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Disclaimer: This is a story of things that occurred in the 1960's. During this time a whole different set of standards applied. It is also a work of fiction any resemblance to persons living or dead is coincidental.

CHAPTER 3

That night after the kids were in bed fast asleep, Marsha began reading the book that she had been given. She became so intrigued, she found herself reading about a quarter of the book before she fell asleep. As she slept her unconscious mind reviewed what she had read.

To wit; (Her father was a lawyer and she often found herself imitating his speech and thought patterns.)

- Sex is the most natural thing in the universe. Without it the human race could not continue. It is a biological imperative.
- Sex was pleasurable. This is what nature intended. Anything that interferes with that has the potential to cause problems far beyond those it attempts to solve.
- Sex is so powerful a drive both religions and secular governments have attempted to use it as a means to control populations and secure adherents.
- Sexual attitudes are most often controlled by mothers since nature has deemed them to be the caretaker of the immature.
- Sex is hardwired into the human brain (See first item). Nature drives males and females in slightly different directions. Males are driven to spread their genes in as many different directions as possible. Females, since they have a limited number of eggs to contribute, must be more selective. This leads to somewhat of a paradox, in that, while homosexuality is contra to nature's purpose, bisexuality is entirely different for males and females. Males, having a more easily satisfied drive, will dilute their drive to disseminate their seed by same sex contact. This same type of activity amongst females, who have a capacity for having many orgasms in a shorter period of time and therefore a greater capacity for sex, provides the opportunity to wait for the better gene match.
- Sex when used as a control mechanism is counter productive to the natural order. This manifests itself in the rape of women by men and the withholding of sex by women to control men.

Marsha became semi-conscious late that night and tumbled to her bed. When her alarm clock went off, Marsha came to realize that she had come to a course of action in her sleep.

The time she spent hurrying the kids off to school was spent taking a new look at their morning pattern.

She arrived in the kitchen fully dressed. Her daughter arrived in a flannel nightgown that was no more revealing than a overcoat in the dead of winter. Roger simply had on a pair of jockey shorts. At the breakfast table there was the normal sibling baiting but no

serious fighting. As Roger stood up to get a second bowl of cereal, she looked at her son and said, "I think its time to get you new shorts. The ones you have on look like they are getting too tight."

Roger merely shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Ok, if you think so," took his seat and began eating his cereal.

Marsha looked over at Natalie. Natalie was staring at her brother's body. Marsha thought she could move things along a little faster. She called Roger over to her side. Marsha hoped that she could carry off the next step without embarrassing herself. She reached out and placed her fingers under the leg band of Roger's shorts. She ran the hand from the back all the way around to his crotch. In the process she deliberately rubbed his penis with the back of her hand. Roger's cock suddenly began to stiffen.

Marsha looked him in the eye and smiled while saying that she was sorry.

"Those shorts are definitely too tight, young man." She reached out and turned Roger to face his sister.

"What do you think, Natalie ?" asked Marsha.

Poor Natalie didn't know what to say. She was being given the opportunity to stare directly at her brother's crotch - something she had wanted to do since some of friends had started to talk about boys and what they had between their legs.

Marsha decided to take a different track when she noticed Natalie's hesitation.

Marsha apologized to the pair saying that she thought that they were old enough not to be embarrassed about talking about underwear. "Natalie, you have handled Roger's jockey shorts when you helped with the wash. And you, young man, have seen both mine and your sister's bras and panties on the clothesline. We will just have to straighten this out later. Now hurry up and get ready for school."

Both children quickly obeyed and were soon in their own rooms dressing for school. Inside of a half hour, they were out the door and on the school bus.

Chapter 4

As soon as Natalie and Roger were safely out of the house, Marsha resumed her reading. As she got farther into the book, she became convinced the author had the right idea. Inside the family was the best place for sexual education to take place. She knew from her wedding night that what her parents and their church had taught her was misguided at best, dead wrong and harmful at worst. She found herself becoming more aroused as she read. She became incensed at having the notion that self pleasuring was immoral drilled into her head as a child.

The sound of Harriet letting herself into the kitchen brought her out of her pensive state.

Today was Harriet's day to come over here for morning coffee and girl talk.

Marsha called out to her friend "I'm in the den. Come on in here, please."

Marsha went to the bar and found a couple of glasses and the bottle of peach brandy she kept on hand for special occasions. When Harriet came into the room, Marsha handed her a water glass full of the liquor, telling her friend that today maybe they could try something different than coffee. Harriet sensed that Marsha was up to something. While her friend appeared to be ready to take her Dutch courage at room temperature, she was not.

"Why don't we put some ice in these?" inquired Harriet.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking," replied Marsha.

Trying to put her neighbor at ease Harriet suggested that she get the ice, then have a few sips before Marsha would tell her what was on her mind.

Ice gotten and drinks sipped, Marsha told Harriet that she had read more than half the book. With each passing page she became more frustrated and that she needed to ask for huge favor.

