

Art Classes, Chapter 1

My mother was an art teacher. She was also a single mother to me and my little sister. And it was kind of exciting when I was ten years old, she finished her PHD, and took a job in the art department, of a small liberal arts college in Vermont.

She was also the kind of person that believed that my sister and I should learn responsibility, at a very early age.

We were punished when we misbehaved, and rewarded when we behaved. When I say rewarded, I don't mean for every day, ordinary good behavior. Sometimes, given our circumstances, we were required to be extra good before mom's exams, or when she was finishing her thesis. Helping out more in the running of the house, the cooking and cleaning. Giving her more free time to study or write.

All of this paid off, as we rolled into town, one warm afternoon in late July of 1987.

Mom was driving our family station wagon, with my little sister, Elizabeth, asleep next to her in the front seat. I sat in the back, with our shit-zu, Leonardo. I don't know. He was 7 years old, and named by my mother. She's an art major, remember?

Anyway, I was staring out the window, and all I could say was that the place looked in every way, like a normal town. Too bad my life here would not turn out normally.

We had the rest of the summer to unpack and explore, before school started, and both of us kids not only learned our way around, we each had made a couple of good friends.

My friends were the cause of my problem. I had just gotten home from school one day, late in September, and the phone just happened to ring. A model for one of my mom's classes had to cancel for an extra art lab session Saturday afternoon, and he wanted me to tell mom that she would need to find a replacement.

Unfortunately, two of my friends just happened to show up at that time, and were telling me to hurry up, that we were needed in the park for our football game.

I grabbed my helmet and ran out the door, forgetting completely to write the message down. This itself, would not have been a problem, if I had remembered to let my mother know, face-to-face.

Instead, the whole thing completely left my mind. I never said anything to mom. I did have in my mind that I was forgetting something, but I couldn't remember what it was.

Saturday rolled around. Elizabeth and I were eating our lunch, hurrying to finish so we could rejoin our friends.

Hurry up you two, my class starts in less than an hour.”

“What class?” I asked.

“The extra HUMAN ANATOMY lab I’m running this afternoon.”

This brought to mind something. Something that I couldn’t put my finger on.

“I have to be there early, so my model can get ready.”

“What model?” I made the mistake of asking.

“The one I hired to pose for my students?”

Suddenly I remembered. The phone call Monday. “Is his name Nathan, or something?”

“Nathaniel.” my mom responded. Suddenly she looked worried, “Why?”

“Someone called Monday saying he had to go out of town this weekend, and that you needed to find a replacement.”

“For this weekend?”

“Yes.”

“And his name was Nathaniel?”

“Yes.”

“My model for today!”

“Maybe.” I knew I was in trouble for this one. I just didn’t know how bad. Mom took it well.

“Why the hell didn’t you tell me Monday? I’ll never be able to find someone else in....“ she looks at her watch, “45 minutes. What were you thinking? It’s too late to cancel. Some people are coming here from two hours away.”

“I’m sorry.”

“I’m sorry doesn’t even begin to cut it. You’ve inconvenienced a lot of people. You’ll never be able to make it up to me. Or to them.”

“You have to cancel class because you don’t have a model?”

“Yes. We have to cancel, because you forgot to tell me I don’t have a model.” She replied, “You’ve screwed things over for a lot of people.”

“Can’t I make it up to you?”

“Only if you can find me a model in the next half hour.”

“What does this model have to do?”

“Stand there, without moving, so that the class can sketch him. He was going to do six poses, 20 minutes each, with a ten minute break between each.”

“And he was going to get paid for this?” An idea was already beginning to form in my head. If mom was going to pay this guy, and I doubt, that he would do it for free, than I could take his place, the class could go on, and I would get paid.

“Yes, 25 dollars per pose.”

“So you were going to pay him 150 bucks?”

“Yes. Oh god, I can’t even get to the bank to get the class their money back. I’m going to have to pay them back later. They won’t like that.”

“What if you didn’t have to refund their money?”

“What do you mean young man?”

“If you had a model, the class could go on, right?”

“Yes.”

“Then I could model for you?”

“What?”

“Let me do it. I do your modeling, the class goes on, and you can pay me. You don’t even have to pay me all. I’ll work for a hundred!” 100 dollars was more than I had ever had to my name, at any moment in my life! “As long as I get to spend it like I want. On whatever I want. You can’t say a word.”

Mom looked up at the ceiling. Then she turned in my direction, “If I say yes, there’s no backing out. You do as you are told. When you are told. Where you are told. How you are told.” The stern look caused me to rethink my offer for a second. Just one second. I wanted out of the grounding I had certainly earned. I also wanted the money.

“As long as I’m not in trouble for this. Then yes.” mom looked at me, impressed with my negotiating skills.

“Ok, you do as you are told, and you won’t be grounded. Deal?”

“Deal!” The smile on my face, the result of my success, only lasted a moment.

“You might have been happier with the grounding. Hurry up, change your clothes and comb your hair. We leave in five minutes.”

Now the whole time, my sister was sitting across the table from me, first trying to resist the urge to laugh, because she knew I was in serious trouble, and she loved every minute of it. But watching her deflate as I took the modeling job, I was tempted to rub her disappointment right in her face, when I returned. But as I reentered the kitchen, she was now giggling.

This didn't look good, but I had no choice now. Obviously, mom had said something to her while I was out of the room, but what it was I didn't know.

My only clue was her shout as we headed out the back door, "Don't let yourself get too cold."

I wondered at this. It may have been late September but we were in the middle of 'Indian Summer' in New England, a time when the local temperatures could still reach into the low nineties, without warning. How could I possibly feel cold?

"I learned the answer to this soon enough. We arrived at mom's studio in just a few minutes. She unlocked the door for us, and we entered. I was excited. I had never been here before. I'd never had a 100 bucks before, either. Mostly it was excitement over the money.

"You can change in that room over there."

"What? I have a costume?"

"No."

"Then what am I changing into?"

"Nothing."

"I don't get it."

"Listen. This is an anatomy drawing class. The model is nude."

"What?"

"Go into that room over there, take off your clothes, and wrap a towel around your waist."

"But mom, you never said anything about . . ."

"You never asked!" she responded. Cutting me off.

"But I don't want to be naked." I was starting to get worried.

“Listen. You caused this mess. You offered to clean it up. I accepted your suggestion. If you bail on me now, you’ll be grounded till after Christmas. And I was only going to ground you until Halloween.”

I was trapped. And I knew it. I had no choice. I slowly walked over to the dressing room, went in, and locked the door from the inside.

I stood there for several minutes, not moving an inch. I could keep the door locked and not come out until everyone had gone. I’d still get grounded, maybe until Easter. But at least I’d get to keep my pants on!

Except, that as the class arrived, I could hear mom talking to her students as they set up their art supplies.

“Yes, well we almost had to cancel at the last minute. I only found out an hour ago that our model had actually cancelled on Monday. Luckily, the person who forgot to tell me, volunteered to take his place.”

“Really? Who?”

“My eleven-year-old son!”

“Wow. This will be special!”

“We’ll have to go easy on him, he’s never done this before.”

“A virgin then?”

“Well, probably. Let’s just say, inexperienced, in a lot of things. I hope.”

I was doomed. With mom talking like that I couldn’t let her down. I started to undo the buttons on my shirt.

Soon I am nude. Nothing left to do, but open the door, and accept that not only my mother, but a whole room full of ladies would be seeing my naked body. But I hesitated in opening the door. I just stood there as more and more voices could be heard on the other side of the doorway.

The noise had risen to a great height, when there was a soft tapping at the door.

“Are you ready sweetie?”

“Just a minute. I have to put on the towel.”

“Well, be quick. Everybody is here, and we're ready to start!”

There was nothing left for it. I grabbed a towel hanging from a bar on the wall, and wrapped it around my waist. I could hear mom starting her class.

“Ladies. Ladies. Your attention please. Thank you. Welcome to our nude figure drawing lab. I'm sorry, but even though everyone seems here, there will be a momentary delay before our model comes out. As I told a few of you earlier, we almost had to cancel this afternoon, because our scheduled model had to cancel. Fortunately, we have a replacement. Please be a little more understanding, this is his first time, and he is rather . . .”

As she is talking, I can delay no longer. The towel is around me, so I turn the handle on the door. I open it slowly, and I guess as my mom is watching, she continues “young. Ah. It appears he's ready , and he's now coming out. So could I have you welcome today's model, my son, James.”

“As the door had opened, and mom finished her speech, I stepped back into the shadow of the changing room. When she had finished, I had no choice, so I walked out.

Over two dozen heads turned in my direction, as I walked slowly into the room. A couple of the ladies were on the young side, but most were little old ladies. One, I recognized as Mrs. Erickson, the part-time librarian at my school. Two others were teachers, and a fourth worked in the cafeteria. All four sat near each other, so I guess that they were a kind of art club in the school. Other ladies I recognized from church, and several I recognized as the mothers of some of the kids at my school.

Mom was motioning for me to come forward, so I began walking faster. All too soon I had reached the front of the room. I turned around to face the class. Once again my mother introduce me. “Ladies, Jamie!”

I waved at them.

“Ok. Everyone is now here, including our model. We can begin! Remember, Jamie will stay in a single pose, for 20 or so minutes, and then he will have the

opportunity to move around. Then he will assume another pose for you. This will happen six times this afternoon. Please concentrate on sketching Jamie only. After you leave here today, you can then fill in the remainder of your drawing. And as always, I will be available, after any of my regularly scheduled class sessions, and during the latter half of my scheduled office hours, and by appointment, to assist you in finishing your works!"

"Are we ready then?" Numerous nods from the class. "OK. Lets begin."

"Jamie, will you come here please."

This was it. No turning back now. I was committed. Besides, there was nowhere to run. I followed mom the few steps backwards on the raised dais upon which we were perched.

"I'm afraid this has to go now dear." she told me. She reached down to grasp my towel. Reluctantly, I put my hand down, and undid the overlapping of the fabric at my waist that was the only thing holding the towel on my body. In an instant, it was gone from my body, and my all was bared to all.

"For the first pose, I thought we would go easy on the boy. James, could you put your arms before you, folded, resting on the table, than lean forward and rest yourself upon your arms."

I was spared a little bit. Only my rear would be shown to the women. Then I found out what I was posing as.

"Jamie has just been spanked by an unknown parent. When you finish, make sure his little derriere has a slightly reddish tone to it. And to show the viewer, what has happened, we have this. She reached behind the table, and removed a wooden paddle, which she leaned up against the table, so you would know what the subject's predicament was. A second paddle was placed against the table to the left of me, so that the ladies on the left could also have one to reference when drawing me.

For the first five minutes, this was fun. Knowing that these ordinary, respectable women, were admiring my body. I was excited. But after about ten minutes the whole thing became rather boring. After fifteen, my muscles started to strain, from holding still in the same position, for such a long time.

When the twenty minutes were over, I was relieved when my mother came forward and asked "Time's up, does anyone need more time?"

Several ladies asked for five more minutes, so mom agreed. I was beginning to feel relief when I thought the first session was over. Knowing now that I still had an extra five minutes, my muscles seemed to be straining even more. Finally mom announced that this session was done, and that we would be having a ten minute break.

I stood up straight, and was so relieved to be able to move and stretch my muscles, that I forgot that I was naked. I turned around, without covering my little cock with my hand. When some of the ladies, viewed their first glimpse of my little manhood, they nodded towards me. I realized what had happened, and knew that if I covered myself now, the women would only laugh at my pointless modesty.

All too soon, the ten minutes were up. In this time, mom had prepared the second setting. This time, a pedestal sink was placed in the center of the dais. I was made to face the sink, standing sideways to the ladies. My left hand rested on the sink, and my right hand was brushing my teeth.

Again, this pose, was not too painful at first, but after 10 minutes, the fact that I could not move my right hand began to be straining. My arm grew more and more tired. Twenty minutes into this pose, mom again mounted the platform, and only two ladies this time asked for an extra five minutes.

The ten minute break was again a relief. This time, I chose to walk around the class, as I needed to move my legs to prevent the muscles from locking up on me. As I walked, I was able to see a few of the sketches made of me. Most of them looked nice, and I was actually impressed with several. One, by Mrs. Anderson, the mother of one of the boys in my class, one of the boys who distracted me from writing mom the note, my ex, new best friend, was so good, you could actually tell by the face that it was me.

All too soon, the break was over, and it was time for pose number three. This time, I was leaning backwards against the front end of a wooden rowboat that had been cut in half, my left leg, resting on some kind of lobster or crab trap. As I realized what this pose meant, it was the first time I would be facing the ladies as they sketched me, I almost panicked. My little young manhood would be on full display! Only a few months ago, I had started to be able to get an erection. Now I wished that that hadn't started yet. The idea of my dick getting hard in front of the

ladies terrified me. I desperately tried to think of things that would keep that from happening. I am proud to say that I was mostly successful. I did get a little hard, but my erection did not go full blown.

That twenty minutes was the hardest session so far. I think the ladies liked it too. Instead of lasting just twenty minutes, the ladies kept asking for more time. This session lasted for over 40 minutes! By the time it was over, I was desperate. When Mom finally said that this session was finished, I ran to the stand where Mom had put my towel, and quickly wrapped it around me. I only hoped, as I finally stopped fighting it, and let it happen, that my cock would go back to normal before the towel had to come off again.

During the break, I again walked around the class, sneaking peeks at the drawings. Again I was impressed by the detail of the drawings. And again, Mrs. Anderson's was the most life-like.

The Fourth pose was probably the most stressful of the six. Mom had simply attached a small length of chain from a support in the ceiling. The end of the chain contained a large hook. I was instructed to stand on a small box, then to grab onto the hook. When I was ready, mom removed the box from beneath me, and I was left hanging by my arms, from the hook. This time, the strain began to build after only a moment or two. The rest of this session was pure torture. Mom latter explained that she had come up with this one, because she still wanted me to feel like I had been punished. I wondered if she was incapable of believing that my being naked in front of her, and a bunch of old ladies should have been punishment enough. But I guess she felt that the fact that I was making 100 dollars was a privilege, and so she had to punish me somehow.

The fifth pose, was probably the most relaxing. She simply had me lying on a bed, face down, with my arm handing over the side.

The last pose was probably my most favorite. This time, I was simply leaning against a fake lamp post. My arms were folded across my chest, and I had been given a large wad of bubble gum. I was told to chew, and then blow as large a bubble as I could. After several tries, I had a really big one, large enough to cover my face. Mom shouted out "Perfect!" and so I just leaned there, as the ladies sketched me.

Now that I was done for the day, I wanted nothing more than to get back to the changing room and get dressed. But as I walked towards the changing room, I kept

being stopped by the ladies, who thanked me for being so grown up, and so considerate for saving their class.

“It was nothing. It was my pleasure.” No response was good enough. Most of the ladies handed me a little money as they shook my hand.

When I finally got to the dressing room, it seemed pointless now to shut the door, so I simply began getting dressed. When I was finished, I just sat in there, on the bench, waiting for mom to finish up with the ladies. All the while, thoughts of “Wow, I can’t believe I just did that.” and “Man am I glad that’s over.” kept pouring through my head.

When the last student had left, mom finished straightening up. This only took ten minutes. When she finished, she asked “Are you ready to go home?”

“Yes.”

“Ok. Let’s get going then.”

“Mom, what am I supposed to do with this?” I held up a handful of bills.

“Did you count it yet?”

“No.”

Well, that’s your tips from the ladies. They pay like that if they think you did a good job, and acted professionally. You can count it in the car.”

We walked to the car, and on the ride home I counted over 80 dollars.

“Wow! You did pretty-good for your first time!”

“Yeah! I guess so.”

“And remember, you still have another 100 coming from me.”

I had forgotten about this. 180 bucks, and only for about 4 hours work. Nothing like this could ever happen to me again.

When we got home, a sudden thought occurred to me.

“Mom,”

“Yes dear?”

“Does Elizabeth know what I was going to be doing this afternoon?”

“What do you think we were talking about when you went upstairs to get changed? She wanted to know why you weren’t going to be grounded.”

“So you told her everything.” I could feel myself starting to want to cry.

I knew I was dead. My 8 year old little sister would never let me live this down. I expected to be teased to death when we got home. Instead, she said nothing.

That’s when I made my real mistake of the day. 180 dollars, for only 4 hours or so of work was much too great a temptation. At the dinner table that night, I had to ask mom, “Mom, are you going to be holding another of those classes anytime soon?”

“Probably right after Thanksgiving dear. Why?”

“Do you need a model?”

To be continued.

Art Classes, Chapter 2

During dessert that night, mom handed me the check for my 100 dollars. She also had me give it back to her, because she didn't want me to take it to school, before she could pick me and Elizabeth up, then take me to the bank to cash it.

After it was cashed, I finally had my first real spending money of my life! 180 dollars that no one could tell me what to do with! And except for a trip to the movies the following weekend, I couldn't find anything I wanted to spend it on. So the bulk of it stayed rolled up in a rubber band, underneath a pile of briefs in my underwear drawer.

Things were normal for a week or two, though. At first it was kind of awkward walking into the school cafeteria, or the library. None of the ladies, although they recognized me at the class, made any notion of what had happened. And though I had volunteered to do it again, I was still embarrassed at the thought that word would get out that I had done it in the first place.

All seemed safe for about two weeks, then one day, I found myself playing catch with Michael Anderson. His mom was home. Her greeting of "High handsome!" elicited a raised eyebrow from her son. But I knew why she said it.

By five o'clock we were told we had to finish up so we could get cleaned up, and do some homework before dinner. When she came out to put an end to our fun, she was carrying a pitcher of lemonade, and Michael's ten year old, he was eleven, sister carried a number of plastic tumblers. Drinking she brought up a subject of conversation which I, at the time, wish she'd have avoided. Now I'm not so sure.

"Drink your lemonade. Don't make a mess, and put your glasses in the dishwasher please. I have to get back to my drawings."

"Yeah. Mom is trying to finish a good one of some naked boy leaning against a boat!" Margaret contributed.

As she said this I did a spit-take with my lemonade. "Really. You've seen it?"

"Yeah. And the boy looks awfully familiar. I can seem to make out who it is though. When she's finished, maybe it'll come to me."

Right then and there, I knew that she knew exactly who it was. She had seen the naked picture that her mother had drawn of me. Had she seen the others? Had she told anyone? Was she going to? I had to find out what she was going to do about this. As I was leaving, Michael was headed upstairs. His mom was in the kitchen. The only one left on the back porch was Margaret.

“Um, Margaret?”

“Yes Jamie?”

“You know who is in that picture, don’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Are you going to tell anybody?”

“Probably. Not.”

I was relieved that she wasn’t seriously considering outing me, but not knowing for sure was still a little troubling.

“I’ll have to think about it.”

“What do you want to keep quiet?” I could feel all of the money I had left from modeling slipping through my fingers, as hush money.

“Nothing. I just have to think about what I want to do about it.” With that, she headed back into the house with the almost empty pitcher, and the dirty glasses. I walked out the back gate, and headed home.

Nothing more was said about this. But three weeks later, nothing had been heard about my modeling from any of the other kids at school. Then, the morning of my next modeling session was upon me.

“Are you ready for this afternoon?”

“Yes mom.”

“Excited?”

“About getting naked in front of a bunch of old grandmothers? Hardly!”

“What if I told you there was a surprise this afternoon?”

“Then I guess I’d better hope none of your students have a heart attack?” I was getting bored with this line of questioning. Although I had done this before, and volunteered to do it again, now that it was time, I had to get ready to do it. I had to convince myself that I really wanted to.

All too soon, mom shouted at me “Time to go!”

“Coming.” I could have run downstairs, but I wanted to hit a compromise between looking excited, being cautious, and not caring either way.

Elisabeth was laughing at me, as I descended the stairs. I thought she wanted to tease me for spending my afternoon naked in front of a bunch of old ladies. I found out later that I was wrong.

We get to the studio, and I head straight to the changing room. This time, instead of a towel, I come out wearing my bathrobe. The ladies arrive. Most are the same as last time, but there are a few new students. I’m walking around, talking to the few that I knew. The cafeteria lady was kind of surprised, but delighted that I would be the model again.

One o’clock rolls around and it’s time to begin. I’m at the back of the room, leaning against the wall as mom begins.

“Ladies. Ladies! We’re almost all here so can we begin please? We’ll be running the first session for half an hour so that latecomers can finish. So just like last time, we will be running 6, 20 minute or so posing sessions with a ten minute break, reset period between each session. We also have the same model as we had back in September, so can we welcome, my son, Jamie.

I walk to the front of the room, and step onto the platform. Mom looks at me, and tells me it’s time to take the robe off. I undo the belt around my waist, and slide it off of me, then hand it to her.

She moves off to the side, and places my robe onto a side table. She comes back holding onto two small leather bracelets. Or at least what I think are bracelets.

“Ok. To start off today, I would like to try something a little different. For his first pose, I’m going to ask Jamie to put these onto his wrists.”

I hold out my hands. She attaches first one and then the other of two, 1.5 inch wide strips of leather around my wrist. Each band is long enough to wrap around several times, and each time, she has to pass it through a strap sewn into the leather. The outside of the strap contains a small metal ring, sewn into the layering of the straps. She then has me stand up on a box, and I know then that I will be hanging from something again. A metal bar is hanging from a support attached to the ceiling, suspended by two short chains.

“Ok. Jamie dear. If you would please grab onto the bar with both hands.”

Stupidly, I comply with her request, saying only, “Ok.”

“Now, since the strain on him was a little much last time, I decided we need to support him better. So I’m just going to attach these to his wrists straps,” She attaches two clips, one to each of the rings at my wrists. “And attach the clasps to the bar here,” Now, I am attached physically to the bar that I’ll be hanging from, “And remove his stepping stool.” I am now hanging by my arms, from a bar suspended from the ceiling. And worse, even if my arms get too tired, and I’m in danger of dropping, the wrist-bands will prevent me from dropping down. The pain will only get worse, and I can do nothing about it. The pain could get so bad, I might even pass out. And mom said that this session could go on for over half an hour, because not everyone had shown up yet. This was way too much for 150 dollars, plus tips and some kind of surprise.

“There. Class, you may begin. You only have half an hour.”

Only half an hour. I’d like to see her try and do this for ten minutes, let alone half an hour. This was not fair!

And then it happened. What turned out to be the last students for this class showed up.

And it would have to be Mrs. Anderson. And behind her, OH MY GOD! It was Margaret. It was bad enough that my best friend’s mother would be seeing me naked, so would his little sister!

And here I was hanging from the ceiling. Incapable of doing anything about it.

Mrs. Anderson, and Margaret, set up their drawing supplies, sitting together at drawing tables in the front row, right in front of me. That they had two together, up front, let me know that mom knew what was going to happen. And being restrained, meant that she really wanted to screw me over, by it.

The two started drawing furiously, trying to catch up to the others. And I just kept hanging there, trying not to move, occasionally stealing stares at the wall clock to see how long I had to suffer.

After half an hour, mom came up on the platform, she asked me how I was doing.

“I think I’m going to pass out!”

“Ok ladies. How are we coming along?”

Several ladies, including Margaret needed more time, so mom allowed them another 5 minutes. When the time was up, that was it. She brought a box which she put under me, then moved my legs, so that I was now standing on it. I was so grateful that the pressure was off my arms, that I didn’t even care that at one point she was looking right at my little cock.

“Mom, how come you didn’t tell me she was coming?”

“Who dear?”

“Margaret Anderson.”

“Oh her. Her mom said she wanted to learn how to sketch.”

“But how come you didn’t tell me?”

“Oh, is that important. I’m sorry, I just forgot. Is it a problem?”

“She’s seeing me naked!”

“So has everyone else in the room, and you don’t care.”

“But none of them are in any of my classes at school.”

“Oh, I didn’t think of that. Maybe I’ll come up with some way to make it up to you!” As all this is going on, she is releasing me from my perch.

I’m now standing on the box, and as the pull of gravity is released from my arms, she is able to release the clasps from the bar I had been hanging from. Now I sat down on the box, as mom released me from the wrist straps. When they are off, I walk over to the water cooler in the corner of the room, still naked. I grab a paper cone of cold water, and down it, as I walk around the room.

I soon find myself, standing next to Margaret’s table, looking at her sketch of me. I don’t even care that I’m naked.

“That looks good!”

“It helps that my subject is really cute.”

“Oh, really? And who may that be?”

“You dummy!”

All this time, mom was getting the next set ready. A sizeable, and heavy bench is rolled into the center of the room. I lie upon it, on my side. My head is resting on my left arm. My right arm is draped over me, running down the side of my body, until just above my crotch, it swoops down, but not far enough to cover me up. I decided that the previous pose was really painful, so I decided to close my eyes this time.

I wake up thirty minutes later, with mom shaking me. Some of the ladies are chuckling to themselves.

“Jamie, are you ok honey?”

“Mom?”

“Are you OK?”

“Yeah. I guess that first session just whupped me. I’m ok now.”

She helps me up, and I walk around the room. I walk over grab my robe, and put it on. I leave the room, walk down the hall, and use the men's room, which was empty at the time.

I'm back, but I'm a couple minutes late. Margaret giggles, as I sheepishly, and for the first time that afternoon, in an embarrassed manner, walk to the front of the room. It's time for session number three.

This time, I simply have to stand on a platform, similar to a pool's diving board. My back is to the end edge, and I am crouched, like I'm about to jump up, fling myself backwards and perform some kind of roll, in midair. You know the stances the Olympic divers take, just before they jump off.

This one isn't as bad as the first, except for the last five minutes, my legs really begin to cramp. I am quite relieved when this session is over, and after a couple of steps, aided by mom, I can walk around the room by myself, trying to get the pain to go away.

This time. I move over to Margaret's table, but she has gone before I get there. I look around the room, and she is nowhere to be seen. The classroom door is closing, so I assume she has just left to use the restroom. I start to look at her last drawing of me. It was really good. Maybe I should ask her to let me have one of them, after she is finished.

The next session is about to begin. Margaret hasn't returned as mom motions me back to the dais. A twin bed, with a football themed cover is sitting in the center. She has me sit on the edge of it. Then she has me spread my legs, so that they are wide apart. This allows the ladies a real good look at my crotch, but I no longer care. All this time, Margaret still hasn't returned. Is she coming back? Did I enjoy her looking at me naked? Was she ok? Where was she? Mom looks at me.

"Here's your surprise. Ladies. Ladies! Before you begin, we have a special treat today. For the rest of the class, there will be two models!"

With that the classroom door opens, and in walks Margaret, wearing only a bathrobe and carrying a small satchel.

Instantly thoughts start running through my head. Mainly "What the hell?" and "She couldn't be thinking about...?"

But it was true. Little Margaret walks to the front of the class. On the way, she places the bag she's carrying on the chair next to her mother. The next thing I know, she has slipped her robe off, and she plopped herself down in front of me. Evidently, she already knew what she was supposed to do, for she actually had sat down between my legs, and rested her head on the inside of my left thigh. Apparently she hadn't done it completely right, because mom had her shift so that she was resting on her left hip, with her legs trailing behind her.

She looked up at me and smiled, and the next thing I know, her head moves back down, so that she is now looking directly, and up close might I add, at my crotch.

This pose, we hold for almost forty minutes, before the ladies are satisfied with their drawings of us. When they finish, I stand up, and help Margaret to her feet. I look her straight in the face. I have a million questions to ask.

“So why are you?”

“I wanted to take the class after I saw what mom had done her first time, but she wouldn't pay. So I talked to your mom, and worked out a deal. Mom said ok so the rest is history.”

“What deal?”

“I get to draw for the first half of the class, then I had to model for the last three sessions. And I still get paid 25 bucks!”

“Really? I'm making over 150!”

“How?”

“Your mom never told you, but the ladies may also give you tip money if they liked you. Last time, I made over 80 bucks. More than any other model, mom had ever worked with!”

“They must have really liked you, huh?”

“I suppose.”

We talked for the rest of the ten minute break, and then mom motioned us forward again.

This time, we simply faced forward.

Margaret is standing to my right. Her arms are simply folded across in front of her, but her crotch and chest are still fully visible. She is looking slightly to her right, away from me, but still mostly forward.

Me. I'm facing forward. My left arm is braced behind my back. My right is holding a small volleyball, clamping it between my arm and my body. We're both smiling at the class. And mom has finished the pose by pulling Margaret's long hair back over her shoulders, but spreading it out across her back.

After another 40 minutes, with two of us, it takes the ladies longer, we're done, we head into the last break!

We just stand there, this time, talking to any of the ladies who wish to speak to us. We get a lot of compliments of how cute we look posing, and what a cute couple we make. They seem surprised when they find out that we hardly know each other, and are just here, together, by coincidence.

The last session of the day begins. This time, mom has me facing the ladies again, I'm standing, my hands at my hips, my elbows straight out from my body. My feet are spread out about two feet apart. And I'm looking down to my right, with a slight frown, or scowl, to my face.

Margaret is draped across the floor. She is to my right, facing me. Her face is looking up at me, with a pleading look to it. Her arms are wrapped around my leg. It's like she is begging me for something. When we finish, I look at some of the drawings as the ladies are packing up. It looks like she is pleading with me for something. What exactly it is, is left to the imagination of the viewer.

With class over. Margaret moves to grab her bag so she can get dressed. I grab her arm and whisper "Wait a couple minutes!"

"Why?"

"Tips!"

"Oh!"

She puts the bag back onto the chair, and we just stand there. As the ladies finish packing their art supplies, they come to the two of us to say goodbye, and to thank us for the wonderful afternoon's drawing. Each one manages to nonchalantly slip some money into our hands. We thank them, and merely try to keep from dropping it, as pretty soon, each of us is holding quite a bit!

Soon, with the exception of me, Margaret, and our two mothers the room is empty. The two moms, being moms, start to straighten things up before we leave. Being left alone, Margaret and me each pick a drawing table and start sorting out our money. Our mothers finish cleaning just as we are about finished with our counting.

“OK you two. Time to leave. Ah, why aren’t you two dressed yet?” my mom asks.

“We have more important things to do!” I replied.

When she sees what we’re doing, she’s not surprised “Ok. Just make it quick. I need to get home to start dinner. So what’s the take?”

“I made over 90 dollars, I replied happily.

“I got over 60!” Margaret replies happily.

We were both happy. I had just made over 240 dollars and she had made over 85. All in just an afternoon of a little more than 4 and a half hours.

“Ok you two. Enough of that. Time to get dressed.”

Margaret’s mom is getting a little angry with us now. I head off to the changing room and Margaret heads for her bag. I was surprised when she followed me into the changing room.

My mom, seeing this, simply shouts out “The car leaves in 10 minutes! I want the two of you out in five.”

We both shout out “OK!” simultaneously, then shut the door.

Now that we’re alone, I’m dying to touch her naked body. But since we only have five minutes to dress, there isn’t time. So we both start putting our clothes on. When we’re both dressed, I move to open the door, but she stops me.

“Wait a minute.”

“What for?”

“What are you doing Monday after school?”

“Why?”

“James has a dentist appointment. Can you come over to my house?”

“OK.”

With that, I opened the door and out we walked. We separate, each heading towards our own family’s car. On the drive home, I am still mad at my mother.

“You know, if you told me she was gonna be there, I might have . . .”

“Might have what?”

“I don’t know”

“Well, next time maybe you could get your hair cut. Maybe even shower first!”

“Mom! Don’t be stupid.”

But she wasn’t. There would be a next time. And who knows. I might just take that shower! But there was still how many weeks to go before the next class in late January. Anything could happen before then. Couldn’t it?

Art Classes, Chapter 3

Monday afternoon has rolled around

Michael and I start walking home together. His house is on my way, so this is not uncommon. It's also a regular thing for me to detour into his place, because they have one hell of a big back yard, an awesome AV room in the basement. And almost every video game, ever made!

We headed for the front door, and when we got inside, Michael put his books down on the coffee table. I held on to mine.

“Mom I’m home.” he hollers out, for no apparent reason.

“Finally! Your sister was home 15 minutes ago.”

“So?”

I need you to get into the car young man. You have a dentist appointment in fifteen minutes.”

I’ll be there in a minute, I just wanna grab a . . “

“You’ll move now mister!”

“But mom, can’t I grab a snack?”

“No. Now move.”

“But mom.”

“Don’t ‘but’ me. If you’d come home right away, you could have eaten. Now, we’ll barely make it.”

Mike is shunted towards the car before he can make another protest. Me I follow behind, without saying a word. I was kind of laughing, because no one had told him about the appointment. His mom shouts out “Margaret honey, we’re going. Are you sure you’ll be ok?”

“Mom I’ll be fine. If you have a problem, James can stay with me?”

“OK. I think I’d feel better with him here, and you not all alone. Jamie, is your mom working this afternoon?”

“No. Elizabeth has her gymnastics class this afternoon. It’s on the other side of town, so mom has to take her.”

“Ok. I’ll call her and let her know what’s happening.”

All this last was happening as we were actually walking to the car. The two of them got in, and they proceeded to drive away. I walked back towards the house. Entering, I call out “Margaret, I guess I’m staying.”

“Good. I’m just upstairs. Wanna come up?”

“Her request was reasonable, so since I had put my books on a table, I headed up the stairs, and proceeded to her bedroom. Once at the door, I paused to look inside.

The room was one of those disgustingly sick little girl, pink princess bedrooms. The walls and carpeting were pink. The bedding was pink. The lamps and other furniture were mostly pink. Even a large portion of the stuffed animals neatly arranged on a bench style window seat, were all pink. I had only been upstairs a couple of times, and every time I peeked in, on the way to Michael’s room, it always gave me a headache.

This time would have been the same, but when I looked in, what I saw, really made my eyes want to pop out of my skull.

Margaret was standing there in her underwear, white matching bra and panties. And no, the only pink on them was the little bow on the front of her training bra.

“Ahm, you do know I’m up here?”

“Silly, I told you to come up, didn’t I?”

“Yeah, but you’re, in your underwear.”

“You didn’t complain Saturday, and I was wearing less.”

“Yeah, but we were working. Now were, well, alone.” By this time, I had begun to think that maybe she had a plan here. “Well, let’s see!” I thought.

