

Allison and the Primdales

by Daddycums

(inc, MF+mf+)

Part 3

Losing Control

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Chapter 62

Surprise Visit

Greg didn't look forward to the long week awaiting him. If Saturday's session of the business conference was any indication of the rest of the week, he expected to be bored out of his mind.

Usually he enjoyed these conferences; they often hired funny and witty speakers, an absolute must when dealing with a topic as dry as real estate. It also gave him a chance to talk to others in the industry and gather some refreshing ideas to bring back to the board. While this conference so far qualified on both of those accounts, it just felt different somehow.

When he was honest with himself, he knew exactly why he didn't enjoy it like he usually did. Allison wasn't there with him.

It never bothered him before. Back when he was still married to his first wife, he had never had as much fun with her as with Allison, so he didn't notice the contrast so much. Then with Allison, there just wasn't the love there until recently. No, more accurately, he just didn't *recognize* the love there. But since that realization a couple of months ago, he wanted to spend every waking moment with her. It was like an adolescent crush, a heartsick longing. In short, Gregory Primdale was madly in love with his wife.

At least the accommodations were nice. He had a large room in a luxury hotel, really more like a small apartment. It had a living room with included kitchen/dining room, a separate bedroom, a well-stocked bar, big screen TV, and a bathroom including a spacious jacuzzi bath.

That reminded him of how much Allison liked sitting in the hot tub at home. Unfortunately the kids were almost always around when he was home, so he didn't get much chance to be alone with his wife in the house, but in the rare occasions when they did, he loved to soak naked in the hot tub with her, hugging and kissing and groping and fondling and horsing around. After they could stand it no longer, they got out, dried themselves off, and hurried upstairs to the bedroom to make passionate love to each other. Sometimes they never made it as far as the stairs, but had sex right on the floor of the rec room.

Maybe he could arrange for Jeff and Brit to spend some time at the Williams house as soon as he got back from the conference. That would at least give him something to look forward to this week.

As he sat alone in his posh hotel room on Saturday night watching nothing in particular on the TV, he felt lonely. It didn't really bother him because it was just a temporary separation from his family, but he still wished he were back home right now. Even if he couldn't spend time alone with Allison, he missed his children just as much.

He had been sitting there like that feeling sorry for himself for over an hour when he heard a knock at the

door. That surprised him; no one he knew was within a hundred miles of him right now. It was probably just some member of the hotel staff with some minor detail that he needed to deal with.

He got up out of the chair and headed across the room to the door. When he opened it, he stared in shock. It was Rachael.

She had a couple of friends with her, one a gorgeous blonde about Rachael's age, and the other a brunette who was slightly younger, maybe eighteen or nineteen. Rachael carried a black duffel bag.

"I'll bet you didn't expect to see me here, did you?" asked Rachael.

"No I didn't," he said, still staring.

"Well, may we come in?"

"Um, sure." He stepped aside and let the three of them enter. They glanced around the room.

"Very nice," Rachael commented. "Yes, this will do perfectly."

"What do you mean?" asked Greg.

She reached into her coat pocket and withdrew an envelope, handing it to Greg. He opened it and pulled out the letter inside. It was in Allison's handwriting.

"Dearest Greg," it read, "If you're reading this letter, it means I'm unable to be with you for the moment. I don't want you to feel lonely, so I've given this letter to Rachael to be used by her at her discretion. Don't worry about going behind my back; I give you permission to take full advantage of her presence in any way that the two of you would like. Yes, that means sex. Have fun. Your devoted wife, Allison. P.S. She hinted to me as I was writing this that she might invite a friend or two along, and that's fine with me too."

Greg laughed. "Allison never ceases to amaze me," he said.

"She wrote that and gave it to me when I visited you in September," Rachael explained. "When I found out you were going to be all by yourself at a business conference for a week, I knew I just had to come see you. Unfortunately, I only have the weekend off, but at least we can make the most of it. So what do you think?"

"I think I'm going to have to take Allison up on her offer," he grinned.

Rachael peeked into the bedroom, her eyes fastening on the bed. "Good," she said. "Big enough for the four of us. We're going to have all kinds of fun. Oh, by the way, this is Paula and her little sister Nancy."

"It's nice to meet you," he said.

"You too, Greg," replied Paula.

"Knowing Rachael, I'm not surprised she talked you two into this, but I'm curious, how did she do it?"

"Paula lost a bet," Rachael explained. "I bet her I could give her five orgasms in less than an hour. It took me fifty-eight minutes and forty-one seconds. And when Nancy found out that we were coming to visit you, she refused to stay behind. She's just as much a slut as I am."

That's hard to believe, Greg wanted to say, but decided it wouldn't be polite.

"I know what you're thinking," Rachael grinned. "You're thinking, 'that's hard to believe.'"

Greg laughed. "In those exact words, even."

"Well then, I'll leave it up to Nancy to prove it."

"My pleasure," said Nancy.

"No, I'm pretty sure it will be *my* pleasure," replied Greg.

"Yes, that too."

"So Greg," said Paula, "we've had a long day, what with our flight and all. Is it all right if we take a shower?"

"Only if I can join you," he replied with a grin.

Nancy laughed. "You were right, Rachael. Greg's a real flirt."

That surprised him. He had never considered himself a flirt before. Just the opposite, in fact. Certainly he would never have made that kind of comment a couple of years ago. It was Allison's doing, of course. She had changed him, and now for the first time he realized just how far he had come.

"Greg?" asked Nancy, sensing his hesitation. "Are you all right?"

"What? Oh, yeah. Fine. I was just thinking about my wife."

"Uh oh," said Paula. "You're not suddenly having a moral crisis, are you?"

He laughed. "Oh, no, nothing like that. I mean, I love her and everything, but as long as she's willing to write that kind of letter, I might as well enjoy myself, right? I just mean, until I met her, I would have never even thought of doing something like this."

"Allison has that effect on people," Rachael smiled.

"She certainly does. So anyway, how about that shower?"

"Do you think there's room enough for the four of us?" asked Nancy.

"I hope not," Rachael replied. "I hope the only way to fit us all in is to squeeze us in like sardines."

"I like the way your mind thinks," said Paula. "Even if it's too big, maybe we can pretend it's a lot smaller."

"Paula, Nancy, why don't you two undress Greg?" Rachael suggested. "I'm going to get the hot water started."

"Okay!" Nancy eagerly exclaimed. As Rachael picked up her duffel bag and headed into the bathroom, the two sisters quickly approached Greg and reached for the buttons on his shirt. They hurried and unfastened them, then slipped it off of him. Both girls ran their hands over his chest.

"Nice," Paula commented. "You're sure you're forty? You look pretty young for your age."

"That's what everyone always says," he nodded.

"And you're very fit, too," Nancy added.

"I do a little working out. I bought my son some exercise equipment last year and I've gotten as much use out of it as he has."

"It's done its job. Of course, no amount of working out is going to affect the part of you I'm interested in."

"And he certainly gets a workout on that part!" Rachael called from the bathroom. "Allison gives me all the sordid details, plus I get in my share of time with him every time I go visit him."

"Well then, let's have a look at it," Paula smiled, kneeling in front of him and unfastening his belt. Nancy continued running her hands all over his chest as her sister unzipped his pants and dropped it to the floor. She then reached for his shorts, but Nancy slapped her hand away.

"My turn," she insisted.

Paula consented, but instead of rising to her feet, she simply moved to the side to allow her sister room to kneel in front of Greg. Nancy grabbed his shorts and with one swift motion dropped them to the floor, exposing him completely to their view.

"That looks nice and tasty," said Paula. "You know, I'm kind of glad I lost that bet. "What do you think, Nancy?"

In response, Nancy stuck out her tongue, leaned in, and licked all over his cock. Greg groaned in pleasure as she ran her tongue over it.

"Hey, don't start the meal just yet," said Rachael, emerging from the bathroom completely nude. "We haven't even gotten in the shower yet."

"Good point," said Paula, grabbing Nancy and pulling her away from Greg. Nancy gave a disappointed

groan, but the two girls stood up and started undressing each other. Greg watched with delight as they pulled each other's shirts off, then leaned in and pressed their chests together so that they could reach around each other's backs to unfasten their bras.

"Rachael says you have a thing for sisters," Paula told him.

"I just have a thing for gorgeous women," Greg replied. "It just so happens that Rachael and Allison like to have fun in front of me, so who am I to complain?"

"Well then, you don't mind if we do this then," said Nancy, leaning in and kissing her sister fully on the lips. The two girls made out passionately in front of him, while at the same time slipping each other's bras off, leaving their chests totally bare as they rubbed their bodies together. Greg couldn't help but grin at the sight in front of him.

Still kissing, they slid their hands down each other's bodies and unfastened each other's skirts. Soon, these fell down around their feet and they stepped out of them. Then Nancy knelt in front of her sister, reached out, and slid the girl's panties down. She leaned in and kissed her right on the pussy.

"My little sister is insanely good with her mouth," Paula told Greg. "But I guess you're going to find that out soon enough."

"I just can't get enough pussy or cock," said Nancy. She finished her job by pulling down Paula's socks until her sister could step out of them, then stood up. Paula then knelt in front of her sister and removed her panties and socks as well. She returned the favor, kissing Nancy between the legs. Then she rose to her feet, and the two girls turned to face Greg, side by side with their arms around each other's waists.

He gazed delightedly at their bodies. Paula had a larger bust and more curvaceous hips than her little sister, but Nancy's body had a youthful charm that was very appealing. Both girls had no hair between their legs, just like Rachael.

He stepped forward. "Do you mind?" he asked, reaching out and squeezing one of Paula's breasts with one hand while he did the same to Nancy with the other. Both girls giggled as he did so.

"Looks like he approves," Nancy commented, then reached out and grasped his cock with her hand.

"There will be plenty of time for that later," said Rachael. "Let's get in the shower first."

The four of them headed into the bathroom. The shower was fairly large, but with the four of them there wasn't much room to move around. Greg certainly didn't mind. He was about to be surrounded on all sides by lovely, soft, girl flesh.

Rachael stepped in first, then motioned for Greg to follow her. He stepped in, reached his arm around Rachael's waist, and drew her in for a kiss. While he was kissing her, he felt one of the other girls pressing her body up against his back. A moment later he heard the shower door close, and knew that they were all in.

They took turns standing under the water, having to squeeze past each other's bodies as they did so. As the four of them began soaping each other up, the feeling of sliding past one another grew more and more pleasurable. Greg loved the feel of their soapy boobs against his chest, and the slippery trail he left against their thighs with his cock as he moved past them.

Greg took the opportunity to grope the girls' bodies. They didn't seem to mind, and in fact accepted his touches with enthusiasm. He let his hands wander all over their chests and backs, sometimes slipping them between their legs. In return, the girls took turns grabbing his cock with a soapy hand and giving it a few strokes.

As he fondled Nancy's boobs, Rachael led Paula to the far end of the shower. "Get down on your knees," she commanded.

Paula giggled, but knelt down in front of Rachael, who grabbed her by the back of the head and thrust her hips into the girl's face. Paula immediately started licking at her cunt.

"She has to do everything I say this weekend," Rachael explained. "All a part of the bet. Believe me, I plan to take full advantage of it."

"Looks like you are already," Greg grinned.

"Exactly."

As Paula orally pleasured Rachael, Greg let his hand slide between Nancy's legs. Her eyes went wide and she grinned with delight as he fingered her there. He had never claimed to be an expert at lovemaking, but he had had several sexual partners in the past few years, and knew the types of things that women enjoyed. He let his fingers run over her clit for a few minutes, teasing and toying with it and watching the reactions in Nancy's body. She closed her eyes and smiled, her breathing growing heavier.

Instinctively, her hands went to her own breasts, and she began to knead them as Greg worked her over. He continued fingering her as she mewled in pleasure from the ministrations of his hands. When he slipped a finger inside, she gasped in delight. Greg moved that finger in and out of her pussy, fucking her as effectively as if he used his cock.

Nearby, Rachael was making some of the same sounds as Nancy. She had her own eyes closed and moaned as Paula ate her out. Greg glanced over, loving the sight of the two girls going at it like that. Although at the moment his cock was sadly free of attention, the sheer intensity of the erotic feeling in the air was enough that he just knew that if any of the girls were to touch his member at that moment, he would go off.

A moment later, Rachael cried out as her orgasm hit. She thrust her hips forward, mashing her thigh against Paula's face, and trembled with the force of her climax. Her body slumped, and she would have fallen if she didn't lean back against the wall. Paula continued to attack her pussy until the last vestiges of the orgasm drained from Rachael, then stood back up to hug and kiss her deeply.

A minute later, Nancy achieved a similar climax. As her body built to it, Greg could see that her legs were about to give out, so he quickly moved behind her and wrapped his free hand around her waist to hold her up. He was right; as her orgasm hit, her feet shot out from under her, and only his arm holding her up kept her from dropping to the floor. She gave out one last strangled moan as she lay back against his chest, pressing her hot body up against his as she tensed up in frenzied excitement.

After it was over, she rested in his arms like that for a minute. She was getting heavy, and Greg feared that his strength might give out before she set her feet down again, but fortunately it didn't last long. She stood up, then turned around and hugged him.

"That was wonderful," she said, then brought her head around and kissed him on the lips.

"I vote we adjourn to the bedroom," Paula suggested, and everyone seemed to be in agreement.

They finished rinsing the soap off of their bodies, spending a minute to wash each other's backs (and fronts), then Greg turned off the water and they stepped out of the shower.

"Let's see if we have enough towels," said Greg, moving toward the cupboard.

"Who needs towels?" Rachael asked. She reached into her bag and withdrew a blow dryer. "Once I discovered how good this feels, I never used a towel again." She plugged it in and held it out to Greg. "Care to do the honors?" she asked.

He was more than happy to help her like that. He turned it on and aimed it at her, running it all over her skin. The other two girls came over and huddled next to her so that he could dry them all at the same time. He loved seeing them like this, dripping wet but slowly drying as the heat bathed their skin. He watched the water droplets running down their bodies, or fleeing to the side, chased by the air from the dryer. As he worked, the girls used their hands to massage one another, sometimes fondling each other's breasts or pussies. He knew he would never forget the sight as long as he lived.

They began passing the dryer around so that Greg could get in on the action. When Paula took it from his hands and turned it back on him, he discovered just why Rachael liked it so much. The hot air felt so soothing, but also kind of sexy in a way, especially with a gorgeous girl doing it to him. Of course, the girls weren't idle with their hands either. They gently caressed his back and his chest, a wonderfully pleasant sensation. Rachael grabbed his cock, and he was glad it had settled down somewhat since the shower, or he would have spurted all over her. He didn't want to climax until he had it inside one of their bodies.

Finally, once they were all dry, the girls took his hands and led him into the bedroom.

"Now just lie down here and relax," Rachael told him. "We're going to take care of you, aren't we, girls?"

"Speak for yourself," said Nancy. "I'm going to take care of *myself*. It's just that I'll use his body to do it."

"That works for me too," Greg smiled, climbing onto the bed. He lay down on his back, resting his head on

the pillow.

The girls climbed onto the bed, Nancy and Paula beside him and Rachael bent over the foot of the bed with her head aligned with his cock. She grabbed it, then lowered her head and stuck out her tongue, letting it run all over the head. The two sisters also moved in to lick along the shaft on both sides. Greg groaned in excitement as the three girls orally pleasured him. He watched in erotic fascination, loving the sight and feel of it.

Nancy reached out and took his scrotum in her hand, toying with his balls. She used a firm yet not too tight of a touch, obviously knowing where to draw the line. She didn't want to hurt him after all. He could tell that this wasn't the first time she had done this to a man.

Rachael's mouth engulfed the head and she began to suck on it. Inside her mouth she continued to tease it with her tongue, causing more groans from Greg. He knew from experience just how good she was with her lips.

They continued to tease him like that until he started groaning in pleasure. Then they let up, grinning at him.

"I think we ought to stop now, or this party will be over before it even gets started," said Rachael. "While I don't mind a load of cum down my throat, I can think of a better use for that particular part of his anatomy. So now the only question is who gets to have that big, meaty cock shoved up inside their pussy," said Rachael.

"Count me out," said Nancy. "Not that I have anything against you, Greg, but I mentioned that I like the taste of pussy and the taste of cock. Getting to taste both at the same time is an opportunity I just can't pass up."

"Well then," said Rachael, "You and I have already done it before, Greg, so why don't we mix things up a little? Paula, do you want him to fuck you?"

"Absolutely!" Paula exclaimed with delight.

"Can I warm you up?" asked Nancy.

"I wouldn't have it any other way," said Paula. She lay down on the bed next to Greg, and Nancy maneuvered herself between her sister's legs. She stuck out her tongue and began running it all over the girl's pussy. Paula hummed in contentment as her little sister ate her out. Greg watched in excitement at the sapphic display in front of him. He had long since surrendered himself to the fact that he liked lesbians. He still had some moral issues with it, but he couldn't deny that there was just something beautiful and erotic about two women showing their love for one another in such an intimate way.

Nancy used her fingers to gently pry apart her big sister's pussy lips, thrusting her tongue inside and licking her all over. She wriggled her tongue energetically, causing her sister to squeal with delight. Nancy paid particular attention to Paula's clitoris, flicking her tongue against it repeatedly, eliciting a gasp of pleasure each time. Paula's body reacted reflexively, jumping every time her sister touched her clit.

While Nancy worked on her sister, Rachael took Greg's cock in her hand and gently stroked it. She used long, slow, leisurely strokes, not enough to get him off but just enough to keep him aroused. He relaxed and enjoyed her ministrations as he watched the two sisters going at it beside him. Rachael apparently knew what she was doing; while he was anxious to bury himself deep inside of Paula, Rachael kept him at a slow simmer, ready at any time to take it to the next level.

Finally, Paula sat up. "I'm ready," she said. Nancy drew back, giving her sister room to maneuver.

Paula climbed up onto Greg, straddling his legs. Rachael maneuvered herself behind her, reached between her legs and grabbed Greg's cock, pointing it upward. Paula lowered herself onto him, helping Rachael adjust the position so that it lined up correctly. A moment later, he felt himself entering her, squeezing into her tight hole.

"Ooh!" she groaned as he penetrated her.

"You took the words right out of my mouth," he smiled. He let Paula do the work, bouncing up and down on him. He reached out with his hands and fondled her breasts, enjoying the softness of them between his fingers.

Rachael climbed on top of him behind Paula. She slipped her own hands around Paula's body to thrust them under Greg's hands on her breasts. Paula leaned back with a dreamy look on her face as Rachael kissed her on the neck. It was an intensely erotic sight, seeing the two women in such an intimate embrace, especially since he had his cock buried inside one of them at the same time. He loved the feel of Paula's body wrapped around his shaft, the spongy softness of her breasts in his hands, and the beautiful view of her body before his eyes.

Rachael stuck out her tongue and touched it to Paula's neck, causing the girl to jump at the contact. As she did so, her body tightened up, her pussy squeezing Greg's cock and sending an electric thrill of pleasure through his body. He gasped at the sensation, then laughed with Paula.

"If I'm going to get that kind of reaction out of you, maybe I ought to do it again," said Rachael. She did.

Nancy, meanwhile, was hardly idle. She had been lying next to Greg, fingering her own pussy. She rolled over and kissed him on the lips, thrusting her tongue inside. Greg removed his hands from her big sister's body to wrap them around Nancy and hug her to him. He ran his hands over her back as he basked in the delightful warmth of her breasts against his chest.

She continued to kiss him passionately for a few minutes, then finally drew back. She gave him a wink, then lowered her head and kissed him on the chin. She didn't stop there, though, but continued down to his neck. When she stuck out her tongue and touched it to his neck, he jumped just like Paula had, his hips thrusting upward into Paula's body and causing her to gasp.

"It works from this end too," said Nancy as the others chuckled. She continued lowering her mouth along his body, kissing him all over the chest. Greg lay there and let her work her magic on him. It was better than a

massage, though he couldn't exactly call it relaxing, considering that it tended to work him up instead of calming him down. Nancy sure knew how to use her mouth.

She made it to his stomach, and kissed him lightly there. He had always been a little ticklish, and he couldn't help but chuckle at the sensation.

"Ooh, I can see this is going to be fun," said Nancy, then dug her fingers into his side. He burst out laughing, which had the thrilling effect of thrusting his hips up with each laugh.

"Let's see if Paula is the same way," said Rachael, lowering her hands to the girl's sides and tickling her just as mercilessly. Paula shrieked and giggled, which made her bounce up and down on his cock rapidly. The overall effect was intensely pleasurable, despite the torment of the tickles.

"No more!" Paula finally begged, and Rachael removed her hands from her sides and returned them to her breasts, where she continued to squeeze and massage them. Paula sighed with relief, freed from the torture. Nancy also mercifully removed her hands from Greg, but she returned her lips to his stomach to continue kissing him. This, while still ticklish, was at least bearable, especially knowing where she was headed.

As she passed his navel, he groaned with anticipation. With Paula's pussy wrapped around his cock and Nancy's tongue licking the shaft, he wasn't sure how long he would last. Of course, he wasn't exactly trying to hold out. When it came to it, he would just let it happen.

Finally the girl reached her goal, and Greg felt her tongue brush against the base of his cock, right where it entered Paula's body. Nancy made long strokes with her tongue, and Greg realized that she was licking not only him, but her big sister at the same time. From the look of delight on Paula's face and her squeals of pleasure at the end of each stroke, he could guess exactly where those licks ended up.

"Mmm," Nancy hummed, as if dining on her favorite food. No doubt she enjoyed this, though probably not as much as Greg or Nancy did. Of course, Nancy had her hands between her own legs, so she wasn't exactly left out of the fun.

After a few minutes of licking the two lovers, Nancy began moving up her sister's body, kissing her way up as she had kissed her way down Greg's. He watched in delight, the thought of forbidden lust between the two girls adding to the excitement. It wasn't the first time he had seen sisters making love; Allison and Rachael had given him a number of shows during Rachael's last visit to the Primdale house. He just couldn't get over the thrill of the idea though. The double perversion of lesbianism and incest added a certain eroticism far beyond either of them alone.

When Nancy reached Paula's breasts, Rachael moved her hands to the side to give the girl access to the nipples. To his delight, Nancy moved her head out of the way to give Greg a great view as she licked Paula's nipples from the side. She flicked her tongue against them, causing Paula to jump like she had before. By now though, Paula was too lost in the pleasure to give an embarrassed laugh. She had her head thrown back over Rachael's shoulder, her eyes closed and cute little moans coming from her open mouth.

