

Ricky

What follows is the beginning of a very long tale. I can't say how long it's going to end up being, but it's around 65,000 words now (14 chapters), which translates into a 220-page (or so) novel; and it's only about two-thirds done. This is going to be one huge whack of story and I hope you'll enjoy it. There will be lots and lots of sex here, both genders, varying ages, in multiple configurations, family and not.

This is without question the most involved and longest erotic-romantic work I've ever done. What I mean is that there will be some chapters where it takes forever for sex to be even mentioned, let alone had, such as this one. If you're not into plot development, fine; there's nothing wrong with wanting your stroke fiction to be short, quick and direct, but that's not how I write it. Just don't read it and move on.

It goes without saying, I hope, that this is fiction, at least as far as I know. Though the main voice in this narrative is that of a nineteen-year-old young woman, I'm actually a man, but I hope I've made the storyline authentic and believable from a woman's perspective. If you like it, hit me up at **arionneos at gmail** et cetera and let me know what you think (if you don't like it and want to say so, that's fine too).

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

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

1. Move-in Day

I've never liked moving. It's hard work, it takes longer than it should, and it's always depressing.

I have to pick and choose what I pack, selecting what to keep and what to donate or just trash, and when I'm done I have to look at the pile of anonymous boxes, containing all the physical traces of my existence, and

wonder if that's really the sum of what I am. It always seems too small. Life reduced to a volume that barely fills a cube truck. A *little* cube truck.

It was worse this time in some ways; better in others. The pre-packing triage had forced me to revisit some hard memories as I found a small remaining stash of Alan's things, things I knew he would want to have back, and that meant a short, very awkward meeting with him — and his “new” girlfriend — when I wordlessly handed the box over to him, then walked away from his apartment door for what I told myself really truly was the last time in my life.

That was the good part, though, as well. In leaving my own digs I was ripping myself away from rooms that rustled at night with memories of ... memories of love, yes; but also sorrows, too many tears, too many raised voices, too many scenes of anguish.

I thought of the mow that had been on Shelly's face when she saw me standing on Alan's doorstep. The sourness I saw there couldn't fully hide the gloat. Shelly, who had been my best friend, my roommate, who had carefully worked Alan away from me.

I suppose I was lucky, if that's the word, to discover how easily Alan's head could be turned before we'd had a chance to get any more deeply involved; our love affair had lasted a year, and I had seriously begun considering something a little more permanent.

So much for *that*.

I knew that one day Shelly would feel the same wretched twisting herself, but the knowledge brought no satisfaction, just a remote kind of sorrow.

I should never have agreed to the threesome that night, I knew, let alone the video — but I also knew that it wouldn't have mattered anyway. She and Alan had been fucking for nearly a month by then. He'd merely used me, my misplaced feelings for him, to live out some personal fantasies. At the time it had been exciting, pleasant actually; the idea of making love on camera to my supposed best friend Shelly while my supposed boyfriend looked on, then joined in the mix, had actually crossed my own mind more than once; and for that brief few hours at least I felt alive, excited, knew I was doing something many women imagined but not as many had actually done or ever would do.

Despite the good sex, the threesome wasn't the end, nor even the beginning of the end. That had

started, as I eventually learned, several weeks earlier when Alan had stopped by to visit, finding me gone, finding Shelly fresh from a shower and dressed only in a towel. He'd been carrying a small gift of earrings, meaning to ask me out for our anniversary — and he had got something else, a kind of gift of his own that he didn't hesitate to unwrap.

Bitch.

Asshole.

After I'd learned of their relationship — in the classic way, coming home early one afternoon to find them in bed together, fucking — he had told me that he'd been conflicted and guilty about it for some time, that the threesome had meant to be a way for him to try to resolve his feelings, to see if we could possibly maintain a relationship. All of us, not just him and me or him and Shelly.

I wanted to believe him, but the hurt in me was just too strong to overcome. Maybe if Shelly hadn't been so scheming. Maybe if Alan had been more honest. Maybe if he'd admitted it, *talked* to me about it, before he ever decided to put his cock in her cunt. But rather than confide in me, rather than even try to trust me, he had chosen the cad's way, and maybe I was being too hard on him for that — but I thought not.

Asshole.

