of course, Kari's known for months now, but she refused to admit I was right."

"So stop talking about it and take them off already," Kari told her.

Crystal grasped them at the waistband and with one motion dropped both his pants and his shorts to his feet. Her face lit up with delight when she saw his cock, which by now was hard enough to point straight out.

"Wow," she grinned. "That's so beautiful!"

"I got to touch you, so it's only fair that you get to touch me," Jeff told her, and Crystal immediately took him up on that offer. She slipped one of her hands around it, but it was too small to reach all the way around. So she took it in her other hand as well. Jeff stood still as she stroked it up and down with both hands.

"This is fun," she giggled.

"It's even more fun for me," Jeff told her.

"I'll bet," she replied, increasing her pace.

"Whoa, slow down there," he said. "You keep it up like that, and it's liable to blow up in your face."

"That would be funny," laughed Kari. "But I think Crystal would prefer to have it blow up somewhere else."

"Yes I would," she replied, letting it go. She stood up and crawled onto the bed.

Jeff followed her, wrapping an arm around her waist from behind and pulling her to him, causing her to giggle in delight. He half sat, half reclined on the bed with his head against the wall and Crystal on his lap. She squirmed around until she could press her body up against his, then wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him again.

"You guys don't mind if I take my clothes off too, do you?" asked Kari.

"Are you going to play with yourself while you watch us?" Crystal laughed.

"Actually, I was hoping to play with Jeff's present," she teased.

"Ew!" Crystal exclaimed, but with a grin on her face.

Kari began to strip off her clothes, and Jeff found it hard to resist watching her. Crystal, on the other hand, had other plans. She put her hand to the side of his face and turned it away from Kari and toward herself so that he was forced to give her his undivided attention. She drew in for another kiss, and Jeff was more than happy to oblige her. The warmth of her body, the feel of her tits against his chest and her little behind pressing down on his cock, and the pleasure of her tasty lips were arousing him like crazy. He was actually about to have sex with his girlfriend's little sister!

There was something about girls that age that he found so appealing. Maybe he was just a dirty old man at heart, but he felt that there was a certain kind of beauty in pubescent girls. Perhaps it was the fact that they were beginning to develop into sexually mature women while at the same time retained their girlish charm from their childhood. Whatever it was, he was excited by the thought of seducing Crystal.

She seemed to be just as excited, as her heavy breathing and flushed skin attested. Her kisses came rapidly, all over his face and neck. Jeff attacked her with equal ferociousness as they drove each other into a frenzy.

Her lips weren't the only part of her that he wanted to taste. He gently pushed her body away from him, then leaned in and wrapped his mouth around one of her nipples. She squealed with delight from the sudden sensation, thrusting out her chest to give him better access. He teased her with his tongue and even his teeth. While her boobs weren't as big as Kari's, they had their own charm.

"You taste delicious," he told her, and she giggled.

"Maybe I'll have to eat you one of these days in return," she told him.

"I'm looking forward to it," he replied, then moved to her other breast to stimulate it in the same way.

Across the room, he noticed Kari sitting in a chair, her legs spread and her hand rubbing herself between them. Apparently she was enjoying the show. He would make sure not to disappoint her.

He lowered one of his hands down between their bodies, sliding it against Crystal's almost hairless pussy. She gasped at the contact, and he started to rub her there. She was already wet, but he knew from his experiences with Kari that Crystal needed to be loosened up a little before he entered her, so he let his fingers tease her.

Her body responded to the touch, her hips beginning to rock forward against his hand as if trying to draw him into her. He spread her outer lips, then brought his other hand down to penetrate into her depths with one of his fingers. That caused her to groan in pleasure, so he began to slide it in and out. As he did so he continued his attentions on her tits, his lips moving back and forth between them every so often to make sure neither felt left out.

"Jeff," she whispered finally. "I'm ready. I want you inside me."

"And that's just where I want to be," he replied. She rose up a little and moved slightly down his body so that he could position his cock correctly. He pressed it against her opening, then let her lower herself slowly onto him.

Jeff found that he especially enjoyed the moment of penetration, those first few seconds when he entered the girl. It was such a wonderful feeling to take his cock, which had been aching for the act, and finally place it where it was meant to go. He loved the feeling as he penetrated into her hole, his cock suddenly surrounded by her softness and warmth.

He took a few gentle thrusts to push it deep inside her, causing Crystal to moan out loud. She pressed her full weight down on him until he was buried as far inside of her as he could go.

"Oh Jeff, that feels so wonderful!" she exclaimed.

"Yes it does," he agreed.

With Crystal on top, he let her take over. She rocked her hips up and down on him, and he fell in to her

rhythm with his own thrusts. With her sliding up and down on him like that, he knew it wouldn't be long before he reached his climax. From the sounds she was making, he could tell it was the same for her.

Kari couldn't believe how aroused she was getting watching her little sister screw her boyfriend. As she stared at their two bodies moving together in rhythm, she realized that she enjoyed seeing Jeff with another girl almost as much as she enjoyed having him herself. It was Allison's doing, naturally. She was just so open about sex, and all the social norms and taboos about it seemed to be nothing more to her than silly customs. Kari felt envious, maybe even a little jealous, about a woman with so much confidence and freedom.

It had seemed perfectly natural, a few weeks ago, for their conversations to turn to Allison's sex life with Jeff's dad, and some of the more interesting things they did. Hearing about their sexual escapades, sometimes involving other women, had aroused Kari more than she cared to admit. It was the tales of Allison and Greg and Allison's sister Rachael that really did it. Kari still had a suspicion that those stories were all just some fantasy. After all, Jeff's dad Greg seemed very prudish. But then, he had married someone like Allison, so deep down inside there must be something of a wild man inside of him. Maybe the sexy stories were true, and Greg's prudish attitude was the real fantasy.

That was when Kari got the idea of having Jeff have sex with another girl while she watched. Allison said it was one of the most liberating experiences, and Kari had wanted to feel that same liberation. The only problem was who the other girl should be.

That problem actually solved itself. The next time Jeff had come over to visit, she noticed just how flirtatious Crystal acted around him. Originally Kari had thought that it was just childish fun, the way kids always acted. But then as she thought about it, she realized that Crystal was a teenager now, not a kid. Kari remembered the way she had been at that age, with her hormones going crazy without much experience to rein them in. She had been attracted to just about every boy in school, and probably half the teachers. If Crystal were anything like that, then her attentions to Jeff were anything but innocent. Especially after Jeff's and Crystal's date, she seemed to really like him.

Kari's only hesitation was the thought of how much damage she might cause to Crystal. Her sister was so young after all. To be starting in on sex at that age could cause a lot of problems later on down the line. Still, if she was going to become sexually active, having someone like Jeff introduce her to that world was probably the best thing that could happen to her.

In the end, that turned out to be a moot point. When Kari approached her and asked her if she liked Jeff, the conversation had turned to sex and Crystal had mentioned that she wasn't a virgin. As young as she was, she had lost her virginity to Chad right before he broke up with her. When the details came out, Kari was furious with Chad, but at the same time, relieved that Jeff had been there to take care of her. Now Kari was even more happy that she had suggested that Jeff take Crystal out. It had obviously undone any damage that Chad had done to her, because she was always in bright spirits, especially around Jeff.

When she approached Crystal about the possibility of her actually having sex with him, Crystal was shocked at first that Kari would be willing to share him like that, but also very enthusiastic about the idea.

And now Kari realized she was glad she had made that decision. She had decided to do this just once to see if it really was as liberating as Allison claimed, or if she would find herself jealous at the sight of her boyfriend with another girl. But there was no jealousy at all, just an erotic, almost electrical feeling running through her body as she watched them.

She felt something strange as she watched Crystal's body bouncing up and down on Jeff's hips. It wasn't just Jeff that was exciting her, but Crystal as well! Of course, her little sister had always been beautiful, but now seeing her naked, with her tits jiggling and her breaths coming in gasps as pleasure wracked her, Kari felt chills running down her spine.

Her hands continued to rub at her sex as she watched her little sister, fascinated by the girl's sexy young body. She suddenly wished it was Crystal's hand, and not her own, stimulating her like this. Even the thought of Jeff doing it didn't excite her as much as Crystal, a shocking realization that nearly made her gasp.

Perhaps that was also Allison's doing. That time when she had felt the woman's mouth on her body had awakened something inside her. There was a certain dirty and yet extremely erotic feeling at the thought of such forbidden pleasure. Although it had all been for Jeff's benefit, she couldn't deny that she had enjoyed it, especially when Allison went lower.

Kari had enjoyed giving oral sex to Jeff so much that she hadn't thought about what it would feel like on her, but when Allison's tongue had brushed against her clit, she had felt something powerful and wonderful. At the time she had just thought it was the physical stimulation, but now as she thought back on it, part of it was due to the fact that a woman had done it to her. What she had thought would be disgusting had turned out to be thrilling.

She wanted to feel that forbidden pleasure again. She wanted to go beyond that, to explore it fully with another girl. Kari had let Crystal borrow Jeff; maybe Jeff would let Kari borrow Crystal.

She found herself on her feet moving toward the bed. Her body was acting on its own now; she had no control over it. Those feelings inside her, those base instincts, had taken over and were forcing her to act on them. She climbed onto the bed next to her sister, who had her eyes closed and her head thrown back. Jeff saw her, but he was too lost in the pleasure to do anything about it.

Kari reached out and put her hand to Crystal's cheek, drawing her head gently to the side. Crystal opened her eyes and saw her big sister moving in, an instant before their lips met.

Crystal gasped, but didn't try to resist. In fact, after about ten seconds, she even reached out and put her arm around Kari's waist.

Kari broke the kiss then, but only so that she could lower her head and kiss her little sister on her neck, causing both Crystal and Jeff to groan. Kari continued to move lower down Crystal's chest, then off to the side toward the nearest breast.

"Oh my god!" Crystal whispered, as Kari stuck out her tongue and ran it across Crystal's skin, starting just



below her collar bone and then ever so slowly toward the hardened nipple.

She traced around the edge of the darkened areola, one, two, three times. What she had thought would feel horrible and disgusting instead only aroused her. Her tongue then finally reached the end of its journey, teasing her little sister's nipple.

"Unnnnggghh!" Crystal groaned as Kari slipped her lips around it and sucked. She loved how it felt in her mouth, how it tasted. And she especially loved the tremors that were racking Crystal's body at the sensation.

Jeff watched with excitement and astonishment as his girlfriend stimulated her little sister with her mouth. Only once before had he seen two women do something like that, and it drove him crazy with lust. He pounded into Crystal's sweet pussy with renewed vigor.

Now Kari took Crystal's nipple in her teeth, biting her firmly yet gently. She drew her head back, pulling Crystal's breast taut. Crystal cried out in pleasure and pain from the stretching sensation. Then Kari released it, and Crystal shuddered.

But Kari wasn't through. She brought her head in again, but this time she moved down to her sister's stomach, kissing and licking it. Unfortunately Jeff didn't have a good view with Kari's head in the way, but he sensed where this was leading, and the anticipation was even better than the sight. Kari's hair brushed against his own stomach, one more bit of stimulation to add to his already heightened pleasure.

He loved the raw, unbridled look of ecstasy on Crystal's face from the dual stimulation. She was lost in the pleasure, a pleasure normally reserved for girls much older than her. The thought of this little girl, hardly more than a child, naked and vulnerable before that pleasure, pushed him near the edge. He knew he wouldn't last much longer.

But there was one more thing he wanted to feel before he let go. He had to hold out just a little longer, as Kari made her way down, lower, to that special spot.

Suddenly, there it was, such a tiny sensation compared to the waves of pleasure that wracked his body but overwhelming in their implications. Her tongue against his cock, running from the base to the point right where he entered Crystal, and then beyond.

"Oh god!" Crystal cried out. "Not your teeth! Not there! I... I..." Jeff suddenly realized what Kari was doing; she was nibbling on her little sister's clit!

That thought finished him, and he surrendered to the spiking pleasure. Through the haze of ecstasy he heard Crystal screaming as her own peak hit, and felt her body tense up and tremble. His cock jerked inside of her as it released its load deep into her body.

It lasted maybe fifteen or twenty seconds, but in that moment time seemed to stand still as the pleasure blocked out all awareness of the outside world. Only Crystal and Jeff existed, wrapped in an envelope of ecstasy.

Finally though, the pleasure began to ebb and he collapsed, tired and exhausted, back onto the bed. Crystal let herself fall onto him, letting her body press up against his. She lay her head against his chest, and he wrapped his arms around her back, knowing how much Kari enjoyed cuddling with him after sex and wanting to treat Crystal with the same affection. Besides, he liked it every bit as much as Kari did.

"I think I'll leave you two alone for a while," Kari said, climbing off the bed and picking up her clothes. "If you need me, I'll be downstairs."

Jeff watched her quietly slip out the door. Then he glanced down once more at Crystal, resting peacefully on his chest with a smile on her face.

"You know something?" she said. "You're much better at that than Chad."

Jeff laughed. "I've had lots of practice with your big sister. But Crystal, you're okay with this? I mean, I'm still Kari's boyfriend, so I'm not sure I can give you the attention you deserve."

"It's all right, Jeff," she insisted. "I understand, and I don't expect much from you. Although, I'm going to ask Kari if it's okay for me to have you all to myself sometimes. You wouldn't mind, would you?"

Jeff had to think about that for a minute. For years he had been infatuated with Kari, and now that he had her he was the happiest man in the world. Now suddenly, here was Crystal, a beautiful, sweet little girl who happened to be every bit as sexy as her big sister.

"I suppose if Kari agrees, then it's all right with me," he told her. "But you have to understand something. As much as I like you, and as much as I enjoyed making love to you, Kari's still my girlfriend, and I won't do anything like this without her permission. If I did, I would be no better than Chad."

"I told you, you're a *lot* better than Chad," Crystal giggled.

"I didn't mean it like that."

"I know," she smiled. "And I understand. If Kari doesn't want us doing this again, I suppose I can live with that. I would like to have you for myself sometimes, but I like it when Kari joins in too."

Jeff laughed. "Me too."

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## Chapter 25

### A Special Gift

That night, as Kari was getting ready for bed, she heard a knock on the door. As she was already stripped down to her underwear, she hurriedly threw on her bathrobe, then opened the door. It was Crystal, wearing a large nightshirt like she usually wore to bed.

"Hi," Kari smiled. "Come on in."

Crystal entered the room and sat down on Kari's bed. Kari closed the door and took a seat beside her.

"Kari," said Crystal, "I want to talk to you about what happened today."

"With Jeff?"

Crystal nodded.

"It's all right," Kari told her. "I'm not jealous at all. In fact, I thought it was so erotic to watch you two."

"Oh, I wasn't worried about that," Crystal replied. "It was your idea, after all."

Kari laughed. "Yes it was. So what did you want to talk about?"

"A couple of things. You know I like Jeff a lot. Ever since that day he went out with me... well, I guess you could say I'm in love with him."

"I know," Kari nodded. "And that doesn't bother me either. After all, there's not much you could do with him behind my back that you haven't done right in front of me."

"So would you mind if... I mean, he's still your boyfriend... but could I... sometimes... be alone with Jeff?"

"For sex?" Kari asked, and Crystal nodded.

Kari smiled. "I think that would be all right," she replied. "It's surprising, but I'm not jealous at all. I love Jeff, but I love you too. You're my little sister."

"Thanks," said Crystal, hugging her. Kari wrapped her arms around Crystal's back. She remembered how much her sister had been hurt by her ex-boyfriend Chad, and how Jeff had come to her rescue. Perhaps Kari was a romantic, but it just seemed natural that that relationship should be allowed to flourish. As long as Jeff remained Kari's boyfriend, she didn't mind at all if Crystal borrowed him now and then. And in truth, she had found the threesome quite exciting. It was more than a little naughty, but that was what made it so fun.

Crystal drew her head back, but continued to hug her big sister. She gazed up into Kari's face. "There was another thing too," she said.

"What is it?"

"Well... when we were there together, you... um..."

Now Kari understood what was bothering her, and she felt a little guilty. On an impulse, she had done something that she probably shouldn't have, and now Crystal was confused.

"Are you talking about when I... licked you?" Kari asked.

Crystal nodded.

"I'm sorry, Crystal. I shouldn't have done that. I don't know what came over me. If I had known how much it would bother you--"

"But it *didn't* bother me," Crystal interrupted. "That's just it. It felt... well, it felt good."

"Really?" asked Kari.

"Really. I just wanted to know why you did that. I've heard of girls who like other girls, but... Kari, does that mean you're that way?"

Kari found herself growing red. The question was awkward, doubly so because she didn't know the answer.

"I'm sorry," Crystal said. "I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"It's all right. After what happened today, you have a good reason to ask that question. I'm just not sure if I can answer it."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't know. If I said yes, would it bother you?"

"Not really," Crystal shrugged. "It's not like it's something completely new to me. I've suspected there are a couple of girls at my school like that."

"Well, I've experimented a little," Kari told her. "No more than what I did to you."

"And you didn't think it was gross?"

"Not at all," smiled Kari. "I was surprised that it didn't creep me out at all. Did you know that a lot of boys like it when girls do that kind of thing together?"

Crystal giggled, but she nodded. "I heard that. I wasn't sure if it was true or not."

"It is. And Jeff's one of the boys who like it. That's why I did it, to please Jeff."

"Oh," Crystal said. "So you don't... I mean, you don't feel... a certain way toward me."

Kari blushed again as she realized that Crystal might have been thinking that all day.

"I love you, but only as a sister," she answered.

"I love you too, Kari. I just didn't know if maybe you... Never mind."

"Look, maybe we shouldn't talk any more about it. I just made a stupid mistake."

"It wasn't a mistake," Crystal insisted.

"What do you mean?" asked Kari, shocked.

"You did it for Jeff, right?"

"Right."

"So it's all right. I like to make Jeff happy too. If you want to keep doing that to me when he's around, it's okay."

"What?" Kari asked, shocked.

"Really. I told you it felt good. I've never done anything like that with another girl before, but now that it's happened, I... I really don't mind."

"Um... Crystal..." Kari stammered. "I don't... Well..."

"What?"

"I don't know what to say. You're serious about this, aren't you?"

"I told you I liked it. It was fun."

"Are you saying you want to do it again?"

Crystal nodded, a little shyly. Kari stared down at her little sister, her cute little sister with those big brown eyes and adorable smile. She saw her for the first time as something different, something more than just her sister, but a potential love interest. She shuddered at the thought, but couldn't tell whether it was out of disgust or arousal.

"What?" asked Crystal.

"I..." Kari breathed, but was unable to say anything else. What was coming over her? Was she actually considering having sex with her own sister? The thought of doing it with another woman, instead of disturbing her, actually sent thrills through her. The fact that it was her sister made it all the more arousing.

She made up her mind. She would give it a try, just to see if she liked it. With Crystal so willing, Kari might never get another chance like this again.

"Do you want to do it right now?" Kari asked, astonished at her own boldness.

"Okay," Crystal smiled.

After a momentary hesitation, Kari unfastened her robe and let it fall to the floor, exposing her body to her little sister. Crystal stared at her, and Kari found she enjoyed being gazed at like that.

"Now your turn," Kari said. Crystal nodded, then slipped the nightshirt over her head. She wore no bra underneath, which left her bare except for a pair of cotton panties.

Kari realized in that moment just how beautiful her sister was. For a thirteen-year-old girl, she had an amazing body.

"Crystal," she said.

"What?"

"You're very pretty."

Crystal blushed. "You're just saying that because I look like you," she giggled.

Kari laughed. "Do you think I'm pretty?" she asked.

Crystal nodded.

"Do you think I have a nice body?"

Crystal glanced down at her. "I suppose... I suppose so. I've never really been interested in girls' bodies before."

"Me neither. But I like yours."

"Really?" asked Crystal.

"Look, we're about to do something sexual together, so let's not be shy about it. I really think you're a sexy girl."

Crystal smiled. "Thanks," she said, a little bashfully.

Kari put a hand to her little sister's cheek. The two girls gazed into each other's eyes for a second, then Kari leaned in. Crystal closed her eyes, realizing what was coming. Kari pressed her lips against Crystal's, and the two girls wrapped their arms around each other.

All of Kari's inhibitions melted away. It felt so wonderful to touch her sister's body like this. Crystal was such a sweet, gorgeous girl that she loved very much. She was still just learning about sex, and Kari wanted to help her explore her passions and feelings.

When their lips parted, Crystal lay back in Kari's arms, her eyes still closed and a smile on her face. "Oh my god!" she breathed.

"What?" asked Kari, gazing down tenderly at her cute little sister's beautiful face.

"I can't believe how good that felt," Crystal replied.

"It felt good to me too," Kari said. "I guess we're a couple of lesbians after all."

Crystal giggled.

"What?" asked Kari.

"That word," Crystal replied. "I used to think it was so dirty. But now it gets me excited."

"Say it," Kari grinned.

"Lesbian," said Crystal.

"Say... 'I'm a lesbian.'"

"I'm a lesbian," her sister repeated with a smile.

"That's right," Kari told her. "You're my little lesbian."

"I'm your little lesbian," Crystal agreed. "Come kiss me again, you big lesbian you."

Kari lifted her head and brought their lips together again. The two sisters kissed deeply and passionately. This time Crystal opened her mouth, to Kari's surprise. But Kari wasn't about to waste that opportunity. She slipped her tongue into her little sister's mouth, and Crystal responded by teasing it with her own.

Kari couldn't believe how good it felt to be doing this with another girl, especially her sister. The excitement was building inside of her, the thrill of doing something so completely wrong. It didn't hurt, of course, that Crystal was absolutely gorgeous.

She withdrew her lips just long enough to move down to Crystal's chin, and kissed her there. Crystal sighed as Kari moved on to her neck. Ever since she had tasted Crystal earlier that day, she wanted more. There was

something so erotic about putting her mouth on her sister's body.

She kissed her all over the neck, then lowered her head further. Crystal leaned back in Kari's arms, giving her big sister access to her chest. Kari took full advantage of it, holding her with one arm while fondling her tits with the other as she suckled on them. She ran her tongue all around the girl's nipples, listening with delight to Crystal's breathing growing heavier and feeling the nipples harden from the stimulation.

She loved the way Crystal's chest rose and fell with each breath, pressing against Kari's lips. When Kari flicked her tongue against her little sister's nipples, Crystal trembled, causing the slightest jiggle in her breasts. They weren't big enough to do more than that, but Kari found it exciting all the same.