Nancy spent a few minutes licking her sister's boobs, then continued kissing up her body, to her neck, her chin, and finally her lips. The girls kissed each other with incestuous passion, continuing their exciting display. Paula turned her head to the side so that Nancy's face wouldn't cover her own from Greg's view. He loved watching them, and from their enthusiasm he could tell that they loved showing off for him. He could see their tongues running all over each other's as they penetrated one another's mouths.

Finally, Nancy broke it off. "I think I'll go around again," she said, beginning to kiss down her sister's body once more. She spent several minutes on Paula's breasts again, but this time she moved around to the other side and focused on the one she had neglected previously. Her tongue teased it mercilessly as she reached out with her other hand and squeezed the other boob gently.

Paula looked ecstatic at this multiple pleasure. With Greg's cock shoved up her pussy and both of her breasts being stimulated by Rachael and Nancy, no wonder she had a broad grin on her face as she moaned loudly.

Eventually, Nancy left her sister's chest and made her way down her body again, toward the center of the action where Greg and Paula were locked together. When she reached that focal point, she began licking with wild abandon at both of their bodies. She slurped at her sister's clit and ran her tongue all over the base of Greg's shaft as the two lovers writhed and squirmed. Greg loved the intensity of the feeling between his legs, stimulated both by Paula's pussy and Nancy's tongue. He knew it wouldn't be long before it finished him off.

To his surprise and delight, Paula arrived at that point first. Without warning, her moans suddenly elevated into screams of pleasure, and the involuntary movements of her body became wild and almost violent. Her body tensed up, shuddering in insane sexual overdrive as her orgasm hit. Greg felt her pussy clamp down on his cock, squeezing it like a vise.

That was enough to push him over the edge as well. His hips thrust upward powerfully as his own body locked up. He let out a strained groan as the intensely erotic feeling washed over him, shutting down all of his senses but the feeling between his legs. He felt his cock twitch inside of Paula, releasing its load. Again and again it jerked, spewing out its seed.

Nancy redoubled her efforts, eagerly lapping at the fluids leaking from her sister's pussy. She gave a delighted moan as she took it into her mouth, swallowing as much as she could. Greg had never seen someone eat cum so enthusiastically, Rachael included. But Nancy seemed to enjoy it immensely, especially coming from her sister's cunt. He watched in fascination at Nancy's eagerness.

Eventually, Paula collapsed in exhaustion. His cock slipped from her body, and she lay down on the bed next to him. But that didn't mean the fun was over. Nancy followed her sister's body, lying down between her legs and covering her pussy with her mouth as she sucked the juices out. Rachael knelt down between Greg's legs and set to work cleaning him with her tongue.

After a few minutes, Rachael and Nancy rose back up from their tasks. The two of them glanced at each other with a grin, then leaned in and started licking off each other's faces, making sure not to waste any of the cum that hadn't yet made its way into their mouths. Once they finished, Nancy lay down next to her sister and

Rachael lay down next to Greg. The four of them wrapped their arms around each other and basked in the warmth and softness of their bodies.

As the girls one by one dropped off to sleep, Greg smiled to himself. If only Allison could see him now. He still missed her, but having sex with three gorgeous women definitely took the edge off his loneliness. Whatever the next week might bring, he could no longer say that he hadn't enjoyed himself.

Chapter 63

Fantasy Fulfilled

It was still night when Jeff awoke, so he must have slept only a couple of hours. He lay together with Brit and Allison in the same position as when they went to sleep. Brit was still on top of him, slumbering peacefully. Jeff reached out and wiped away a stray hair that had fallen across her face.

Next to them, Allison still lay on her side, but she had removed her hand from Brit's back and was rubbing herself between her legs. Her eyes were closed, but Jeff could tell that she was enjoying herself.

Brit stirred, then opened her eyes. She glanced around groggily, then spied Jeff and flashed him an enormous, if somewhat sleepy, smile. He kissed her on her forehead because he couldn't quite reach her mouth, but she took care of that problem herself by scooting up and kissing him passionately on the lips.

Then she caught movement out of the corner of her eye and glanced over at Allison, who apparently still didn't know they were awake. Brit's eyes traveled down their stepmother's body, finally resting on her hand between her legs.

"Naughty Allison," Brit whispered with a grin, and Allison suddenly opened her eyes.

"Oh, I... um... I was just..."

"Playing with yourself?" Brit suggested.

"As a matter of fact, yes. You two don't mind, do you?"

"I just realized," said Brit, "you're the only one who hasn't had an orgasm tonight."

Allison laughed. "Actually, I'll tell you a secret. When the two of you climaxed, I did too."

"Yes, but I know that kind of orgasm. It's superficial. My first one was like that, and the only thing really nice about it was that I had Jeff there holding me."

"Oh really?" asked Allison with a smile. "You hadn't mentioned that before. Good for you, Jeff."

"But my point is," Brit continued, "it's nothing like having a thick cock stuck inside of you. Until tonight I didn't realize just how wonderful that was."

"Well, unfortunately, your father won't be home until tomorrow night, but you can bet I'll take full advantage of him when he gets back."

"Why wait?" asked Brit. "It's not fair that the two of us got each other off, while you're stuck with just your hand. Since you've been taking care of us this whole time, I think it's your turn to be taken care of. What do you think, Jeff? Are you up for thirds?"

Allison immediately drew away, and sat up in the bed, her eyes going wide. "Oh, I couldn't!" she exclaimed. "Not with Jeff."

"What's wrong with him?" Brit demanded.

"Nothing's wrong with him. That's not the issue. But I couldn't do that to your father."

"I seem to remember someone telling us that we should stop worrying about what Dad thinks," Brit insisted.

"That's different."

"Why?"

Allison just stared at the two of them for a moment, and Jeff noticed that she was trembling. What did that mean? Was she afraid? Her breathing seemed a little labored as well, and suddenly he recognized the signs. She was getting turned on by the thought of actually going through with one of her fantasies.

"Why?" Brit asked again.

"I don't know," said Allison.

"Look, you've already crossed about a billion lines with him so far. This is just the last one. Do you want him to make love to you or not?"

Allison looked at Jeff, still a little fearful. Then she closed her eyes, and almost ashamedly, whispered, "Yes."

"Then it's settled," said Brit.

"No!" Allison exclaimed again. "I do want Jeff to make love to me, but I'm not offering. It's not right."

"And him having sex with his sister is?" asked Brit. "Allison, I never thought I would say this, but you have to let go of your inhibitions. It's time for you to do what you want. If you're worried about Dad finding out, we'll both promise not to say anything. Isn't that right, Jeff?"

"Right," Jeff smiled.

"Don't encourage her," Allison told him, but the words lacked conviction.

"I'm not encouraging her. I'm encouraging *you*. You know it's been my fantasy for years, so I'm all for it. I've held back only because I didn't think it was something you wanted. If I were a cruel person, I could have had

you at any time; with all the things I know about you, it would have been easy to blackmail you. But I could never do something that mean to anyone, especially you. So it has to be your choice. I won't force you into it, I won't even ask you to do it for my benefit. I'll only do it if it will make you happy."

Allison stared at him for a moment, still shivering. She had her hands clasped tightly in her lap. She was still afraid, he could tell. But slowly, hesitantly, almost imperceptibly, she nodded.

"Okay," she said.

"Well that won't do at all," Brit told her. "How's Jeff going to get excited about this if you make it seem like you're reluctant? You made us confess our love to each other. The least you can do is tell Jeff how you feel."

Allison sighed, but now that she had made her decision, she seemed a little happier. "Jeff," she said, "I want you to know that I think of you in the same way that you think of me. Will you... will you make love to me?"

"Oh, Allison!" he said with a smile. "Do you know how long I've been waiting to hear those words from you?"

"Yes, since November 19th three years ago," she grinned.

"You remember the date too?" asked Jeff. "That was the first time I ever laid eyes on you. I knew then--"

"Stop talking and fuck her already!" Brit insisted.

Jeff rolled over and took Allison in his arms. He kissed her then, and through her lips he could sense the trembling in her body. She was still afraid. He understood that; what they were doing tonight was jeopardizing her relationship with his father. If he ever found out...

But he would never find out. Jeff didn't like keeping secrets from his father, but it seemed that that was all he was doing lately. One more wouldn't change things. Besides, when a woman like Allison was willing to give herself to him, there wasn't a single man on the planet who would be able to resist such an offer.

He put his hand to her breast and gave it a tentative squeeze. It was every bit as soft and springy as he had imagined. Though he had fantasized about this many times, he had never actually touched her like this. The closest he had come was that time she had almost seduced him, but she had worn her bikini the whole time. Actually feeling her naked breast in his hand was something entirely different.

She seemed to like it too, because she sighed with a smile on her face. Now that she had made up her mind, she no longer had any hesitation. She seemed almost eager, in fact.

As he fondled her perfect chest, he leaned in and kissed her tenderly on the neck, delighted to hear the groan of pleasure that it elicited. Maybe he was just a vampire at heart, but for some reason he loved kissing girls there. It wasn't overly sexual, but still intimate enough to be enjoyable for both the man and the woman. He knew Kari especially loved it; she sometimes claimed that she could forgo sex completely as long as she

could have him hold her and kiss her on the neck. In fact, sometimes they did just that. Especially during the summer when there was plenty of time to be alone together, they didn't necessarily have sex every chance they got. Often they just cuddled, with or without clothes on.

But tonight he wanted to take things all the way with Allison. It was like a dream come true. Tonight he would live out the last of his fantasies.

He had a sudden humorous thought, and he laughed out loud.

"What?" asked Allison.

"Oh, I was just wondering, what am I going to do now that I've run out of fantasies to fulfill?"

"I'd be more than happy to help you come up with some new ones," Brit grinned. "Of course, I'll help you fulfill them as fast as we invent them, so maybe it won't be so much of a help after all."

"Well, I'm not going to let that worry me," said Jeff. "I'm still working on the last one." He kissed Allison again on the lips, and she reached behind his head to draw him in deep. Their tongues intertwined, sending erotic shivers down his spine. If there was one thing Allison knew how to do really well, it was how to kiss.

He let his lips wander lower, back to her neck again, but this time he didn't stop. If her tits tasted anywhere near as good as they looked, he didn't want to deny himself that pleasure any longer.

As soon as he reached the first nipple, he sucked it into his mouth and teased the tip with his tongue. Allison gasped, then let out a groan of pleasure.

"Oh god, Jeff!" she exclaimed. "That feels so good!"

Then Brit surprised them both by leaning in and taking the other one into her mouth. Allison's groan came out as a wail this time. She reached around both of their heads and held them there, her two stepchildren suckling on her breasts.

Jeff's hand slipped down between her legs, and she spread them to offer him better access. His fingers danced around her dripping wet pussy, teasing and tickling her there. Her hips squirmed as her body succumbed to the stimulation.

He kept it up for as long as he could. Since he had already had two orgasms that night, there was no rush to get inside of her; he could let himself relax and enjoy the foreplay. It was especially nice when Allison reciprocated and took his cock in her hand, slowly stroking it up and down and bringing it back to full hardness.

Jeff let her nipple slip from his mouth as he rolled over and positioned himself above her. Brit moved out of the way to give him room. Allison stared up at him with lust and excitement in her eyes as she reached out her arms and slipped them around his neck. He placed his cock at her waiting entrance, then lowered himself,

pressing inside of her.

She groaned as he entered her, echoing his own ecstasy. Jeff took a few thrusts to enter her all the way, finally burying himself deep inside of her. He rocked back and forth slowly but powerfully, thrilled and nearly overwhelmed by what was happening to him. He was doing it! He was having sex with the most beautiful woman in the whole world.

He lowered himself all the way onto her, and she held him tightly against her flaming hot body. Their lips met again, and they kissed with renewed passion.

He let himself get lost in the warmth and softness of her body and the passion of the moment. There was no longer any reason to hold back. For now, Allison was the whole world to him. Her sweet fragrance, the taste of her lips, the feel of her body, her moans of pleasure, and the beauty of her face were all that existed. Even little Brit, the girl he loved most in all the world, was just a shadow on the edge of his consciousness.

Allison wrapped her legs around him, just like she had done the first time they kissed, when they had forgotten themselves and fallen to the passion. This time, though, they no longer had to restrain themselves. She drew him in deeper inside her, and he plunged almost violently into her depths. There was something raw and wild about their lovemaking. It was a lot like having sex with her sister Rachael, but ten times better just because he had fantasized about her so long.

The whole thing was too much for him. Despite already cumming twice that night, he felt an orgasm building. He fucked her harder and faster as the pressure spiked. A long, loud wail escaped his lips as he released inside of her, his cock twitching violently. Allison, apparently spurred on by his orgasm, began to scream in ecstasy herself. The two of them writhed in orgasmic bliss as the pleasure filled them.

As the intensity waned, they lay panting and twitching in one another's arms, the occasional aftershock running through their bodies. As soon as he regained control of himself, Jeff rolled over off of Allison, who snuggled up against his chest.

Brit lay on his other side, smiling as she watched them.

"So now that you've had both of us, who do you like best?" she asked.

"Um..." he said. "I plead the fifth."

"Oh, come on," she teased.

"Look, no matter what I say, I'm going to offend somebody."

"Well then, let me guess," said Allison. "It comes down to your infatuation with me versus your love for your little sister. Even a long-lasting crush can't compare to a deep love like the two of you share. So you prefer Brit over me, don't you?"

"Well..."

"Go ahead and admit it, Jeff. You won't offend me, I promise. Besides, I'll come right out and say that I prefer your father over you."

"Hey!" he laughed.

"Because my love for him is so much deeper than my love for you. The way it should be, because he's my husband. See how easy that was?"

"Okay," he sighed. "You're right, Allison. I do refer Brit over you, surprising as that might have seemed just a couple of months ago."

"I knew it!" Brit exclaimed, throwing her arms around him. He let himself fall back on the bed with her on top kissing him the whole way down.

"Now let's not start that again," he chuckled. "I've just had three orgasms, and although I slept a little between the second and third, there's a limit to my strength."

She lay her head down on his chest. "Then let's just cuddle for the rest of the night," she suggested.

"I like that idea," he replied, wrapping an arm around her back.

Allison snuggled up against his other side, and the three of them went back to sleep.

He awoke again later that night to find Allison turned away from him. Her shoulders trembled, and he wondered if she was crying. He reached out and put a gentle hand on her arm.

Allison turned around. Her eyes were red and puffy, but she had long ago cried away all of her tears. For some reason she refused to look him in the eye.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I'm scared," she replied. That shocked him. To the best of his knowledge, Allison was afraid of nothing. Her strength had bolstered up the entire family throughout the ordeal of their mother leaving, and had continued to support them in the years since.

"What are you scared of?" he asked.

"You," she replied.

"Me?" he gasped. "But Allison, there's no reason to be frightened of me. I would never hurt you."

"That's just the point. You're such a sweet, caring young man that it's hard not to love you. I'm just afraid that if I let myself love you the way I want, I'll risk losing your father. And then I'll lose you too. Jeff, you understand that we can't... we can't be together."

"Is that what's worrying you?" he asked, then reached out and stroked her cheek tenderly. The look of sadness in her face vanished, replaced by a tentative smile. She still looked worried, but not anywhere near as much as she did before. She nodded, in answer to his question.

"Then the solution is obvious," Jeff told her. "As much as I would like to continue our relationship, we'll just call it off. It doesn't matter so much anyway; we still live in the same house after all, and so we'll see each other as often as we want. That's the important thing."

"And you're okay with that?" Allison asked him. "I mean, I won't lie and say that I don't want to keep having sex with you, but I'm willing to restrain myself in order to keep from jeopardizing my relationship with your father, and by extension, this family. But can you handle it, knowing now that I love you in the same way that you love me?"

"I've handled it for three years. Allison, as long as we can be together, then I don't care *how* we're together. Let's just agree not to do anything that could get you into trouble."

She leaned in and pressed her lips against his one last time. He could almost sense the worry draining from her as they kissed. When she drew back, her smile had widened, and he could tell that she was once more at peace.

"Thank you, Jeff," she told him. "You're absolutely right. We'll just call this a one-night-stand and be done with it. I still care about you deeply, but I'm content just to be a part of your family."

"Dad's really lucky to have you," he smiled.

Allison lay back down on his chest and they let themselves drift off to sleep.

They awoke about 9:00 in the morning, much later than Allison usually let them sleep in, even on the weekends. Not surprisingly, she made an exception for them since they were all so tired from last night's excitement. In fact, they would have slept in even later except that the phone rang.

Allison hurried and climbed off the bed, then, without even dressing, dashed out of the room and down the stairs to answer it. Brit and Jeff kissed each other and cuddled until their stepmother returned to the room.

"Kari's on the phone," she told Jeff. "She wants to know if Crystal and she can come over."

Jeff glanced down at Brit. "It's up to you," he told her. "I have a feeling that if we have them here, we'll all end up having sex together. But if you'd like another day alone with me, I'm more than happy to oblige."

"Let's have them over," Brit smiled. "I can't wait to tell Crystal all about my incestuous affair with my brother."

Jeff laughed. "Better be careful. You'll make her so horny she'll jump on me right there. You won't be able to pry her off."

"As long as I can have another turn afterward, that's fine with me."

She grudging rolled over off of him, and he got out of bed. Like Allison, he didn't bother putting on any clothes; there really was no point after all. Allison accompanied him downstairs. As he was about to pick up the phone, she playfully pinched him on the rear end, causing him to yelp. She grinned and winked at him, then disappeared down the hall to her room. Apparently their decision not to continue their affair didn't prevent her from teasing him a little.

He talked to Kari for a few minutes, but didn't mention anything that had gone on the night before. It wasn't that he was ashamed of it, or that he had any reason to hide it from her; he just preferred to tell her face to face. He said they were welcome to come over, and added that they should just come right in instead of knocking. Kari giggled, knowing from experience that that was code for "you're going to find some naked people inside." She said that she would be there in about an hour.

As soon as he hung up the receiver, Allison appeared at the end of the hall wearing her bathrobe. It was a shame, he realized, that that probably meant he would never see her nude body again.

She surprised him, however. She took his hand and pulled him toward the stairs. "I don't hear the water running upstairs," she said, "which means that Brit isn't taking her shower yet. Why don't we all go up and take one together?"

"You're serious?" he asked. "What about not wanting to jeopardize your relationship with Dad?"

"I only said we shouldn't have sex together, not that we wouldn't sometimes shower together."

"But aren't you afraid that if you're there naked with me in the shower I might lose control?"

"If you feel the need to do anything, I'm sure Brit will be more than happy to accommodate you."

"Good point," he grinned.

They climbed the stairs and entered the bedroom again, where Brit still lay on the bed. She sat up when they arrived. Allison explained the situation to her, and she enthusiastically agreed. Allison dropped her robe on the floor, and the three of them made their way into the bathroom. Jeff turned on the shower, and soon they were happily enjoying each other's company under the hot spray.

For all her talk of not wanting to continue their affair, she had no problem putting her hands all over him. She started by washing his back, and then of course Brit insisted on washing his front. They began just by using

their hands, but that didn't last long. Soon Brit lathered up her own chest and closed in to rub it up and down against him. Allison followed, and Jeff found himself sandwiched between two gorgeous, naked, and slippery girls.

Allison looked like she was having a great time. She giggled just as much as Brit, while the three of them frolicked in the shower. She usually kept a dignified, if a bit playful, attitude, but there were times like these when she let herself go that she was just like a teenager, laughing and playing and having fun. Those were the times when he liked her best.

Of course, the girls paid as much attention to each other as they did to him. Both were openly bisexual, and they groped and fondled and rubbed each other enthusiastically. Brit no longer appeared to have any hesitation about her new sexuality, and he was glad that she felt comfortable with it.

Eventually, Allison mentioned that they couldn't stay in the shower forever; Kari and Crystal would be coming over soon, and they still needed time to eat breakfast. Reluctantly Brit and Jeff washed away the soap and climbed out of the shower. The three of them then proceeded to dry each other off, which was almost as fun as the shower, because it gave them an excuse to continue groping each other.

Only Allison bothered dressing. She said she wanted to give the four of them time alone to get used to their new lifestyle, so would go out for the day. Jeff insisted that he wouldn't mind her there with them, but she had made up her mind. She disappeared into her room to dress, then the three of them sat down to breakfast together.

As soon as they finished, Jeff and Brit returned upstairs for a little petting while they waited for the girls to arrive. Soon they heard the front door open, and Kari's and Crystal's voices greeting Allison.

"Brit," said Jeff, "would you mind going to your room for a little while? I need to talk to Kari alone about everything that happened last night, just to see if she's okay with it."

"Oh, I guarantee she will be," Brit smiled. "We've had lots of talks about it, and she was in favor right from the beginning."

"I know, but I just want to make sure she doesn't feel differently now that it's actually happened."

"Okay," Brit agreed. "Besides, I want to tell Crystal all about it." She gave him one last kiss on the lips, then headed through the bathroom to her own room, closing the door behind her.

A moment later, the Williams girls peeked through the door to the hall. Both of them grinned upon seeing him naked.

"Just what I like to see," Kari said.

"Me too," Crystal added.

"Well if you like that, Crystal," said Jeff, "you'll love seeing Brit. She's in her bedroom waiting for you, and just as naked as I am."

Crystal grinned, then scampered through the bathroom, disappearing into Brit's room.

Kari wasted no time, but immediately set to work throwing off her clothes. Jeff watched in delight as she did so.

"Allison was just leaving when we arrived," she said, "and she said she'd be gone all day. That gives us all the time we want to have fun."

"Good, because I really haven't been having much fun lately," he joked.

As soon as Kari removed the last of her clothes, she hopped up on the bed next to him and gave him a long, slow, deep kiss. Her hand went down to his cock as she did so, and she slowly stroked it up and down.

After a couple of minutes of kissing, she drew back, a mischievous gleam in her eye.

"What?" asked Jeff.

"So how did it go with Brit?" she asked him.

"So you *were* in on it," he laughed.

"Of course I was. Allison wouldn't make you go behind my back. That would be unfair to both of us. So tell me, how did it go?"

"It was wonderful. I love her so much, and sharing something so intimate with her was one of the best experiences of my life."

Kari smiled. "I'm glad. It's only fitting that you got to be the first time for the girl you love most in the world."