She was holding up a sweatshirt in front of her, deciding if it was what she wanted to wear.

“So?”

She had me there.

“How long are you gonna be?”

“I don’t know. Mom says she want me to make some room in my closet before Christmas.”

“So, you’re getting rid of what doesn’t fit?”

“And what I don’t like.”

I then notice that on the floor, is a large garbage bag, filled with clothing. Her discards. There was also a lot of empty hangers in the closet.

“So. You’re almost done then, I see. What do you wanna do then?”

“Silly, I still have some drawers to clean out.”

I then realized what she was referring to. She still had to sort through her underwear drawer.

“You gonna try everything on?”

“Yes.” she turned at me, grinned, then gave me a wink.

“Well, as long as I’m here, why don’t I help you?”

“Ok.”

“You can finish your closet anytime. Lets start on those drawers.”

“All right!” She puts down the shirt she was contemplating, and walks over to her dresser. She opens the second drawer from the top, and pulls out, a pair of panties. “I guess I should try these on.”

She reaches down to her waist, and slipping her fingers beneath the elastic hem of her panties, she slowly, almost seductively, (Let me say this. She was ten. I was eleven. Standing there, picking her nose in a bikini would have looked seductive to me. Even if she ate it!) lowered her panties to her ankles, then kicked them off of her feet.

She grabbed the new pair, and stepping into them, she slipped them up her legs. All this time, she was facing away from me, so I only saw her from the back. Disappointing, really.

She turned towards me. “Do these look too tight to you?”

“I don’t think so. Do they feel tight?”

“Just a little.”

“Mind if I check something?”

“OK.”

I walked over to her, and down on my knees, I reach across to her, and gently, with my right hand, touch her panty. I grab the hem on her leg openings, and pull the fabric away from her body. The material pulls away easily.

I let the material snap back into place. “OW! Watch it!”

“Sorry. I guess its ok for a while longer?”

“Yeah.” She reaches into her drawer, and pulls out another pair. “What do you think of these? She’s holding a pair of white cotton panties, with little colored silhouettes of hot air balloons printed on it.

“They look fine to me. Kind of little girl, if you ask me. Anything more, you know, sexy?” I ask this sheepishly.

“Hold on. I think I have something.” She dives back into the drawer. A moment later, she turns around, faces me, showing off her find. 1 pair of matching pink panties, with white trim, and a white bra, with pink trim. “What do you think?”

“Nice.”

She tries this pair on, right away. She reaches down, and slipping her fingers into the waist of her panties, she lowers them down. She kicks them off as they hit the floor, then she reaches up, and lowers the straps of her bra. She rotates the whole thing around her chest, so that the clasp is at her front, then in an instant, the whole thing is also on the floor. She’s now as naked in front of me, as I was Saturday, the only difference is, this time, we’re alone. Our mother’s weren’t chaperoning.

And I would just like to admit it. I stared at her. And she watched me do it, the whole time.

“Do you like my body?” she asked me.

“I. Uh. I think so.”

You think so! What’s not to like?” she raises her arms above her head, and rotates her body, showing herself to me completely. Holding nothing back.

“I, uh, yeah! Yeah, I like it.”

“Good.” Then her face changes, “Do you want to touch me?”

“How?”

“Anywhere, and any way you want.”

“You mean like here?” With that, I reach my arm out towards her, and place two fingers between her legs.

“Anywhere stupid.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“Well you can start by taking your pants off silly.”

“All right.” With that I stand up, and undo the buckle of my belt and start to lower my jeans to the floor. I step out of them, and go to lower my shorts, when she stops me.”

“No. Not those. Keep your underwear on.”

“Why?”

“I don’t want to get pregnant!”

“Pregnant?”

“Yes. A girl at school once said that when boys and girls get together, and they’re naked, the girl can get pregnant. So keep your shorts on.”

“But how can you get pregnant? And if that’s true, what about Saturday?”

“Sex stupid. We didn’t have sex on Saturday, right?”

“I don’t think so.”

“So, I couldn’t get pregnant. But with us alone, who knows what might happen.”

“So were ok just so long as one of us keeps our underwear on?”

“Yeah.”

“We gonna take turns?”

“No. Today I wanna be naked. Do what you want with me. Just keep your shorts on. OK?”

This was an offer I couldn’t refuse. I simply said “OK!” and left it at that. Then I asked, “Could we lie on your bed?”

“Is that what you want?”

“Yeah.”

“OK.” She walks towards her bed, and lies down on it.

“Spread your legs a little.” She does, but it isn’t enough. I grab her left leg, and move it out a little more. I slide my body in between her legs. My hand moved up her body, feeling its way as it goes further up her torso. When it reaches her chest, I begin to massage her tits. She may not have yet begun to develop breasts, but there was flesh there, and my hand abused it, like there would be no tomorrow.

While my hands are exploring her body, my mouth is exploring also. My lips completely encasing hers. It only took her the better part of a minute, before she opens her mouth, and I can begin slipping her my tongue. We continue to make out for the next several minutes, my hands groping every inch of the front of her body. As my hands work their way down, my mouth reluctantly leaves hers, but takes over on her chest, where my hands had left off. My hands have another purpose!

I reach down, and slide a couple of fingers up and down her pussy. Margaret makes a deep breath, arching her body upwards, trying to push up against my fingers, as I feel her.

“Are you ok? Did I hurt you?”

“No, that was ok. Could you do it some more?”

“Some more what?”

“Rub me up and down, like you just did, but could you do it faster.”

“Sure. Why?”

“It just felt really good, and I think it will be better if you do it faster.”

“OK.” My hand does move faster. With two fingers, I continuously stroke along the length of her little pussy. She starts breathing heavier now, shouting out “Faster! Faster!” And I do it.

“Soon, my arm is tired, so I decide to try something different. I don’t warn her about what I’m planning. Just a little something I overheard some of the older boys talking about at school.

My arm is getting tired, and it won’t go for much longer. So without stopping, I climb up onto the bed, putting my body between her spread legs. I lower my head

down, and the next thing either of us knows, is that my tongue is licking at her cunt. My tongue moves faster than my hand, and with the change of pace, her body's reaction is even greater. With each stroke of my tongue, her body pushes upward.

She shouts out “What are . . . WOW! FASTER! FASTER! MORE! MORE! HARDER!

Pretty soon, her body starts shaking uncontrollably. I can't tell what she's shouting. I doubt if she'd even know. After a minute or so, it stops, and she's having trouble breathing. I stop what I'm doing and look up at her.

“What happened?”

“I don't know. What was it you were doing?”

“Licking you. I heard some of the older kids at school talking about it in the bathroom. Something called “eating you out!”

“Wow! Can you do it again?”

“Only if you think you can live through it.”

“Maybe we better wait?”

“Yeah. Besides, there are other things I could be doing to you.”

“Like what?”

“Like this.” I climb up her body, until our faces meet, and I kiss her. Not a very deep kiss, but for my first kiss, ever, with a girl, a fairly good try. She clasps her arms around me as we embrace, pulling me towards her. Soon, I move my face down her chin and towards her neck. She resists this movement, trying to hold our lips together, but I break away. Soon, I reach her chest.

Being ten, she has no tits yet, but her nipples are there, and soon, my mouth has sucked on each of them. Her body reacts to my movements, but not as much as before when I was between her legs.

After a while, it is clear that nothing like what happened before will be repeated. Although I am loving every minute of it, I soon get too tired to continue. So I stop.

Margaret is not at all happy. “Why are you stopping?”

“I’ve had enough.” I lied. Like I said, I would have liked to continue, but I’d been licking various bits of her now for almost forty minutes, according to the alarm clock next to her bed.

We lay there for ten minutes, neither of us moving. But soon we have to, for her mom and brother would probably be coming home in another hour or so. Margaret gets up off her bed. I follow.

“My beds all wet!” she exclaims. “Where did it come from?”

“You.”

“Really?”

“Yea, when I was, ah , I was, ah, licking you.”

“Well we need to clean things up.”

“You could probably use some too.” I pointed out. The sweat from her body was beginning to dry off.

“Probably. Let’s get these sheets into the wash first though.” And then she surprises me. Without bothering to even put on a bathrobe, she starts stripping the sheets off her bed. I start helping, still wearing only my briefs. We take them downstairs, where she crams them into the washing machine. When she’s done, we head back upstairs. “Would you run me a bath please?”

“Sure.” I head into the bathroom, and start the tub running. When the water is warm enough, I put in the stopper, and soon it is almost full. While waiting, I’ve rummaged through the cupboard under the sink, and found a bottle of bubbles. I poured some in, and let a nice layer of foam form on the surface of the steaming water, before I shut off the faucet.

“Bath’s ready!” I shout. Unnecessarily, because by then she is standing in the bathroom door. She comes in, sees what I did, lets out a small shriek, and gently

lowers a toe into the water. Finding the temperature to be ok, she lowers her whole body into the water.

I start washing her body with a cloth I grabbed from the linen cupboard. I move my hand over every inch of her body, washing her. Exploring her. She rolls over, when I need her to. And she has no problems with spreading herself open, to make things easier when necessary.

All too soon, this glory is over, and she exits the tub. I dry her off, and follow her into her bedroom. She starts rummaging through her closet, looking for something to wear, before she even bothers to put on so much as a pair of panties. Me. I'm sliding my legs into my pants.

She selects a nice skirt outfit, and a matching pair of underwear. Now I know why she waited for the panties. When we're both dressed we head downstairs. Too late for a snack, since it's too close to our dinners, we head into the living room, and start our homework.

We're almost finished at 6:30, when Mrs. Anderson returns with Michael. She's carrying some shopping, and a bag full of Chinese takeout.

“I called your mother. She said you could stay for dinner. Broccoli chicken ok?”

“Yeah, it's my favorite!” All four of us sit at the kitchen table and eat our dinners. A little sharing takes place, and soon, since Michael has to start his homework, Margaret and I are doing the dishes. As soon as we finish, Mrs. Anderson drives me the three blocks to my house. As we are getting ready to leave, Margaret comes over, and gives me a simple peck on the cheek. “Thanks for staying with me today, James.”

“No problem. Just call, if you ever need me again.”

“Trust me, it won't be too long.”

Art Classes, Chapter 4

So last Monday, right before I left her place, I told Margaret that my mom had a Thursday afternoon class, and my sister had scouts. Neither would be home before six.

After school we walked side by side, to my place, and immediately upon entering the door, we confirmed that we had the house to ourselves. We kissed. Long and deep, but inexperienced.

We then walked upstairs to my bedroom. We started to undress. We were both almost naked, when Margaret began to slide her panties down her legs.

“What are you doing?”

“Getting naked!”

“No it’s my turn.”

“What?”

“You got naked last time. Today it’s my turn.”

“So what am I supposed to do?”

“I’m not sure. Maybe something like all the stuff I did to you Monday.”

“What?”

“You know, kiss me, and lick me, and put my, um, in your mouth and...”

“You don’t mean?”

“I did it for you.”

“But I couldn’t. I can’t put your, thing, in my mouth!”

“I licked you down there, and you enjoyed it right?”

“Yes.”

“So why can’t you do it for me?”

“I just don’t think I should do something like that.”

“Why, because it’s disgusting?”

“No. It’s not like that.” But I knew she was lying. It was disgusting. And the very thought that she might be compelled to do it, almost made her sick to her stomach. But, I wasn’t forcing her. She’d come of her of her own free will. I had brought her to orgasm the other day, by using my mouth on her vagina. I wouldn’t force her to suck me off, I knew the term from descriptions of the act by older kids at school. But I was expecting her to bring me off somehow. That she had to do. She wanted to do it. With her mouth, only as a last resort. It was that realization that was to prove her undoing.

“Then what is it?”

She would try to talk her way out of the possibility. She would appeal to my sense of honor. “You did it because you wanted to do it. I never asked you to. Now you’re telling me, you want me to do it.” She hoped that would do it.

“So?”

“It’s not the same. Besides, I really wanted to be naked today.”

“You’re the one who says only one of us can be naked at a time.”

“I just don’t want to do anything to get pregnant.”

“That’s why I want to do the thing with your mouth. It felt good when I did it to you, It’ll feel just as good for me. And then, I wouldn’t be able to do anything to get you pregnant.”

“You mean, if I put your thing in my mouth, and you do your stuff there, than I won’t have to worry?”

“We only have an hour or two. I won’t be able to do it twice before you have to go. There won’t be enough time.”

“So I could be naked. And you could do things to me too?”

“Just like the other day!”

That was it. I didn’t know the term for it, but I had given her the carrot and stick treatment. I was telling her that I would be willing to do it to her, only if she did it to me first. She really wanted me to lick her like that again, she was desperate.

“OK.”

I finish undressing, and since she is stripped down to just her panties, were ready. Soon, I am lying on my bed, legs spread slightly, waiting for her to begin.

She climbs on top of me. She starts to kiss me. Neither one of us has much experience kissing another person. Her kissing of me, is about as amateurish as my kissing of her was on Monday.

Then, just as I had kissed my way down her body on Monday, she started kissing her way down mine. Reluctantly, I allowed her to stop kissing me on my lips. But I really enjoyed feeling her mouth on other parts of my body. My neck, my shoulder (the left), my right nipple, then my left. Everything I had done to her on Monday, she was determined to do to me.

As her mouth attends to my nipples, her hand is also busy. My cock is now firmly encased in her hands. Stroking its length, up and down, it is as hard as a rock, and I’m loving every minute of it.

Soon, her hand starts to move faster. It begins to have an effect on me. Since I’m only eleven, I’m not experienced at sex. My body takes longer to react. Although I had been playing with myself, for several months now, I had not yet been able to make myself cum in less than half an hour. Margaret was having to work a lot harder to get me off, than I had had to work for her.

Soon, she began to see why it was that an arm could get tired doing this. The strain on it must have been terrible. I think, now that I look back on things, that she was probably hoping that I would shoot my load, before it became necessary for her to put my little cock into her mouth. She wasn’t lucky.

Even though she was switching back and forth with her hands, each taking its turn jerking on my cock, she was still getting nowhere. I wasn’t helping her. With every thought, I was determined to delay my orgasm, until she at least had me in her

mouth. I must admit though, it was an almost impossible task. The feel of her hand on my cock, stroking it, caressing my balls, had me close to cumming at least twice. I was barely able to stop it. Both of her arms were soon exhausted, and she no longer had a choice.

The look on her face wise priceless. Where I had willingly put my mouth around her pussy, she'd use her mouth on me, only as a last resort. She was determined that I would be gotten off. She would not admit defeat. Even if it meant doing what she didn't want to do. She'd delayed long enough. Her hands were not doing the job.

With my head resting on a pillow, I was able to just lower my eyeballs enough to see her face as it inched its way towards my crotch. Her hands had increased their speed in a vain, desperate attempt to get me to shoot off before her mouth reached its objective. She was perfectly willing to get it in her face, or anywhere else, as long as it wasn't in her mouth.

She failed. I felt her hands leave my dick, as her mouth closed in around it. The look of disgust on her face was evident. I closed my eyes, as her head began rising and lowering on my prick. It had taken everything I had, to last this long, I was not going to be able to last much longer.

“I’m close,” I heard myself shouting. “Faster. FASTER!”

Her only acknowledgement of my shouting was to increase the speed, and force, of her mouth on my dick. I couldn't last much longer. “I’m about to...” I shouted. She got faster. “I’m cumming!” I could feel it in my balls. “I’m cumming!” Her mouth got even faster. “I’M CUMMING!” and without her stopping, I shot my load into her mouth.

If she'd wanted to, she could have stopped, but she continued, moving her head on and off me, even as I squirted into her. In a last gasp of excitement, my hands reached down, and grabbed her hair. If she had wanted to pull off me, she couldn't have. She would have had to, and she did, take every shot into her mouth. I was young, and what I shot into her, wasn't all that much. Maybe a tablespoon or so. Some of it, spilled out, but I know she'd swallowed some of it. Even if she had spit most of it out, she would have had to swallow the residue.

Finally, I was finished. As my last spurt shot into her mouth, I could feel myself shrinking inside her. Soon, as soon as I released my grip on her hair, she pulled

herself from my crotch for the last time, that day. She smiled at me, and then hit me with a face that showed the disgust she felt for what she'd just done. It was then, that I began to feel bad for what I had almost forced her to do.

She collapsed onto the bed beside me. I rolled over, and left the bed, and then left the room. As I passed through the door, I looked back at her, seeing her lay there in just her panties. I realized then, that she looked just as sexy wearing only her underpants, as she did wearing nothing at all. I had to pee, the need almost desperate, or I would have immediately gone back to bed and started in on her. Instead, I left her for several minutes. The house was still empty, except for the two of us, so I didn't bother slipping into anything, as I walked to the bath room that I shared with Elisabeth, naked. I left the door open and I peed, and when I was done, I wiped off with a piece of toilet paper, then headed back to my bedroom.

She was sitting up, when I returned. Her back to the door. She hadn't done anything to begin dressing yet. She was just sitting there, staring at the window in just her underwear. I stood in the doorway, staring at her. After a couple of minutes, she decided I had taken too long, so she stood up. She turned around, her head turning wildly, looking for her discarded clothing, when she saw me staring at her.

“What are you doing?”

“Looking at one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen.” I knew it was corny, for me to say something like that, but it was true. At least to me it was.

“Where have you been?”

“Every time I have an orgasm, it's the funnies thing, but I need to go pee real bad, right away.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. It's kind of a problem once in a while. If I can't get to a bathroom, it can really hurt.”

“As much hurt as I felt when you just walked out of here?”

“I'm sorry. I should have said something. I didn't even think..”

“I know. So how are you going to make it up to me?”

I didn’t say a word. I just walked up to her, wrapped my arms around her body, and began kissing her.

Soon, we were back on my bed.

Soon, even though I was still naked, she was raising her hips off my bed, so that I could slide her panties off of her ass, and down her legs.

Soon, my mouth was, for the second time, exploring every inch of her body.

And soon, only twenty minutes after our first kiss, of the second act, she was writhing in orgasm as my tongue ravaged her pussy.

And soon, too soon, we were both spent, wrapped in each other’s arms, trying to regain the energy we would need, if we were to clean ourselves up, and erase all the evidence of our actions for the last hour and a half.

Finally, I rose out of bed. She had rolled over onto her stomach, so I gave her a loud, but hopefully not painful, slap on her ass, to encourage her to move.

She finally got out of my bed, and with the two of us, still naked, we stripped the sheets from it, just like we’d done to her bed, only the other day. I carried the sheets to our laundry room, still naked, and after starting the load, we headed back upstairs, where we shared a shower to clean each other up. This time, our hands explored the other’s body, as our mouth’s had done earlier.

And when we were done, we dried each other off, drying every part of the other’s body, leaving nothing to chance.

And then we got dressed. I knelt in front of Margaret, holding out her panties, so that she could step into them, staring at her crotch as I did so. Then, I did the same for her shorts. And then, for the skirt she wore over the shorts. I ignored her socks, and got up onto my feet. I helped her slip her undervest over her head, and arranged it upon her body. And then, after sliding her shirt on over her arms, I grabbed her, and kissed her, full on the lips. The first time that we had done so. It was funny. Even though our mouths had been employed in numerous methods of gratifying the other, this was the first time we’d kissed.

Soon, we had to break off, and Margaret headed downstairs to start her homework. I quickly dressed myself, and followed her to the living room. Scattering our books on the coffee table, we were soon fully absorbed in our work. Neither of us heard mom's car pull into the drive, or her and my sister enter the house.

Mom had expected to find Margaret with me. But she had expected us to be goofing off, not doing our homework. She smiled. Wished Margaret hello. Told Elisabeth to change and get started on her homework while she started dinner. Margaret accepted an invitation to stay for dinner, steaks, so mom went into the kitchen to phone Mrs. Anderson as she started cooking.

Elisabeth, joined us downstairs in about ten minutes, and by seven, all three of us had finished, and we finally turned on the television. Nothing was really on, just some game shows, so we kind of ignored it, and just started a conversation, which was really just us being stupid, when mom interrupted us, with the fact that dinner was ready.

After eating, it was time to take Margaret home. I walked with her, helping her carry her books. When we got to her front door, she turned to me, and reached out to me. I thought she was going to take her school books that I'd been holding. I was wrong. She wrapped her arms around me, and gave me one last big kiss. Taking her books from me, she went inside. I walked home, reliving the fantasy of what we'd done that afternoon.

For the rest of the evening, I kept finding my mind wandering back to the joyful experience of having her blow me, for the first time ever. I was so horny, even after having just gotten off in her mouth, that by the time I had to get ready for bed, I really had to masturbate again. This I did, in the darkness of my bedroom, my dick encased in one of the socks I'd worn that day. When I finally went to sleep that night, I was the most content that I'd ever been in my entire life.

This is basically what happened for the rest of the winter. Usually just once a week, one of us would manage to have our house all to ourselves, with the other joining in for an afternoon of oral sex.

Art Classes, Chapter 5

January came along, and even though we were weekly enjoying the other's body, we were looking forward to our next modeling session.

Mid-month, and mom announced at dinner, that the last Saturday of the month, would be her next anatomy class. She wanted to know if I was interested. I told her yes.

A look passed between mom and Elisabeth. A look that should have told me, if I had actually bothered to care, that the two of them were planning something.

The day finally arrived. A day in which I would be earning another hundred and fifty, plus tips.

The morning passed by slowly. Lunch was a chore. I just wanted things to move along, so that mom could announce that it was time to leave. I was already dressed, in new jeans and underpants no less. My sister was nicely dressed as well. Which was unusual for her. Typically, Saturdays in the winter, rarely saw her properly dressed until mom forced her to change out of her pajamas. Today, mom had never said a word, and yet she was wearing a jeans outfit, long before eleven.

Finally, she announced it was time. I headed for the car, walking, not running, so as to create the impression that I really was not all that excited. But today I was. It was the first time, in two months, that I wouldn't have to sneak around to be naked with my new girlfriend. Doing it in front of my mother, may not have made a lot of sense, but at least it was done honestly. The money was also appreciated. But mainly I was excited because Margaret and I would be together. And maybe. Just maybe. Mom would have us posed in some way that would be really exciting.

I was in the car, waiting for mom, for almost five minutes. I didn't think anything was wrong, when Elisabeth was with her. She was only going to see us off, before heading over to a friend's house. But, she got into the back seat with me.

"Where are we dropping Elisabeth off, Mom?" I asked.

"We aren't."

"She's not taking the class? Is she?" This was not a pleasant thought. I had no problem with a bunch of old ladies seeing me walk around and pose in my birthday

suit. But it had been a couple of years, since I had been seen naked by my sister. OK. It was only two years since the last time, when mom couldn't get separate appointments for us at the doctors. She was what, six at the time, and didn't care about stripping in front of me. In fact, I sometimes still sit with her, while she takes a bath, because mom is busy, and doesn't feel that she should be alone while in the tub.

BUT SHE WAS GOING TO BE SEEING ME NAKED!

This wasn't fair. If I had known she was coming, I probably wouldn't have volunteered to model.

I was pissed. But I was in the car. The car was moving. And I couldn't get out of it.

Imagine my surprise though, when mom said, "Elisabeth just wants the chance to earn some spending money for herself."

"Earn spending money herself?" That meant what I thought it meant. Now I would be naked with my sister, in public. And God only knew what this meant, being naked with Margaret?

We arrived on campus, after an almost relaxing fifteen minute drive. When we entered mom's studio, I headed for the changing room. I locked the door. I always did. I don't know why. After all, it didn't make any difference, since I would be naked in front of everyone anyway. But still, I locked the door. I just liked my privacy when getting undressed.

I stripped down, from my clothes, and wrapped myself in my bathrobe.

Walking back into the studio, Elisabeth was already undressed, or at least, just wearing her underpants.

Soon after, about ten minutes or so, the first students began arriving. Mrs. Anderson, and Margaret with her, arrived about half-way though the group. They were already seated, with their art supplies properly arranged, in the second row, as the last of the students arrived.

"If we're all here, can we please find our seats." my mother commanded the class.

“Today, we have a special treat. Not only do we have our usual model, my son James, and Margaret will be modeling for us for the second half, we also have a third model. My other child, Elisabeth.”

All the ladies knew this. The kid had been walking around the room in just a pair of panties, since before the first of them arrived. She’d announced that she was a model today, whenever any of them asked what she was doing.

“So,” gesturing to me and then Elisabeth to join her, “if our models are ready, we can begin.”

I walked to the center of the room, and climbed up on the models platform. Still in my robe, I began to undo the sash, as Elisabeth arrived, and slid her panties down from her waist.

I threw my robe to the edge of the platform, hoping that mom wouldn’t move it, during the session, so that I could easily slip it on between poses. Just a reminder, since we’re doing multiple models, there will be extra time for you to sketch. Forty five minutes for each pose. And ladies, please remember, let’s try to keep it to forty-five minutes.” There were nods all around the room.

“Now, for our first pose. James, could you come here please.”

I walked over to her.

“Would you lie down on the ground, please?” She pointed to the area of the platform, immediately in front of her. “This way please, and on your stomach.” moving her arms back and forth, to show that I should lie so that the ladies could see the length of my body.

When I was in the position she was looking for, she took my sister, and helping her into position, “Now sweetheart, I want you to sit on your brother.” This she did, straddling my body with her legs, so that her pussy was just above my ass. “Now lean forward, and act like you are taking a nap on your brother.”

This she did. Her head resting on my back, just on my shoulder blades. Her arms dangled down, resting on the floor. She faced the group, and then when mom said it was ok, she closed her eyes.

Mom moved us just a little bit, so that we appeared to be laying more naturally. “OK ladies. I think our models are ready. You may begin. And remember, three-quarters of an hour.”

Mom was walking around the room, providing direction to the ladies. I could see this, since my eyes were not closed, but cracked a little. I really wouldn’t have seen enough to figure that it was her, except I knew that she was the only one walking around the rooms, during classes.

Elisabeth must have been bored. We were maybe ten minutes into the pose, when I could swear that she was asleep. This proved to be true, when at the pose’s end, mom had trouble waking her up.

The break was welcome. Even though the pose wasn’t very stressful, I still hadn’t moved a muscle for the better part of an hour. I needed to move. I got up, after my sister had climbed off me, and went to grab my robe from the edge of the platform. **IT WAS MISSING!**

Mom couldn’t resist moving things. I didn’t see it anywhere, and I was too embarrassed, given the circumstances, to ask her where she had put it. There was nothing for me to do, but remain naked for the breaks. After all. What did it really matter? I had spent almost the last hour, naked, in front of these ladies. **WHAT DID 15 MINUTES MATTER?**

It was a little embarrassing though, when Margaret sought me out, proudly wanting to show me the sketch she’d made of me and my sister. It was awkward. I didn’t mind being naked in front of her. It was just more fun for me, if she was naked too. But there we were. Me naked, looking at a naked sketch of me, drawn by a girl I was thinking of stating publicly was my girlfriend. Yet she was wearing all her clothes.

The next pose, was a little more physically stressing. At least for me.

Elizabeth was sitting Indian style, in the center of the dais. Me, I was standing behind her, with my legs spread, my arms stretching up, with my hands clasped behind my head. Everything I was, exposed to the ladies as the drawing tables.

Elisabeth was just sitting there, expected to smile at the ladies.

I was scowling.

This one was also fairly easy. I thought mom was taking it easy on us, because of my little sister, being so much younger. I was wrong.

This was a fairly simple sketch, and all the ladies were pretty much done in the 45 minutes allotted.

When mom called a halt to this session, my sister and I again worked the kinks out of our bodies, by walking around the room, looking at any of the artwork the ladies wanted to show off.

I made a direct line to Margaret, knowing that she would only be chasing after me. Her work was good. You could clearly see, from her sketching, the curves of the muscles, under my skin. And looking at my face, I could almost expect to have seen her take my picture with a Polaroid camera.

The last session, before Elisabeth would be replaced by Margaret was the toughest of the three.

Mom rigged a piece of rope to hang from the ceiling. Couching down, Elisabeth crawled onto my back, clasping her arms around my neck, preventing her from sliding off. Mom had a small block on the floor. She helped me climb onto it. I then grabbed the rope, and swung us into the air, like we had Tarzaned from the limb of some giant jungle tree.

I had to hang there, for 45 minutes without moving, supporting not only my own weight, but also that of my, in this case, not so little, little sister.

Every minute, my arms ached. Every movement of either my body, or my sister's also caused strain, with the addition of having my bare skin scraped by the rope. This one I barely survived.

Twice my arms gave out, I released the rope, and me and my sister fell to the platform. Mom would let me have five minutes to recuperate, then it was back to the rope. This was the first time I ever refused extra time to pose, when the class wasn't far enough to end the pose. Mom was disappointed in me. I didn't give a damn. The pose was just too painful.

In the end, I had my way. Mom ended the pose. Again, I roamed around the room, looking at the sketches the ladies had done. Elizabeth just sat in front of the class,

on the edge of the platform, dressing in front of everyone. Margaret had disappeared. I made a guess that she was undressing in the dressing room. Ten minutes into the break, I was proven right. Margaret reappeared, dressed only in her robe. Mom must have said something to her, since in the extra time she'd needed to change, she had tied her hair up into a ponytail, tied with a ribbon.

Our first pose, was an easy one for me. Mom had replaced the sections of platform, with my assistance, with a king-sized bed on rollers. I was placed on one end, sitting "indian style".

Margaret was kneeling, her ass resting against her feet.

I was blindfolded.

Margaret was kneeling close enough to me that she was able to grasp my arm, place the palm of my hand against her right breast, the side of her body facing the class.

For forty five minutes, I just sat there, feeling up my girlfriend. Resisting the urge, I failed repeatedly, to squeeze. Never had forty five minutes passed so quickly. I was actually disappointed, when reluctantly, I had to lower my hand.

The next pose, though, was ample compensation for losing my rights to her tit.

Still on the bed, this time I was lying on my back, several pillows piled up behind me, allowing me to have my head raised, yet still resting. My feet were pointing forward, towards the center aisle of the class room. Mom made sure that my legs were spread. Not enough to be overtly erotic. Just enough that you could see my slight erection.

Margaret was lying on the bed as well, only she was lying on her side. Her head was resting on my right leg. This should have allowed the class to see the front of her body, minus her crotch which would be hidden by her legs. EXCEPT for the fact that her hand, her right hand, was resting on my leg. Her fingers far enough between my legs, to insinuate that the moment the sketches were depicting, she had been caught, possibly by one of our parents, groping for my cock.

I just lay there. A Cheshire cat smile on my face. Enjoying the feel of her body. Wishing that mom, who was the one that actually placed Margaret's hand upon my

leg, had moved it a few inches to the left. Not much. Just enough to let the tips of her fingers connect with my penis.

Again, the session, forty five minutes ended quickly. Too quickly. And glory be, half the class wasn't finished. The pose was extended for another thirty minutes before mom called it quits.

Much to my annoyance, the bed disappeared during the break. I was not happy. So much potential, not achieved.

What replaced it was almost as good, except that in the end, it was almost as uncomfortable as hanging from a rope, my sister on my back. Two chaise lounges. White. Made of wood. Were rolled into position. Again, they were positioned to face the class. Towels were placed upon them, then the two of us were positioned, by mom, on the towels. This time, both of us, had our legs separated. My feet were actually resting on the ground. Margaret had one leg pointing mainly forward. The other foot planted firmly on the seat, knee pointing upward. Again, our genitalia would feature prominently in the portraits.

What hurt, was two things.

One, where the lounges began to incline upwards, there was a wide gap in the wood. Don't ask me why. Our butts, at least mine was, were set right on top of the gap. My weight pressed me into it. It didn't actually pinch. It was just extra pressure, on my body, where it connected with the edges.

Two, just as a touch of whimsy, mom made us raise our arms, Since I was on the left it was my right arm, and the opposite for Margaret. In each of our hands, she places a glass. Filled with colored foam, with a paper umbrella, it looked just like one of those daiquiris you see people at beaches, or resorts drinking. For the whole forty five minutes of this pose, we had to hold our arms up, toasting each other.

When the forty five minutes were finished, we were allowed to rest our arms for five minutes. We had to remain laid out on the lounges. But at least we could rest our arms. Fifteen more minutes, and things were far enough along, that this, the last session could end.

And I must admit. At this point, I was a little disappointed.

Now don't get me wrong, I loved my time alone with Margaret. What we were able to do alone, was miraculous. But trying to hide everything, was almost impossible. I knew we were one day going to get caught. And at that point, we'd probably be banished. Forbidden to ever see each other again.

This threat overshadowed every second we were alone together. Our time together, posing for the art classes, we were together. We were naked. I could almost imagine that we were alone. And most importantly, we were safe. Mom was positioning us. Any pose we took, no matter how potentially sexual in nature, were her responsibility. Today, I was able to feel Margaret up for an hour. With our mothers' permission. But after this afternoon, it would be another six weeks before we could experience this freedom again.

Art Classes, Chapter 6

After the January class, life returned to normal. Margaret and I spent as much time together, as we could. But it was never enough.

It was a strain though. Whenever we were alone, we were together. I found myself, going over to her house, supposedly to spend an afternoon with Michael. Really to spend time with her.

Any excuse to be near her, was jumped upon. Even if it only meant that we were together for five minutes.

But still, there was time for us to be alone. Together. And we attempted to make the most of it.

Margaret was still obsessed with oral sex. At least, with me eating her out. Blow jobs, were not as common. But still, sometimes, after two or three times where I'd eat her, and she didn't do anything for me, I was able to guilt trip her into doing it. I'd feel bad, afterwards. But I still did it. Because as much as it physically disgusted her, it was that good for me. And if you want the truth, I think she was starting to get used to the idea.

But as January turned into February, school dominated affairs. Except for the two days, that we had school canceled. We were lucky. It wasn't weather related. If it had been, mom would have had the day off from her college as well. A problem arose with some work that was being done on the roof. Mainly, the guys doing the job forgot to secure a hatch on the roof. During a high wind, the hatch blew open

The open roof let in cold air. Since the room where the hatch was located was a storage room between two bath rooms, pipes froze, flooding much of the second floor. Two computer labs were destroyed, as was half of the school library. The only thing that made it possible for school to reopen after being closed for two days, was the fact that it was the Wednesday before President's Day. Especially since it took them three days to remove all the asbestos. We won't go into any more details, since I don't want to get anyone in the community, mainly the PTO, to start another riot.