Bitch.

And I knew, *I knew*, that he was playing on my guilt at possibly giving up on us. He was trying to manipulate me. He was trying to make me *apologize* for agreeing to the three-way, as though that was what started it all. He didn't know that Shelly had already confessed to wanting to fuck him since the day they'd met, or to actually having fucked him weeks before.

And still, and still ... knowing all that, he damned near talked me into it anyway. "Just one more chance," he'd begged. "That's all; I won't let you down," and God damn me, I nearly believed it, knowing what I did, knowing he was lying directly to my face.

Fucking son of a *bitch*.

I hated her. I hated *him*. For cheating, for fucking each other, for ruining two very good friendships, for indulging their fantasies; and especially for making me cry those hot, final tears of burning sorrow as I drove off from their apartment to my lonesome, boxed-up life.

Most of all, I hated the way they had both made me feel so *bad*.

My economy flat was nothing glamorous, but I didn't want that. I didn't have very many things to begin with apart from books, a folding futon and my Mac, so it wasn't too cramped for my possessions, and the rent was so low that I knew I'd be able to pack away stacks of cash in my accounts, hoarding like a leprechaun who'd lost his pot of gold. My scholarships were only good for FTE university sessions and I needed to save as much as I could if I wanted to travel, which I did.

Not strictly for pleasure; it would be a working vacation, a working year. I'd won a coveted apprenticeship at a small but significant biogenetics firm, a bleeding-edge company exploring stem cells in ways no one in the States could. There would be a stipend, but traveling to and back were entirely up to me, and since the firm was headquartered in Kyoto that meant a whopping huge airfare. So I was working part-time at a hospital in the lab, mostly cleaning corpse-drawers, glassware and instruments. The job was shit but the hours were short and the pay very good; the work was often mind-numbingly tedious and occasionally revolting but at least it wasn't flipping burgers or cleaning bedpans; and keeping even marginally within my field, even for a summer's session of work, would pad my résumé.

Twelve thousand miles between me and Alan and Shelly would be even better padding.

The single room-bedroom-kitchen was above a garage. I was renting from a woman with the improbable name of Hermione Potter (and yes, she did get comments all the time, but the books hadn't existed when she was born) who had a son aged about ten. She would handle the electric, water and gas, she told me — as long as I kept it reasonable — and my internet, sewer, trash, recycling, cable and even phone were paid, if I didn't mind sharing a number with them and didn't make long-distance calls, such as to Japan.

That wasn't a problem; I had my cell for that. I didn't even own a wired phone. No one my age did.

It was a poor student's ideal bedsit, a small but very cheap place in a quiet neighborhood. The other amenities included a private entrance — up a flight of stairs alongside the garage — free laundry less detergent in that same garage, and pool privileges. The Potters (it was just Hermione and her boy) had an above-ground monster that dominated the back yard, leaving a little space on the patio for a grill, table and some loungers.

“Ordinarily I wouldn't have anyone as young as you are,” Hermione told me on that first day when I took

the key, my little Toyota hybrid groaning with the first of three loads in the driveway outside. “But you’re a grad student already, and that tells me something about your personality. I’m guessing you don’t do all-night keggers or weekend *Girls Gone Wild* orgies.”

It was odd, yes. I was only nineteen but already had my Bachelor’s in biochem, hardly drank at all, and in truth the one threesome with Shelly and Alan had been my only real foray into unconventional sexuality, barring the occasional late-night finger games at Girl Scout jamborees back when my tits had first begun to grow; and despite having successfully given head to more boys than I cared to try to count, Alan was only the fifth guy I’d ever actually fucked. A party girl I was decidedly not.

“Well, I don’t plan on being too much of a fuss, no,” I said, shrugging quietly. “I have a lot of work to do this summer to get ready for my trip.” She made a small sound of inquiry. “I have an entire new language to learn, for starters.”

“Oh. Yes, of course,” Hermione nodded. “Let me know if my son gets to be a nuisance,” she said. “He can be a ... a fairly nosy boy sometimes.”

I thought briefly of him, the flicker of his face as he’d peeked around a corner, studying me from a distance when his mother first greeted me, then disappearing with total silence. Nosy? I didn’t see how he might be. He seemed quiet and almost blisteringly shy. “I will,” I promised.