"If I had known it was so fun to do this with you, I would have kept you away from Jeff and helped you get over Chad myself," Kari grinned.

"Well, I'm completely over him now," replied Crystal. "But don't stop trying."

Kari slid her free hand down Crystal's body. Sensing where it was headed, she opened her legs, exposing her sweet little down-covered pussy. It was already wet to the touch. Kari ran her fingers over it, rubbing it gently and slowly pushing the lips apart, a little further with each stroke. Crystal's body responded automatically, her thighs tightening up and pushing forward in rhythm to Kari's hand.

The hard little nub was beginning to peek out from the top of the slit, and Kari focused her attention on it. She knew how sensitive she was there, and she had learned yesterday that Crystal was just as sensitive, if not more so.

Crystal's breathing became gasps and then moans as Kari teased her clit. She loved to hear those sounds and know that she was the cause of them.

Then Crystal reached out one of her hands and fondled one of Kari's breasts, and because she was lying in her arms, all she had to do was turn her head to the side and take the other nipple into her mouth.

Kari gasped at the contact, made especially pleasurable because it took her by surprise; she hadn't been expecting it. Crystal giggled at the noise Kari had made, but her lips remained firmly latched onto Kari's breast. She began to suck, sending tingles through her big sister's body.

"Crystal," said Kari. "Do you want to try something?"

Crystal nodded.

Kari laid her gently down on the bed, then lay down next to her the opposite direction. "Are you up for a little oral sex?" she asked.

Crystal grinned. "At the same time?" she asked.

"Exactly," Kari replied. "Get on top of me and stick your pussy in my face."



Crystal rolled over, pressing her body against Kari's. Crystal's beautiful thirteen-year-old thighs ended up in just the perfect position, and Kari took advantage of it. She opened her mouth and pressed her tongue against the girl's slit.

She was rewarded by a similar gesture from Crystal between her own legs. Kari gasped again at the sensation. It was absolutely heavenly! She spread her legs to give Crystal plenty of room to work.

Kari brought her hands up and placed them on her little sister's pussy lips, which by now were so wet that they almost dripped in her face. She spread them apart and drove her tongue inside. Crystal gave a startled squeak and her whole body convulsed, then both girls laughed. Kari began to lick her all over, inside and out.

Crystal copied her big sister's motions, and Kari felt the pleasure spike from the invasion of her tongue inside her sex. She couldn't believe how good it felt!

Both girls began to moan as they tongue-fucked each other. At first they worked slowly and even a bit hesitantly, but as one, they increased their tempo and attacked each other's bodies with more and more energy. The pleasure built gradually but powerfully inside of Kari until she thought she couldn't stand it any more. Every nerve ending in her body was working to drive her into a frenzy.

She speared Crystal's pussy again and again with her tongue, working with ferocity now. It was almost like a contest, a race to see who would drive the other one over the edge first. Kari both loved to pleasure her little sister like this and to be pleased by her. The love she felt for her, the excitement of the mutual stimulation and the thought of just how naughty this was worked inside of her, building up to what she knew would be a powerful orgasm. She almost couldn't wait to reach that point, but at the same time, she wanted so much to make her little sister feel that same pleasure.

In the end, Crystal cheated, if one could call it that. Of course, she did nothing but what she had learned from her big sister. Just as it seemed that Crystal was about to explode into orgasm, the younger sister took her older sister's clit between her teeth and nibbled gently on it.

"Oh god!" Kari actually screamed as the sudden stimulation compounded her already heightened arousal. Her body began to tremble, especially her legs which took all of her willpower to keep from closing on Crystal's head. The obscene pleasure raced through her, overwhelming her completely.

Somehow she managed to continue licking her little sister, and Crystal reached her peak even before Kari's had subsided. Kari felt her little sister's juices dripping into her mouth, and she eagerly lapped them up. Both girls continued to stimulate each other until their orgasms ended.

Crystal rolled off of her big sister, and the two of them lay there panting from the exertion. Kari's head was spinning from the most powerful orgasm she had felt since her first time with Jeff. Right now she was about to pass out.

After a minute or so, Crystal scooted around on the bed and climbed back on top of Kari, this time their faces together. She lowered her head and took Kari's lips in her own.

If there was any lingering taste from her own pussy, it was so similar to Crystal's that she couldn't tell the difference. She just relaxed and enjoyed the kiss, feeling the warmth and love from her little sister and returning that love with all her heart.

"I love you, Kari," said Crystal.

"I love you too," Kari replied.

"So does that mean we can do this again some time?"

"That means I want to do this every time we get the chance," Kari grinned. Crystal lay her head on her shoulder, and the two sisters fell asleep in each other's arms.

Kari visited Jeff the next day. She took him aside and confessed to him what Crystal and she had done. Jeff could sense the worry in her voice; perhaps she was concerned that he would be angry at her for going behind his back, or perhaps she thought he might think her disgusting and immoral.

The truth was that he was a little uneasy about the fact that they were sisters, but the thought of the two gorgeous girls in steamy lesbian action was more than enough to make up for any concerns he had for the incestuous aspect of it.

"God, that makes me horny!" he told her, and Kari burst out laughing.

"So you don't mind?" she asked.

"As long as you let me watch some time."

"You know, my dad's coaching basketball almost every night. Crystal and I are alone in the house most of the time after school, when I don't have volleyball of course. Why don't you come over on Tuesday?"

"Tuesday it is," he grinned.

The three of them rode home on the bus together to the Williams' house. They had barely closed the front door behind them when they started stripping off their clothes. Naked, they headed up to Kari's bedroom for the fun.

Kari and Crystal began to kiss each other passionately as they climbed onto the bed. Jeff watched in fascination and arousal as the two girls lay down, pressing their naked bodies up against each other. Crystal lay on top this time, and after a couple of minutes she began to move down Kari's body.

Jeff couldn't believe how erotic the sight was. He had seen plenty of pictures and videos of lesbians; Allison

still liked to browse porn with him, though not with the same frequency as before now that Jeff spent most of his free time with Kari. Images and movies, however, were nothing compared to the real thing. It was especially exciting because both girls were ones he had sexual feelings toward, and on top of that, they were sisters!

He gasped almost as loud as Kari did when Crystal took one of her nipples in her mouth.

Kari groaned as Crystal worked over her body with her mouth. She gasped and shuddered each time Crystal touched one of her sensitive spots, which was quite frequent considering she was kissing all over her chest while rubbing between her legs.

Jeff lay down next to Kari as Crystal continued to pleasure her big sister. Kari turned her head and smiled at him, then reached out and grasped his hardened manhood in her hands. She slowly stroked it up and down, heightening Jeff's pleasure.

Crystal lay down in the opposite direction of Kari, then slipped over on top of her. Jeff watched in growing excitement and arousal as the two girls began to pleasure each other with their tongues. He had a great view of Crystal spreading Kari's outer lips and thrusting her tongue inside.

Both girls rocked their hips forward reflexively as the waves of pleasure filled them. Jeff's body was similarly responding to Kari's touch, and he knew he wouldn't last long like this. She certainly knew how to use her hand!

The girls moaned into each other's pussies, a chorus of lust and sexuality that served to drive him wilder with arousal. The sight of the girls in such forbidden passion, the sounds of their lovemaking, and the touch of Kari's hand on him all joined together to push him closer and closer to the edge.

Kari was the first to lose it. She cried out in ecstasy, her body shuddering from the overwhelming pleasure. Crystal wasn't far behind, with a similarly powerful climax. Both girls' entire bodies tensed up as they lost themselves in the pleasure, then they let go and collapsed as their strength gave out.

Seeing the girls pleasure each other to orgasm nearly put Jeff over the edge too.

"Oh my god!" he gasped as Kari's hand continued to pump him.

Crystal glanced over at him and grinned. "Let's not waste that," she said, then rolled over off of Kari and lay on her back with her legs spread.

Jeff knew an invitation when he saw one, and he wasn't about to pass up this opportunity. He maneuvered himself on top of her and positioned his aching cock at the entrance to her pussy, then pushed it inside.

It took only a few thrusts before he climaxed. His cock twitched almost violently as he shot his load deep inside her. Then he collapsed on top of Crystal, kissing her tenderly on the lips as he let the exhaustion overtake him.

As soon as he rolled over off her body, Kari leaned over and began to lick her between the legs again, hungrily slurping up the cum that dripped from her pussy. Jeff watched in fascination at the sight. He should have found it disgusting, but instead it was very erotic.

After she finished with Crystal, she cleaned Jeff with her mouth too. That was almost enough to get him hard again, but unfortunately he was completely spent.

He had only a couple more opportunities to be with Kari and Crystal before Christmas vacation started. For Jeff, Christmas was just another day that year. It wasn't that he didn't like the presents, or being with his family. It was just that he enjoyed himself with Kari and Crystal so much more. Greg had insisted that they keep Christmas a family day, so they weren't allowed to go over to the Williams house or invite the girls over.

It was also unfortunate that vacation for the students also meant vacation for Allen, because there was no chance for wild sex with Kari and Crystal the whole two weeks.

Kari, however, gave him a late Christmas present at the end of the vacation, telling him that he had to open it in secret. It turned out to be a disc that he loaded onto his computer, which contained dozens of pictures of Kari and Crystal making love together. He decided it was the second best Christmas present ever, next to the one the girls had given him a couple of weeks before Christmas, of course.

Once school started again, there were more opportunities for Jeff to get together with the girls. Sometimes when Kari had volleyball practice or matches, he would spend time alone with Crystal. She was always eager to have fun. Crystal had a lot of energy, and Jeff was glad he had been working out and building up his stamina, or he wouldn't have been able to keep up with her.

It was pretty much that way all through January. Sometimes he had sex with Kari alone, sometimes with Crystal alone, sometimes with both of them, and sometimes he would simply watch while the two girls had sex.

It was during these times that he got comfortable having multiple orgasms. Of course each of the girls expected him to cum inside of them, so he had to do it at least twice. Sometimes Kari brought him to orgasm with her mouth beforehand, so that after a short rest he would last longer once he got inside of her. She also taught Crystal how to perform oral sex on him. Crystal was just as good as her big sister at it. Jeff especially loved it when one of the girls lay in his arms and kissed him while the other sucked his dick.

Of course, Jeff wasn't the only one to be the center of attention. Now that Kari and Crystal were exploring their lesbian tendencies, it was just as common for Jeff to fondle and kiss Kari while Crystal licked her pussy, or for Jeff to fondle and kiss Crystal while Kari licked her pussy.

Jeff began to experiment with giving the girls oral sex as well; after all, they had been nice enough to do it for him, so he figured it was only fair to reciprocate. From the very first moment that he tasted Kari's pussy,

he found that he enjoyed it. It was especially exciting to see Kari's body react to the stimulation, watching her squirm as he teased her to orgasm.

Crystal was even more fun, because she tended to move around a lot more than Kari, plus she was louder. He could really tell how much she was enjoying it by the volume of the sounds she was making.

One position that they tried exactly once was with Kari licking Crystal while Crystal sucked Jeff. The problem with that was that Crystal had a tendency to clench her teeth when she got excited, which didn't work out so well for him. He ended up writhing in pain and clutching his groin for several minutes while Crystal apologized profusely and Kari held him in her arms. He was sore for a few days, but afterward he was able to look back on it and laugh with the girls. Of course, they never tried it again.

Brit sometimes came over to visit Crystal when Jeff visited Kari, but because her presence limited what Jeff and the girls could do, more often he came alone. If it bothered her, she didn't show it. In fact, it was not Brit who brought it up, but Crystal, one evening in February after Jeff and she had made love. They were lying in each other's arms when she mentioned it.

"Jeff," she said.

"Yes?"

"I'm feeling a little guilty."

"Guilty? What for? Kari says it's okay, and even if you enjoy sex it doesn't mean you're a bad person."

"Oh, I'm not worried about that. It's just that, well, Brit's my best friend, and it seems like I'm spending all my time with you instead."

"You have a point, although I can't really complain."

"Why don't you like her?"

"What are you talking about? She's my sister. I love her."

"How come you fight all the time, then?"

Jeff sighed. "Everyone asks me that. Even me. The truth is, I don't know. Maybe we've been doing it for so long that it's just become a habit."

"Have you tried being nice to her?"

"Lots of times. It usually works, for a while. Then she'll tease me to the point that I become mad, and I'll say something I regret, and she'll run to her room crying."

"Maybe you need to do something really special for her."

"Like what?"

"I don't know. Her birthday's coming up next month. Think of a great gift to give her."

"I don't have any money for that kind of thing."

"Your dad's rich. Ask him if he'll help."

"But if I did that, the gift would be from Dad, not me."

"Then give her something that takes a lot of effort. Make something."

"Make something?"

"Yeah. Something she'll really enjoy."

"Hmm... I'll have to think about that. Thanks, Crystal. It really touches me that you're looking out for my little sister like that."

"What was that?" she asked with a grin. "I got to the 'touch you' part and started fantasizing there for a second." She slid her hand down to his crotch and grabbed his cock. Jeff laughed, then rolled over on top of her and began to kiss her.

He got the idea later that week when he went to Brit's room to talk to her to see if he could somehow find a clue as to what she would really appreciate. He found her sitting on her bed sketching in her sketchbook. As soon as he entered, she closed it and glared at him. Ever since he had insulted her drawing skills a couple of years ago, she hadn't let him see her sketches. It was a long time to carry a grudge, but he admitted that he deserved it. He had hurt her deeply by mocking the thing she was most proud of.

"What do you want?" she said.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt you while you were drawing."

"You don't care about my drawings."

"Yes I do, Brit. How can I make you see that? I'm sure you're a wonderful artist."

"Yeah, you say that now when you can't see my drawings. But the last time you *did* see them, you said I couldn't draw."

"That was over two years ago!" he complained. "Why won't you forgive me for that stupid comment I made? I wasn't even serious."

"I don't care. You shouldn't have said it."

"You're absolutely right. I shouldn't have said it. It bothers me that you won't share with me something you enjoy doing so much."

"Good!"

"Okay, fine. I've apologized, so I don't have to feel guilty any more. I just wish I could do something to show you that I'm interested in your art."

"Go away," she snapped.

"Fine." He stormed out of the room and closed the door behind him. That hadn't gone so well. But at least now he had a direction to go on his special birthday gift for her. It needed to be something art-related. But what?

He headed downstairs to grab a snack, and found his father in the kitchen. Greg was sitting at the table reading a newspaper.

"Oh, Jeff," he said. "You're just the person I wanted to see. I've got a project for us to work on this summer."

"What kind of project?"

"I want to tear down that guest house out back."

"Tear it down?"

"Yes. We haven't had a guest there since your stepmother and I got married. It's just taking up space. It would open up a lot of room in the back yard that we could use for something else."

"Like what?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe a small pond or a garden or something."

Jeff shrugged. "Fine," he said. "I think if we--" Suddenly he froze as an idea came into his head.

"Hey Dad," he said. "I was wondering..."

"What?"

"Instead of tearing down the guest house, can I have it for a project?"

"What kind of project?"

"Well, I want to do something special for Brit's birthday, and I just thought of a great idea. Can I turn the

guest house into an art studio for her?"

Greg gasped.

"What?" asked Jeff.

"It's just that... this is the first time you've actually gone out of your way to do something nice for your sister."

"So can I do it?"

"Well, I think your heart's in the right place, but this will take a lot of effort. And money."

"I'm not worried about the effort. That's the whole point, really."

"Well in that case, you don't have to worry about the money either. If you're willing to devote yourself to this task, I'm willing to fund it."

"Really?"

"Absolutely. I'm proud of you. Just the thought of her face when she sees what you've done is worth the cost. I'll even help with the work."

"Thanks, Dad," he smiled.

The guest house was one room, but quite large. It had two beds, a couch, an old television set that no longer worked, a small kitchen, and an unusually large bathroom for a guest house. Greg had turned off the water to it years ago, but after restoring the water and running some tests, it seemed to be in surprisingly good condition.

The first thing they did was move all of the furniture out, because they needed to paint the walls. With their current color, they tended to give the light a yellowish tinge, something to be avoided in an art studio. Jeff spent the next couple of evenings painting them stark white, then let them dry and air out for a few days.

The carpet was all right; it was a neutral gray, so they left it as it was. However, they brought in a stack of sheets that they could lay down on the floor to protect the carpet from any spills, especially if Brit decided to graduate from drawing to painting.

Then they began to bring in the supplies, filling the kitchen drawers with pencils, pens, charcoals, chalk, water colors, paint brushes, and of course, stacks upon stacks of paper of all sizes and shapes. They placed jars for water to rinse paint brushes into the cupboards, as well as cleaning supplies and various other equipment.



The next part of the project was to create a small office in the back of the room for her to work in. They invested in three desks: a large one with plenty of room for working on her drawings, one with a tilted surface in times when she preferred not to have to hunch over the table, and a smaller office desk with room for a computer with a combination printer/scanner/copier. Greg had the new computer delivered to his office downtown so that he could bring it home when Brit wasn't around.

That left only the studio itself to finish. They brought in a large vertical frame that they could throw sheets or other coverings over to create various backdrops. They rolled this up against one of the walls. Then they brought in the couch that had been in there previously. It was still stylish, and had wheels so it could be rolled into place for someone to sit in to have their portrait done. They also included a couple of chairs and small tables for portraits or still-life, all of which could be rolled into position. For lighting, Greg purchased three lamps on adjustable poles that Brit could position however she wanted. They stored these out of the way in the corner.

Finally, they acquired an adjustable easel for her to work on to complete the studio.

All this was done while Brit was out of the house. They closed and locked the guest house whenever they finished work for the day so as not to leave any sign of what was going on inside.

During the month that they worked on it, Jeff hardly spent any time at Kari's and Crystal's house. He explained it to Kari at school one day, and she seemed enthusiastic about the project. Then she leaned in and whispered that she would just have to get Crystal to satisfy her needs in the mean time.

Of course, there wasn't much time for that because as Kari passed the word on to her sister, Crystal immediately schemed to get Brit out of the house as much as possible in order to give Jeff and Greg plenty of time to work on the project. During that time, Brit spent far more time over at the Williams house than Jeff did.

Jeff didn't mind, especially since Kari told him they would make up for lost time after it was over.

Allison and Lissa helped out some, although Lissa rarely had time, with her after school job keeping her away from the house until the evenings. Because it was Jeff's project, the whole family deferred to him, even Greg. It was a thrilling experience for Jeff, the first time he had had any kind of authority. He did surprisingly well.

Because they could only work on it while Brit was out of the house, it took them right up until the day before her birthday to complete. When it was finished, though, it looked even better than he had originally imagined it would.

Jeff couldn't wait to see her face when he presented his gift to her, but in the mean time, something else important came up. That afternoon, Greg sat the family down in the living room. "Allison and I have been talking," he said, "and we've come up with some plans for this summer. Of course they're just tentative for now until we get your input, but I think you'll all like them."

All of the children grinned in anticipation.

"With Allison's time taken up tutoring Kari all last summer, we had no time to go camping," Greg continued. "Since I wanted to make it an annual event, we're going to make up for it this year by going twice. Once in June, and once in September."

"Just before school starts?" asked Brit.

"Actually, just *after* school starts," Allison replied. "The weekend after we drive Lissa to school."

"I take it we're not doing it to celebrate getting rid of her," Jeff commented with a grin, and Lissa childishly stuck her tongue out at him.

"No," replied Allison. "Just the opposite. I don't think I'm wrong when I say that we're all going to be sad to see her go. So I suggested to Greg that we do something fun to take our mind off of it. This will help to give us something to look forward to."

"Do I have to share a tent with Jeff?" asked Brit.

"What, you don't want me to protect you from all the scary noises?" he asked her.

"I'm too old to be scared by noises any more," she told him. "In case you hadn't noticed, I'm going to be thirteen tomorrow."

"Really?" he joked. "I'd forgotten all about it. I wonder if there's still time for me to get you a present."

"Don't bother," she said. "I wouldn't like it anyway."

"Don't start fighting, you two," Allison told them.

"Now as for the camping trip in June," Greg said, "Jeff and Brit will especially like this one. You see, we've invited Allen Williams and his girls to go with us."

"Now I'm *really* getting excited," Jeff said.

"Calm your hormones," Allison told him. "One thing you're *not* going to do is sleep in the same tent as Kari."

Brit and Lissa giggled at that. Jeff just smiled and shrugged.

"Can I sleep with Crystal?" asked Brit.

"We'll see," Greg told her. "But there's a third event that we need to talk about. Lissa will be graduating this June, and we'd like to do something fun for her, especially since she won't be here when we go camping this September. Lissa, how would you like Allison and me to take you on a trip to Hawaii?"

"Really?" she asked, her face lighting up with glee.

"We can do it for your birthday in August," he replied.

"Oh thank you!" she exclaimed, dashing over and throwing her arms around him.

"Hey, it was my idea," Allison grinned. Lissa released her father and hugged her just as tightly.

"How come everyone gets to do fun things on their birthday but me?" asked Brit.

"Would you settle for a very special birthday present this year?" Jeff asked her.

"Not from *you* I hope," she teased.

"Don't be mean," Allison told her.

"It's all right," Jeff smiled. "Hey Brit, ten bucks says you'll love your new present even though it's from me."

"No deal. You would probably give me a great present out of spite, just to win the bet."

"Of course, I could always take it back," he shrugged

"No!" she hurriedly exclaimed. "I was just joking. I'm sure I'll like it."

"We'll find out tomorrow," he replied.

Brit was restless that night, obviously excited about her birthday the next day. She spent the rest of the evening trying to trick Jeff into revealing his present to her. It didn't work, and she had to go to bed without knowing.

The next day was Saturday, so they had the whole day for activities. She invited several of her friends over, including Nat Ross, the Dover twins, Rick's little sister Amy, and Crystal and Kari. While he didn't mind any of the girls, he was especially happy to see Crystal and Kari there.

They played several games, some perhaps a little childish for girls that age, but as soon as Allison took the first turn on the ones they were hesitant to play, suddenly everyone wanted a turn. Allison just had that way with people. Nat, being the most energetic and dextrous of the group, won most of the games, but since the point was to have fun, no one seemed to mind.

It was too bad it was still a little too cold to uncover the pool, because some of Brit's friends were very cute, and he wouldn't mind seeing them in swimsuits. They were mostly the same girls she had invited over for her last birthday, but ever since that date with Crystal, he had begun to look at girls that age differently.