So, we had two, school free, mom free days. Elizabeth spent both days at a friend's house. Mom decided that I was responsible enough to take care of myself. Margaret, lied to her mother, and only told her, that she'd be at a friend's house.

That she'd be back home by four. I guess it really wasn't a lie. She just didn't add any more details than what she thought her mom needed to know.

So that's how I found myself, on the Thursday and Friday before President's Day weekend, opening my front door, and finding my girlfriend, wanting to spend the day with me. Naked.

Closing the door, I was already wearing only my briefs, yet she was wearing a jeans outfit, boots, winter coat, scarf, mittens, hat, etc.

It wasn't fair. Her fully clothed, and me almost naked. So the first order of business was to take off my underpants. Escort her up to my room. And then help her out of her clothes. When we were both naked, we'd almost immediately end up on my bed. And just as quickly, the oral sex would begin.

And before lunch, she'd have had several orgasms. I would have one. Again, not fair. Since it was my house, we were having sex in, I had to fix lunch for the two of us. And then, after cleaning up the kitchen, it was back to my room for more sex play. In the two days, morning and afternoon, I must have eaten her out, six times. Each time she had two or three orgasms. And in the two days, she never once sucked my cock. Just gave me a hand job. Again, unfair.

But we were alone, together, and naked. So I wasn't complaining. And except for eating, and using the bathroom, we were lying in my bed. We were exploring our sexuality. And, well, if you look at what we were doing from a certain point of view, we were staying out of trouble.

The only problem being that Leonardo, our shi-tzu, whenever Margaret was around, had developed a crush on her. He never wanted to leave whatever room she was in. It would have been a serious problem, except for the fact that the stupid animal was perfectly content to lay in his bed, in the corner of my bedroom, napping.

The only other problem, was that I had once again tried to bring up the subject of butt-sex. And again, Margaret shot that idea down. Even threatening to take herself home, if I brought it up again.

And before we knew it, March was here. The last weekend of the month, was mom's next class. Again, about three weeks before, mom asked me if I was still

interested. Again I said yes. I was also informed that Elizabeth would be modeling for the first half of the class, just like last time.

Saturday rolled around. And just as soon as I was up, I was in the shower cleaning up for the afternoon.

And just like last time, Elizabeth was ready, long before we had to leave.

When we pulled into the parking lot, there was no indication that anything would really be different from last time. That was not the case.

Elizabeth was running around in just her panties, and I had already stripped down so that all I was wearing was my bath robe.

Most of the students were already in place, including Mrs. Anderson and Margaret.

Except Margaret wasn't all that happy.

Sitting next to her, was her brother Michael.

I was standing there, staring, not moving. I had noticed him immediately when I left the changing room. I walked up front, and turning around, I tried, and succeeded in getting Margaret's attention. Motioning that she should follow me, I walked to the back of the room. She joined me a moment later.

I wanted to know what was going on. Her answer was simple.

Michael had been looking in his mother's craft room, looking for some paper to complete a homework assignment with. And he had stumbled upon Mrs. Anderson's sketches.

And looking at them, he immediately knew who the boy was in all the pictures. And that the girl in a number of them was Margaret.

Confronting his sister, and his mother with his discovery, only that morning, the argument was fierce.

And in the end, Mrs. Anderson, not wanting to listen to any more of his allegations, or Margaret's arguing, announced that there was nothing wrong with what was happening in the art class. Margaret had seconded her. But still, Michael

wasn't believing them. So much so, that to settle the matter, at least temporarily, Michael was ordered to attend the class that afternoon, and judge for himself.

So there he was. Sitting between his mother, and his little sister. And he wasn't even planning on doing any sketching.

Now I was just as pissed off as Margaret was.

But there was nothing either of us could do.

So, at around twelve thirty mom stood at the front of class, and started things off.

Elizabeth slipped out of her underpants.

And I took off my robe, laying it across a stand at the side of the dais, where mom had promised not to move it.

The first pose was a hard one.

Mom had a couple boxes, wooden crates, filled with books, stacked on the side of the dais. I stood in front of it, facing the opposite side of the platform. Elizabeth was standing in front of me. Mom had us raise our hands in front of us. We each grasped the other, on the wrists. Then mom helped Elizabeth slide her body downwards, so that her legs slid between mine, along with part of her body. She slid, until her feet came in contact with the stack of crates. I actually had to stand there, pulling her upwards so her little ass wasn't touching the floor.

Mom announced that this pose would run for 45 minutes. I was straining in only five. I was in agony, ready to drop the kid, and flee after fifteen. After thirty, I was counting down the time in my head. And I was disappointed when I discovered that there was at least ten minutes left, when I thought the time was up. The fact that I wasn't facing a clock, and mom was slowing down the clock, meant that 45 minutes was actually a little over an hour. And when it was over, I was too tired to look and see that I had just been screwed by my own mother.

I had fifteen minutes to recover, when mom announced the next pose.

She had a small length of wooden fence, like what you see running around a horse pasture. It was well anchored to the ground. And that was the good news.

The pose was that Elizabeth was standing on the lowest rail of the fence, looking at the class. I was immediately behind her, making sure that she wouldn't fall off the fence. She was leaning forward, holding out a carrot. The idea was that she was giving a treat to a horse.

The idea was that the ladies would sketch us, and include the horse when they got home.

It was an easy pose. Except for the fact that I had to make sure that Elizabeth was secure on the fence. So I actually had to strain a little, supporting her. My legs bore the brunt of it.

And when it was over, it took me ten minutes of continuous walking, not stopping unless I couldn't avoid it, before my muscles started to relax a little.

I avoided Margaret's table. I wanted to see what she was doing. But even more so, I didn't want to go anywhere near Michael.

The third pose, was similar to the second.

No strain? Mom rolled out a remnant of carpet. Then she made Michael and me too, help roll out a couch. Elizabeth was lying on the floor, playing with a doll. I was on the couch, reading a comic book. I was on my back, holding the book up in front of my face. No strain? Try holding a pose like that for five minutes. You'll see what I mean.

But pretty soon, that pose was over too.

And the half-way point was reached.

Margaret went to the changing room to undress. Elizabeth just sat on the edge of the platform, getting dressed. I slipped on the robe, and walked around the room, looking at some of the ladies work.

I think Margaret felt that day, the same as I had, my first time. Committed to it, but not wanting to go through with it.

But she came out of the changing room, wearing her pink bath robe.

She joined me up front, and we sat down on the edge of the dais. Mom was still moving some things around, so we had a few minutes to sit there, dreading what was to come. Sympathizing with each other, over our predicaments.

All too soon, it was time. We joined my mom on the platform, removing our robes as we did so. Margaret handed hers to me, and I put both of them on the stand that I had used earlier.

Mom decided to make me suffer.

The platform was clear. I faced away from the class. Margaret jumped up onto my back, and I hunched over, supporting her, as if I was giving her an old-fashioned piggy-back ride.

Again, my legs took the brunt of this session. But, surprisingly, after fifteen minutes, the pain in my legs was so bad, that I began to lose feeling in my legs.

I was too young to worry about what was happening. I was only grateful for the fact that my legs weren't hurting.

When time was up, and Margaret climbed down, I discovered that I couldn't move my legs. I couldn't walk.

At that point, mom again drafted Michael to help. AS she helped me slip back into my bathrobe, she called him over. The look of concern on the faces of the ladies, made me feel better. Knowing that this would help me make more in tips, and I was almost laughing.

He walked me around the room, supporting me, until my legs had recovered, and I could walk on my own. About ten minutes. I walked for another ten, just to keep the recovery going.

When I could finally move again, mom had the second pose prepared.

Margaret and I were standing, facing each other, our toes pointed at, and touching the other's. We raised out hands, palm forward, intertwining our fingers. And then we were leaned backwards. Mom, with Michael's assistance, helped us into position. And then we were on our own. Each of us straining to make sure that the other would not fall backwards, but trying to make sure that we weren't going to fall backwards either. Again, this pose was a strainer. Both the arms and the leg.

And after the previous pose, and because a number of ladies needed more time, the strain on my legs took even longer to recover from.

The third pose.

Margaret stood at the front of the dais. I was right behind her. My arms were wrapped around her body. I was nuzzling her ear, lightly nibbling on her ear lobe. And my hands? One was resting on her stomach. And the other was reaching towards her breast. Her hands? Her left hand, was wrapped up in the arm I had at her stomach. Her right was reaching up, brushing her fingers through my hair.

We just stood there. I was listening to mom the whole time. For the first half hour, I ran every thought through my head that would increase my erection. After a few minutes I gave in to the urge, and pushed my crotch against her ass. The last fifteen minutes, I did everything I could to deflate.

I barely made it in time.

And then, the class was over. The ladies were packing up their supplies, and visiting me and Margaret as they left the room. Again, the tips were plentiful. I made almost a hundred and twenty five. Elizabeth made thirty. And Margaret made forty.

Michael just sat there watching everyone leave.

When it was just the six of us left, Margaret and I headed to the changing room to grab out clothes. We dressed in the classroom, as our moms cleaned up, and then we counted our tip money.

Michael sat there, not moving. Not saying anything.

When Margaret was finished dressing, the three of them left. Mom had to stay behind, to finish straightening up. I tried to start a conversation with my sister. I was wondering what she'd buy with her money. She said she wanted to "buy more kids", and I knew immediately what it was she meant. My sister was always addicted to Cabbage Patch Kids. Mom was letting her use at least some of her modeling money to buy more. It had to be. She had at least twenty of the things. Five or six new ones, in the last couple of months.

Finally mom finished cleaning, and we went home, stopping at the Colonel's for a bucket for dinner.

After dinner, I announced that I needed a walk.

It was the end of March, still a little chilly out, but not freezing.

I went out with a light jacket, and headed straight for the park. I wanted to be alone, to think about what would happen next. Wondering what Michael would do.

Wondering if my secret would be all over the school on Monday.

Sunday was weird as well. The Andersons went to church like usual. When they arrived home, I was walking down the sidewalk, on the opposite side of the street.

Margaret had to see me. She had to know I was out there. But she never came out. I kinda hung around there for thirty minutes or so, but she never came, so I went home, and spent the rest of the day sulking in my room.

Monday morning. And I was terrified.

Getting up, and walking to school was the hardest thing I had ever had to do, up until that time. It was even worse than slipping out of the towel, my very first day of modeling for mom.

That day, it was just a bunch of ladies, seeing me naked. Today, it could possibly be the entire school ridiculing me, for what I was doing.

When I arrived, nothing but silence.

No I don't mean that there was no noise whatsoever. There just wasn't anyone there, waiting to make my life a living hell.

Michael hadn't told anyone?

All day long, whenever we were in a class together, I would try to get his attention. He was ignoring me.

Even at lunch, when I went to sit down next to him, he just stood up, and moved to a different table. The kids who were now sitting with me, looked and wondered why he'd moved. Wondered why we were fighting.

It was everything I could do to ignore their questions.

And after lunch, I only had a quick minute to talk to Margaret. She didn't know what was going on either.

After school, I hurriedly grabbed my stuff out of my locker, and began to power walk my way home. I was successful in getting ahead of him. I waited at Ebenezer Park, since he had to walk through it to get home.

He saw me, sitting on a picnic table, under a shelter, from a short ways off. He tried to detour around me, and I let him.

I waited for five minutes, and then continued home. When I got there, mom was home, and had already started making dinner.

Finding out that we wouldn't be eating until after seven, I made my plans.

I ran upstairs, and finished my homework, around five thirty. Then I just stayed in my room, lying on my bed. Doing nothing. Thinking about what it was I had to do.

At ten to six, I got up, and shouted to mom that I'd be back before seven. I think she knew what was about to happen.

I walked to the Anderson house. Ringing the bell, it was Mrs. Anderson who opened the door.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea for you to try and see Margaret...”

I didn’t let her finish.

“It’s not Margaret I’m here for.” Was all I said, as I brushed past her.

As I started up the stairs, she informed me that Michael was out in the back yard. I came back down the four steps I had climbed, and headed towards the kitchen.

Margaret was there, helping her mother with dinner. She may have said something to me. I don't remember.

All I did was stair at their back door, as I walked towards it.

Upon leaving the house, I saw Michael, sitting on the retaining wall for a raised flower bed, a football in his hands.

“Go away. You’re no longer welcome here.”

“I think your sister would argue with you about that.”

“It’s because of my sister, that you’re not welcome.”

“Why? Because she can’t take care of herself, and you have to protect her? Or is it because I’m your best friend? And I want to date your sister?”

“It’s because you, and she, are, well....It’s not right.”

“What isn’t? The two of us modeling?”

“The two of you. Modeling? Naked?”

“I think your mom would disagree.”

“She doesn’t care. All she cares about is her drawing. She’s like this all the time. She goes crazy for something. It’s all she cares about. What it does to Margaret and me, she ignores. It’s all about her.”

“So. It’s only ok for your sister and me to do this, because it’s her latest obsession?”

“Yeah.” She’s pimping out my sister, so that she can get her kicks, sketching you.”

“Can I ask you a question?”

“What?”

“How do you think I felt, the first day she showed up in class?”

“I dunno. Proud I guess. Horney?”

“I was scared stiff. And furious. Both of our mothers knew it was gonna happen, and nobody warned me.”

“So what did you do, run and hide, while trying to cover yourself?”

“No. I was hanging from a bar, suspended from the ceiling. I was sorta tied to it, with these cuffs around my wrists. All I could do was hang there, and hope the class would hurry up.”

“How long?”

“Well, the classes all run about the same length as Saturday.”

“No. How long were you hanging there?”

“Almost an hour.”

Michael looked a little impressed.

“So you had no idea that my sister would be there?”

“I knew about your mom. And I knew about the other ladies from school. But I had no idea about your sister. And I had no idea, when halfway through the class, she was gonna start modeling too.”

“So none of this was your idea?”

“If I had my way, she’d have never set foot in that class.”

“But you’re glad she did?” He looked straight at me, as he said that. The look on his face showing that he was determined for me to answer the questions. I couldn’t back out.

“Now. I think I am. I even think we’re falling in love.”

That could have been a big mistake. I was winning the argument. I had to blow it, by bring love into the picture.

“I could see that.” And I could just imagine. The way we looked at each other, when facing each other while posing. The way my hands were on her body, when we embraced on the stage.

“So. What’s your real problem?”

“Is my best friend coming on to my little sister?”

“Lemme guess. If I am, you have to protect her. Right?”

“Yeah. It’s my job. Dad’s not here.....” And then I saw a tear start to form in his eyes. “Dad’s not here to do it anymore.” Peter Anderson had been killed three summers before, while on duty, as a patrol officer back in their old town of Manchester New Hampshire.

It was after this, to escape the memories, that their mother had moved them closer to her hometown of Middlebury, here in Vermont.

Two years later, mom, my sister and I moved here, after she got a job at Middlebury College. That was necessary, after dad turned forty. He had a mid-life crises, dumped mom for a girl just out of college. Mom got the house in the divorce, alimony something crazy, and custody of me and my sister. Dad didn’t even want weekends. We would only get in the way of him and his new girl having sex. Or at least that’s what his new wife used to say about us.

“I have to protect her. Even if it’s from my mother.”

“Are you protecting her from me?” I don’t know why I asked that question. Even to this day, I couldn’t tell you why. It was a reflex response. Protecting his sister from his mother to protecting her from me.

“That’s just it. I don’t know.”

“Maybe you should be protecting her from herself?”

He looked at me, as if even asking that question, I was making myself out as the world’s biggest idiot.

“Have you even asked her about all this?”

“Why should I? It’s all mom’s idea.”

“Your mom thought the class needed another model, so she ‘volunteered’ your sister?”

“Yeah.”

“Actually it was your sister’s idea.”

That stumped him. His hands clenched into fists, as if I deserved to be punched for having said that. Let alone thought it.

“She found the pictures your mother had done that class before. Just like you had found them before this weekend. It was her idea to take the class with your mother, but your mom wouldn’t pay. Margaret approached my mom, and asked what she could do to take the class. Mom told her nothing. If her mom didn’t approve, and if she wouldn’t pay, she wasn’t going to let her in the class.”

“But she’s there. And for the last half, she’s a model.”

“That was your sister’s idea. She faked out both our parents.”

I paused, hoping that I would have to say more. No luck.

“She knew I was being paid. How, I told her the week she found the pictures. She went to my mom, and said that your mom was ok with her, taking the class, if Margaret could pay for it, by modeling for one or two of the poses.”

“Then, she went to your mom, and said that if she would say ‘yes’ she could take the class, and she could pay for it herself.”

“And mom let her?”

“Your mom probably got in touch with mine. Worked out what really was said by the both of them. And then for some reason, they decided that it would be alright.”

“I just can’t believe my mom would go for such a thing.” And he couldn’t.

And then I told him the story of how I got started.

“Wasn’t it weird, standing there, naked in front of our moms, and all those other ladies?”

“A little. But, after the first pose or two, it really didn’t matter anymore. They had all seen me. Front and back. And it wasn’t like they were there, just because they wanted to see me naked.”

“So you and my sister pose naked together, just so a bunch of old ladies can make sketches of you.”

“I know it sounds crazy. But it really isn’t all that bad.”

“But, a couple of times, you could barely walk after a pose?”

“I think mom changed her plans, to show you that it isn’t always fun. Maybe she thought that if you saw me suffer a little, that it wasn’t just sex and games?? But really art?”

“Your mom comes up with the poses?”

“I have no idea what’s gonna happen, until I get there. And yes, usually two or three aren’t all that fun.”

“I still don’t know.”

“Why don’t you ask her? Find out if she has a problem with it. And ask her if she enjoys it. After all, it was her idea.”

“I still don’t know.”

“I don’t know what to say. Just that, I’m not trying to use your sister. Not for sex. Not for anything. And accept the fact that I don’t know what will happen. Tomorrow. A year from now. Ten years from now. After college. Just accept the fact that if you think I’m going to do anything to hurt her, that considering how I’m beginning to feel about her, she could do it to me.”

“You love her?”

“I don’t know. Falling in love maybe. I might be there. I might be close. I don’t know. This is all new to me. Just know that she and I, we’re in this together. The whole ten yards.”

Saying this was a little self-serving. I knew that after their father had died, he took seriously the idea that he was the only man in the family. That sometimes, it was his responsibility to protect his sister, and maybe even their mother. Even if it was from themselves. He was more mature for his age, than most of the kids in our class. I was a third or even fourth behind him. After all, I was almost in the same situation. I often felt the same way about my mom, and my sister. But there was still a difference. My dad was still alive. Michael’s wasn’t. Sometimes, if things had truly been fair, maybe it would have been better if my dad had died, and his had just moved because his dad had taken a promotion. Who knows?

With that I stood up, and headed home. I didn’t cut through the house, but left by the back gate. When I got home, Elizabeth and mom were watching television. Leonardo was sleeping on my chair. I picked the dog up, sat myself down, and let the little shit continue his nap on my lap. I didn’t know if the conversation I had just had, did any good. But for some reason, just sitting there, with the dog on my lap, I felt better.

Art Classes - Chapter 7

Things were a little weird for the next two day. Tuesday and Wednesday, Michael still ignored me at school.

I ignored him as well.

It wasn't until after school, that I found him walking besides me, as I was walking home.

For March, in Vermont, the weather was warm. Most of the snow was melted, so I had no problem with stopping.

Ebenezer Park, and a bench out by the baseball fields.

“You really had nothing to do with it?”

“It was all your sister. My mother. And your mother.

“What's it feel like, being naked in front of a bunch of people like that?”

“Listen. Any time you want, you can take my place.” A challenge of sorts. Don't criticize me, unless you've done it yourself. But then, he surprised me.

“I was thinking about asking you about that. When is the next class?”

“The ladies are finding the class to be too much fun. Mom has one scheduled for the last Saturday in April, and one the weekend before Memorial Day. Did you want to try it once?”

“I don't know. I'm thinking about it. I'm just not ready yet.”

“That's the problem. If you think about it, you won't do it. Only an idiot would do it the first time. It's only with the second, that you no longer care.”

“I still don't know.”

“Don't think too hard. Listen. Don't think about it for a while. Just put the whole thing out of your mind, and show your mom and sister a little understanding. Then, I'll remind you the day before the next class. If you're at the house by noon, you

can come again. Do one of the poses, instead of me. Just remember. I don't know what they are, until mom announces them to the class, so I can't tell you in advance what's gonna be done to you. If you volunteer for a session, or more, you take what I was gonna get."

"I just don't think I can make up my mind."

"It's not like you have to commit yourself now. You could go to the next class. If you decide to pose, that's ok. If not, that's ok too. Just remember, go easy on your sister."

It must have been that last, me showing feelings for his sister, when he wasn't, that changed his mind.

After that, he was almost back to his normal self. He didn't run away, when I sat at his table at lunch. And he didn't ignore me anymore, at school, or around the neighborhood. We weren't friends again. But we weren't enemies. I decided that for the time being, that was all I had reason to expect.

The bad news was that as far as Margaret and I finding time to play around, their house was off limits.

Since two-thirds of our play dates were there, that meant that over the month of April, we only got to play around twice. But I didn't mind. I understood.

And I did bother to ask. Michael was being more understanding to her, and to their mother. He'd stopped arguing. And he wasn't acting like he was the one who ran the house anymore.

And then the last Friday in April rolled around.

The next class was tomorrow. And walking home that afternoon, I let Michael know.

And I was surprised when he was waiting by our car, then next day.

"I'm sorry Michael, but James is busy this afternoon."

"I know Mrs. Spencer. I was just wondering if I could have a lift?"

“Where dear?”

“With you, to your class.”

My mom was about to start grilling him, but she saw me, standing behind him, waving my hand under my chin, in a slicing motion. Mouthing the word “Don’t.”

She didn’t say anything. The four of us got into the car. And when we got to the school, Michael followed us into the classroom. He sat down in a chair in the corner. And he didn’t get up until after the class had ended. Mom guessed what was happening, and I confirmed it, when we were out of his ear shot. And she didn’t bother to question his presence, or his right to be there.

I went and changed into my robe. By the time I was done, Elizabeth was already down to just her panties, and greeting the ladies like she had the previous times.

Me, I just sat on the dais, waiting for my girlfriend to show up.

When she arrived, she and her mother were just as surprised to see Michael there, as I had been at the previous class.

All I told them was that he was almost Ok with things. Not to bug him. And not to be surprised, if he decided to replace me, for one of the poses.

At that point, I realized the possibilities. It was possible, that if he had decided to model, that he would take one of my poses with Margaret. And for the first time, as much as I wanted him to volunteer for a pose, I prayed that he’d chose one of the first three.

But he didn’t.

He didn’t volunteer for a single pose.

The first pose, mom had me and my sister stand there. The pose was simple. I held a large rubber ball above my head, and Elizabeth was reaching up to take it from me. You know the idea, an older child playing keep away with a younger child’s toy.

The second pose, was a little more creative. And a little more painful. Elizabeth was on my shoulders. I was standing facing away from the class. I had to stand

there for almost fifty minutes, again supporting my weight, and my little sister's. By the time that pose had ended, I was cussing Michael in my head, for not taking that pose.

The third pose, though was easier. At least for me. Mom had a cone of fake cotton candy, which she handed to my sister. Then we just stood there, side by side. My right hand holding her left, her right hand holding the cotton candy, as if we were walking along a beach, after buying a treat.

And then it was time for the second half.

Margaret changed into her robe, as my sister dressed. Michael went to the bathroom, I guess, then sat back down.

For my poses with Margaret, mom was even more creative.

One of the ladies had given her an old training manual for gymnastics.

Mom took her first two poses right from the book.

The first pose, I was lying on my back, with my arms pointed upward, and locked. Margaret had already climbed on top of me, so I had grabbed her ankles. When I extended my arms, her ankles and legs were raised as well.

Then mom had her grab my ankles. When she did, mom helped her raise her body up, so that with her arms locked, she was raised off of me. Our locked arms were supporting the whole of her body's weight.

Mom immediately stepped back, and let the student's get to work. We did this pose, three times, stopping for ten minutes, after only ten minutes. It was the only way we could do it, without her collapsing on top of me.

When that pose was finished, mom set up the second. A large ball, at least three feet across was brought out. Mom had Margaret lie on it, on her back. Her feet were touching the floor. Then, I was kneeling in front of her head. I had to grab her wrists, and pull on her arms, so that the ball rolled towards me, until her hands were near the floor. Then I had to make sure that she didn't roll all the way over, or roll backwards.

It was a weird pose. And after it was over, as I looked at the sketches the ladies had made, since I was half hidden by the ball, all you could see was my head. What you really saw was between Margaret's legs. Most of the ladies did an excellent job of drawing her nudity.

The third pose, was simple. After the last pose, last class, mom was getting even more blatant.

We were standing in front of the class. Our arms wrapped around each other, in an embrace. KISSING.

And not only that.

I was standing so that the left side of my body was facing the class. My left hand was clearly positioned by mom, on Margaret's ass. Her right hand was sitting right on mine.

She never posed my right hand, or Margaret's left. I put mine, right on her left breast. And her hand was reaching downward, as if to grab my sack.

We just stood there, feeling each other up. And kissing. Ignoring the world. And at six-thirty, when the class ended, we had lost all track of time.

With the class over, Margaret and I, with Elizabeth, followed our usual routine, standing at the front of the class to wish the ladies goodbye, and to collect our tips.

I made my usual hundred bucks. Margaret got forty five. Elizabeth took home almost as much.

And after it was just the six of us, Margaret and I went to change back into our clothes. Again we did it in the class room, no longer caring.

It was then, that we got our surprise.

Michael stood up, just as we were finished dressing, and asked the two mothers a simple question. "Were they in a hurry to leave?"

Both mothers said no, clearly wondering what this all meant. After all, he hadn't said anything for the whole afternoon.

“I want to see what it’s like.”

“What dear?” his mother asked him.

“Could I just undress, and stand up there, for a couple of minutes.”

Both mothers looked at each other, then back at the boy. Mom was speechless. She only nodded to Mrs. Anderson, who gave her son permission.

So that was how, at six forty, on the last Saturday in April, my best friend, and Margaret’s older brother, took off all his clothes in front of the five of us, and climbed up on mom’s posing dais.

What was even weirder, was that mom, with Elizabeth’s help, positioned him for a couple of minutes in each of the poses that Elizabeth had done with me.

By seven, he was through, and although mom wouldn’t admit it to anyone, we were running late.

But even so, mom still wasn’t finished with the surprises that night. Mom had plans.

She invited Margaret to come to dinner that night. Her mom had already agreed, having been asked while the two of us were in our second pose.

In the car, mom further surprised me, dropping Elizabeth off at one of her friend’s house.

We were further surprised, when we got home. Mom was complaining that she herself had a date that night. That class had gone long. She didn’t have enough time to get ready. Margaret and I just stood there, trying to take it all in.

In fact, Margaret was upstairs, helping mom do up her hair, when her date arrived to collect her. For the record, he was a Professor in the college’s history department. An archeologist, Indiana Jones he was not. But he was a decent guy. And I wasn’t worried that mom would do anything too fast. If they fell in love, it would happen. But it would be a while before anything happened in that department.

I was further surprised, when as she was going out the door, she kissed me on the cheek, then whispered in my ear, “Would you mind using some of your tip money to buy your dinners? Order whatever you want, I’ll take care of it tomorrow. Just do me two favors. Walk her home tonight. Her mother expects her home before midnight. And before you go to bed, make sure you strip your bed. Start the washer. Clean sheets are in the closet.

I couldn’t believe it. Mom was giving me permission to have sex with Margaret?

She must have known what I was thinking. “It’s ok. I trust the two of you.”

She was out the door. My sister was at a sleepover. Mom was out of the house. And my girlfriend and I were alone. Unchaperoned. We ordered Chinese. After it arrived, we ignored dinner for a while. We’d eat after. We had permission.

Believe it or not, we were both still a little tired after the afternoon. We needed to relax. Our muscles couldn’t handle anything. A shower was in order.

Our dinner went into the fridge, and we went into the bathroom. Considering what we had spent the afternoon doing, there was no modesty involved. Margaret started stripping, even as I was turning on the shower. When the water was perfect, we were both naked. Washing each other’s bodies, we worked on each other’s muscles. Wherever there was strain, there was massaging. We only left the shower when the water heater began losing, the water becoming too cold to tolerate.

After the shower, it was straight to my room, both of us still a little damp, to explore the other’s body, in a manner that the situation demanded. We were both experienced in oral sex, having eaten, or blown each other repeatedly. Tonight was different.

Sitting on my pillow, right in the middle, was a six pack of youth sized condoms.

Sitting under them, was a note.

“I know I said that I trusted the two of you, but I’m not stupid. We’ll talk about things tomorrow. Meanwhile, enjoy yourselves. Just not too much.”

I stood there, her note in my hand, reading it two, maybe three times, before I realized what it was, that it meant.

Margaret had the box of condoms in her hand. As I was standing there, trying to figure out if I was in trouble, she was busy opening the box, and removing one of the three foil wrapped condoms it contained.

Dropping the box on the floor, along with the wrapper, she climbed into my bed, and lay there, on her back, her legs spread open. Inviting me to join her, and have sex with her.

I didn't make her "ask" twice. I dropped mom's note on the floor, as I climbed onto the bed. I wanna say, that I was erect by the time I was lying next to her. At least as erect as I was able to get. Looking at the condom, I kinda had an idea on how it slipped on. But I was afraid. It looked so big, compared to my young cock.

She tried to hand it to me, but I blocked her, and said "No. You put it on me."

She looked at me, as I laid down next to her, lying on my back.

She didn't hesitate. Leaning over me, she grabbed my young cock, like she had so many times before. Placing the condom at the tip, she had to flip it over, before she could start sliding it over what little length I had.

At the base of my cock, there was still, I think, quite a bit of the condom's length still left. But I didn't care. Neither did Margaret. Without any delay, she was immediately on her back, and I was climbing on top of her. Supporting myself over her, with my right hand, my left hand grabbed me, and aimed me at her little hole. And with one gentle thrust of my hips downward, the tip of my prick was inside her. Not daring to pull out, fearing that I could pop out completely, I thrust downward again. This time, more of my cock was inside her. Yet her hymen was blocking free access for my full length.

One last thrust, and I could feel her flesh tearing, even as she began to scream, a cry of pain that I had only heard the likes of once before, when a classmate at school fell off a trampoline in gym, breaking his arm.

I stopped. I wasn't expecting this. I knew nothing of hymens. I knew nothing of the significance of a girl's virginity. The damage that could be done to a girl, when she lost it. I didn't know what was going on. I panicked. I was almost to the point of freaking out myself. By the time I got enough courage to ask Margaret if she was all right, she had recovered enough to tell me that she was ok. That the pain was getting better, and that we could keep going in another couple of minutes.

I asked if I should pull out of her, and she said “No. Just try not to move, until it feels better.”

So there I was. My cock stuck in the vagina of my girlfriend, unable to move. My arms beginning to feel the strain of trying to support my body, so I wasn’t causing her any more problems.

After five minutes, she began to feel better. She told me to start again. I wasn’t sure. I asked if she really was ok. She responded by telling me to shut up, and to start fucking her again.

I’m not one to argue with someone, when they tell me to do exactly what it is I want to do. So I began running my cock in and out of her cunt again. I won’t go into details, simply because a lot of it is a blur.

All I know is that before I finished, she had orgasmed at least twice. And after I finished, I barely had the strength to pull myself out, and off of her.

I just stayed there, lying on my back. Lying next to her. Trying to regain both my breath, and energy.

I don’t know how long we lay there. I might have even passed out.

But eventually, it was Margaret who came to first.

When I finally realized that she was talking to me, I turned my head to look at her.

“Do you want me to take it off of you?”

“What? Take what off?”

“The condom. Do you want me to take it off your cock?”

“Please.” Once I had realized what she meant, it was the only thing I could still say.

Margaret didn’t hesitate. After all, I had played with her cunt, and she had played with my cock so many times, we’d both lost count. She started to roll it off of me. When she got to the end, the act of slipping it off the tip of my cock started some

of the condom's contents to leak out onto her hand. She didn't care. She had swallowed at least a dozen times, the same stuff.

That it was leaking onto my bed, and not into her mouth like on previous occasions, didn't really matter much.

In the end, it was her insistence that we both smelled, resulted in her deciding that we both needed to clean up.

Into the shower again.

This time neither of us really worried about stimulating the other. We both had gotten enough out of our latest sex experiment that we didn't need it. We cleaned ourselves, helping each other at least a little. When we exited the shower, we dried ourselves off. It was then that Margaret noticed that fluid was still leaking out of her cunt. This had never happened before. We could only think that what we had done had caused her to "leak" more than she ever had before. The fact that our showering together was still causing her to be sexually excited, continuing to lube herself, never entered out minds.

I didn't know what to do. She had an idea. But, since my sister hadn't hit puberty yet, and mom preferred tampons, there was no solution there.

In the end, I did the only thing I could think of. Paper towels or napkins, while disposable, would probably have been uncomfortable. So I went back to my room, and grabbed a clean handkerchief from my bureau. Helping her, into her panties, before pulling them into the proper position, I placed the hanky in between her legs. When her panties were in position, I adjusted the hanky, and she had a perfect substitute, that would keep her from making a mess, yet not hurt her.

By this time, we both realized that we were starving.

Looking at the clock, it was almost ten. We'd still be alone for at least two hours, so we just walked downstairs as we were, Margaret in just her panties, and me naked.

We did stop, and grab the dirty sheets off my bed. Carrying them down to the laundry room, and starting them in the washer, before we went to eat.

We finally got around to microwaving our Chinese food. Sitting on the floor in the living room, eating off the coffee table, it was just nice, to finally have a chance to relax, without any sex creeping into things.

The fact that I was terrified about what my mom would do to me tomorrow, I never mentioned. It was the same, with her and her mother's talk tomorrow.

Instead, we just joked around a little, making fun of kids at school. Wondering what so and so might say, if they knew about what she and I had just done.