“Well, then,” she said. “That’s done. We’re going to be grilling brats later on. Drop by around seven, if you have a moment, and get some sustenance.”

“Thank you,” I said, feeling my heart open a little for the first time in what felt like decades. “I might just do that.”

She smiled and left me to explore my new space — and figure out where the hell I was going to put everything. I was a little distracted at first. I was sure I wouldn’t want to impose on her and her young son; still, there was warmth in me at her offer, and I didn’t forget it.

It’s amazing what a simple gesture of kindness can do when you’re feeling abandoned.

I’d lost track of the time in the mix and mess of unpacking, setting up the little space that would be mine for the next eleven-point-some weeks. The books were the easiest, really; for shelving I had just cinderblocks

and plain pine planks. The few dishes, pots, pans and cups I owned stored fairly readily in the tiny cupboard above the small dual-basin sink, its enamel slightly marred at the bottom by what may have been rust or may have been the last trace of a spliff left burning too long in the bowl. For cooking I had my nuke and a small hotplate provided by my landlady. The bathroom was simply a walled-off space barely large enough to contain the toilet, a vanity and small shower, and my futon sat along the wall perpendicular to the kitchenette. Along the wall opposite the door was my desk (a folding trestle-table), my MacBook humming quietly to itself there, the screen open and playing *Life* in its lockout mode. Beside that was the wardrobe. I had no dinner table, no coffee table and no extra seating except for the cheap rolling chair parked in front of the computer, and my flat-screen TV hung comfortably above my makeshift shelves. That left me with several square feet of bare carpet, giving the little room a surprisingly open and spacious look.

I paused at the sound of a giggle and went to the little window that overlooked the back yard.

I hadn't consciously noticed the laughter and splashing outside as Hermione's son swam in the pool, but realized it had been going on for a while by then. I flicked the drapes over the sink aside and smiled softly when I saw him in the water, batting at a floating ball with a big green water noodle. He looked like a cute little boy, energetic and lively. What was his name again? Dicky? Mickey? Lord Rambridge of Bummelsnortz?

It was insane. From the age of eight I could list the phases of cell division, knew all four amino acids, and had even memorized the hominid line of descent. But I was *awful* with names. Deoxyribonucleic acid I had no trouble with, but something like *Bob* left me helpless.

On our first date I had kept calling Alan *Adam*; he'd only corrected me after we had gone back to his place. "If we ever make love someday," he'd said, "I want you to be screaming out for the right guy." I had laughed with him, and then I had kissed him, and then...

"Shit," I said quietly, wiping at my tears, frustration taking away the pain but leaving me aching.

I *definitely* noticed the scent of animal flesh grilling on hot coals a few minutes later. My stomach rumbled hugely and I realized I was desperately in need of the *sustenance* Hermione had offered me earlier. Her call to the boy — "Come and get it while they're hot!" — decided me.

As I washed my hands, preparing to go down to accept her hospitality, I saw the boy — *Ricky*, that was it

— climb out of the pool, his body lean and boyishly muscular, water sheeting off his sun-bronzed skin, a tiny Speedo marble-bag glistening tautly on his hips. I blinked, surprised, and stared for a moment, not sure that I'd seen what...

He wrapped his waist in a towel and stepped onto the patio, lost to my sight, and I dried my hands absently.

No, I had to be mistaken. I *had* to be. It must have been the play of shadow over him as he got out, or the way his legs moved as he climbed the ladder and stood beside the pool; or maybe he'd just been suffering from a random boy-erection. There was *no way* I could have seen what I thought I had. I was sure of it. It was physically impossible.

And, as I learned, I was dead wrong.

Hermione smiled openly as I came down the little wooden staircase. “You’ve decided to join us?”

“If the offer’s still good,” I nodded.

“Of course.” She turned to her son, reclining casually on one of the loungers, and in defiance of decades of boyish evolution there was not a DS or PSP in his hands. He was instead intimately involved with a middling-thickness paperback.

I liked him immediately.

“Ricky, why don’t you get Terri something to drink?”