"Yeah," he said.

Kari stared at him for a second, and he wondered what she was thinking.

"So you're not even going to try to deny it," said Kari.

"What?"

"You realize you just admitted to your girlfriend that there's a girl you love even more."

Jeff's eyes grew wide. "I didn't mean it like that," he said defensively. "It's just that--"

"Don't apologize," Kari laughed. "I'm not jealous."

"You're not?"

"She's your sister, so you've loved her since you were kids. Now that love has just matured, that's all. There's no way I can compete with that, so I'd be a fool to try. And I'd be a horrible person to try to come between you."

"But Kari, I love you too, and I don't ever want to give you up."

"I'm not asking you to. Just so there's no misunderstanding, I still want to be your girlfriend, and I have no problem with you continuing your relationship with Brit. But I don't want you to live two lives; instead, I want you to live one life with both of us. Let's take what you share with each of the women you love and combine it. Let me be a part of your relationship with Brit, and let Brit be a part of your relationship with me. Do you understand?"

"So you want to do a threesome?"

"Yes, and not just the act. I'm talking about a full, loving, caring relationship with all three of us."

"That would be like a dream come true," Jeff smiled. "If Brit's willing, I say let's do it."

Kari leaned over and kissed him, and Jeff felt at peace. Then she drew back and gazed into his eyes. "I have another question, and I want you to tell me the truth. I promise I won't be mad."

"What is it?"

"Did you also have sex with Allison?"

He should have expected that question. And he had planned to tell Kari eventually, because he didn't like keeping secrets from her.

"Yes," he replied.

Kari smiled. "Finally!" she laughed.

"What do you mean, 'finally'?"

"I just mean that whenever she's around, I never have your full attention. I've always known how you feel about her, and although I'm not jealous, I could always sense that longing whenever she's nearby. Well, now that you've fulfilled your desires, maybe you'll stop gazing wistfully at her when you think I'm not looking."

"I don't gaze wistfully at her!" Jeff exclaimed.

Kari laughed. "Okay, that's a bit of an exaggeration. But you can't deny you've been wanting to make love to

her ever since you met her."

He shrugged. "Of course I don't deny it. Any man who would, isn't a man. But you're right. It's about time I started giving you my undivided attention."

"Except when Brit's around, of course," Kari grinned.

"Of course." Then, teasingly, he added, "All this talk of Allison is getting me horny. Want to fuck?"

She laughed again. "That's kind of a blunt way of putting it, but okay."

Jeff kissed her again, reaching his hands around her waist and drawing her to him.

She drew back momentarily. "I have one more request," she said.

"What?"

"Would you mind if Crystal joined in?"

"You mean... right now, or in our little group?"

"Both."

"I'm all for that!" he grinned.

"Then let's get them in here," she said. She stood up and strode to the bathroom door. She opened it and slipped inside, then knocked on the other door to Brit's room. Brit opened it.

"Brit, Crystal, come in here," she said. The two girls followed her back to Jeff's room. Crystal had also removed her clothes, so the four of them sat naked together on the bed.

"Jeff and I have been talking," she said. "I think it's time to let go of all our secrets. Brit, I know that last night your big brother made love to you."

"Finally!" Crystal exclaimed. "Jeff, you can really be dense sometimes. We've been working on you for weeks, trying to get you together with Brit."

"So this was all one big plot against me?" he laughed.

"Not exactly *against* you," Kari told him. "Unless you consider this a bad thing."

"Just the opposite. This is the best thing that has ever happened to me."

"Then it's settled," Kari said. "From now on, the four of us are each other's lovers. I guess I'm technically still Jeff's girlfriend, and Brit and Crystal are still girlfriends, but unofficially, we all belong to each other."

Anyone in this room is allowed to fuck anyone else in this room. Are there any objections?"

Brit and Crystal both shook their heads.

"Good. Then let's seal the deal with a good old fashioned orgy!"

Chapter 64

Foursome

Although Crystal and Kari were both up for some wild sex, Jeff and Brit asked them to take things more slowly. Jeff was exhausted from his multiple orgasms during the night, and Brit was a little sore from having her virginity taken so recently.

That didn't mean they couldn't still have plenty of fun. Kari in particular liked to be creative in their lovemaking, especially when she had another girl or two to throw into the equation. This time, however, it was Brit who came up with a plan.

She leaned over and whispered something in Crystal's ear, too quiet for the others to hear. Crystal grinned, then nodded enthusiastically. Brit hopped down from the bed and headed back to her room.

"Where are you going?" asked Jeff.

"I just need to get something," she winked. As she disappeared through the door, Crystal whispered the secret into Kari's ear, who seemed just as eager as her sister had been upon hearing it.

Six months ago Jeff would have complained if Brit told someone a secret without letting him in on it. Considering the result of the last time the girls had conspired against him, though, he was more than happy to be the victim of their devious little plot.

The Williams girls scooted in next to him, then all three of them lay down on the bed. Kari and Crystal kissed him on the cheek as they pressed their bodies up against his, their hands massaging his chest. He wrapped his arms around them, drawing them in even tighter.

Brit returned to his bedroom, her hand behind her back and a mischievous gleam in her eye.

"I have a surprise for you, Jeff," she said. "Close your eyes."

"You're not going to give me a bite of your favorite food, are you?" he chuckled, and the girls all laughed, especially Crystal.

"No, but you'll like this surprise even more."

"I can't wait," he said, closing his eyes. Kari and Crystal continued to kiss him as Brit approached the bed.

Suddenly, the Williams girls grabbed his hands and pulled them up and outward. Before he knew what was happening, he felt a loop of rope fasten around one of his wrists. He opened his eyes in surprise, just in time to see Brit scramble over the top of him to reach his other arm.

He was too shocked to put up a struggle until it was too late, and he suddenly found himself with his hands tied to the bedposts. By the time he had regained control of himself enough to resist, Kari and Crystal had both moved down his body to sit on his legs, pinning them down.

He knew it was all in fun of course; none of the girls would really do anything to hurt him. Still, he wasn't going to make it easy for them. He tried bucking and kicking to dislodge the girls while Brit looped the ropes around his ankles. With the three of them subduing him, he didn't stand a chance, and soon he had his feet tied to the other bedposts. He lay there spread-eagle as the girls climbed off of him and admired their handiwork.

He had never really been into bondage play before (unless one counted the times he tied up his little sister to torment her when they were children), but on the other hand, with three gorgeous girls like this, he was certainly willing to give it a try. He was actually a little excited at the possibilities.

"And now I get my revenge for all those times you did this to me when we were growing up," Brit told him. "Say the words!" she demanded.

Jeff grinned and shook his head, keeping his mouth shut tight. He was having way too much fun to make it that easy for them.

"What words?" asked Crystal.

"Remember how I told you about this?" Brit replied. "About how he used to do this to me when we were younger and he was still a big meanie. He would always make me say certain words."

"Ooh, that sounds fun!" Kari laughed. "Say them, Jeff!"

He shook his head again.

"Good, I was hoping he wouldn't give in too easily," said Brit. She immediately reached out and tickled him under the armpits.

Crystal attacked his other side, and together the girls tickle-tormented him. He laughed uncontrollably; he had always been ticklish. When he was younger and much bigger than his little sister, he used to torture her like this all the time, and now apparently it was coming around to haunt him.

"Okay, I give up!" he finally exclaimed, laughing so hard that tears ran down his cheeks. The girls backed off, giving him time to catch his breath.

After a few seconds, he said, "Now I'm completely at your mercy. You can do anything you want to me, and I can't stop you. My body is yours to play with."

Kari and Crystal broke down in a fit of giggles. "That's so humiliating!" Kari exclaimed with delight. "You mean you used to make Brit say that all the time?"

He nodded.

"Personally, I think it's more erotic than humiliating," Crystal winked. "Just think, all this time you could have been playing with her body instead of tickling or tormenting her. What a wasted opportunity."

"Well, I'm not going to waste *this* opportunity," said Kari. "We've got Jeff in the same position, so what are we going to do with him?"

"I don't know about anyone else," said Brit, "but I'm hungry."

"You're just going to leave him here and go eat?" asked Crystal. "That's boring."

"No, I'm going to eat right here."

"We're not allowed to eat in bed," Jeff replied.

"There are a lot of other things we're not allowed to do in bed, but that never stopped us," she giggled.

"Oh, very funny. Just don't expect the three of us to wait while you're in the kitchen fixing something to eat."

"What I want to eat doesn't require getting out of bed," said Brit.

"What's that?" he asked.

"You!" she exclaimed, then lowered her head and began to move down his body, kissing and licking as she went.

"Oh my god Brit, what are you doing?" he gasped.

"The yummiest food I've ever tasted is your cum," she explained.

"What? When did you--"

"You don't really think I can suck your cock all night without waking up once, do you?" she laughed.

Jeff's eyes grew wide. So she *had* been awake after all!

"Oh my god, when did this happen?" Crystal asked with a grin.

Jeff explained about that night that Brit had sucked him off three times, all while he thought she was asleep. Kari and Crystal both wore excited looks on their faces; it was obviously turning them on.

"From now on, I want you to give me your cum to drink every night before we go to sleep, all right?" Brit demanded.

"You're serious?" he asked.

"Absolutely. I don't care where your cock has been during the day. Even if you've just pulled it out of Kari's pussy, you have to let me suck all the sperm out."

"Oh my god!" he exclaimed, excited at what he was hearing. Little Britney not only was willing to give him oral sex, she *wanted* to!

She reached his cock a moment later, and planted a kiss right on the shaft. "So yummy," she commented. "I'm so in love with your cock, I can't stand it." She ran her tongue from the base all the way to the tip, causing Jeff to groan in pleasure. She tickled it with her tongue, focusing especially on the point on the underside of the head that was extra sensitive. Kari or Crystal must have told her about that; they both knew it drove him wild when they licked him there.

His body squirmed involuntarily, and Brit giggled. Apparently she enjoyed the reactions she was causing in him. Jeff was more than happy to amuse her in that way, especially since it meant such intense pleasure for himself. He gave up trying to hold anything back, and instead just let things happen.

If not for all the sex he had had last night, he probably would have climaxed before she even put it in her mouth, just from the excitement of having his little sister licking him like that. As it was, he was more than happy to draw it out. The longer it took, the more fun he would have in the mean time.

"Looks like Brit's taken the best part," commented Crystal.

"Indulge her," Kari said. "She's been waiting a long time for this."

Crystal hopped up on top of him, spreading her legs over his stomach and lying down on his chest so that she could kiss him on the lips. Kari knelt behind Brit and reached around to fondle the girl's boobs.

"You have the cutest little titties," she grinned. "So soft and squeezable."

"You can squeeze them all you want," Brit replied.

"I think I'll take you up on that offer."

"Kari, are you trying to seduce my girlfriend?" asked Crystal, glancing back at them.

"It's only fair," said her sister. "Since you're trying to seduce my boyfriend."

"Okay, you got me there," Crystal laughed. She rose back up, straddling Jeff's chest. "You know," she said, "you're the one tied up here, and yet you're the only one receiving oral sex. I ask you, is that fair?"

"Sounds fair to me," he replied.

"And I'm just happy getting my boobs played with," Brit giggled.

"Well if the rest of you aren't going to take advantage of our captive, I sure am," said Crystal. She slid her

body forward along his chest, until she positioned her pussy above his face. "Now eat me out," she ordered.

"Just what I was in the mood for," he replied, then stuck out his tongue and tickled her cunt with it. She jumped at the first contact, then settled down and lowered herself onto his mouth. Jeff licked her from the base of the slit up to the top, where he sought out her little clitoris. It took some work to get it to emerge from its hiding place, but once it was out he set to work teasing it passionately and almost roughly. Crystal's body began to respond in the same way his own did to Brit's ministrations.

"Oh god!" exclaimed Crystal. "Just like that!"

Jeff enthusiastically obeyed, loving the taste of her body and her feminine juices. He knew that Kari and Crystal tasted similar, and wondered if it would be the same with Brit. The thought of pleasuring her with his mouth excited him; he loved to make her feel good, and to give her that kind of pleasure would be the greatest feeling in the world.

The greatest feeling next to what she was doing to him right now, of course. Despite her lack of experience, she seemed to know just how to make him feel good. Her tongue worked over his cock inside her mouth as she sucked on it greedily. The sheer intensity was almost too much to bear, an exquisite torture.

"Well, we might as well do this right," said Kari. Everyone else is face-fucking someone, so we might as well add one more link to this daisy-chain." She released Brit, then turned around and reclined next to the foot of the bed.

"I'm sure you're still too sore for any kind of deep penetration, Brit," she said, "but are you up for a little tongue on the outside?"

"Hell yeah!" Brit exclaimed enthusiastically. Jeff laughed; he rarely heard her swear, so he knew she must really be excited.

Kari ducked her head under Brit's legs, then scooted up between her thighs and the bed.

"Ooh!" Brit exclaimed with a grin as Kari started to work her over with her mouth. Now the four of them formed a chain of oral sex, all but Crystal giving pleasure to someone else, and all but Kari receiving it.

"Let's make this a contest," said Crystal. "Whoever makes the first person cum wins. Any objections?" No one spoke up, but whether that was because they didn't object or because their mouths were too occupied wasn't at all clear. Jeff felt Brit double her efforts, however, so he knew that at least she was planning to compete. He decided to go along with it also.

He lowered his tongue and drove it deep inside of Crystal's pussy. He shoved it in and out as if fucking her with it. She groaned in pleasure from the sensation. He had done this enough times to her before that he knew exactly what she liked. Kari, Crystal, and he were experts on each other's bodies, and they were in the process of bringing Brit in on it as well. Soon all four of them would be experienced lovers of one another.

Brit, meanwhile, was sucking as hard as she could. It was a risky strategy; she wouldn't be able to keep it up for long, he knew. On the other hand, it made the pleasure all the more intense. He decided not to try to hold off his orgasm; if possible he would reward her for her efforts. This was the type of game where it was just as fun to lose as to win, after all.

From the sounds she was making, he realized that she might be the first one to climax. Her moans, which had originally been for the taste of his dick in her mouth, had increased in pitch and intensity as soon as Kari began to pleasure her, and they were growing more wild by the minute. She was even beginning to lose control of what she was doing to her big brother as her body responded to the sensations of Kari's tongue. Jeff knew those sensations very well, and he knew just how hard it was to keep control when Kari did that.

Crystal was also having plenty of fun, apparently. She mashed her thighs against Jeff's face, trying to force every last possible millimeter that he could shove his tongue inside her. He pressed in as deep as he could, his tongue extended to its full length.

Suddenly, Brit squealed in ecstasy, her body tensing up and shuddering. For a moment he thought she was going to bite down on his dick. He knew how painful that could be. But she kept her mouth open through the climax, to his relief.

Jeff was the next to cum. The sounds of his little sister in the throes of passion were enough to push him over the edge. His own body tensed up, straining against the ropes that held him bound. He found the check on his motion to be ironically liberating. He could squirm all he wanted and his body would remain in the same position. That, plus the almost painful tightening against his wrists and ankles, served to intensify the feeling. He could certainly understand the thrill of bondage-play during sex. He might have to try this again some time.

His cock pulsed inside his little sister's mouth, shooting his cum against the back of her throat. Brit gulped it down like she was starving. She continued sucking as hard as she could, making the orgasm last extra long.

Somehow she managed to swallow every last drop, then she let it slip from her mouth and stood up. "Oh my god, that was the most delicious thing I've ever tasted!" she exclaimed.

"You too?" asked Kari with a laugh. "I think we'd better not share Jeff with too many other girls, because once they taste his cum, they'll be addicted."

Now Crystal was the only one left. Jeff continued to work on her, driving her into a frenzy with his tongue. He knew it wouldn't be long now, from the way she squealed and her body squirmed above him.

"Need some help, Jeff?" asked Kari. She didn't wait for an answer, but climbed onto the bed next to her sister. She leaned in and took one of Crystal's nipples between her lips.

"Oh yes, Kari!" Crystal exclaimed. "Just like that!"

Brit knelt on the other side and sucked her other nipple into her mouth, causing her to cry out again. Crystal

reached out and held the two girls' heads to her chest. They suckled greedily as Jeff watched in fascination from below. The sight was intensely erotic, made all the more so by the feel of her hot little cunt against his mouth.

"Oh god!" exclaimed Crystal. "Oh god oh god oh god oh god!" Her hips bucked, and Jeff felt and tasted a sudden surge of moisture. He drank it down, loving the flavor of her girl-juices, the sweet nectar of her ecstasy. Crystal continued to ride him as her orgasm raced through her body. She let it run its course, then she climbed off of him and collapsed on the bed.

The four of them lay there bunched together on a bed that was really only big enough for one. No one complained; it simply meant squeezing in tightly, their naked bodies pressed tightly against each other.

After they rested for about five minutes, Kari spoke up. "You know, this isn't really fair," she said. "I'm the only one who didn't get to have an orgasm."

"Well, considering I'm the only one who hasn't gotten a taste of cock or pussy today, I'd say the solution is obvious," said Crystal, then scooted down her body to lick at her pussy.

Unfortunately, there wasn't much room to maneuver, so Brit had to get off of the bed. That still left the problem of Jeff lying dead center on it, which meant Kari had to lie to the side, which didn't leave her any room to move around without falling off the bed.

"I've got an idea," said Brit. She knelt at the foot of the bed and once more took his cock into her mouth.

"I don't think I'm going to be able to cum for a while," Jeff told her.

"You don't have to cum," she replied, her words garbled around his dick. "You just have to get hard."

That turned out to be no problem at all, with two gorgeous girls eating each other out at his side and a third sucking his dick. In less than a minute, he was almost fully hard again. So soon after his last climax, it wasn't as rock-solid as before, but it was good enough for what Brit had in mind.

"Come here, Kari," she said. "You sit right down here." She nodded toward Jeff's swollen member. Kari grinned, then sat up. She positioned herself above his cock, then lowered herself onto it. The brief stimulation of her little sister's tongue and the excitement of the orgy had warmed her up enough that he slid right in without any problem.

"Now lie back," Brit told her. Kari did so, her back resting on top of Jeff's chest with his cock still stuck up inside her pussy. He gave a tentative thrust and found that even in his restrained position he was able to get a moderate degree of motion, enough to stimulate Kari at any rate.

"Okay, Crystal," said Brit. "Let's eat up."

The two younger girls moved to the side of the bed, then leaned over it to lick Jeff and Kari. Their tongues

roamed all over, from the base of Jeff's cock all the way up to Kari's clit. Sometimes they focused on the point right where he disappeared inside of her, tasting both of their bodies at once. Other times, they altered licking all up and down Jeff's shaft with nibbling on Kari's clit. Crystal, in particular, seemed to focus on her sister more, which left Jeff for Brit. As before, they spent just as much effort teasing each other's tongues, sometimes taking their mouths off of Jeff and Kari long enough to kiss each other passionately.

Kari's body soon responded to the triple stimulation, her hips lowering to meet Jeff's thrusts and the girls' tongues. Brit and Crystal reached up and took her tits in their hands, rubbing and squeezing them. They pinched the nipples between their fingers, which drove Kari wild with pleasure. She didn't try to cover the sounds of her ecstasy; with no one else in the house there was no need, and it was so much nicer to be able to let herself go like that.

When the climax came, she let it all out, literally screaming in the intensity of the pleasure. Her body thrashed wildly on top of Jeff as the girls kept up their ministrations until her orgasm had washed through her and she lay panting and sweaty against Jeff's body.

"So that's what it's like to do a foursome," Crystal commented later as they continued to rest there on the too-small bed.

"Not much different from a threesome," replied Jeff.

"Oh, it's quite a bit different from a threesome when it's Brit and Crystal and me," Kari laughed. "I'm not complaining or anything, but sometimes I just like a nice, fat cock shoved up my pussy."

"Me too!" Crystal and Brit both exclaimed at the same time.

Now that the fun was over, they untied Jeff, who massaged his sore wrists. While it had certainly been fun being tied up like that, he would have to figure out some kind of padding to keep the ropes from chafing next time.

The four of them climbed into the shower together, and they took turns washing each other's backs and fronts. Afterward, they retrieved the hair dryer to use Rachael's special drying method. Unfortunately, they all wanted to be the one to handle the blow dryer, and although their fighting over it was all in good fun, the experience was more playful than erotic this time.

They didn't bother putting their clothes back on; now that they were all lovers, there was no need to be shy in front of each other. They headed downstairs for lunch, which consisted of leftover veal from last night, reheated in the microwave. Brit insisted on sitting in Jeff's lap, and he was more than happy to oblige her. Just for fun, Crystal hopped up on Kari's lap too, giving them all an amused chuckle.

When Crystal accidentally dripped some food on her chest, Brit leaned over and licked it off. Crystal returned the favor a few minutes later when Brit spilled a little on herself, and that set off a chain reaction. Soon both girls were deliberately doing it, spending the majority of their time licking each other. They probably ate more food off of each other's bodies than off of their plates.

They fooled around a little after lunch, mostly just wrestling and tickling each other downstairs in the rec room, although it quickly devolved into groping and smooching. Jeff and Kari mostly just fondled each other, but Brit and Crystal ended up eating each other out and bringing each other to another orgasm.

Kari suggested they all get in the hot tub after that, and they all agreed. The hot water and jets of bubbles felt nice and relaxing after the exertion of the day, and they all slumped into a lethargic tranquility.

That was where Allison found them when she returned home that afternoon. She flashed them a knowing smile, then took them by surprise by undressing and slipping into the hot tub with them. The five of them relaxed together, letting all the cares of the world wash away.

After about twenty minutes, Allison offered to massage Brit's shoulders, and Brit readily agreed. She came over and sat in her stepmother's lap, and Allison set to work. Crystal asked if Jeff would do the same for her, and soon they were all giving each other massages and back rubs. They randomly traded off, rubbing and fondling each other's bodies. Jeff always managed to let his hands wander around to the girls' fronts, and he spent more time massaging their boobs than their shoulders.

He made an exception in Allison's case. He still wasn't sure where to draw the line with her; she had certainly not made it clear. So when she sat in his lap he kept his hands only on her shoulders. Eventually she leaned back against his chest, sighing in contentment. He wrapped his arms around her and held her to him, keeping his hands clear of her breasts and thigh. His cock had grown hard again during this time, and now it pressed up against her back, but she made no mention of it, so he decided not to worry about it.