Margaret's brother Michael could never know. First of all, he'd probably kill me. Second of all, he'd probably kill his sister. Then third, he'd come back and kill me again, just for fun.

Elizabeth, my sister, probably wouldn't understand anything. But it would probably cause her to ask some questions, that mom didn't quite want her to ask. At least not until she was a little older.

And the kids at school, probably wouldn't treat Margaret very well, trying to get her to do for/to them, what she did for me.

After dinner, we didn't know what else to do.

We, I mean I, could have suggested escorting her back to her house, it was almost eleven.

But that would have meant losing over an hour of our alone time. Something neither of us wanted.

In the end, we went back upstairs. After all, except for Margaret's panties, all our clothes were on the bathroom floor.

I set my alarm for eleven thirty. While I was doing that Margaret grabbed clean sheets out of the closet. I helped her put them on my bed, and without either of us saying anything, we were lying on my bed, with the blankets pulled over us, not doing anything overtly sexual. Just running our hands over the other's body. Not so much as to stimulate each other, we didn't have time for another round of sex. Just enough to tease the other.

Kissing. Fondling of the other's genitalia. I spent a lot of time playing with her tits. Teasing her nipples. Squeezing them between my fingers, before stopping suddenly to start running circles around her areolas, with my fingertips.

If we had more time, we probably could have built up to the point where we'd need to open up the second condom, but before that could happen, the alarm went off.

There was nothing for it.

Reluctantly, we headed to the bathroom, where we began dressing. Surprisingly each of us dressed ourselves. I guess we just felt the need to end the sex tonight, before we left the house.

When dressed, we headed downstairs. I grabbed my key off the entryway table, and off we went.

It was a ten minute walk, normally to her house. We had just under twenty minutes to get there. We were almost ten minutes late, we walked so slowly.

Standing at her front door, we just stood there for a minute. She had opened her front door, before turning towards me. Before stepping inside, she turned towards me. Wrapped her arms around me. Kissed me one more time, full force. And then whispered to me, "I never wanted this night to end. When can we do this again?"

I didn't know. Even though mom had bought me a box of condoms, I didn't know if I would be grounded for life.

I said nothing. I didn't have to. The fact that I didn't say anything told her that I didn't know. But by not saying anything, I was also not saying that it would never happen again. Things were just too much up in the air, to answer her question.

The door closed, and she turned off the porch light. I just stood there, staring at the door for a minute, before turning around, and walking back home.

Once at the house, I let myself in.

In my room, I stripped completely, and climbed into bed.

I could swear to this day, that I could still smell her. The scent of her body, lingering in the sheets. Comforted by this realization, or belief, I curled up, and

went to sleep. The fact that I hadn't checked to see if mom had come home, while I was out, didn't even occur to me.

Art Classes – Chapter 8

The next morning, I was awakened by the smell of bacon, frying in the kitchen.

I climbed out of bed. Standing there, nude, I suddenly remembered all that had happened yesterday. I remembered what was probably going to happen, as soon as I arrived downstairs.

I remembered, that mom was probably going to kill me.

I suddenly realized that I had stripped completely naked before climbing into bed.

I realized this, out in the hallway, just as I was stepping down to the first stair. I couldn't go downstairs like this. Mom would kill me. It wasn't the nudity that would bother her. Even before I had started modeling for her, nudity wasn't an especially big issue with my sister and me.

Mom frequently had me sit in the bathroom, as Elizabeth took her bath, because mom didn't think she was old enough to be left alone yet, and she had something to do. Sometimes, maybe every other month or so, she'd beg me to climb into the bath with her. And I'd do it.

On top of that, we never really bothered worrying about if we were wearing anything, walk between the bathroom, and our bedrooms.

Mom didn't worry about any of that. That was all part of being a family. Things like that happened. Just not downstairs.

I went back to my room.

Now today was Sunday. We really didn't do the church thing, so there really wasn't a need for me to actually get dressed, so I simply grabbed a pair of briefs, slipped them on, and headed back out the door. I didn't bother with anything else, especially since I had worked as her model, the previous afternoon.

Downstairs, mom was standing in front of the stove, maneuvering bacon around the frying pan. I didn't say anything. The chair scrapped the wooden floor, as I pulled it out from under the table, letting her know I was down stairs.

She turned around, looked at me, and smiled.

I still didn't know if I was a dead man.

Mom finished the bacon, then did a quick cleanup of the frying pan. Before starting to scramble some eggs, she grabbed the pitcher of juice out of the fridge, set it on the counter, and placed a glass in front of me. Her coffee cup, and French press were already sitting on the table, along with the non-dairy creamer she liked so much.

I just sat there, not moving, until mom finished with the eggs. She ran water in the pan, and left it soaking in the sink, as she carried two plates to the table. Toast, bacon and eggs, with orange juice, is a fairly decent breakfast, and a nice last meal.

I actually ate. When I was done, I had almost made it out of my chair, with my plate, but mom instructed me to sit back down. This was it.

Her first question, though shook me more than any screaming would have.

“Did you and Margaret enjoy yourselves last night?”

I was speechless for about twenty seconds, before I could mumble a quick “I think so.”

“Nice.” A moment’s pause. “Did you use a condom?”

Now having the sex talk, clearly that was what this was, was not something kids, or their parents look forward to. The fact that it was my mother, and not dad, made it even worse.

But, since she knew that me and Margaret were sexually active, made it impossible.

“Yeah.”

“Was everything ok?”

“It was great. I think we did it right.”

Mom almost wanted to laugh. “No. I meant did the condom fit properly?”

“I think so.”

“So it didn’t come off. It wasn’t too big?”

The first question, although personal was ok. The second was as if she was insinuating that my cock was too small. OK, maybe it wasn’t the biggest dick in town. But it was mine. I did get erections. And I had fucked a girl last night. But she didn’t have to say.....”

“Answer me. I need to know if you had the right size.”

“It strayed on.”

‘Good. Mrs. Rosenblum, down at the pharmacy was a little worried. She had to special order them.”

The old lady at the Walgreens knew I was having sex with Margaret? Did everybody in town know?

“You’ll be happy to know, that there are more available. If you need them. But you will be the one buying them.”

I just looked at her. I would be responsible for buying.....? I wasn’t grounded

There are a couple more packages in the box she had to order. After their gone, just let her know how many to order for you. Three packs are \$2.76. Six packs are \$4.63. Twelve packs are \$8.48. Each comes in four count cases, so you’ll have to buy all four at once.

“What?”

She just needs to know what size boxes to buy. Also, it’s at least a week before the case gets to her, so you better order early.”

“You mean I just go in there, and ask for a box?”

“Almost. Just tell her you need a refill of your prescription. Day supply tells her what size boxes to order.”

I sat there thinking for a moment. I couldn't say anything. Mom was, with restrictions, giving me permission to have sex.

"A few other things. When did all this playing around between the two of you start?"

I decided that I was pretty much off the hook. Honesty, would probably keep me from getting into trouble. Especially since before last night, Margaret and I really hadn't done all that much. Had we?

"Right after the second class I modeled for."

"The one where Margaret was there, for the first time?"

"Yes."

"And how often, were you two together?"

"Only a couple of times a month. Not even once a week." Mom was about to ask another question, but I cut her off, before she had to ask it. "And all we did was a little exploring, touching, and kissing. Not real sex."

"So until last night, you both were vir....I mean, Margaret was still a virgin?"

She was polite not to ask about my being a virgin or not. But, I decided to answer the unasked question. "Neither of us had done anything like that before."

Mom sat there for a minute. I didn't move. I couldn't tell if the talk was finished.

"There are a few other things. One, Mrs. Anderson requests that nothing else happens for at least a week. Margaret may need some time. To physically recover."

I didn't say anything. Just nodded my head in acceptance.

"Two. Tomorrow, Margaret has a doctor's appointment. A woman's doctor appointment." I only had a vague idea of what that meant. My face remained blank. "Her mother is going to ask that she be put on the pill." I knew what that meant. But I still didn't say anything.

We already checked. With her medical plan, it will cost about twenty five dollars a month. You will be expected to pay ten of that. Margaret will pay ten. Mrs. Anderson will cover doctor's visits, and the other five dollars per month."

I just sat there, trying to comprehend what she was saying.

"This is not negotiable. Failure to follow through on this, means you will both be grounded. Is that understood?"

"Ten dollars a month, to help pay for the prescription?"

"Yes."

"I can handle that." And I could too. The first modeling class had made me a hundred and eight bucks. The others were always between two-twenty five and two-fifty. I had made over a thousand bucks. Over seven hundred and fifty was still rolled up in the bottom of my underwear drawer.

"Knowledge of what has happened, we'd appreciate it not being publicly known. There is a dance, right before school lets out, that you can attend as a couple. But Mrs. Anderson would appreciate it, if you would keep things a secret, until then, so if anybody wants to tease anybody, it'll happen over summer vacation, and be finished before school starts.

"Michael and Elizabeth?"

"Yes. Your sister. And her brother. No mention of the sex, at all. But the two of you dating, wait until the end of school, to avoid problems."

"We can do that." I had no problem with wanting to keep anyone else from finding out. Elizabeth probably wouldn't understand anything. Michael. If he found out. If he found out that I was fucking his sister, he'd kill me. Modeling, to some extent was bad enough. Dating, was probably just as bad. He knew it was coming. He was the real reason we had to keep it under wraps.

"And finally. The art classes."

"Am I still going to be modeling.....with....?" I couldn't finish the sentence.

“You and Margaret are still invited to serve as models. Margaret, though, will be asked to no longer be a part of the class.”

“A full time model?”

“Yes. Elizabeth is not interested in doing it very often. She’ll fill in for one of you, once in a while. She does not want to model for every class though, and the ladies have gotten used to having two models, for every pose.”

“Ok.”

“Another problem. The ladies in class are being approached by others, wishing to attend as well. The room can only handle two dozen students, and I have twenty more people wanting to take the class. Also, they would like to go every month.”

That meant that I’d be stripping, in front of bunch of grandmothers, two Saturdays a month, for the next year, or even couple of years. I could do that.

“I’m not done.”

I just looked at her. I couldn’t begin to think what else she had in mind.

“Some of the ladies have a problem with the class. Half an hour. Forty-five minutes isn’t long enough for them to put on paper, what they want to achieve.”

“So?”

“They’re asking for regular sessions, about the same amount of time. It’s just that they only want one pose for the entire session.”

“Why so much time on only one?”

“They want more detail. Maybe color. Any number of reasons.”

“So, after we do the two different classes, of the six poses, they want a session for just one pose?”

“Yes. The schedule they are suggesting is first two Saturdays of each month, regular classes. Third weekend, single pose.”

“And who decides which pose?”

“Each student would make a request. I’d pick whichever had the most.”

“You’d pick?”

“Yes.”

“Why you?”

Because I’m the instructor.”

I let the matter drop for the moment.

“Where are you going to get ideas for the regular classes?”

“The ladies have said that they have books from museum collections, exhibitions, etc.”

“So you’ll pick those ones too?”

“I am the instructor.”

“And what if we don’t want to do one. There’s been a couple that really hurt?”

“You want to pick the poses?”

“Maybe.”

“BUT?”

“What?”

“I’m waiting for the “But Mom” issue.”

“I don’t get it.”

Whenever there’s a disagreement, there’s always a “But Mom” argument.”

“How about some of the poses I’ve had to do, really hurt. I never said anything, but I was sore for a couple of days after.”

“I didn’t realize. Why didn’t you say anything?”

“I liked the posing. I like the money. Just not all the poses. Is there any chance I can look at what you’re thinking, before we go to class?”

“I don’t think that would be a good idea.”

“Why? Because I might refuse?”

“Yes.”

“There were a couple of times, that what you had me due, nearly killed me. I’m supposed to let you do that any time you want? Every time I annoy you, you punish me during class, by making me suffer?”

I had a point. And her face showed it. “Maybe we can look at the suggestions together, before I make any decisions.”

I wasn’t going to get to make the choices. But at least I could let her know what I didn’t want to do. That was at least something. “I guess so. So when would this start?”

“I was thinking. We have one more class scheduled for the middle of May I could announce that we’d be starting in June. Your school lets out for the summer several days before the first class.”

“That sounds all right. School letting out, isn’t the only reason for doing it then, is it?”

“No. Truth is, we have had to juggle things around a little, due to scheduling conflicts.”

“I don’t understand. Most Saturdays, you just hang around the house. And there have been plenty of times, when all the ladies weren’t there.”

“The problem wasn’t me. It was Margaret. After she started modeling, she started on something. Something that couldn’t be happening, while she was modeling.”

“You mean she started having her periods?”

Mom was shocked that I knew about that. “What do you know?”

“Well. Margaret and I have had to skip a few afternoons, being alone, because of them.” And then I thought of something. “So how do we work around this?”

“What?”

“We take up the first three quarters of the month. How do we do that, with her...?”

“That’s the other reason for her seeing the doctor tomorrow. Her mother, is getting her the pill. To regulate, to control, when her periods start, and to make them shorter. But you’re right. This won’t work all the time. But Elizabeth has volunteered to fill in occasionally.”

Ok. I admit it. At the time, I really didn’t understand what she was saying. I had only a vague idea of the concept of women, and their reproductive cycles. Birth control, and everything it could do to their bodies, I was out of my league. But I just sat there, nodding as if I understood, trusting Margaret, and our mothers to get things right.

Besides, Margaret was going on the pill. And even though I was gonna have to pay for part of it, at least that meant that from now on we could have whatever sex we wanted, without any problems.

And I know for a fact that she liked what it was we had done the night before. So if, and when, we found time to be alone together, there would never be any more arguments from her.

Let me stress the point that it was a when issue.

But then there still was her brother.

But I wasn’t worrying about that then.

After lunch, or when mom finally released me from my indoctrination, we went over all sorts of things that I think it was a good thing that Elizabeth wasn’t around for. It went on for another hour, so I’ll spare you the, well, everything else.

I decided to go for a walk.

Around the neighborhood.

Over to Margaret's place.

Their car wasn't there.

So I went to the park.

Nobody else was there.

It was Sunday. People were just finishing up their church, and then lunch schedules.

I did something I hadn't done in quite a while. I walked over to the swings, sat in one, and started.

And there I was, swinging alone. Probably for the better part of an hour. Alone. And given that it was approaching one o'clock, I couldn't understand why no one else was showing up. After all, the winter was stupid. The weather today was fabulous. And nobody was bringing their kids to the park to run off all their extra winter energy?

But, a little after one thirty, people started showing up.

And, to my surprise, both Michael and Margaret were walking across the baseball fields, heading straight to me.

And it was obvious, they were talking. Actually arguing, as they were walking towards me.

And when they got to where I was swinging, I was thrown right into the middle of it.

"You had sex with my sister."

I didn't say anything, or stop swinging.

“YOU HAD SEX WITH MY SISTER!”

This loud enough that some of the mothers around the playground were looking our way.

I stopped swinging. “Not around here. Too many ears.”

And I got up, and started walking. Michael was at least smart enough to follow me, without continuing to yell at me, until we were all the way at the opposite end of the athletic half of the park, which because of the time of year, were completely empty. Empty except for the three of us.

When I was far enough away, I turned around, waited until Michael was right in my face, and shouted back at him, “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“You and my sister had sex last night.”

“Did you see us?”

“He’s been yelling at mom and me all morning. I guess it’s your turn now.”

“No. But I overheard that mom’s taking her to the doctor tomorrow, and putting her on the pill.”

I looked straight at Margaret. “Is having sex the only reason you’d be going on the pill?” I hope she took the hint.

She’d been arguing with her brother. Every time she tried to answer a question, he just started screaming again, and shouting out more questions. He didn’t ever do that to me.

“I’m having problems.”

I knew she’d follow my lead. “What kind of problems?”

“I’ve started having my periods. And they aren’t going right.”

“Explain to your brother.”

“They aren’t regular. Three weeks one time, five the next. And if it’s only two or three weeks, the pain, I can barely stand it. Mom had the appointment made for two months.”

The light was still burning in Michael’s head. We had to turn it off.

“But last night. You were at Jamie’s till almost midnight. What were you doing?”

“Talking.” That’s all I said. Prayed that Margaret kept her mouth shut. She did.

“What could you talk about until midnight?”

“You. And what we could do about you.” Margaret taking the ball. I followed up.

“We also spent some time wondering about how to deal with our mothers.”

“So why were you eating. Naked?”

“We’d spent most of the afternoon naked. Why not all evening?”

“So why were you two in bed together?”

I was in shock. The only way he could have known that was if he’d been in the house.

“Why were you in the house?”

“I was looking for my sister.”

“So you came to the house, and just walked in?”

“Only to protect my sister.”

“What did you see?”

“You. In bed. Having sex with my sister.”

I couldn’t deny it.

I just stood there.

“Why did you rape her?”

“I didn’t.”

“I saw you! You were fucking her! You were raping her!”

“Right. I forced her to have sex with me. I forced her to open the condom. I forced her to put it on my dick. And I forced her to let me fuck her. That was rape?”

“She opened... She put on the..... You were using a....”

Question after question coming out of him so fast, he couldn’t even finish asking them. And on top of that, I wasn’t even allowed time to answer one, let alone the fifty or so he hit me with in three minutes.

So there I was, standing there, feeling like an unwilling participant in the Spanish Inquisition. Finally, Michael settled down long enough that common sense once again broke out.

“Your sister, was as much a willing participant, as I was. Besides, I think she had more fun than I did.”

“What are you talking about?” He just couldn’t get it into his head, that what we had done, was as much for his sister’s enjoyment, as it was for mine.

I looked right at Margaret, and asked her a question, no one should ever ask a girl, in front of her older brother. “How many orgasms did you end up having?”

She immediately stopped breathing the minute I used the word ‘orgasm’. When she recovered, she was barely able to utter a quietly spoken, “three.”

“And I only got the one. Clearly, your sister enjoyed it, more than I did.”

Michael was still pissed.

“You had no right to do that to her.”

“I didn’t do anything ‘to her.’ I did it with her. Can’t you get that through your head?”

“What we did last night, we both wanted. You have no right to butt in, Big Brother.” Margaret was really beginning to stand up to her older brother. “And you had no right to bring it up at church.”

Oh shit. I was in it now.

“I only asked if it was ok for kids our age to be having sex. He said that it was both immoral, and at our age, rape.”

“I won’t argue the first point. But Rape? He only meant that, if one of them was an adult, and the other just a kid.”

“No he didn’t. He said it was rape. Which means, since you’re older, you raped my sister.”

“There was no rape.”

“Was too.”

Now we were in danger of a ‘was not/are too’ argument. The kind that just goes on forever, but only uses at most ten different words.

“Would you be acting the same way, if it was Sarah Tompkins’ brother asking the same question?”

“It’s not the same.....”

He couldn’t finish the question. I finally had him beat.

Sarah Tompkins was a girl in our grade at school. Her father was the manager of a local trucking firm, so they were considered one of the more prosperous families in the area. Michael had had a crush on her, for the last three years or so, although I was the first one he’d ever admit that to, and we had only moved in last July.

“Double standard. You want into her pants, more than your sister wants into mine” I kinda felt bad for saying that. I purposely made it sound like that it was his sister that was the slut, and not me. But she didn’t take it that way.

“We all want the same thing. It’s just that some of us are having different ideas of who’s allowed, and how to do it.”

“I have to protect you.”

“Don’t you understand? I don’t need your protection. Not from Jamie. Whatever happens, he would never hurt me.”

“But he’s a boy.”

“And so are you. And I’m a girl. That doesn’t mean I’m not capable of making the same decisions for myself. It doesn’t mean I need Jamie to decide if and when we should ever have sex. And I don’t need you to tell me that I can’t do it, when you yourself want to with someone else’s sister.”

We had him there.

“It’s all because of that damn class.”

“Listen, just because you stripped naked in front of the five of us, doesn’t mean you have the right to say anything about what me and Jamie do. Until you have done it, just keep your mouth shut, and stay out of my business.” With that, she turned around, and walked away. I could have easily stayed there, and continued arguing with my best friend, but I didn’t. I followed Margaret. Michael stood there for a while, and then he headed home. I steered Margaret to my house.

Once safely in my bedroom, I closed the door, after slipping Leonardo into the hallway.

And once we were alone, we stripped, climbed into my bed, and proved our commitment to each other.

When we were done, we cleaned up, dressed then headed downstairs. Leonardo trailing after us.

Mom and Elizabeth were watching television, as we settled down, me in my favorite chair, Margaret lying across my lap.

Mom didn’t say anything. Elizabeth on the other hand....

“Why were you two making so much noise upstairs?”

Margaret just sat there, wanting to break out laughing. I was trying to come up with an excuse. Mom wasn’t saying a word. She was enjoying my discomfort.

“Um...Well...”

“Come on. What were you two doing up there?” Mom was rubbing it in.

“Margaret was helping me clean my room a little, and we had to move some of the furniture.” Mom knew what we were doing. But Elizabeth accepted that answer. Luckily. She went back to her cartoon. Mom went back to her reading. And with the two of them, basically ignoring us we started kissing.

Things went back to normal, after that little incident. Margaret, and I had finally gotten her brother to realize that she wasn’t a little girl anymore, and didn’t need him hovering around her, protecting her from reality. If mom wasn’t doing that, it wasn’t his or anybody else’s responsibility.

But our relationship had suffered.

But only the two families really noticed, or knew what it was all about.

Art Classes – Chapter 9

May ran like usual. Margaret and I, now that we could do it without hiding it from our parents, spent more time together at my house. We didn't flout our developing sexual relationship in front of my mother, just tried to keep it not so obvious. We also kept an eye out for my sister.

The other notable event in May, was that I had my twelfth birthday. The weird thing is that Michael, Elizabeth, and Margaret all had theirs in June, in that order. Did I mention that Margaret and her brother were basically Irish twins, having been born exactly 372 days apart. They missed being true Irish twins by only one week.

My birthday fell on the same day as mom's class. That meant that I'd be spending my birthday naked. In front of a class of old ladies who were drawing pictures of me. In front of my mother. With Margaret. And her mother. Life was complicated. But it also had its good points.

This was also the last time that my sister would be working.

When we arrived at the college, Margaret and her mother arrived soon after. Michael was with them. I had already changed into my robe, and my sister was already stripped down to her underwear when they arrived.

And as the class arrived, and set themselves up, Michael pulled me into a corner for a moment.

“I’m sorry for everything I said last month.”

“You should be. But you don’t have to say it.”

“I do. I already apologized to my sister.”

I didn't say anything. I didn't have to. He knew how I felt. I actually respected him for protecting his little sister. It was the same thing I would have done, if it was Elizabeth. And he'd be right with me, restraining the kid, as I was punching him.

“Did you mean it about me taking your place?”

“Only if you’re serious.”

Can I do a couple of your sets?”

“With Elizabeth? Or your sister?”

“I haven’t decided.”

“Let me talk to mom.” With that, I walked away from him, and headed towards mom. She was a little surprised when I asked her about Michael replacing me for a set or two. When I explained it was the only way he’d understand what was happening with me and Margaret, she understood.

The only question, which set or sets should he do?

She looked over at him. He stood in the back of the classroom. After a moment’s thought, she had her answer. “Tell him to slip into the changing room after the second set. There’s a towel he can slip into, if he didn’t bring a robe.”

So that’s what ended up happening.

When the class began, the first set was easy. Mom had me and Elizabeth, standing back to back, leaning against each other, doing the bubble gum bubble thing again. The big difference was that she had us both wearing our tennis shoes and socks. Why she did that, I didn’t understand until she showed me the pose we’d done, in its original form.

The second pose was easier. I was kneeling behind my sister, on one knee, holding and cocking an air rifle. Elizabeth was blowing bubbles. Obviously I was practicing my shooting, by popping the bubbles my sister was blowing with my BB gun.

This one was fairly easy.

Then the third one, surprised everyone.

Mom had told Elizabeth that she could get dressed after the second pose. Elizabeth was worried that she had done something wrong, but mom explained quickly.

Before I could do anything, mom noticed that Michael was already in his towel, so she motioned the two of us over, to help her set up.

Back out, came the boat prop, from several classes ago.

Now this was a full-sized rowboat that had the back third of it cut off, to make it lighter. Before we brought it out, we had to set up a number of cement blocks on the dais that were covered up with wood. They looked like wood blocks, but with the concrete inside, they were much more stable.

The boat fit right on top of them, and actually locked into little catches built into the blocks.

For the first pose, once Michael had finally struck up the nerve to hand over his towel, with most of the ladies laughing politely, was one of mom's easiest.

Michael was leaning back against the boat, fully on display to the ladies. The fact that he was slightly erect, made him a little sheepish, but nobody seemed to mind. Me, I was standing in front of him, my right side facing the class. My foot was resting on an old antique lobster trap. Or it might have been a crab trap. I would be able to tell the difference, even today. I was a little embarrassed when mom whispered into my ear, that the pose would look a little better, if I could somehow become just a little erect. "Just like Michael."

I had no idea how I was supposed to do that. But then I remembered. Mom was having him do two sets. The next one might be him, me and Margaret. That got me going. Probably a little more than what mom was looking for, but she never said a word. After all. Some things you just can't control.

When that pose was over, the boat stayed there. Mom had gone over to Margaret, while she was walking around the room, and had spoken with her quietly.

I think she was asking if Margaret was willing to pose with her brother. She obviously said yes, since during the break between sets three and four, she disappeared.

My wishes did come true.

During the break, mom didn't tell me that I was sitting that one out.

When Margaret came out of the changing room, she was like normal, wearing only her pink robe.

Michael and I were standing by the boat, still naked after the last set.

As soon as she was with us, Mom called the class to order. Margaret lost her robe, and for the first time, I saw her, and her brother, standing together. Naked.

This time, Michael was assisted by me and mom in climbing onto the boat, and standing up on it.

He was looking off to the side of the dais, over the back of the boat. Margaret and I were standing in front of the boat, also looking in the same direction.

After that set, Margaret and I were solo again. Mom said that Michael could get dressed.

Before that happened, he helped me and mom get rid of the boat set, and bring out the sofa that we had used back in April.

This time, Margaret and I had both been told to bring a book from our school, summer reading list. We did. Mom had us positioned on the sofa, inclined with pillows, reading, facing each other, with our legs tangled together.

Literally, for the next hour, we just laid there, reading. Only moving to turn pages.

The last pose was a little more dramatic.

During the break, mom had Margaret get dressed. She had worn a jeans skirt outfit to the class, with a pink t-shirt with a teddy bear on it. Mom had her put it back on, but told her not to put her panties back on.

So Margaret comes out of the changing room. The ladies in the class are wondering what's going on. They're even more confused, when I go in, and put my pants back on, but leave my shirt off.

To position us for the set, mom has me sit on the sofa. Margaret lies on the floor beneath me, and a ways off to the side. Then mom surprises Margaret. She leans over, grabs both of her legs, and gently drags her over to me. She hands me

Margaret's right foot. The left leg, she swings back down to the floor. I am instructed to drag her up a little more.

In doing this, not only has her shirt ridden up, so that her chest, at least her left tit, was exposed to her class. Her pussy was also fully on display. Not only to me, but to the class as well, since her left leg was actually pointed downward.

And Margaret's underpants. Mom stood behind the couch, and threw them onto the floor, right in front of us.

The ladies liked the scene. We weren't naked, like in the others, but there was definitely a sexual tension in the pose, that got them excited. The class had run efficiently that afternoon, no-one really needing extra time. But for some reason, this pose, even though we were in position a little before a quarter to five, didn't finish up until well after six thirty. With no breaks in between, we didn't need them, meant that the pose went on for almost two hours.

Now I understood why many of the ladies wanted more detail in some of the poses.

When class was over, most of the ladies hurriedly gathered their belongings. It truly had been a successful class. Not only were there two sets with two boys, one set had the two of us, and Margaret as well.

Mom was congratulated on the class's success, and many of the ladies expressed a hope that we could do it again. They were not happy, when mom told them that Michael had baseball all summer. That he probably wouldn't be available until next fall. Man, was I glad that I never went out for baseball.

And for those of you keeping record, I had done six poses, so I walked away with my full 150. Elizabeth was paid 75, just to keep her from whining. Margaret made her 75. And Michael had a full fifty to himself.

Tips were different. I barely made seventy. Margaret and Elizabeth each took home forty. Michael, mainly since he was new, walked away with an extra ninety bucks.

The four of us, sitting at a table, counting our money after the last ladies had left, would have made Ebenezer Scrooge himself proud. And when we were headed to our cars, Michael only had one question for me. "Did I think it was possible for him to do it again, once baseball season was over?"

And Margaret and Me? Well, that night, we all headed over to our house. Mom had a huge cake in the fridge, and we did a large order of Chinese takeout. I opened all my presents. I got a Sony Walkman, with a couple of CDs from mom. Elizabeth gave me CDs as well. Michael, well from him, I got a baseball bat, ball, and a catcher's mitt. It wasn't exactly a gift for me. It was more of a hint that I was expected to help him practice. And Margaret. From her, I got one of the sketches she had done of me. It was probably my favorite of me alone. It was the one where I was leaning against the lamp post, blowing the bubble gum. It was framed, and everything. A real professional job. It spent the rest of the time I lived in that house, hanging over my bed. It still hangs over my bed, along with two others. One of me and my sister, and one of me and my wife. (Spoiler alert)

But that was only part of her present to me. Once dinner was over, along with all the required singing, and other stuff, Mrs. Anderson, and Michael went home. Margaret was spending the night.

When we walked up to my room, Margaret noticed that I had something different sitting on my bed. It was a teddy bear. A light brown one, dressed in a pink shorts outfit that I knew for sure would fit well in her bedroom. But around its neck was a necklace, with a diamond in it. Not a big one. At most a quarter carat.

Its ears also had been pierced, and matching earrings, with another quarter caret of diamonds, combined.

When she saw the bear she ran over to it. She screamed in delight when she saw the jewelry.

And here, instead of describing how my girlfriend gave me my birthday present, the first time we ever did anal together, I'm going to annoy you, simply by saying, that it doesn't matter how sexy your girlfriend is. There simply is nothing more erotic than putting new jewelry on her, while both of you are naked, and then making love. Especially if it's in a way that she really wasn't too keen on doing.

And I will also say this. She didn't much care for it, although I loved every second of it. Every thrust of my dick into her butt. I decided afterwards that because it really wasn't that good for her, I would never pressure her. Just let her know, that whenever she felt that our lovemaking should be more about me, than about her, I would never say no. Just as long as I knew she meant yes.

And for those of you counting. No, she didn't have an orgasm, even though we were at it for the better part of an hour.

Art Classes – Chapter 10

Ok. So a little housekeeping here. May, and my birthday are over. I think just to get things out of the way, I should mention what I got Michael and my sister for their birthdays.

Michael was easy, but probably the most difficult of the three. I knew he'd want something for baseball, it was, after all his passion.

Mrs. Anderson, Margaret and me, well we talked it over. I ended up giving him a new pair of baseball shoes. Margaret gave him a bat. But not just any bat. She'd taken some video footage of him from last summer, and showed it to a guy at the local sporting goods store. This guy was an expert. He could look at you, watch how you play, and instantly compare your batting, pitching or throwing style to any major league player for the last hundred years. As long as there was movie footage of them available.

Looking at Michael's hitting stance, swing, etc, he knew immediately what to order. So, his gift from his sister turned out to be a bat, balanced perfectly, to maximize the strength of his swing.

She also got him a five gallon bucket of baseballs.

In the end, with the new bat, and the extra practice he got, his batting average improved by fifty seven points, from last year. By the end of the season, it was up by over 80, from the end of last season.

His mother bought him his new uniform. She also got him a few other things. But the uniform, complete with several pairs of regulation socks, was over a hundred bucks. The Anderson's weren't poor. When it was important, they could spend the money. But the still had to keep an eye on their expenses.

Elizabeth. She was easy to shop for. Mom went for simple, so in addition to some clothes, got her an eight-pack of her cabbage patch kids dolls.

Me. I bought her some jewelry. Nothing fancy. Just a locket, with diamond on the front cover. A picture of me and mom on the inside. Matching ear rings, with diamonds. A total of three quarters of a carat. And a watch.

Margaret I'll get to later. Her birthday actually fell between the second of the six-set classes, and the single-set session.

The poses for these classes were all more elaborate than anything mom had ever tried before. For this, at least for June, there would only be three poses, each for two hours.

When mom announced this, I had no clue if she meant two hours straight with breaks, or without. If any of them were straining my body, and there were no breaks, I might just end up dead.

Pose one, was a typical mother punishing me pose. Not because it was stressful, or anything like that. Just embarrassing. Everything was set up, ready to go, before we'd even arrived.

She simply had the ladies report to the classroom she used, next to her studio classroom.

The desks used by her college students were spread out in a way so as to make it easier for the students to see Margaret and me.

The pose. After we'd removed our robes, Margaret simply stood in the corner of the room, like she was being punished. The fact that she was nude, like me, meant that either the punishment I was receiving would be happening right after I'd received mine, or had already happened.

Me. I was draped over mom's desk. I was facing away from the class, looking at the blackboard. On it was written "I was caught kissing a girl's bare breast."

Our crime. I was at the opposite side of the desk, for the corner of the room Margaret was standing in. For the last fifteen minutes of the class, mom stood behind me, a paddle in her hands, as if it was swinging towards my butt. Students were instructed to sketch the paddle, and her hand, but no other part of my mother. The person administering the punishment, as mom explained afterwards, was intended to be ambiguous. Either a male teacher or a female. Mainly depending upon the opinion of the viewer, as to which gender it should actually be.

The only real problem I had with the set, was that as soon as mom declared the set finished, she accentuated, or celebrated the fact, with a rather swift swing of the

paddle. Right onto my poor bare butt. For no other reason, as she admitted later, than it was there.

The second pose used the same setup as the first.

In this case, mom checked to make sure that her desk was reasonably arranged.

Stapler. Nameplate. Tape dispenser. Magazine boxes. In and out rays. Pencil holder. Etc. Everything you would find on a teacher's desk. And then, she had me and Margaret stand at the end of the desk. I moved a few things on that side, by pushing them over to the other. Then I was instructed to help Margaret sit on the edge of the desk.