The boy rolled his eyes, his thick tawny hair drying in spiky tufts on his head. “Kay,” he said, putting a finger into the book and dragging himself upright with the air of a man shouldering a thousand-pound load. He was still wearing his towel and paused by the sliding glass door, the terrycloth clinging softly to the dimples in his rear. “Waddaya want?”

“Ricky,” Hermione said sharply. “Manners.”

He shot her a look that said, *aw jeez, Ma*, but looked at me again. “What would you like to have?”

“Um, well...” I said.

“Are you going to make her guess?”

He sighed hugely. “We have *tea*, and gross two-percent *milk*, and *water*, and *Coke*, and probably some

beer or something,” he said. He caught his mother’s eye. “And lemonade.”

“I think water for now,” I said to him. “Thank you.” I tried to smile at him but he wasn’t looking.

“O-kay,” he grunted, pulling the door open.

“With ice,” Hermione called to his retreating back, and I heard a little gasp of frustration from him.

“And change into some shorts.”

“Fine,” he moaned from somewhere inside. “Whatever.”

“And *close the door.*”

It slid to abruptly.

Hermione turned to me with a helpless expression. “I’m sorry,” she said. “He’s still learning.”

I was laughing softly. “It’s all right. I have brothers. I know how it is sometimes.”

Hermione relaxed a little, smiling back at me. “Thanks for understanding,” she said. “My own brothers were ... when they were nine, they were, well, you know. Each of them. It was like they didn’t want to live to be ten.”

“I guess boys his age are all pretty much the same,” I said.

Her smile faltered. “More or less,” she shrugged. A strange look of distant sorrow seemed to cross her features for a moment.

I scrambled for something in her sudden discomfort. “How many brothers do you have?”

She smiled again, this time more easily. “Four. I’m the second oldest. You?”

“Just the two,” I said, “and that’s enough.” She laughed with me. “I’m in the middle.”

“Sisters?”

“No.”

She nodded. “I was outnumbered too.” She stood and went to the grill. “I think we’re about ready,” she said. She opened the cover, exposing four plump, gleaming tubes. “It’s not much,” she went on. “Just the brats, buns, some coleslaw and chips. Classic, boring American fare.”

My belly groaned heavily at the scent and sight of the sausages, fat and glistening, blackened with grill-marks. “It’s fine,” I said.

“You must be starved. I can make more, if you want.”

“No,” I said. “This is fine, really. You’ve been very kind.”

She beamed. “My pleasure.”

Ricky chose that moment to come outside once more, clad only in a long pair of khaki shorts that hung so low on his hips I wondered what was keeping them on and why they were several sizes too large for him, his book in one hand and a very big glass of water in the other. Ice tinkled in it as he passed it to me. “Here,” he said, sullen as only a young boy can be.

“Thank you.” I took the glass from him. The water had been chilled and it slipped down my throat in heavy gouts, the cold clutching tightly at the back of my head. I drained it in one go, then blinked in surprise at Hermione and her son. “I guess I really needed that.”

“Get her some more,” Hermione said.

Ricky rolled his eyes again in exasperation at the insane amount of work he was being asked to do, when it should have been obvious to anyone in the universe that he just wanted to return to his book and be left alone. “We got a *hose*, Ma,” he said.

“Enough, young man,” Hermione warned over my involuntary snort. “*Not once more* tonight or it’s right to bed immediately.”

“Fine,” he grumped. “Totally fine with me.”

“*Without* your book,” she added.

He gasped, his face taut with a grimace. “Okay,” he said. He turned to me expectantly, and I noticed how well-defined his body was, how gracefully he moved. He was clearly an athletic boy, small taut muscles rippling smoothly in his chest and abdomen, the brass button on his shorts so far under his navel that I could see the gentle vee his lower abdominals made as they plunged beneath the cloth. His shorts weren’t riding on his hips; they were caught instead on his muscular thighs, and the juncture of his pubis was picked out clearly in his hairless skin. Had he been older, I knew, there would be a thick patch of pubic hair visible on him, so low were they hanging, and I wondered again why he was wearing shorts so clearly too large for a boy his age, especially since it looked like he was wearing nothing else beneath them. It wasn’t the affected sag of the Hip-Hop crowd either; there were no boxers on display, just smooth tan skin. It seemed almost immodest for a boy so young to be so obviously going commando.

