

The next installment of **Ricky**.

In the last chapter we saw Terri and Hermione cement the reality of their relationship with one another: They're in love, and they both know it. But Hermione, burdened by a secret, has begun telling her new girlfriend something deeply personal, something she's never shared with anyone else.

In this chapter we start learning about the time, years ago, when Hermione had her first true taste of passion and love. The narrative shifts to third person; that's deliberate. I couldn't tell this part of the story from Terri's point of view. If it helps, imagine that it's *Terri* writing this part down, telling you the story that Hermione told her.

If you like this one so far, look in the Bisexual/Incest section for the links called "**good-son**" and "**trevors-summer**" to see what previous works I've spilled into the world here. That's not all of them, but *Trevor's Summer* includes headers which point to the rest.

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

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

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

6. May-June 1991: Awakenings

As the weeks went by with Joe coming into her room virtually every night to masturbate over her,

Hermione became used to it, able to ignore it during the daytime. All things considered it wasn't that awful; her brother never touched her when he was touching himself, and after all it was just some sperm, sprayed safely and chastely on her sheets, that was it; and his attitude with her had changed tremendously. He'd become much more thoughtful toward her, much more sweet. Sometimes he helped her prepare supper; sometimes he helped her rouse the youngest two sibs off to bed if they were getting hard to deal with; and a few times he'd given her a flower cut from one of the blooms outside, putting it in a little glass of water and leaving it for her to find on her dresser, a sunny sweet bright daisy with perfect white petals. He never asked her if she liked them and she never let on that she knew where they'd come from, but she favored him with more praise and smiles whenever one of his little gifts would appear; and he would almost strut then, his chest swelling out and his face glowing.

She also didn't let on that she knew about his visits, but she wondered if he suspected that she was awake each time, peeking at him as he pleasured himself beside her.

The truth was that she was learning from it all. She'd never touched a boy's cock, but had some interest in how it all worked (it was so different from her own body; the swellings of arousal she found in herself were very different from how it happened in a boy, yet she saw analogies in engorgement, sensitivity and turgidity, particularly at the reddened bifurcated corona); and she would study him surreptitiously, watching how he moved his hand and where he put it, where he seemed most sensitive and what he liked the most, paying attention to the ways he played with himself so she would better know how to do it with her first *serious* boyfriend, whomever it ended up being. (She'd flirted around and had a few boyfriends by then, but nothing had ever gone past a little hand-holding and a stolen kiss or two.)

Of all the boys she had seen naked — just her brothers — Joe's penis was the largest; it was eight inches long when he was fully erect, a thick column of flesh that stood out before him and throbbed solidly when he was in orgasm. At the root was a small but dense tangle of hair, the dark blond matching in color and springiness what grew under his arms. His balls, though large, were not as hairy, and when he was about to come she noticed they pulled hard against his crotch. He would buck his hips and give a little grunt then, and spurts of creamy white semen would jet from his reddened tip to fly in an arc through the air between them and spatter thickly on the cloth above her belly. He always launched it, his cock pulsing firmly in his hand and his eyes rolling back in his head; only at the end were there any dribbles, and she wondered if his orgasms were always like that, or if it was

just when he came on her that they were so powerful.

She also wondered if he always came so much, or if that too was because of her.

Maybe that was why he did it. Maybe it was just ... *better* for him.

And when he'd left, her hand would wander down, her fingers working in her wet cunt, her wrist sliding up and down beneath the heavy damp clingy spray he'd left on the sheet, and her own thin spurts of fluid would join his, soaking into the cloth as she fell asleep under his seed.

One thing she was certain of: Her own climaxes were always much more intense after one of his visits, and they never stopped at just one or two, like when she was doing it alone. She would come a half dozen times or more, quickly and with building intensity, writhing on the bed, her hips thrusting up against the sheets as her fingers surged over her pussy, until the final one rocked through her and left her gasping, her nipples rigid and tingling, her body sweaty and shivering.