Kari caught him staring occasionally, but rather than being upset, she was merely amused. Most of the times she interrupted him by kissing him.

They tended to flirt with him as well, which Kari also thought amusing. The Dover twins weren't particularly obvious about it; their flirting was limited to flashing him their cute smiles and the occasional joke. Natalie, of course, climbed all over him, but since she was always so vivacious and energetic all the time, he figured it had less to do with flirting and more to do with getting rid of excess energy. Amy was the least flirtatious; for as long as Jeff could remember, she had had a sort of childlike adoration for her brother Rick. Jeff thought it was cute and even funny because Rick used to be embarrassed by his little sister who was always hanging around with him. That had changed in the past couple of years though; Rick had apparently given up on trying to be mad at her and didn't let it bother him anymore. Jeff sometimes wished he could get over his differences with his own little sister that easily.

In the afternoon, they brought out the presents for Brit to open. Jeff didn't pay much attention to the gifts she received from the others; he was thinking too much of his own gift for her. He just watched her, seeing the delight on her face with each gift and wondering what her reaction would be when she saw her new art studio.

He got more and more restless as she opened the last few of her presents, until finally she reached the end, and he could stand it no more.

"And now for my present to you," said Jeff. He held out his hand.

"What?" she asked.

"Come here."

She took his hand (something he usually avoided whenever possible) and asked, "Where are we going?"

"You'll see," he smiled, leading her down the hall to the back door. The others followed.

Once outside, they descended the stairs to the pool deck and then crossed the lawn toward the guest house. Nat, of course, climbed down the railing instead of using the stairs.

Jeff stopped in front of the door to the guest house, and glanced down at his sister.

"In there?" she asked. "Why is my present in there?"

"Open the door and you'll find out," he replied.

A little confused, she turned the knob and pushed the door open. She stared around for a second as if trying to look for her present, then suddenly her eyes lit up with realization and delight.

"Welcome to your new art studio," he grinned.

She squealed with excitement and literally jumped on him, wrapping her arms and legs around him. "Oh, Jeff!" she exclaimed. "It's absolutely perfect! Thank you thank you thank you thank you thank you thank you!"

As she hugged him, she happened to brush her cheek against his, and he felt moisture there. She was actually crying.

"Now do you believe me when I say I care about your art?" he asked her.

"I believe you, Jeff!" she replied. "I love you so much."

"I love you too."

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## Chapter 26

### Modeling

After her birthday, Brit spent most of her free time in the studio. Within a couple of weeks, she had the walls covered with her drawings, and sketches all over her desks. Jeff taught her how to scan her drawings into the computer and keep track of them in a database. He was amazed at how talented she had become in the last couple of years. Walking into the studio was like walking into a fantasy world; he found himself suddenly surrounded by fairies and unicorns and magical landscapes of all kinds.

Landscapes were her specialty. Her vivid imagination really came out in these drawings. There were waterfalls in the deep forest, distant peaks hiding in the clouds, beautiful sunsets over sparkling seas, and rocky alien worlds with planets shining down from starlit skies.

It was during these days that Brit began to use live models. Allison was the first to suggest it, offering herself to be the first guinea pig. Jeff asked if he could watch their first time, and both girls agreed, though warning him that it would be pretty boring. That didn't bother him; it was just another excuse to look at Allison.

He helped to set up the lighting, taking instructions from Brit and suggestions from Allison. She had considered becoming a professional photographer after all, and the same rules for lighting in photography applied to drawing.

Jeff suggested that Brit take a picture first, so that they could compare the drawing later and see where she needed to improve. Surprisingly, Brit agreed. It was the first time she had agreed to any suggestion of his involving her art in years. That made him feel good; it was a sign that she had truly forgiven him.

As it turned out, Brit had a real knack for capturing the essence of a person in her drawings. When she was finished and she let Jeff and Allison see her handiwork, they were both astonished. It looked just like Allison!

She had added her own touch of fantasy, of course, turning her into a fairy in a long, flowing robe and gossamer wings. Instead of sitting on the couch, she sat on a tree stump in a forest. It was one of her best works yet.

Then Allison suggested that Jeff model for her next. Jeff didn't want to, but Allison promised she would stay there to keep Brit from teasing him. He grudgingly conceded, and sat down on the couch.

He wasn't particularly excited about just sitting still for the hour that it took for Brit to draw his portrait, but on the other hand, Allison's presence there made it bearable.

When Brit finished, she giggled as she turned the easel around to let him see the results of her handiwork.

Jeff was not surprised in the least that she had turned him into a devil, complete with pointy beard, horns, cloven hooves, barbed tail, and a pitchfork.

Once upon a time, he would have gotten mad at her for that. However, he had mellowed in the last year, especially since meeting Crystal and seeing how teasing could actually be fun. "Looks like you really brought out my inner self," he told her with a grin.

Needless to say, he never modeled for her again.

Lissa did, though, and soon the fairies and mermaids and angels in Brit's pictures all started to look like either her sister or her stepmother. Both girls were very pretty, and Jeff enjoyed coming out to visit Brit in her studio, surrounded by their faces.

Something changed between Jeff and Brit after that. She didn't tease him half as much as she used to, and when she did, it was all in fun. More often than not, they actually spent time together without getting into an argument. Perhaps Brit was just growing up, and gaining a certain degree of maturity. Or perhaps his special gift to her had had something to do with it. Or maybe the change was in Jeff himself; certainly the time spent working on the studio had made him think of her less as a bratty little girl and more as someone that he wanted to make happy. She really did have a pretty smile after all, and it made him feel good to see it.

In April, Allen Williams came over to discuss plans for the camping trip coming up in a couple of months. He brought Kari and Crystal along, and they left the adults to go out back to the studio. Crystal and Brit often spent their time there whenever she visited, and several portraits of Crystal joined those of Allison and Lissa on the walls.

This time Brit asked Kari if she wouldn't mind modeling. Kari was all for it. She sat down on the couch and smiled, looking as beautiful and radiant as ever.

Brit turned her into an angel this time, with feathery wings and a glowing halo. Jeff commented that that was just perfect; she could complement his devil picture on the wall. Brit laughed, agreeing with him. The Angel-Kari went up on the wall next to the Devil-Jeff, boyfriend and girlfriend portrayed as complete opposites.

Greg and Allison were ecstatic to see Jeff and Brit getting along. The children still sometimes argued, but their teasing had become much more good-natured. All in all, the mood in the Primdale household had lightened, and it looked like it would stay that way for some time.

About a month after Brit's birthday, Greg was sitting in his bedroom reading while Allison worked on her computer. They had been sitting like that for about twenty minutes when Allison suddenly began to chuckle. Greg glanced over at her.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Well, how would you like to spend the weekend surrounded by beautiful nude women?" she replied.

"Is this another one of your ideas to help break me out of my shell?"

"Actually, the idea isn't mine this time. Remember Kristen and Roberta from our honeymoon?"

"Of course. Did you get another email from them?" He knew that Allison had been keeping in contact with them by email over the past couple of years, though he himself hadn't conversed with them since the getaway on Maui.

"Yes I did," Allison replied. "Kristen's been talking about going independent with her modeling career, and it looks like she's finally doing it. She's setting up a website specializing in tasteful pictures of nude women. She herself is going to model for it of course, and she has about a dozen other models scheduled for some photoshoots this weekend. But her photographer canceled. She says she was unable to get anyone else at the last minute, and she's getting desperate. She can't afford to cancel with the models because she'd have to pay them whether they pose or not."

"And she wants *me* to take the pictures?"

"Basically, yes. She's offered to fly us down to LA, all expenses paid, plus the fee she would have paid the photographer, and a bonus on top of it for coming through for her at the last minute."

"Wow. She must *really* be desperate if she wants me to photograph the models."

"You're a better photographer than you give yourself credit for. Besides, she's going off of the pictures you took on our honeymoon."

"That's right, I remember that you sent them copies."

"So what do you think?"

Greg considered. He really didn't have any objections. He had no plans for the weekend, so it wouldn't conflict with his schedule. However, he had a slight moral qualm about gawking at naked ladies, especially since he was already married. But it sounded like his wife was even more enthusiastic about it than he was.

"All right," he nodded. "I'm in. As long as we can find a babysitter for the kids, because I am *not* going to bring them along."

Allison laughed. "Oh, I'm sure they wouldn't mind," she teased. "Jeff especially."

"Very funny."

Arranging a babysitter turned out not to be a problem. They simply invited Allen, Kari, and Crystal to spend the weekend at the Primdale mansion. Jeff and Brit were particularly excited about the idea because it meant spending time with Kari and Crystal. Of course, with Allen there it would be impossible for Jeff to find time



to have sex with Kari and/or Crystal, but he didn't let it bother him. Just being with the girls was fun, with or without sex. And ever since he had gotten to know Allen better, the two of them got along great. He couldn't believe he had ever thought Allen was scary.

Greg and Allison didn't tell the children where they were going; they just gave them a vague "going away for the weekend" and left it at that. Jeff was no fool though; he had figured out that that was code for "getting naughty." He liked to fantasize about what they would end up doing that weekend, though he had to admit that his fantasies were probably much wilder than the reality.

On Saturday morning, Greg and Allison drove to the airport to catch a flight to Los Angeles. It was a short flight, really just a commuter flight, but Kristen had paid for first class seats for them. Greg was usually pretty frugal; though he could easily afford first class every time he flew, he usually just stuck to coach when he traveled on his own dime. However, he wasn't about to pass up this opportunity, since Kristen was paying for the tickets.

As they disembarked from the plane, they caught sight of a familiar face in the crowd of the airport. Allison grinned, then dashed over and gave Roberta a hug. "It's really good to see you," she smiled.

"You too," replied Roberta. She looked good; she hadn't changed much since they had last seen her in Maui. Her attire consisted of a conservative yet stylish business suit, rather anticlimactic considering that the last time they saw her she had been wearing nothing at all.

They collected their bags, then Roberta led them out to the limo that Kristen had hired for them. It appeared that Kristen had spared no expense in bringing them out. Greg wondered if that was because she thought he expected that kind of service because he was on the board of directors of a large corporation. Truth be told, he would have been satisfied taking a taxi.

Roberta explained that she was taking them to a large mansion that would serve as the headquarters of the site, as well as the location of the first set of photoshoots. It belonged to a wealthy uncle of Roberta's who was happy to rent it to Kristen and her for a share of the profits from the website. Plus free lifetime access to the site, of course, and the right to visit at any time, including during photoshoots.

Greg chuckled. "I'm sure he takes advantage of it quite often."

"I'm sure he will, once we actually get the site up and running. We haven't taken any pictures yet."

"So tell us about this website," said Allison as they rode.

"Oh, it's going to be great," Roberta replied. "It's all run by the models themselves. Kristen of course is in charge, but each of the girls has a role to play in the business beyond just looking good without her clothes on. It's not just pictures, but articles as well, all written by the models themselves, of course. Our writers, editor, graphic artist, even our computer system administrator are all models. The basic theme of the site is

promoting the idea that smart women are sexy, so each of the models also operates a forum to discuss things related to her expertise. We only hire models who are not only beautiful, but talented in some other area as well. Journalism, computers, sports, physics, travel, music, you name it."

"Sort of a Miss America type thing," commented Greg. "Good looks is not enough."

"Exactly," said Roberta.

"And what about you?" asked Allison.

"Me too," she smiled. "I've never done any nude modeling myself, but Kristen says I have the face and body for it. I'm also in charge of hiring. My official title is Human Resources director, but it sounds much more prestigious than it really is, since the business only has a dozen employees. My particular forum on the site deals mostly with job hunting and interviewing skills."

"Well I'm going to feel out of place," Greg laughed. "I'll be the only one there who's not going to get naked in front of the camera. I'm sure your viewers wouldn't appreciate *that*."

Roberta laughed. "Probably not. But don't worry about not fitting in. You're a contractor, not an employee, so you can keep your clothes on."

"So what about the pictures? Kristen used the word 'tasteful' in her email, but that still covers a broad range."

"That's a good question. It's not just photographic nudity, but eroticism. Some of the sets will be solo, with perhaps a little self-stimulation, and others will be lesbians. I'll be getting together with Kristen, for instance. But we're not talking raunchy closeups here; the purpose is to show off the beauty of the female body. A good rule of thumb is that if this were a movie, it wouldn't get any more than an R rating. The girls themselves decided on the themes and locations of their own photoshoots, and some of them are pretty creative. They'll explain it to you at each shoot, what mood they're trying to capture and things like that. Pretty much they're going to just do what they want, and you stand behind the camera and take the pictures. You might give them suggestions, but in the end, the girls have the final say."

"I think I understand," he nodded.

When they arrived at the mansion, Greg couldn't help but admire the posh, luxurious accommodations. A stone wall surrounded the grounds, which had been turned into a beautifully maintained garden by what must have been an army of gardeners. The mansion itself stood at the end of a long driveway, a large building not unlike an old English country house, though much more modern in construction. He knew he himself could probably have afforded a house this big if he wanted it, but he also knew that with it came a certain lifestyle. Everything about the mansion screamed of southern California glamour and excitement, not the kind of environment he wanted to raise his kids in. No, the upper middle class home they lived in, along with public schooling instead of exclusive private schooling, gave the children the opportunity to grow up as normal American kids rather than pampered and spoiled rich kids who never worked a day in their life.

Still, he couldn't help but feel a wistful longing for the life he could have had. He could still have it if he truly wanted it, but that was all just a fantasy.

The limousine pulled up into a roundabout in front of the house encircling a stone fountain. They got out, and the driver took their bags and carried them around the side of the house.

"We've got a guest house out back with a dozen rooms," Roberta explained. "Most of the models who have flown into town from elsewhere have rooms there. After you have a talk with Kristen, we'll take you back there to give you some time to get ready. The photoshoots aren't scheduled to begin until this afternoon."

She led them through the main doors of the mansion, into a large hall not unlike the one in the Primdales' mansion back home. They were just beginning to look around when Kristen emerged from a door off to the side. She hugged Allison and Greg, then kissed Roberta. As with Roberta, images of her without her clothes on flashed through his mind, but he kept them to himself. Not that it mattered; he would likely get to see plenty of her naked by the end of the weekend.

"Greg, Allison, would you follow me, please?" she asked. "Roberta, could you give Kathy a call on her cell phone? Her flight was delayed a couple of hours so we may need to rearrange her shoots. Debbie's already in town, so you could see if she wouldn't mind moving hers up to this afternoon."

Roberta nodded, then Kristen led the Primdales through the mansion into a comfortable office similar to Greg's den at home. Like his, she had set up a couple of couches for a less formal atmosphere. They took one couch while she plopped down in the other.

She sighed. "Sorry I'm not more sociable," she apologized. "Last minute details keep getting in the way. It takes a lot of work to run a business."

"I can certainly understand that," Greg grinned.

"Anyway, here's the situation," said Kristen. "I kind of lied in the email."

"You mean you don't need a photographer?" asked Greg.

"Oh, I do," she replied. "That part was true. But the part about not being able to find anyone else was a lie. I'm surprised you didn't see through it. What photographer in his right mind would pass up a chance to take pictures of a bunch of naked women?"

"Good point," he laughed. "So why did you want me in particular?"

"Well, the truth is, I didn't want you. I wanted Allison."

"But Greg's the better photographer," Allison replied.

"No, you don't understand. I was kind of hoping you wanted to do some modeling."

Greg stared at Kristen in shock. True, he had photographed Allison in front of Kristen before; he had even taken pictures of Kristen herself. But this was different because it was professional.

"I'm sorry I didn't mention it in the email, but I was afraid I might scare you off if I did," said Kristen. "So I wanted to tell you in person. Look, you don't have to decide right away; I still want you to take the pictures, Greg, and I'll pay you just like I promised. But if you're both willing, I'll add a standard modeling fee on top of it for pictures of Allison."

"Why do you want me in particular?" asked Allison.

"Are you kidding? A gorgeous woman like you? This kind of website is only as good as its models. Supply and demand and all that. You supply the photos, and the demand for the site is going to shoot up. You would be our first guest model."

"I think maybe I want to discuss it with Greg in private before I commit," said Allison.

"That's fine," Kristen nodded. "Look, I know you've taken pictures like this before. I have some of them in fact. The ones from Maui that you sent us. By the way, I'd be happy to pay you just to let me publish those on my website too, but I'll understand if you say no. It was your honeymoon after all."

"Well, I'm leaning toward yes," said Greg. "That is, if Allison is willing."

"I'm willing," Allison grinned.

"But I'm just not sure if I'm comfortable with nude pictures of my wife on the Internet," he qualified.

"Tell you what," said Kristen. "I've got a release form here that each model has to sign, granting me permission to publish the images. If she doesn't sign the release, I can't legally put the pictures on my site. If you want, we can take pictures of Allison, then you can decide at the end of the weekend whether to sign the release. Just keep in mind that I'm running a professional site here, so unless I can publish the pictures, I won't pay you for them."

"Oh, the money's not the problem. I've got more money already than I know what to do with. Just give me some time to think it over."

"All right. Look, the first photoshoot isn't scheduled until this afternoon, so why don't you two go out back to the guest house to unpack your things and talk it over? I'll send someone over to fetch you for lunch and you can give me your answer then."

"That sounds fine," he smiled. "Allison, what about you?"

"You already know my answer," she replied with a wink.

"Good," said Kristen. She picked up a couple of sheets of paper and handed them to Greg. "Here's the schedule. We've got a couple of shoots this afternoon, and quite a few tomorrow. I've tentatively penciled in

Allison in a couple of spots where we have a break. Like the rest of the models, she'll need to come up with her own plans for her photoshoots, so before we start this afternoon, I'll give you the grand tour to help you get some ideas."

"Sure thing," smiled Greg.

"All right. Lunch is in about half an hour. I'll have someone show you to your room."

The three of them stood up and left the room. Out in the hall, they ran into another beautiful woman, no doubt one of the models. Kristen smiled when she saw her, then gave her a hug. "You made it!" she said. "Nicky, this is Greg and Allison. Greg's our stand-in photographer, and I'm trying to convince Allison to model for us. Greg and Allison, this is Nicky. She's in charge of wardrobe and makeup."

"Wardrobe?" asked Greg with a grin. "What wardrobe?"

"While the models do eventually get naked, it's always fun to have something to take off," Nicky explained.

"Good point."

"Nicky, be a dear and show Greg and Allison out back to the guest house. Number four. I'll send someone out to fetch everyone for lunch when it's ready."

"Sure," Nicky smiled. Then turning to Greg and Allison, "It's this way." They followed her through the house.

"So Allison," said Nicky, "Kristen's talked about you. She said she had you in mind from the very beginning. The way she described you, I thought she was exaggerating. She sounded like a teenage girl talking about the boy she has the hots for. But then, that's just Kristen. You knew she's a lesbian, right?"

"Yes, she was with Roberta the first time we met her."

"Right. So anyway, now that I've seen you, I can see she didn't exaggerate one bit."

"Well, I'm flattered," Allison beamed.

"I'm afraid I won't be much use to you, if you decide to model for us. I might do a little touch-up on your hair, but really I would just stick with the minimal amount of makeup for you. It's hard to improve upon perfection, after all."

"Okay, who's the one sounding like she's got a girlish crush now?" Allison joked.

Nicky laughed. "Oh, don't worry about me. Unlike a lot of the models, I'm a hundred percent heterosexual. I'm living with my boyfriend in Sacramento, although I could definitely get used to life here in the mansion."

Right about then, they emerged from the house into the back patio, which included a large pool, outdoor

showers, and a tennis court off to the side. In the other direction stood another building, smaller than the mansion itself but still larger than most homes. Nicky led them toward it.

"That's the guest house?" asked Greg, astonished. It looked more like a block of condominiums. Once again he had a slight twinge of envy. He could probably afford a mansion much like this one, if he were willing to trade in the conservative family values of an upper-middle-class lifestyle for a glamorous life in the fast lane. But he couldn't do that to his children.

Nicky led them to their room, which turned out to be more like a small apartment. It looked nice and cozy inside. They found their bags set neatly against the wall just inside the door.

"I'm just two doors down in number six in case you need anything," Nicky said. "Or just knock on any of the doors and try to find someone who's in. The girls are all really nice, and I'm sure they'd be happy to help you with whatever."

"Thanks," they replied, then closed the door.

"So what do you think?" asked Allison as soon as they were alone. "Should I let the whole world see me nude?"

"Actually, they already have," replied Greg. "Or are you forgetting the infamous video?"

Allison laughed. "Good point. So do you think I should do it?"

"This is kind of like seeing you with another woman," he said. "It still kind of bothers me, but it's just too damn sexy for me to say no."

"So you don't mind my pictures going up on the Internet?"

"I'm still a little hesitant. The thing that worries me is what would happen if people we know ever saw those pictures?"

"Well then, just answer the question. What would happen?"

"I suppose... not much, really. We might get a few glances every time we go out, but then, we do anyway. You tend to turn heads even with your clothes on. And I mean that in the best possible way."

"Thanks," she grinned. "What about work? Would it interfere with any promotions or anything? Does the corporation want to maintain a certain respectable image?"

"Oh, I don't think there's really a problem there. I'm pretty anonymous outside of the boardroom, so it wouldn't hurt the company's image at all. I might get teased about it a little; the other board members are human beings after all, but I don't think it would hurt anything. Look, I think we should go ahead and do the photos, then at the end we'll decide whether to sign the release."

"Sounds good to me," Allison grinned. "This is going to be fun."

They ate lunch in a large dining room with some of the other models who had arrived to do photoshoots that weekend. They all introduced themselves, but there were enough that Greg had no hope of remembering their names. It really didn't matter at the moment; their names were on the itinerary that Kristen had given him listing all of the shoots for the weekend. After lunch, they had about an hour before they had to go to work, so Kristen took them and some of the other models through the house showing them the various rooms. She especially wanted Allison to get a feel for the place so that she could come up with ideas for what she wanted to do when it was her turn to get naked.

The first photoshoot was out by the pool. The temperature was in the mid 70's, a little warm for April even in Los Angeles, but Kristen had trusted the forecast and scheduled some outdoor shoots during the warmest part of the afternoon. This set involved a couple of blondes named Lisa and Wendy. Kristen, wearing a loose robe because her photoshoot was coming up, met Greg, Allison, and the two bikini-clad models out by the pool. Nicky also accompanied them; she would be there for all of the photoshoots in case the models needed a last-minute wardrobe or makeup adjustment.