“Glass?” he said in a moment. *Duh?* his eyes added.

“Um … oh.” I handed him the glass. As he took it and went back inside, a plunge of cleft showing above his pert rear, I saw he was reading one of the Discworld novels. *Trying* to read it, at any rate. My respect for him went up another notch.

“I really am sorry,” Hermione said when he’d left, not so softly he couldn’t hear her. “I don’t know why he’s being so rude.”

“Well, it’s a pretty good book,” I said. “I didn’t want anyone to bother me when I was reading it either.”

“I guess I should feel lucky,” Hermione murmured, looking at the door her son had gone through. “Most boys his age are so into Xbox or Wii that they don’t notice anything else.” She gave a small shrug. “My boy seems hooked on books. Well, at least he’s feeding his mind.” Again that strange sadness seemed to pass over her face. “And soon enough I suppose he’ll be … on to other things.”

I didn’t know what to say, so I just made a *hmm* noise in the back of my throat as Ricky emerged once more with another full glass, and in a few more minutes we tucked in to dinner.

“Biochemistry,” Hermione murmured over the wreck of the meal. “That’s a deep field.”

I leaned back and nodded, then belched softly. “Pardon me,” I said with a glance at the boy, but he hadn’t noticed. He turned a page in his book and murmured gently to himself.

“Did you have enough?” Hermione asked.

“Yeah,” I nodded distantly, still studying Ricky. “Thanks.” In the half hour since we’d sat down to eat, it looked as though he’d reamed through nearly a hundred pages of his novel; I’d watched in surprise as he scanned, scanned, turned a page; scanned and scanned again, then turned a page. “Does he read that fast all the time?”

Hermione smiled at her son and put a hand in his thick hair, tussling it softly. His head bobbed a little under her touch and he smiled at her briefly, then glanced at me with something approaching hostility, then returned to his book. “Usually. Denser texts like Pynchon and Melville slow him down, but not much. It took him nearly a week to get through *Ulysses*.”

“He read *Ulysses*? ”

“It’s about a handjob,” Ricky mumbled, too involved in his current story to notice his mother’s gasp of embarrassment at his frank analysis. “It was okay. The words were pretty.”

Hermione shook her head at him softly, and I couldn’t tell if it was wonder or sadness. Maybe it was both. “I can’t keep him in books,” she sighed. “He’s very quick.”

“Oh.” I skimmed at coleslaw dressing with a chip and crunched it thoughtfully. “He retains it?”

“Pick an author.”

“Which one?”

“Any one you think of. Someone you know.”

“Uh … um, well, how about Orwell?”

“Ricky,” Hermione said.

He glanced up.

“*Nineteen-Eighty-Four*, page fifty-five.”

He took a breath and began rattling off a long sentence, and it took me a moment to realize he’d started in mid-paragraph. He went on like that for several moments until Hermione told him it was enough. “What is the novel about?”

“Lies, mostly,” Ricky said. “How easy it is for people to get sucked in to whatever their leaders tell them, how much we like to be led, because it’s easier not to think. Lies we’re told, lies we tell ourselves, lies we let ourselves believe. Lies we want to believe.”

“Good or ungood?”

“Lies are double-plus-ungood. The book was … it was good. Maybe plus-good.”

“Oceania?”

“Has always been at war with Eurasia,” he said casually. With another look my way, this one possibly challenging, he returned to his Pratchett.

“Wish I’d been that clear in Eng 101,” I said.

“Did you flunk?” Ricky asked distantly.

Hermione hissed at him but I shook my head. “My GPA is four-oh.”

Ricky glanced up at me appraisingly for a moment, then shrugged and went back to his book. *Flukes*

happen, his gesture seemed to say.

I suddenly had a couple gestures of my own to share with him, but quelled the urge. *He's not Sam or Clint. He's not baiting you. He's just a little boy. Ease off.*

“He read Orwell a year ago. He’s eidetic,” Hermione said, changing the subject a little. “But he’s not autistic.” She shrugged. “He retains it all, and he understands it all too. He’s not even in school any more.”

“Oh,” I said, surprise in my voice.

“He’s listening too,” Ricky said, and turned a page. “Weird how he can do two things at once, huh? Like take a crap and still manage to keep breathing and stuff. He’s a regular frickin’ miracle.”