It was getting late, so a few minutes later they all climbed out of the hot tub and dried off, this time using towels because there was no blow dryer handy. The Williams girls got dressed because they had to leave soon, but Jeff, Brit, and Allison didn't bother.

Kari and Crystal said their goodbyes, but only after Jeff invited them over the next day did they finally leave. Once the girls were out the door, Brit and Jeff glanced at each other. Brit grinned, and without a word she took his hand and led him upstairs to his bedroom.

Kari and Crystal found plenty of excuses to come over to visit the rest of the week. Kari even canceled the after-school study session with Rick and Vanessa on Tuesday, then "studied" with Jeff, Crystal, and Brit instead.

Allison tried to stay out of their way as much as possible, giving them as much privacy as could be had with four people. Usually this meant staying on the ground floor while they had fun upstairs in Brit's and Jeff's bedroom or played erotic games downstairs in the rec room and hot tub. Sometimes the four of them headed out back to the studio to take more pictures, which were all the naughtier now that they didn't have to hold anything back. Allison never followed them out there, although she did casually mention one night at the dinner table that she wouldn't mind seeing the results of their photoshoots.

True to her word, Brit sucked Jeff off every night after they went to bed. She even did it once while Allison was in the room. On this particular night, their stepmother was visiting with them in Jeff's room before bed, like she often did. She had gotten into the habit after Jeff's accident, and never really got over it. Neither Jeff nor Brit minded, especially now that Allison was in on their little secret.

They were also no longer shy about undressing in front of each other. Sometimes Allison herself would take off her clothes too, and they would sit there on Jeff's bed, talking and joking and laughing. Jeff's and Allison's promise never to have sex together again apparently didn't preclude them from being nude together, or even touching. Allison sometimes massaged his shoulders or rubbed his back or chest, and she even hugged him, which felt particularly nice with nothing between their bodies. Of course, she did the same to Brit, and Jeff found the sight of Allison running her hands all over his little sister's body to be an erotic sight indeed.

That night, they had gathered in his room as usual, wearing nothing. Jeff was lying on his back with Brit in his arms, her tiny hand leisurely stroking his cock. Allison knelt on the bed next to them, massaging Jeff's chest and talking about nothing in particular. That was the subject of most of their conversations these days; the point was not the discussion, but the company.

Suddenly, Brit leaned in and kissed him on the chest. Then she scooted her body lower and moved down his torso, kissing as she went. Allison watched with delight as her stepdaughter made her way down. She didn't say anything about it, but simply watched in what she probably tried to make look like a casual expression, but she couldn't hide the fact that the sight was exciting her.

When Brit reached her destination, she wasted no time but let his cock slip inside her mouth. She bobbed slowly up and down, sucking it in and out and sending waves of pleasure through her brother.

Allison reached out and put her hand on the back of Brit's head, stroking her hair gently. It was a tender, innocent gesture that wouldn't have meant anything in any other situation. In this case, it told them that she approved of what they were doing.

She let her hand wander lower, rubbing her stepdaughter's back. Brit cooed in delight, which turned into no more than a muffled hum around his dick. It wasn't long before she was making more of those sounds that he loved so much. She used to make those same sounds when she was a little girl eating ice cream or other sweets. Now she had found a new favorite food, and she wasn't quiet about letting them know it.

She was becoming quite the expert on giving blowjobs. Kari had taught her a couple of techniques that really got to Jeff, such as running her tongue in circles all over the head inside her mouth, or tickling that spot on the underside where he was particularly sensitive. That drove him wild whenever Kari did it, and Brit had quickly picked up on it.

After a few minutes of these games, Jeff had had as much as he could stand. His hips started bucking as his body tensed up. Fortunately, Brit knew enough to keep her hand on the base of his cock to keep it from plunging in too far when he lost control during his climax.

He released into her mouth, and she squealed with delight as she gulped it down. Jeff had always thought that oral sex was something that only gave one person pleasure, but Brit seemed to be a counterexample. She had told him she loved the taste, and her actions backed up that declaration. In the past few days, it seemed like she couldn't get enough of his cum.

This time she wasn't able to swallow it all, and a little gob leaked out the side of her mouth. Allison jumped in, scooping it up with her finger and bringing it up to her own mouth. She licked it off, then hummed in pleasure and smiled at him.

"I can't blame your sister for her enthusiasm," she commented. "You've got some really tasty cum. It reminds me of your father's."

Brit raised up off of his cock, then licked her lips. "Daddy's tastes this good? Maybe I should see if he'll let me do this to him," she teased.

"I doubt it," Jeff laughed. But he wasn't so sure. After all, those pictures he had seen of Lissa and him together suggested otherwise.

"I'll leave you two alone now," Allison said, then leaned down and kissed them each on the forehead. Brit scooted back up and curled up once again in Jeff's arms. Allison climbed off the bed.

"Listen," she said. "Your father's going to be back in a few days, and then we're all going to have to be a little more discreet. I'm not going to tell you to stop having sex, because I couldn't stop you if I tried. I just think you should be cautious, especially when your father's around. I'll try to get him out of the house sometimes, although admittedly that's more because I like going out with him than because I want to give you two some privacy."

"Thanks, Allison," said Jeff. "I was right in thinking you're the best stepmother a couple of kids like us could ever have."

Allison smiled, then turned off the light and headed out the door. Brit and Jeff lay together in the darkness and silence until they fell asleep.

When Greg returned on Sunday night, the three of them acted like nothing was different. Jeff had been a little concerned that they would let something slip and end up revealing what had gone on during the week, but they played their parts well, and it was obvious that he didn't suspect a thing.

During supper that night, their father asked them how things went during his absence. Brit, with her usual flair, invented half a dozen tall tales, none of which were the least bit believable. Greg simply chuckled at her imaginative stories, and all of Jeff's worries about him discovering the truth quickly dissipated.

There was just one thing that still bothered him. He felt guilty about going behind his father's back like that.

When it had just been Kari and Crystal, he didn't feel guilty because what he did with them was perfectly normal for a teenage boy. Or at least, the only thing abnormal about it was the fact that he was doing it with them both together. He was pretty sure his dad suspected that his relationship with Kari had a sexual component to it, but Greg had simply adopted a "don't ask don't tell" policy, much like Allen Williams had. On the other hand, having sex with Brit was something Greg most certainly would *not* approve of. Jeff loved his father, and didn't want to disappoint him. There was really no way around it, though, unless he gave up Brit, something that he wasn't prepared to do. He had to take comfort in the hope that what Greg didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

His pensive and troubled mood slipped away when Brit slipped into bed with him that night and immediately set to work sucking him off. It was impossible to feel bad when she made him feel that good. By the time he climaxed in her mouth, he had forgotten all of his worries and guilt.

Chapter 65

The First Betrayal

On the Wednesday night before Thanksgiving, Meg got off work too late to drive to her parents' place, so Lissa and she decided to get up early the next morning for the trip instead. It would be lighter and the roads would be mostly free of traffic, so it would be safer all around. Lissa got a good night's sleep that night, and woke up refreshed and eager to go home with Meg to a nice Thanksgiving dinner.

The trip went quickly, even though it was several hours. That was because Meg was great company to have on a road trip. Between the joking and the flirting, Lissa didn't even realize that they had been driving that long before they pulled off the freeway and headed into the town where Meg's family lived. They made their way to a nice, clean-looking neighborhood where they pulled off the side of the road near a driveway that already had three cars in it.

"Looks like Peter and Carla are already here," Meg commented.

The two girls got out of the car and headed to the front door. Just as they reached it, it suddenly opened and a woman in her mid twenties appeared behind it. She was quite pretty, with long black hair and green eyes. Upon spying Meg, she immediately threw her arms around her and hugged her. "Oh, it's so good to see you, Meg!" she exclaimed.

"You too, Carla," Meg replied. Then she turned to Lissa.

"Lissa, this is my sister-in-law Carla," she introduced. "Carla, this is my roommate Lissa."

"Hi," Carla smiled. "It's nice to meet you."

"Likewise," Lissa greeted.

"Well come in, you two. Everyone else is eager to see you."

They entered the house, and immediately the aroma of baking turkey greeted them. Though the house wasn't as large as Lissa's, it had a very homey, relaxed atmosphere to it. There were about half a dozen people sitting in the living room.

"Hi everyone," Meg said, and everyone waved or smiled or said hi back. "This is my roommate Lissa. I want you all to be extra nice to her this weekend."

An older woman stood up, then came over and hugged Meg, and then Lissa.

"I'm Maureen, Megan's mother," she greeted. "Let me introduce you to the rest of the family. You've already

met Carla. This is her husband, my son Peter." She indicated a tall, rather handsome man about Carla's age who was sitting on the couch. Then she moved on to the older man next to him. "This is Megan's father, Doug. And these are our two other sons, Justin and Shawn." Justin looked to be not much younger than Lissa herself, and Shawn was probably about Jeff's age.

"So Lissa's your 'roommate'?" Shawn grinned.

"Knock it off, Shawn," said Meg. Then to Lissa, she said, "Shawn's the resident pervert. You think I'm bad, but Shawn has me beat hands down. If he tries to grope you, just slam his head against the wall a couple of times."

"Knock some sense into him, huh?" Lissa smiled.

"No chance of that. I just meant that the only time he's harmless is when he's unconscious."

Lissa laughed. After putting up with Meg for two months, she figured she could handle Shawn.

"So if you don't mind my asking," said Carla, "what happened to Sandy?"

"Nothing happened to her," Meg replied. "Listen, everybody, just so we get things straight, Sandy and I are still going out. She just couldn't come for Thanksgiving because she's visiting her sick grandma. And Lissa is my roommate. In this case that's not a euphemism for 'girlfriend,' it's just a euphemism for 'roommate.' Lissa's straight."

"Well, if you've spent two months with Megan and she hasn't scared you off," her father said to Lissa, "then we're happy to have you here."

"Dad!" Meg exclaimed.

"Come on, dear, you know you can be a little intimidating sometimes."

"I'm just proud of who I am, and if people don't like it, that's their problem."

"So Lissa," said Carla. "Come sit down and tell us all about yourself."

There was an open spot on the couch next to Shawn, and Lissa came over and sat down. Shawn yawned and stretched, letting one of his arms fall around her shoulder in an obvious gesture. Meg, who happened to be walking behind the couch at the time to reach an empty chair across the way, cuffed him on the side of the head.

"Behave yourself," she scolded, and Shawn withdrew his arm, laughing.

"I never thought I'd hear *that* from you," Lissa told her with a grin.

"I know. Usually everyone's telling *me* that," Meg replied. "I told you Shawn's worse than I am."

"I'm a very naughty boy," Shawn explained. "Maybe Meg will have to get out her whips and chains and punish me."

"You wish," said Meg. "I've told you before, the whips and chains are only for guests."

"Like Lissa?" he asked. "Can I watch?"

"Unfortunately, I left all my dominatrix gear back at my apartment. Gotta keep my roommates in line, you know. Although I think Lissa secretly enjoys getting out of line just so I have to punish her."

"You figured out my secret," Lissa grinned. "I hope that doesn't mean you'll stop."

"Of course not," Meg smiled evilly.

"Next time take pictures," said Shawn. "Get some nice juicy ones to show me."

"I wouldn't want to get charged with corrupting a minor," Meg told him. "And the argument that you're already as corrupt as it's possible for a minor to be wouldn't hold up in court, no matter how true it is."

"Just tell them you thought I was eighteen. I'll back you up on it."

"As if the court would believe that."

"Okay, fine. Just upload them to the Internet and 'accidentally' leave the web address lying around where I can find it."

"Be good and maybe Santa Claus will bring you a video for Christmas."

"He would, the old lecher," Lissa giggled. "I've heard he climbs down people's chimneys at night while they're asleep, leaving 'presents' for them to find, if you know what I mean. If that isn't stalker behavior, I don't know what is."

"Plus, have you seen the lists he keeps?" Justin added. "I mean, the guy's got more extensive files than the CIA! You notice it's always the innocent ones he visits."

"So you've got nothing to worry about, Meg," said Shawn.

"I think between the two of us, he won't dare set foot within fifty miles of this house," Meg replied.

"Fifty?" asked Shawn. "I was hoping for a hundred. Want to help me try to reach that target, Lissa?"

"In your dreams," she laughed.

"It's a date. I'll see you tonight, say, around midnight?"

"As long as you don't sleepwalk, you can dream about whatever you want."

"Sleepwalk! I never thought of that! Great idea, Lissa. I owe you one."

"Okay, that's enough, Shawn," said Maureen. "Lissa, do you like to cook?"

"I love it," she smiled.

"Good. Would you mind helping me a little in the kitchen?"

"Of course not." She rose to her feet. Shawn started to follow, but Meg quickly pounced on him and got him in a headlock.

"I've got him momentarily neutralized," she said. "Make your escape while you still can."

Lissa followed Maureen into the kitchen, in great spirits. Meg's family reminded her of her own, except that Brit and Jeff sometimes overdid it on the teasing, and there were some subjects that just weren't talked about in the Primdale household. At least, they weren't talked about when Greg was around, though Allison seemed to have no problem bringing them up.

Lissa began peeling potatoes while Maureen set to work heating some cranberries to make sauce.

"I hope my children aren't making you uncomfortable," commented Maureen.

"Uncomfortable?" asked Lissa. "Just the opposite. My little brother and sister are big teases too. It's actually refreshing to be in company where I don't have to be the mature one."

"And you're all right with Megan's... orientation?"

"Well, I have to admit she made me blush a few times when I first met her, but she's such a great person that it's hard not to enjoy her company. I don't care if she likes girls or guys. That's her choice, and it doesn't bother me either way."

"I suppose you've been wondering what we think of her lifestyle," said Maureen.

"I understand it can be pretty straining on family relationships," Lissa commented.

"That's why we decided just to accept it. We love our daughter, and we don't want to have any tension between us. Doug and I have always been pretty open-minded, but it still came as a shock to us when Megan told us one day that she's gay. We had a long talk about it, and at first we figured it was just a phase she was going through. But that was almost five years ago, so we've had to come to terms with the fact that it's permanent. So we decided as a family that if that's the way she wants to be, we're going to support her. Plus it doesn't hurt that Sandy's really great. We all like her."

"Yes, I've met Sandy, and she seems to be just like Meg."

"I guess I just worry about her sometimes."

"Mothers are like that, I've heard," Lissa grinned.

Maureen laughed. "I know, I can't help it. I just want to know that she has friends. Her choice of lifestyle can certainly put a lot of people off."

"You'll be happy to know then that all three of her roommates adore her."

"I'm glad. As long as she has people like you who won't judge her, I don't have to worry so much."

After they sat and talked for a few more minutes, Meg popped her head in the door and asked Lissa if she wanted to go get her things out of the car and take them up to the room that they would share. The two girls headed outside, where Lissa retrieved her suitcase and Meg retrieved her duffel bag. They brought them inside, where Peter offered to help them take them upstairs. He grabbed Justin, and the two of them carried the items up to the second floor hall. They placed them inside one of the rooms, which had a temporary cot with what looked like a pleasantly soft mattress set up opposite the bed.

"So this is my bedroom," Meg grinned. "I'll bet you never thought you'd one day be in here."

"Scary," laughed Lissa.

"So do you want to sleep in the bed or the cot?"

"It's your room, so I don't mind taking the cot."

"Well, it's not really big enough for the two of us, but I'm sure we'll manage," said Meg.

"I meant that you should sleep in the bed and I'll sleep in the cot!" Lissa said, though with a laugh. In truth, she had expected some joke like that.

"Oh. Too bad," Meg shrugged. "You know, if you wait too long to take me up on my offers, you may lose the opportunity entirely."

"What a shame that would be," Lissa replied sarcastically.

For the rest of the morning, Lissa alternated her time between helping out in the kitchen and visiting with the family. They were all so nice to her that she felt very comfortable. Of course, Shawn kept trying to put his arm around her or touch her knee or hold her hand, but she just slapped his hand each time he did so. Even that was fun; it was all just a big joke after all.

The turkey came out of the oven about 2:00, and they finished preparing the last minute dishes and setting the table. Then they all sat down and began the feast. It was absolutely delicious, especially since it was the first home-cooked meal she had eaten for months. The conversation at the table was cheerful and upbeat, reminding her of dinner at her home, at least since Allison had come into their lives. Surprisingly, Lissa

found that her stepmother was the one she missed the most, even more than her own flesh and blood family. But that was all right; as far as she was concerned, Allison *was* a part of her family.

After dinner, they all retired to the living room. The men, not surprisingly, wanted to watch the football game, although it was obvious that after such a big meal they were all likely to fall asleep five minutes in. Lissa felt a little drowsy herself.

Maureen noticed her starting to droop. "Would you like to take a nap?" she asked. Lissa nodded.

"Great idea," said Shawn. "I think I'll join--" He cut off as a flying pillow thrown by Meg hit him in the head.

"Sorry," he apologized to his sister, though with a grin on his face. "I didn't know you were going to get that jealous. But don't worry. I'm willing to share."

"Lissa, if you would like, you can go lie down upstairs in Megan's room," Maureen told her. "There's a lock on the door," she explained, flashing Shawn a stern look.

"Good," said Meg. "We'll hang out the Do-Not-Disturb sign and finally get some time alone."

"You stay downstairs too," her mother demanded.

"I was just joking, Mom," Meg laughed. "Lissa, you go on upstairs. I'll put Shawn in his cage."

"Thanks," smiled Lissa, then rose to her feet and made her way up to Meg's bedroom. She lay down in the cot, which was surprisingly comfortable, and drifted off to sleep.

She slept for about an hour, then got up and made her way back downstairs to join the family. Peter and Justin had their eyes glued to the television. Carla sat next to Peter with a blanket over her and her head on her husband's shoulder, fast asleep. Maureen and Greg sat in chairs against the wall, reading. Surprisingly, Meg and Shawn sat on the couch asleep, with Meg's head on her little brother's shoulder.

Actually, now that she thought about it, that wasn't surprising at all. It reminded her of Jeff and Brit. They fought constantly, but there were those occasional rare times when they got along very well. Maybe it was because Jeff was closest to her in age, but Brit had always seemed to be closer to Jeff than anyone in the family. It was likely that, ironically, their constant teasing and fighting had helped them to develop a deeper relationship with each other. Probably one day when they matured a little they would become best friends. Meg and Shawn seemed to fight a lot as well, and that could lead to a similar closeness.

Lissa sat down on the couch next to Carla, the only open spot. Peter turned his head and smiled at her for a second, then returned his attention to the game on TV.

Lissa had never really been all that interested in sports, but since there was really nothing else to do, she decided to watch the game as well. She didn't even know who the teams were, but apparently one of them was winning twenty-four to seventeen.

About fifteen minutes later, one of the players fumbled the ball on the eleven yard line and Justin shouted out in disgust, waking everyone in the room. He grew red as he stared at the faces around him. "Sorry," he apologized.

Meg glanced around, then seeing where she was, immediately scooted away from Shawn. "Don't touch me, you pervert!" she exclaimed, though with a grin.

"What?" he asked. "Don't blame me. I was already asleep when you sat down here and decided to get friendly. You know you can't keep your hands off me."

"You're disgusting, Shawn."

"Because I know you like it. Anyway, you don't have to worry. Now that Lissa's here, she can take your place."

"I'd rather douse myself in gasoline and light myself on fire," Lissa replied sweetly.

"Kinky," said Shawn. "That's one I've never tried."

"You can go douse yourself right now if you want," Meg told him. "I'll even light the match."

"You first."

"Screw you," she said.

"What, right now? With everyone watching?"

She picked up a pillow and hit him in the head.

Nap time seemed to be over, so as Meg and Shawn playfully beat each other up, the rest of the family started up various conversations. Lissa joined in, feeling very welcome in this home. Once again she began to miss her own home and her own family. Now that she had started thinking about Jeff and Brit, she wondered if they were okay. Jeff would never really let his little sister come to harm, at least not intentionally. But he had a habit of stepping over the lines. Maybe without Lissa there to intermediate, he would do something without intending to and really hurt her. It was especially dangerous because Brit was so emotional, and therefore so vulnerable. Even something simple could have a devastating effect on her.

I can't be there for them forever, she decided. I have to let them learn to get along without me. She made up her mind not to worry about them. She could depend upon Jeff. He would take care of Brit. That thought made her feel much better.

The game ended a couple of hours later, and the family ate a light supper, still full from Thanksgiving dinner. Maureen brought out the pumpkin pie that she had baked the previous night, which turned out to be delicious enough that Lissa managed to eat a full slice despite not being hungry at all.

Afterward they sat and visited again for a couple of hours before bedtime. Then one by one the family announced that they were going to bed. Meg and Lissa were the last to retire, but eventually they too headed upstairs to Meg's bedroom.

Lissa grabbed her bag and headed across the hall to the bathroom to change. When she returned, Meg was already naked and sitting on her bed. Lissa stripped down to her bra and panties, ignoring the look of lust on her roommate's face. Then she slipped under the covers on the cot. Meg walked over and switched off the lights, then returned to her bed and climbed in.

Lissa lay there for a while, thinking about the day. It had been fun; even Shawn had been entertaining. Meg's family reminded her of her own, and she found her thoughts returning to Allison, her dad, and her two younger siblings. She wondered if they had had as much fun as she had. Probably not; Jeff and Brit had probably fought the whole time. Well, maybe one of these days they would learn to get along.

"Meg?" she suddenly asked, in a whisper. "Are you still awake?"

"Sure," Meg replied.

"Do you and Shawn always fight as much as you did today?"

"That was all for show. Shawn's a pervert, but the truth is that I absolutely adore him. Maybe because he's so much like me."

"Yeah, I noticed."

"We fight sometimes, but it's never serious. All of my brothers are great. Peter has always looked out for me, Justin is the nicest and kindest boy I've ever met, and Shawn... Well, let's just say it's impossible to be in a bad mood with Shawn around."

"That's funny, because that's the way I've always felt about *you*," said Lissa.

"Thanks, Lissa. I really appreciate that. Anyway, I guess I've liked Shawn especially well ever since I... ever since I came out. He was the most supportive of my lifestyle. Maybe it was because he was always hoping I would bring home a girlfriend that he could try to seduce, but he was in favor of it from the very beginning."

"So when you took a nap together this afternoon..."

"Shawn likes to play around, but he knows exactly where to draw the line. Despite what I told you earlier, I trust him completely. And when he's not being a pervert, he's nice to hug."

"I never thought I'd hear you say *that* about a boy," Lissa giggled.