Those shivers, she eventually realized, were not of loathing.

Summer at last arrived and with it the end of school. That meant some nights Joe would have friends over, or stay over at their houses; on those nights he didn't come in to her room.

She wondered why it felt like she missed him then.

She'd become so used to it, she decided, that his *not* being there was now the oddity, not the norm; yet she still wondered why she would lie awake late into the night when he was gone, wondering if he was doing it right then, maybe beating off with his friends, or maybe even he and his friends beating each other off like all her brothers did from time to time, even little monkey-see-monkey-do Todd.

In the daytime everyone was more casual in dress; there was no reason in the mounting heat of summer to overburden themselves with full clothing, especially when they didn't have to actually be anywhere all day long. She reverted to her usual hot-weather habit of wearing little more than panties and a tee most days. Her brothers generally ran around in their briefs and nothing else, Joe included; the only exceptions were when they were going swimming or visiting friends. When their friends stayed the night, they usually remained half-clad along with everyone else.

Hermione found herself noticing, more and more, how bulbous the boys were. Especially the older boys.

Especially one older boy.

There were times when she would catch herself gazing at Joe without realizing she was doing it; she wasn't trying to stare, but occasionally she did. He'd changed a lot in the last couple of years, growing up, growing tall, growing *broad*; he'd gone from being a skinny, gawky kid to a well-fleshed-out young man, his voice deepening, his muscles swelling, his chest now a wide, nicely-defined vee that plunged to the narrow slabs of muscle in his belly and hips, the solid, sure curves of his butt dimpled and defined in his clingy briefs. His thighs jumped with well-toned strength, his biceps and shoulders rippled with burgeoning mass, and what lay beneath his waistband, plucked at in the overstretched white cotton, had distended and filled marvelously.

She didn't like thinking of it too much, but she knew her brother was cute. Very cute.

And after a while, looking daily at his almost-naked body, watching him masturbate and come beside her in the night, she realized that he was also sexy; he was sexy as *hell*.

And there were times when she would catch him looking at her, sometimes just a sideward glance and other times a longer, more studious gaze; she would be bent over the dishwasher and catch him staring at the swell of her cunt between her parted thighs, clearly visible in her panties; or she would be in a loose top and in the middle of *Mario* or *Ms. Pac-Man* and see he'd been looking at the rises of her mostly-bared breasts in the thin cotton as she worked at the game; or she would go out to be with friends, bra-free in a half-tee and tight low-riding cutoffs, and see him glancing at her tits, at her bare, tanned belly, at the smooth place below her navel, plunging into the vee of denim on her hips.

She watched him, sometimes, watching her ass.

And the woman in her, who didn't know or didn't care that Joe was her brother, heated at the man she saw in his eyes.

And summer warmed.

She took to wearing much riskier panties when she was alone with him, low-cut silky lingerie bought in secret with babysitting money, skin-tight, sheer and clinging to her sex, giving him a clear view of the nestle of her groove between her plump labia; and more than once she watched him get an erection as he looked at her pussy in the thin cloth. She liked seeing him react to her in that way; she liked knowing he thought she was sexy

too.

She got to know his moods again, began to learn once more when he was playful, when he wanted a wrestle like they'd done when they were both a lot younger. But she also learned that Joe had changed much since he'd been only ten years old; he no longer sought dominance, no longer wanted to prove superiority. It became instead a game, another game entirely, one that lacked a point but left them grinding together, half-naked, with a nascent other purpose, a purpose of exploration, of discovery, of invitation. A dare neither of them wanted to voice, each waiting for the other to make the first and final move, the pin, the fulfillment.

She trapped him easily sometimes, too easily, her hips settling above his, near, tantalizingly near, and she felt him swell in his briefs against the moist fold of her body as his naked glossy chest heaved; and her hands relaxed from his biceps to travel over his shoulders and down his torso, halting at his sternum, paused there, uncertain, resting, waiting for a signal she couldn't guess at and which he didn't know how to give her.