“Stop it, son. He took the GED last year and got his diploma then.”

I stared at the boy opposite me, just nine years old and already a high school graduate. “Math? Chemistry?”

“All of it,” Hermione said quietly.

“I can help you learn Japanese, if you want,” Ricky murmured, turning a page.

“Ricky,” warned his mother.

“You know how to speak —”

“No,” he said, looking up at me. “But I can learn it before you can.”

It angered me quickly to be spoken to in that way by a child. It was stunningly arrogant, even by a boy’s standard of rudeness. I felt heat rise in me, felt my cheeks blaze at his audacity. Before I could think of anything to say, though, he had his face in his book again, and then Hermione was remonstrating with him.

She took the novel from him. “Bed,” she said. “Now. You are done for the night, Richard Francis Potter.”

“Mom...” he groaned. “It’s the best part! I was almost *finished*.”

“You *are* finished. Bed,” she commanded again, standing and yanking him upright by his arm. “No books, no internet. Nothing. Now.” As he stood she swatted his backside and he shot her an angry look, his too-loose shorts drooping onto his legs, the waistline falling lower than the bulb of his taut little butt, and for just a moment he was naked before me.

Again I thought that I saw something impossible, before I cast my eyes aside.

He jerked the khakis back up rapidly and glanced accusingly at me as his mother watched my cheeks redden. “You were both talking about me and I can’t even say anything? *Bullshit.*”

“Ricky,” Hermione said, her face stricken as she turned to him. “I’m...”

“Fuck it,” he hissed, his face hot. “Fuck *you*.”

She slapped him. “That is it. No more. *You are done.*”

He stared up at her, the stripes of her fingers on his cheek, and his eyes glimmered. He turned and stalked wordlessly through the door and slammed it so hard it rattled in its frame.

“If I find you reading *anything*,” she called through the glass, her face a rictus of agony, “you know what happens. To bed, young man, *now*, and I mean it!”

“It’s not *fair*,” he screamed from inside, his voice breaking with his sobs. “*I can’t help it and you know it!*” And I heard a distant door slam.

Hermione looked sadly at me in a silence that was suddenly too, far too heavy.

“I think,” she said, “I had better explain a little.” She moved to the door, and her hands shook. “I want a beer. You?”

“Uh,” I said. I was nineteen, underage; she knew that.

I saw her eyes.

“Yes.”

We sat and drank wordlessly, Hermione sipping slowly and steadily at her bottle until it was nearly half-done. She turned it restively in her fingers, the bottom rattling on the table. “I love my son,” she said in a while.

I put my own bottle down.

“It’s not ADHD,” she went on. “I don’t even believe in that.”

“I don’t either,” I said truthfully.

“I don’t beat him,” she said.

She seemed to want something from me. “I ... no, I didn’t think...”

“I would die for him,” she said softly. Her eyes caught mine. “I would honestly, truthfully and

immediately die for him, if it meant keeping him alive and in the world. Have you ever felt that way about anyone?"

I thought, God help me, of Alan. Then of Shelly. Then further back, further to the places I had come from, further to the people I knew I could love and trust, the family I had, owned, was mine. My brothers. My mother and father. Gran and Gramp, Oma and Opa. "I..."

"You don't have kids."

"No," I said.

She nodded. "If you had, you wouldn't have hesitated. How you feel for your family ... it's not how you feel for your child. I would kill for *them*." She leaned forward a little. "But I would *die* for *him*," she said again, "and I would live through a hundred thousand years of hell before it, if I knew my boy would be able to spend just one day being truly happy."

I swallowed. I didn't know what she was really expressing then, didn't know how deep the feeling was, and she knew it as much as I did.

"You're a woman," she said, "and yet you're still a girl. That's not an insult. It's just a fact."

I knew it. I nodded.

"Until you have a child of your own you can't really ... how much you hope for him, how much you want him to be happy ... and what to do when it all ... when it doesn't seem like..." Her eyes focused on mine once more, pale and honest, and I realized her son's eyes were the same shade of grey. "I love him. I don't beat him. But ... he's so much more intelligent than I am, and sometimes the only way I can get through is ... is with a spanking."