"Family doesn't count," Meg replied.

"Good point."

"In fact, when I first told my family that I was a lesbian, they didn't exactly take it well. Mom seemed hurt, and Dad got mad. I ran to my room and started crying. It was Shawn who first came to comfort me. I remember crying into his shoulder for the longest time. Then he took my hand and we went downstairs and Shawn actually chewed out my parents for not being supportive of me in my decision. Can you see that? An eleven-year-old boy telling off his parents, and them actually standing there and taking it! I don't remember what he said, but it worked. When he was through, they both apologized to me. Ever since then, I've felt close to Shawn, and I don't mind hugging him or putting my head on his shoulder. I would trust him with my very life. Of course, I could say the same thing about my other brothers too. Peter especially. Sometimes I wish..."

"What?"

"Never mind. Good night, Lissa."

"Good night, Meg."

Lissa turned over and closed her eyes, wondering what Meg had been about to say. What did she wish? Something to do with her big brother, apparently.

The door suddenly opened, spilling light into the room from the hall. Lissa closed her eyes to block out the glare. Then the door closed again, and she was able to open her eyes once more. Carla had slipped in. The woman made her way to the bed, then to Lissa's astonishment, she leaned in and kissed Meg fully on the lips.

"Carla!" Meg exclaimed. "Lissa's still awake!"

Carla gasped, threw a hand over her mouth and turned to stare, wide-eyed at Lissa. A nervous tension filled the room, and both Meg and Carla looked horrified.

It looked like it was up to Lissa to break the tension. "It's all right," she said. "It doesn't bother me."

Still with an uncertain expression, Carla went over to the light switch and flipped it on. Then she came back over to Meg's bed and sat down. Meg rose to a sitting position beside her.

"Look, it's really none of my business," Lissa said.

"Yes, but I think you deserve an explanation," replied Meg. "I just don't know if I can actually say it."

"If you want to explain, I'd like to hear, but I'll understand if you don't. I'm perfectly willing to pretend this never happened."

Meg glanced at Carla, who nodded at her in encouragement. Meg sighed, then turned back to Lissa.

"I'm not sure we should tell you this," said Meg. "An innocent girl like you might not be able to handle it."

"Oh yeah, very funny," said Lissa sarcastically.

"Okay, but you have to promise not to tell anyone. We could get in big trouble if people found out."

"Don't worry. I won't tell anyone. Especially Sandy or Peter."

"Oh, we're not worried about them," said Carla. "They both know."

"Really?"

"Yes. The thing we're really worried about is that part of it's illegal, because it's been going on since Meg was underage. I could go to prison if it ever got out."

"Sounds kinky," Lissa grinned.

Meg laughed. "I think you've been hanging around me too long," she said. "Okay, since you promised, I'll tell you. Carla and I have been having an affair for about five years now. Our first time was when I was fifteen. She was my babysitter."

Lissa nearly gasped. It sounded surprisingly similar to her own experience with Rachael.

"Both my parents worked, and my big brother was away at college," Meg continued. "Carla's family was friends with my family, so they arranged to have Carla spend the days at our house so that there would be someone there when we came home from school."

"Skip to the good parts," said Carla with a grin.

"Okay, so one day when the boys were both outside playing and I was up in my room, Carla came in. We started talking, then we started kissing, and then she made love to me. To this day, that's still the most erotic experience I've ever had."

"So is that when you became a lesbian? Your mother said it's been five years."

"Oh, I've been a lesbian forever, but I was too shy to do anything about it. I used to sneak peeks at the other girls in the shower room after P.E. classes in Junior High, or look at my dad's collection of *Lecher* magazines. I think he still doesn't know I knew about them. But until that first time with Carla, I had never even kissed another girl."

"After that, I realized that I enjoyed sex with women too much to ever give it up, so I had to come to terms with what I was. That's when I decided to come out of the closet, so I told my family I was gay. Most of them don't know I've been having this affair with Carla, though."

"So I take it she wasn't your sister-in-law then?" asked Lissa.

"You might as well know that she married my brother so that she could be close to me," Meg replied.

"That's an oversimplification," Carla interrupted. "I first started dating him to be close to Meg, but we got

married because I fell in love with him. As soon as we got engaged, I told him the truth about Meg and me. I couldn't lie to him. Actually, he was surprisingly supportive. He didn't disapprove of our relationship, because he loves us both."

"Plus he's got a fetish for kinky girl-on-girl action," Meg added with a grin.

"So... have you let him watch you then?" asked Lissa.

Meg and Carla glanced at each other with a knowing look.

"Should we tell her?" asked Meg.

"That's up to you," said Carla. "It's more personal to you than it is to me."

"All right," Meg sighed. "Lissa, I'm going to tell you something that will change your whole impression of me."

"This doesn't sound good," Lissa replied.

"Don't worry, it's not bad. Just surprising. Did you know that I'm not a virgin?"

Lissa laughed. "Oh, very funny."

"I'm serious, Lissa. I'm not talking about sex with girls. I can fuck all the girls I want and still technically remain a virgin."

Lissa nodded. She had a point there. But then, that meant...

"You mean you've had sex with a man?" Lissa asked.

Meg nodded. "I had Peter take my virginity."

Lissa gasped, putting a hand to her mouth. The idea was shocking.

"It's true," Carla confirmed. "I was there."

"It was my eighteenth birthday," said Meg. "It was just an experiment. Since Peter knew that Carla was in love with me, we all agreed to see if we could make a long-term relationship work with all three of us. We decided that in order to do it, we would all have to be willing to have sex together. Since Carla and I had had sex, and Peter and Carla had had sex, there was only one more leg of that triangle to complete. Neither Peter nor I were exactly thrilled with the idea, but we were willing to try it out once to see if we could make it work."

"So what happened?" asked Lissa.

"Oh, Peter was great. He did everything perfectly. He was a little nervous perhaps, but what man wouldn't be while having sex with his sister? I suppose you could say he's a great lover. Believe me, I don't think I could have been comfortable with any other man. He was kind and gentle and caring and loving and... to be perfectly frank, I didn't like it. Even though he was absolutely wonderful to me, I still felt humiliated and disgusted. I remember I cried myself to sleep in his arms. He knew I hadn't enjoyed it, and he felt really guilty about the whole thing. I remember how sweet he was to me after that, apologizing for hurting me and even crying himself. I didn't feel so bad then, but we decided that it just wouldn't work. So that was the one and only time that I've had sex with a man."

"Oh, Meg, I'm so sorry," Lissa said.

"Don't be," Meg smiled. "So what if it didn't work out the way we planned? Peter said that Carla and I can still make love as often as we want, and we let him watch sometimes. He's even joined in a couple of times, which always makes me nervous, but he's been really good about avoiding any kind of sexual contact with me, so it's fine. I wouldn't trust any other man that way, but with him it's different. Believe me, there's nothing like having a big brother that you know you can trust with something like that."

That made her think of her own brother Jeff. He used to be shy, but now that he had a girlfriend, he had really opened up. Kari had been good for him, but more importantly, he had been good for her. He was kind and gentle and caring, just like Meg's description of Peter. In fact, if Jeff had one fault, it was the way he treated Brit.

"Thank you so much for sharing that with me," Lissa smiled. "I'm glad you were willing to tell me something so intimate."

"So it doesn't bother you?"

"I can't say I approve of everything you said you did, but it's not my place to judge, is it? Besides, your brother reminds me of my own."

"Oh?" asked Meg with a grin. "Is there a story you would like to share with us?"

Lissa turned red. In fact, there were a couple of little incidents on her mind right now, a little experimenting she had done herself. Maybe if it were only Meg there, she might say it, but Carla was still almost a complete stranger.

"I just know how sweet and gentle he is, like with his girlfriend for instance," she replied instead. "Your brother sounds just as wonderful. And I'm glad things worked out for you, even if it wasn't like you planned."

"I like this girl," said Carla.

"Get your mind out of the gutter," Meg laughed. "Lissa has no plans to cross over."

"You get *your* mind out of the gutter. You know that's not what I meant. Well anyway, it looks like we're

going to have to put our celebration off until Christmas time."

"What do you mean?" asked Meg.

"No privacy. Peter and I are sleeping downstairs in the hide-a-bed in the living room, which is too public for an orgy. And since Lissa's in here, that leaves us with no options."

"I don't want to spoil this for you," said Lissa. "If you want, I can wait outside or something."

"No you won't, because I'm not rude enough to kick you out of the room," Meg replied. "You're my guest."

"Okay then, why don't I go take a shower?" Lissa suggested. "A nice, long shower. That will give you two a little time to... you know."

Meg considered for a moment. "You wouldn't mind?" she asked.

"Of course not. You've been so nice to me in letting me come here with you, it's the least I can do in return."

"Lissa, you're wonderful," said Carla. "You've just made yourself another friend for life."

Actually, Lissa wanted a little privacy herself. Part of her was shocked at what Meg and her brother had done, but there was another feeling, deep down inside, that she couldn't ignore. In fact, her body had started to tingle when Meg told of her experience with her brother. There was something a little thrilling about the whole idea.

She took her hair dryer from her suitcase, threw on a tee-shirt and a pair of shorts, then left the room and headed across the hall to the bathroom. Once there she wasted no time but immediately stripped off her clothes. Even her bra and panties had seemed too stifling there for a while. She needed to feel the open air on her skin.

She stood there and stared at her body in the full-length mirror against the wall. She had developed into a real beauty in the past few years, still with a touch of innocence to her face but with a stunning body. In fact, she had to say that her own body was actually better than Meg's, and that was saying something. She wondered what Meg would think if she saw Lissa right now. *I probably don't want to know*, she thought with a smile. Of course, she had seen Monique topless, but had never even seen that much of Alya. She suddenly imagined Alya standing there, completely nude, beside her. *For the sake of comparison*, she told herself, which was a perfectly safe explanation.

The conversation in the bedroom had done something to her body, she realized. Not only were her nipples hard, but she was wet between her legs. Up to this point she had been able to ignore those feelings, but here was proof that she had been aroused by it. *What could have done it?* she wondered. Surely it wasn't the thought of Meg and Carla together. The only two times Lissa had experimented along those lines, the other woman had been the aggressor. The first time she had given in only because she wondered what it felt like, and because the idea of doing something so forbidden was liberating. The second time was all in fun, just for

the sake of some naughty pictures that her dad had probably already deleted anyway. While she had enjoyed it in the moment, the thought of it turned her off. So that left only the thought of Meg and her brother together. She had seen Meg nude enough times that even if she were the type of girl that would fantasize about her, there was really nothing left to fantasize about. So was it the thought of Peter that had done this to her? No, Peter was a good-looking man, but thinking about him right now did nothing for her. So then it must have been the idea of that act of incest. As she thought the word, she felt a tingle run through her. Yes, that was it. The idea of sex between a girl and her brother was exciting her.

Still lost in thought, she moved away from the mirror. Almost mechanically, she turned on the water in the shower and adjusted the temperature. Then she stepped into the tub and let the warm water caress her body.

Her mind went back to those incidents when she and Jeff had fooled around. Granted, it had never gone as far as Meg and Peter had taken it, but still, she couldn't deny it had felt good. That last time during the summer in the tent with Kari had been very nice especially, even though she hadn't taken it as far as she had before. Still, there had been something extremely pleasing about just being naked with him. Her hand unconsciously went to her stomach, then reached lower as she remembered those times.

Jeff had gotten more and more handsome in these past few years. She suddenly felt a little jealous of Kari, and at the same time wondered just how far they had taken their relationship. She remembered that her aunt Rachael had said she had seduced Jeff, so apparently Jeff had no qualms about sex.

Sex. With Jeff. Was Kari indulging in that wonderful delight that Lissa had never quite achieved? She wondered what kind of lover Jeff was. No, she knew exactly what kind of lover he would be. Gentle and caring. Just like he was in all other aspects of his life. Such a sweet, handsome boy.

Jeff! she thought as she began to rub herself between the legs. It was just too bad that he was her brother, because a romantic relationship between them was impossible. It wasn't fair; Kari got to spend time with him while Lissa was stuck at college. She would even gladly trade places with Brit right now.

Brit obviously didn't know what she was missing. She fought with him when she could be taking advantage of his kindness and gentleness. Lissa had told them to be nice to each other, but would they? Instead of arguing, would they spend their time having fun together? Or maybe, like Meg and Shawn, just being near each other? She could imagine the two of them sleeping together on the couch. What Lissa wouldn't give to have that opportunity with Jeff again, just once! To lay her head on his shoulder, feel his arm around her, maybe his hand on her cheek, his lips on her forehead...

What was she doing? She was masturbating to the thought of her little brother! That was sick! If anything, she should be thinking about Matt right now. But Matt was the furthest thing from her mind. He was a good friend, fun to spend time with, even fun to kiss. But she needed something more, something deeper, something with someone she loved.

But Jeff? Yes, she loved him, but it wasn't supposed to be *that* kind of love. And yet, here she was, playing with herself as she thought about him. What kind of a monster was she, that she would entertain thoughts of a

physical relationship with her own brother? What would he think if he could see her now?

See her now. Naked. Her naked body on display for him. His eyes wandering all over her, taking in every inch of her skin, her glistening, hot flesh that longed for his touch. She could imagine him stepping into the shower with her, wrapping his arms around her, drawing her to him. His mouth pressed against hers. Their bodies together. And his hard cock...

"No!" she exclaimed defiantly, though in a whisper. She wasn't going to let herself be turned on by thoughts of her brother. That was just disgusting! She reached for the shampoo and began to wash her hair, trying to block out all thoughts of him.

But as she rinsed the shampoo out of her hair and it ran down her body, she realized that she had already gotten aroused, and even a simple sensation like the shampoo against her skin was sending tiny thrills through her body. She had to either go through with her fantasy, or leave herself unsatisfied. She needed release, but at what cost?

It was a difficult decision, but in the end, her willpower won out. She would just have to find some other release later. And it wouldn't be by thinking of Jeff, that was for sure!

She continued to wash herself off, gritting her teeth and trying to ignore the tingling sensations as she ran her hands over her body. She was just washing now, not masturbating. She couldn't afford to give in to the temptation.

She spent a few more minutes under the water, then turned it off. She grabbed a towel and dried herself, then stepped out of the shower. Leaving her clothes off, she plugged in the hair dryer and set to work drying her hair.

She wondered if Meg and Carla were through yet? How long had it been? She had neglected to bring her watch into the bathroom with her, and there was no clock in here. She still had to dry her hair at least, so that would give them a few more minutes.

She spent extra long on her hair, then unplugged the dryer, wrapped up the cord, and replaced it in her duffel bag. Then she put her underwear back on. She considered throwing on her shorts and tee-shirt, but she would have to take them off again as soon as she entered the room anyway, so she decided to leave them off. She smiled as she imagined walking out of the bathroom and bumping into Shawn as he went to get himself a drink of water or something. Wouldn't that be entertaining? At least *he* would think so, no doubt.

As it turned out, she had no such luck. The hall was deserted. She quickly darted to the other side and put her hand on the knob to the door to Meg's room, wondering what she would find. Was the show over? Or were they still in there, hugging or kissing or groping or licking?

Taking a deep breath, she opened the door and peered in.

It was more or less what she had imagined. Both women were naked. Meg sat on the bed, a look of exquisite

pleasure on her face and her legs wrapped over Carla's shoulder, who had her face mashed into Meg's thigh. Meg's head was thrown back, her eyes shut tightly, and she bit her lower lip to keep from screaming.

Lissa found that it didn't bother her as much as she had expected. Here were two women who loved each other, and they were expressing that love, that's all. Maybe two months ago she would have run away in shock, but now she quietly slipped into the room and closed the door behind her. Making her way to her own bed, she sat down. Though she had expected to lie down facing the wall and ignore the women, she found herself unable to look away. She had engaged in similar activities herself, but never before had she had a chance to actually watch it.

Probably because she had not achieved satisfaction in the shower, she slipped one of her hands down inside her panties. Aware of what she was doing but unable to stop herself, she began to rub herself just like she had in the shower. The thought frightened her that she was masturbating to two women making love, but somehow it just happened, almost without her consent. It was like her hand was moving on its own. Her other hand went up over her bra, and she pleasured herself there too. Something strange had come over her; the sight before her eyes was actually arousing her!

Meg opened her eyes for a moment and glanced over. She widened her eyes in shock for only a second, then the smile on her face grew even wider. She bucked her hips harder and harder against Carla's face, who lapped at her eagerly. Meg's hands went to the back of Carla's head and she pulled her in tight as she tensed up and shivered in the throes of ecstasy. She looked like she was aching to cry out as her orgasm hit her, but she somehow managed to keep quiet. Only the faintest of groans escaped her, then she collapsed back against the bed.

Carla continued to lick for a moment longer, as if not wanting to admit that it was over, but then she drew her head back. She glanced over at Lissa, seeing her there for the first time. She grinned just like Meg had when she saw what Lissa was doing.

"I see you enjoyed the show," she said, standing up.

That did it. Lissa finally broke free from the spell, removing her hands from her body. Carla laughed, but it wasn't a derogatory or condescending laugh, but a friendly one. "Don't worry," she said. "You refused to judge us, so I refuse to judge you. It's really not my business."

She moved over to her clothes and picked them up. As she dressed, Meg rose tiredly to a sitting position, reaching out a hand and fondling Carla. But they did nothing more except for a final deep, passionate kiss after Carla finished dressing, then the older woman winked at Lissa and disappeared through the door.

"So tell me the truth," Meg asked Lissa. "Did that really turn you on?"

"I don't know."

"Well, you don't have to admit it if it makes you uncomfortable. But I can see we might make a lesbian of you yet."

Lissa blushed, the first time one of Meg's comments had done that to her in weeks. Meg came over and sat next to her on her bed. Lissa was well aware that the girl was still nude, and it made her a little uncomfortable.

"What's on your mind?" asked Meg.

"I don't know. I'm just a little... overwhelmed, that's all."

"And no wonder. You haven't gotten off yet."

"I hope that's not an invitation!" she said, perhaps a little too sharply.

If Meg was offended by her words, she didn't show it. "I didn't mean it like that," she said with a smile. "Look, it's all right if you want to finish up here. I don't mind."

"I know you don't," mumbled Lissa.

"Okay, fine. I'll admit it. I'd like to watch. There, are you satisfied?"

"Well, at least you're honest."

"Come on, Lissa. I promise I won't touch you. You can go ahead and do it. What does it matter if I'm watching you?"

Lissa did want to continue touching herself; she hadn't had satisfaction yet, and the events of the evening and her own fantasies had gotten her so aroused that it was frustrating not being able to climax.

She lay down on the bed and closed her eyes, trying to forget that Meg was there.

Meg slid off of the bed and sat on the floor next to her. Lissa could still sense her presence there. But surprisingly the thought excited her. She couldn't believe she was about to play with herself for the amusement of another woman!

She reached behind her back and unfastened her bra, then pulled it off and discarded it to the side. She could sense Meg's eyes on her body, and realized that this was the first time Meg had seen her like this. The thought both frightened and thrilled her. Giving in to her arousal, she moved her hands to the side to give the girl a perfect view. She lay there just breathing for a while, feeling Meg's eyes on her almost like a physical, tangible thing that ran all over her body stimulating her. Then she reached down and slipped off her panties, then lay back on the bed again.

She let one hand slip between her legs, and she cupped one of her tits in the other. She began to rub herself, seeking out the most sensitive spots. Now that she didn't have to stand up like in the shower, she could relax and devote all of her energy to giving herself pleasure. Her fingers went to her nipple and she squeezed and pinched it, sending electric thrills through her body. She wondered if Meg was doing the same thing to her own body, but dared not open her eyes to find out.

Her other hand ground into her crotch, pressing on that sensitive bud that gave her so much pleasure. She let out a quiet moan, restraining herself out of fear of being heard. It wasn't too difficult; she had had many practice sessions when growing up with her brother and sister right across the hall. She had learned to hold back the sounds that otherwise came naturally as she pleasured herself. Instead, she took long, deep breaths to ease the building tension.

Her fingers worked their magic on her body, letting the pleasure overtake her. It was a welcome relief; there had been few opportunities to let herself go like this since she had moved into the apartment and shared a bedroom with another girl. No doubt Meg would have loved to watch her do this, but Lissa felt too self-conscious. Now, though, they were crossing the line, and perhaps in the future she wouldn't be so shy. It would be nice to be able to relieve herself like this whenever she wanted, whether Meg was there or not.

Her breaths came as gasps now, shorter and faster. Her body felt so sensitive now that she felt like screaming. Every nerve was exploding in bliss, especially the ones between her legs. All of the pleasure in her body focused itself on that one point, driving her into a frenzy.

Then she felt a new sensation there, a hand that was not her own. It slid beneath her own hand and took over the motions. For a moment she wondered where that new sensation came from, but then remembered that Meg was sitting nearby. Meg, her roommate, her friend, was helping her to achieve the release that she longed for. She let Meg's hand caress her, freeing up her own hand to seek out her sadly neglected other breast. The combined stimulation of all three of her most sensitive spots put her over the edge. Biting her lip to keep the orgasmic bliss from turning into the scream that she so desperately wanted to give, she shook with wanton abandon as the surge of pleasure overtook her. Then she felt it fading as it always did, leaving her weak but satisfied for now.

Then she suddenly realized what had just happened. Her eyes opened in horror, and she pushed Meg's hand away. "Meg!" she said. "What did you do?"

"Oh god, Lissa, I'm sorry!" Meg exclaimed, the same shock in her own eyes. "I shouldn't have... after I promised..." She stood up and headed over to her bed, where she sat down. She put her hands over her mouth as she just stared in shame and guilt for what she had done.

Lissa fought back the tears that were forming in her eyes. She was angry, and hurt, and afraid. Up till now she had trusted Meg completely, but Meg had just violated that trust. Now in this house, with Meg's family, she felt trapped. She wanted to run away, but there was nowhere to go.

"Lissa, I'm so sorry for what I did," Meg said. "It was stupid of me! I just couldn't help myself. Look, if it will make you feel better, I'll go take my things and sleep out in the hall. You can lock the door if you're at all worried that I might try something like that again."

Lissa shook her head. "No. You're fine in here. I just... oh please put some clothes on, Meg."

Meg nodded, and began to dress. Lissa did as well. The two of them sat in silence as they put on their clothes, Meg with an ashamed look on her face and Lissa with an angry one on hers. How could she! Meg

was supposed to be her friend, and now this! As soon as she finished dressing, she lay down and turned over on her side to stare at the wall.