His nipples, then, were as stiff as her own.

Other times she let herself be caught and lay beneath him, her thighs parted and his hips between them, his male strength obvious but held at bay by his hesitance, his male need as tenuously leashed, throbbing powerfully on the pad of her mons, his male scent in her nose as her heart sped; and her hands would slide unbidden down his ribs until she felt his waistband under her fingers, and she would stop then, waiting again for what she knew not.

It was on her mind more and more: His fine body, his handsome face, his taut butt, his heavy cock; and she struggled with it. He was her *brother*. No.

No. *He was her brother.*

And yet...

Her heart thumped sometimes when she looked at him, at the sweet muscular shapes that glided so smoothly under his even skin, at the flash of nipple she would get when he was in a tank top — or the frank display he put on when he was barechested — and she would let herself be caught, occasionally, in nothing but a long button-down that wasn't fully closed over her growing breasts or her lightly-haired pussy; or preparing to enter the shower, leaving the bathroom door open just enough to let him see as she stepped naked into the spray, if he chose to, and she knew he chose to.

She only ever did those things when they were alone together in the house.

And Joe, some days when it was just the two of them, no longer closed the bedroom door when he stripped off his briefs and changed into tight swimming trunks or an old pair of faded, clinging cutoffs that molded themselves naturally over his swollen anatomy, close as a glove and soft as velvet. Sometimes he would even stand naked and free with the bedroom door wide open for minutes at a time, his long thick cock hanging between his legs, his balls full and ripe; and he would look into the mirror, pretending to analyze himself; but she knew he was doing the same kind of thing she did before getting into the shower, letting her look at him, giving her a little show.

Without thinking too much about it, she took to lying in bed when his visits were due with the sheet pushed down to her hips, her breasts bare and exposed to the sultry air of the night, to the glint of his wide eyes. To her they didn't seem very large, just about half-lemon sized; but she knew from the way his orgasms became even more intense that he liked what he was seeing.

Still, she pretended sleep; and still, he pretended not to know she was awake.

And June's end made ready for July, the time for fireworks, for rockets thrusting upward, for explosions of joy and freedom.

Joe set aside the controller after losing the game and stretched casually in the late afternoon light, springy tufts of hair standing surprised in his armpits. He scratched at his flat belly, fingernails making soft hissing sounds as they moved through the peak of curly fuzz that led from below his navel to disappear beneath the brass button of his shorts. He looked down, regarding the muscular washboard of his abs and the heavy lump at his groin, then patted himself over his stomach. "I'm pretty hungry," he said. "I think I'll start the grill."

"Great," Hermione nodded. "I'm starved."

"What sounds good? Burgers? Brats? We got some steak too, I think, and some salmon."

"Brats," Hermione said.

Joe nodded with a smile and rose, naked but for his cutoffs, to prepare the meat. She watched him walk away, his bare back broad and stroking down to his rear, cleft handsomely at his spine and vanishing into the faded, too-tight denim, the taut cloth sliding over his skin as he flexed in his graceful stride. He wasn't wearing

underwear, and without any lines to break the symmetry the little shorts showcased his very cute butt.

She blinked at her thoughts, glancing down, and saw the strip of moisture in the fold of her tiny panties, darkening the sheer pink cloth to transparency. She could see her clit through them, fattened and primed.

Dirty, filthy girl.

Her eyes closed and she prayed, earnestly and fervently, for the first and only time in her life.

Oh God. If you're there, oh God, please, if this is wrong, make it stop; cut it short; show me that I have to stop feeling this way about him. God, if you're there and this is bad, tell me. Tell me. Just give me one sign. Mom and Dad and them coming home sooner than we expected, or a friend asking him to stay over and him choosing that over me. Some girl, or even a boy, offering him a BJ and him saying yes to it. Anything. Anything. Please, God.

Tortured, helpless, she begged.