They had a camera set up on a tripod already, but Kristen explained that they had just set it up quickly; he still needed to position it and adjust it. Greg took a few minutes to try it out from different angles, having the girls lie down in the lawn chairs where they would spend most of their time in the shoot so that he could see how the angle of the sun affected the shadows. He also wanted to get the right background; in one direction it had the pretty greens of the lawn, including a row of palm trees, which seemed like the obvious choice. He tested to make sure that the natural lighting would work in that direction; Kristen said they could use reflectors if need be, but it turned out that they weren't necessary. With the sun high in the sky, it really didn't matter much which angle they shot from.

As soon as he announced that he was satisfied that he had everything set up the way he wanted, the girls took over. They had obviously rehearsed this before. At first they just lay there sunbathing in their bikinis as Greg took pictures. Then they sat up and glanced at each other with sly looks. Lisa turned around and faced away from Wendy, who set to work untying Lisa's bikini from behind. She did it slowly and deliberately so that Greg could get a number of shots in, and he got one particularly nice photo with Wendy pulling the string straight out from Lisa's back, a moment before it came undone. They finished removing the bikini top, exposing Lisa's gorgeous chest to view. She made sure to keep her hands to the side so that she wouldn't cover anything up, and Greg got in a number of great shots of her topless.

Then the two girls turned around, and Lisa started working on Wendy's swimsuit. Unfortunately, most of the action this time was faced slightly away from the camera, but it did show off Wendy's back and the bow in the bikini string as Lisa pulled on it. As soon as it came undone, Wendy slipped it off, but this time she posed a little more demurely, with her body facing away from the camera but her head turned to the side as if to gaze at Lisa out of the corner of her eyes.

That didn't last long. After a couple of shots like that, Wendy turned around, and the two girls faced each other. Greg had to pause them for a moment as he moved the tripod about a foot to the left so that Lisa wouldn't block the view of Wendy's body, then they continued. The two girls took each other's hands and gazed into their eyes with loving smiles on their lips. Then they slowly leaned in for a kiss. Greg made a suggestion that they pause just an instant before their lips met, so that he could capture the sexual tension of the almost-kiss. He took a couple of pictures of them in that position, then they continued. He felt himself growing hard as he watched them kiss one another with tenderness and passion.

When they started rubbing suntan lotion on each other's backs, the excitement sent chills through his body. Somehow he managed to keep taking the pictures without grinning like an idiot at the sight, even when Wendy slipped her hands around and started fondling Lisa's breasts. The two girls hugged and groped and kissed each other, growing increasingly more passionate as time wore on. They kept it tasteful though; no doubt Kristen had imparted her vision of the site to all of the models.

The shoot ended before they got into anything really heavy, which was almost disappointing. But Greg had to abide by the rules Kristen had to set up, so he kept it professional. That didn't stop Wendy and Lisa from thanking him with a couple of kisses on the cheek, made all the more fun by the fact that they did it before putting their bikini tops back on. He stood there shocked for a second, until the girls giggled at his reaction.

"That was my doing," Allison confessed. "After lunch I asked them to do it, just to see your reaction."

"My reaction," he said, "is hoping that you talked to some of the other models as well."

"I didn't, but maybe Kristen can make it a new rule."

"I like it," Kristen grinned. "From now on, the models have to give the photographer a kiss after every photoshoot."

"Aren't you afraid that some of the girls won't like that rule?" he asked. "I mean, I assume that some of them are... well..."

"Lesbians? Oh, don't let that worry you. You'll notice that I'm next on the list, and I'm a lesbian myself. I wouldn't ask my girls to do anything I wouldn't do."

As she slipped out of her robe, Greg removed the memory card from the camera and handed it to Roberta, who stood nearby. She placed it in a plastic case labeled "Wendy and Lisa by the pool," then handed him a new card.

With Kristen's photoshoot, Greg had to take a more proactive role. She climbed down into the swimming pool, going under for a second and then coming back up dripping wet. She asked Greg about the lighting, and he had to walk all the way around the pool to determine the best angle to shoot her at. The glare of the sun reflecting off of the water caused a problem, as did the height difference between Kristen and the camera. The best angle to shoot her from involved putting the camera almost on the ground, which wasn't a position Greg could keep up for very long.



"It would almost be best if we could do it from in the pool itself," said Kristen. "You didn't happen to bring a pair of swimming trunks with you, did you Greg?"

"Unfortunately, no," he replied.

"Well, there's an easy solution," said Allison. "Remember, I'm not a bad photographer myself."

"You wouldn't mind?" Kristen asked her. "You can borrow a swimsuit if you want. I'm sure we could find one that fits you."

"Who needs a swimsuit?" Allison grinned, unfastening the buttons on her blouse.

After stripping off all of her clothes, she followed Kristen into the pool. Roberta handed her the camera, asking her to be especially careful with it, since it wasn't waterproof. Allison moved around a little until she got Kristen positioned between her and the backdrop of trees that they had used for the previous photoshoot, then began to snap pictures.

These ones were a little more innocent, since they involved only one woman, but she was still nude. Mostly Kristen just ran through some of the more traditional poses, with her hands either at her side, or on her hips, or behind her head. She didn't dare splash around for fear of getting the camera wet, but she did float on her back a little. Mostly she stayed in the shallow end, both to keep the more interesting parts of her body out of the water and because she didn't want Allison following her into the deep end with the camera.

A few times Allison reached over and adjusted Kristen's hair, and for some reason Greg found that sight to be surprisingly erotic. There was something about two naked women touching each other in nonsexual ways that affected him even more than a full lesbian show. Simple touches like that were one of the differences between men and women. Greg would never think of putting his hand on another man's hair; it was just too affectionate. Women, however, could get away with it. He had a sudden insight then, as to why lesbians excited him, a completely straight man, so much. If affection with the same sex was a hallmark of femininity, then didn't that mean that lesbianism was femininity taken to the extreme? And if he was attracted to femininity, then it was natural for him to be attracted to the ultimate expression of it.

Eventually this photoshoot also ended, and the two women climbed out of the pool. Roberta handed them each a towel, and they dried themselves off. Instead of putting her clothes back on though, Allison asked if they had an extra robe. "Since I'm going to have to get undressed again anyway," she explained.

"I almost forgot," said Kristen. She came over and kissed Allison on the cheek. "Since she was the photographer this time," she explained. "Sorry Greg."

He shrugged. It thrilled him almost as much to see her kiss Allison as if she had kissed him instead.

Most of the other photoshoots that day took place inside. During the summer they might shoot a lot more outside, but in April there were really only a couple of hours during the day when it was warm enough.

There was one exception. At sunset, one of the models posed out front, splashing around in the fountain in the driveway. With clever use of lighting from the mansion, the flash from the camera, and the orange glow of the sunset in the distance, it gave the whole scene an almost surreal look.

Greg marveled that Debbie, the model, didn't seem cold at all, so he asked her about it. She smiled and told him with a little pride that she was from Edmonton, Alberta. After spending a few winters in Edmonton, this was nothing. She said that back home, people started wearing long pants when the temperature dropped to five below zero. Whether that was a joke or not Greg didn't know, but Debbie appeared to be perfectly comfortable sitting naked in a water fountain at sunset.

That night after supper, Allison got her chance to do some modeling. She decided to model in the billiard room, shooting pool in the nude. She had had plenty of time to practice with their own pool table at home, so it felt comfortable for her. Even without her clothes on, she played a decent game. Nicky, who had accompanied them on all of the shoots and had made up Allison's face, said she ought to challenge Allison to a game later. Apparently Nicky was quite the pool player.

"But you have to take your clothes off too, just to make it fair," Allison replied.

That gave Greg a sudden inspiration. He asked Nicky if she minded doing it right then and there, so he could photograph them together. With Kristen's approval, Nicky stripped out of her clothes. Allison re-racked the balls to start over, and they actually played a full game in the buff while Greg took pictures. Once they got into the game, they pretty much ignored him completely, which worked fine. It gave the whole thing a more spontaneous feel to it.

Nicky won, being the more experienced player, but Allison didn't make it easy. In the end, it really didn't matter who won, since it was all for the sake of the camera anyway.

Afterward, Nicky gave Greg a kiss on the cheek, but Allison wasn't content with just that. She grabbed him and pulled him in for a full-on, deep, passionate, open-mouthed kiss. Greg wasn't used to being this affectionate in public, but he had been having so much fun that day that he decided to just enjoy it.

The final photoshoot for the night involved Nina, a young brunette of about eighteen or nineteen, wearing a lacy white bra and panties, in one of the bedrooms of the mansion. She had her hair in pigtails to make her look even younger. It reminded Greg of the Pajama Club, with the very youthful girls pretending to be in their early teens.

Completing the illusion, Nina posed with a large teddy bear. The childish toy emphasized her youth, and the size of the bear seemed to diminish her in contrast.

The sequence of photos was almost story-like, telling the tale of Nina pretending the bear was her lover and slowly seducing it. While it could have been vulgar and tasteless, she kept it charming and even humorous. At first she lay on the bed next to the bear, then she glanced over at it. With her eyes still glued on it, she slowly ran her hands all over her body as if getting turned on by the sight. Eventually she reached over and took on of its paws in her hand, and lay there for a couple of shots in an absurdly romantic pose.

Growing bolder, she rolled over onto her side facing it, and turned it so that it faced her as well. She scooted in closer, took one of its paws, and placed it on her hip as if it were caressing her. Greg took a couple of great pictures of her with a dreamy look on her face, as if enjoying being stroked by her companion.

She sat up and brought the animal with her, so that the two of them sat face to face. She put the bear's arms on her hips again and threw her own arms over its shoulders. Then she leaned in and kissed it.

Kristen had to help her with the next part. She put the teddy bear's arms behind Nina's back and slipped them under her bra strap. They held just long enough for Kristen to duck back out of the shot and Greg to take the picture, before the paws slipped back out. That was all they needed, because Kristen then unfastened the strap and Nina placed the bear's arms on her shoulders as if trying to take the garment off.

Soon she had it lying on the bed next to her, revealing her chest to the camera and her artificial lover. She threw her head back and pressed the bear's head to her neck to simulate it kissing her. Greg got quite a few shots with the bear kissing down Nina's body. When it reached her panties, he took a few pictures simulating it stripping them off of her, then she tossed them aside. She spread her legs then and placed the teddy bear between them in a simulated missionary position. Greg got some great shots of simulated sex, before Nina arched her back and screwed up her face, pretending to have an orgasm.

To add one final humorous touch, they did a last shot with the two lovers lying together in bed with Nina offering her teddy bear a cigarette.

"That has to be the best photoshoot so far," Kristen commented as Nina threw her robe back on. "Pretty creative, Nina."

"Thanks," Nina grinned. "I thought it was fun."

"Well, you're sure to get a lot of comments on your forum on the site about it." She turned back to Greg and Allison. "And good job to you too. I'd call that a successful day."

"I'm glad I could help," Greg grinned. "Seriously. I'm *really* glad I could help."

Everyone had a good chuckle over that.

Since it was getting late, all of the models retired to the guest house. Greg and Allison followed suit, heading out back to their own room to get some much needed privacy.

As soon as they closed the door behind themselves, Allison immediately started stripping off her clothes. "Did that get you as hot as it got me?" she asked him with a grin. "No, don't answer that." She reached out and grabbed him by the crotch, causing him to jump back with a chuckle.

"Nice and hard," she commented. "Just the way I like it. I'll tell you one thing, I'm not going to let you go to sleep until you fuck me silly."

"And if I refuse?" he joked.

"Well then, I'll just have to get one of the models to take care of me. I kind of had my eye on Debbie. What do you think? Do you think she'd be willing to go down on me?"

"I think it's a moot point, because she's not going to get the chance," he grinned, pulling his shirt over his head. "Tonight it's just you and me."

"Are you sure? I mean, I'm starting to like this 'Debbie' idea. Maybe we ought to invite her over for a nightcap. Followed by a threesome."

"You're starting to get into one of those moods again," said Greg. "I'd better get you good and fucked before you make a fool out of yourself."

"Well, get on with it already," she demanded, stepping out of the last of her clothes and reaching for his pants.

He did.

The next morning, they woke to the sound of Roberta knocking on the door announcing that breakfast would be in twenty minutes. That didn't give them a lot of time to get ready, but neither of them were about to complain since it meant that they would have to shower together. Greg, still excited by all of the nude women he had been exposed to throughout the previous day, couldn't keep his hands off her. She didn't seem to mind, except to warn him that if he got her riled up they would end up missing breakfast.

As it turned out, they were the last ones to the table. Some of the models flashed them a knowing grin. He just shrugged and smiled.

After breakfast they started in immediately on the photoshoots. They were much like the ones on Saturday, some more creative than others but all of them extremely erotic. His favorite involved Roberta in a French Maid outfit with Kristen as the mistress of the house. She started letting her hands wander over the maid's body, which led to both of their clothes gradually coming undone and falling to the floor until they finally gave up all pretense and lay down on one of the sofas to kiss and grope and fondle each other.

Allison did another set of pictures, this time on the bearskin rug in front of the fireplace in one of the sitting rooms. Using the natural lighting from the windows, it made her skin almost glow. He loved seeing her like this, so beautiful and sexy.

There were several more photoshoots, all before lunch. That would leave them plenty of time to pack up their things and return to the airport in time for their flight that afternoon.

After the last of the photoshoots, Greg and Allison returned to their room to pack. It was almost a shame to

have to leave; Greg had really enjoyed himself, and from the grin on his wife's face, he could see that she had too.

They returned to the dining room for lunch, and this time the conversation was much more lively now that they had had a chance to get to know everyone a little better. Afterward, Greg and Allison met with Kristen in her office again. This time, Kristen sat down behind her desk.

"This has been fun, hasn't it?" she smiled.

"It sure has," Greg agreed.

"So what do you think, Allison? Can we add your pictures to the site?"

"That's up to Greg," Allison replied. "I'm all for it, but I won't sign the release unless he agrees." Then she turned to him. "So how about it, dear?"

"Oh, all right," he sighed. "I guess even if someone I know sees them, a few naughty pictures won't do any harm to my reputation. Heck, I might go up in the estimation of some of my friends. I'll bet half of them already wish they were in my place, and if they ever saw these pictures that would only increase their jealousy."

Kristen pushed a couple of documents across the desk to Allison. "The first one is the release for the pictures we took this weekend, and the second is for the photos from Hawaii. I'll understand if you want to keep the honeymoon pictures private."

Allison glanced at Greg, who merely shrugged. Allison then signed both sheets.

"Great!" Kristen smiled. "Now for one last thing. I don't expect you to say yes, but I would probably regret it for the rest of my life if I didn't at least ask. Allison, you're gorgeous, smart, and talented."

"If you're proposing, it would probably be smarter to do it with my husband out of the room," she joked.

"No, I didn't mean it like that. What I'm saying is that you're the type of woman that this site is all about. We could use someone like you as a full-time photographer. Greg, this is in no way a discredit to your work. You did remarkably well too, especially on short notice. It's just that your wife has the other qualification of being a model-caliber woman. So Allison, I'm offering you a job."

"I certainly appreciate the offer," said Allison. "And if you had asked me a couple of years ago before I met Greg, I would have immediately said yes. But I have a family to look after now, and I'm afraid that I just couldn't commit to flying down here regularly. I'm sorry."

"That's okay. No hard feelings. Like I said, I didn't think you'd agree. But anyway, I've got the pictures, and so you both have done plenty. Thank you so much."

She wrote out a check and handed it to them, then they left the office. They said their goodbyes to all the

girls, then collected their bags and rode back to the airport with a couple of the other models who were flying out at about the same time.

Greg almost wished that Allison had agreed to take the job. It would have meant more weekends in LA surrounded by beautiful nude women. But she was right; their family came first.

The kids were just getting ready for bed when their parents arrived home. Allen, Kari, and Crystal, of course, were still fully dressed and sitting in the living room, since they were supposed to sleep at their own home that night.

Brit and Lissa asked their parents about their trip, but Greg and Allison spoke only in vague terms, never actually explaining what they had done. They didn't have much time to discuss it, since the kids had school in the morning. So Allison kissed them all and sent them upstairs to bed. Allen took his girls and, after saying his goodbyes, drove them home.

A few minutes later, Allison went up to visit with Jeff for a minute. He had already climbed into bed, but was sitting up and reading.

"So how was the weekend?" she asked.

"Fine," he smiled. "Kari and I had a lot of fun. Not too much though," he qualified. "Not with Allen in the house with us." It had taken him a while to stop calling him Mr. Williams, but eventually he had come around, and now it was Allen.

"Yes, I can certainly understand that that would limit your activities," she chuckled. "And how did Brit and you get along?"

"Actually, we hardly fought at all. A little, just for old times' sake, but not a lot."

"I'm glad. I think after that present you gave her, she's finally starting to like you."

"Well, let's not exaggerate," he joked.

"Anyway, I had another reason I wanted to come up here and talk to you," said Allison.

"Why?"

Allison grinned. "I just wanted to tell you that there's a new website that will be starting up in a couple of weeks that I'd like to look at with you."

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## Chapter 27

### Fun at the Swimming Hole

All of the kids grew more and more excited over the next couple of months as the school year drew to a close. It was especially nice because they had the camping trip to look forward to. Kari and Crystal had never been camping, and Allen said he hadn't gone since he was a boy.

Greg invested in another three-man tent, and Allen bought one just big enough for himself. The original plan was to have Greg and Allison in one tent, Allen in another, the Williams girls in a third, and the Primdale children in the fourth. However, Brit pleaded with them to let her sleep with Crystal, so they relented and said she could bunk in with the Williams girls.

That didn't bother Jeff; it would give him some time alone with Lissa. That didn't mean they would do anything naughty like last time. They were past that. They had just been two kids experimenting. He still liked to be alone with her though; she was nice to talk to and nice to hug. Maybe they would snuggle together in the tent again. That was innocent enough.

On the last day of school Allison picked them up and drove them home. Lissa was the happiest of them all; she was finished with high school forever. It wasn't that she didn't enjoy it; it was just that she was looking forward to starting a new life.

A week later they all went to her graduation ceremony. The Williams family joined them; although they had no one graduating, Kari and Crystal had become almost like part of the family, so it was only natural for them to be there for Lissa's big day.

Allison was almost in tears for the whole event, and when they met Lissa afterward and the hugs started, she broke down and let the tears flow. Jeff couldn't remember her ever being so emotional; certainly he had never seen her cry. But despite the tears, she kept a smile on her face.

The camping trip was scheduled for the following weekend. Greg had Jeff help him pack the equipment early on Saturday, then they took Allison over to the Williams house to help Allen pack as well, since he wasn't used to camping and needed a little assistance. Kari and Crystal lent a hand as well, curious and enthusiastic about the whole thing.

By the time they finished, it was noon, so Allen invited Greg and Jeff to stay for lunch. Greg called home and made arrangements with Allison. She was to fix lunch for the girls then help them get ready, and in an hour she would take the van and drive it to the Williams' house, where they would caravan into the mountains to the same campground they had gone to a couple of years before. Allison jokingly said that they were getting dangerously close to letting the secret out; it had been her family's favorite when she was younger, but now too many people knew about it.

Brit asked to ride with Crystal on the way up, and Greg quickly agreed. It would keep her from fighting with Jeff during the trip after all. Kari, on the other hand, rolled her eyes, joking that with the two of them to gang up on her she might not survive the trip. When Greg offered to let her take Brit's place in their van, she jumped at the chance, claiming that it was to get away from Crystal and Brit, but making no secret of the fact that it was really to be with Jeff.

The trip to the campground proved to be uneventful. Jeff really enjoyed himself, sitting between Lissa and Kari. Lissa was fun to talk to, and Kari of course was nice and affectionate, holding his hand and even laying her head on his shoulder. He was having so much fun that he didn't even realize they had been on the road that long when suddenly the two vehicles were pulling into the campground.

Like before, it was deserted. They parked the cars, then everyone climbed out. Jeff yawned and stretched, taking in a nice deep breath of the clean mountain air. Kari grabbed his hand again and glanced around excitedly; this was a new experience for her.

"I have an idea," said Allison. "We've got to set up four tents this time, so why don't we take two campsites that are next to each other? Adults in one and children in the other."

"Who are you calling a child?" demanded Lissa playfully.

"You're still seventeen for another month and a half, dear," Allison replied. "Until then, you're technically a child."

"Okay, I guess you're right."

"Anyway, that way the kids can stay up talking as long as they want, even between the tents, and it won't bother those of us who want to get some sleep."

"That works for me," said Allen. "Any objections?"

Everyone seemed to be in favor of the idea, so they picked two sites that were near each other and began to unload the gear. Greg and Allen set to work on the adults' tents, while Allison helped the children with theirs. It took them about half an hour to get all four tents up, then they all grabbed their sleeping bags and other personal items and stowed them inside.

"So did you say there's a swimming hole nearby?" Kari asked Lissa as soon as they finished setting up the camp.

"Yes there is. Do you want to go swimming?"

Kari nodded.

"I want to go too," said Crystal.

"Why don't we all go?" Lissa suggested. "Jeff, Brit, you too?"



"Sure," Jeff said.

"I guess I can stand to be near Jeff for a little while," Brit shrugged.

The girls headed into the tent to change into their swimsuits while Jeff headed over to the other site to let the grownups know where they were going. Greg told him to make sure everyone was back by five for dinner, which would give them a couple of hours to swim. Jeff asked if he could borrow some of the lawn chairs that they had packed just in case they wanted to sit out in the sun to dry off, then headed back over to the other campsite where Lissa was just emerging from the tent, wearing shorts and a tee-shirt over her swimsuit and carrying a towel. Jeff ducked inside and changed into his swimming trunks also, then emerged to find the girls waiting for him.

He stopped by the van to retrieve the three lawn chairs that the adults weren't using, then they all headed down the trail to the swimming hole.

It was just the way he remembered it from a couple of years ago. The sand on the shore was nice and soft, the sun felt warm, and the water looked cool and refreshing. Kari spread out a beach towel and suggested they all put their shirts and shorts on it so they wouldn't get dirty. Jeff set up the lawn chairs as the girls stripped down to their swimsuits.