At that point, mom surprised us. Margaret was instructed to lie back onto the desk, pushing everything in her way either off the desk completely, or well, you get the idea.

Things hit the floor. Maybe the stapler broke. I didn't really care. When Margaret was finally lying on the desk, mom instructed her to raise her legs up, until she was able to grab and reach her ankles. At that point, she was told to pull her legs up as high as she could get them, without hurting herself.

She did very well. Her feet were pretty much above her head. And then, she was instructed to spread her legs apart, as wide as she could.

At that point, I had to kneel on the floor. I was awarded with a first-class view of her cunt. And at that moment, I decided that I definitely had not given my mom a decent enough mother's day present.

The entire time the women were sketching, my face was pointed right at Margaret's opening. In fact, mom even instructed me to keep licking it. Not continuously. Just a quick lick, without me really moving, just to keep her aroused. Mainly because her pert little nipples, on top of her pert little tits looked so cute, when they were erect.

And for two hours, without a break, we just stayed there. Margaret spread open wide for me. And me, taking regular advantage of her position, by giving her pussy a quick lick.

When that set was over, I was disappointed. I could have done it forever. But I also knew that things had to move on.

And move on they did. The whole class packed up and moved back to mom's usual studio room.

Since the college was completely dead on the weekends, and this building was only classrooms. And since mom's was the only class that day, Margaret and I didn't even bother slipping into our robes when out in the hall. We just grabbed them, and took them with us.

Back in the studio, things were back to normal. Margaret was sent into the changing room, with a bag that mom handed her. While Margaret was slipping into her costume, mom got me ready.

When she brought out the leather wrist restraints, I was worried.

When she fastened them to my wrists, and then to a chain hanging from the ceiling I was worried.

I felt better when she didn't do anything like pull me up off the ground, so that I was just hanging there, my arms supporting all my weight.

I was worried, when I saw Margaret come out of the changing room.

She was wearing latex.

And a hood, almost like a ski mask, except that it had an opening at the top to allow her hair, in a ponytail, to stream out behind her.

The only thing nice about the outfit was that besides the hood, it was a pair of boots that went most of the way up her legs, and a pair of gloves that ran almost the full length of her arms. Her body itself, was still nude.

And in her hand, was a riding crop.

As she walked up to the dais, mom put my crimes to a vote of the class. If I was faced forward, I'd eventually get a nice, quick shot to my package. If I was facing away from the class, when the set was over, Margaret would be allowed to use the crop on my butt. Margaret was not allowed a vote. Neither was I.

I ended up facing the class.

And when the pose was over, before I was released, she used the crop on not only my butt. She also gave me a quick half dozen on each of my legs, front and back, on my chest, namely my nipples, and on my cock. But not my sack. Mom needed grandchildren.

The fact that once the class had voted, I was also forced to accept a ball-gag in my mouth made things even scarier. Literally. When Megan used the crop on me, especially on my dick, the pain was so bad, that you probably could have heard me screaming in St. Alban's. But you could barely hear me in the back of the room. Thanks to the gag.

And after it was over, when she disconnected me from the chain, my hands were pulled behind my back, and linked together, so I was cuffed. I had to stand there, gag still in my mouth, as the ladies filed out. Instead of tipping me, they tipped Margaret, since "I had been naughty, and was being punished."

After the last lady left, Margaret got dressed. I just stood there. When mom had finished straightening up, Margaret was at least helping me put my socks and shoes on. To leave, she slipped my robe over me, tying it off, so that at least I was covered. And that's how I rode home. Mom driving. Margaret dressed in the same clothes she'd worn to the class. And me, sitting there, cuffed and gagged. Wearing only my bathrobe. Waiting to see what was coming next.

That turned out to be Michael. Elizabeth was there too, staring straight at me. Laughing.

I was lucky.

You must think I'm crazy. To walk into the house, and find my best friend waiting for me, while I was practically naked, cuffed, and gagged? And I was lucky?

Yeah. I was.

He wasn't allowed to do anything to me. Mom just wanted to let him see what I had been subjected to, that day.

He had to find out, once and for all, who really was in charge of this thing.

And the answer.

Mom was in charge.

Margaret was helping.

Me. I had all the work.

I was forgiven.

And when I was released, I was allowed to dress. The two of us went outside, so that I could help Michael with a little extra batting practice.

Mom and Margaret started dinner.

And Elizabeth. She was there in the living room, watching cartoons. Leonardo snoring right next to her.

After dinner, Michael went home. Margaret and I counted the tip money.

Most of it was in fives.

There had been twenty two students in the class.

There was over four hundred dollars in the collection.

Margaret had an idea, on how to divvy it up. And surprisingly I agreed to her proposal.

We spilt the money evenly. Right down the middle. And then, we headed up to my room. I set the alarm on the clock, next to my bed for one hour and three minutes. And then we stripped.

When we were naked, we laid out on my bed. In position. Ready to begin. Staring at the clock, I waited for it to hit 9:55. At that point, I began.

The premise of the split was this. I had 60 minutes. I got twenty bucks from her share, for every orgasm she had, before the alarm went off.

And in that sixty minutes, I made 80 bucks.

Margaret walked home, with a check in her pocket for \$150. She also had 130 in tip money. Me, I walked away, check and tip, with over \$350. It was a good day.

That week, Elizabeth had her birthday. She got her presents. Her party got in the way of me and Margaret having quality time, since I had things to do to help mom.

So the second weekend of posing comes along.

Now, I really wasn't all that happy with the way mom used the paddle on me, in the first pose. And I really wasn't happy about the use of the riding crop in the last one. I informed mom, Saturday night, that that was never going to be allowed to happen again.

Mom said that it was all in simple fun, to liven up the class a little. That things like that kept things fun. Kept the ladies coming back. She didn't like the suggestion that I had. To let Margaret and me do it to her. She didn't think my suggestion was funny. I was still, as the second class was arriving, trying to decide if I had been serious.

But, as the ladies arrived, and class began, Margaret and I were again standing in the mom's classroom, in only our bath robes.

And the first pose, pretty much was the same as last time.

It was only at the end, that when mom returned to the front of the class, and began speaking, that I knew I was screwed.

“Ok. So the first pose is ending. Now. Last week, before releasing James for his break, I give him a nice, motherly swat with this paddle. The boy didn't appreciate it. I was informed later that night, that I was not allowed to do anything like that again.””

In my head, I'm thinking “Fuck!”

“Now, James is a good kid. In many ways, a mother couldn't wish for a better son. After all, look what he's doing to help his mother.” By this time, most of the ladies were smiling. Quite a few were lightly laughing. “He knows what his responsibilities are. And unless a pose is putting too much strain on his body, he is

professional enough that he won't leave it, until instructed to do so. Given that, I think he needs a little more positive reinforcement, as to what a mother can, and cannot do."

"Last Saturday was his birthday. At the party that night, he refused his birthday spankings. I think today is the perfect day, to correct this." And with that, she proceeds with twelve medium strength swats. Timed about twenty seconds apart, so as to make sure that I received the full experience.

When the twelfth hit had been given, mom allowed me to get up. And then the ladies, Margaret and me, all went into our usual routines for the break.

The second pose, was everything I'd remembered from the week before. I gave Margaret a few more licks than I had the week before. I actually saw her body shudder a number of times. I don't know if any of the ladies saw this, or realized what it was I was actually doing, But if they couldn't guess that I'd be doing that, even before I began, than they were real idiots.

Eventually, it was time for pose number three. And again, Margaret changed into her Latex costume. And I was strapped into position. And again, when the pose was over, mom informed the ladies what had happened the week before. And she also told them, that she had promised me that neither her, nor Margaret would be using the crop on me, like Margaret had last time. Instead, each of the ladies, before they started packing up their supplies were allowed on the dais, to give me one good hit with the crop. Their allowed targets, my butt, my nipples, and my sack. Most of them went for my rear end. I knew that they were the nicer ones in the class. It was actually ironic, thinking of them in that way, since not one of the ladies refused to do it. Only one of the ladies, used the crop on my chest. Six of them decided to do it on my sack. And if it wasn't for the gag in my mouth, again, even the near deaf ladies would have been able to hear me clearly.

And again, like last week, I was not released until after all the ladies had left. Margaret again had collected all our tips.

And again, the final tip count was huge. Over five hundred bucks.

And this time, well, the division between Margaret and me was even more one-sided. Not because we played the same game as last time, twenty for an orgasm. But because her birthday was coming up, and although I had the money, more than I needed for her gift, I simply commented that I was still short for what I needed.

Hoping, against hope, that her gift would be even more spectacular than what I had given her on my birthday, she wanted to give me the whole five hundred. But that wasn't necessary. I only took a little more than three hundred.

And on the night of her birthday, when in front of her family, I gave her the first part of her gift, she wasn't disappointed.

Again it was jewelry.

This time, instead of diamonds, it was pearls.

With what I spent, I could have given her a full necklace of modest sized pearls. But I choose not to do so. Instead, the necklace was a gold chain, 18 karat. In the center, was a single, medium-sized black pearl. Then working outward, three more pearls. Each pearl become lighter in color, and smaller in size, moving outward.

A total of seven pearls in all. The expense was due to the fact that black pearls are rare. Much rarer than white. And with other shades thrown in, the look was spectacular.

I also included a set of ear rings. Again, pearl instead of diamonds. But this time, there were two sets. One set was of normal white pearls, the same size as in her necklace. The other set were just as black as the pearl in the center of the necklace, only smaller.

That night, I spent the night at her place. Michael didn't even mind. He was just disappointed in that I wouldn't let him help me. Especially after he heard what I had planned.

When we went to her bedroom, Margaret stripped completely. Lying on her bed, I took a piece of clothes line, and tied one end to the leg of her bed. I used this to tie her hand to the bed, in a position raised above her head. Crossing the rope over to her other hand, across the head of the bed, I tied that hand to the other leg.

Then, running the cord the length of the bed, along the ground, I then used it to tie her legs in position, similar to the way in which her arms were tied.

Her body, spread eagled before me, was mine to possess any way that I wanted.

But this was her birthday. This night was for her. I will say, that I had fun playing with her. But the orgasms were all hers.

I began to eat her out, and I did not stop, even though my tongue, and even my fingers, were barely capable of movement, by the time I finished.

I counted eleven orgasms before she passed out, exhausted. I never bothered to look at the clock to see how long we had been engaged in this.

I didn't care.

I was too exhausted.

And the next weekend.

I was beaten. Mom never informed me, or Margaret, as to which pose we'd be recreating for six hours.

In the end, it was a variation on the third.

But in this case, it was Margaret who was strung up.

I was not wearing latex.

And I was not torturing her body with a riding crop.

Instead, there was a vibrator sticking out of her cunt, clearly visible to the class before us. And for fun, mom had me turn it on, before I inserted it in her. The only thing that saved the girl, in that regard, was that mom had purposely put in generic batteries that ran out of power half way through the class.

Also, clamps were placed upon her nipples.

And me. I was standing there. I had in my hands, an object similar to a feather duster, only longer handle, and a relatively small number of feathers. I was kneeling next to her, on her left side, holding the duster in front of me, as if I was using it, to stroke her on the inside of her right thigh, almost to her cunt, still with the vibrator.

The six hours just dragged.

And for the record, there was only the one break, about halfway through the class, when the vibrator ran out of power.

At that point, mom halted the class for twenty minutes, and after removing the device, Margaret was released, so that we could have a chance to walk around, and get our muscles working again.

About the only thing, about the whole experience, was that after the class was over, Margaret was released from her bonds, and allowed to stand beside me, as the ladies left, so that we could say good bye to them, they could compliment us, and give us our tips.

And, at mom's suggestion, Margaret had brought the necklace I had given her for her birthday. She was instructed to put it on, so that the ladies could see what I had bought her, with their tip money. Needless to say, they were for the most part impressed.

So our classes were over for June. The next round would not be until the weekend after the fourth of July. And since that year, the fourth was on a Monday, that meant that it was the second, third and fourth weekends of the month.

And then the problem hit. Mrs. Anderson had received a letter from the Office of the Mayor of Manchester New Hampshire. The anniversary of Peter Anderson's death was coming up, the weekend of the 23-24. The third weekend in our July schedule of classes. Since his passing, there had been no additional death in either the police, fire, or any of the other city service divisions.

It had been decided that a fountain, in a newly redesigned city park, would be dedicated to the memory of fallen emergency service, aka first responders, personnel. As such, a fountain, has been constructed, with a statue in the center, the figure of a police officer, with children. The artist who created the work had been supplied with photographs from area papers, of Officer Anderson, as well as of his wife and children at the time of the murder.

The statue depicts the fallen officer, and represents all officers, and firefighters killed in the line of duty. And then around the outside of the fountain, were places for brass plaques for each of the fallen men.

The dedication was to be on the anniversary of her husband's murder, and so she, her children, and any other family or close friends were invited to attend the official unveiling, as guests of honor.

Mom was notified the same day the letter arrived, and yes, she immediately decided to reschedule the class from the 23rd to the 30th.

And since there was plenty of time to notify the class, there really was no widespread problem. Only a couple of people couldn't show that date. But then, there was always someone not there.

Mrs. Anderson invited mom to attend, along with Elizabeth, and of course me, since I was Margaret's boyfriend.

Mom readily accepted, so now we had a weekend getaway to plan for.

There was also one other thing that happened before the fourth, that made our lives a little more complicated.

It seems that an artist from the area, a painter who specialized in paintings, done in the Renaissance style, had heard of Margaret and me, and the modeling we had been doing. He had written mom, to see if we were available to pose for him, for a work he was doing for a private collector in Europe.

Mom put the question to us.

The terms he offered were simple. Since his place of residence, and of course his studio, was just over two hours away from Middlebury, commuting was not an option. At the same time, we would be needed for a number of days. Consecutive days to be specific.

Therefore he was offering us room and board, plus seven hundred a week, each, to pose. Then he described what it was he was planning on producing, describing the pose we would each have to assume, as well as facial expressions, etc. He also described his community, and the social activities available for children in the area, as well as his home, including a description of his guest room accommodations.

Mom ran all through this with us, and Mrs. Anderson, much of the time reading verbatim from his letter. She also told us what she knew of him. He was a credible artist. His work, often considered contemporary, was also often done in the manner

of other art genres, or classes. His work hung in some of the best museums around the world. And many of his works could also be found in the private collections of some of the richest, and most forward thinking of collectors.

Basically, he was legitimate. And that someday his work would truly be ranked amongst those of such artists as Rembrandt, Van Gough, Matisse, etc.

It was quite possible, that someday, that the work he was proposing would be held in the same regard as the Mona Lisa.

And we would endure forever. Unknown. But admired.

We thought about it. Talked about it for the rest of the night. After an hour or so, Margaret and I ditched our mothers, to discuss the idea for ourselves.

In the end, it was decided that no commitment would be made. That mom would take the two of us to his studio, where we would model for some initial sketches. A chance to get a better idea of what would be expected of us. A chance to see where we would be staying. In other words, feel the guy out.

In the end, it was weird. At least it was more so for Margaret.

In the classes, it was usually all women in the class. Except for the couple of times her brother was there, I was the only guy there, and I was modeling just as she was. But this time, she and I were both nude, and the only one doing any sketching or drawing was a man that we had only met an hour or so before we stripped out of our clothes.

But mom was there the whole time. And nothing kinky happened. In fact, his whole attitude was professional. The work that he basically sketched out for mom Margaret, and me, was in her opinion an inspired concept.

So it was agreed. Mom would deliver Margaret, me and our suitcases to his home, every Monday for the next five weeks, and pick us up late in the afternoon on Fridays.

It would start the eleventh of July.

So there we were. Not even the end of June, and the rest of our summer was already spoken for. But more of that later.

The Art Class – Chapter 11

June was over, and so was the Fourth of July.

Margaret, Elizabeth, Me and most of our friends had a decent couple of weeks playing around the neighborhood, and celebrating the holiday.

And then the ninth came along.

Margaret and I rode to work together, in Mrs. Anderson's car. Mom always had to get there early, so I was always sitting there, waiting for class, bored out of my mind, wondering why I was doing this.

So we got there, right in the middle of the students arriving. We had just enough time to hide in the changing room, strip off our clothes, and slip into our robes, before class began.

Mom announced the beginning of class, and the concepts for the poses of the day.

This week there were only five. The last one, she thought a little more complicated than the others, so she thought that the ladies would need a double session for the pose.

The first pose.

Mom brought out the fake tree trunk that was usually located in the Theatrical Arts Prop Shop. With a step ladder, Margaret climbed up onto a lower branch that could support her weight. Then I was tasked with hanging from that same branch. The humor, or character for the set came from the fact that mom handed Margaret a saw, and she was to hold it, like she was threatening to saw off the limb.

So there I was, hanging from a tree, for the next forty five minutes. The good news was, that I was allowed to drop myself down after about fifteen minutes. Mom had told the ladies to work on the limb, and where I was hanging from it first. After that, all I had to do was stand there, with my arms in the air, like I was still dangling from the limb. It was cheating, but nowhere near as bad as some of the poses mom had made me hold.

Pose number two. Believe it or not, mom brought out a pair of toys I hadn't seen in years. Bouncing balls. Large rubber balls, big enough when inflated that you could

sit on them. They had a handle type piece on the top that you could grasp. Then with your body weight, you could bounce around your house, or yard, providing you could work up enough momentum to cause actual movement.

One for each of us. Mom positioned us, so that it looked like we were in the middle of a race. Margaret was winning. She was told to smile, while I had to show that I was struggling to catch up to her, and beat her.

Pose three.

It was simple. A set of stairs, made of wood, painted with a fake stone finish, was facing the class. Margaret was given a fake popsicle, while I was given a fake ice cream cone. Mom had a little makeup that she applied to our faces, to make it look like we had either cherry syrup or vanilla ice cream smeared all over us.

Pose number four. Mom brought out the bondage equipment again.

I wasn't happy when I saw her holding the ball gag, and the ropes. But this time, it wasn't that bad.

The concept was "The next time you even think of peeping on me, when I'm taking a shower, you'll want to tell mom yourself."

The gag was in my mouth. My hands were tied behind my back. My legs were tied together.

I was then positioned on the carpeting on the floor, so that I was lying parallel to the front of the platform. Mom then took the end of the rope that tied my legs, pulled them up and forward, so that she could attach the rope, to the rope that was binding my hands.

I was, essentially, hog tied.

I was facing right, my chin resting on the floor.

Margaret was lying on the floor as well. Only she was in front of me. Not tied. Her legs were raised in the air, like kids often do when working on a floor, coloring, reading, etc.

And she was staring straight at me.

The idea was, that I had tried to sneak a look at her, while she was coming out of the shower. She'd caught me. And instead of telling mom, I had to undress, so that she could tie me up, and make me suffer for what I had tried to do to her. The fact that she was still nude, just made the whole situation that much more ironic.

And the last pose.

The hardest of the day.

Mom released me from the hog-tie position. I was actually released from posing for the day.

Margaret was the only one modeling.

A bedroom scene.

Margaret was standing in front of a mirror, looking at her reflection. At the same time, she actually was wearing a few items of clothing. A garter belt and silk stockings.

The mirror was free-standing, in a corner of her "room". Hanging from a hook on her closet door we could see on a hanger to which was affixed a blue dress. A summer dress, spaghetti-strapped. Knee length.

She wasn't wearing anything for a bra or undershirt. And there was nothing in the way of panties in sight.

The idea was, that the only formal undergarments that she would be wearing, was the garter, and the stocking.

She was facing to the right of the dais, positioned so that her body would be visible to the class in the mirror. But the class was instructed to account for the mirror, but at the end of the class, Margaret would be positioned so that it appeared that she was in the mirror. For the record, what was so hard for me was the fact that I was sitting there, in the back of the room, staring at her, the whole time.

I never moved. I never moved, except to move my hand down to my crotch where even though I had put my robe back on, I could easily reach my cock, as I started

to slowly masturbate. Only enough to keep me hard. Not enough to let me shoot my load.

For two full sets I sat there, stroking myself. When mom finally ended the session, Margaret and I stood there. She wearing only the garter and stocking. I was wearing my robe, but I had surreptitiously allowed it to fall open, thus returning me to a state of full frontal nudity, to make sure I had my fair share of the tips.

For the first time, Margaret walked out with more money than I was carrying.

I had only earned an even hundred for my modeling. She got her full one-fifty, since she posed for six full sets.

Tips were also disproportionately in her favor. I walked out with only fifty bucks. She ran out with almost ninety.

In the end it was me, one-fifty. Margaret, almost two-forty.

And it was probably going to happen again next week. But I didn't care. I had the picture of her, wearing only the garter, firmly burnt into my mind. And to make things even better, after the ladies had left, after we had counted our tips, Margaret and I dressed. Me, in the clothes I had worn to the campus. Margaret, she just slipped on the blue dress, turned out it was actually one of her own dresses. A pair of matching sandals, and a blue ribbon tying her hair into a pony tail.

I could just imagine the two of us, spending the rest of the night together, with her in that dress, without any underwear. But that didn't happen. Both mom, and Mrs. Anderson wanted each of us to be in their own house for as much as possible that weekend. After all, the two of us were going to be gone for the week. Our moms wanted us to spend our time with our families.

Dinner was steaks on the grill. Along with corn on the cob and baked potatoes, all on the grill.

And afterwards, it was a night of VHS. Specifically, the Star Wars trilogy. Believe it or not, one of mom's favorites. And if there was a huge amount of popcorn involved, I wasn't complaining.

Sunday, was again, a family evening. Mainly because we had to be on the road early, if we were going to make it to Montpelier by nine o'clock.

Margaret and I did get a little alone time, Sunday afternoon, mainly because our mothers were busy getting our suitcases packed.

We were only required to be there overnight. But, if we agreed to do the job, Mr. Lazaar wanted us there for the whole week, right from the start.

All we had to do, was worry about packing a small bag with our personal stuff. Books and magazines. Whatever we wanted to take with us, to pass our time.

When we arrived at Mr. Lazaar's home, it was only about ten after nine. We had left home, well before seven, dropping off Elizabeth who would spend the morning with Mrs. Anderson.

Mom dropped us off, and after an overly-long session of goodbyes and hugs, she left us, with our host, and our prospective employer.

He began by showing us around his home.

Actually, he began by showing us around his miniature castle.

It wasn't a medieval style castle, complete with drawbridge, moat, portcullis, and all the other necessities to live in the twelfth century. It wasn't a wedding cake design either. Remember the kid's film, Chitty Chitty Bang Bang? A castle like the one used in making that film? Not like that either. Actually it was more like a National Park Lodge. Lots of natural stone, glass, and rough-hewn logs.

And it was huge.

He showed us the first floor, and the floor which contained his personal bedroom.

He also showed us the wing of the house that would contain our rooms. We were following him, at this time, with our suitcases. And then he asked us the question.

We were standing in the hallway, in between two guest bedrooms, where the doors were almost facing each other.

Each room was like a hotel room. Limited closet space. Dresser or bureau, with a television set, connected to cable. Private bathroom. And a single, king-sized bed.

A four-poster, complete with canopy, and drapes made of the heaviest material I'd ever seen.

The question. "Which room would we each like? Or would we prefer to share?"

The question itself, was fairly discreet. But, quite blunt. And it was founded upon the fact that while we were touring the house, Margaret and I had mainly been walking hand-in-hand, until we had to carry our bags.

Margaret and I, we just looked at each other. With saying a word, she nodded. I looked straight at Mr. Lazaar, and asked "We can have a room together?"

"I can tell, you two are more than just friends. More than just co-models. I am just wondering if we need to go through the farce of assigning each of you your own suite. I am assuming, that you two would probably be spending the night together? No matter what?"

I answered with a straight "Probably."

"Then why bother with two rooms? Which would you prefer?"

And then Margaret surprised me. She walked straight into one room, heading for the window. Looking out, she then walked to the window in the room opposite. Making her decision, she pointed to the first room, and announced "That one."

With that, Mr. Lazaar left us alone, so that we could unpack, and relax after our drive. We were not actually alone. A maid assisted us in putting away our clothes, and showed us how to work the television, like we needed help in that. She also filled us in on a few rules of the house.

Mr. Lazaar was a traditionalist. A person with a sizable fortune, he preferred a level of formality, that we were not used to, but which we could live with.

Breakfast was not necessarily formal, but jeans and shorts were not allowed. This was ok, since our mothers had been filled in on this already. I had a number of slacks outfits. And Margaret had a couple of casual dresses, just for breakfast. This manner of dress would also be required for lunch.

Dinner was more formal.

Margaret was required to wear an evening dress. She had a whole suitcase filled with black and white, or variations on the same, dresses. At least a dozen. All perfectly suitable.

Me. I had to wear a dinner jacket, tie and dress shirt (white)

I had a dozen shirts, two jackets, half a dozen ties, and five or six pairs of pants, all suitable.

Lunch was simple. For Mr. Lazaar, it was lobster salad on a croissant, with a nice tossed salad.

Margaret and I were each given a choice of ham, beef, or a number of other luncheon meats, also on croissants, salad, chips, and potato salad.

A simple lunch. But more than just burgers and hot dogs. Obviously an attempt to make us feel welcome, and lighten things a little.

Conversation was, as expected, centered around our history of modeling, our feelings about doing so nude, and our opinions on the work he was proposing.

Mom had tried to describe what he was planning, but I didn't really get it. Margaret was more in tune with what he was going for, but didn't understand why he was going there.

In the end, it all boiled down to the commission of the work. The individual who was paying for the painting, was a businessman from Germany, who wanted a work that depicted Germanic domination over Roman forces. I didn't understand anything about the ten minute lecture about the Battle of the Teutoburg Forest. Who cared about a guy named Publius Quinctilius Varus? Who cared about a German named Arminius? Especially all this happened over 1900 years ago.

Somehow, I guess I was arguing the point, but I didn't feel like I was doing so.

Basically, the idea was that I would be portraying a Roman. I would be dead. My guts spilling out of my stomach. Well, maybe not that gruesome. But I would be dead. Margaret would be behind me. The pose would have been her draped over my body, mourning my death. What would be painted would be a Germanic warrior picking her up, and dragging her away from my corpse, kicking and screaming.

Margaret didn't get it either.

Besides, a mural, 20-30 feet wide, 10-15 feet tall?

Our discussion went around in circles. Somehow the discussion got around to maybe looking at it from a different point of view. Take out the concept of war. My "character's" death could be more honorable and noble, if the manner of his death was different. Take away the element of a failed military campaign, and make it more noble. A Roman boy, I was only twelve after all, protecting his sister, when attacked by "barbarian" in a field.

I would still be dead. She would still be dragged away by a German soldier. But I wouldn't be a soldier. I was just the son of a farmer. I had no weapon, only the farm implement I had with me, when I left for the fields that morning.

A little more noble. A boy dying to protect his sister. Or his betrothed. Or his wife. It was, after all set in Roman times and they did marry young.

He was intrigued.

After lunch he had intended to take us to his studio, and start work on some initial drawings of his Teutoburg Forest concept. Instead lunch dragged on. Sketches of the new concept were completed. And for half an hour, he disappeared.

Margaret and I went outside. We were on a large terrace, looking out over the valley. Woods. A lake in the distance. And visible from the edge, a large field, with trees a couple hundred yards from the house, with the promise of a river.

Mr. Lazaar eventually returned, and found us on his terrace.

He was happy with us. First, we were curious about his home, and his estate. And secondly, the new concept was novel in its concept. A work he had never before contemplated.

We headed to his studio.

It was actually surprising.

His studio was a barn, behind his home. Old looking, as if it had originally been built in the 1800's. The inside was completely different. Finished like the inside of a modern home, insulated drywall, heat and air conditioning, natural white lighting. All the amenities of a modern facility.

We were shown where we would be positioned, numerous attempts were made to put us in a perfect placement.

When everything was perfect, he took some Polaroids of us. Shots from a dozen different angles. Shots that would assist him in re-positioning us each day.

With that, we headed back to his home. Margaret and I stayed with him in his study, a large room filled with hundreds if not thousands of volumes. Everything from works of classical literature in their original Greek or Latin texts, to more modern classics from the middle ages, the renaissance, the Victorian and Georgian eras. Even modern works.

Works on art. Statues by Michelangelo, and other renaissance sculptors. Painting from every era in art history. Essentially, every work on the subject ever printed, including a number of volumes printed on such primitive presses, as the one originally designed by Gutenberg.

And after only a short while, what we were waiting for arrived. A simple fax, in response to the faxes sent by Professor Lazaar. Faxes of the sketches he had produced during our discussion during lunch. Faxes that intrigued the patron to such an extent that his only response was "Proceed immediately with new concept."

At that point, there was no delaying a decision. Professor Lazaar had to know whether Margaret and I wished to proceed with the project, or have our mother pick us up the next morning.

We looked at each other. Not saying a word. Margaret simply nodded in my direction. I was to make the decision. She would follow my lead. But she had no problem with going through with the job.

Me. I only had a last couple of questions.

1. Would we be able to share the same room the whole time we were there?

2. Would there be any restrictions on what we were allowed to do together?
3. Would he be letting our mothers know about this?
4. Would this be a problem for the house's staff?

All this was not necessary.

He had no problem with Margaret and I sharing a room. In fact models in his employ often ended up doing just that, even if they had only met for the first time, in his studio.

We would be treated like all his other normal models. Whatever they did, we would be allowed too. He hit us with some questions. When he found out that Margaret was on the pill, and that I had packed a large number of condoms, he was relieved. And for the record, I brought three six-packs. Just to be safe. After all, we would be gone for four whole nights.

Then his answer of “No better time than the present!” answered this, and also served to instruct us that as he rose, we should follow him back out to his studio.

When there, things began in earnest.

The first order of business, even before any of the actual painting was done, was that Margaret and I had to undress, and allow him the opportunity to closely examine our bodies.

It was weird. He only looked us over one at a time, but even so, both of us were nude the whole time. No robes or other cover ups were provided, or suggested.

It was weird watching him examine Margaret. I could only imagine what was going through her head as he manipulated her body, positioning her in hundreds of different, or so it seemed, positions, to better enable him to examine her.

It kinda turned me on watching this. Some of the positions he'd put her in, were fairly erotic, if not straining to her body. But then I realized, as soon as he was done with her, he'd be doing the same thing to me.

In the end, I was watching the two of them for a little over an hour.

When it was my turn, it was almost an hour and a half.

And as much as he was physically touching, and manipulating Margaret's body during her examination, he was far stricter with me. At one point I was leaning backwards, supported by a table. He was examining my crotch. Without even a pair of doctor's gloves, he was manipulating my cock and balls, twisting his head to look at me from different angles. And when he had me leaning forwards, holding my ass cheeks apart, so he could get a good look at my crack, I could have sworn I was blushing. The problem was that as all this was going on, I was sporting a rather nice erection. Because all of this was happening in front of Margaret.

When he was done, Professor Lazaar realized that there was a high level of tension in the room. My cock was actually so hard, I was ready to burst. Since his cock and ass exams were the last part of my ordeal, as soon as he finished, he decided to give me a hand job. I just stayed there, lying on my stomach, on a table in his studio, as he brought me off. The fact that it only took a few minutes was more disturbing to me, afterwards, than surprising. Margaret just watched. Almost in shock.

When I finally shot my load, the Professor stopped jerking me off.

“There. I hope that feels better.” Was all he said.

“Why did you do that?” Margaret asking on my behalf, since I was still a little out of it.

“The boy needed relief. And I provided it. I’m sorry if I intruded on your responsibilities, but it was an excellent way to demonstrate my homosexuality.”

“What?”

I was still out of it, so I wasn’t paying any attention yet. This was all Margaret’s discussion.

“In simple terms. I prefer to engage in sexual activities with young men.”

Margaret just stood there, thinking for a full minute or so, before she responded with a simple “Oh.”

“Understand me. Although I did experience some sexual enjoyment, from what just happened, it was done mainly for James’ benefit.”

Margaret still didn’t understand. So she just stood there, as the Professor continued.

“Your friend needed relief. Be the time the two of you would have dressed, and then walked back to the house, gone to your room, then undressed, almost half an hour would have passed. Your friend needed relief. I provided it.”

“You may not understand this, but your mother was worried that I might end up taking certain liberties with you, while you were here. She was afraid that I might rape you some night. That I can assure you, will not happen.”

“I am a homosexual. I do not deny it. But I do not advertise the fact either. What has just happened, I now put myself into your hands. If you tell your parents, I would be arrested. But, if I can trust you, as I believe I can, than I think that we can all relax. These few weeks we will spend together, you and your friend will be nude. There will be times when sex is necessary. Either for yourself, or for James. My point is, I understand. I also ask for your understanding.”

“I can also promise you this. This could be the only time I instigate a sexual activity with either yourself, or with James. But, if you trust me, there are things I can teach you. Things you could never dream up on your own. I can teach you and James ways to appreciate each other, to stimulate each other, to experience sexual fantasies in ways you could never imagine.”

“If you trust me, I can teach the two of you how to enjoy sex, and all that it has to offer.”

“The proposition has been made. It is up to the two of you to decide for yourselves. I will not pressure you. Either of you. The decision is yours. I will accept whatever it may be. All I ask, is that you make your decision for the right reasons.”

“How can you teach us to have sex? I mean, we already know how to do oral. And fucking is fucking, no matter what you say.”

“Do you trust me not to harm you?”

“Yes.”

Then come here, and I will show you something.”

By this time, I’m fully recovered from my orgasm. I’d heard that last bit of their conversation, and I was understanding what was being proposed. Just not the how or why part. But I didn’t say anything.

It was, after all, Margaret’s decision. If she choose to let him use her body, it was her decision. I would be disappointed, only in that I wanted to keep her all to myself. But no matter what happened, I would always be there for her.

I was sitting up by this time. The Professor asked me to slide off the table. As I did so, Margaret must have decided to trust the Professor, because she began to walk forward.

He assisted her up on the table, lying on her back. Her waist right at the edge. Her ass and pussy hanging over the edge.

“May I begin?” Even with her in such a position the Professor was polite and considerate enough to allow her one last chance to back out. Margaret simply nodded her head. She did that a lot.