Tell me. Tell me this is wrong, God, or I ... I...

God remained silent.

In a while she got up too and began making salad, then set the table as Joe watched the grill outside, sitting sprawled on the back porch and absently feeling his body. Athletic teen boys, she'd noticed, did that a lot; they seemed to want to check all the time, to make sure their muscles were growing, admiring by touch the new sudden power and firmness that swelled so fully just under their skin. At first it had seemed faggy to her, but now as she watched him she thought she understood. Joe's body was magnificent, filling out gorgeously, well-shaped and a glory to behold. It was no wonder he liked how he felt.

He sat there, massaging his chest with one hand, letting his other hand slowly, lightly stroke the thick bundle of flesh that packed the tight space between his muscular thighs.

Her hands shook a little as she poured suntea for them, filling two glasses.

They were alone together, all alone, and would be until sometime Monday night.

The whole family had gone to camp for the weekend at one of the many upstate lakes. They lived in a small house near a small town several miles east of Buttfuck, Egypt, but they weren't poor. Each of the kids, herself included, had been born with five thousand dollars in trust, earmarked for college or any other need they had when they were eighteen. The house rested in the middle of forty acres of land, all theirs, slowly reverting to the

wild after being overfarmed in the 70s and bought by her parents at ludicrously cheap prices in a foreclosure auction. They were all used to seeing deer and rabbits now, as well as the occasional slinking fox; the only bad part was having to secure the trash containers against the raccoons.

Dad, a supervising nuclear physicist at the nearby Con Ed reactor with a real talent for the stock market, had married Mom when she was finishing her degree in mathematics, specialized in probability and statistics. The combination worked. They were the only family in the area to have a satellite dish or laser-disc player, let alone a cellular, and the bricklike Motorola phone was very modern and high-tech to everyone. And yet, her parents and brothers seemed to want to spend a lot of time in the middle of nowhere, to get away from it all, when *it all* was usually what Hermione was enjoying the most.

She had begged off the road trip, saying she wanted to spend a weekend *not* surrounded by boys aged thirteen, eleven and nine for once: That was *her* idea of a vacation. Mom laughed and nodded her understanding.

And Joe, his eyes shady but his face convincingly pale, had claimed intestinal problems — problems that never manifested, and that had seemed to magically evaporate as soon as it was just the two of them.

She went out back and joined him, handing him a glass. “Thanks,” he smiled, taking it.

His free hand remained between his legs, not touching what lay there; his thumb and fingers instead framed it, his palm lying on his inner thigh, his penis full but not, she knew, entirely erect. He looked her over frankly and she let him, blushing slightly. She was in small, low-plunging string panties and a half-tee, nothing else, her body virtually free under the light clothing, her small breasts firm and high, her nipples stiff. His eyes paused at her groin and she knew he had noticed the dark spot between her legs.

Joe drank deeply and sighed. “You always make the best tea,” he said. Tracks of the tan liquid had run down his chin as he gulped at the glass, his throat flexing as he quenched his thirst in the fluid she had brought him, and now they made gently-probing rivers along the sweat-glossy divide between his pectorals, pausing at a few curly strands. Joe’s chest hair had begun to thicken a few months ago, and the droplets stopped there, unsure, glimmering fingertips waiting to descend further along his body.

“Thanks,” Hermione said. She wondered what it would be like to lick the tea off his chest and shuddered at the idea of her tongue roaming on his bare, salty skin. Between his pecs. Over his muscles. Across his nipples...

“Herm...”

“Yeah?”

“Who are you going out with?”

She blushed suddenly, not sure why — or not wanting to know. “No one,” she said. He knew that; why had he asked?

“Me too,” he said. “It sucks.”

“Yeah,” she said.

“I mean ... some days I feel like all I want to do is ... is just get laid. You know? It’s like all I can think about any more.”

“Yeah,” she managed.

“Really? Is it ... is it like that for girls too?”