Kari, of course, looked absolutely stunning in her green and yellow swimsuit. Lissa had filled out very nicely; she would certainly be turning a lot of heads at her new school in the fall. Crystal was really developing a beautiful figure. The most surprising, though, was Brit. He hadn't realized it until now, but she was starting to develop very nicely as well. Her breasts were still little more than bumps on her chest that pushed out the top of her swimsuit, but they gave her upper body a very pleasing shape. Her hips were starting to grow into a nice curve. Her shape reminded him of Crystal's, which he found attractive. In fact, when Jeff was honest with himself, he had to admit that in her swimsuit, Brit looked downright sexy.

The younger girls enthusiastically dashed out into the water. Jeff and Kari followed them, taking their time. As usual, Lissa remained in the shallows a little longer, moving very slowly toward the deeper part.

When Jeff was up to his chest, he slipped under the water for a second. While under, he reached out and pinched Kari's behind. Even submerged beneath the surface he could hear her give a startled squeak. He came up, laughing, and she slapped him playfully.

"Is Jeff getting fresh?" asked Brit with a grin.

"No more than usual," Kari replied.

"Will you get fresh with me next?" Crystal giggled.

"You want me to pinch you too?" he asked.

"Oh, is that all you did?" asked Crystal with a deliberately disappointed look on her face. "In that case, no

thanks."

Brit and Crystal swam up to him, then stood nearby. Both girls had a mischievous gleam in their eyes, and he knew he was in for some teasing.

Brit leaned in and whispered something in her friend's ear, and Crystal nodded.

"Hey Jeff," said Crystal. "I have boobs now. Are you going to try to pull down my swimsuit?"

Brit giggled, but Jeff burst out laughing. So that was their game. They were going to try to embarrass him. That was an obvious reference to the comment he had made last year when Lissa had told them that he had "accidentally" pulled down her swimsuit.

If they were going to play those games, he was going to play them right back, and he intended to win.

"If you insist," he said, then reached for her.

Both girls squealed and dashed away from him. Brit dove into the water and swam as fast as she could, while Crystal merely ran, splashing through the water.

Jeff stopped his pursuit, certain that they would be back. They never missed an opportunity to tease him, and this time Crystal at least would get what was coming to her. If she was going to taunt him about losing her swimsuit, he would take her up on that offer. It wouldn't be the first time he had seen her naked after all.

Kari and he talked for a few minutes as the younger girls splashed and played a little further off. Lissa continued to remain in the shallower spots, submerged only to her waist in the water. Jeff leaned back and floated on his back for a minute, relaxing in the warmth of the sun and the coolness of the water.

Not entirely unexpectedly, a torrent of water crashed over him and he stood back up to see Brit and Crystal standing nearby and laughing at him. Naturally they had not been able to resist splashing him.

He lunged forward, but the girls scattered. This time he continued to pursue Crystal. She squealed and fled from him, giggling each time he nearly caught her.

"Help me Kari!" she cried out. "Jeff's trying to pull down my swimsuit!"

Kari just shrugged. "You brought it on yourself," she smiled. "Besides, now that Jeff's my boyfriend I'm on his side."

"Traitor," Crystal accused.

After a few minutes of chasing her, Jeff gave up the pursuit. He was too tired to keep it up for long in the water. He headed back toward Kari.

"What about me?" asked Brit with a grin as he passed her. "I have boobs too now."

While Jeff had never really had any inclination at all to see Brit's body, he had no intention of ending this game before they did. To do so would be to admit defeat.

"If you insist," he said, then leaped toward her. She squealed and tried to run away, but he managed to catch her wrist so that she couldn't flee.

"Do it, Jeff!" Crystal taunted. Jeff slipped a couple of fingers under the shoulder strap of Brit's swimsuit and pulled. She immediately threw her arms up across her chest so that all he managed to do was pull the strap off her shoulder. Brit half shrieked, half giggled as she tried to fight him off. Behind him he could hear Crystal, Kari, and even Lissa laughing.

Then there was another splash behind him, but he couldn't afford to divert his attention or Brit would make her escape, so he simply ignored it.

A moment later he felt a pair of hands on the waistband of his swimming trunks, and suddenly they were yanked down to his knees. In shock, he released Brit and tried to turn around to see who had pulled his trunks down. Crystal stood up, emerging from the water.

She wasted no time, but jumped on his back. He took a step to try to steady himself, but with his legs tangled in his swimming suit, he stumbled and fell, going under.

As he was submerged in the water, he felt someone else approaching. Now two pairs of hand reached for him. One pair caught him under the arms and lifted his head and torso up out of the water, while the other grabbed his trunks and pulled in the opposite direction. Before he could react, his suit slid down his legs and came off, and he found himself naked, being held in Kari's arms while he stared in surprise at Crystal holding his swimming trunks triumphantly in her hand.

"Fair is fair," she grinned.

Behind him he heard Lissa laughing at his misfortune, but Brit began to blush and turned around to face away from him. Fortunately the water here was several inches above his waist; she probably hadn't seen anything.

"Give me that," he demanded, reaching for Crystal, who giggled and tossed them over his head. They landed behind Kari in the water.

Kari immediately released him and pounced on the garment, snatching it up. Jeff turned around and chased her, but she tossed it toward Brit. It sailed over his sister's shoulder and landed on the water in front of her.

She obviously heard him splashing toward her, because she squealed and grabbed it, then wadded it into a ball and threw it backward over her shoulder, not caring where it landed. It ended up next to Kari again, so Jeff turned around and chased after her. This time she didn't try to get rid of it, but instead raced away from him. He was faster, and quickly gained on her. He had just about caught her when she finally threw it away, this time toward Lissa in the shallower water.

Jeff realized that to reach her he would have to wade into the water that wouldn't cover his waist, which would expose him to everyone. Of course, everyone here had seen his body before except Brit, and she was shyly averting her eyes.

Lissa picked it up, and for a moment she hesitated, as if trying to decide what to do with it. She looked at Jeff, and he realized she was torn between trying to be nice to him and continuing the game. No doubt she didn't want to do anything to harm her relationship with him and trying to decide whether this would anger him.

To ease her apprehension, he shrugged and smiled at her. Seeing that, she grinned back, but instead of throwing it away, she turned around and headed for the shore.

Kari and Crystal laughed, and even applauded. "What happened?" Brit asked, still facing away.

"Turn around and see for yourself," Kari told her.

"No way!" she said.

Lissa reached the bank, then turned around and held up Jeff's swimming trunks tauntingly. Jeff stood there in the water, still covered up to his waist, deciding whether to go after her.

"Go get her, Jeff!" said Kari with a laugh.

"Oh, you'd like that, wouldn't you?" he asked her.

"You bet I would. So would Crystal, right?"

"Right," her sister agreed.

"And maybe Lissa and Brit would like it too," Kari grinned.

"What do you mean?" asked Brit.

"Lissa's got his swimming trunks on the shore," Crystal explained.

"Oh my god!" Brit giggled.

"And Jeff is just about to go after her," Kari added. "Why don't you turn around and watch?"

"Ew, gross!" she exclaimed, causing the girls to giggle again.

"Come get them, Jeff," Lissa teased, holding his swimming suit up.

"I will," he warned.

"Come on then."

"I am," he replied. He hesitated for a couple of seconds, then splashed toward her.

Kari and Crystal actually clapped as his lower body came into view. He ignored them and headed straight for the shore. Lissa laughed, waving the garment in front of her tantalizingly.

When he reached the bank, she dashed to the far side.

"Turn around, Jeff!" Crystal said.

"What was that?" he asked, turning to face them. Both the Williams girls laughed as they saw his nude body, completely exposed to their view.

"What's going on?" asked Brit.

"It's okay," Kari replied. "You can look now, Brit."

Jeff was about to warn her that Kari was lying, but before he could, Brit turned around.

Her eyes went wide as she stared at his cock. She froze, apparently unable to take her eyes off it. He realized that this was probably the first one she had ever seen, at least, not since they were kids and took baths together.

"Well aren't you going to come get your swimming suit?" asked Lissa in a teasing voice.

Jeff turned toward her and began moving slowly in her direction. He was actually enjoying himself, and wanted to draw this out as long as possible.

"What's going on here?" a voice demanded behind him. Reflexively, Jeff turned around, then suddenly wished he hadn't. Allison stood there at the trail head, a stern look on her face.

Everyone froze. The splashing in the water ceased and the laughter from the girls cut off. Jeff felt his face burning as he realized just how bad this looked. It wasn't the fact that he was naked in front of her that bothered him; she had seen him like that before. More importantly, though, he was naked in front of the girls, including his sisters.

"I can't leave you guys for a few minutes without you getting naughty," Allison said. "It's a good thing I came to check up on you, or there's no telling what kind of trouble you'd get into." She glanced past him at Lissa, then held out her hand. "Lissa, give that to me," she ordered. Lissa quietly and sheepishly slipped past him and handed the swimming suit to her stepmother.

"I must protest this kind of horseplay," Allison said, and both Jeff and Lissa nodded. He opened his mouth to apologize, but she held out her hand to cut him off.

"Unless I'm involved," Allison grinned, then to his astonishment, shoved his swimming trunks down the front of her tank top.

Kari and Crystal cheered. Lissa broke down laughing. Brit stood there gaping.

A couple of years ago, Jeff would have been so embarrassed he would never have recovered. But now he decided he would go right along with it. After all, Allison was the one keeping him naked.

"Keep it," he shrugged, then sat down in one of the lawn chairs. "Hey Kari, do you want to sit in my lap?" he asked.

"Can I take a turn after Kari?" Crystal giggled.

"Actually, I was going to give my turn to Brit," Kari grinned.

"That's gross!" Brit exclaimed.

"Oh, don't pretend you don't want to," said Crystal. "You've been staring at his dick just like the rest of us."

"I was not!" she insisted, growing red and turning back around.

"Well maybe Allison would like a turn," said Lissa.

"No thank you, dear," Allison replied. "I think I'll take a different seat." She strode over and sat down in the chair closest to Jeff, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to sit there with him nude.

"So you don't mind Jeff being nude?" Lissa asked her.

"Why should I mind? Apparently the rest of you don't mind, or you wouldn't be playing this game."

"Well then you won't mind if *I* take off my swimsuit either," said Kari. She immediately began to strip down.

"What are you doing, Kari?" Brit demanded, blushing again.

"Skinny dipping," she replied. "It's nothing Jeff hasn't seen already."

"You mean you and he have..." Brit stammered.

"Had sex?" Kari finished for her. "Yes we have." She finished removing her swimsuit and wadded it into a ball. "Hey Jeff, catch!" she called, then tossed it to him. It landed in his lap.

"Hand it to me, Jeff," said Allison, holding out her hand. "I'll be the keeper of the swimsuits."

Jeff tossed it over to her. She took it and removed his from her shirt, then placed them on the beach towel on the ground beside her.

"Well if Kari's going to do it, I'm going to do it," said Crystal.

"But you and Jeff haven't... I mean..." said Brit.

"Who says?" Crystal grinned.

"You're joking, right?"

"I'll tell you all about our sordid affair later," Crystal winked, slipping out of her swimsuit and tossing it over to Allison.

"Well, since everyone else is getting naked, I might as well too," Lissa shrugged. She slipped her hand beneath the strap of her swimsuit and pulled it down, exposing her chest to view. This was a little different, because she was completely out of the water and therefore there was nothing to hide her body from anyone's eyes.

Lissa's body was just about fully mature now. She had a little more hair between her legs than the last time he had seen her, although still not really that much. Her hips had filled out nicely, and her breasts were a little larger. Her swimsuit went into the pile with the others.

"Hey Allison," said Jeff. "Aren't you going to go skinny dipping too?"

"Of course not. Somebody here has to maintain some sense of dignity."

"Oh very funny."

"What about you, Brit?" Crystal asked. "Don't you want to take your clothes off too?"

"Not with Jeff here!" she said.

"Oh, come on. I know you secretly fantasize about being naked with him."

"No I don't!" Brit insisted, growing red. "Jeff's the last person I would want to see me naked!"

"So that's it then," said Allison. "Now that I have everyone's swimsuits, I think I'll head back to camp."

"Hey!" Lissa said.

"Just kidding," Allison grinned. "Of course, anyone who wants their clothes back will have to be nice to me."

Lissa headed back out into the water, but Jeff rested in the chair for a few minutes longer, watching the girls splashing around. At first, Brit merely stood away from them with her back turned, obviously too shy to play with the other girls while they wore no clothes. When Crystal pounced on her back, she squealed and dashed away. After that, though, she joined in on the fun with the others.

Jeff didn't want to get left out, especially since Kari and Crystal seemed to be jumping on each other and the other girls, trying to push everyone under the water. He thought it would feel really nice to have them do that to him. So he got up from his chair and waded into the swimming hole toward them.

Crystal wasted no time, but immediately pounced on his back. Kari grabbed him around the front and together the girls tried to pull him under. He was more than happy to let them play that kind of game, since it meant that he was sandwiched between their naked bodies.

He wrapped his arm around Kari's waist, then let himself fall backward, dragging both girls with him as he went under the water. Crystal untangled herself from his back and he let go of Kari, and the three of them regained their footing and stood back up, coughing and spluttering and laughing.

Next the two Williams girls attacked Lissa, who hadn't yet gone all the way under the water. Jeff watched in delight as the three naked girls clung to each other, their bodies intertwined. Although it was just fun and games, he loved to see nude women rubbing their bodies against each other.

He glanced over at Brit to see her reaction. It made him wonder if she even knew about lesbians. Perhaps the thought never occurred to her that this horseplay could be in any way sexual. But she simply giggled as the three girls toppled over into the water.

When they came after her, though, she squealed and tried to escape. Crystal jumped on her back again, but this time with Kari's help they managed to drag her under. It wasn't quite as fun as watching them with Lissa; after all, Brit still had her swimsuit on.

After being victorious over all three of the Primdale children, Kari and Crystal gave up on that game. The effort had tired them out, and they relaxed in the water for a few minutes.

Jeff glanced over at Allison to see what she thought of all this horseplay. She looked a little drowsy, which wasn't surprising considering it was a warm day and she was just sitting there in the sun.

That gave Jeff a wicked idea. "Hey Crystal," he said. "Come here. I want to tell you a secret."

Crystal waded over to him. He leaned in and put his mouth next to her ear. "When Allison isn't looking, go splash her," he whispered.

Crystal giggled at that, then nodded.

"What did you say?" asked Brit, approaching them.

"Here, I'll tell you," Crystal offered. She whispered in Brit's ear. Brit's reaction was exactly the same as Crystal's, and Jeff realized that he had just managed to harness their teasing for his own nefarious purposes. He almost felt like throwing his head back and laughing maniacally.

Jeff continued to watch Allison as the two girls gradually and nonchalantly moved closer and closer to shore.



That had two benefits for Jeff. Not only was he about to see Allison get soaked, but it also gave him a better view of Crystal's body as she waded into the shallows.

The warmth of the sun and Allison's relaxed position in the lawn chair were having their effect on her. Jeff watched in excited anticipation as she began to nod, her eyelids drooping. Crystal and Brit both paid attention, awaiting their chance.

Finally, Allison closed her eyes and lay her head back. The girls waited about a minute longer, then nodded to each other. Both of them bent over and swung their arms through the water, catching a massive spray and sending it hurtling toward the woman in the chair.

Allison gasped and leaped to her feet when it hit, and everyone else burst out laughing. Kari even applauded. Allison stood there with an angry look on her face for a second, then she too began to laugh too.

Suddenly, it was Jeff's turn to gasp as he saw the effect that the water had on her tank top. It clung to her body, very tightly and very transparently. She obviously wore no bra; her breasts were completely visible, especially the dark area around her nipples.

She caught him staring, then glanced down at her chest. He expected her to become embarrassed or tell him not to look. Instead, she merely grinned and said, "I'll bet this was Jeff's idea."

He shrugged. "You know me. I couldn't pass up an opportunity like this. You know, if it bothers you, you could always take it off and let it dry out."

Allison laughed again. "Wouldn't you like to see that!" she said.

"Yes I would," he replied teasingly.

"Too bad," she said. "Your fantasy is just going to have to remain a fantasy."

"Can't blame me for trying," he grinned.

Allison sat down again, but made no move to cover herself, to Jeff's delight. Of course, had she done so it would have taken much longer for her shirt to dry, so she really had no choice.

Jeff's attention was diverted by the sound of splashing nearby. Crystal had jumped on her sister's back and was scrambling up onto her shoulders.

"You know what this means, don't you?" Crystal grinned at Jeff.

He nodded. "Come here, Brit," he said.

"I'm not going to touch you while you're naked!" she insisted.

"Come on, Brit. We can't have a battle without you," Kari told her.

"No way."

"What's the matter?" asked Jeff. "It's not like you're going to be anywhere near any part of me that should bother you. Or maybe you want me to get on *your* shoulders."

"No!" she exclaimed with an exaggerated look of horror on her face.

"Then come climb onto mine."

Brit considered for a moment. "Okay, fine," she said.

Jeff turned around and leaned over so she could get on his back, then climb onto his shoulders. Once she had positioned herself correctly, he stood back up and headed toward the Williams girls.

Once there, Crystal and Brit immediately began to push each other, and Jeff and Kari did the same. The four of them fought, laughing as they struggled to topple each other over. Jeff had a slight advantage; Crystal and Brit were about the same weight, but Jeff was quite a bit heavier than Kari and therefore their center of gravity was lower.

In the end, Brit managed to get a good push on Crystal which knocked her off-balance. Kari couldn't quite step back in time to save them, so the girls plunged into the water. Brit clapped with glee and bounced up and down on Jeff's shoulders.

Kari and Crystal emerged from the water. As soon as they wiped the water from their eyes, they glanced at each other. That one glance was all they needed. They charged forward and grabbed Jeff. Brit squealed as they wrapped themselves around him and knocked him over. He went under the water in a tangle of three girls' bodies.

It was getting late, so they decided to get out of the water and dry off. Allison's shirt was nearly dry by this time and far less transparent than it had been earlier (unfortunately, in Jeff's opinion).

No one wanted to put their clothes back on just yet, so they stood and sat around in the buff as they let the water drip off their bodies. Jeff sat down in one of the lawn chairs, and Kari came over and sat down on his lap. That felt very nice, especially when she leaned in and began to kiss him.

He was aware of Brit's and Lissa's eyes on him, but at the moment he didn't care. He was too wrapped up in the kiss. His only hesitation was that maybe Brit was too young to see this; the two of them were naked after all, even though they weren't exactly having sex.

In the warmth of the sun, it only took them about fifteen minutes to dry. It was a shame to have to get dressed again, but they had to get back to camp after all. He wondered what their fathers' reactions would be if they strolled into camp naked like they were. He nearly laughed until he imagined the look of rage that would surely be on Allen's face if Kari and Jeff walked up holding hands, especially if he also held Crystal's!

With that disturbing thought, he hurried and got dressed.

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## Chapter 28

### Nocturnal Encounter

Allison and the kids returned to the campsites, where Greg and Allen sat talking around a fire that they had built in preparation for cooking dinner. They had some nice coals going, so Allison announced that it was time to start fixing dinner. She said she would be preparing Dutch Oven Pizzas, a recipe her father had invented years ago when she was just a girl. It sounded delicious, so the kids were more than happy to lend a hand when she asked if they would like to help her cook it.

It consisted of pre-prepared pizza dough that they had stored in the cooler, topped by pizza sauce that she had mixed up that morning before leaving for the camping trip, pre-grated mozzarella cheese, and the usual toppings of pepperoni, mushrooms, olives, green peppers, and onions. Because most of the work had been done beforehand, it was very simple to fix. They really just had to cut up the vegetables and throw everything together in the dutch ovens.

They had brought two of the cooking pots because one wouldn't make enough pizza to feed both families. They set these on the coals and let them cook for a while.

As usual with everything Allison did, it turned out absolutely perfect. Everyone ate with smiles on their faces, savoring the delicious meal.

The heat of the day began to drop quickly after dinner, so everyone put on warmer pants. For the most part they kept their swimsuits on under their clothes; it was just easier that way, since they would be changing into their night clothes in a couple of hours anyway.

Kari headed back to the van to retrieve a couple of board games that were favorites at the Williams house, and the two families sat around playing for the rest of the evening as the shadows lengthened and the temperature dropped.

When it was too dark to play without extra light, Greg lit the propane lantern to give them another hour or so to continue visiting and playing games.

Eventually they had to go to bed though. Lissa led the rest of the kids back to their own campsite, where Kari, Crystal, and Brit climbed into their tent while Jeff and Lissa climbed into the other one.

Brit and Crystal continued to talk for a while in the tent. Brit noticed that Kari seemed a little restless, even anxious, and wondered what that could mean. But she didn't seem to be mad at the girls for talking, so Brit decided not to worry about it.

After about half an hour, Kari finally spoke up.

"Brit," she said. "There's something I have to do, and it may come as a shock to you."

"What is it?" asked Brit.

"I'm going to go visit your brother."

"Visit? You mean...?"

"I mean have sex with him."

"Oh," said Brit, thinking about what Kari had said.

"I know this is awkward," said Kari. "I was hoping to wait till you went to sleep, but it looks like you and Crystal will be up late talking, so there's no chance to sneak out without you knowing about it."

"It's okay," said Brit. "Look, everyone still treats me like a little kid, but I'm thirteen now. And you already admitted that you've been having sex with him, so why should it bother me that you're doing it now?"

Kari smiled. "You're right, Brit. I'm sorry that I treated you like a kid."

"Don't worry about it," said Brit. "So is Lissa coming back here then?"

"No, Lissa's staying with Jeff and me."

"What?"

"Lissa said she wanted to watch, and I agreed."

"Why would she want to watch? Jeff's her brother."

"I know. I guess she's just curious, that's all."

"Oh. I suppose that's okay then."

"Well, wish me luck," Kari grinned.

"Good luck," Brit and Crystal both said, and Kari slipped out of the tent.

Jeff lay on his back, his big sister curled up next to him with her head on his shoulder and one arm thrown over his chest. They had opened up their sleeping bags and lay them together like they had done on the camping trip a couple of years ago.

The two of them were always affectionate with each other when they were alone together. Jeff really loved his big sister, and was already feeling sad that she would be leaving for college in a few months. So when

Lissa had suggested they sleep together tonight, he was more than happy to accept.

He had wondered for a moment whether she intended to seduce him, and whether he would refuse her or not. He had Kari, of course, but Lissa had been the first one to explore his sexuality with him, and it would have been so nice to bring that to fulfillment. But he would never go behind Kari's back like that, no matter how much he wanted it.