"Lissa," said Meg. "If you want to talk about this, I'm here for you. But if you don't, I'll understand."

"I don't want to talk about it right now. Just go to sleep."

"Okay." Meg switched off the lights, and in the darkness Lissa finally let the tears flow. She was not surprised to hear Meg sobbing as well.

Chapter 66

The Second Betrayal

As soon as she woke up in the morning, she found that she could reflect on the previous night's activities with a clear head. Yes, Meg had broken her trust, but she decided that she wasn't going to let it bother her. Meg had obviously been sorry about what she had done, and that was the important thing. Lissa might have been angrier if it weren't for the fact that she had been touched by a woman like that before. If she had had no prior experience of this kind, it might have been devastating, but in fact, it really hadn't done any harm. Her anger wasn't for the act itself, but more for the fact that Meg had broken her promise.

She turned over and saw Meg awake and staring at her with sadness in her eyes. Both girls sat up. Meg lowered her eyes to the floor, but Lissa gazed at her roommate. It had been a simple lapse of judgment after all, a moment of weakness. And hadn't Lissa had a similar moment of weakness as she had watched the two women? Granted she hadn't actually touched them, but she had fondled her own body.

"Lissa," said Meg, "I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me. I don't want you to hate me, but I'll understand if you do."

"Meg--" Lissa said, but her roommate cut her off.

"Just hear me out. I've thought a lot about what I'm going to do. I'm going to drive you back today, so you don't have to spend another night here with me. Monique won't be back until Sunday, so I'll sleep in her bed until then. That should give us time to think things through. As soon as we get back, I'll start looking for a new apartment. If I haven't found one by Sunday, I'll sleep on the couch until I do. That way you'll never have to share a room with me again. I'll be out of your life in a few days, and then you won't have to worry about it."

"I don't want you out of my life," Lissa told her.

"What?" asked Meg, her tear-filled eyes raising to Lissa's.

"I'm mad at you for breaking my trust, but I'll get over it. Let's not make this any bigger than it is; you hurt me, but not enough to ruin our friendship."

"But I... I touched you. I..."

"Violated me?" asked Lissa, and Meg nodded.

"No you didn't. If you remember, I didn't try to stop you until after it was all over. Would you have continued if I had pushed your hand away right at first?"

"No, of course not."

"Then that's it. You did something you shouldn't have, but in a way, I accepted it. Look, I do agree that we should go home today, because I'm still mad at you and I want to spend some time away from you for a while. But that will pass; I just need some time, okay?"

Meg nodded. "I'll drive you home as soon as we're ready."

"It's all right. You don't have to rush things. I want you to have plenty of time to say goodbye to your family. This isn't a punishment, or penance, or anything like that. Let's just leave this afternoon, all right?"

"All right. Lissa... does this mean you forgive me?"

"I forgive you, Meg."

Meg smiled and came over to her as if to give her a hug, then stopped, looking embarrassed. She turned around and went to her duffel bag to find some clothes to wear.

As Meg headed across the hall to take a shower, Lissa lay back on the cot and stared up at the ceiling. She was still a little angry, but worse than what her roommate had done last night was the change that had come over her. She was no longer the cheerful, flirtatious Meg that Lissa knew so well; this new Meg was serious and perhaps even a bit melancholy.

When her roommate returned, Lissa took her turn in the shower. It helped to relax her and clear her mind and emotions. And it seemed to wash away the lingering memory of Meg's hand between her legs. By the time she was finished, she was in a much better mood. She still felt a little angry, but now the worst seemed to be over and she felt that it would only get better from here.

She met Meg in her bedroom, and then without a word the two of them headed downstairs. Most of the family was already up; only Justin was still sleeping. They gathered around the kitchen table for breakfast.

"Did you two sleep well?" asked Maureen.

"Just fine," replied Lissa, with a smile that she hoped didn't look forced.

"I noticed you locked the door," said Shawn with a grin. "What were you two doing in there?"

"How did *you* know we locked the door?" Meg snapped.

"Sleepwalking," he shrugged.

"And you happened to sleepwalk right to our door, apparently," Lissa commented.

"Hey, it was your fault!"

"My fault?"

"Yeah, all those naughty things you did to me in my dreams. I couldn't control myself."

"Knock it off, Shawn," said Meg.

"Oh come on. You've still got another night here, so why not take advantage of it?"

"Actually, that's not quite true. Mom and Dad, I hope you don't mind but Lissa and I are going to leave early. We're going to drive back this afternoon."

"What?" asked Doug. "What happened? Did Shawn overdo it? Did he scare Lissa off?"

"No, it wasn't Shawn," Meg replied.

"What, then?"

Meg opened her mouth as if to say something, but then hesitated, as if she wasn't sure what to tell them.

Lissa decided to come to her rescue. "It's my fault," she said. "I've got a big test coming up after the break that I have to study for, and I forgot to bring the book with me. I'm really sorry that I'm taking Meg away from you. I wish I didn't have to do it, but this test could ruin the whole semester if I don't get a good grade. I was in a near panic this morning when I realized I didn't have the book with me."

Meg stared at her with a look of gratitude on her face.

"Oh, that's all right," said Maureen. "I remember my college days. I wouldn't want to stand in the way of someone trying to keep their grades up. Megan, are you all right with it?"

"Sure. I'm going to miss you guys, but it's only a few weeks until Christmas vacation starts, and then I'll get to see you all again."

"Are you going to bring Lissa back at Christmas time?" asked Shawn.

"And give you another chance to try to grope her? Not a chance," laughed Meg.

"Aw, you're no fun."

"Meg, can I talk to you alone for a moment?" asked Carla.

"Sure." The two of them disappeared into the next room.

Lissa sat down to talk with the rest of Meg's family, trying to make it sound like there was nothing wrong. Apparently she did a good job, because the family seemed to enjoy her company. Maureen even said she was sad to see her go, which made Lissa feel much better than she had all morning.

Meg and Carla returned from the other room a few minutes later, and Lissa couldn't help notice that Meg looked a little upset and Carla looked angry. She could guess what the two of them had been talking about. But they hid it well, and did nothing to detract from the cheerful atmosphere.

After talking for a while, Meg and Lissa went back upstairs to pack their bags. They didn't speak to each other as they did so, not that Lissa didn't want to; she just couldn't find anything to say. Plus she was still a little hurt from Meg's betrayal, and she thought that if they began to talk, she might say something she would regret.

They ate a light lunch, still not very hungry after the Thanksgiving dinner the day before. The conversation was jovial, but Lissa felt like her part in it was all an act, and suspected that it was the same for Meg. Neither of them felt particularly happy at the moment, and were just keeping up appearances.

Later, the girls carried their bags down from the bedroom and packed them into Meg's car. After a series of hugs with the family which even Lissa joined in, Meg and she climbed into the car and headed toward the highway.

They fell back into their pattern of silence, which Lissa at least felt uncomfortable about. Gone were the laughter and joking and teasing that had prevailed on the trip from the school. Now they simply sat and stared out the window.

"Lissa," said Meg after half an hour of driving. "I wanted to thank you for not telling my parents."

"No need to thank me. It's just as embarrassing for me as it is for you."

"Well, thank you anyway. I just wanted you to know that I appreciate it."

"You're welcome."

Meg opened her mouth as if wanting to say something else, then closed it. Lissa could see that the girl felt bad about what had happened between them last night, but in fact, Lissa felt worse about what was happening between them right now. It was as if they had forgotten how to act around each other.

"I told Carla what I did to you," said Meg after another half an hour.

"And?" asked Lissa, trying to keep her tone neutral.

"She yelled at me."

"I hope I didn't ruin things for you two."

"Oh, don't worry about that. It's just a little lovers' spat, that's all."

"So was she mad at me?"

"Mad at *you*? Oh, you think she might have suspected you of tempting me? No, that didn't bother her; she doesn't have a problem with me being with other women. She knows about Sandy after all. The reason she yelled at me was for taking advantage of you. When she said you had earned a friend for life, she meant it."

"I'm glad. Not that she yelled at you, but that she sees me as a friend. You can't have too many good friends. You never know when you might lose one."

Meg sniffed, and Lissa wondered if she was about to cry. But she kept it under control.

"Lissa... was that a jab at me?" she asked.

"What? No, of course not, Meg. Just the opposite. You're still my friend, despite making a mistake like this. I guess I was just worried about this mistake driving a wedge between us, because I don't *want* to lose your friendship. I apologize if it sounded like I was insulting you."

"Don't apologize. I'm the one who should be apologizing to you."

"Well, I'll accept yours if you accept mine," she said, trying to sound cheerful.

Meg smiled. "Agreed," she said.

After that they fell silent again. It was that same awkward silence, as if they both wanted to say something but neither knew what to say. Lissa found that she missed Meg's teasing and joking. The ride to her house in the car had been fun and carefree, but the ride back so far was dark and gloomy. Lissa just couldn't get over the fact that Meg had betrayed her, but at the same time she felt worse about the fact that it had damaged their relationship. Would things ever be right between them again?

An hour later they passed through a small town, with a couple of restaurants and an ice cream parlor.

"So do you want to get some ice cream?" Meg asked.

"No thanks," said Lissa.

"You sure? My treat."

"Thanks, but I'm not in the mood for ice cream."

"A hamburger then? Pizza? Chinese take-out?"

Lissa laughed. "If you're that hungry, we can stop somewhere if you want."

"Actually, I'm not hungry at all. I'm just trying to make it up to you. Please let me do something for you. Anything you want."

Lissa could see how sincere her roommate was, and suddenly she stopped feeling angry. What had happened

last night was a mistake that would never happen again; they had both learned their lessons. And Meg had been punished enough by her own guilt. Lissa put a hand on Meg's shoulder.

"You know what, Meg? It's all right. I'm not mad any more."

"Really?"

"Really. Look, I know what you can do for me."

"Anything."

"I want the old Meg back. The one that jokes and teases and plays around. The one that pretends to hit on all of us. The one that prances around the apartment naked to see if she can shock us."

"I could get naked right now if you want," Meg smiled, and Lissa laughed.

"That's the Meg I'm talking about. Welcome back. And by the way, I do *not* want you to get naked right now."

"Hey, you can't blame me for trying. Okay, let me say one last serious thing before I get all freaky again. I think what happened last night should stay a secret. We won't even tell Monique or Alya, all right?"

"All right. And Meg, I changed my mind."

"About what?"

"I *am* in the mood for ice cream after all. As long as you're paying, of course."

By this point they had passed the town, so Meg made a quick U-turn and headed back.

Ten minutes later they sat in the ice cream parlor licking triple-scoop cones. Meg, of course, somehow managed to turn an innocent act like eating ice cream into an obscene spectacle, and Lissa would have felt embarrassed were she not enjoying having the old Meg back. Quite a few of the other patrons kept glancing their way, but Meg paid them no mind, except to wink provocatively at a young woman who happened to catch her eye. The girl immediately turned away, blushing.

"Did you see that?" Meg whispered to Lissa. "She's been staring lustily at you this whole time."

"Ew!" Lissa exclaimed with a giggle. "And what about that guy over there staring lustily at *you*?"

"Ew!" Meg laughed, then continued licking naughtily. "Chocolate ice cream," she commented. "My second favorite thing to eat."

"What's the first?" asked Lissa, then immediately wished she hadn't. She had fallen right into the trap.

"Guess," Meg grinned.

"You're such a pervert, Meg!" Lissa exclaimed.

"What?" she asked innocently. "I was going to say curry chicken. I have no idea what *you* were thinking, but it sounds like you're the one with the dirty mind."

"Because I've been hanging around you too long."

They finished their ice cream with a few more naughty jokes, then headed back out to the car to continue their journey. Lissa felt much better about everything now; the cloud of gloominess had passed, and things were back to the way they used to be.

Just before they climbed back into the car, Lissa had a sudden urge to hug Meg. It was just what she needed after what had happened between them. She threw her arms around her roommate, catching her off guard. Then she did something even more unexpected; she kissed her on the cheek.

Meg's eyes opened in shock. "What was that for?" she asked.

"I just wanted to thank you for being so nice to me," Lissa replied. "And I wanted you to know that there are no hard feelings. Just don't get the wrong impression," she added, laughing.

"Oh sure, make me all horny and then destroy my fantasies," Meg complained, but she wore a broad smile on her face.

They climbed back into the car and finally things were back to normal. Meg's old cheerful spirit was back, and Lissa found her mood contagious, just like before.

"So what are your plans for Christmas?" asked Meg.

"I'm going to fly home and spend it with my family," she replied. "I've been missing them all semester. I just hope I'm not too late."

"Too late?"

"To stop my brother Jeff from killing his little sister. Although on the other hand, I'm not sure it wouldn't be the other way around."

Meg laughed. "I thought you said Jeff was a great guy."

"He is. Absolutely wonderful. Except to Brit. For some reason the two of them have got it in their heads that they have to tease each other all the time."

"What's wrong with teasing?" Meg asked. "I notice you seem to like it when I tease *you*."

"Not that kind of teasing!" Lissa hurriedly explained. "They're brother and sister!"

"So are Shaun and me," Meg shrugged.

"Anyway, their teasing sometimes starts out good-natured, but it always degenerates into a fight. Fortunately it's never gotten physical, but then, I was always there as the peacemaker before. Who knows what they've gotten up to without me there to stop them."

"I'm sure they'll be fine."

"I hope so."

They sat in silence for a minute or two, but this time it wasn't the awkward, heavy silence of before, but a more relaxed, enjoyable silence.

"So is your sister cute?" asked Meg.

"She's thirteen!"

"Oh. Too young for me. Give her another year."

"I'm not letting you anywhere near her, you pervert."

"Sorry. It's just that I've got a thing for little sisters. Sandy's a little sister, you know."

"I never thought the presence of siblings could be considered a turn-on," Lissa laughed.

"Everything's a turn-on for me, didn't you notice?"

"Good point. Anyway, let's change the subject. What are *your* plans for Christmas?"

"I'm hoping Sandy's grandma kicks the bucket so I can take her home with me."

"What a horrible thing to say, Meg!"

"What? You can't tell me you've never wished something bad would happen to someone else just so that something good would happen to you."

"Okay, fine. But I've never come right out and said it like that."

"That just means I'm more honest than you."

Lissa shrugged. "Okay, I can't really argue with that."

"I'm kind of hoping I can get Sandy involved in a foursome with Peter and Carla."

Lissa laughed. "That would be interesting. I wish you luck."

"Thanks. On the other hand, maybe it's not such a good idea to let Carla and Sandy get together like that. I might risk having both my girlfriends dump me for each other."

"That would serve you right for having two girlfriends in the first place."

"What can I say? I was never a one-woman... er... woman."

They continued their banter nonstop the rest of the drive back to the apartment. It was only when Meg pulled up to the curb that she got momentarily serious again.

"Tell you what, Lissa," said Meg. "You said you needed some time away from me. So I'm going to leave you here for a while. I've got my books in my bag, so I'll go study in the library or something."

"It's okay, Meg, really," Lissa smiled.

"Well, do it for me then. I still feel a little bad about it, and I want to give you this time alone, all right?"

"Okay," Lissa agreed. "But I'll see you later tonight then?"

"Of course."

"You're not going to go looking for a new apartment?"

"If I did that, I'd never get a chance to seduce Alya."

Lissa laughed and climbed out of the car. Meg helped retrieve the suitcase from the trunk, then drove off down the road. Lissa climbed the steps to her apartment, then opened the door, feeling much better about things than she had before. Maybe she would call Matt; talking to him would be a welcome relief. Ever since they had gotten together, he liked to "keep her on a short leash," as he called it, as a joke of course. Mostly he acted jealous whenever she talked to another man, though it was usually all in fun. Still, he would probably want to know she had made it back safely.

The lights were on in the apartment, which meant someone was home, and the smell of hot tea permeating the air identified her as Alya, who was the only one in the apartment who drank it. Lissa thought that Alya would be nice to talk to as well. She dropped her suitcase in the front room and headed down the hall to the girl's bedroom. The door was open, so she stepped into the doorway to greet her roommate.

A pair of shocked eyes greeted her. Alya and Matt lay side by side in her bed. The sheets were pulled up over them, but it was obvious that they were naked.

"Shit, Lissa, I didn't think you would be home so soon!" Matt exclaimed.

"So you thought it would be okay to screw my roommate?" Lissa demanded, rage burning inside her.

"Lissa, I'm so sorry!" said Alya. "We didn't plan this. It just happened. Matt came by to check on me and make sure I was okay, then we got to talking, then... Oh, Lissa, I'm sorry!"

"I just couldn't help myself," said Matt. "I mean, when a man's in love..."

"Yeah, well, fuck you both!" Lissa exclaimed, slamming the door. Matt was such a fucking prick! After putting on a show of being friendly and sweet and devoted to her, now he was screwing her roommate behind her back. She hadn't had a boyfriend in so long, and now, when she finally thought she was in love, he did this to her. This was the second time she had been betrayed in as many days. At least she had come to terms with Meg, and even forgiven her. But this was different. Matt had not betrayed her by coming on to her, but by rejecting her.

She made up her mind. He would pay for this. She would hurt him the way he hurt her. But how to do it?

A wicked grin began to spread on her face. Matt could be possessive sometimes; ever since she had become his girlfriend he tended to get a little jealous every time she talked with another man. What better way to get her revenge than to do to him exactly what he was doing to her? She would fuck one of his roommates!

No, that was too good for him. At best it was breaking even. If he was going to play that game, she would play it too, but she was going to play to win. She wouldn't stop at one roommate. She would do all three of them.

Then she gasped as another idea came to her, one that even surprised herself. It was almost too nasty to think about. And yet, and yet...

No more would Lissa be a victim. It was time for her to start doing things her own way. She would take this to the extreme, to make him pay for what he did to her. Not only would she fuck all three of his roommates, *she would do it at the same time!*

Chapter 67

Lissa's Transformation

Billy Chase was watching the football game on TV with his roommates when the doorbell rang. As he was the closest to it, he grudgingly got up from the couch and headed for the door.

"Whatever they're selling, we don't want any," said David.

Billy answered the door, and was surprised to see Lissa, Matt's girlfriend there.

"Oh, hi, Lissa," he said with a friendly smile. Ever since he had met her, he had thought she was hot. It was too bad his roommate had claimed her.

"Hi, Billy," she said, flashing him the warmest smile she had ever given him. There was something a little flirtatious in that smile, he thought. Or maybe he was just fantasizing.

"Is that that ugly girl Matt's been dating?" Walt called out from the couch, not turning to look. That was just Walt's way; he threw around insults the way most people made off-hand comments. It didn't matter that they weren't true.

"Yes it's that ugly girl Matt's been dating," Lissa told him. "And fuck you too," she said in the most annoyingly cheerful voice she could manage.

"Right now?" asked Walt. "I'm watching the game, but maybe during the next commercial."

"Come in," Billy offered. "Actually, Matt's not here right now, but you're welcome to watch the game with us."

"I know he's not here," she said. "He's in bed with my roommate right now."

Three pairs of eyes turned to her. She gave them a challenging look, as if daring them to doubt her word.

"You don't really mean--" said David.

"That's exactly what I mean. I just walked in on them."

"That fucking bastard!" Billy exclaimed.

"Thank you, Billy. That's exactly what my reaction was."

"So that's why he was acting so nice to her yesterday," said David. "He was hoping to get into her pants."

"Probably," Lissa agreed. "Well, apparently it worked."

"You should have joined them," Walt said with a grin.

"You're sick!" said Billy.

"Come on, Walt, this isn't a joking matter," said David. "How would you like it if you caught your girlfriend in bed with me?"

"Depends. Where are you fucking her?"

"What? In bed, of course."

"No, I mean, you fucking her pussy or her ass?"

"What does it matter?"

"Just answer me. You fucking her pussy or her ass?"

"Fine. Her pussy."

"Good. That would leave her ass for me."

"Sounds fun," said Lissa.

Once again, all eyes turned to her in astonishment.

"Matt's a loser," she explained. "He gets jealous if I even talk to another man, but then he goes behind his back and screws my roommate. So I think turnabout's fair play, don't you?"

"What are you talking about?" asked Billy.

"Basically what David and Walt were describing. I can think of no better way to get even with him than to fuck you three. At the same time."

"You're serious?" asked David.

"Absolutely. Let's see. You get my pussy, and Walt gets my ass. That leaves my mouth for you, Billy. What do you think?"

Billy was stunned. This was Lissa, the girl he had been drooling over ever since Matt had brought her home with him one afternoon. And she was actually offering to suck his cock!

"I have to admit, ugly girls turn me on," said Walt. "Fortunately, if I fuck you up the ass, I don't have to look at your face."

"What about you, David? You up for this?"

"I don't know. It seems a rotten thing to do to Matt."

"That's the point."

"But I'm not sure you've thought this all the way through."

Lissa walked over to her purse, reached inside, and pulled out a jar of KY jelly, which she handed to Walt. "If I haven't thought this all the way through, why would I have stopped by the store to pick this up? This is what I want, and Matt deserves every bit of it."

"But what if he comes back before we're through?"

"Wouldn't that be perfect?" she laughed. "I would love to have him walk in on us like that."

"Well, if you're sure about this."

"I am. So Billy, what about you? You want me to wrap my lips around that rod of yours?"

"Hell yes!" he exclaimed in excitement. He had never had his cock sucked before, and now it was going to be by the girl he had been lusting after for months!

"All right then, boys, drop your drawers."

The four of them immediately began to undress. Billy's eyes wandered over Lissa's body as she took off her clothes and tossed them in a pile in the corner. She was such a hottie! He thought it took forever for her to strip, though she seemed to be hurrying as fast as the rest of them.

As her bra came off, he licked his lips. Her tits were every bit as beautiful as he imagined them. She caught him staring at her, and spread her arms wide to give him a perfect view. "You like?" she asked with a grin.

"I love!" he responded.

Then her panties came off, and he felt he was in heaven. She had neatly trimmed pubic hair covering a beautiful slit. Maybe he could convince her to alternate so that he could have a chance at it. Not that he had anything against getting a blowjob from her.

By now, the three roommates had also lost all of their clothing, and they stood there, dicks as hard as rocks. Lissa eyed them over with hunger in her eyes.

"So how do you want to do this?" asked David.

"First things first. Walt, are you ready?"

"Am I ever!" he said, opening the jar of KY jelly.