“Yeah,” she said again, shivering despite the heat of the afternoon. “Sometimes. Yeah.”

He swallowed quietly. “Oh,” he said, his skin in goosebumps that matched hers. “You ever ... do it?”

She shook her head, not trusting her voice.

“Me neither.”

“Oh.” Her mouth was dry. She drank her tea. “Why? G-got someone in mind?”

His eyes did not meet hers. “Maybe,” he said.

She didn’t know if she was missing a signal from him, or if he was even sending one.

She took his glass and went inside to refill it, heated by a fire in herself that she didn’t dare think of, and before she poured him the tea she looked at the rim, at the marks his lips had left on it, and she licked it until it was glossy and no trace of his mouth remained.

The brats, golden and thick, long and glistening, bursting with hot salty juices, were delicious.

She lay restively, the sheet under her, as the last night of June passed and became the first of July.

She was naked, utterly naked, sleeping atop the covers for the first time in her life.

Well, *not* sleeping; that was the problem.

She rolled to her side, glaring at her clock for daring to say what it was.

Joe was late.

He should have been in nearly an *hour* ago.

She tossed onto her back, punching at her pillow in frustration, her middle hot with more than anger. He was late. *He was late.* Of all the nights, of all the times for him to miss his appointment...

*God damn it, she thought. God damn it. I get so wired. I get so worked up. Everyone's coming back tomorrow and he knows it. This is our last night alone together for fuck knows how long, and what does he do? He just ... he just **falls asleep!***

But so what? So what if he was asleep? It wasn't as though she was *waiting* for him to come to her, to come *on* her. They were *brother and sister*. She couldn't be feeling like this, not because of him, not *for* him.

So why was she naked then, atop the covers? She wasn't actually *looking forward* to his visit, was she?

Her *brother!* Her *pain-in-the-ass* dickyank of a brother!

With a hot body made of muscle and a huge cock full of cum.

And there they were, boy and girl, naked and horny and alone, all alone together for the first time in months, and *he'd fallen the fuck asleep.*

God *damn* it. And God *damn him*.

She tossed onto her side again, and almost missed the sound of her door latch clicking quietly.

The hot anger vanished in a breath, replaced with another heat, and she felt her limbs go weak.

He hadn't been asleep, she understood. He'd been ... thinking. Deciding, maybe.

Joe paused by the door, obviously surprised. He'd been expecting to find her at least half-covered under a sheet. What he saw, this hot summer night, was something else completely.

His sister, his fourteen-year-old sister, a beautiful girl whose body had developed as he watched and which was occupying his mind more and more, lay naked and on her side in her bed, turned away to face the wall. Her sinuous back, her narrow waist, her flared hips, her firm ass and long legs ... *everything* ... was bared to his eyes.

“Herm?”

Despite herself, she almost answered, almost responded.

“Herm? You awake?”

Hermione felt her heart begin to thrust in her chest, felt her pussy heat and blossom into aching slick

warmth. *No, she wanted to say. No, I'm not awake. Come in and do ... what you always do. Do more if you want. Do anything. Do everything. Come on, boy.*

Joe moved slowly, quietly as always, padding across the floor until he was crawling gently along the mattress beside her. His leg brushed hers and a warm shock of pure desire flooded her at the contact, but she lay still and played sleep until she felt him settle beside her.

When she knew he had begun, she feigned restlessness and rolled onto her back, her legs parted slightly, bringing her hip into sudden, total contact with the cup of his pelvis.

Joe gasped, his hand wrapped around his cock, and she nearly did as well.

The raw heat of his body where it touched hers was astounding.

He was so muscular. He was so *very* male.

And they were both lying naked, skin to skin, in her bed.

He froze, his hand halting, and took it away slowly, and when his knuckles had gone she felt instead a thick, solid column of warmth lying across her hip. She knew what it was, what it had to be, and it was just a few inches outside of her, the tip just tickling in her pubes; and he lay there, breathing, letting it slide back and forth gently on her skin for a few moments, shuddering; and as he withdrew, his penis slipping off of her, moving away from her until their bodies weren't touching any more, she felt another wave of frustration, followed instantly by shame.