With her permission, the Professor got down to business. He began to perform oral sex on her. I wanted to jump in, kick him out of the way, and work on her myself, but I resisted the urge. Instead I watched. Fascinated.

He knew exactly what to do to her. How to do it. And how fast to do it. In two minutes, Margaret had her first orgasm.

Over the next fifteen minutes, she experienced three more.

I could never manage something like that. I have given her four orgasms in one go before. But it usually took me an hour. He did it in one third of the time.

For the first two, he not only used his mouth, he also used his hands. Brushing the inside of her thighs. Playing with her pussy, even as he was licking her. Playing with her small breasts. He brought her over the edge, faster than I ever could. And each orgasm was more intensive than anything I was able to create.

And then, for the last two, he surprised me. His hands moved away from the front of her body, and moved towards her butt. Before I knew it, he was kneading the flesh of her butt, almost like he was making bread dough. And for the fourth, I couldn't believe it, but I could swear he had a couple of his fingers pistonning in and out of her hole, just like his tongue was working on her pussy.

And it was working. Margaret was responding in a way that I had never been able to create. With every lick or thrust of his tongue, she was crying out. Alternating between shouts of "Oh God! Oh God!" and "Faster! Faster! Harder! Harder! Yes! Yes!"

I had never gotten such a reaction from her. Watching the performance, I realized that there was much that we had to learn. And the Professor could show us.

When he was finished with her, Margaret continued to lay there on the table. Recovering like I had. Only slower.

The Professor looked over at me. Smiling at my facial reaction to what I had just witnessed, he almost laughed. "As you can see, stimulation can go a long way with a lover, if you know what you are doing."

"Can you teach me to do that?"

"I can teach you this, and many things beside. I am not asking the two of you to give yourselves to me, completely, just to trust me."

The room was silent for a full minute. Margaret still had not moved.

"Would you like for me to teach you how to truly make love to this girl?" pointing to Margaret as he said this.

"You can really teach me to do that?"

"Yes. If you trust me."

"Ok." That's all I said. I didn't know how or what else to say. So I said nothing.

"We will begin tonight." Somehow, and I don't know why, but somehow, the Professor had suddenly become not only our employer, but our tutor, in the sexual arts, as well. How that happened, is anyone's guess.

When Margaret was finally able to stand again, the two of us dressed. Then, in the course of a slow stroll back to the house, the Professor told us what would happen, at least for that night.

“You two will make love. Like you normally do. If you permit, I will watch. Tomorrow, we will begin on the making of improvements. But first, I need to see how well you perform.”

And it was just as simple as that. Tonight, Margaret and I would make love in front of an audience of one. And he’d be taking notes.

Dinner, was slightly awkward.

Having spent the bulk of the afternoon, nude in his presence, it wasn’t quite the same as eating dinner at home, Saturday nights, after class. Sure, on those days, twenty some older ladies had seen me walking around, posing. Saturday nights, eating dinner at home, I might be nude, Elizabeth could be as well. Or we would make love, with mom and my little sister in the house.

Some of them probably had fantasies about me, or boys they had known, when my age. Fantasies about what they would have done. Could have done. If only society at that time had tolerances for it.

But the Professor, was a guy, who had admitted that he was sexually attracted to me. Who had jerked me off, in front of my girlfriend. Without even asking for my permission.

And tonight, I had agreed, along with my lover, to allow this man to watch the two of us, as we made love? I have no idea to this day, what it was, that I was thinking at that time. But I’ve never regretted the decision.

Dinner, with myself, and Professor Lazaar, in dinner jackets. Margaret in a nice evening dress. After having spent the afternoon nude. It was insane.

But, the dinner was delicious. Prime rib. Something that neither of us were able to enjoy very often. Not so much because we couldn’t afford it. But because our mothers just refused to justify the extravagance.

A celebration, courtesy of the Professor, complete with champagne, to celebrate the decision to begin work on what was sure to become his greatest work. And to celebrate our decision to accept his assistance to improve our skills in making love to each other.

And after dinner, we relaxed for a while in his study. The television was on. CNN was only a few years old, but already people of means were addicted to it. We watched it with him. Neither of our homes had cable as yet, and the idea of 24 hours of news broadcasting seemed kind of obsessive. A network of 24 hours broadcasting cartoons, or children's movies, was more to our way of thinking. But, as a courtesy we watched it with the Professor. And I could admit, that no matter how hard you tried to avoid the situation, you could actually learn something by watching it.

So, after a talk show featuring some old geezer, by the name of Larry King, interviewing someone in the Reagan administration of something called the aftermath of the Iran-Contra scandal, we called it a night.

Although we knew it was coming, it was still a shock as the Professor joined us, on our walk to our room. And when he entered, after us, we just stood around, unsure of what to do. So we just did nothing.

Meanwhile, the Professor had already alerted the house staff as to his intentions, for that evening. At the foot of the bed, there was already placed a chair. In it, he sat down. And waited for us to begin. After several moments, with the two of us just standing there, he invited us to begin.

Again, we just looked at each other. In our relationship, a look conveyed as much information as hundreds of spoken words. So, with a couple of shrugs of our shoulders, we began what we had agreed to do, that afternoon.

We began by removing our clothing. We each undressed ourselves, not helping the other, carefully folding our clothes, so that we could basically wear the same outfits the next evening at dinner. When we were nude, we climbed into bed.

Lying next to each other, it was probably too humorous for him to watch, was I fumbled with the wrapping of the condom, then slowly slid it onto my cock.

And then, when we were ready, I simply climbed on top of her, and began.

In a minute, I had penetrated her. In ten minutes, working hard, I had given her the first orgasm. In forty five minutes or so, we were up to three. And just before we reached the one hour point, as she was fully occupied with her fourth, my orgasm began, and I began shooting my load into the condom. And when we were finished, we laid there, on our backs, not moving, until I decided that I was well enough, that I could remove the condom from my prick, and throw it into a trash can. After that, we laid there together, wrapped up in each other's arms. Neither moving, nor talking.

When we had obviously finished, the Professor said nothing. He simply stood up, and standing next to the bed, watched us sleep for a moment, probably, before he covered us with the sheet and blanket, and exited the room.

The Art Classes – Chapter 12

The next morning, I awoke, wrapped up in my lover's arms. This was something we'd never been allowed to do. Whenever we had made love, one of us always seemed to have to go back home. This morning, was a treat. And despite the fact that I didn't want to leave the bed, I had to pee.

Upon leaving the bathroom, I discovered that Margaret had woken up. And as I got back into bed, we hugged and kissed some. And relived last night's experience. Concentrating on how weird it was, to have sex, with another person in the room.

And breakfast. Well, at seven, a member of staff knocked on the door to awaken us. And from that point on, we were obliged to follow our employer's schedule. We showered. Enjoying the fact that there was plenty of space in the shower for both of us. The water fell from the ceiling, from a large disc, almost two feet in diameter, which was the shower head. So no matter where we stood, there was no chance that the other person would hog all the water.

This time, we helped each other. And when we left the shower, after drying ourselves off, I was blessed with the opportunity to help my lover dry her hair. Both of us, standing nude in the bath. Her in front of me, as I dried her hair, and brushed out the tangles.

And when it was dry enough, I watched her, as she arranged it the way that the Professor had asked of her, so that it would appear in a style believed to be Roman in tradition.

Breakfast was pleasant. The Professor made no reference to what he'd seen the night before, and politely refused to answer any of our questions on the subject.

He never mentioned a word about it, until we were in the studio, undressed, in position, and he starting the basic sketches, that would lay out the whole design of the finished work.

At that point, instead of saying anything about what he'd seen, he grilled us on our histories. What had we done with each other, and had we done anything before that?

Lunch was also subdued. No more talk of a sexual nature. Lunch was spent discussing out schooling. And then, after lunch, back in the studio, it was again, an afternoon of twenty questions, regarding our sexual history.

At dinner, he shared a roast chicken, with stuffing, and a number of other sides.

And afterwards, instead of watching the news, we immediately returned to the bedroom.

At that point, the Professor took over.

We just stood there. And when he instructed to begin, we again began to undress ourselves. At this point, we were stopped.

“The minute you walk into the bedroom, the sex has begun.”

“Don’t we have to get naked first?” Margaret asked in all innocence.

“No my child. The very act of undressing, assisted by your partner can begin to raise the adrenaline that each of you need to create a proper sexual environment.”

Neither of us knew what this meant.

“James, kiss your lover.”

I did as I was told. I took a step forward, and proceeded to kiss her.

Again, I was ordered to stop. “Before you kiss, embrace her. Take her in your arms. Make love to her with your eyes, and the tips of your fingers, the skin of your arms.”

I looked at her. I wrapped my arms around her. I hugged her close to me. And then we kissed. I was again stopped.

“No. Don’t just pull her towards you. Sweep her off her feet. Support her. Look down into her eyes .Then kiss her.”

I didn’t know what he meant. I told that to him. The next thing I know, he walked up to Margaret, and began to demonstrate.

Grabbing her by her arms, he pulled her body towards his. Before their bodies came into contact, his left arm reached around behind her, even as his right began to exert pressure onto her body, forcing her to lean backwards. Supporting her weight with his left arm, he wrapped his right around her body. And then leaning forward, he looked into her eyes, and kissed her.

He held the kiss for almost a full minute, and when he started to rise back up, bring her up with him, you could tell that she was blushing, and I knew that he had French kissed her. And yet, for some reason, I didn't mind.

I tried what he had just showed me. It was a little awkward, standing there, trying to support her weight, as I was bending over to kiss her. But apparently, I did fine, since I wasn't told to try again.

After the kiss, then we spent the next few minutes discussing undressing. Instead of doing it right away, explained how it should be done. Each of us would be responsible for removing the other's clothing. We weren't allowed to do anything for ourselves. That the removal of each article would be accompanied with kisses. Not on the mouth, but on the parts of the body just exposed. And lastly, that while he expected us stand when removing my dinner jacket, tie and shirt, as well as Margaret's dress and bra, we would be kneeling as we removed the other's clothes from the waist on down.

When told to begin, I actually surprised the both of them. Instead of doing anything to undress her, I simply took Margaret back into my arms, and kissed her again. Just like I had been instructed to. Except, I did it completely different. Instead of embracing her, and supporting her, after pulling her towards me, and beginning the kiss, I lowered my left hand down to her butt. My right hand grasped her right hand. I used this to not so much force her, as to compel her to lean back herself, all the while supporting her torso with the length of my arm, my hand still firmly grasping onto her ass.

And the kiss? As I held her in my arm, my right gradually raised hers up a little, as I let go of it, and used my fingers to caress the minimal rise of her chest, that were what she had for breasts.

And as my fingers traced their way in circles over her chest, our mouths once again, came into contact, and I French kissed her. When done, after helping her to stand up straight, I was about to reach down for the hem of her dress, when the Professor stopped me.

“Why did you do that?”

“I just thought it was a good idea.”

“No. I mean, why did you embrace her in that manner?”

“I saw what you had done, and I did it myself. But it was too awkward. I had seen a move like this on a dance show on TV. I thought I could do it, and that it would work just as good as what you had shown me. Was I right?”

“I don’t know. Only one person can answer that question. Margaret?”

She never said a word. She was incapable of speech. She just stood there, with a blank look on her face.

“Ok. I see that has created the desired effect. Although I suggest perfecting a few other embraces, you can continue with this one as well.”

And with that, I began again. Standing in front of Margaret, I bent over slightly and grasped the bottom of her dress. Rising it up, she didn’t resist as doing so exposed first her upper legs, her underpants, and then her stomach. By the time I had the bottom pulled well over her head, she had raised her hands into the air, so that as I began to scrunch the fabric up, above her head, the dress continued to rise from her beautiful body, until the dress was rising up her arms. When it was off of her, I debated a moment, as to whether I should fold the dress, but decided against it. I threw it onto the room’s dresser.

Standing in front of me, dressed in only her shoes, socks, a bra and her panties, I could feel my erection growing. And since I was still standing, I stood in front of her, as close as possible, as I kissed her again, first on the cheek, then her mouth, French kissing her, as my arms reached around her, to undo the clasp of her bra.

When the clasp was opened, I assisted her in removing her bra, by sliding the straps down of her shoulders, then pulling the garment down the length of her arms, finally throwing that piece to the ground.

With her breasts exposed, I paused a moment before continuing to undress her, when I began to kiss and suck on her small, barely existent, twelve-year-olds breasts.

And after a minute or so, I stopped everything to ask the Professor a question. “Should I keep going, and finish undressing her? Or, should I stop, and let her begin undressing me?”

“Look into her eyes, my boy. Is she capable of doing anything?”

I looked into her eyes. She had a sort of glazed look. She was just staring forward, at nothing. The smile on her face saying that she was enjoying what was happening.

With that, I got down on my knees, and helped her to finish undressing.

First, I undid the buckles to both of her black leather sandals. Then raising her feet off the floor, one at a time, I slipped off her sandals, then the socks. And then, when all she was wearing was her panties, I reached upwards, and slipped the tips of my fingers inside the waistband. Pulling downwards, I bared her crotch, which I was staring at, right at my eye level.

I had eaten her out numerous times before, but this was the first time I had helped her strip off her clothes. And this was the first time, instead of getting right to work, and sticking my tongue into her slip, I just looked at her, staring at every square inch of her.

And then, after standing back up, I helped her move onto the bed. I had her all laid out, in position, ready to accept me, when I began to undress. This is when the Professor surprised me for the first time that night.

“Stop. You will continue in a little while, but, you have done your work too well, my boy. There she lies, incapable of reciprocating. And I had intended for you to experience being undressed tonight as well.”

I just stood there, not saying a word.

“We have a choice to make. To continue on, you undressing yourself. Or, I could undress you, like I would have her undress you. Performing every step, just as I would have her do. Which do you prefer?”

I wasn't stupid. I wanted to strip out of my clothes, and begin fucking her, before she realized what was happening. But, the Professor was supposed to be teaching this to us, so I decided to go along with him. Much to my regret.

With that, he stepped to me. He didn't do anything like kiss me. Instead, he just got to work, stripping me. Helped me off with my jacket and tie. Undid the buttons of my shirt, and helped to slide it off of me.

Then, just as I had knelt down in front of Margaret, he knelt in front of me, and began undoing the ties of my dress shoes. When the shoes and socks were off, then things got a little weird.

After undoing the buckle to my belt, and then unzipping my fly, he slid my pants off me, like I expected. But, when he got to my underpants, briefs, as they slid down my legs, as soon as my penis was exposed to his vision, he leaned forward, and took it into his mouth, and began to suck on it.

For a moment, I was terrified. I felt like this guy was gonna throw me on my stomach, next to Margaret, and proceed to fuck me in my butt. But he didn't. By the time my briefs were off, I was surprisingly erect. And I was ready.

Releasing my penis from his mouth, he instructed me to climb onto the bed, and begin.

Instead of penetrating her, I asked a simple question. "Should I start by using my mouth on her first?"

"Yes my boy. Now you're getting the idea."

"And so I ate her out. She had orgasmed twice, before I even began to think about sticking my cock into her cunt. And when I did, she already had her first two orgasms. By the time of the third, I was already pounding her cunt, with my cock. And by the fourth, I was almost ready. But it wasn't until she had begun her fifth that I was ready, and my orgasm overtook me, as I shot my load into her.

Thrust after thrust soon emptied me. And when I was finished, I pulled out of her, and laid on my back. It was as I was recovering, that I realized something. I had forgotten the condom!

I was suddenly terrified. It was like my skin turned white, as the blood drained from my body. And when the Professor saw the reaction to my fear, after asking what was wrong, his reply to me was simple “That should not be a problem. She has just had her period. Ending Friday, you should have several days before her cycle has her in her fertile period, again.”

“I was grateful. I knew the guy was gay, and all that. But I knew that he was fairly well educated, and would know all about these things.

So with that settled, I knew that my first actual lesson had gone well. And when he saw me begin to pull the sheets and blankets over both our bodies, the Professor beat a hasty retreat, turning off the light, and closing the door behind him.

The Art Classes – Chapter 13

And the next morning. Margaret remembered very little of what happened, after I had begun to follow the Professor's instructions. She asked a few questions. And when I answered only one, she was content. That she had had five orgasms.

And for the record. The Professor later that day told me, that between the time when I first began to embrace her, prior to undressing her, and my climax, only 17 minutes had passed. I had given her more orgasms, in a shorter time frame, than I had ever done before. And that, was the reason why she remembered so little of it. The hormones her body had produced, during our lovemaking, and kept her from being able to think, much less understand what was happening to her.

Wednesday went much the same as Tuesday. Our time in the studio was mostly professional. Although we were talking to each other, at times, because of the particular part of our bodies that the Professor was concentrating on, one of us would invariably be under instruction not to speak.

But while he worked, he would talk to us. Describing his life, and how he came to be who he was.

He'd dropped out of high school, and joined the army, when the United States entered WWI. Wounded at Aisne in June of 18, he was transported to Paris to recover. There, he met a French soldier, also recovering from wounds, and they fell in love. At the end of the war, he elected to remain in Paris where he studied painting, Living with his French lover. Before the start of the Second War, he returned to the United States. His lover, unable to come with him, was arrested by the Germans, imprisoned, and killed either through forced labor, or execution. It is not known how, when or where. Just that after the war, the man no longer existed.

From that point on, the Professor never loved another. He still participated within the gay community, but never with a commitment to one individual, as he had enjoyed in Paris.

It was within the changing arts community in the post war years that his work first gained international recognition. By the time we met him, he had works on display in collections in many of the world's greatest museums and recognized private collections.

With the notice of his work, came his admission into society. Parties. Galas. Openings. He became part of popular culture. And with growing wealth, he was able to afford a lifestyle commensurate with his popularity. That was when he bought the property he was living in. A house with plenty of room for guests. A house with plenty of room for parties. A house where he had the space to enable him to live out whatever sexual fantasy he'd ever imagined. Except one. One which he was now bringing to reality.

Because he was nearing the end of his life. He was approaching 90. He knew that it would only be by the grace of God, if he lived to see the coming of the next year. We didn't know about it, but he had been diagnosed with cancer. And given his age, he had chosen not to attempt treatment.

Because of this diagnosis, he no longer need fear. Fear for the stigma of a child molester. With his impending death, he was spared this. If either Margaret or I ever revealed what was happening, it would only trouble him for months. He would never suffer the indignity of a trial. He would never be sent to prison. Chances are, they would never even prosecute.

This was the reason for the current commission. There were some homosexual references in the work. After all, I was nude. My penis would be prominently on display.

After dinner, we skipped the news, and headed straight to our room. I wanted to begin, just as I had the night before, but the Professor did not allow this. Tonight, Margaret would take the lead. Before he began, he did give her a few suggestions. He also warned her, that her actions would not produce the same response, in me, as I had created in her. That where the previous night, she was quickly incapacitated, I would not suffer from the same effect.

She began by kissing me. Not in the way that I had kissed her. Instead she just stood in front of me, and looked upwards, as I looked down and we kissed. But as we did so, her hands were busy. First removing my tie, then my jacket. When those were on the floor, behind me, she began to undo the buttons on my shirt. And when my shirt was off me, she began to lick my chest, much as I had played with hers the day before, after removing her bra. The only difference was that as she fell to her knees, to work on my pants and footwear, she kissed her way down my torso.

When she was on her knees, she did not immediately begin work on my socks and shoes. Instead she undid my belt and fly. Lowering my pants to my knees, along

with my briefs, as soon as my cock was exposed to her vision, she was sucking on it. And by the time I had my socks, shoes, pants and underwear off, I was already orgasming. Shooting my load into her mouth, five or six quick thrusts in all.

I had already climaxed. And she had not had her first orgasm yet. I wouldn't be able to fuck her? And yet, the Professor did not see this as a problem.

Instead of panicking, he had us resume our practice, this time, I was in charge.

I began as I had the night before, embracing my lover, and kissing her, this time holding her head in my hands, turning it into whatever direction I desired, so that I could kiss her however, and wherever I wanted, be it her mouth, her nose, her cheeks, her ears, her forehead, her neck or her cleavage. This I continued for what I thought was ten minutes. After three or four, she began to moan, as my actions began to cause her to produce more hormones.

And then, I began in earnest. This time, instead of starting with her dress, I immediately dropped to my knees. I first began by again undoing the buckles on her shoes, white sandals with a one-inch heel, all she could manage at her age, and removing them. Raising the bottom of her dress only a little, I soon had her pantyhose around her ankles, then off of her completely. And then, I again went under her dress. This time, going after her panties. Unlike last night, I began to lick her pelvic mound, and soon as the top of it was exposed, as I lowered her panties.

When her slit was visible, I attacked it with my tongue. My left hand was reaching around her, clasped firmly onto her ass, helping me to push my face into her. All the while, not even looking at what I was doing, my right hand was sliding her panties down her legs, then helping her step out of them.

In this way, with her still covered by her dress, and the Professor only being able to guess at what I was doing, I brought Margaret to her first orgasm of the night. As she came down out of it, I began to slow down. And within half a minute, I had stopped licking her. She didn't like this. I felt her hands, pushing against my head. Pushing my mouth back towards her pussy. Her actions begging me to begin again, but I didn't. Instead I grabbed her dress, at the waist, and began to raise it up. When I was back on my feet, I was able to raise the dress over her head, but she was no help to me, in removing it from her body.

Instead, with the lower part of her body completely exposed, I had to further bunch the dress up, in my hands, so that I could slide the back of it over her head, thus

allowing me to slide her arms out of it, by pulling back down on the dress, her arms in front of her body.

Needless to say, the Professor was impressed. One orgasm, before the girl was even stripped of her clothing.

He never asked me where I came up with that idea. And honestly I still don't know. After what she had done to me, starting a blow job before I was even undressed, I had decided that I had to do something similar. Eating her out, from under her dress was what I could come up with, in such a short time.

With the two of us now nude, we had a problem. Or at least I thought we did.

"Professor. Since I have already had my orgasm, what's the point of continuing?"

The Professor, expecting such a question, was not pleased with how I worded it. "What's the point of continuing? What's the point of continuing? You my boy, may have already had your orgasm, but your lover has only had one. She expects more, and it's your responsibility to provide them."

So, knowing that he, and Margaret would not accept no for an answer, I helped her slide into bed. Climbing in right after her, I began eating her out, just like I had the night before.

And, like last night, inside half an hour or so, she had several more orgasms, each the result of my eating her out. I would have been completely satisfied with that as the final outcome. After all Margaret had her four or five orgasms. It hadn't even been forty minutes since she'd begun undressing me. What more was there? But then the Professor had one final instruction for me.

"Look at yourself."

I didn't understand what he wanted, she he repeated himself, this time pointing downward at my crotch.

I couldn't believe it. Margaret couldn't either. I had grown hard again.

"If you wish to let that go to waste, then you're perfectly welcome to go to sleep for the night."

But, having discovered that my erection could return, after having shot my load, I was gonna have none of that. Neither was Margaret.

Her reaction, after discussing what had happened the night before, about me forgetting the condom, was to go right to the drawer, and grab one. Ripping it open, she was sliding it on me, before I even knew what happened. And then, she surprised me, by grabbing my erect cock, and pulling me towards her, she kissed me straight on the lips, and then told me to get to work, as she slid back onto the bed.

I wasted no time in following instructions. I began, just to play it safe, to eat her out again. In ten minutes she was finishing her fifth or sixth orgasm of the night. And when it was over, without allowing her a moment to recover, I slammed my cock into her. With the first thrust I was half way into her. By the third, I was all the way in. With each additional thrust, I was pounding into her, with all I had. Pushing into her, each thrust gaining in intensity as my own hormones were taking over.

And then it happened. After only a couple of minutes, another, then another, and another orgasm over took her. Her body was so high on sex, you could hardly tell where one orgasm ended, and another began. And finally, my body reacted. With each of her orgasms, her pussy was pulling on my cock, squeezing my cock, with more force. Finally, my body couldn't take any more, and I orgasmed for the second time that night.

The final count was James two, Margaret 11? But who was counting.

With my last thrust, I pulled out of her.

And when I was lying on my back, I couldn't move. Neither could Margaret. We were both too exhausted.

The Professor went into our bathroom, and proceeded to wet a wash cloth. Returning to the bed, he first rubbed down Margaret's crotch, cleaning up all the juices leaking out of her. Then, moving to the other side of the bed, he removed the condom from my penis, being careful not to let any leak onto the bed. Then, with the same cloth, he wiped the remaining traces off of my cock. Returning the cloth to the bathroom, he then just left us as we were, uncovered, as he left the room, again turning out the light, before closing the door.

We laid there, all night. Naked. Uncovered. Occasionally waking and wrapping ourselves in each other's arms.

The next morning, Margaret was slightly embarrassed when the Professor's butler entered the room, to wake us up.

The two of us lying there, naked in bed. It was seven ten before he began to waken us. Knowing that we were supposed to wake up at seven, meant that he was probably staring at our bodies for at least ten minutes. The question was whose?

And then, the real question arose, for the morning.

For some reason, Margaret wanted to see the condom from the night before, to prove to herself that one had actually been used, since Tuesday night, I had forgotten.

But it was nowhere to be found.

All we could find, was the wrapper on the floor, on her side of the bed. We knew one was used. We just couldn't find it.

It was only years later, as I write this, that I figured out what probably happened.

The Professor, having removed it from me, when he cleaned my penis up, had probably taken it with him. I sit here, imagining the smile on his face, sitting in his own master's bedroom, sucking out the contents. Relishing every drop of my flavor. He was, after all, a homosexual. He had sucked on my cock, the night before. The day before that, he had given me a rather nice hand job. Maybe he just thought, that in taking it, I owed him a chance to sample my stuff. After all, I had robbed him of the opportunity at least twice by then. Simply by being conscious.

Thursday rolls around. Again, breakfast, lunch, the morning and afternoon sessions in the studio, all went as normal. The only difference, during breakfast, we were told that while he'd observe us that night, we were to come up with something new. The only thing absolutely banned to us, was the missionary position.

Embarrassingly, we had to ask him what that was. And he was chuckling politely as he answered our question.

So, as much as the conversation the previous two days was centered on him asking questions about our lives, and our sexual histories, today the conversation was mainly between Margaret and me. He listened, continuing with his work, as we tossed ideas back and forth. The problem was, neither of us really knew what we were doing. At this time, the internet wasn't even a pipe dream. Porn existed, but in a town like ours, it was not readily available. At least to kids our age. Parents did an excellent job of keeping it locked up, and away from us. And the only place in the area to buy it, was a store out on the highway midway between Middlebury and New Haven.

So the only other sexual position we knew about, was anal. And Margaret wasn't too keen on it. Simply because when I was in her, that way, we didn't know anything about how to stimulate her. Even as I was enjoying it experience, she wasn't.

The Professor said nothing, as our discussions continued.

By dinner, we were unable to come up with anything. We were in the process of cleaning up for dinner, both of us just out of the shower. Margaret had an idea. Instead of beginning to dress, she was kneeling on the bed, her ass pointed right at me, as if she was inviting me to fuck her ass, right then and there.

I commented that we were expected downstairs at seven thirty, precisely, and that we didn't have time to fuck, and shower again, before we'd be expected downstairs. But that wasn't her idea. I hadn't even put my briefs on yet, because even though I was the one that said we didn't have time to fuck, I really wanted to.

And then she told me to just relax, and get behind her. That we weren't going to fuck. She just wanted to see something. Humoring her, I obeyed her instructions. Climbing into bed myself, I was kneeling behind her, my cock pointed right at her ass, ready to penetrate her, if she told me to.

And then she said something weird. "Where's your dick pointing?"

I responded truthfully. "Right at your butt."

"Can you go any lower?"

"Why?"

“I want to see if you can fuck me like this, just not in my butt.”

“I don’t know. You’re smaller than I am. You’re just not as high up.”

“Your legs are too long, and mine are too short.” This was true. After all, even though girls do tend to grow in height, slightly faster than boys upon reaching puberty, she was still a full thirteen months younger than me, and four inches shorter. Most of this in her legs. Meaning, that no matter what I did, no matter how we turned and twisted, I was still a good two inches higher than I could be, in order to be able to reach under her.

But then, in that position, I had an idea. If her legs were spread apart, like they were then, maybe....

“Don’t move. I want to try something.”

“What?” She was looking at me, her body turned around as I knee walked myself backwards, and then slid down beneath her, my body sliding under her, between her legs. When I was far enough through, I rolled over, and there it was. She was above me, her crotch just above my stomach. Inches above my cock. All she had to do was move herself back a little, and she would be right over it.

“Can we do it this way?” I think the idea intimidated her. With me on top, I had all the responsibility. All she had to do was allow me to do what I needed to do, and react however her body compelled her to react.

Now here, she would be in charge.

“I mean, how can you eat me out, if I’m on top of you?”

“I don’t know. But it’s a start. I can’t be on top tonight. This is all I can think of.”

“Maybe we can come up with something during dinner?”

“Hopefully.” She added. “Hopefully you can, and then you can tell me about it so I can know what’s going on.”

I knew what she was thinking. No surprises. Just like in our modeling, she didn’t want to be forced to do something too painful, just because she had no chance to disagree.

All during dinner, I was racking my brain, trying to come up with something. Then it clicked. Margaret, in response to a question from the Professor, on what we liked about our room, responded that “She loved the shower. That if she had a choice she’d never leave it.”

And that gave me an idea. The Professor would love it. We’d have sex in the shower. Standing up. With me “On top!” Sort of.

It could work. It could fail. At least I had three things going for me. Margaret loved the shower. I’d still be in charge. And the Professor would definitely like the originality. Now I know that my idea wasn’t exactly original People have been having sex in bath tubs and showers for centuries. Millennia in fact. But given our ages, it is forgivable that I would think that the idea was original.

I said nothing during dinner. When it was over, and we received permission to leave the room, he was that formal. I did ask for permission, to have five or ten minutes before he himself came up, so that we could get everything ready.

So as we were rushing upstairs, I was being hit with a load of questions. Margaret was desperate to know what I’d come up with.

All I said was one word. “Shower.”

That got her attention. It also got me what is commonly referred to as a Cheshire Cat smile.

“So how are we going to do this?”

“We need to get changed. Then I guess we’ll just wing it.” Correct answer: I haven’t thought things that far ahead yet.

“What should I wear?”

“Just change into your robe. Nothing else.”

When we arrived upstairs, and in our room, the closed door signaled that it was time to start talking about what was about to happen.

Margaret could not be encouraged to slow down, hurling question after question at me. Again. I couldn't answer any of them, let alone all of them. In the end, she finally realized that she needed to undress. As she stripped out of her clothing, I described the little bit I had already worked out.

I explained that since she was in love with our shower that that was where we would end up, when finally making love to each other.

She was a little surprised that when she was wearing only her robe, I wanted her to wait in the room across the hall.

"When the Professor comes in here, you need to wait for me to explain what's going to happen."

"Why are you telling him, when you won't tell me?"

"I'm not. I'm only saying that I don't know what is going to happen."

"So you're telling him that you have nothing to tell him?"

Silently cursing to myself, I began to pray that she'd stop asking questions, and just do as I asked. I still had to answer her question. "All I'm gonna say to him, and what I'm saying to you is that I have no idea how this will work out. I know how it'll start. How I hope it'll end. Just not what's in between?"

I was grateful for two things. One, even as we were talking, she was at least stripping in front of me. And when she was nude, she only put on her robe, just like I'd asked. The second was that even as she was standing naked in front of me, she wasn't asking why I wasn't undressing.

All she did, once all she was wearing was the robe, was ask one final question. "I come in when?"

"I need five minutes to talk to the Professor. Then come in. Don't knock or anything. Just come barging into my room. Remember, you're my foster sister. All you want is to know if I'm done in the bathroom so you can take a shower."

She was just finishing tying her robe closed, as I finished speaking.

I had one question, though. "You don't mind if I hurt you? Do you?" I felt bad about myself, even as I was asking the question.

"What do you mean? How are you going to hurt me?"

"Nothing too bad. I may decide to rip that robe off you myself. And I might just end up dragging you around the suite."

She didn't like the sound of that. "What do you mean drag me?"

"I don't know. Just remember. This only looks believable if I'm in control. I have to force you. Like I'm punishing you. It may hurt a little, but in the end, I think you'll like being fucked tonight. Maybe the best you've ever had."

"You really are gonna hurt me?"

"Only a little. And only enough to make this real." She looked at me, not totally believing. "Do you honestly think that I would really hurt you?"

"No. But you don't know what you're gonna do."

"You don't know what you're gonna do either." She couldn't argue with that. Since she was ready, she opened the door, heading for the room across the hall, just as the Professor arrived.

He went right to his chair, but asked me what was happening even as he was sitting down.

I explained what had been decided so far, as I began to strip out of my clothes. When I was down to only my briefs, I then grabbed a condom from the box beside the bed.

I think I was confusing him, as I rolled down the front of my briefs, exposing only my dick, instead of pulling them off completely, especially since my erection had almost maxed itself.

He was even more confused, when after the condom was on, I rolled the front of my briefs back up.

At that point, Margaret knocked on the door. "Are you ready?"

"Yeah. If you've chosen your number, start counting. Then come in, just like I told you to."

"OK"

With that, nothing more was heard or said, until our little show began.

It seemed like forever, but finally, the door slammed open. Margaret took two or three steps into the room, just as she was saying "James, did you finish your shower yet. I wanna take mine, but if...."

That was all she got out. By the time she'd said that, I'd rushed over to her, slammed the door shut, so she couldn't leave the room.

At the word "but" I grabbed her right arm, at the wrist, forcing her to turn around and face away from me. I had her arm in a locked position, and had started to force her towards the bed, even as I was yelling at her "You always do that. Every time I'm changing in my room, you bust in here, over some stupid assed shit. Are you trying to see me in my underwear?"

I'd gotten her to the bed, and was literally, but gently, throwing her onto it, as I continued, "Or are you hoping to see me naked? I know about what your stepfather and stepbrother were doing to you. I heard mom and dad talking about it. Did you really like them doing that? Is that why you keep coming in here, trying to see me naked? Do you want me to do that to you?"

By this time I was really screaming at her. I was still holding her wrist, forcing it a little further up, finally causing her some pain.

"Stop it! You're hurting me!"