"I am a 34 year old woman who is so excited that I would rape the next male through the front door. Can you teach me how to relieve myself?"

"Whew, I thought that you were going to dump something upsetting on me."

Harriet got out of her chair and walked over to stand in front of Marsha. As she was walking she began to unbutton her house coat.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Marsha.

"Just relax and go with flow. You are wound so tight you won't be able to learn anything at this moment. Unless you command me to stop I am going to help you give yourself an orgasm which will knock your socks off!"

Harriet sat beside Marsha and slowly unbuttoned her friend's house coat. She had Marsha remove her arms from the sleeves. Next she helped Marsha remove her bra and panties. Harriet stood and proceeded to remove her own clothes. She took her friend's hand and lead her to the center of the room.

"Sit on the floor with your legs spread. And I am going to sit directly in front of you in the same position."

When both women were positioned, Harriet told Marsha to watch what she was doing and do her best to mimic her actions. Harriet placed her hand on her breast and began to massage it. She moved her fingers to her nipple. Placing her thumb and index finger on opposite sides of her nipple she gently pulled it. She was rewarded by seeing

Marsha do the same.

"Marsha, lick your fingers. Get them wet and slippery. Now go back to playing with your nipple. Isn't that a nice feeling?" cooed Harriet. "Now close your eyes and keep them closed."

When Marsha had her eyes closed, Harriet stood and hurried to the door leading to the garage. Harriet opened then closed the door as noisily as she could.

In her best stage voice Harriet said, "Good morning, Mr. Knauer.. I guess that you are here to discuss some financial matters with Marsha."

Then lowering her voice several octaves Harriet said, " Oh my, it seems that I have come at the wrong time."

Sid Knauer was the man in charge of the Irving's investments from the settlement with Marsha's husband's company. Harriet had met him on several occasions when he stopped by to discuss investment strategies with Marsha. The man was a Hunk, with a capital H. Not only was he good looking, he treated Marsha and herself as equals. He made suggestions then waited for Marsha's decision. To bad he was married to that shrew Betsy Knauer.

In her normal voice Harriet said, "It is definitely not a bad time. I was just leaving, I think that Marsha could use a little help at the moment."

Again lowering her voice Harriet said, "I will be glad to assist."

Back in her normal voice Harriet said, "Marsha, if you don't mind, I will leave you two to

get better acquainted.”

Harriet again opened and closed the door. Then padded over to the sitting figure of her friend.

In her best “Sid” voice she said “ Let me help you my dear, Marsha.”

Harriet then put her arm over Marsha and gently grasped her friend’s breast. Her other hand went between Marsha’s legs. She slowly began to massage her friend’s mound. With the first touch on her outer lips Marsha jumped. Harriet pressed on lightly touching her friend’s swollen cunt. Before she could do more than rub Marsha’s clit once, Marsha stiffened then spasmed.

“Oh my! That was delicious,” remarked Marsha as she was recovering from her climax. That was almost as good as when Bob did me. “

“Good, lets go to the kitchen and get our coffee now,” was Harriet’s comment.

Marsha was reaching for her bra when Harriet told her to leave it where it was.

“Going nude is such a thrill, especially when there is a chance someone will see you by accident. Let’s have our morning break this way.”

As they sat at the table, Marsha related what she had done to her son that morning. She admitted that teasing her boy excited and horrified her at the same time. Marsha said that while she found herself intrigued with her son’s growing manhood (read as going thru puberty), she felt no desire for him. It was exciting to see him grow hard. The thought of him doing her was kind of a turn off. She said that her boy reminded her too much of her late husband, Bob. Now, mind you, that reminding herself of Bob was not bad. It was that she could not see herself in the throws of lust with a teenager. Marsha needed the maturity and closeness that a teenager could not give. She related that the idea of the “tease” was exciting but she could not imagine herself taking things further.

“I love my son but the thought of having him inside of me is repulsive to me. On the other side, the idea of seeing him express his sexuality gets me HOT. I think the ultimate turn on for me would be to put his cock into a willing pussy.”

Harriet said that all this talk of sex and was getting her very horny. She related that the events in the den had seriously lit her fire. She offered that she had NEVER touched another woman like she had touched Marsha. She used the play acting as a crutch to get started but the first touch of breast told her that she wanted to do that again and soon.

Marsha said that wanted to thank her friend from the bottom of her heart for this morning’s events. She had thoroughly enjoyed the experience, however, she was sure that she wasn’t going to switch sides. Men were going to stay the focus of her urges. When she saw the pain in Harriet’s face she added since she didn’t see one on the horizon, Harriet could help her ANYTIME!

Harriet thought for a moment and tentatively offered the suggestion that they could solve their ‘problem’ by working together. Marsha quickly agreed, Without thinking about what she was letting herself into.

“Let’s get dressed and go over to my place,” suggested Harriet.