I sighed with her.

"He's never going to have a..." she said, then stopped and shuddered.

"I don't think you beat him," I said lamely.

For a while there was silence between us.

"You weren't imagining it," she said.

I put my beer down.

"What you saw," she went on. "I don't mean ... I don't mean the fight." She turned her bottle uneasily,

pivoting it on its base. "When his shorts came down. You weren't seeing things." She laughed strangely. "His shorts are always too loose and they're always coming down ... But he won't wear suspenders, he hates them, they chafe his nipples..."

"Oh," I said. It was all I could think of.

"I shouldn't have slapped him. He was very embarrassed. But he shouldn't have said..."

I shook my head. "My brother Sam said that once to Mom. She made him gargle dish detergent. Actually made him swig a mouthful of Dawn and gargle it. He never said it again."

She went on as though she hadn't heard me. "He *has* to wear loose shorts. And boxers. Or cycling shorts. Hardly anything else fits him. There are no boys' briefs in his size. And as for the men's..." She snorted. "They're too loose at the waist. Even being on the swim team is an ordeal for him. The suit fits, it stretches, but he's so ... so *obvious* in it."

I just nodded, remembering my glimpse of him earlier in the evening as he got out of the pool. It hadn't been an erection after all, and I was still coming to grips with what it meant.

"He's so intelligent," Hermione sighed distantly, looking past me. "He's so very bright. He knows. He knows what he has." Her eyes met mine. "And he knows what it means." She toyed with her bottle again. "I think that's why he spends so much time with his books. He's not ready for it. He'll *never* be ready for it. It's ... so much easier for him, with his books. God, but he's so *lonely* sometimes."

I tried to rally. "But it ... I mean, there must be a way to ... medicine, or therapy, hormones..."

"I think you know better," Hermione murmured. "You think I haven't ... tried? Talked to doctors?"

"No, I..."

She went on, ignoring me. "This is genetic. My brothers ... they're not like him, but they have a little bit of it, all of them, they all have it, and his father ... I guess his father was the real carrier. I guess my genes helped. Like Mendel and his ... his God-damned peas."

I wanted to try to help, knew it was hopeless. "But ... medicine..."

"Can make your nose smaller? Or your breasts larger?" Hermione slugged at her beer. "What a hell of a fine little pill. Where can I get one?"

"Sur ... gery?" I murmured.

“Cutting him? *Cutting him?*” She set her bottle on the table with a clack and stared directly at me. “My son is *nine years* old,” she said. “He’ll be ten in August.”

I didn’t know what to do. I nodded.

“He is a genius.”

“I...”

“And he still has growing to do. A *lot* of growing to do, *and he knows it.*”

“I...”

“He will never have a ... a normal sex life. And he knows that too.”

She took another drink, draining the bottle, and looked at me.

“Because he is only nine years old,” she said, “and his penis is already seven inches long,” and she began to weep.

I lay alone in my new flat, staring up at the ceiling and thinking about the boy Ricky, who had been given by accident of alleles something most men would consider an incalculable blessing.

But I could see, after talking with Hermione, how it was a curse as well, a burden of frustration, embarrassment and, in its own way, a tragedy.

Normal anatomical development in boys had them three inches long at the most, fully erect, when they were Ricky’s age. He was now more than twice that length, proportionally thicker as well — according to Hermione he was past an inch and a half at his widest point already, man-sized in every dimension except in his testes, which I understood were still about normal for a boy approaching age ten. They’d been keeping measurements for several years now, ever since his abnormal endowment was first noticed.

The boy took the measurements himself. Some children might want to fudge the numbers, wishing to allay the fears of a worried parent, but Hermione assured me that her son was rigorously honest in all aspects of his life, finding lies too much of a waste of energy to bother with, so she believed his self-reported measurements.

Recalling what I’d glimpsed earlier when his shorts had dropped, I didn’t see much reason to doubt. The boy, not even ten yet, was larger than Alan had been, even while soft.

It was sad; while most parents proudly charted their children's growth with lines on a convenient doorjamb, remarking with happiness over each new summer's growth of an inch or more, her own life was a chronicle of nervous logging of a condition that had already made him larger than average for a male twice his age. Each new inch, for them, was not an occasion of celebration. It was more evidence that — as Hermione feared — by the time he was truly old enough to use it, Ricky's sex organ would be far too large for any girl to take.