I knew I was. But, I wasn't jerking or pulling on her arm too hard. Just enough to make her wince a couple of times. And just enough to make sure that she couldn't move, unless it was how I wanted.

At this point she was half lying on the bed. We were at the side of it, and her legs, from just below her crotch, were hanging over the side. The bottom of her robe was barely covering her ass. At that point I didn't want it to. With my left hand I reached for the bottom hem and pulled it upward, exposing it. At that point, I

started to fondle it. Running the tips of my fingers along the length of, and penetrating her crack. Running circles with my fingertips, around her hole.

Or grasping the flesh of her cheeks, and squeezing them, even as I said things like "I bet you loved it when your brother played with your ass like he used to. Greasing it up playing with it. Kissing and licking it. Lubing you up, so he could stick his dick in you. Shoot his load so deep into your ass, you had to shit it out, with the rest of your crap."

With the last of this, I actually had my index finger poised on her opening. I pushed the tip of it into her hole. She winced in pain as I did so, but didn't cry out in any way. Or scream or plead with me to stop.

But stop I did. Pulling my finger out, I forced my hand between her legs. I ran the tips of the same fingers along the length of her slit, even as I was screaming "And your stepfather. I know what he did with you. I know what he did to this!" At this point, my fingertip was just inside of her. I gave it a wiggle as I said "This is what you want. Isn't it? This is why you keep coming in here. Hoping to find me naked. Hoping that I'll get pissed at you. Hoping that I'll play with this. It's what you want. Isn't it?"

Margaret surprised me. As I finished this last bit of screaming, my finger inside of her was brushing up against her clit. Rubbing it. And right as I asked these last questions, she began to climax. She screamed out "YES! YES! YES!" I just didn't know if it was her answering my questions, or her reacting to the orgasm I had caused.

I didn't stop to clarify.

I took her arm and pulled her off the bed. I forced her to stand, facing the Professor. Still restraining her with an arm lock. I was behind her. Before she could completely come off her high, I reached around her with my left hand, and forcibly undid the knot on the belt of her robe. At that point, it was only a matter of throwing her back onto the bed, facedown, letting go of her arm, and pulling the robe off of her, and she was naked.

Me? I was still in my briefs. These I pulled down, before she could recover. At this point the only thing either of us was left wearing, was my condom.

By pulling on her arm, and pulling on her hair, I forced her to stand up again, still facing the Professor.

This was the first point in our little "play" that I stopped to see how he was reacting to our "performance".

He was smiling.

That meant that he must have liked what he was seeing. That must have meant that I could continue. So I did.

This time it was my left arm that had her arm pulled up behind her. My right hand was at the front of her body. I was playing with her tits as I said "Did your stepfather ever do anything like this with you?"

I gave her right nipple, they were hard and pointing straight out, so I knew that this was exciting her, a strong squeeze with the nails of my index finger and thumb. She screamed. But she didn't shout at me to stop.

Then I moved my hand downward. My fingers traced, again, along her slit. Again, after sliding up and down its length several times, the tip of my index finger penetrated her. It was at this point that she really surprised me. I couldn't believe how wet she was. I stood there, still wiggling my finger around inside of her.

In the dresser mirror, behind the Professor, I could see her face. She was almost smiling? She was enjoying this. I began to wiggle my finger faster, focusing again, mainly on her clit. And again, she began to orgasm.

I let her arm go, and moved my left hand to playing with her tits. Less than five minutes after the second orgasm ended, she began a third. At that point, the fingers of my left hand were playing with her clit. The fingers of my right hand had started exploring her ass again, two of them forced into her hole, and rotating, as if to prepare her ass for my cock.

As I stood there, playing with her body, abusing it you might say, I really didn't understand what was happening. Even with what I was doing to her? How I was treating her? She was still getting off on it?

My cock was hard. I admit it. Who wouldn't have an erection after doing what I was doing? I just didn't understand why, or how, she could enjoy it.

When her third orgasm began, I stopped playing in her ass. I was still playing with her clit. Not because I wanted to, but because I needed for her to finish her orgasm naturally. Not have it stop suddenly, because I was no longer stimulating her.

Watching her in the mirror, mainly her face, I could swear from the little that I actually looked at her at times like this, that it was a fairly powerful one, despite it being her third in less than thirty minutes. Possibly one of the best she's ever had?

When she finished, I just stood there. Supporting her. I had to, she had passed out. If I wasn't supporting her she'd have fallen to the floor.

But things had come to an unexpected halt. If I tried anything else, nothing would happen. She was unconscious. Her breathing was heavy, labored. Steady, but slow. Almost as if she'd just run all the way home from school.

I had questions. And they wouldn't be answered if I just stood there, holding her up. So I did the only thing I could do. I drug her back to the bed, and dropped her. And then after one last look at her naked body, I moved back to the end of the bed, and sat down, facing the Professor.

My first question was a simple one. "What was happening with her? How could she have an orgasm? Especially after the way I was treating her."

"Your girlfriend is a submissive." Was the Professor's only answer. As much as she enjoys sex, with both of you participating, she also enjoys giving up any say in what is to happen."

"How could a girl feel like that? I'm practically raping her!"

"Margaret knows, at least when she is with you, that there are limits to what you would do. A small amount of pain, soon forgotten in the throes of passion can sometimes increase your partner's sexual reaction. The inability to control the situation, not knowing what is to happen next, only heightens the excitement. This suspense, just like in a horror film, increases the hormones in her system. Because of this, she can either come to a point of orgasm, more quickly. Or have a more powerful one. Possibly even both."

"I think this is the case at this time. I must admit, the last several minutes, I have seen expressions on her face, much more emotional than any of the previous orgasms I've seen her experience."

"I was intending to discuss this with you. Perhaps give you some "homework" for the weekend. But you have beaten me to it. Until this evening, I had believed you to be only an adequate lover. Measuring quantity of orgasm, as opposed to quality. Tonight, she has had probably the greatest sexual experience of her life, since losing her virginity."

"So what do I do now? What do we do from now on?"

"Your relationship must change. You must be in charge. But only of the here and now." At this point, I must have really looked confused, for he continued with, "Ground rules must be established. You must experiment with each other. Mainly with her body. Pain is an unknown variable within your love-life. How to create it? How much is acceptable, to her? These things the two of you must discover. The problem is that communication between you must be continuous. Both when establishing these parameters, and when putting them to use."

"But I don't want to hurt her." I pleaded.

"And you won't be hurting her. At least not permanently. Nor to any great extent."

"But I love her. It's my job to protect her."

"And you will my boy." This said with a smile. "It's your responsibility to see that no harm comes to her. That the two of you enjoy yourselves. Just not too much. You have to define the limits. Keep her happy. Just don't let things go too far."

"That's why we experiment?"

"Yes my boy. Discover what will maximize her enjoyment, of the sexual experience. But still keep her safe."

I must have settled down some. He had decided to end the lesson. But first he had one more piece of advice.

"Remember. When engaging in such activities, it is your responsibility to keep her safe. But sometimes, you may go too far in your experimentation. Remember the word 'toast'.

I was definitely confused. I was about to ask him what toast had to do with things when he continued. "Toast is your 'safe' word. Whenever she says that word, everything stops. Whatever she needs from you, you will comply. You've gone too far, and the pain is too severe, or maybe she fears injury. In either case, you stop. And she decides what will happen next."

"Why would that happen? How could that happen? I promised to protect her. I'd never hurt her."

"No one knows the future my boy. No one knows, that which has yet to happen. Prepare for it. Expect it. And one other thing. In your explanation of some of the work you've done for your mother, you stated that you were gagged. Correct?"

"Yes sir."

"If you ever find yourselves in such a situation, oral communication not being possible, a particular gesture may be substituted for your safe word. I cannot give you one now. You must provide one at that time. When planning your sexual activities, you must know how to go about it. Plan each element. And plan it safely, so that a gesture can still, and easily, be made. A gesture that is easily visible. A gesture, necessary to ensure safety, guaranteed to work."

"But why would I do anything like that? I would never want to hurt her."

"You used a good amount of force, enough that on several occasions, I actually saw it in her face."

"I know. But how do I prevent that from happening?"

"You don't. The pain you were causing was measurable, but not severe. It was not at an uncomfortable level. She wanted the pain. The position she was in, the position you had placed her in, she not only was expecting it. She wanted it. The fact that even as she experienced it, she never cried out for it to stop, means that she wanted it to continue."

"But I didn't mean to do it."

“Your actions speak more truthfully about your intentions, than do your words. You wanted to cause her pain. In this scenario, you needed to cause her pain. The very fact that you chose for the scenario to be confrontational and adversarial in nature, and not a nurturing experience, tells me that it is acceptable for you to cause at least a small amount of pain. And the safe word, technique, will allow you to do so in the future as well.”

“So she wants me to hurt her?”

“Sometimes. Probably not all the time. It would be up to her, to determine the nature of the activities. She decides the ‘what’. You supply the ‘how’.”

“She decides if it’s going to be bondage, or romantic. Then I decide how to make her happy.” I was finally getting the idea.

“Yes. You must remember. Although in the end, the final moment, in most cases, of sexual gratification will be yours, the whole episode is a journey. A journey in which the main goal is to satisfy her needs. Keep her happy, and you will be happy.”

“So what do we do now?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I had this whole idea that we’d end up having sex in the shower. There she is. Passed out. It’ll never happen.”

“Don’t be discouraged son. It may still happen. The evening is still young. The clock shows that it is only a little after nine. There is plenty of time to resume your amusements.”

“But..... I really don’t think I want to wait very long.”

“You mean, after all that has happened, you need relief yourself?”

I was embarrassed. But I decided that I had to answer him truthfully. “Yes.”

“That is not a problem. If you trust me, as Margaret trusts you, I can take care of your need. At the same time, we may also be able to begin a discussion on the

various acts of sex. Improve your understanding of them. What each means. How each truly feels. And what each member of the relationship gains, or relinquishes, in the course of such activities.”

“What do you mean?”

“There has already been too much talk this evening. And you still need to be taken care of. So. Do you trust me, the same way that Margaret trusts you?”

“That whatever we do together, is meant to be more for my benefit, than yours?”

“That. Yes. That whatever happens, will be a means towards achieving what is in your best interest. But also, do you believe that I would never intentionally hurt you?”

“Yes.”

“Then come with me. Margaret could do with a little peace and quiet. And we could do with a little privacy ourselves.” With that, he stood up, and I followed his lead. Before leaving the room, we did make sure that Margaret was properly placed in the bed. No longer hanging over the side, in danger of falling out. But properly lying on it, head on a pillow, covered with a blanket.

The lights were left on though, we would be returning.

We then headed across the hall, to the other guest room that we had been offered. It was a little weird, going alone, into a bedroom, with the Professor. With me naked, and him fully dressed. But I trusted him. And what began in the next half hour?

Well. Let me explain one thing before we go any further.

What had happened on Monday afternoon, was technically my first ever homosexual experience. The Professor had performed a ‘hand-job’ on me. But at that time, I was not a willing participant. I really had not been aware of what was happening to me. At this time, I went with him, knowing full well what was about to happen. I knew that what was about to happen, many people thought to be morally wrong. If not perverted. But I didn’t think about any of that. Partly, I needed relief, and I didn’t feel like providing it for myself. I also knew he wouldn’t

hurt me. And if the experience was the first, in a series of ‘lessons’ that would improve my ability to take care of Margaret, sexually, so much the better.

But the Professor was the only man that I ever participated in such acts with. Everything he ever did to me, while we were staying with him, was done more with the intention, in my belief, to make me a better lover. Not to help him get his rocks off. That was only a fringe benefit to his efforts.

For the record. He never seduced me. He never tricked me. He never used me. Everything was done for a purpose. Everything was done with my consent. And after this night, everything he ever did to me, was done with my having full advance knowledge. And each activity was done, in such a way, as to ensure that I would fully understand what it felt like to my partner, if I pressured her to do it for me.

In the bedroom, he had me lie on the bed, on my back. Legs slightly separated.

“Remove the condom.” I did as I was told to. As I laid myself down, he began undoing the buttons of his shirt.

I was lying there, watching him undress. Impressed somewhat, that at his age, he was still interested in such things.

Impressed that at his age, he could still even do such things.

This was the first time that I had seen him nude. The ravages of time were visible on his body. He was not an athletic man, but he was still active. It was several hundred yards between his house, and his studio. Each day he walked every foot of the distance, four times, if not more.

There were no elevators, or staircase lift chairs in his home. No one assisted him on mobility issues.

He was in good shape, for his age. It was just that his age was extreme.

There was no fat on his body. Yet, his muscles were not overtly well defined either. You could almost describe his physical appearance as emaciated. Not as bad as the images you see of POW camp survivors.

I almost felt sorry for him. But I didn't let it go that far. He didn't take shit from anyone. And the last thing he'd want was sympathy. And considering what we were about to begin, it really wasn't necessary.

"The first thing you should understand, is that except for vaginal penetration, any activity you would expect a girl to perform on you, you are capable of performing on her. Never, and I do mean never, expect a girl to perform an act on you, that you would not reciprocate."

"Sort of like the Golden Rule. Do unto others, as you would have them do unto you."

"Yes my boy. Exactly. Every act that you can require of Margaret, you should at least be able to experience, at least once. If only to acquire an understanding of what it means to the other person."

"So, like, if I want her to give me oral sex, I have to be willing to do it for her?"

"Yes. Partly. If she is to perform oral sex on you, reciprocity is in order."

I didn't know exactly what 'reciprocity' meant. I couldn't give you Webster's definition of the word. But I knew what he was saying. My answer, in this regard, didn't surprise him. "The first time we ever did anything together, all that happened, was that I did it for her. The next time, she refused to do it for me. I kind of had to trick her into doing it."

"You mean, you performed first? And she didn't want to?"

"Yes."

"That is actually to be expected. The act of performing oral sex on a female, is actually considered, as far as social thinking, more enjoyable, than performing oral sex on a male. Part of the stigma is the homosexual linkage to the act. The same with anal intercourse. Any form of sexual act, that is the mainstay of a homosexual relationship is vilified within society. Although in many instances, such acts are actually safer, from a pregnancy standpoint, girls are trained from an early age to believe them to be more immoral, and socially unacceptable, that those specifically designed to promote procreation."

“You mean, if the queers do it, and it doesn’t make babies, everyone says it’s bad?” I felt bad myself for using the word ‘queer’, but it was the only way to say it. Besides, the Professor understood. I didn’t mean anything by it. After all, I was still respecting him. I was sitting next to him. Both of us in the nude. About to engage in a sexual act.

“Yes. Besides the physical issues of taste and the pressures used to force the consumption of male ejaculate, social stigma are attached to the act, that many people cannot possibly ignore. You should understand what that entails.”

I didn’t say anything at this point. Deep in my heart I knew what was coming. The Professor was willing to provide me oral relief, for my erection. But he was insisting on my providing the same service for him. And he was justifying it by saying that my being willing to provide oral sex to the girl was not sufficient to understanding the act. I had to provide oral sex to another person, a male, in order to truly understand how the girl feels about the idea. The question was, was I willing, or desperate, enough to take him up on his offer, knowing what was expected of me.

The answer to this was “Yes.”

Margaret, by not refusing or fighting what I had done to her, had me so hyped up, that my need for relief was almost desperate.

The Professor, by dragging things out with his ‘lesson’ had actually made things slightly worse.

I needed relief. And my need was so bad, that it was not possible for me to provide it for myself. Someone else had to perform the service. He was the only one available.

“Since you’re willing to do it for me, you want me to do it for you?”

“Yes.”

“Do I have to?”

“No. I will not force you to perform the act. I only say that if you refuse, I will decline to assist you, with your need.”

“Do I go first, or do you.”

“Your need is greater than mine. So it would be polite for me to say that I would assist you first. But before that could happen, I think it would be appropriate if you would at least entertain a little practice. Just to prove that you will reciprocate.”

“You mean you don’t want me to chicken out?”

“Essentially, yes.”

“What do I do?”

“You’ve had the act performed on you by Margaret?”

“Yes.”

“Just do the same as her, then. If you do anything that is not pleasing to me, I’ll let you know, so you can take corrective action.”

It was weird. We were discussing my giving him a blow-job in much the same way as a father instructs his child in the fundamentals of driving.

I surprised him when I said, “Why don’t I just take care of you, then you worry about me?”

“That would be acceptable.”

With that, I had been given permission to begin. But I still had one last question that I wanted answered. “This will make me a better lover for Margaret?”

“To understand the experience of your partner, to demonstrate that you care about her enough to ensure that she is understanding of this, only ensures that whatever she does with you, will be a gift, freely given. With no reservations on her part. And given, to the best of her ability.”

With that, I decided that I really had no choice. I knew what he was talking about, when he mentioned the social views on giving head. And the idea of performing it on a man myself, before the last year, would have made me physically ill. I wasn’t going to enjoy it. That I admitted to myself from the start. So this wasn’t going to

make me a queer. But I was going to do it. Not for me. Seriously, not for the Professor. But for Margaret. As strange as that sounds.

While we were talking, the Professor had finished undressing. He was lying on the bed, right next to me. So after closing my eyes for one minute, muttering a prayer that no one from school will ever find out about this, I sat up in the bed, shifted my body into position, lowered myself onto him, and began.

The taste, was I must admit, disgusting. Social concerns be damned. This was just plain gross. But I continued. The Professor was old. He didn't last long. Five minutes tops. It was a good thing. My head was actually, well my neck, was actually beginning to get sore from repeatedly raising my head up and down, so that his dick could piston itself in and out of my mouth.

I remembered to make sure that my teeth did not scrape against him. Everything was going well. The only instruction he gave me, was to use my hand. To wrap it around his cock, then keep it up against my mouth. I later learned this was because I had not yet learned to deep throat. I still haven't. My other hand, he told me to play with his balls.

So there I was, for exactly 7 minutes or so, sucking on an eighty year old man's cock. My hand wrapped around it as well. Playing with his balls. And when he shot his load into my mouth, I swallowed. I knew this was expected of me. He never told me to do it. I just did it. Margaret only did this about a third of the time. It was only fair that I learned what it was like to do it.

And when he finished, after I had swallowed everything he had, after I sat back up, he just laid there for about five minutes. The whole time I was staring at him. Wondering when he'd start taking care of my need. He just lay there, smiling. He probably needed to relax a few minutes. Maybe get his breath back, before he could start with me.

But when he opened his eyes, and sat up himself, he wasted no time. I laid myself down, and instantly he was on me. The only other person had ever given me a blow job was Margaret. I really wasn't experienced enough to compare them. All I can say is that although I was grateful that I was finally going to cum, I would have preferred Margaret more. He didn't do anything more than what she would have done. We only had a few basic ideas of what it involved. But, as I had used my hand, and played with his sack, he didn't do anything but slide my dick in and out of his mouth, until I came. I was disappointed. I had given him a better experience,

than he'd given me. When he was done, he never said a word. He just lay on his back, staring at the ceiling. Me lying next to him. Not really moving or doing anything. Just lying there.

That was the situation, when around ten o'clock we were suddenly surprised to find Margaret, standing in the doorway, staring at us, after she almost shouted, "So that's where the two of you went. James. Are we done for the night?"

I sat up, and stared at her. I had no idea of what she could have been thinking, seeing the two of us lying on a bed. Both of us nude. The fact that the Professor was naked, didn't even phase her. After all, in some sense it was only fair. We kids were naked in front of him. It was about time, that he got naked in front of us.

The fact that we were in bed together, actually caused her to chuckle a little, as we finally got out of bed, and walked back to our room. She could not help but get the idea of what had been going on in that bed.

Once in the room, the first order of business was to put a condom back on me. I have to admit, I was completely used to being nude in public. I had no problem with others seeing me naked. But the act of slipping a condom on my cock, in front of the Professor, even after what we had just done, was as uncomfortable to me, as the idea of my mother watching me doing it.

And then the Professor wanted to be reminded about where we had left off. It was a little awkward for the two of us, to try and approximate our positions, in front of him. Especially when she tried to tell me that my fingers, she couldn't remember which hand though, were playing in her butt. She wanted me to put them back in, and continue working her ass. She didn't believe me when I told her that as soon as she'd started her last orgasm, I had pulled them out, since I needed them to help me to keep her from falling to the ground.

So that's where we started.

Me standing behind her. Next to the bed. One arm wrapped around her body, the fingers in the hand playing with her pussy. The other hand holding her 'prisoner' by forcing her arm into a 'locked' position. When we were ready, and in position, I closed my eyes for a moment while I decided how I was going to get this restarted.

Without any warning, I pulled up on her arm a little more, until I could hear her wince with the increase in pain. Then I began shouting "Jesus, you bitch. You

really do want me to fuck you. You miss your daddy putting his cock in you. You miss your brother fucking you in the ass. Don't you bitch?"

I didn't wait for her to respond. The whole time I was screaming at her, I was playing with her clit. Teasing it. And after every sentence, or so, I'd force her arm upwards, causing her to experience another moment of pain.

When my rant was finished, I turned things in another direction. Literally.

I finally left her pussy alone. That arm I wrapped around her. Around her chest. Pulling her this way meant that I was still in complete control. I forced her to go where I wanted her to, by almost dragging her, as I backed my way towards the bathroom.

When we passed through the doorway, then and only then, did the Professor get up, and follow us. He reached the room in time to see me half-throw and half-drop the girl onto the floor.

You keep coming into my room, because you want me to fuck you. You're such a whore, that all I have to do is touch your pussy, and you start to orgasm. You're a fucking slut! I almost don't want to even touch you. But if I don't you'll just keep bothering me. So I might as well, just to get it over with."

Margaret, lying on the floor is looking straight up at my face as I'm saying this. As I am agreeing to fuck her, she finally smiles, as if to say that I've finally agreed to grant her 'dying' wish.

"You're such a slut. Your stepfather fucked you. Your stepbrother fucked you. You're used good bitch. You're a diseased bitch. I don't want to even touch you. The only way I'll keep from becoming diseased when I fuck you, is to drag your ass in her, and fuck you in the shower. How does that feel bitch? To know that the only way anyone else would ever fuck you, is in the shower, so they don't get infected with your fucking cunt diseases? How does it feel bitch?"

I stop talking. I'm getting so riled up in doing this that I'm almost foaming at the mouth. Margaret is looking almost concerned, maybe even afraid as I am speaking. Not afraid of me. Afraid for me. That I'm getting too involved with this.

I don't care. I could have kicked her, or spat on her, or demeaned her in a number of other ways. But I didn't. That wasn't my intention. All I wanted to do was to

maintain control of what would be happening, and do so in such a way, that would improve the whole sexual experience for her. Make her orgasms more powerful.

Instead I turn my back to her. The shower in this house was one of the two knob kinds. Separate knobs for the hot and cold water, flowing to a single showerhead in the center of the shower's ceiling.

Turning each, within a minute, I had a water temperature that was comfortable, and desirable. At that point I turned back around to face her. The Professor was still standing in the doorway.

I reach down, and grab her arm. I'm pulling her up with my right arm, so even though as I am writing this, I can't remember for sure which arm I was grabbing, since she was lying on her back, facing me, I was probably pulling on her left. When she's standing, I again put her into a locked position, by pulling her arm behind her back.

And this time, instead of dragging her into the shower, I'm pushing her in ahead of me.

My hands are soon running over her body. 'Cleaning' her. Purifying her, so that it is morally safe for me to rape her?

And I can tell, just by the way she is breathing, that she is becoming more and more aroused, with every minute my hands are upon her.

"Who did you like fucking you better? Your daddy or your brother? How should I fuck you? In the cunt, like your daddy? In your ass, like your brother?" By this time I had dropped the insinuation that it was her stepfather and stepbrother that was raping her. By converting her fake relationship to her actual father and brother, I was making her more of a whore. More of an acceptance upon her part of being involved in incestuous rape.

I push her up against the wall of the shower. Letting go of her arm, I use my newly freed hand to grab my cock, and aim it towards her ass. I rub it against her, as if I'm getting ready to ram it into her. But I don't do that. Even though I think she would submit to this, I know that this is something she doesn't want to do. So I don't go that far. I have another idea. First, all I do is stand behind her, pushing my body against hers. Forcing her against the wall, as I rub myself against her ass.

My other hand has her head firmly in its grasp. I've forced her to turn it to the side, so that she is facing the back of the shower. She cannot see what I am doing, or where the Professor is doing. He is now sitting down on the toilet, watching what is happening.

I move my face closer to hers. I whisper in her ear, so that the Professor cannot hear me, "I'm going to fuck you now. Do you want it in your butt, or in your pussy?"

"In my butt."

"But you didn't like it, the one time we did it?"

"I know. But tonight, it's the right way."

I know what I'm going to do now. If, I fuck her in the ass, she won't orgasm herself.

I don't say another word. Instead, I take my cock, point it at her hole, and push.

I don't know if you've ever looked at the curvature of a twelve-year-old girl's body. Moving from the chest, to the pelvic area, their bodies curve forward. Pushing out the farthest at the stomach. At this point, being forced against the wall of the shower, her body is running almost straight up and down.

Not so much her chest, but her crotch is pushing against the wall, much like her stomach was.

And with each thrust, her body was forced, almost smashed into the shower wall. With every push, she cried out, or gasped for air. I can't begin to describe the noises she was making. And then, almost as fast as when we first started this charade, she climaxed again. I had only been fucking her in the ass for three or four minutes max, when she started her fourth orgasm of the evening. And before it was over, instead of just making noises, again she was shouting out "Yes! Yes! Yes!" repeatedly, until the orgasm ended, at which point, I pulled out of her.

But things didn't stop. I gave her no time, no chance to recover from her latest orgasm. Even as I was pulling my cock out of her ass, I began spinning her body around. Pushing her back against the wall. And aiming my cock towards her pussy,

smashing it in to her, so quickly she probably didn't recognize the fact that I wasn't fucking her ass any more.

She probably didn't know that I was fucking her in the pussy either. Orgasm number five began, almost as fast as I had been in switching holes. She wasn't even averaging five minutes between orgasms. That means, five between the start of one orgasm, and the start of the next.

I kept pounding into her. She almost never stopped shouting out. I knew she was religious, but she was shouting out God's name for almost a full fifteen minutes before I began to feel like I was coming close.

I never would have lasted as long as I did that night, if the Professor hadn't helped me out only a little while before. The fact that I lasted almost another half hour, in our second session, was solely due to that fact. If it hadn't been for the Professor, I probably would never have lasted five minutes.

Unfortunately, she was in mid orgasm, when I finally spurted in her. And as soon as I finished, I couldn't go on any more. Her last orgasm of the evening ended abruptly, as soon as I pulled out of her.

Ordinarily, I could imagine a girl's reaction to that happening. That night, for the first time ever in our relationship, she was unconscious when the orgasm started. She was still out, when it ended so abruptly. She probably would have forced me to start back up. At least do something to bring her off that last time, if she had been awake. But I was off the hook.

Even though I was having trouble moving, I was able to ease her down to the floor, without dropping her.

And as I stood over her, I looked around, grabbed a bar of soap, and started washing the sweat created by of sexual play, from my body.

And as the water flowed down upon me, it washed the soap off me, and onto Margaret, who never knew any of this was happening.

When I was finished cleaning myself up I turned off the water, and as I exited the shower, I was not surprised that the Professor was still in the room. Not only was he in the room, he was standing almost in front of me, holding out a towel, so that I could dry myself off.

And as I began drying myself, he brought up the one question that still needed to be asked. “What happens not?”

And I didn’t know.

“It seems to me, that you have two options. You can accept my assistance in bringing her to your bed. Or you could drape the towel you are using, over her body, and let her remain in the shower, sleeping in there, until she awakens on her own.”

“If she wakes up anywhere except in a bed with me, I think she’d leave me.”

What I said was true, even if it wasn’t consistent with the way I had treated her since dinner had ended. But I loved her. And as much as I had enjoyed abusing her, using her more for my satisfaction than her, even though she’d had some of the most powerful reactions she’d ever had, I couldn’t abandon her.

Without worrying about my own nudity, the Professor assisted me in picking her up off the floor. And to the best of my ability, I cradled her body, instead of dragging her, as I brought her to our bed.

Laying her down a little abruptly, remember I had practically exhausted myself during our sexual play, and the man helping me was ninety years old, I positioned her, so that when I climbed into bed myself, pulled the blanket over the both of us, and curled my body around her, I couldn’t imagine going to sleep in any other matter. Period.

The Professor was kind enough to again, shut off the lights and close the door as he left us. And that night, as I lay there prior to falling asleep, listening to every breath taken by my lover, I couldn’t help but reflect on how well my life was turning out.

The next morning, was no more awkward, than any of the three previous days, with the Professor’s butler, Burrows, coming in to awaken us. We were used to the idea that while in the public spaces of the home, strict propriety must be maintained, in the private spaces, during the private times, anything goes, and nothing would ever be said.

Burrows was a genuine English Butler, brought over after the war, when the Professor first built his home. Brought over to provide an air of dignity, as

distraction for the fact that the place could be regarded as a ‘gay Playboy Mansion!’

As soon as we were awake, we just lay there. Normally, he brought us each a mug of chocolate. Today was different. For some reason, he brought us each a mug, half milk, half coffee, moderately sugared. The Professor had decided that after our exertions of the night before, we’d need more to wake up. He was right. That morning was my, and probably Margaret’s, first experience with coffee. And it was delicious. All I’ll say on the subject, is that over the rest of our time at the Professor’s, we were educated on coffee. The subtleties and nuances of everything from lattes and espressos. Everything. Not enough to make us modern baristas. Neither Margaret, nor I, would ever need to demean ourselves for such work.

Our first experience at coffee was the right call.

And then, before leaving, as we were leaving the bed, to get ready, he instructed us. Any clothing we wished, if left in the hamper in the bath would be cleaned and ready to pack to take home with us. The formal wear for dinner, if left on hangers, on the bar above the hampers, he’d be able to send it to the cleaners. It should be returned before dinner Monday.

All this time, Margaret and I, since the last thing we’d done last night was technically shower, just started rummaging through our dresser, for appropriate outfits for breakfast. Again, the fact that we were nude in front of him, was in no way a concern.

At breakfast, other business was also addressed.

The Professor informed us that the next week, he would be focusing on Margaret. It would also mean that a third model would be joining us each day, a local named “Bear”. A lumberjack from the local area.

Immediately after breakfast, we headed to the Professor’s studio. And today, since our work would be cut short, mom coming around three to collect us, instead of breaking for lunch, the kitchen sent down a picnic lunch of sandwiches, chips and soft drinks, coffee for the Professor, and we just ate, as we could.

At two thirty, everything came to an end. Marching back to the house, clad only in our robes, was becoming normal, just the hour was screwey.

And in our room, we dressed, me in jeans and a polo shirt, Margaret in a bright yellow summer dress, with hair ribbons, socks matching in color, and while I wore sneakers, she had on white sandals. If mom wasn't coming to pick us up, I probably would have stripped her, then and there, and fucked her on our bed. But there was no time, so I didn't.

We were sitting in the Professor's study, our bags just inside the entryway to the house, talking about everything that had happened that week. The Professor, now that mom was probably close, was very concerned about what we would be telling our mothers, about our week's activities.

He was very much relieved, when we told him that we'd keep it simple, and not include most of our "play".

And just before mom was due to arrive, he had Burrows give each of us an envelope. Opening it, we each discovered our first formal paychecks. Our weekly pay for modeling was \$1500.00. After taxes and deductions, we each had just under \$800.00.

But also in each envelope, there was a small stack of \$20 bills. This totaled another \$500.00.

We were told that this was our tip. Since our moms would have to co-sign our checks before depositing them, they'd know how much they were worth. But the tip money? It was at our discretion as to how much we were given.

And then, it was only another ten minutes or so, before mom pulled up in the station wagon.

As soon as she was out the door, she was almost sprinting to me, to hug me. I almost expected her to have my sister with her, but mom said that she was at one of her friend's house.

The ride home could have been quiet. Mom wasn't cooperating. All she did, the entire drive home was to bombard us with question after question about what we'd done all week.

The only thing I had done right, was to truthfully answer one specific question. "How did we like our rooms?" I corrected her misconception, informing her, that we had shared a room. She had known all along that we probably would.

And when we arrived home, we stopped off and attended Michael's little league baseball game.

They lost, 4-3 in seven innings.

While the team headed off for conciliatory ice-cream sundaes, the rest of us headed home. Mom dropped Margaret's stuff off at her house, Margaret had ridden home with her mother. I decided that the reason her 2 bags, one with clothes, the other shoes, wasn't simply transferred at the park was that I was delegated to carry the things upstairs to her room.

When we were finally allowed to leave, mom, worried that we hadn't eaten very well, was pleased to discover that we'd been served nutritious meals, including roast beef, roast chicken, roast lamb, and even a salmon dish, with all appropriate trimmings. Deciding that I had eaten fairly healthy, mom indulged me, and we stopped off for pizzas from our favorite place in town, picked my sister up, and headed home. I had to bring in my one bag, and put it upstairs, before I could eat. Something tells me, that in three or four years, if it had been my sister, I still would have had to take her bag upstairs.

Saturday, and I actually got to sleep in. Mom's class wasn't until the afternoon, so I never got out of bed until after ten. The class itself, was the same as last weeks. Same poses. Same time frames. Well, maybe the ladies in this class were a little faster/slower in the different poses. The point is, the class ended only fifteen minutes later than the previous class.

And afterwards, it was a two-family bar-b-que at our place. Steaks on the grill. Corn on the cob. Baked potatoes. Everything on the grill. And everything was delicious.

Sunday, Margaret and her family attended church. One of the topics of discussion the night before, was that if Margaret and me were getting close, and that I was becoming part of their family, as much as she was becoming part of ours, that I should participate in family activities. From that point on, I attended church with them, every Sunday.

And afterwards, it was Sunday breakfast at Bruno's Café. A little dive in the middle of downtown Middleton. The place was a dump. The food was fantastic. Even the pancakes.

Sunday night, the two families spent separately. Again, with the two of us leaving for another week, each of our mothers wanted us all to themselves. Besides, they didn't know that for the next four nights, the two of us would be fucking like crazy. In front of the Professor. Receiving "instruction" on how to make our lovemaking perfect.