Lissa got down on her hands and knees and thrust her ass in the air toward him. He knelt behind her, then rubbed some lubricant on his cock, and more on her puckered anal opening. Then he placed the tip of his cock against her hole.

Billy was enthralled. He had never seen anyone get ass-fucked before. This was going to be good.

Walt pressed forward a little, and Lissa sucked in her breath. Walt backed off a little. "You're too tight," he said. "I think you need to be warmed up a little."

"Fuck that," she told him. "Just shove it in already."

"Lissa, I think maybe Walt's right," said David. "If he does it like that, he could hurt you."

"Then hurt me! Ram it in as hard and as deep as you can, Walt. Don't be a pussy. Do it now!"

"All right, you asked for it," he said. With one tremendous effort he slammed forward and at the same time pulled her back against him.

She screamed in pain. "Oh, shit!" Walt exclaimed. "I'm sorry, Lissa!"

"Go to hell!" she told him, tears running down her cheeks. "Don't you dare pull out!"

"What are you saying, Lissa?" asked David.

"I'm saying I don't feel his balls against my ass, so that means he's not deep enough. Ram me again, Walt!"

"Are you sure?"

"Just do it, you fucker!"

Gritting his teeth, he shoved in again with all his strength. Again she cried out in anguish. Her tears flowed freely now, and she made no move to stop them.

"More!" she cried.

Walt did as instructed. He shoved in again, causing another cry of pain.

"More!" she shouted again, and Walt began to fuck her now, hard and deep. At first she cried out in pain with every thrust, but as time went on, they gave way to moans of pleasure. Finally, she told him to stop.

"We don't want to finish before the others are in, do we?" she asked. "I want you to lie back so that I can sit on your cock. That will give David room to enter me."

Walt eased backward, drawing him carefully with him, until he was lying on the floor with her on top of him. Almost her full body weight was pressing down on his cock.

"Come on, David, what are you waiting for?" she demanded.

David didn't have to be told twice. He knelt down in front of her, positioning his hard cock against her pussy.

"Don't you dare be any more gentle than Walt," she commanded him. "I want it all up inside me in one thrust."

"Lissa, you don't know what you're saying," David told her. "You're not ready there yet."

"Hey, fuck you! I know when I'm ready, and I'm ready now!"

"Fine," he said. He moved in close to her, then with one swift motion he impaled her on his rod. Again she screamed in pain, and David stopped for a second.

"Who told you you could stop?" she demanded. "Keep shoving it up my pussy." David did so, and once again she began to cry out in pain.

"Damn it, you two," said Billy. "I don't care what she says, can't you see you're hurting her?"

"Shut up and stick your cock in my mouth," she said.

David moved his legs out in front of him then leaned back until he was lying on the floor as well. That gave Billy room to step over him and maneuver his hips to Lissa's face. She immediately opened her mouth and sucked his dick in.

The feel of her lips were heavenly! She sucked hard, using her tongue to add a little extra stimulation. It was all he could do to stop from cumming right there. But he wanted to draw this out as long as possible.

She pulled her head back for a moment and released his member, to his disappointment. "We have to do this right," she said. "Walt, take my arms and hold them behind my back. Keep them there! Don't let me get away."

He obediently grabbed her wrists and pulled them back, keeping a tight lock on them. She was now completely restrained.

"Now Billy, I want you to abuse my mouth. Put your hands on my head and pull me in as hard and fast as you can. Shove your cock in until I gag, and then keep going. Every time you shove it in, make sure it goes to the base. There better not be a millimeter of your cock outside my mouth, you understand?"

"Shit, really?" he asked.

"Lissa, this is going too far," said David, though he continued to thrust in and out of her. "That could get

dangerous. What if you can't breathe?"

"Who asked you, you fucker?" she exclaimed. "Billy, do it! Do it hard, fast, and deep!"

Hearing those words drove him into a frenzy. This was such a dream come true! Grasping her head between his hands, he placed his cock in her mouth. Then he shoved.

She closed her eyes tight as she gagged. He pulled out almost to the end, then thrust back in as hard as he could. She kept sucking away, despite the involuntary gagging noises she was making. The sound of them only served to heighten his lust. He continued to shove in deep, slamming against the back of her throat.

The tears flowed like rain, tumbling down her cheeks and splattering against his legs and her tits. Walt's grip on her arms meant that she couldn't stop this if she wanted to. There would be no mercy until all three roommates finished.

He sped up the rhythm, going faster and faster. Surely it was too fast for her to even catch a breath, but he was in too much ecstasy to stop. She was his bitch now. Her mouth was a slave to his cock, and he was going to take full advantage of it. He held nothing back, slamming her again and again.

Her body tensed. Maybe she was trying to struggle. Maybe she was panicking and trying to get away. But it was too late for that. She had put herself in this position, and Billy wasn't going to stop for anything now. Just a little longer now, and he would reach the finale. He would take the pleasure from this slave that was rightfully his, the pleasure that she had been teasing him with for so long. He would take it to the ultimate, take him over the top.

Walt was the first to climax, not surprisingly since he had been inside her the longest. He cried out in ecstasy and shoved in deep, his whole body freezing up as he emptied his load inside of her.

David was not far behind. His orgasm, though, was more full of motion. He continued to thrust inside as he came, bouncing her up and down on his hips.

That left only Billy. He knew he was getting close, and he attacked her mouth with renewed passion, almost violence. No, it had gone far beyond violence now. He was slamming her as hard as he could, as if trying to break through to the back of her head. Though she was crying, he didn't let up. No, this bitch would see him through to the end.

Then the pleasure began building to a peak. He knew he was almost there. As it reached the top, he grabbed her hair and pulled her in, thrusting what he thought must be a thousand times harder than he had thrust before. Her face was squashed against his belly, her lips all the way to the base of his cock, and the tip felt like it was shoved down her throat all the way to her stomach.

He literally screamed in pleasure as he shot his load down her throat, forcing her to swallow it because there was no other place to go. It seemed like it went on for hours as he held her there, immobile, subdued, and completely in his power.

Then the peak was over, and he felt the pleasure draining away. God, that felt good! He had never had such a mind-blowing orgasm before. He released the pressure and pulled out, finally allowing her to breathe again.

Walt released her arms then, and she slowly and shakily rose up off of their dicks, collapsing on the floor weeping.

"Lissa?" asked David, his hand going to her arm and a look of concern on his face. "Are you all right?"

"That bastard Matt!" she sobbed. "I'll show him!"

"Lissa, you just did," David told her. "You just got your revenge on him."

She looked up at him with those teary eyes, then took a deep breath to calm herself and wiped away her tears. Suddenly, she wore a look of defiance in her eyes.

"That was good for a start," she said. "But it's not over yet between him and me."

"So you're not hurt?"

"Of course I'm hurt, you jackass!" she exclaimed. "You guys just pounded me half to death! I have to admit, though, that that was the best sex I've ever had." Then she laughed. "I'm such a mess. You guys mind if I use your shower?"

The boys all agreed, and David even helped her to her feet and into the bathroom. After the fucking she had just received, she could barely stand, much less walk. He got out an extra towel for her, then as she stepped into the tub, he left the room and closed the door behind him.

As Lissa let the soothing water wash over her, she closed her eyes and let it work its magic. She was sore from the ordeal; she'd probably be feeling this for a week. It was her own damn fault, of course, but she had wanted to do this right. It had to be raw, it had to be hard, it had to be a gruelling experience. Because Matt had wanted her body, she had to punish it to punish him. The object of his lust had been abused, and he would forever know that it was because he had thrown it aside.

There was something else awakening in her as well. Her actions tonight were so completely unlike herself that she almost couldn't believe she had done it. But now that it was over, she realized that it was because she had been sheltered, restrained, repressed even. All those things that she had been taught growing up, about how to be a proper lady, they were just layers of clothing hiding the true Lissa from view. Now she was tearing them off her, breaking free of the restraints. She was casting aside the old Lissa, that stifling, imprisoning shell who had forced the real Lissa to live her whole life in a cage. The new Lissa was free to do as she wanted. Free to dress the way she wanted, free to talk the way she wanted, free to live the way she wanted. She was even free to fuck every guy she met if she wanted. She was without bounds or limits.

"There's no such thing as guilt," she said aloud. That would be her new philosophy. Guilt was just a feeling. She felt happy, she felt sad, she felt guilty. But all of these emotions could be controlled. How many times had she heard a lecture about being happy regardless of your circumstances? Well, if happiness could be summoned at will, why couldn't guilt be banished the same way? The new Lissa would rid herself completely of guilt, because it only served to hold her back from what she wanted. The new Lissa would do whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted, and damn the consequences!

She giggled as she thought back to the previous night and the incident with Meg. The new Lissa felt disgusted with the old Lissa's weakness. How naive she had been! She should have allowed Meg to do whatever she wanted. Better yet, she should have jumped on Meg herself. It had felt good after all, and it was only the shame that had hurt her so much. But from now on, there would be no shame. She was going to start actually living life.

And Matt would have no part of it. In a way, she had him to thank for her transformation. But it was not out of the goodness of his heart that he did this. No, he had broken her trust, and so he deserved not her thanks, but her enmity. Her first mission as the new Lissa was to hurt him. Let him see what he could have had, and deny it to him forever.

His roommates would surely brag about this experience. Good. But as she had told them, this was just a start. Where could she go from here?

The new month was coming up, and Mr. Bullard would expect to be paid. She smiled. Let Matt see that she would rather blow that old pervert than let Matt touch her. That would be the next step. Yes, that would hurt him plenty.

Even as she thought it, she wondered if it were true. There was something nagging her, a half-formed thought in the back of her mind telling her that this was all for nothing. Was she just deceiving herself? Was she committing all these atrocities in vain?

Then suddenly she knew what it was. When she had caught Matt with Alya, he had said that he was in love. But now that she thought about it, she realized the horrible truth. He loved Alya, not Lissa!

Damn him! Even giving herself to everyone except Matt would not punish him. He had robbed her of her vengeance. But there still had to be a way to get even with him. What could she do that was worse than what he had done to her?

And then she had it. It was a wicked thought, at least for the old Lissa. But it was one the new Lissa could contemplate. It would mean an entire change of lifestyle, but wasn't that exactly what she was doing anyway? Matt had hurt her, in a sense, by taking away the person she loved. There was only one thing she could do to match that. *She would steal Alya from him!*

When she returned to her apartment that night, she found Matt had long since left. Monique was not home

yet, but she found Alya on her bed, her head resting in Meg's lap, crying.

Meg glanced up at Lissa as she entered, a look of pity in her eyes. She smoothed back Alya's hair, then helped her up into a sitting position, keeping a loving arm around her. Alya just stared at the floor, not daring to look Lissa in the eyes.

"There are two ways we can do this," said Meg. "If this is going to get nasty, I'm going to stay here and be the referee to keep it from getting out of hand. But I'd prefer to leave you two alone so you can talk it out. It's your call, Lissa."

"I think I'd like to be alone with Alya for a minute," Lissa responded. "And I promise I'll keep it civil."

"I'll be out in the front room. Call me if you need me," Meg said, then rose off the bed and left the room, shutting the door behind her.

Lissa came and sat down on the bed beside Alya.

"I'm sorry, Lissa," said Alya quietly. "This is all my fault. I shouldn't have--"

Lissa cut her off, putting a finger to Alya's lips to silence her. Alya glanced up at her with tear-filled eyes, and Lissa gave her an encouraging smile. The lines of worry on Alya's face turned to hope.

Lissa put an arm around her, much like Meg had. She held her there for a moment, then suddenly wrapped her arms around her and hugged her tightly. Alya accepted the embrace, letting the tears flow.

They sat that way for at least five minutes, Lissa stroking her hair and Alya crying on her shoulder. As she held her, her anger began to fade. Yes, Alya had stolen her boyfriend, but Lissa was over him now. Everything about him had been a lie. Alya had fallen for him just the same way Lissa had, and her jealousy turned to pity. Would Matt tear Alya apart as he had done to Lissa? In her own case, she had gathered up the pieces and become stronger than ever. But what would happen to Alya when Matt tossed her away? Lissa had meant to come in here to play a part, to make it look like she forgave Alya and thus earn her gratitude, which could help on the road to conquering her. But now, as she held the weeping girl, she realized that she really did care about her.

That didn't change what she had to do; in fact, it made it easier. Now it was no longer about stealing her from Matt. It was about *protecting* her from him.

Slowly, reluctantly, they pulled away from one another. Alya took a moment to dry her tears, then managed a weak laugh.

"Shouldn't *you* be the one crying right now?" she asked.

"It's all right," said Lissa. "The fact that you're crying shows that you feel bad about what happened, which means that you really do care about my feelings, and that's all the apology I need from you. I was mad at

first, but now that I've had time to think things over, I realize that I'm no longer mad at *you*. It's only Matt that I hate right now."

"Matt?" asked Alya. "But I'm just as guilty--"

"No you're not. He was my boyfriend, so he had a responsibility toward me. You didn't. He betrayed me, Alya. I don't care what you did or didn't do to encourage him; it was his decision in the end. So let's have no nonsense about blaming yourself, okay?"

"You really don't hate me?"

"I've already lost a boyfriend tonight. I don't want to lose our friendship over this as well."

"Lissa, I can't believe how well you're taking this."

"Believe me, I'm completely over Matt. He can do what he wants as far as I'm concerned. I'm more worried about you."

"Me?"

"You're not at fault here. If anything, you're as much a victim as I am."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you love him?"

"I don't know. Maybe."

"Well, I thought I loved him. But I only loved what I thought he was. The real him turned out to be something quite different. It was hard for me to see that. This night has been filled with pain." That was certainly the truth! "And so I want to spare you from going through the same thing."

"I don't understand."

"He was willing to betray me. Are you sure he won't betray you?"

"He's not like that! This wasn't something he usually does."

"How do you know?"

"Because of something he said."

"What did he say?"

Alya looked away. "I'm not sure I should tell you. It might hurt you."

"I've already been hurt so much tonight that this won't make any difference."

"All right. He admitted that he had used you to get to me."

"I'm not surprised. And I'm not hurt, either, in case you're wondering."

"So you see, it's not that he usually goes after two women at once. He was interested in me from the beginning. He said he had never done something like this before."

"I can understand, although not condone, using me like that. If that were all there is to it, I would say he's just made a bad mistake. But I think it only fair to warn you that he tried to get me to have sex with him a couple of times, so that tells us something else about him. Just think about it."

"Okay, but I still think he really does care about me."

"Maybe you're right. I hope so, I really do. I hope he turns out to be perfect, wonderful, and the man of your dreams. I hope that the two of you live happily ever after. But what if you're wrong? If so, isn't it better to end it now before you really do fall in love with him? The thought of you experiencing the same pain that I did breaks my heart."

"I don't know, Lissa. I don't know what I want."

"All right. You're a big girl, so I can't tell you what to do. You've heard what I've had to say, so I won't pressure you any more about it. It has to be your decision. Just think about what I said, okay?"

Alya nodded.

"There's a good girl," Lissa smiled, then leaned in and kissed her on the cheek. Alya's eyes widened momentarily as she wondered about the gesture, but Lissa had already hopped off the bed and was headed out of the room.

Meg glanced up at her as Lissa emerged from the bedroom and sat down on the couch.

"So which one of you is going to move out?" asked Meg.

"Neither of us. We made up."

"Just like that?"

"Yes, just like that. Alya's sorry for what she's done, and that's good enough for me."

"But Lissa, this isn't just a simple little thing like spilling soda on your favorite dress."

"No it's not, but Matt's the one I hate right now. Alya's just a victim like I was. She doesn't need my anger right now; she needs my pity, and my support. I'll be damned if Matt's going to hurt her like he hurt me."

"So what are you saying?"

"I don't know. I need some time to think things over. But don't worry about any confrontations between Alya and me, because we're going to stick together through this."

"Lissa, I can't believe how selfless you're being right now. Now two of your roommates have betrayed you, and you've forgiven both of us. Alya even stole your boyfriend. If I had caught one of you sleeping with Sandy... no, on second thought, I would have just crawled into bed with you and made it a threesome."

Lissa laughed. "Just do one thing for me, Meg. Keep up the jokes. I think we all need that right now."

The next couple of days were a little tense in the apartment, but Lissa did her best to show Alya that she wasn't angry. When Monique came home on Sunday morning, Lissa let Alya explain the situation to her. Monique was as angry at Matt as Lissa had been at first, but both girls assured her that it was all right.

It was that afternoon that Lissa decided it was time to take the next step in her plan. She had been dreading doing this because there was still a trace of the old Lissa left, a part of her that felt uncomfortable with the whole thing. But she wouldn't let that part of her rule her. So she took a deep breath and marched into her room to talk to her roommate.

Meg was lying on the bed leafing through a *Lecher* magazine when Lissa came in. Not surprisingly, she was naked. Even during the day she preferred to go without clothes. She glanced up and smiled. "Hi, Lissa," she said.

"Meg," said Lissa, "I need your help."

"Anything for my cute, sexy little roommate," Meg joked.

"I know that you and Sandy sometimes involve other girls when you make love, right?"

"Why, you want to join us some time?" she laughed.

"Yes," said Lissa without the hint of a smile on her face.

Meg's laughter cut off abruptly. "Really?" she asked.

"Really."

"Lissa, remember the last time we did anything like that. I still feel guilty about taking advantage of you. Are you sure this is what you want?"

"I'm going to be perfectly frank. I need you to be my teacher. I'm still angry at Matt, and I want to punish him. I think the worst thing I can do to him is steal Alya away."

"No," said Meg immediately.

"What do you mean, no?"

"No, you're not going to ruin Alya's life just to get your revenge. She's our friend, and I'll be damned if I'm going to help you hurt her."

"I don't want to hurt her. Just the opposite, in fact."

"What do you mean?"

"Matt is a self-centered, bigamous asshole. He turns on the charm and girls just melt in his arms. I fell for it, and now Alya's falling for it too. I want to save her from him."

"By stealing her away? Do you realize what you're asking?"

"Yes. I want you to teach me to be a lesbian. To tell you the truth, I'd be a little more comfortable if it were just you teaching me, but I wouldn't ask you to go behind Sandy's back like that. I need to learn to seduce girls, even to the point that I'm capable of seducing a straight girl away from her boyfriend."

"Lissa, this is Alya we're talking about, not just some boyfriend-stealing cock teaser."

"What's the matter? I thought you would be happy to see her switch over. But you're talking about it ruining her life."

"While I maintain that all girls are lesbians deep down inside, they need to discover that for themselves. I like to tease and flirt with girls, and if they're willing, my offers are bona fide. But I make sure I'm obvious about it so that they know what they're getting into and they have plenty of opportunity to reject my advances. You're talking about taking advantage of a girl who's vulnerable right now, and doing it with deceit and trickery."

"It's the only way to spare her from the pain that I went through. Alya doesn't need a selfish prick like Matt; she needs someone who really cares about her."

"But do *you* really care about her, or are you just using this as a way to get even with Matt?"

"Both."

"Answer me one thing, Lissa. Suppose you could either get your revenge or protect Alya, but not both. Which one would you choose?"

"That's easy. I would protect Alya," said Lissa, but wondered whether that were really the case. She had said it because she knew it was the only way to get Meg on her side, but perhaps there was some degree of truth to it.

Meg grinned. "Then I say let's do it. To tell you the truth, I've always hoped for a pupil as eager as you are. This is like a dream come true. All right. I'm planning to go visit Sandy tonight, so I'll call her and ask if she minds if I bring you along. We can start then. But let's be clear about this; if it looks like you're going to hurt Alya, I'll shut the whole thing down by telling her what you were trying to do."

"Fair enough. Thanks, Meg."

"You can 'thank' me properly tonight. In fact, you can thank me over and over again," she grinned slyly, and this time, Lissa didn't blush at her innuendos. In fact, feeling a sudden boldness, she came over and threw her arms around her. She refused to let herself feel awkward about hugging a naked woman. It wasn't the first time she had done so, after all. And with Allison, Lissa herself had been naked as well. Now that she thought about it, she realized that her actions on that sailboat that summer had been the first time the new Lissa had expressed herself. That was the real Lissa, not the suppressed, sheltered girl that had ruled her for eighteen years. She was beginning to explore a new world, and she planned to enjoy every minute of it.

Chapter 68

Lessons

Lissa felt a little nervous sitting in Meg's car as the two of them drove to Sandy's apartment. She had never been to Sandy's place before, but that wasn't the reason. It was only natural for a girl to be a little scared knowing that in a few minutes she would be starting on the road to becoming a lesbian. Meg asked her for the fourth time if she was sure this was what she wanted, and Lissa nodded. She had made up her mind.

This wasn't just about seducing Alya, though that was a large part of it. This was more about becoming a new person. She thought back on what Rachael had told her two years ago, about coming out of her shell and experiencing new things. If Lissa were to ever reach the point where she could never be taken advantage of again, she needed to be willing to do anything and everything. That way she would never be trapped by people's expectations or her own reluctance. She would be completely free.

Meg pulled into the visitor parking in front of a three-story apartment building with exterior walkways. Instead of turning off the ignition, though, she turned to Lissa. "Last chance to back out," she said. "I can take you back home right now if you want. Sandy will understand if you got cold feet."

"Let's go see her," replied Lissa.

Meg sighed. "Okay," she said. She turned off the car, then the two of them stepped out. Meg led the way to one of the apartments on the ground floor. "Sandy moved down here after her downstairs neighbors complained about all of the noise we were making," Meg grinned. "When we really get into it we sometimes get so active that we fall off the bed, which is annoying for anyone downstairs, especially in the middle of the night. Then of course we keep going, rolling around on the floor and sometimes bumping into things. At least the sound is muffled for people above us."

She knocked on the door, and Sandy opened it. "Hi Meg," she grinned. "Hi Lissa. Come on in."

The two girls stepped into the apartment, closing the door behind them. Sandy threw her arms around Meg and kissed her deeply as Lissa watched. Then she caught Lissa by surprise by doing the same to her. Lissa let the kiss happen, even opening her mouth to allow Sandy to slip her tongue in. Lissa even slipped her arms around the girl, hugging her tightly.