Joe was her *brother. Her own brother!* How could she be thinking the things she was?

She listened as he caught his breath. She waited.

He stared at her carefully, looking for any sign of wakefulness. "Herm?"

What would he do if she pretended to wake right then? What would *they* do? Brother and sister, boy and girl, alone and in bed ... body to body, mouth to mouth, moving, wanting, *doing...*

She lay still. Her heart pounded.

He resumed in a while.

Her nipples stiffened.

His breath sped.

He gasped.

He came.

It was warm and plentiful, a gush of blood-hot fluid spurting from his naked loins onto her skin as he growled in passion and release, his body shuddering alongside her. It fell on her breasts, her belly, her exposed pussy, thickly glazing her pubes and trickling down between her labia; it was more than he had ever done above her before, and she barely suppressed a shiver of pleasure at the sensation as she lay exposed before his eyes and felt herself become coated from tits to cunt in her brother's thick, warm cum.

"Shit," he whispered when it was done. "Oh, *shit*." There was no way for him to clean her off without waking her (or pretending to wake her); trapped, he had no choice but to let his semen lie glistening on her bare skin, on her nipples, on her sex.

He remained for a while longer, possibly trying to think of how to undo what he'd done, possibly thinking of ... lingering, of waking her, of continuing; but then he rose quietly and stole away.

Leaving her alone with the scent of him, the *cum* of him, all over her.

After he left, she looked down at the lake of seed that lay on her body. It was pearly and heavy, glistening white in the moonlight, and there was so *much* of it; and a thick drop of it slipped into her cleft, making her shudder as it rolled over her fattenend clit.

She dipped her fingers in the cum and studied it. *His cum*. It was jelling, but it mixed with the thinner fluids of her aching desire, and it was still a little warm from his body.

She lifted her fingers to her lips. She hesitated.

Her tongue flicked out.

Salt. Metal. Boy. *Joe*.

She masturbated, one hand in her mouth, the other in her pussy, smearing his semen around on her cunt, pushing her brother's sex fluid into herself, and all her shame and fear and hesitation were burned away as she came, and came, and came.

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

Gee, what do you think is coming?

You can see both the voice change to third person and, I hope, why I needed to do it. Generally you don't get these kinds of point-of-view shifts in a narrative. It's considered bad practice to shift references from first- to third person, or even second; a common mistake made by many writers is forgetting the voice and changing from *I this or that* in one paragraph to *he this or that* in the next. (As in, "I drove the car to McNally's and got out. He got out at McNally's and went inside.") However, just because a rule is there doesn't mean it can't be broken if you know what you're doing and why; so for the next few chapters, as things unfold with Joe and Hermione, we'll be seeing it third person before going to first-person again when we get back to Terri and the present day.

I'll take a moment here to vent a little. As always, you can skip this if you're a reader. If you're a writer too, or just want to know a little more about how I do this kind of stuff, you might want to go on.

In some cases, otherwise good scenes I've seen on Nifty are sometimes pretty badly hacked by authorial insistence, in the form of trying too hard to put into words what works best in images, such as (this is made up, not drawn from anyone else's story):

He put his left hand on her right breast, just as his right leg slid over her right thigh above her knee, and she lifted her left leg to let him nearer, and she put his left hand into her hair, and his right hand slipped down again, and her right arm wrapped over his left shoulder, drawing him closer, and he put his lips on her left nipple, squeezing her right nipple with his left hand, and her left hand grabbed his balls while he moved his hips up over her and shifted to the right until he was between her legs, and her left hand moved to grab his dick and...

Left and right and who's in the middle, sometimes getting tangled in precision of description loses the heat of the narrative. There's something to be said for wanting to be thorough in your descriptions, but there's also

something to be said for just letting it go, for drawing the reader into an artistic collaboration. It's a lot more hot for your audience if you let them imagine some *or a lot* of what you're talking about. It doesn't have to be — maybe even should not be — photographically precise.