In the end, it was a moot point. After they lay out their sleeping bags, she simply lay down in his arms, making no move to touch him in any sexual way. It was almost disappointing, but at the same time he was relieved that he wouldn't have to tell her no.

"Jeff, I'm going to miss you," she said. "When I leave for college, I mean."

"I feel the same way," he told her. "But I'll see you at Christmas. And next summer, of course."

"I know, but it just won't be the same."

"It's too bad you couldn't have picked a school closer to home. One where you could still live here with us."

"I'll tell you a secret. I picked one far away because I want to start over. I want to throw away the old Lissa and become a different person. Do you remember... Oh, maybe I shouldn't tell you this."

"What?"

"Well, do you remember that night when Rachael babysat us? That night when she stayed with me?"

"Yes."

"Don't take this the wrong way, but when that happened I started to see the world from a different perspective. I'm not talking about as a lesbian, because I'm not. I just mean, I think I've been sheltered all my life, and I got too comfortable. I'm ready to try new experiences."

"I guess that makes sense," he smiled. "I think it will be good for you. Just promise me you'll always love us."

"I will, Jeff."

"Then I promise I'll always love you too."

"Thanks," she said, hugging him tightly.

Suddenly there was a sound at the entrance. Someone was fumbling with the tent flap.

"Who...?" Jeff began, but Lissa put a finger to his lips to silence him.

"It's a surprise for you," she whispered.

"A surprise for me?"

Suddenly, Kari's head appeared in the opening. "What have you two naughty kids been up to?" she whispered with a grin.

"Come on in," Lissa told her. "Jeff, Kari and I plotted this. I told Kari she could spend some quality time with you tonight if I could watch."

"You want to watch?" Jeff gasped.

"Jeff, I love you. I want to have one more intimate moment with you before I leave for school in a couple of months. Since there are certain lines that I know we shouldn't cross, this is the next best thing."

"And you're all right with this?" he asked Kari as she stepped inside and closed up the flap behind her.

"As far as I'm concerned, she can join in if she wants," Kari grinned. "You know me."

Jeff laughed. "Okay, good point."

Jeff sat up, and Kari sat down on his lap, facing him and straddling his hips. For the first few minutes they just hugged and kissed with their clothes on. It was often like this when they made love, at least when they weren't rushed; they liked to take plenty of time to enjoy it. They would usually kiss each other tenderly and enjoy the warmth of each other's bodies through their clothes. It helped to build up the anticipation for when they undressed later.

It was the same tonight. With the adults in the other campsite and all of the kids in on the secret, there was no need to hurry. Sometimes Jeff enjoyed this part of their lovemaking the most of all. He loved kissing Kari, and with their clothes on the erotic nature of the act was kept to a minimum, leaving only the love between them.

Not that he had anything against sex; he enjoyed that part as well. But that was a more physical act, and the pleasure tended to crowd out the emotional parts for him. It was only afterward, in the seconds and minutes following the orgasm, when the pleasure faded, that there was enough room in his emotions for him to really feel his love for her burning strongly again.

Jeff glanced over at Lissa, who knelt on the floor of the tent nearby, a smile on her lips. Apparently she was enjoying the show, despite the fact that nothing had really happened yet.

Kari noticed it too. "Should we give Lissa something to remember?" she asked.

"Absolutely," Jeff agreed.

Kari reached down and grasped the bottom of his tee-shirt, then pulled it up over his head. She then bent

down and kissed him on the chest. Jeff held her to him, enjoying the feel of her lips on his skin. Sometimes she was wild and unrestrained, but this time, it was tender and gentle.

When she pulled back and gazed into his eyes, Jeff knew he could wait no longer. He slipped her shirt up over her head as well. She still wore her swimsuit from earlier in the day, unfortunately, not that that would last long. He kissed her neck and then her shoulder, reaching up to pull down the strap to give him better access. She responded with a contented sigh.

When he reached for the other strap, she giggled. "Now I know how your sister felt when you did this to her," she said.

"Believe me, it wasn't anything like this," Lissa grinned.

Jeff continued to draw the straps downward off her shoulders, watching as the top of her swimsuit folded over to follow the straps down her body, exposing her chest bit by bit. First the tops of her breasts came into view, then her cleavage, then her nipples, and finally they sprang free. He didn't stop until he had her stripped down to her waist, and she pulled her hands out of the straps and wrapped them once more around him.

"So what do you think?" Kari asked Lissa.

"If I were a connoisseur of boobs, I'd say you've got a great pair," Lissa laughed. "But I think Jeff's opinion is more important than mine in this case."

"I have to concur," said Jeff, trying to sound formal. "The overall quality is definitely superior."

"Superior to what, Lissa's?" asked Kari.

"Hey!" Lissa exclaimed, with a laugh.

Jeff slid one of his hands up to her chest and cupped her breast. Kari grinned at him as he began to fondle it gently. She leaned in and kissed him again, and he responded by opening his mouth and letting her tongue slide inside.

She drew back with a sparkle in her eyes. "Stand up," she told him.

Jeff knew what was coming, and he was more than happy to comply. Kari climbed off of his lap to give him room to rise to his feet. Standing in the center of the tent where the ceiling was the highest, he still had to lean over a little, but he didn't mind the awkward position considering how good he was about to feel.

Kari grabbed the waistband of his sweatpants and pulled downward. When she reached his feet, he stepped out of them. Now he stood in only his swimming trunks. Kari reached for these as well, then glanced over at Lissa.

"Looks like your sister wants to see this as much as I do," she commented.



Jeff looked at Lissa, who wore a grin on her face. She shrugged, letting them know she wasn't going to deny it.

With a quick motion, Kari dropped his shorts, revealing his hardened cock. Both girls' eyes lit up with delight upon seeing it.

"So what do you think if *that*?" Kari asked her.

"If I were a connoisseur of cocks, I'd say he's got a great one," Lissa giggled.

"Oh, don't be shy. Admit you like it."

"He's my brother!"

"If he were my brother, I'd be taking advantage of the situation," Kari told her.

"Yeah, that's easy for you to say. You're his girlfriend."

"Hey Kari," said Jeff. "Do you want to show Lissa how you like to take care of me?"

"Why am I not surprised you want to do that?" Kari laughed.

"Can you blame me?"

"Okay. Lissa, take a look at this!" she opened her mouth, leaned forward, and took his dick into her mouth. Immediately she began to suck.

"Oh my god!" Lissa gasped. "I've never seen... I mean..."

"It's called oral sex," Jeff told her.

"I know what it is," Lissa replied. "I just didn't realize that you two were into that."

"It's just too bad we're not going to do it to the end," he said, "or we'd *really* give you something to see. But tonight I want to give her as much pleasure as she gives me. Speaking of which, you'd better stop now Kari, or I'm liable to go off."

Kari drew back and smiled up at him. "On the other hand, we haven't had much chance to be together lately. Do you think maybe you're up for doubles tonight?"

"You bet I am!" Jeff exclaimed.

"Doubles?" asked Lissa.

"Once in my mouth and once in my pussy," Kari explained.

"Are you serious?" Lissa asked, astonished. "You would really let him... I mean... in your mouth?"

"Why not? It tastes so good! You should try it sometime."

"Uh, no thanks," she laughed nervously.

"Your loss," said Kari, then slipped her mouth back over Jeff's cock.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I think I'd better lie down for this. If my strength gives out and I topple over, I could end up pulling the tent down."

Kari nodded, but refused to release him from her mouth. She continued sucking as he slowly went down on his knees, then maneuvered himself onto his back on top of his sleeping bag.

He glanced over at Lissa, who watched the action with a mixture of shock and excitement. Jeff could hardly believe he was getting a blowjob right in front of his sister's eyes!

That thought added to the thrill, and his body began to respond, his hips rising up to push into Kari's mouth. She wrapped her hand around the base to keep him from penetrating too deeply in his enthusiasm. They had learned the hard way that when Jeff got excited like that, he tended to thrust forward a lot. He had accidentally shoved the tip of his cock against the back of Crystal's throat, causing her to choke and spit him out. At the time, it was anything but humorous, especially for Crystal, but afterward they laughed about it. Crystal herself joked that it was payback for the time she had accidentally bitten him.

They decided that because Jeff had no control over himself when he was in that state, they would have to take precautions, hence the hand on the base. Jeff didn't mind, especially when Crystal used her hand to jerk him off into Kari's mouth. Those were some of the best orgasms he had ever had.

With Kari's tongue stimulating him as she sucked, he knew he wouldn't last long. Lissa, surprisingly, lay down on her side, resting her head in one of her hands as she stared at the action. Like this, she was only about a foot away. Jeff could even feel her breath on his cock.

That was enough to do it. "I'm going to cum," he said, as usual giving Kari fair warning. To date, she had never taken her mouth off of his cock when he did so, but he continued to do it anyway to prepare her for the blast.

She gripped him tighter and sucked hard, and the pleasure began to spike. Jeff gripped the ground tightly as his body tensed. He clenched his teeth and forced himself not to release too soon. The longer he held out, he knew, the more intense the climax.

Eventually his body won out over his willpower, and his cock jerked. The first spurt fired into Kari's mouth, and she smiled. The second spurt came, and she hummed in delight. Over and over he released his load, and she swallowed as fast as she could.

It was still a little too much. Some of his cum leaked out of the corners of her lips. It was just a few drops, and as she let his spent cock slip out of her mouth, she scooped them up with a finger.

She brought it to her mouth and stuck out her tongue, but then she suddenly stopped and glanced at Lissa with a gleam in her eye. She held out her hand with the cum-coated finger extended. "Want to try it?" she asked.

Lissa stared at her, and Jeff was shocked to see not revulsion or embarrassment on her face, but nervous excitement. He realized that she was actually considering it!

"I..." she stammered, barely more than a whisper. She glanced down at the finger, then shuddered. A moment later she leaned forward and took Kari's finger in her mouth.

"Oh my god!" Jeff groaned. That sight was so erotic that he almost had another orgasm right there. Lissa glanced over at him with Kari's finger still in her mouth, and giggled.

"Good girl," said Kari. "Now you've really given your brother something to remember you by."

After the fantastic oral sex, Jeff had to rest for a few minutes. Kari took that opportunity to strip the rest of the way out of her clothes, then lay down with her head on his chest. Surprisingly, Lissa lay down on the other side. Even with Lissa's clothes on, it still felt very nice. He loved his sister, and enjoyed these moments of closeness.

They lay together for about ten minutes before Kari reached down and began to stroke his cock again. In their experimenting, she had learned just how to touch him to bring him quickly to full arousal. It did the trick, and soon he was completely hard again.

Jeff wasn't idle during this time either. He had been similarly been working on her pussy. He had become quite an expert at rubbing girls like that, with both Kari and Crystal to work on. He had watched Kari play with herself, and then he had watched Crystal play with Kari. There was a kind of connection there that could only be felt between two girls, since Crystal did to Kari what she would do to herself to give her pleasure. That was the most educational of all; it was one thing to watch Kari stimulate herself, but it was something quite different to watch someone else do it for her. He had copied Crystal's movements until he had learned exactly what Kari needed and how to read her reactions to speed things up or slow them down.

Now she was quite wet, and as his fingers probed into her, he knew that she was ready for him. Jeff kissed her gently and then gazed into her eyes for confirmation. She smiled and nodded.

"So how do you want to do this?" he asked. "I want to give Lissa a good view."

"I have an idea," she replied. "Sit up."

Jeff rose into a sitting position, and at Kari's request spread his knees slightly. Kari then stood over him, straddling his legs. She lowered herself along his body until she knelt over his lap, one leg on each side of his

hips. With a grin, she took his dick in her hands and pointed it up toward her awaiting slit, then lowered herself until the tip brushed against her.

She pressed downward again, and he felt himself slide an inch inside of her. She took a deep breath and smiled, getting used to the feel of it. Then she lowered herself some more, inch by inch until he was all the way in.

"God, that feels wonderful!" she breathed.

"Yes it does," he agreed.

She moved her legs forward until she was no longer kneeling, but sat with her full weight on his lap. That pushed him in the slightest bit more, which only served to increase the pleasure. She slipped her hands onto his shoulder, then brought them together behind his neck, locking her fingers. Then she leaned back, exposing her beautiful torso to his eyes.

"Is that a good enough view for you, Lissa?" she asked.

"Very nice," Lissa replied.

Ever so slowly, Kari began to rock her hips forward and back. It was a wonderful sensation, nowhere near as intense as her mouth but beautiful in its own right. It was a gentle, peaceful rhythm that was just right for his second time that night.

Lissa watched with a smile on her face, obviously enjoying the sight. Jeff wondered what was going through her mind right now. After all, one of the participants was a girl and the other was her brother. Why should she get any kind of enjoyment out of this?

"Do you two mind..." Lissa breathed. "Do you mind if I... take my clothes off too?" she asked.

"Be my guest," Kari told her. "Is that okay with you, Jeff?"

"That's fine," Jeff replied. Actually, he was more than happy to see her naked again. He had thought that today at the swimming hole would be his last opportunity, but this was one more chance. And she had such a nice body.

She quickly slipped out of her clothes. Jeff watched her with delighted interest as she did so, loving the sight of her boobs and pussy as they came into view. She had a very nicely developed body, perhaps above average for a girl her age, not that he had much to compare it with other than the teen porn stars he had seen on the computer. He thought Lissa's body looked even better than theirs, though.

As soon as she removed the last of her clothes, she sat back down on her knees, her hands in her lap. She continued to watch as Kari slowly fucked Jeff.

Although he would have preferred to have Kari's chest up against his, he found that this space between them

opened up some interesting possibilities. He reached up with both of his hands and began to fondle her tits. She cooed in delight as he touched her there, and Jeff grinned. His fingers worked over the nipples, pulling at them and pinching them gently, making them hard to the touch. If there was one part of Kari that he enjoyed the most, it was her breasts. They were so beautiful to look at and fun to play with, especially knowing that she got just as much pleasure out of it as he did, or probably even more.

He was so wrapped up in teasing her body with his hands that he almost didn't notice Lissa moving from her spot beside them. She slipped behind Jeff, and suddenly he felt her body pressed up against his own.

"Lissa, what--" he began, but she cut him off.

"Just relax," she told him, slipping her arms around him and holding him tightly to her.

"She's right, you know," Kari smiled. "There's nothing better than snuggling with two people that you love very much."

Jeff sighed. It did feel nice. With Lissa's warm body against his back and Kari's hot, tight cunt wrapped around his cock, he couldn't believe how wonderful it felt.

Kari began to increase the tempo now, and Jeff recognized that as a sign that she was getting more excited. He wondered if Lissa was doing it to her. He already knew that Kari liked to have sex with Jeff and Crystal at the same time, so maybe it could be generalized to having more than one partner.

Did that mean that Kari was attracted to Lissa? That thought, oddly enough, disturbed him very little. On the contrary, it excited him. Would that one day come to fruition? He could just imagine the two girls locked in a tight embrace as they made passionate love to one another.

His own body was responding to that erotic thought as his hips rose up to thrust into Kari. The two of them moved as one now, their bodies reacting to each other as if guided by a single consciousness. It was always like this with Kari; they had been making love to each other long enough that they no longer consciously reacted to each other's needs, but simply worked together in perfect unison.

She began to moan now, but at a volume only slightly louder than a whisper. She knew she couldn't afford to be any louder than that or their parents might hear. As they continued to make love, it increased in pitch if not volume.

Lissa began to run her hands all over Jeff's chest, massaging him gently. That contact helped to increase the pleasure, and he knew he was getting close to another orgasm. Kari, thankfully, was near her peak as well. Usually if he had already had an orgasm earlier, she would reach her climax first, but he always loved it when they did it together.

He began to gasp in his breaths as he approached the edge. Kari bit down on her lower lip to keep from screaming and he knew she was just about there.

Suddenly, he felt Lissa's hands lowering along his abdomen, down over his stomach and finally slipping between Kari and him. That sudden contact was enough to drive him over the edge. Both Jeff and Kari suddenly grasped each other tightly as their bodies reached orgasm together. His manhood throbbed inside her as her pussy tightened around him in a viselike grip.

They held onto the pleasure for as long as they could, until it began to ebb and their bodies relaxed once more. Jeff kissed Kari tenderly as they held each other close.

"Um... Jeff?" said Lissa.

"Hmm?" he asked.

"Do you mind? My hands are trapped."

Jeff glanced down to see that they were, indeed, caught between Kari's and his bodies. They three of them burst out laughing, and Kari released Jeff and climbed off his lap. Lissa pulled her hands free.

"And now the most important part," said Kari.

"What's that?" asked Lissa.

"The snuggling."

Jeff lay down and Kari rested once more against his chest. Lissa watched them for a second with a hesitant look on her face, then she sighed and lay down also in his arms. They drew up one of the sleeping bags on top of them, and drifted off to sleep.

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## Chapter 29

### First Kiss

While Jeff and Kari were making love, Brit and Crystal sat in the other tent talking.

"Can I ask you something?" said Brit.

"Sure," Crystal smiled.

"Today when we were swimming, when you said you and Jeff had had sex, were you joking?"

"No," Crystal grinned.

"Really?"

"Really," she replied. "I had been lusting after him since he took me on that date. Finally Kari gave in and let me have a turn with him. We've been fucking ever since."

Brit blushed. Crystal knew that she wasn't used to such language, and she was most definitely not used to hearing about sex.

"And what about Kari?" asked Brit. "Does she know?"

Crystal wondered whether she should tell Brit the whole thing, about Kari joining in, about what happened between the two girls afterward. She didn't know how Brit would take it.

In the end, she decided to tell only a part. "Kari watched," she replied.

"Oh my god!" said Brit. "You mean, right in the room with you?"

"Right in the room. She sat in a chair."

"But didn't that bother you?"

"Actually, it made me horny," Crystal grinned, and Brit giggled.

"Anyway, Jeff's great in bed," said Crystal. "He's gentle and sweet, but strong and sexy too."

"Are we talking about the same Jeff?" Brit laughed.

"You may not realize it, but Jeff's really a great guy," Crystal told her. "You should take advantage of it more often."

"What do you mean?"

"When's the last time you hugged him?"

"I don't know. I don't feel like doing it very often."

"Well, that's the problem. Jeff's very nice to hug. He's also nice to snuggle with and talk to, and just be around. You're just too busy fighting with him all the time to let him be nice to you."

"Jeff's never been nice to me," Brit insisted, although she knew it wasn't true. There were those occasional moments when he was kind and gentle, just like Crystal said. But too often the two of them just bickered and argued. It was sad in a way. Crystal was right; sometimes Jeff was nice to hug.

"Well, I just think it's sad that you two don't get along," said Crystal, "because you're missing a great opportunity."

Brit sighed. "Maybe you're right," she conceded. "We've just been fighting so long that we do it automatically, even when we have nothing to fight about. I guess he is kind of nice to be around sometimes."

"Plus he's a great kisser," Crystal mused, more to herself.

Brit giggled. "Okay, that's where I draw the line though."

"So you're telling me you don't harbor any secret fantasies about kissing him?" Crystal grinned.

"Ew!" said Brit. "You're so disgusting, Crystal!"

"I know. But it's so much fun."

"Well, Jeff's the last guy in the whole world I would ever kiss."

"So do you have your eye on someone else? Maybe a boy at school?" asked Crystal. "I'll bet some of them are good kissers too."

"I don't know. After what happened with you and Chad... I guess I'm a little scared."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Crystal sighed. "Brit, can I ask you a personal question?"

"You've already been asking me personal questions," Brit laughed.

"Good point. So you shouldn't mind this one. Have you ever been kissed?"

"If you're not talking about my dad and mom, then no."

"Do you know how?"



"Sure. You just put your lips together."

Crystal laughed. "Yes, that's the basics of it. But it's *how* you do it that's important."

"What do you mean?"

"Well... how can I put this into words? Um... I don't know. It would be easier to show you."

"Too bad Jeff's busy," Brit grinned.

"Yeah. Too bad. But actually, it might be better if I kissed *you*."

"Me?" asked Brit, astonished. "But..."

"But what?"

"But we're both girls!"

"Exactly. So it won't mean anything. If you were a boy and I kissed you, it would mean I was in love with you, or at least that I liked you a whole lot. But since you're a girl, we can go ahead and do it."

"I... I don't know..."

"Come on, Brit. How are you going to learn if you don't practice? I mean, what will happen when you finally meet a boy you like and he wants to kiss you? Don't you think you should learn how to do it first?"

How indeed? Crystal had a very good point. And after all, they were just girls. It just meant they were practicing, not that they liked each other in the same way that girlfriends and boyfriends liked each other. "I guess... I guess you're right," said Brit.

"Come here," said Crystal with a smile, leaning in. Brit took a deep, nervous breath, then brought her head forward.

The two girl's lips touched, and suddenly her nervousness melted away. Crystal was her best friend after all, and it felt so comfortable kissing her. In fact, it actually felt nice.

*This is my first kiss!* she suddenly realized, and that thought filled her with delight. She was glad it was with someone like Crystal, someone she could be comfortable with. The girl was right. If she had waited until she was with a boy she liked, she would be a mass of nerves, probably too shy to go through with it. At least with Crystal she didn't have to feel that way.

The two girls drew apart, perhaps a bit reluctantly. Crystal smiled at her. "See? That wasn't so bad," she said.

"I guess not," replied Brit.

Crystal suddenly grinned, and Brit knew she had something in mind. "Do you want to try something else?" she asked.

"What?" asked Brit.

"Do you want to try French kissing?"

"What's that?" asked Brit. Crystal burst out laughing, but Brit didn't think it was very funny. Seeing the look on her face, Crystal suddenly cut off the laugh.

"You mean you really don't know?" she asked.

"Look, Crystal, you're always teasing me about how I've led a sheltered life and I don't know anything. Okay, I admit it, it's true. Are you satisfied? So just tell me."

"I'll show you instead," said Crystal.

Brit shrugged. The two girls moved in again and pressed their lips together. This time, Crystal opened her mouth and Brit felt something between them pressing against her own lips. With shock, she realized that it was Crystal's tongue!

She jumped back. "What are you doing?" she demanded.

"That's French kissing," Crystal explained.

"But that's so gross!"

"The boys just love it. Jeff especially."

"You mean Jeff really let you do that to him?"

"He does it to me right back. I love it."