The Art Classes - Chapter 14.

And then Monday rolls around.

Up early. Mom has us on the road before seven, so again we'd be at the Professor's around nine, yet still have time to eat breakfast on the road.

This time, Elizabeth was with us.

Mom, and Elizabeth, couldn't find anyone willing to take her in, for the morning, at such an early hour. So she was sentenced to ride with us. But she had the front seat, while Margaret and I shared the back.

The look on her face, as mom pulled into the Professor's Driveway was classic.

The driveway itself was almost a mile long, winding a little, so that trees could hide the house from vehicles on the road.

And the size of the house. She declared the place to be a "castle" and immediately wondered if there was a moat, drawbridge or dungeon. I never saw a moat or drawbridge, but we'll get to a discussion of a dungeon next week.

We also had to fake our room assignments. Elizabeth, for some reason, wanted to see where I was sleeping. Even more important, was her seeing Margaret's room. I think she was just looking to see what a princess's bedroom looked like.

The point is, that I put Margaret's case into the room that we were sharing, since with the four-poster bed it was more for a girl. My case went to the room across the hall. The farce worked. Mom already knew that Margaret and I were sharing a room. Elizabeth didn't know. She didn't find out. That's all that counted.

The studio where we worked was also toured. And my sister was fascinated with the size of the work. It literally covered the entire wall of the studio. And what the Professor had completed so far was spectacular. Mostly me. Only me. Margaret wasn't even on the canvas.

The other things to take into consideration was that Bear wasn't going to be there to pose with Margaret until around lunch time. It's possible that the Professor knew that mom and Elizabeth would be taking a tour of the place, and everything

was timed to paint a perfectly respectable portrait of our activities while staying with him.

In the end, it was just after ten when mom and my sister took off, heading for home. Work could begin. The three of us headed back to the studio, and immediately Margaret and I undressed. For the next two hours, the Professor had me posing. Margaret, even though she wasn't necessarily posing, was still nude since she was still on the clock.

And then, just after twelve, Bear showed up. He was a nice looking guy. As big as a lumberjack. He was a little over six feet tall. His body was covered in muscles. And he was strong enough, that he looked like he could hold his own in a boxing or wrestling ring.

For the first time, since Margaret and I had ever started modeling, I admit I was uncomfortable. Bear was a nice enough guy, but his eyes were roaming. I could have accepted it more, if his eyes were focused primarily on me. The fact that he couldn't take his eyes off my girlfriend made me jealous. Who was this fucker? And what gave him the right to stare like that, at her naked body?

But Bear was a good name for the guy. He was as polite as a teddy bear. All the time the two of them were modeling, he never tried anything. He put his hands on her body, just as the Professor instructed him to. And I was there, the whole time. To make sure that that didn't change.

After lunch, the four of us headed back to the studio. Margaret and I again stripped. Bear changed, right in front of us, so that we could see his penis and ass. He wore a costume. A Roman Centurion. Complete with shield worn over the shoulder, and a sword. The sword was plastic. Wouldn't hurt anybody.

And the pose? The Professor could have had Margaret draped over his shoulder, like a fireman's carry. But that would mean that you would never see Bear's face in the finished work. Instead, Bear was standing off almost to the side. He was looking down towards what would be my body. He had Margaret tucked up under his arm, kind of like how you would hold a third suitcase, when you were already holding two others.

He held her, so that her body was almost turned facing the Professor. Margaret was required to pose as if she had fainted. Her body hung limp. Arms and legs dangling downward.

The important thing to remember was that Bear was still visible. And that Margaret's face would also be facing the viewer.

For that afternoon, and the next three days, Margaret had to pose like that. And I had to watch. I had to sit there, on a couch, pretending that I was reading a book, or magazine, as I stared at her nude body, draped in Bear's arms. The whole time, my cock erect. Wondering what was going through Bear's mind as he stood there, my girlfriend helpless in his arms. Knowing that he was dreaming about raping her. An act he couldn't perform if either the Professor or I hadn't been in the room.

And the entire time? I resented him. I resented the fact that I had to share Margaret with him. Resented the fact that he was touching her, and I wasn't. Resenting the fact that the whole time, I had to watch. Had to watch? I wouldn't have left the room, even if I had been ordered to.

Bear left that day, when we finished work. He had his own home, and family. Wife. Son age eight, daughter age eleven.

The Professor, Margaret and me, we headed back to the house to clean up for dinner. After dinner, we hoped the Professor would start our lessons.

We were not disappointed.

Margaret and I engaged in a little oral sex before dinner. Taking turns while in the shower. Afterwards we each dressed the other. That included me blow drying her hair. Brushing it. And her, fondling my cock through my briefs, to a point where I was ready to burst, then stopping. Putting pressure on me, I couldn't relieve until after dinner. Just to prove who was boss, as she put it.

Dinner was spectacular. Alaskan king crab legs. Neither Margaret nor I had ever had them before. We both liked shrimp. We both had snow crab legs before. But we had never had anything like this. The meat, so sweet, popped in your mouth like grapes.

And then afterwards, the fun really began.

Once in our room, before we began, the Professor had us sit on the bed, facing him in his chair.

“What is the one act, your lover requires of you, that you detest the most?”

He just sat there, looking at us, first Margaret. Then me.

We just sat there. Thinking.

“What is the one act, your lover requires of you, that you detest the most?”

Again the same question.

“What do you mean?” This from Margaret.

“Is there anything that the other asks of you, that you would rather not do?”

“You mean like oral sex?”

“Do you dislike the act?”

“I love it when he does it to me. I have no problem sucking him off. So no. I think I like everything about it.”

“Then why did you mention oral sex?”

“I wanted to know if that was the type of stuff you were talking about.”

“James has asked you to do something. Something you didn’t want to do. You did it.”

“Yes.”

“What was it?”

“Anal.” Only one word was needed. That was all I said.

The Professor looked at me. “You required anal from your lover. She was your lover by this time?”

“Yes.” I was ashamed. I knew she didn’t want to do it. But I had pressured her. And on my birthday, she had relented.

“You knew the idea was not pleasing to her? Yet you still pressured her.”

“I didn’t force her. It was my birthday.”

“Was it your idea?”

“It was mine.” Margaret had answered before I could. “It was his. . . . present.”

“It was your idea?”

“Yes.”

“He didn’t force you?”

“No.”

“You did so. Willingly?”

“No.”

“Then why?”

“It was his birthday. A one-time thing. If I did it then, then maybe I could keep him from asking again. Make it a once a year thing.”

“A once a year obligation?”

“Yes.”

“Do you see what your lover was willing to do for you? Give herself to you, in a manner she finds unacceptable. So you would not pressure her.”

I was ashamed. The night it happened, I had an idea of why she was agreeing to this. I knew I was taking advantage of her. And yet, I went through with it. The simple fact that she had offered, should have been enough to prove her love to me. I didn’t have to take advantage of her. Yet I did.

I just sat there, not acknowledging the question.

“I believe, that in order for you to realize the gravity of the situation, you should experience it for yourself.”

“I already...We already have done it.”

“”You should experience the emotions that she felt. You should feel the pain that she felt. You should feel the lack of stimulation, even though you have given your body to another. You have to feel how she felt.”

“How do I do that?” I think I knew what he was talking about. But I hoped that I was wrong.

“You must experience the physical act, as she experienced it. Undress.”

I stayed where I was. Not moving a muscle.

“As I explained last week, the shared experience of lovemaking, may require you to be exposed to the same physical and emotional stimulations, as your lover. You must experience the act, in the same manner as Margaret, to truly appreciate the act, as she experiences it. You may undress now. Margaret, you may stay as you are.”

Margaret looked at me, an accusing look on her face. A look that almost said ‘You brought this upon yourself!’

Reluctantly, I stood up. I started undressing. Slowly. Hoping to delay as long as possible what I knew was coming.

When I was completely stripped, the Professor had one last instruction, “Walk around to the other side of the bed. Lie down on your stomach, with your feet still on the floor.”

I did as I was told. When I was lying on the bed, my legs were hanging off the edge, spread a little, so that the Professor could walk right up to me.

When I was in position, he stood up, and walked around behind me. I knew he was undressing, as I didn’t feel him starting to do anything with my body. Margaret was invited to sit in the chair, he had just vacated, and enjoy the show.

I had no idea how long it would take him to undress. Nor did I know when he would begin. I only knew that things were actually beginning, when I first felt his body brush against my legs, as he walked up towards me.

The first that I knew that anything was happening, was when the Professor placed his hands upon my ass. Spreading the cheeks apart with one, he placed his finger against my hole, and without warning, or without asking for permission, he forced the finger into me.

It was weird, feeling his finger wiggling inside my ass. I couldn't help wonder if this was how Margaret had felt, when I was inside her.

His finger continued its work, opening me up. A second, then a third was employed. And then, all of a sudden, without warning, he removed his fingers, and inserted what I assumed was penis, into my hole.

I could hear him grunting and groaning, with every thrust into me. Margaret later told me that I was about as loud as he was. I couldn't tell, I was too busy trying to make sure that his cock wasn't ripping me open.

And then, I felt what Margaret must feel, every time I finally climaxed. I could actually feel the extra throbbing of his cock, as his load shot into me.

And when he was done, and pulled out, a sort of emptiness inside my ass, as the muscles contracted, closing up.

He said nothing after he was finished. He walked into the bathroom. I just lay there, as I heard the water run in the shower. And when he was done, he came back into the bedroom, wearing only a towel around his waist. As he left the room, he instructed Margaret to help me clean up in the shower. And as a last remark, that the lesson for that night was over. That it would be completed the following night.

Margaret undressed and assisted me into the bathroom. With the water running, she bathed not only herself, but me as well. And when she was done, she dried both of us off, before helping me back into the bedroom.

And once we were in bed, with the lights off, we cuddled for a while, discussing what I had experienced and comparing it to how she had felt after my birthday.

The next morning, Burrows woke us up at 7:02 exactly. Coffee, served about half coffee-half cream, with a hearty spoonful of sugar, helped refresh and awaken us.

And lying there, nude, as he gave us our instructions for the day, was no longer weird, but normal.

Breakfast was an interrogation by the Professor.

Did we talk afterwards?

How did I feel about what happened last night?

How did Margaret feel?

Were our experiences truly comparable?

And would I ever feel like it was my right to pressure Margaret, or any of my future lovers, into performing such an act, against their will?

After explaining that there would never be another lover, except for Margaret, I informed him that we never had to do such a thing again.

Margaret did not argue.

The Professor actually did. "What happened last night, was that you never received any stimulation during the act. The experience was enjoyed, but only by me. Your partner, on your birthday, got nothing out of the experience."

I just sat there, eating. Not saying a word.

"As I stressed in last week's lessons, sex is not an evil thing. Rather it is the tangible expression of the harmonious relationship between two people. The commitment to sharing their lives, and life experiences. Each component of the pair must experience the same emotions. The same level of eroticism. The same orgasm. If not, than there develops a hierarchy within the relationship. A situation not conducive to a long-term relationship."

"So because the night of my birthday, it was all about me, I robbed Margaret of something?"

“You achieved orgasm that night?”

I nodded my head “yes.”

“Did Margaret achieve orgasm?”

“No.”

“Then you deprived your lover of the enjoyment, and fulfilment that you yourself experienced.”

“I guess so.”

“There is no guessing. Either she experienced the same joy from the act. Or she didn’t. One or the other. Now which is it?”

“She didn’t have an orgasm.”

“She gained nothing.”

“Only my gratitude.”

That response brought the Professor to a halt. He wasn’t expecting that. He just sat there. Thinking. Then, “And what did your ‘gratitude’ entail?”

“On the night of her birthday, eleven orgasm. At least that’s how many I counted. It could have been more.”

“In what time frame?

“I don’t know. We started around nine-thirty. When we ended, I don’t know. After she passed out, I went to sleep without looking at a clock.”

The Professor was impressed.

“Eleven orgasms. Possibly in one hour?”

“Probably longer.”

“Is this true?” This last, directed towards Margaret.

“I allowed myself to be tied to my bed. I couldn’t move. James had complete control over me, and my body. He used his mouth on me. I orgasmed several times. How many, I don’t know. I was too out of it. In the end, I passed out. I don’t know when, or after how many. Before I passed out, did James have an orgasm? No. He never penetrated me. Only with his tongue.”

“Did you possess her, after she passed out?”

“No. I said that when I noticed she was out cold, I stopped. I untied her. I wrapped my body around hers, and fell asleep.”

“So you never orgasmed?”

“No.”

The Professor just sat there, taking in all that we had just said.

“It is clear, that you have a strong sense of responsibility towards the other. Maybe I was wrong.”

Was last night a mistake? The thought ran through my head as he was saying the last part, before he continued.

“Maybe I was wrong, in thinking ill of you, regarding this issue. Maybe I was wrong in compelling you to experience what Margaret endured that evening. My dear, do you regret your actions on the night of James’ birthday?”

“No. Not really.”

“Not really? I don’t understand.”

“Doing it, with James. No. I don’t regret it. But I don’t remember it fondly. I did it. I may do it again. I don’t know.”

“I did it. I may do it again. I don’t know.” Three simple sentences. Three simple sentences, trying to sum up an issue for her, that even today, as I write this, I don’t believe she has resolved.

I have insinuated several times, through my writings, that Margaret and I married. We are still married. And to this day, I do not ever suggest that we perform anal. Yet every year, on or around my birthday, she indulges me. One time a year, when her body is mine. Completely. And once, every two to three years, I take her up on her offer. The rest of the time, well, you'll find out later what that entails.

But at this point, the time for breakfast was almost over. Soon we would be leaving for the studio. There to undress and assume our poses, according to whatever schedule the Professor dictated.

Bear's presence simply meant that Margaret had more time, in pose, than I did. In fact, for the whole of the second week, I just sat there, and watched.

So for me, the whole experience had evolved into our 'lessons' in the evening.

Tuesday's was rather interesting.

After dinner, the Professor accompanied us to our room.

Upon entering, the room was exactly as we had left it, prior to dinner. With one exception.

A small number of items, neatly placed at the foot of the bed.

A ball gag.

A length of clothes-line rope.

A hood made of leather. A hood made with holes in the front for eyes, nose and mouth. A hood where the holes for the eyes could be covered, simply by attaching with snaps, circles of leather, to completely cover the eye openings.

A small plastic box, containing an assortment of objects. Metal clips, like clothespins, only smaller. Actual wooden clothespins. Pins and needles.

And possibly, the scariest item on the list. A first-aid kit and a box of extra antiseptic wipes.

Looking at these items, I came to the conclusion, that the lessons that Margaret and I had so far received, were child's play, in comparison to what was to come. The fact that we were both still children, only made it more intimidating.

Again, before anything happened, the Professor had us sit on the edge of the bed, even as he sat in his usual chair.

"Tonight I propose taking the both of you to a new level. You have insinuated that you have indeed experimented with what I am about to demonstrate. But you have only scraped the surface. My proposal is to take you to a new depth of depravity, and a new high of intimacy."

"If you allow me to proceed, I will bring you to new heights of passion. But, and the key word here is 'but', this will only happen if the two of you both agree. You see beside you an assortment of items that we would utilize during the course of our journey. I will not now explain to you how they would be utilized. It is up to you to make determinations regarding this. At the same time, it is up to you to determine if you wish to proceed."

"I will leave you now, for a while, if you wish, to allow you to contemplate your options. Discuss the issue freely. I will not attempt to influence you. If you wish to go forward with my intentions, I will be in the room across the hall. If you take longer than 30 minutes, I will move to my study."

"But if you choose not to proceed with my proposal, do nothing. I will proceed to bed, at my usual time of eleven. You may do as you wish. If you wish to proceed, please feel free to inform me, as soon as you decide to begin. I am at your disposal."

"Good night." With that, he arose from his chair, and left our room. Closing the door, we were left alone.

As one, we both rose to our feet, and walked to where the items were sitting on the bed.

And one by one, we began to pick items up, and examine them closely.

The rope, the gag, and the hood were self-explanatory. We'd used one on Margaret's birthday. A second was used several times, while posing for my mom.

And the third, we'd no experience with, but I had ideas on what could be done with it. Margaret, picking it up, and examining, shivered.

The plastic box, and the medical supplies were what we were really concerned with. In examining them, it was obvious that Margaret would be the primary recipient of the objects utilization. Picking up individual items from within the box, she'd hand them to me, one by one, asking what each would be used for.

For the clips and clothes pins, I had ideas. And I told her. Even though we were both still dressed, she paused a moment with a clothes pin, and affixed one to her right breast, through the cloth of her dress.

The pins and other items, and why we would need first aid, I had no idea. And I made no guesses.

We sat on the bed, and discussed the situation.

We were intrigued.

So far, the Professor had not led us wrong. So the only questions were 1. How painful would their use be? And 2. Would there be permanent injury?

In the end, it only took us fifteen minutes before we had made up our mind. To bring the Professor back into the room, and put these two questions to him.

Instead, we walked into the opposite bedroom. And asked the Professor there.

And his response?

For issue 1. "There would be pain. It might, for short intervals be unbearable. But each experience would be over quickly."

For issue 2. "No permanent damage. Every precaution would be taken. And in the end, when each session was over, there would be no permanent scars or markings on our bodies."

Then Margaret hit him with a third question. One that I couldn't believe. "Would she be the only one to have these item used on her?"

"No. In each session, I would be subjected first, to the use of each type of item"

I didn't like the sound of this. But, as much as I didn't want them used on me, I wanted to use them on Margaret. And for this, a price must be paid.

Then Margaret had a final question. "If it looked too painful, could she refuse to allow an item to be used?"

She didn't quite get the gist of the Professor's answer. "Anytime she said so, an item's use would be ended."

But her gist was plain to me. If it hurt me too much, she could say no.

She accepted the Professor's terms and suggestions.

Both looked at me.

With a great feeling of trepidation, my desire to use these items on Margaret overrode my common sense. I found myself nodding, and saying "Yes."

With that, things began immediately.

First, Margaret and I were both instructed to undress.

This was completed rather quickly.

And then, I was instructed to lie on the bed, on my back.

And at that point, Margaret received instruction on how to properly tie me to the bed.

The posts of the bed were turned wood. Each had points along their length where the rises and depressions within the wood. In these gouges, the rope was affixed. First one end was tied to one of the head posts. To this, my right arm was tied. Then, like with Margaret on her birthday, the rope passed over my head, was tied to the opposite wrist, and then tied to the other post. But, unlike Margaret's birthday, the rope was tied far above the level of my head.

As the rope passed down to the foot of the bed, Margaret, again at the Professor's instruction, tied the rope well above my head. At that point, the Professor assisted her in securing me. The rope was passed several times around my ankle. Then,

while the Professor forced my leg to point almost straight up, Margaret slid the rope until my leg was in position, and the slack of the rope was taken up. Then the rope was passed back to the post by my head, forcing my leg to remain pointed upward.

The same was done with my other leg. The net result was that my arms were raised at almost a 45 degree angle. My legs pointed up at an angle greater than 80 degrees. And when the hood, with the eye covers on, was placed over my head, and then the gag placed into my mouth, I was completely helpless. And completely, except for my back, exposed.

I was powerless. I could hear what they were talking about. What they were plotting. But I could not contribute to the discussion. I couldn't say anything about what was to happen. I had no voice or vote.

And then the Professor asked Margaret which of the items in the plastic case, she would like to use first?

I couldn't tell what she chose. But I didn't like the choice.

The Professor mumbled something, I couldn't understand.

And then I felt someone's fingers pinch my left nipple.

Pinch the nipple with their fingernails. Or so I thought. But the pinching didn't stop. My nipple was pulled forward, almost off my chest. And as it was pulled out, something was attached to it. I learned later that it was one of the little metal things, that looked like small clothes pins. Only with small teeth. The teeth grabbed my nipple, and crushed the flesh of it, within its teeth.

And as the teeth bit in, I let out the first scream of the night. Neither the Professor, nor Margaret, paid any attention.

I can remember my head thrashing back and forth. Right and left. Screaming, which the gag muffled.

But no one paid any attention.

In fact, as my body was becoming accustomed to the pain, they then started on the second nipple, and my pain began again, only worse.

And then, I wasn't listening to them, I was in too much pain. I felt someone grab my penis. I felt something rubbing against the tip of it. And then, pain began again, as someone began pushing something into the head. It had to have been a pin. They were pushing it into the tip of my cock. And I could do nothing to stop them.

The pin was pushed into me. Something held against the side of my penis gave them the leverage they needed to push it all the way through. But then, I was surprised, when after it had gone completely through, the block was removed, and instead of a pushing motion, whoever was doing this to me, was pulling the pin out of me. Pulling the entire length of it completely through my penis.

Feeling every millimeter of its passage.

And screaming every second of its duration.

When they were done with my cock, they halted for a few moments, to allow my body a chance to settle down from its previous ordeal.

And then, they began again. This time, removing the clamps from my nipples.

And when that task was completed, they began to use the pins, where the clamps had been removed.

Again I screamed.

Again, neither of them listened.

And again, when the second pin was firmly inserted into my nipple, the first, then the second pin were removed, in the same way as the pin was removed from my cock. Pulled completely through me.

When they were done, again time was spent to allow me to recover.

I felt hands upon my body. Not upon my body, but upon the ropes binding me to the bed.

The ropes were gradually released.

And when I felt the last knot undone, when the last loop was removed from my wrist, I still didn't move.

I couldn't see.

I couldn't speak.

I could only wait, until the hood and the gag were removed.

This happened quickly. And when I was truly free, I was assisted in sitting up in the bed, and allowed to drink a glass of water.

And when I was recovered, you would expect that there would be a discussion of what had happened. How I felt about what had been done to me.

This was not the case.

The discussions had already taken place, without my participation.

Margaret now understood everything the doctor meant for her to learn from the exercise.

The Professor left us. Closing the door behind him, as he left.

Margaret, alone with me, was actually ashamed of her actions. Remorseful for what she had done to me.

“I’m sorry.”

“For what?”

“What I allowed the Professor to force me to do.”

“The Professor did not force you to do anything. Everything you did, was done willingly.”

She sat for a moment, before answering, “I suppose so.”

“Was it because you were truly curious? Or was it because you just wanted to do it to me, because you thought that I’d treat you worse, when it was my turn to do this to you?”

“A little of both I guess.”

I knew there was no ‘I guess.’ She had done it deliberately.

“Did you enjoy it?”

“I don’t know.”

“Any of it?”

“Well, the part with your penis was kinda fun.”

I could imagine. Sticking a needle into the prick that claimed your virginity? What girl wouldn’t love such an opportunity?

“Are you all-right?”

“It still hurts. I suppose the Professor wouldn’t let anything permanent happen. I’ll get over it.”

During all this, Margaret was still dressed in the same evening dress that she had worn to dinner. She started to remove it, as she asked her next question.

“Do you feel like fucking me?” The dress was off. She was only wearing her bra, panties, sandals, and tights.

“It’s still a little sore.”

Off comes the bra. “Not even a quickie?”

“It hurts.”

She’s sitting on the bed, removing her sandals. “You don’t feel like fucking me?”

“I don’t think it’s a good idea.”

She raises her left leg, and starts rolling the tight off. “I never heard of a boy refusing a quick fuck.”

“I can’t. It was just too much.”

The other tight is coming off. “And you were standing there, imagining what it would be like doing it to me.”

“No. I wasn’t.”

She slide off her panties, as she is accusing me “You were dreaming about sticking those needles into my cunt.”

“No.”

She stands up. “You wanted to see them sticking out of my tits.”

“No.”

She’s standing in front of me. “My one chance of sticking something into you, like you stick that little cock of yours into me.”

“You couldn’t let that pass.”

“No one could miss that one.”

“Now you want me to fuck you?”

“Only if you really want to.”

I reach down to my crotch, and grab my cock. I slide my hand up the length of it. Sliding it past the crown, the tip. And when I do so, I scream. The tip of my penis is an agony. I can’t fuck her.

“Tomorrow.”

“What?” Margaret has said ‘Tomorrow.’ I had no clue what it meant.

“The Professor said that you’d only be sore until tomorrow. By mid-afternoon, you should be fully capable again.”

“The Professor said I’d be out of it, and you still want me to fuck you?”

“No. I want you to still want to fuck me.”

“You want me to forgive you.”

“Yes.”

“I can’t.” I wasn’t being malicious. I was being truthful. “There’s nothing to forgive. You’re right. I wanted to do that to you. The minute I saw them sitting there in that box, I knew what they were. What they were for. And what they could do to you.”

“So what do you want?”

“I want you to still want to fuck me.”

She leaned over, and kissed me full on the lips. My erection grew a little at that moment. And it hurt that much more because of it. But still, I kissed her back.

And when it was over, we did the only other thing that we could do.

We settled in for the night. Spooning. My cock aimed right at her ass. Not penetrating. Not overly erect.

Wednesday morning. Again, Burrows awakened us, just at the point of seven a.m.

Again, Burrows brought coffee with him. Again, we just lay there, not even covered, sipping and listening as he describes the day.

When he leaves, we clean up, and head downstairs for breakfast.

The Professor, when he sees us, only has one question. “Are we still good?”

“The sex tonight, may be some of the best ever.”

Wednesday’s work was just like the day before. The Professor painted. Margaret lay there, limp in Bear’s arms. And I spent the day, lounging on a couch, nude, reading. And getting paid to do so.

Dinner, was prime rib. Some of the best I had ever eaten. The standard by which I judge all I'd eaten since.

And the conversation, as at breakfast, centered on the previous night's activities, and what would happen tonight.

The Professor informed us, that the evening's lesson would, as we assumed, involve me placing Margaret in the same situation that I had been in the night before. That I would be permitted, once she was securely bound, to perform on her, the same acts that had been done to me.

I wasn't pleased with the idea. I was in love with her. The idea of piercing her body, nauseated me. I had no problem teasing her. No problem in letting her believe I would do it. No problem in letting her dread the coming hours. But I was not going to do it. The Professor didn't even know of my decision.

Instead in talking over what would happen, so the Professor believed, I agreed to just about everything the Professor had suggested. I also embellished a little, to make Margaret worry more.

But I also showed a sign of sympathy.

“Before we go upstairs, would it be possible for Margaret to have some aspirins?”

“You want to spare her some of her pain?”

“Only enough that she'll experience it. Not to have her actually suffer.”

“That can be arranged.” With that, he instructed Burrows to bring a dose of aspirin. Burrows returned to the dining room, five minutes later, with a small plastic cup containing two Tylenol extra-strength caplets.

Margaret was a little worried. The look on her face, as she took the cup, tipped it to her lips, swallowed the pills, and washed them down with wine, was beyond belief.

The look of dread on her face, was worthy of a photograph. She didn't want to go through with it. She had told me as much, when we had gone to bed the night before. When we were awakened that morning. Several times throughout the day, whenever we were out of ear-shot of the Professor. And when we were getting

dressed for dinner. But she had also said that because of what had happened the night before, because of what she'd willingly done to me, she was going to allow me to bind her, and do to her body, whatever I deemed necessary.

Whatever I wanted.

And I wasn't going to really do a thing. And I was the only one who knew it.

I also requested that ice be brought to the bedroom, before we headed upstairs. This also was done.

Neither Margaret, nor the Professor knew what it was for.

After dinner, we all headed upstairs.

And once in the bedroom, the fun began.

Margaret, as the victim of tonight's lesson, began to undress, without being told to. And unlike last night, I started to undress. Even though I didn't have to.

When I was down to my briefs, I stopped stripping. Margaret was completely nude.

She laid herself out on the bed. I grabbed the rope, and began the task of tying her down.

Just like last night, I tied her arms to the posts at the head of the bed. And then I moved down to her ankles. The rope lay down beside her, as it ran the length of her body. I tied it to her right ankle. Pulling on the rope, I pulled her leg up into the air. When I was done, her leg was raised fully, pointing to the wall just above, and to the right of her head. This rope was tied to the same post that her right hand was bound to. Only higher up. Passing the rope around to the other side, I did the same with her left leg.

When I was finished, there she was, lying there, incapable of moving. Her legs spread wide, inviting me to invade her.

The hood that had covered my head was in place, as were the covers over her eyes.

And when she was ready, so was I.

The Professor invited me to make a selection of the items in the plastic box. He would instruct me in their use.

I started grabbing things. As I showed each to the Professor, he explained exactly what it was, how it was used, and how much pain each item could inflict on my “subject”. Once she was tied, that was the word he used to identify Margaret. I assumed he had used the same word for me last night. The difference was, Margaret had already been in my place. She knew what was happening. And I wasn’t trying to hide what was being said from her. I wanted her to hear. I wanted her to suffer, at the thought that each item could be next. That’s why at first I grabbed items that looked like they were not as painful. Gradually moving up to items that would hurt a lot more. Watching her shake her head, “No!” at each of my new discoveries.

But, until the box had been thoroughly searched, I did nothing to Margaret. Most of my torture of her this night was to be psychological. Not physical.

When I was done, the Professor was a little mad at me. He had expected me to have already made my decision, at least on one item. He had expected me to begin torturing my lover. And I hadn’t.

“We’ll? What will it be boy?”

“None of these things.”

“But after what was done to you last night, don’t you want to make the girl suffer for the pain she caused you?”

“Look at her.” Margaret was literally trembling in her restraints. Every inch of her body covered in sweat from the fear of what I was planning. “Isn’t she suffering enough?”

“I hardly think that is the point.” I was confused. The look on my face clearly said so, for the Professor immediately followed up with, “Whether or not the subject is suffering, simply from the idea of what could be done is not the issue. Mental suffering is not the issue. PHYSICAL PAIN is the issue. How much does it hurt? How much pain is the subject capable of tolerating?”

“I don’t intend to hurt her. Physical discomfort is another thing. But I will not actually cause her physical pain.”

“So what do you plan for her?”

I turn around and grab the ice bucket from the room’s dresser.

“I think I can have fun with this.”

Margaret, who cannot see what it is I am holding, starts to whimper.

The Professor is not exactly impressed, but he does see possibilities. “That may do?” is all that he can say.

I begin.

I remove from the bucket one single cube. Holding it between two fingers, I walk over to where Margaret is lying on the bed. Looking at her body I quickly decide where to apply the cold of the cube, to her body, to create the maximum effect.

My fingers, clasping the cube, begin to make circles around the nipples of her breasts. First one, the left, then the other, the right.

By the time the cube has half-melted, my attention shifts around her body. Before I am finished with the first cube, it has circled not only her breasts, but also her naval and her pubic mound.

And then, before it has completely melted, I gently circle her vaginal opening. And before she can react, I place the cube within the center of her slit. Before her body can possibly react, I begin to push the cube into the folds of her cunt, until the entirety of the cube has entered her cunt.

As the first cube is melting inside of her, I grab a second. This cube I begin to use in torturing her feet. Working the cube around and between her toes. Across the bottoms. Over the heels and ankles. Not a square inch is spared my attention. And as before, when the cube has melted almost completely, I again use it to torture her vagina, before inserting it into her.

The third cube returns to teasing her nipples and vaginal areas. And again, it is inserted into her cunt.

With the fourth cube, I get truly evil. This time, I am directing most of my attention to her ass. Not so much the flesh of it, but her hole.

Not teasing her. Pushing it into her.

And the entire time, she is resisting my efforts. Even though I have the upper hand in this situation.

This continues for some time. Almost half of the bucket is used. The sheets of the bed beneath her are not exactly soaked. More accurately they are merely damp. But the wetness is widespread, as I am teasing the entire length of her body.

And with each, every time a cube is applied to her body, she flinches. Depending upon where I am using it, she is screaming. Not in pain. Just in shock.

I am working so hard trying to make her, not so much suffer, but to feel the effects of the complete control over one's body, by another.

I'm succeeding.

Yet, she is not begging me to stop tormenting her.

She is crying out. Begging me to continue. She was, and to this day, still is a submissive.

Not to the point where she accepts pain. Just minor discomfort. I can, and in fact do, live with this.

Eventually, I tire of her torment. I stop.

Looking around the room, I had been so engrossed in what I was doing to my lover that I never noticed that not only had the Professor gone to his own room, the time was well after midnight!

I untied my lover. Releasing her from her binds. Moving even more slowly than what I was tying her up. Prolonging her torment. Not her torture.

And when she is undone. Able to move on her own for the first time in hours, all she does is clasp on to me. Hugging me. Refusing to release me. That is how we

end up going to sleep. Still in the slightly damp bed, from an almost empty bucket of ice.

Art Classes, Chapter 15

Thursday, Margaret and I were again wakened by Burrows. Coffee in bed. Nude.

And breakfast, the Professor spent most of his time complimenting me on my performance last evening. Margaret was completely in my power. She was helpless. And she was miserable. Just not in agony. He had stopped in his library before retiring for bed and found a work on psychology. Specifically the means by which POW's in various wars were turned using methods just like I had been using.

It seems that psychological torture can be more "useful" than conventional. I was given an "A" for effort. A sign that the Professor had never left the classroom.

Thursday and Friday were also normal. Breakfast. Work. Lunch. Work. Dinner. More lessons in lovemaking.

Oral sex and tit stimulation were the scheduled subjects for Thursday night. I had played with Margaret's breasts a number of times. But this time, it was Margaret and the Professor playing with mine. Allowing me a chance to feel what it was like.

It was impossible for me to feel the stimulations that Margaret felt when I was playing with her body. But at least I was able to experience the actual sensations of having another person squeeze my nipples. To pinch them. To pinch them with one's finger nails. To suck on them, as I liked doing to Margaret. Everything I had ever done to her, with the intention of only minimal pain, was re-created by the two of them.

They had also experimented with a few moves that I had never even contemplated. Up to and including, biting her tit with my teeth. Pulling her breast from her body. Suckling. And others too numerous to list here.

And as for Friday, things were a little subdued.

Primarily because Friday was scheduled to be a short day. No afternoon session. Mom and Elizabeth would be joining us. Picking us up for the ride in to Manchester. Micheal and his mother would be driving separately.

With lunch over, discussions over how the work was progressing ended. We were in a hurry to leave. No trip to the studio to view the work in progress was possible.

The ride into New Hampshire was quiet.