Here, try it like this:

His hand slid over her breast and she eased her thighs open to trail her leg against his, inviting him; his mouth found her nipple erect and he sucked it gently while she tickled his balls and his cock slid over her warm, ready cunt. He curled his fingers into her hair and she drew him nearer, urging him on as his head slid into her and she grasped him and...

See the difference? Instead of a painful, awkward description of what *he* was doing, and what *she* was doing, and where their *hands* and *legs* were and which tit was in his mouth while they were doing it, we have a fairly clean description of the moments before penetration without insisting on it being *thus*, and *so*. No particulars, but none are needed, are they? This might be why a lot of my stuff seems to get strongly favorable responses. I don't require the reader to *see* things a certain way. I relax a little, especially when there's fucking, and let the scene act out in the reader's mind.

After all, it's hard to jack off to trigonometry.

Sometimes, boys and girls, the sexiest scenes are the ones *not* spelled out in total, camera-flash precision. Because that lets your readers fill in the details, and believe me, what they imagine is much more intensely and personally erotic than anything you can write; it's better to lead gently than frog-march your reader.

Telling a story is a kind of seduction. It's full of promise, but in order for a seduction to really work, the other person has to be engaged, and that person's imagination has to be filling in the parts you've left out. You don't have to be an arts major (I wasn't) to know that sometimes the best brush strokes in a painting are the silences

between the notes, to mix a metaphor.

And that's why I left a few things out here, such as the actual moment when Hermione tasted her brother's cum. I could have said that she sniffed her fingers, noted they were on her right hand, that his cum was just on her first and middle finger, actually on her fingertips, not entirely on her fingers, licked uncertainly at first, and so on. Nope. Eight words and you *know* what happened in the breathless moment between Hermione studying her hand, and tasting a boy's cum for the first time, *and* whose cum it was *and* what it meant to her. And I also didn't say, in the last paragraph, that she kept on putting her fingers into his cum on her body and licking it off; it's implied. It doesn't need to be there, and letting it go and be there (or not) in the reader's mind is perfectly fine.

Of course going too fast is also something to avoid. We know what's going to happen here. We already know that Hermione lost her virginity at the age of fourteen, on the Fourth of July, which would mean sometime in the next four days; and it's pretty obvious now whom she loses it to. But it's got to be paced. She has to be conflicted. She's never had sex before, and the idea of having sex with *her own brother* is something she's struggling very hard with. The taboo is deep and she's torn between her lust and love for him, and her certainty that she's a *very* bad girl for being even slightly attracted to him.

I also used some symbolism here to represent their growing feelings for one another, such as *mounting* heat, summer warming, explosions of rockets and, of course, this: *The brats, golden and thick, long and glistening, bursting with hot salty juices, were delicious.* (Sausages are such a Freudian food.) The desire in the air between them has to be thick enough to see before they cut through it and give in to what they both want most, because it has to dominate them, control them, *force* them to have sex whether or not they want to. This is, after all, *incest* we're talking about here, a forbidden act; it's not just a quick game of hide-the-salami between some random, unrelated people.

It's a delicate line to tread. It's not enough to say, *Joe beat off on Hermione and she liked his cum*; it's too much to say *she this and that and the other thing about it* (note I didn't even describe much about what his cum

actually tasted like); and they can't just start fucking right away either. Somewhere in between far too much description and not enough is the land of erotica.

(This is actually true of any writing you might do if you want it to be engaging, whether it's fantasy, Sci-Fi, erotica or anything else.)

Anyway, the litmus is simple. If you're getting bogged down in technical details about *how* they fucked, ease off and consider just saying *that* they fucked, and build it from there, and stop about 75% of the way to a total description of the scene.

(In later chapters I break my own rule, but hey, I know what I'm doing.)