Brit considered. While the idea seemed disgusting at first, she imagined what it would feel like to let a boy put his tongue in her mouth, or even better, to put her own tongue in the boy's mouth. It would probably feel quite strange. But if the boys liked it, then maybe it wasn't so bad after all. Maybe she just needed to get used to it.

"We can try again if you want," she said.

"Okay," Crystal grinned. "But you have to open your mouth too this time."

Brit nodded. The two girls leaned in once more. This time, Crystal reached out and gently pulled Brit to her, and their bodies locked in an embrace. Their lips met and both girls opened their mouths. Brit felt Crystal's tongue enter her mouth and touch her own. It felt funny at first, but as Crystal held her there, she realized that

it wasn't bad at all. She stuck out her own tongue, running it all over Crystal's. There was something very personal, very intimate about it. That was probably why people liked it, because it was sharing something that would be gross if done with someone who wasn't at least a good friend. In that way it was a lot like sex, she realized, something else she was inexperienced with. She knew about it on a technical level, but had never experienced it herself.

That was one thing, at least, that Crystal couldn't practice with her. She was surprised that she felt disappointed about that. But there was nothing to be done. One day she would meet a boy who would teach her all about it. Until then, she would have to be patient.

Crystal's body seemed unusually warm, and Brit wondered if she had a fever. From this close she could tell that Crystal's face was flushed, and as they hugged each other she could feel the girl's heart beating quickly in her chest. What was wrong?

Brit broke the kiss and drew back. "Are you okay?" she asked, concerned.

"I'm just fine," Crystal replied in a strange, breathy tone.

"You sure?"

"Why wouldn't I be?"

Brit shrugged. "Okay, if you say so."

Crystal smiled warmly at her. "Is it okay if we try that again?" she asked.

Brit nodded. "Okay," she replied, leaning in again.

The two girls kissed some more, and Brit noticed that Crystal's reaction was the same. She wondered what could be causing that. Was it something to do with the kiss? Inexperienced as she was, she really couldn't tell.

One thing she did know was that she liked it. After her initial discomfort with Crystal's tongue touching her own, she decided that it was actually kind of fun. And with a sweet girl like Crystal to help her experiment, she knew she could just relax and enjoy it.

The hugging was nice too. Especially here in the cold mountain air, the warmth of her friend's body against her own soothed her. The two girls were practically sitting in each other's laps, arms wrapped around each other. She had decided to practice with Crystal in order to be ready when a boy wanted to do this with her, but right now, that was the furthest thing on her mind. She thought it would be nice just to keep kissing Crystal like this.

That thought suddenly alarmed her, and she pulled back. What was she thinking? She wasn't supposed to be enjoying it *that* much! They were both girls after all.

Crystal stared at her for a minute, noting the look of concern on Brit's face. Then she sighed.

*It's too bad, she thought, that Brit's not interested in girls.*

Brit had stopped the kissing a little earlier than Crystal had hoped. It felt wonderful and exciting, but unfortunately Brit was too reserved to let herself really enjoy it. There was no love there, just an uneasy and reluctant willingness to experiment. Perhaps Brit had sensed that Crystal was having too much fun, or perhaps she felt guilty, or perhaps she just didn't like it. For whatever reason, Brit had pulled away, leaving Crystal unsatisfied.

She decided to just let it go, despite wanting to continue. The two girls immediately returned to talking and laughing, as if the kissing had never happened. To see them now, one would have no idea that they had just been smooching a few minutes ago. Crystal caught herself staring at Brit several times as the two girls talked. She had been friends with Brit for a year now, but in these past few months, things had begun to change. It wasn't noticeable, at least to anyone except Crystal, but ever since that first time the two Williams sisters had made love, Crystal had begun to think of girls differently.

Brit was a very pretty girl, and very fun to be with. She was a little naive at times, but that was all part of her charm. Crystal liked how Brit looked, with her long, blond hair, big blue eyes, and little pouty lips that Crystal now knew were very nice to kiss. The boys at school were starting to notice her, which sometimes made Crystal jealous. Brit was *her* friend.

"You know, Brit," said Crystal, "I'm glad you're my friend."

"Just because it gives you an excuse to go after my brother," Brit laughed.

"I'm serious, Brit. I like you. Just like Jeff, you're fun to be around."

"Thanks," smiled Brit. "I like you too."

"Plus it gives me an excuse to go after your brother," Crystal grinned.

Brit laughed again. "Exactly," she said. "Crystal, did you really have sex with him?"

"I told you I did, didn't I?"

"And that wasn't a joke?"

"No it wasn't."

"But..." Brit began, then stopped.

"What?" asked Crystal.

"Well... I saw Jeff's thing this afternoon."

"His dick?"

"Um, yeah. Wouldn't it be too big? I mean, if you're anything like me, it wouldn't fit."

Crystal almost burst out laughing. Brit really didn't understand.

"You have to loosen it up first," Crystal replied.

"Loosen it up?"

"Yeah, like when you play with yourself."

Brit blushed again. "I don't play with myself," she insisted. "That's dirty."

"And it's so much fun."

"But... I mean..."

"Brit, do you mean to tell me you've never touched yourself like that?" asked Crystal.

Brit shook her head.

"Oh," said Crystal. Then she had a wonderful idea. "Do you want me to show you how?" she asked.

Brit's eyes grew wide. "That's gross!" she said.

"No it isn't," Crystal insisted. "It feels really good. I take it you've never had an orgasm either."

Again she shook her head.

"Well once you do, you'll be addicted, just like I am. I'll show you."

"You don't have to!" Brit hurriedly said, but Crystal wasn't about to pass up this opportunity. The thought of stimulating herself with Brit watching excited her beyond belief. Maybe Brit would want Crystal to teach her. Maybe the two girls would do it together. Maybe that would lead to something more. That thought drove her crazy with lust.

Crystal made up her mind then. Perhaps not tonight, but one of these days, she would seduce Britney Primdale!

With that thought in mind, she pulled her tee-shirt over her head, then unfastened her shorts and slipped them off. Then she grasped the straps of her swimsuit and pulled them down, finally lifting her legs and letting the garment come free. There she sat, naked, in front of Brit.

She could see the girl sneaking glances at her body, and it felt good. She wondered if Brit had any lesbian

tendencies. More likely, Brit didn't even know anything about that.

Crystal decided to have fun with her. "So what do you think of my boobs?" she asked with a grin.

"Ew!" said Brit, turning away.

"Ew?" Crystal repeated. "What's wrong with my boobs? Jeff really likes them."

"There's nothing wrong with them," Brit said.

"So you think they're pretty?"

"I don't know."

"Tell you what. Why don't you show me yours, and we'll compare."

"No way!"

"Brit," said Crystal. "There's nothing wrong with showing me your body. We're both girls after all. It would be wrong if one of us were a boy, but we're not."

"Well..." said Brit, hesitantly. That was a good sign. At least she was considering it.

"Don't be embarrassed, Brit," Crystal soothed. "Haven't you ever been curious about how your body compares to other girls' bodies?"

"I've seen other girls, in the shower after P.E. class for instance."

"But you haven't taken a nice, long look, have you? So you don't really know. Come on. It's perfectly okay. Kari and I have done it. So it's no big deal, really."

"Okay," Brit sighed. Crystal watched in eager anticipation as Brit pulled her shirt off over her head, then took off her shorts as well. That left only her swimsuit.

A little sheepishly, she slipped her swimsuit off. Crystal tried not to stare or show her delight as the girl's body came into view.

Her breasts were little more than swellings on her chest, but that was what made them so cute. They were nice and perky, with beautiful nipples. Crystal had a sudden strong desire to reach out and feel them. She wanted to run her hands all over Brit's body, to tickle and massage and tease her, to kiss her on her lips and neck and chest, to slip her nipples into her mouth and suck on them.

Then she glanced down between Brit's legs, and her excitement spiked. Brit's pussy was small and nearly hairless. The little hair that she had was light in color, though not quite as light as that on the top of her head. Crystal's was quite a bit darker, though part of that was due to the fact that she had more. Brit was just

starting to develop after all.

Her little slit was just a line, closed up tightly with not even a trace of her clitoris at the top. Crystal would love to change that, to rub her and lick her and bring the little bud out of its hiding place, out in the open where she would stimulate it to the ultimate pleasure.

She knew, however, that she couldn't afford to go too fast. The last thing she needed was to scare Brit off. No matter how much she wanted to make love to her friend tonight, she realized that it would take weeks, or even months, of work to bring her around.

Still, she could have at least a little bit of fun tonight.

"See? That wasn't so bad, was it?" asked Crystal.

"No, I guess not," Brit replied.

"Okay, now let's see... I think my boobs are a little bigger than yours." With that, she put her hands to her chest and cupped her tits in them, staring down. "Of course, that doesn't mean anything right now. We'll check our progress again in a couple of years. Besides, I think Jeff secretly likes small boobs."

Brit giggled, perhaps still a little nervously but at least willing to find humor in the situation.

"Neither of us compare to Kari in the boob department, though," Crystal grinned.

"And even Kari doesn't compare to someone like Allison," Brit responded.

"Have you ever seen her boobs?"

"No. But it's obvious when she wears tank tops or even tee-shirts sometimes."

"Especially wet tee-shirts," Crystal laughed, and Brit joined in.

"So anyway, you wanted me to show you how to play with yourself," Crystal commented.

"*You're* the one who wanted to show me," Brit insisted.

"Oh yeah." Crystal lay back on her sleeping bag and put a hand between her legs.

"You don't have to do that!" Brit exclaimed.

"What's wrong?" asked Crystal. "Aren't you curious?"

"Well... It's kind of embarrassing."

"Why? I'm the one doing it, not you. Just watch, Brit. I'll show you how it's done, then you can try it."

"I'm not going to try it!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, you're no fun. Well, at least you can watch me, then you can do it some other time when you're alone."

Crystal let her hand rub up and down her slit, very slowly at first. She gazed up at Brit, imagining what it would feel like to have her do it for her. That thought made her shudder in delight.

"What was that?" asked Brit, sensing the motion.

"Just a naughty thought," Crystal replied. "When you play with yourself, you should always have a naughty thought in mind. It makes it so much better."

Her hand on her pussy and those erotic images of Brit in her mind made her wet in no time. She spread her legs even wider, and this time her knee made contact with Brit's. That simple touch was enough to drive her wild. It was just their legs, but it did mean that their naked bodies were actually touching!

She started to moan as she touched herself. She wanted so much to close her eyes, but at the same time, she wanted to keep staring at her friend. The young girl was absolutely beautiful. Crystal wanted to hug her and kiss her and lay her down on the bed and make love to her.

That would have to wait for another night, though. She knew how innocent Brit was; it wouldn't do to hurt her just for the sake of one night of pleasure. And there was no guarantee that it would even work out; more likely she would scare the girl off and make her an enemy rather than a lover. Crystal decided to be patient with it. Her own hand, or her sister, or her sister's boyfriend, would have to satisfy her needs for now.

She let her fingers spread her lips, opening her up to Brit's view. The girl continued to watch, her eyes momentarily growing wide at the sight. Crystal loved to see that look of surprise on her face. Amazingly, there was no revulsion or disgust there, only curiosity.

"You see, Brit?" asked Crystal. "When you get excited, your pussy gets wet. It helps the dick slide inside."

"Oh my god," Brit whispered.

"And you loosen up a lot. It's still a tight fit, especially with a guy like Jeff and a girl like me, but that makes it all the more pleasurable."

"Oh," said Brit. "I suppose... I suppose that makes sense."

Crystal had a sudden surge of boldness. "Here, I'll show you," she said. She reached over and grabbed Brit's hand.

"What are you doing?" Brit demanded.

"Feel it," Crystal told her.



"I'm not going to feel it!" insisted Brit. "That's gross!"

Crystal released her. "Oh, all right," she said. "Well, why don't you feel yourself then? Just do what I'm doing and you'll know what it feels like."

"I don't know..." Brit mumbled.

"Come on, Brit. I promise I won't tell anyone. This will be our little secret."

"I don't think I can."

"Don't you trust me?"

"Sure I trust you. I just... I don't feel right about it."

"Look, why don't you just try it for a few minutes. If you don't like it, you can stop."

Brit stared at her for a second, then she took a deep breath and nodded. She lay down on her own sleeping bag and spread her legs.

Now their legs overlapped, and Crystal nearly jumped at the contact as Brit's upper leg ended up on top of her own. Brit's legs were silky smooth, and very nice to the touch. It took all of Crystal's self-control to keep from reaching out and touching them right there.

She watched in fascination as Brit put her hand between her legs. The girl began to rub, but with stiff fingers and mechanical movements.

"No, not like that," Crystal said. "You have to relax. Remember, you're doing this to feel good. Be gentle with yourself, the way you would want your boyfriend to be. Watch me."

Brit glanced down between Crystal's legs as Crystal continued to rub herself. Brit started up again, but with a much softer and more natural motion than before.

"Very nice," Crystal commented in delight, loving the sight of this gorgeous little girl pleasuring herself.

"What?" asked Brit.

"I mean, very good," said Crystal. "That's the way to do it. How does it feel?"

"Well... I don't know..."

"At least tell me whether it feels good."

"Okay. It feels good."

"Are you getting wet?"

"Um... yeah."

"Good. Now close your eyes and imagine a big, strong hunk of a guy putting his dick inside of you."

Brit shuddered, and Crystal grinned. Apparently the mental image had done its job.

"Wow!" said Brit. "You're right. Having a naughty thought really does work."

"You bet it does," Crystal said.

Brit needed no encouragement after that. Her breathing began to grow heavier as her hand continued to stimulate herself. Her other hand unconsciously went to one of her boobs and she pinched her nipple between her thumb and forefinger. Crystal was tempted to do the same for her other nipple, but restrained herself out of fear of the girl's reaction.

*Some other night*, she told herself again.

Brit's body was starting to respond to the stimulation. Her hips were moving of their own accord. Crystal watched in erotic fascination. What if Brit had her first orgasm tonight? What if Crystal was there to witness it? She was sure it wouldn't happen; Crystal hadn't achieved orgasm until she had masturbated several times. A girl's body had to get used to the sensation before it would surrender itself to the pleasure like that.

Crystal, however, had no such problem. In fact, as she watched her friend fondling herself in bed next to her, the pleasure began to mount in her own body. Her breaths were coming in gasps now and she knew she wouldn't last long.

Without even thinking about it, she reached out and grabbed Brit's hand, pulling it away from her breast. She moved it down in the space between them and held it firmly. Brit opened her eyes and glanced over in surprise at Crystal, who was nearly at her peak.

Her body locked up and she squeezed Brit's hand tightly. She shut her eyes and opened her mouth, but through sheer willpower managed to hold back the scream that would undoubtedly wake everyone in the camp. She felt her body spasming as she exploded into her climax, waves of pleasure spreading out from her hips to fill her whole body. She felt light-headed and dizzy as her other senses shut down, overwhelmed by the extreme pleasure.

It lasted only a few seconds, then began to ebb. Crystal let out the tension in her body, sighing out the breath that she had been holding. She let herself relax, but she continued to grasp her friend's hand as exhaustion overtook her.

She turned her head to the side and smiled weakly at Brit, who was staring at her in astonishment.

"Was that... was that an orgasm?" she asked.

Crystal nodded.

"And that's what will happen to me if I keep doing this?"

Crystal nodded again. "It's the most wonderful feeling in the world," she said. "Of course, it's even better when someone else causes it."

"Like Jeff?" asked Brit.

"Exactly."

Brit continued to watch her for a while longer, no longer stimulating her own body. It made Crystal wonder what she was thinking. Was Brit thinking how nice it would be to let Crystal do it for her? No, probably not. The thought had probably never occurred to her to do it with another girl.

"So are you done then?" asked Crystal.

"I suppose so," replied Brit. "I don't think I could have an orgasm with someone watching."

"Not the first time, anyway," Crystal grinned. "But once you're used to it, you'd be amazed at how much it helps the mood." She yawned and stretched. "I'm tired," she commented. "An orgasm takes a lot out of you."

"So do you want to go to sleep now?" asked Brit.

"Yes," Crystal replied. "Would you do me a favor?"

"What?"

"Let's open up our sleeping bags and put them together. Then we can sleep in the same bed. It would be nice and warm that way."

Brit gazed at her with a puzzled expression for a minute, then shrugged. "Okay," she said. "I guess that would be all right. We're just girls after all."

"Just girls," Crystal repeated. She sat up just long enough to open and spread out her sleeping bag, then lay down again. Brit lay next to her, and the girls drew up the other sleeping bag as a cover. Crystal rolled over, then leaned in and gave Brit a kiss on the cheek.

"You're my best friend," she said.

"Thanks," Brit replied, blushing.

Crystal closed her eyes and smiled. *Not tonight*, she decided. *Tonight we'll just sleep in each other's arms.* That would have to be good enough for now. There would be other opportunities, slumber parties and sleepovers. She would continue to work on Brit, slowly and gradually. And then one night the two of them

would become lovers.



## Chapter 30

### The Loss of a Sister

Brit woke up early in the morning to a pleasant sensation. She lay with her eyes closed for a while, just enjoying it. Finally, as sleepiness fled from her, she opened her eyes to discover just what felt so good. She lay on her back, and Crystal had rolled over on top of her, the girl's head on Brit's chest. Crystal's body felt warm and soft against her own.

It was a little embarrassing though, since they were both nude. She tried to gently push Crystal off of her without waking her, but unfortunately, it didn't work. Crystal's eyes opened. She stared around groggily, they glanced up at Brit and smiled at her.

"Morning already?" she asked.

"Yep," Brit replied. "I'm going to get dressed."

"Do you have to?" Crystal whined. "Can't we just lie here for a few more minutes? It feels so nice."

"Crystal, we're both naked!"

"That's okay, because we're both girls, remember?"

Brit sighed. Crystal did have a point. It would be different if one of them was a boy, but this was all right. Still, she felt a little uncomfortable about the whole thing.

"I think it's time we got up," she insisted.

Crystal gave a little groan of disappointment, but she rolled off of Brit. The girls hurriedly threw on their clothes for the day, then Brit unzipped the tent opening and stepped outside into the cool mountain air. She yawned and stretched.

Crystal followed her, then headed over to the tent where Jeff, Lissa, and Kari slept.

"Knock knock," she said.

"Don't come in. We're not decent," Kari's voice replied.

"Well, you'd better hurry and get decent," Crystal said. "The grownups aren't awake yet, but they have a perfect view of this campsite once they get up. Imagine Dad's reaction if he sees you coming out of Jeff's tent."

There was the sudden sound of scrambling inside the tent, and both Brit and Crystal began to giggle.

Kari did make it out of the tent before the adults, and so did Jeff and Lissa. They headed over to the picnic table and huddled together for warmth, talking and joking until Allen, Greg, and Allison emerged from their tents. Ten minutes later they had a nice campfire going, and they all stood around it eating oatmeal and drinking hot chocolate.

After breakfast, Jeff and Kari decided to go explore one of the nearby trails. Greg told them to be back by lunch time, so they agreed and headed away from the camp before Brit and Crystal could ask to come with them. Jeff and Kari wanted some time alone.

They hiked about a mile and found a nice open meadow to rest in. By that time, the chill of the morning had burned off, so they lay down in the sunlight and just held each other for a while, hugging and kissing until it was time to head back.

They arrived back at camp just as their parents finished fixing lunch. Everyone ate, then most of them headed back to their tents for a quick nap.

Later, they all went back to the swimming hole to cool off. This time, unfortunately, Greg and Allen joined them, which kept the horseplay to a minimum. On the other hand, Allison decided to swim too, which certainly brightened up Jeff's day. He loved to see her in a swimsuit.

Crystal and Brit still pounced on everyone and tried to dunk them, which was fun of course, and innocent enough with their suits on that neither Greg nor Allen tried to discourage it. In fact, Brit even included Greg in the fun, and Crystal included Allen. Both of them were caught off their guard by their daughters and ended up being pushed under, to everyone's amusement.

They spent some time drying off in the sun after that, then headed back to break camp. This time Greg had to get back to work on Monday so they couldn't stay an extra night.

Brit and Kari traded places once more for the drive home, which suited Jeff just fine. He kept his arm around Kari for the whole trip. It was a shame when they pulled into the Williams' driveway to drop her off and retrieve Brit, but Kari said she would ask her dad if Crystal and she could visit Jeff and Brit the next day.

When Allen went off to basketball camp a couple of weeks later, that gave Jeff a perfect opportunity to spend time alone with Kari and Crystal. At first Greg was reluctant to let him go visit them without a chaperone, but Jeff convinced him that there wasn't much chance for him to get into any trouble with Kari while her little sister was there. It was a complete lie of course; he planned to get in a *lot* of trouble with Kari, and Crystal too, for that matter.

Despite the fact that she loved having sex with him, Crystal insisted that he bring Brit over every other time. She still felt a little guilty about spending so much time with Jeff and not as much time with her best friend.

Jeff was happy to oblige her. Brit was surprisingly accommodating; when Kari asked if the younger girls would leave Jeff and her alone for a while, Brit and Crystal headed outside to play. Sometimes Jeff and Kari would have sex during these times, sometimes they would just hug and kiss and maybe grope each other a little, and sometimes they would just sit and talk. Their relationship had matured to the point that there was no longer any rush to go to bed together; while they enjoyed it of course, it was more important just to be near each other.

Sometimes Kari and Crystal visited the Primdale house as well. They often spent their time out back in the pool just like the previous summer. Jeff loved to swim with the girls, especially with Brit and Crystal acting so flirtatious. He liked it when Crystal jumped on his back, because he could feel the soft curves of her body through her suit.

Strangely enough, he felt similarly when Brit did it to him. Ever since the campout, he had been noticing her body more and more, especially when she wore a swimsuit. She had become a beautiful girl, despite still being a brat. He didn't let those feelings bother him; there was nothing wrong with thinking his little sister was pretty, and even sexy. It didn't mean he was going to act on it.

Sometimes Kari and Brit would trade places for a day; Kari would visit Jeff while Brit visited Crystal. Greg insisted they never do it the other way around while Allen wasn't home; he didn't like the idea of Jeff and Kari alone in the same house together without a chaperone.

That didn't stop them from having fun, though. After Lissa left for work in the afternoons, there were over two hours before Greg returned home, with only Allison, Jeff, and Kari in the house, and Allison turned out to be just as open to joining them when they made love as she had been the previous summer. She stayed true to her promise of never letting Jeff see her naked, and she limited her sexual contact with him to putting her hand on his cock, and she never gave him an orgasm alone; it was always with Kari's help. In that way, she could at least claim that it wasn't her that had done it.