She had reason to worry. The uterine wall begins, at most, about ten inches within the vagina. It's not possible for a man, in intercourse, to go past that absolute limit. Though I'd never personally experienced it, I'd read that collision with the cervix was painful for both the woman and the man. And at the rate he was growing, Ricky would have met that length by the time he was twelve years old — and then puberty would kick in, possibly as much as doubling his heft.

There was no way to slow it, either. Hermione was right about that; I knew it as well as she did. Ricky seemed doomed, eventually, to be so massively endowed that he likely wouldn't even be able to sustain a full erection. The amount of blood required to keep him engorged would pull so much from the rest of his body, even from his brain, that he'd probably pass out before reaching complete tumescence. That was a problem, of course, because during orgasm a man always experiences maximum engorgement. He would not be able to ejaculate; or, if he could, he wouldn't be conscious during the event, during the best few moments of sex for any man. If he ever fathered a child, he might truly be unaware of it happening.

I sighed at the horrible sense of humor of life. Hundreds of hentai, comics featuring overmuscled brutes with two-foot cocks. Thousands of men who felt — or were — underendowed. Millions of useless junk emails sent every day promising enlargement. Yet to be actually experiencing gigantism in that area was obviously something no one would ever truly want.

I fell into an uneasy sleep, dreaming of Alan fucking Shelly, his dick so deep into her pussy that his balls barely showed — and then engorging further as he came, distending within her until the outlines of his penis were visible through her belly, then into her throat, and his cum spurted from her mouth as she exploded wetly around his cock with a final gurgling shriek of agony and bliss, ripped in half as a flood of semen gushed from him and mixed with her ruined flesh and blood, her spilled intestines ribboning around his still-growing

organ in a ghastly barber pole of sex and death, and then I looked down and saw that it was me, I was the one impaled and torn open; I was the one who slumped lifelessly onto the mattress, my body horribly destroyed by an enormous penis to lie, twitching and shuddering, fucked to death.

I woke shivering, wretched, and I cried for Ricky.

===== end chapter =====

When I was releasing the sections of *Trevor's Summer* (also in the bisexual/incest group on Nifty), I got a lot of questions, most of them having to do with how I write. As I go along here I'll try to include some useful discussion in afterwards. The first follows . You don't have to read it if you don't want to. I won't be offended.

We know that Terri and Ricky will eventually fuck. There's just no doubt about it; even here, in the first chapter, there are some erotic stirrings to be found. She admires the boy's body, and she likes his intelligence — yet he's hostile to her, standoffish, and part of weaving a good arresting story is showing how these webs of resistance break, strand by strand.

Terri is herself sexually inexperienced in some ways. There's a hint that she's done oral, possibly quite a lot of it; yet she's naive in a lot of other ways. And her relative inexperience works against Hermione's place in the story — how can a girl of nineteen end up in bed with a prepubescent boy, with the mother carefully watching over everything?

Well, that's up to later chapters to disclose.

More specifically, realism is added by describing the tension Hermione shows in her gestures, such as playing restlessly with her beer. She clearly has a complex relationship with her son, and is obviously troubled by his abnormal endowment. She is also very lonely, as evinced by her willingness, so soon, to tell so much to her newest tenant. She is a woman of multiple loyalties, tormented by deep secrets; and she wants to trust

someone else with her secrets, wants her life to be remarked and accepted by another. Since this story is appearing in the bi/incest section of Nifty we can be pretty sure there's an incest element here — but how, and with whom? Hermione's son Ricky has a man-sized penis already; but then, Hermione has four brothers, and Terri two of her own. Whose secrets lie behind the hint of the category?

Terri, for her part, is not a passive receptacle. She chronicles the story but we know that she's occasionally given over to deep sexual urges, and we know that she's done something on video with her female best friend and her male lover. This is almost a foreshadowing and does, in fact, play out in other chapters; but for now, we know she's nowhere near as restrained as she would like to believe herself to be.

Keep watching this space for chapter 2; in it, we'll see an opening of several doors between Hermione, Terri and Ricky, some of them having to do with actual full-on nudity.