Jeff's sixteenth birthday meant a new kind of freedom; the first thing he did was go down to the DMV and get his driver's license. Having the license meant he didn't have to depend upon other people to go where he wanted. It also meant that he could take Kari out without having to be chauffeured by Allison, Greg, or worse, Allen.

Of course, he still had to borrow one of the family vehicles. Greg told him that he was willing to buy Jeff a car just as soon as he found himself an after-school job, but Jeff wasn't in any hurry. Allison was more than happy to let Jeff borrow her car any time he wanted, and getting a job would mean spending less time with Kari and Crystal.

Greg did tell Jeff that he was not to drive at any time when there was no adult at home. He wanted to make sure if there were any problem with the car, for instance an accident, a breakdown, or having it towed, that Jeff would be able to call home and get hold of them right away. Jeff thought that was reasonable.

With only a couple of months left before she had to leave, Lissa spent as much time with her family as possible. She would often play games with Jeff and Brit when they were both around. When Brit visited Crystal however, Jeff and Lissa would just sit and talk. For some reason, he found that to be one of the most enjoyable things to do with her.

She often visited him in his room at night. They lay on the bed together talking, sometimes into the early morning hours. Once, she even fell asleep like that, and spent the night in his bed with him.

That didn't mean there was anything sexual between them. After the camping trip, their relationship was strictly a brother-sister love, albeit a strong one. They talked about what had happened in the tent, and both of them had come to the same conclusion: that even though they were nude, what they had done was merely intimate, not sexual. Jeff and Kari had had sex. Jeff and Lissa had not.

Jeff had a dilemma that summer. While he wanted to spend as much time with Lissa before she left, he also wanted to be with Kari. It seemed like every day he had to choose between them. Usually he visited Kari on the days when Lissa wasn't going to be around much, such as when their dad and stepmom took her shopping for luggage.

Sometimes, though, he just felt like going over to the Williams house, especially when he knew Allen wouldn't be around. Often when Lissa found herself alone with Brit and Allison, the two sisters would go out to the studio, where Brit would draw another fantastical picture of her. By now Lissa had been turned into fairies, sorceresses, angels, princesses, and even a witch or two.

One day after Brit had finished drawing her, Allison stopped by. She took a look at the picture on the easel and smiled. This time, Lissa had been turned into a mermaid, sitting on a rock with a sunset over the ocean behind her and her golden tresses strategically covering her breasts in the traditional fashion with mermaid pictures.

"Absolutely beautiful," she commented. "I love to come out here where I can be surrounded by your fantasies, Brit. You're such a great artist."

"It helps that I have a good model," Brit grinned, and Lissa smiled at her.

"I don't mind posing for someone with the talent to make me look great," Lissa replied. "I think what's happening is that Brit's imagination is too big to be contained by her mind, so it's overflowing and spilling out into her hand, and out through the pencil onto the paper."

"That's exactly it," Brit grinned.

"Well, it's too bad I can't stay longer, because I'd love to see what else you can come up with, but I have to get ready to go to work. Why don't you draw Allison this time? I'll bet she'd make a great mermaid."

"Maybe some other time," Brit responded. "My hand's getting sore from drawing all day."



"Okay. I'll see you two tonight," said Lissa, then slipped out the door.

"You know, that's the first time I've seen you draw a mermaid," Allison commented.

"It's because they're usually topless or have a shell bikini," Brit explained with a laugh. "I guess I'm not comfortable drawing naked or nearly naked girls."

"Well that won't do," said Allison.

"What do you mean?"

"If you're ever going to be a serious artist, you're going to have to learn to do nudes."

"Nudes?" asked Brit, starting to turn red.

"There's nothing to be embarrassed about," Allison told her. "It's a very legitimate subject in art. The human body is fascinating. The subtleties of shape, the beauty, and even sometimes the ugliness."

"But... isn't that... dirty?"

"Not a bit. If you'd like, I could buy you a few books on the subject."

"You mean like dirty magazines?"

Allison laughed. "Brit, there's a difference between art and pornography. Not that pornography doesn't have its place. Look, next time I'm out shopping I'll stop by the book store and get you some books so you can start reading through them."

"But what if Dad finds out I have them?"

"We can solve that problem easily. I'll ask his permission first. All right?"

Brit nodded. "I suppose that would be okay."

"Good. While we're on the subject of nudes, I have a great idea. Probably the best way to start is with photography. First so you can get used to having a nude model in front of you, and second so that you can ignore the form and concentrate first on the pose. It will help you develop an eye for the lighting especially."

Brit laughed. "Where am I going to get a nude model?" she asked.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? When I was in college I helped pay my way by working as a nude model for a professional photographer."

"Really?" Brit gasped. It wasn't that it surprised her; it was more that Allison wasn't joking about doing nude photography in the first place.

"I think he worked for an offshoot of *Lecher* Magazine. Anyway, that was a while ago, but I still don't mind taking my clothes off if you'd like to take some pictures."

"I don't know..." mumbled Brit. The idea was strangely compelling, but also a little embarrassing.

"Come on, it will be fun," Allison grinned.

Brit nodded. She quietly headed back to her office, where her camera sat on one of the desks. Allison grabbed the tripod from the corner and set it up. After mounting the camera on it, the two girls moved the screen and the couch into place.

By this time, Brit had learned enough about lighting that she was able to position the lamps herself. As she did so, Allison began to undress. Brit tried to avoid looking at her as she did so, but Allison noticed her averting her eyes, and laughed.

"There's no need to be embarrassed about seeing me without my clothes on," she said. "You're going to have to look at me in order to take the pictures anyway."

"I know. It's just that... well, for one thing, I've never seen you nude before. And I'm just not used to it."

"Don't you shower with other girls after P.E. in school?" asked Allison.

"Well, yes, but that's different."

"Why?"

"For one thing, they're all my own age. They're not fully developed, grown women. And for another, I don't take pictures of them."

Allison laughed again. "Yes, that's usually frowned upon in junior high locker rooms."

Brit giggled. Allison always knew just how to lighten up any situation.

"Well, let's just get it over with," said Allison, as she removed the last of her clothing. "Go ahead and take a nice, long look at me. Then there will be no need to be embarrassed any more."

Brit gazed at her stepmother, who spread her arms wide and smiled. She really did have a beautiful body, Brit realized, not that she had much basis for comparison. As Brit had mentioned, she had only seen the bodies of younger girls before. In fact, Lissa was the oldest girl she had seen naked.

She noticed something else strange. Allison had no hair between her legs. Brit wondered about that. Was it some kind of medical condition? Did she shave it off for some reason? Brit knew from personal experience that when girls reached her age they began to grow hair down there; she herself had a little. So probably Allison had deliberately shaved it off.

Brit decided not to ask about it. It was Allison's choice, so why should Brit second-guess it?

"So do you want to direct the poses, or should I just have fun with it?" asked Allison.

"I'm no expert," said Brit. "Why don't you go ahead and do what you want?"

"Okay," Allison grinned. She sat down on the couch, then half-reclined on her side, facing the camera. She bent her top leg slightly, bringing it forward and down over the other one so that the knee just barely touched the cushion. She supported her upper body with an arm on the armrest of the couch, and placed her other arm at her side, her hand resting on her hip. She wore a slight smile on her face as she stared directly at the camera. The pose was simple and natural, perhaps a little sexy but at the same time very innocent.

Brit adjusted the lighting just a little and had Allison lift her chin slightly, then snapped a picture. She nearly giggled at the thought that she had just done something she had never done before. She had taken a photograph of a naked woman.

Allison raised one of her arms and put her hand behind her head. The slight contortion of her body made her chest stick out just a little, causing it to look a bit fuller than it really was. This pose was somehow sexier than the last one while still maintaining a degree of innocence. "Artistic" was the word that seemed to come to Brit's mind, and now she could see what Allison meant by the difference between art and pornography. These poses were designed to show off the natural beauty of the human body without intending to be arousing. Perhaps it was slightly erotic, or more precisely, it would be slightly erotic if Brit weren't a girl. She could definitely understand how Jeff might be turned on by it though.

After she took the picture, Allison sat up and glanced around. "Let's see..." she said. She glanced over at the desk.

"Would you mind bringing me that book?" she asked Brit, pointing to a paperback that Brit had been reading earlier that day.

Wondering what Allison had in mind, Brit went over and retrieved it, then came back and handed it to her stepmother. Allison lay down on her back, her head propped up on the armrest of the couch and her hair spilling down over the side. She opened the book and gazed down at the pages as if reading it, then lifted one of her knees. It was a nice, relaxed position, and one that wouldn't have been arousing in the least were she wearing clothes. But without them, there was a certain erotic quality to it. Now Brit was beginning to understand a little bit about the irony of nude art. Innocent poses could sometimes be every bit as sexy, if not more so, than lewd or vulgar displays. There was something definitely appealing about the subtle sexuality of a beautiful woman in a relaxed, serene atmosphere like this.

After Brit took this next picture, Allison sat back up and handed the book back to her. Brit set it down on the desk and came back. Allison had taken her next pose. This time she sat up straight with her arms spread out along the back of the couch, with one leg crossed over the other. She had pulled her hair to the side and over her shoulder, a look that Brit thought was very pretty. The demure pose of her legs contrasted the open and almost inviting posture of her upper body. Brit took the next picture, starting to enjoy herself.

"So when you posed before, you know, in college," she said, "was it like this? I mean, was it just innocent poses like these ones?"

Allison smiled. "No," she said.

"Oh," said Brit, unsure how to take that response.

"Brit," said Allison, "I know you don't like to be told that you're too young, but the truth is, I don't feel comfortable discussing the details with you. At least, not until you're a little older. Don't get me wrong, I never did any hardcore pornography. Most of the pictures were like these ones, with a slight difference that I don't want to go into right now. Do you mind?"

"I guess not," Brit replied, a little disappointed.

"Thanks."

Allison tried out several other poses for Brit, keeping them all very clean. Brit no longer had any hesitation about photographing her stepmother nude. It was actually rather fun. She wondered whether she could get Crystal to do it for her some time. That thought actually did make her giggle. Knowing Crystal, she would probably love to do it.

After finishing the photo shoot, Brit came and sat down next to Allison on the couch, running through the pictures on the viewfinder on her camera. Allison critiqued each one, telling what she liked about it and what she didn't. Not surprisingly, Brit had done an excellent job with the framing and composition. Allison had taught her quite a lot about photography as a supplement to her drawing.

"Maybe next time, you'd like to be the one to pose," Allison suggested.

"Oh, I couldn't!" Brit said, blushing.

"Why not? You could see it's no big deal. And I'll bet you would make an excellent subject."

"But... what if someone saw those pictures?" she asked.

"We'll use your camera, so you'll have complete control over them. If you want to erase them afterward, that's fine. I just think it would be fun, that's all."

"Well, we'll have to see," said Brit. Now that Allison had brought it up, Brit wondered what it would feel like to pose nude in front of a camera like that. She shuddered at the thought of it, partly out of nervousness, but partly because the thought excited her. With someone like Allison, it might not be so bad. Allison was warm and friendly, and would keep the atmosphere professional. On the other hand, it would also be fun to do it with Crystal. She had already taken her clothes off in front of her best friend after all. Crystal would make all kinds of crude or naughty jokes, but on the other hand, it would all be in fun.

"Thanks, Brit," said Allison, as she rose to her feet, still naked.

"For what?"

"It feels good to do that again. I haven't done it in at least five years."

"You mean you actually *like* taking your clothes off for the camera?"

"Sure," Allison smiled. "It feels liberating to go naked like that. If not for Jeff being here, I'd probably run around naked all day."

Brit laughed. That would be a sight to see.

"You know, your father is good with a camera," commented Allison. "I wonder if I can get him to come out here and borrow your studio some time when you're not around."

"You naughty girl!" Brit teased.

"It's fun to be naughty with Greg," Allison winked, reaching for her clothes.

Later that day, Brit transferred the pictures to her computer. She decided to use them for reference, possibly turning Allison into a mermaid. That first pose would be perfect for that. She figured she might as well go all out; this time she wouldn't leave the boobs covered.

Of course, that picture wouldn't go up on the wall. She would keep it in a drawer in her desk, where she kept all of her embarrassing mistakes. She couldn't quite bring herself to throw them away, because she sometimes liked to go back and look at them again to compare with her recent drawings to see just how far she had come since then.

With preparations for the Hawaii trip coming up, there were no more opportunities for Allison to pose for Brit, nude or otherwise. About a week before the trip, Greg gave Jeff and Brit some good news; he had already made arrangements for Allen Williams to watch them for the duration of the trip. The kids would stay at the Williams house the whole time. That meant Jeff would have to sleep on the couch of course; there were no spare bedrooms, and since Brit would be sleeping with Crystal, there would be no way to have Kari move in with her little sister temporarily to free up a room.

Jeff didn't mind at all. He remembered that the couch in the front room was very comfortable. Of course, he usually had Kari on top of him when he lay on it, which could make *any* couch comfortable.

They all packed their bags the day before the trip, since they had to get up early in the morning in order to make their flight. They got to bed early to get a good night's sleep.

The next morning, they threw their bags in the van, then drove to the Williams house. Kari and Crystal met them at the door with grins on their faces. Greg helped unload Brit's and Jeff's bags, then after a quick word with Allen, he returned to the van, waved goodbye, and drove off with Allison and Lissa to the airport.

Despite having no opportunity for sex, Jeff enjoyed himself that week. He never got tired of spending time with Kari, and now that he was with her from early morning until the time they went to bed at night, he was in a great mood. Not even Brit's teasing bothered him. Of course, whenever Crystal was around the teasing was more flirtatious than malicious, or he might not have been so pleased. Plus, when Kari suggested that Jeff and she give the girls plenty of things to tease them about, he was more than happy to take her up on the offer. Between the kissing, the hugging, the holding hands, the wrestling, and the back rubs, there was no shortage of fodder for the girls' jokes.

The nice thing was that Allen didn't seem to mind Jeff getting friendly with his daughter. He had already told Jeff that he approved of their relationship, and had even implied that it would be okay for Jeff to have sex with her. Still, Jeff tried not to get too physical whenever her father was in the room.

A week later, the three older Primdales arrived in the van to pick up Jeff and Brit and take them home. It was a shame to leave, but it didn't mean he wouldn't see Kari and Crystal again, just that he wouldn't be sleeping in the same house.

Because Lissa had turned eighteen in Hawaii, she hadn't had a birthday party, so the family threw her a late one the day after they got back. One thing that everyone was happy about was that since her birthday was during the summer, she would probably have at least a couple more at home where her family could celebrate it with her.

That left about a month before Lissa had to leave, and for some reason, that month went by far too quickly. As the day approached, Jeff found himself wishing she didn't have to go. He had known it would have to happen eventually, but that didn't mean he had to like it. He had known her all his life, so it was like losing a part of himself.

His gloom was tempered by an announcement from Allison. She had just gotten off the phone with her sister Rachael, who would be riding back with Greg and Allison after dropping off Lissa. Rachael would spend two weeks at the Primdales' home. That got Jeff excited as he considered the possibilities.

Brit brought up the point that they had been planning to go camping the weekend after Lissa left, but Allison said that although Rachael wasn't a big fan of camping, she had agreed to go along with them so as not to ruin their vacation. With everything settled then, Jeff actually began to look forward to those two weeks.

Lissa quit her job a couple of weeks before her departure date, both to give her more time to get ready, and to spend more time with her family. During those weeks, it was not uncommon to see her belongings strewn about the living room floor as she went through them dividing them into three piles: things to take with her, things to leave behind, and things to throw away. Brit helped her with the task, partly because she was free to take anything from the "throw away" pile that she wanted.

School began for Jeff and Brit on the Tuesday before Lissa was to leave, much to their disappointment. It felt much like the beginning of their other school years, with the sadness of the end of summer and excitement of seeing their friends again, but this time the sadness was disproportionate. Not only did it mean less time to

spend with their big sister, it was also the last major event before her departure.

The only good thing, in Jeff's opinion, was that he got to see Kari every day now. In fact, by a stroke of luck it turned out that she shared all of his classes with him but one. Granted, two of those had assigned seating which meant he didn't sit anywhere near her, but in the others they sat together every day.

Now that he was old enough to drive, Allison said he could drive her car to school every day as long as she didn't need it, assuming he took Brit to the junior high first. Allison preferred to use the van when going shopping or running errands because it was roomier. That suited Jeff just fine. Any car was better than none, and he no longer had to ride the bus. He could even tolerate Brit's presence for the duration of the drive, especially since he often stopped by the Williams house and picked up Kari and Crystal too.

The day before Lissa had to leave, Greg sat the family down in the living room to talk to them. "Jeff," he said, "you've probably noticed that we haven't made arrangements for a babysitter. That's because I think you're old enough and responsible enough to take care of things on your own. There's plenty of food in the house, so you shouldn't have to go shopping while we're gone. You have the phone numbers for the Beauforts and Allen Williams in case you need anything. And you have the keys to Allison's car. If you can promise me that you'll take care of your little sister, you two can stay by yourself."

"I promise," said Jeff with a grin. The only babysitter in the last couple of years that he actually liked was Rachael.

"Brit, do you promise you'll listen to Jeff and do what he says?"

"Do I have to?"

"Yes you do. Jeff, you're not to take advantage of it, all right? You have to promise to only tell her to do things if it's for her own good."

"Sure," Jeff shrugged.

"Okay, I promise then," said Brit.

"Then it's all settled," Greg smiled. "Now I don't have to worry about either of you two."

Jeff woke up the next day in a gloomy mood. He knew he had run out of time with his big sister; that afternoon she would be leaving, not to return until December. It didn't help that it was raining. Greg mentioned at the breakfast table that according to the weather man, the storm would last all day. Jeff almost wished it would turn into a hurricane, closing the school and forcing him to stay home where he could visit with Lissa all day. Unfortunately, it was not to be. He grudgingly drove Brit to school, then headed to the high school.

All that day he stared out the window at the rain. Kari sensed his mood, and tried to cheer him up. It partially worked; with her beautiful face smiling at him, it was impossible to stay depressed for long. Still, any time she wasn't deliberately trying to keep him happy, his melancholy returned.

After school, the two of them climbed into his car and headed to the junior high to pick up their little sisters. They dropped off Kari and Crystal at the Williams house then headed home in a gloomy silence.

The van was mostly packed by that time, with only a small overnight bag of Lissa's sitting in the hall by the front door. They found the rest of the family sitting at the dining room table talking.

"Oh good," said Greg. "You're home. We need to get going pretty soon, but I wanted to give you two one last chance to see your sister before she leaves."

"Thanks, Dad," Jeff replied. "I'm glad you waited for us."

"Look, I'm not sure if we really should leave you two alone," said Greg. "The weather report says that this storm is going to be pretty big."

"Oh, we'll be all right," Brit said. "Jeff has the car keys, and we have your cell phone number."

"Well, maybe we could hire a babysitter."

Jeff wouldn't have opposed that idea if the babysitter was Rachael, but she wouldn't be arriving until Greg and Allison got back.

"Dad, there's no need for a babysitter," said Jeff. "Really. If you want to call and check on us later just to put your mind at ease, go ahead."

"Jeff's big enough to take care of himself," Allison encouraged. "And I know he won't let anything happen to Brit. Right, Jeff?"

"Right," he agreed.

"Good. Then it's all settled."

"Fine," said Greg. "Jeff, you just make sure she gets to bed by nine. Oh, and while I think of it, even though Allison's leaving the keys to her car, you're not to drive it except in an emergency."

"Fine," he agreed, reluctantly.

"And you are not to invite any friends over. I don't want to come back and find out you've trashed the place in a wild party."

"Don't worry, Jeff doesn't have any friends," Brit teased.



"Shut up," he told her, to which she merely stuck out her tongue.

"And don't fight," Allison said. "You're also not to murder each other while we're away."

"Oh, sure, take all the fun out of it," Jeff complained in mock disappointment.

"Okay, I'll wait until after you get back before I shove a knife through his head," Brit grinned.

Allison rolled her eyes, and Greg sighed in exasperation.

"About that not inviting friends over, can't I even invite Kari over?" asked Jeff.

Greg considered. "I'm going to have to say no," he said. "It's not that I don't trust you, but there's a certain appearance of propriety that we have to maintain. It's not a good idea for a boyfriend and girlfriend to be alone in a house for too long without a chaperone."

"What about Crystal?" asked Brit.

"I think Crystal's fine. If she wants to come over and play with you that's all right."

Jeff thought that was a little unfair, but on the other hand, Crystal was the next best thing to having Kari over, so he didn't push the point.

"So we'll see you two Sunday night then," said Allison, hugging them both.

"I won't," said Lissa, looking a little sad. She immediately threw her arms around Jeff. "I'm going to miss you so much," she told him. "You take care of yourself, okay?"

"You too," he replied. When she pulled away, Jeff was surprised to see tears in her eyes. He felt a lump forming in his throat, but he refused to cry, especially in front of Allison.

Then Lissa hugged Brit. "I'm going to miss my baby sister most of all," she said.

"I'm not a baby," Brit protested.

"To me you'll always be a baby," replied Lissa. Then she drew back. "I love you both, and I already miss you."

"It's not like it's forever," said Greg. "You'll see them at Christmas time."

"I know, but that's three months away."

"I wish you didn't have to go," said Brit.

"I'll tell you what," Lissa smiled. "I have an idea that will help us all."

"What is it?"

"I want you both to try harder to be nice to each other."

"Do we have to?" asked Brit.

"No you don't, but I promise that if you do, you won't miss me so much, because you'll have each other. I know you love each other, so all you have to do is put forth an effort to show it. Even just a little effort will make a big difference. And if you do, then I don't have to worry about you two because I know you'll look out for each other. Will you do that for me?"

Jeff and Brit glanced at each other, as if the idea were abhorrent to them.

"Okay," said Jeff, and Brit's eyes momentarily turned to surprise, and possibly even a little delight.

"I guess if Jeff does, then I will," said Brit.

"Good," smiled Lissa. "Now I can leave without worrying." She picked up her bag and headed out the door. Greg and Allison followed.

Jeff and Brit stood at the door as their parents climbed into the van and Lissa into her car. The two vehicles pulled out of the driveway and headed down the hill, leaving Jeff and Brit in a house that suddenly felt very empty.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**

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