When they broke the kiss, Sandy grinned. "You're one lucky girl, Meg, to have such a hot little roommate who's willing to do this. I think I'll have seconds." She leaned in and kissed Lissa again, and Lissa kissed her back. It wasn't anywhere near as bad as she had expected it to be, but then, it wasn't the first time she had kissed a girl after all. Although it had been two years ago, she remembered that kiss from Rachael. And of course, she had kissed Allison plenty of times on that sailing trip last summer. She hadn't liked either one, but that was mainly because she thought she *shouldn't* like it. Now that she was more accepting of it, she realized

that it really did feel nice.

Sandy pulled back again, a smile on her lips. "Holy shit!" she said. "Lissa's a great kisser! I think I'll have thirds." She leaned in again.

"Stop that," said Meg, and the two girls pulled away.

"Sorry," apologized Lissa. "I didn't mean to make you jealous."

Meg laughed. "You're not making me jealous. That's the first rule of threesomes. No one is allowed to get jealous of what the other two are doing. I just meant that when Sandy gets in these moods, you have to stop her early or she'll go on to fourths, fifths, and twenty-ninths. You're here for lessons, not for a make-out session with my girlfriend."

"Yes, Mistress," said Sandy with a grin. "See? I know how to submit to authority. That's what makes me such a good teacher's aide."

"I'd be curious to know what kind of class *that* is, where you call the teacher 'Mistress,'" said Lissa.

"English Literature," Sandy replied. "I'm the T.A. for Mrs. Richards."

"Are you sure that's not T. *and* A?" asked Meg.

Sandy laughed. "Only in my fantasies. For a thirty-year-old woman, Mrs. Richards is hot. That's why I asked for the job. It's too bad she's not willing to take advantage of the situation. I actually did call her Mistress once by accident, but she thought it was a joke."

"So let's get down to business," said Meg. "Sandy, are your roommates all out?"

"None of them have gotten back from Thanksgiving vacation yet. I don't expect any of them until late."

"Good. Let's go to the bedroom."

The three of them headed to the back room, where Meg motioned for Lissa to sit on the bed. "Just so we all have the same expectations," said Meg, "let's discuss what we're going to do. Lissa, I haven't told Sandy the details, but she needs to know part of it. I'm not going to name names, so don't worry. You have your eye on a certain girl who happens to be involved in a relationship with a man. You've never been with a woman before, but this girl is enough to make you want to switch over."

"Must be some girl!" Sandy grinned.

"Oh, she is," Meg said. "I've met her before, and I'm tempted to go after her myself. But anyway, Lissa, because you've never had any lesbian experiences, you need us to teach you so that you can learn to seduce this girl. Am I right so far?"

"Exactly," Lissa replied.

"Then you need to learn not only how to have sex with girls, but how to flirt with them too. How to make them hot for you. Right?"

"Yes," said Lissa.

"Then you've come to the right place," said Meg. "Sandy happens to be an expert on seducing straight girls."

"Oh, I wouldn't exactly call myself an expert," Sandy said.

"Jody, Mandy, and April," Meg told her. "Those are just the ones I can think of off the top of my head. All three of them were straight until you started to work on them."

"Hey! Now you're revealing my love life all the way back to junior high."

"Then just to be fair, I'll reveal mine. First Carla and then you. That doesn't include the occasional flings at parties or the dozens that you and I have picked up for the occasional three- or foursome. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough," laughed Sandy. "So anyway, I guess I have had some experience with straight girls. So Lissa, tell me about your relationship with this mystery woman. Are you friends, or do you worship her from afar, or is it somewhere in between?"

"Oh, we're friends," replied Lissa.

"Have you ever hugged her?"

"Yes."

"Good. One of the benefits of being a woman is that we can be affectionate with each other like that without people thinking we're lesbians. Of course, in Meg's and my case, we don't care what they think, but if you're trying to seduce a straight girl, you can get quite far without her getting suspicious."

"Anyway, we'll save that for a future lesson," said Meg. "I was thinking, one time isn't going to do it. We need to make this an ongoing thing. Say, twice a week. That will give Lissa time to practice what she's learned with the object of her desire. What do you think?"

"Fine with me," said Lissa.

"I like it," said Sandy.

"Good. Since we have to work fast, this first lesson will be a crash course in lesbian sex. By the time we're through tonight, Lissa, you need to be comfortable with making love to women."

Lissa nodded.

"Well what are you waiting for?" asked Meg with a grin. "Everyone get naked." She wasted no time, but immediately yanked off her shirt and started working on her bra. Sandy and Lissa followed suit, and soon all three of them stood there with nothing on.

"So what do you think?" Lissa asked the girls, spreading her arms out to give them a good view of her unclothed body.

"I think you've got a gorgeous body," Meg replied. "You shouldn't cover it up, at least when I'm around."

"If you're lucky, maybe I'll start sleeping the nude."

"Keep up that talk, and I'll have an orgasm before we even start."

"Now I'm jealous that you share a bedroom with Meg," Sandy commented.

"No getting jealous, remember?" Lissa grinned. "Besides, I'll make it up to you." She stepped in close, wrapped her arms around Sandy's neck, and kissed her deeply on the lips. Sandy responded by wrapping her arms around Lissa's waist.

The feel of the girl's body against her own thrilled Lissa. After those times with Allison, touching another woman's body like that didn't bother her, but this was different because of the added sexual element. She could feel her nipples hardening against Sandy's as they held each other tightly.

Not wanting to be left out, Meg moved in behind Lissa and pressed her own body up against her back. She lowered her lips and kissed Lissa on the neck, just above the shoulder. There was a particularly sensitive spot there which Meg seemed to know about, probably because it was common to all girls. Either that or Meg had been kissing her in her sleep and taking note of her responses.

Lissa drew her head back, lifting her face to the ceiling with her eyes closed and mouth open in a smile, letting the wonderful feeling of the girls' bodies overwhelm her. She was still a little tense, this being her first lesbian experience where she really allowed herself to enjoy it, but she was surprised at how quickly she got used to it.

"Wow, Lissa!" Sandy exclaimed. "I don't think I've ever had such an enthusiastic pupil."

"You sure you're not already a lesbian?" asked Meg. "Most girls are a little hesitant the first time."

"That's because they have pesky little inhibitions that get in the way. But this is the new me. No inhibitions, no hesitation, just an overwhelming desire to be as naughty as I can."

"So far you're doing a great job."

"Well then, let's get a little more direct," suggested Sandy. She stepped back, then reached out and took Lissa's tits in her hands. Lissa smiled, raised her arms, and put her hands behind her head to give her plenty of room to work. Meg reached around from behind and cupped her boobs in her hands as well. Lissa sighed.

It felt nice to have the girls groping her like that. It brought back memories of that time with Rachael, years ago, when the girl had fondled her in much the same way. At the time there had been some awkwardness and discomfort mingled with the pleasure, but that was just because of the hesitation and inhibitions she had mentioned. Now, without those to hold her back, she could really let herself enjoy it.

Sandy took her nipples and squeezed them between her fingers. The smile on Lissa's face intensified at the pleasure. She was really starting to have fun. The girls certainly knew what they were doing, and she was discovering things about her own body that she didn't even know about before.

She reached out and put her hands on Sandy's breasts, delighted to find her nipples already hard. She did to Sandy what she knew felt good on her own body, rubbing and kneading her breasts.

"Hey, I want some of that too," Meg said, moving around to the side. Sandy and Lissa each removed one of their hands from each other and placed them on Meg's chest. Meg took their now-neglected breasts in her own hands, and they stood in a triangle, each girl fondling and being fondled by both of her partners.

They teased each other like that for a few minutes, and Lissa felt her body responding to the stimulation. Her breathing deepened and she felt warm. From the sounds the other girls were making, it was obvious that they felt the same way.

Meg was the one to stop it. "I can't stand it any more," she said. "I've got to taste the gorgeous body of yours. Go lie down on the bed."

Lissa did as instructed, lying on her back and staring up at the two girls, who immediately came over. They both lowered their heads to her tits and sucked her nipples into her mouth.

"Oh god!" she cried out with the sudden intense pleasure. Meg and Sandy giggled.

"Sounds like she likes it," Sandy commented, then resumed her sucking.

Lissa was in heaven. Only a couple of times before had she had anyone suck her tits, and her inhibitions had gotten in the way of letting her enjoy it to its fullest. Now, unrestrained, she realized just how pleasurable it could be.

There was more, though, much more. She felt Sandy's hand on her body, sliding down toward her pussy. Lissa spread her legs invitingly, eager to feel the girl's fingers at the center of her sex.

When it happened, she was unprepared for the sudden spike in pleasure. She was used to her own fingers down there, but to feel someone else's hands, especially a woman's, at the same time as the other two most sensitive parts of her body, pushed her over the edge. She cried out as an orgasm washed over her body, then lay there panting on the bed.

"I love to watch another woman climax," Meg commented. "Especially when it's my roommate."

"I hope this doesn't mean you're done for the evening," said Sandy.

"Not even close," Lissa mumbled. "Just let me rest here for a minute."

"No resting while you've got me this worked up," Meg insisted. She began to kiss down Lissa's body. Lissa grinned as she realized where the girl was headed.

Sandy also lifted her head from Lissa's nipple, but she went the opposite direction. She pressed her lips against Lissa's, slipping her tongue inside. She only held that kiss for a minute though, instead raising her head and smiling down. "Do you mind giving me some of the pleasure we've been giving you?" she asked.

"Let's put it this way," Lissa replied. "I intend to bring you both to orgasm with my mouth tonight, so I have no problem with a little tit-sucking."

"That's what I was hoping to hear." Sandy leaned over her until her breasts dangled in Lissa's face. Lissa stuck out her tongue and flicked it against the nearest nipple, causing the girl to groan.

She had tasted another woman's breasts only once before, on that sailing trip last summer. It was a good thing that it was Allison, because she wouldn't have felt comfortable with anyone else, including Rachael. At the time it had been a little embarrassing with just the tiniest hint of disgust, but not nearly as revolting as it could have been. She was familiar, and comfortable, with her stepmother's body after all.

Now as she teased Sandy's nipples, she found that she actually liked it. It wasn't the taste, which was pretty neutral after all; it was no different from licking the back of her hand. Rather, it was the feel of the girl's nipple on her tongue and the reaction she was causing, as well as the knowledge of just how naughty it was.

Sandy lowered her body a couple of inches, and Lissa took the nipple into her mouth, sucking it deeply. She could get used to this. Maybe after she seduced Alya she could still join Meg and Sandy once in a while.

Just then Meg reached her destination. She ran her tongue along Lissa's slit from the base to the top, causing her to cry out again, though not quite with another orgasm. Meg took the outer lips in her fingers and spread them, allowing her tongue to probe inside. She sought out the rapidly swelling clit, driving Lissa into a frenzy. She couldn't believe how good it felt to have another woman do that to her. The girl's tongue worked expertly over her cunt, threatening to drive her over the edge again.

When Meg took her clit in her teeth and nibbled gently on it, Lissa lost control, and she literally screamed as her second orgasm of the night overtook her. She couldn't believe how much of a difference it made to have another woman do that to her. Her own hands, and even a man's cock, were nothing in comparison. Even the other day, when she fucked three guys at the same time, it didn't feel this good. Maybe she was a true lesbian at heart after all.

Meg rose up and lay down beside her, and Sandy moved out of the way as Meg moved in to give her a wet, open-mouthed kiss. Lissa tasted something different yet slightly familiar on the girl's tongue, and she immediately identified it as her own juices. Meg's face was wet with the stuff, and Lissa eagerly licked it off.

"Well now, if you like that taste, we've got plenty more for you," Meg grinned.

Lissa sat up. "Then maybe you'd better lie down, so I can get my fill," she said.

Sandy laughed. "Meg, why didn't you tell me you had such a slutty little roommate?"

"I didn't know myself," Meg shrugged. She lay on her back and spread her legs. Lissa wasted no time. She lowered her head and stuck out her tongue, tasting her first pussy. She hadn't even gone this far with Allison. As she ran her tongue all over her roommate's cunt, she smiled as she realized that she was doing something she had never done before.

Meg's body squirmed delightfully, and Lissa reveled in the power she was exerting over her roommate. It felt exhilarating to know that she was causing such pleasure in another human being, doubly so because it was a girl. She licked her all over enthusiastically, enjoying the taste. Only about half of the dampness came from Lissa's tongue; Meg was leaking like crazy.

Sandy got into the action too, kissing her girlfriend all over the chest. Between the two of them, Meg was soon crying out in pleasure.

Lissa used her fingers to spread her roommate's puffy little lips, and drove her tongue deep inside. She couldn't go very far in; it wasn't a cock after all, but it was enough to drive Meg wild. Lissa also teased the girl's clitoris with her tongue, licking and tickling it mercilessly.

It wasn't long before Meg's body tensed up in a raging orgasm. Lissa opened her mouth wide and wrapped it all over the girl's pussy, not wanting to miss any of the gushing liquid. She rammed her tongue inside again as she did so, wriggling it around to put a sharp edge on Meg's pleasure.

"Oh my god!" Meg finally exclaimed as she collapsed in exhaustion. "Lissa, you're a natural! Believe me, girl, you were born to be a lesbian."

Lissa giggled. "You just may be right," she said.

"Well then let me have a turn," Sandy insisted. Meg grudgingly rolled off the bed and onto her knees beside it as Sandy took her place. She was already nice and moist, despite not having been touched there yet.

Lissa tried a new technique this time. Instead of forcefully licking the girl, she very lightly brushed her tongue against the top of the girl's slit. Sandy gasped at the contact, and Lissa grinned.

"You like that, don't you?"

"Oh god, yes!"

Lissa lowered her head and did it again. This time the girl's whole body jumped. Lissa continued to tease her like that, using only the lightest touches of her tongue, all over the girl's cunt. She loved to see the reactions it was causing in the girl's body. Sandy writhed on the bed as Lissa worked her over.

After about five minutes of this teasing, she spread the girl's lips and licked along the inside, and Sandy cried out in pleasure. Lissa sucked on the outer lips, then let her tongue dance over the hood hiding the girl's clitoris. It wasn't long before the swelling bud peeked out, and Lissa took full advantage of the situation. She licked it, sucked on it, and even nibbled on it, much as Meg had done to her earlier. Sandy's body became a quivering mass on the bed as Lissa took complete control of her. She realized just how much power a girl could have over someone by using these techniques. Certainly Sandy no longer had any power over her own body.

It didn't take long for the girl to scream out in ecstasy, and Lissa treated her to the same treat as she had Meg, by covering her pussy with her mouth and shoving her tongue as deep inside as she could. She could taste the juices of Sandy's climax, and drank them down greedily. Yes, making love to a woman was different from making love to a man. It was somehow more intense, and yet at the same time more comfortable.

After it was over, the three girls lay together in each other's arms, and Meg and Sandy cleaned the juices off Lissa's face with their tongues. They continued to playfully grope at each other's bodies, but it was more friendly teasing than anything else.

"I can't believe you've never had any previous lesbian experiences, Lissa," commented Sandy. "Or have you?"

Lissa's face turned red as she thought back on that time with Rachael. It had never bothered her before because she had always planned to keep it a secret. But here with these two girls, she considered actually telling them, and that indecision more than anything made her blush.

Megan, seeing her reaction, stared at her in shock. "Oh my god!" she exclaimed. "Really?" Obviously, Lissa's embarrassment had given it away.

"So tell us all about it," Sandy grinned. "Come on. We promise not to tell anyone."

"Okay," said Lissa. "The first time--"

"The first time?" Meg interrupted. "You mean there are more than one?"

"Two," Lissa nodded. "The first time was with my aunt."

"Keeping it in the family, I see," Meg grinned.

"She's not actually related to me!" Lissa hurriedly explained. "She's my stepmom's sister. She was nineteen and I was sixteen. Meg, you can relate. One night, she was babysitting us, and, well, it happened."

"Just like Carla and me," nodded Meg. "God, that's so sexy. What about the second time? Was it with your aunt again?"

Lissa shook her head. "My stepmom," she replied. "This time it was just some dirty pictures together. We

just started taking pictures, and it kind of got out of hand." She deliberately left out any mention of her father; she would keep that a secret at least. Fortunately, neither Meg nor Sandy asked who was holding the camera.

"That makes me so horny, I want to go again," commented Meg.

"Save it for next time," Sandy told them. "My roommates should be home pretty soon, and it wouldn't do to catch us like this."

"That makes me horny too," Meg grinned.

"Everything makes you horny," laughed Lissa.

"Everything except men," Meg shrugged. She stood up, and went to gather up her clothes. The other girls did likewise, and they put their clothes back on. As they did so, they discussed their schedules. Alya's roommates always stayed out late on Tuesdays and Thursdays, so they agreed to meet on those days.

Meg and Lissa were about to leave when the front door opened and a pretty young girl came in. Upon spying the two of them, she froze, then a grin spread on her face. "Not again!" she said.

"That's right," Lissa told her. "I'm one of Meg's friends, and she invited me over for a threesome with Sandy and her. Too bad you didn't come home earlier, or you could have joined in."

The girl just laughed and rolled her eyes. Meg and Lissa headed out the door.

As they were walking to the car, Meg turned to Lissa and commented, "You know, you're going to make a great lesbian."

"That's the plan," Lissa grinned. As she climbed into the car, she thought about the change that was coming over her, and how much it excited her. She couldn't wait for her next new experience, though she hadn't thought of what it might be yet. There weren't a lot of opportunities with winter coming up and everyone staying indoors where it was warm. It was the last day of November, after all.

The last day of November, she thought. *That means a new month is about to start.* She smiled to herself as she came up with a great idea. Tomorrow would be her next seduction.

Tony Bullard was sitting in the back room Monday afternoon looking at a dirty magazine when he heard the door open, so he put down the magazine and headed out into the waiting room. It was the Primdale girl, Lissa. He had always thought she was good looking. What he wouldn't give to fuck a sweet, eighteen-year-old thing like that. It was just too bad that she had chosen not to draw straws. Well, he didn't have any problem with accepting payment from the cute blonde Monique, or especially the stunning hottie Alya.

"Hi, Lissa," he said with a warm smile. "What can I do for you?"

"I came to pay the rent," she replied.

He didn't know how to take that. Did that mean she was going to pay it legitimately? If so, that couldn't be good; it meant the rest of the girls would follow, and he wouldn't get special treatment this month.

Or did she mean...? His heart began to pound in his chest with the thought of it. Had she decided to draw straws this time? It couldn't be! She had always been so proper, shy even.

"Well don't just stand there gaping," she said. "Let's go to the back room and get down to business."

So it was true! This teenage beauty was going to suck him off!

"Right," he grinned. "So you decided to draw straws this month?"

"No, I cheated. We haven't drawn yet; I wanted to get the jump on the other girls."

"Really?" he asked, astonished. He had no illusions about these girls actually enjoying this; they probably all thought it was disgusting. But this sounded like Lissa actually *wanted* to do it.

Still a little confused about her sudden forwardness, he led her back into the store room.

"Mr. Bullard?" she asked coquettishly. "Would you do me a favor?"

"Anything, Lissa."

"Undress me?"

"Hell yes!" he exclaimed. The other girls had all insisted on undressing themselves, unfortunately. That limited the contact between him and them. But this girl... damn!

She stepped in close to him and put her hands on his shoulders, gazing up adoringly into his eyes. He immediately put his hands to her sides and untucked her shirt from her pants, then slipped his hands under it to fondle her waist underneath.

"Ooh!" she cooed. "That feels good. But I think it would feel better with my shirt off completely."

He wasn't about to argue with that. He took her shirt in her hands and lifted it over her head. She raised her arms to help him.

Once her shirt was off, he stared down at her chest, covered only by a silk bra. Damn, she had a fine body. Lustily, he slid his hands around her waist and drew her in to him. She gazed up at him with those beautiful eyes of hers.

He reached around her back and began to fumble with her bra strap. He wasn't exactly an expert, and it took him a while to figure out how it opened. Once he had it undone, though, Lissa stepped back, leaving the bra

in his hands. She put her hands shyly behind her back as she glanced down at her tits, then up again at him.

"Do you like them?" she asked coyly.

"God, Lissa! You're so beautiful!" She had what he considered to be the perfect body for her age. Her tits were not too big and not too small. They looked firm and inviting, with about average sized nipples. They jiggled ever so slightly as she moved, sending a chill down his spine.

"Thank you," she smiled. "I feel so naughty standing here like this in front of you. But also kind of... tingly. Would you mind... oh, I couldn't ask."

"Go ahead, Lissa," he said.

"Would you mind touching them?"

"Not at all!" He dropped her bra on the floor next to her shirt, then reached out his hands and placed them on her breasts. Lissa sucked in her breath at the touch, closing her eyes and throwing her head back. Tony was ecstatic. It had been a long time since he had groped a pair of tits, especially ones as perfect as these. He squeezed and kneaded them gently in his hands, then began to softly tease the nipples between his fingers.

"Oh, Mr. Bullard!" she exclaimed in delight. "That feels so good!"

"I'll bet this feels even better," he said, then leaned in and flicked his tongue against her nipple.

"Aiyeeee!" she squealed, wrapping her hands around his head. "I love it! Oh, god! Keep doing that!"

He continued to tease her nipple with her tongue, hearing her screams of pleasure growing more and more passionate. He took the nipple between his lips and sucked it in.

"Oh, yes!" she shouted. "God, yes! More! More! Oh, yes! Yes! Yes! Oh, Megan! More! More! More! Alya!"

Tony couldn't believe what he was hearing. She was screaming out the names of her roommates! Did that mean she was fantasizing about them doing this to her? The thought drove him into a frenzy. Little Lissa Primdale, so sweet and innocent, was bisexual! Imagining her standing there with her roommates sucking on her tits was almost too much.

Then she suddenly pushed him away.

"Mr. Bullard," she said, "I came in here to take care of your needs, not the other way around. I'll take care of myself later."

"Maybe you could get Meg or Alya to help you," he grinned.

Her eyes grew wide, but she kept the smile on her face. "Did I actually say their names out loud?" she asked, astonished.

"You *screamed* their names out loud."

"Then I guess you know my fantasy. No use hiding it. Well, I doubt I could get Alya to help me out like that, but I'm sure Meg would be happy to oblige. Of course, I'd have to reciprocate. God, I wonder what that would feel like?"

"Or what it would taste like," he grinned, and she laughed.

"Speaking of taste, I've already got the menu picked out for today," she said, eying his crotch. "But first, there's one more thing I want to do. I know that the rule is I have to be topless, but do you mind if just this once, we both get completely naked?"

"Mind? I'd love it!"

"Good," she said, then reached for his shirt. "You got to undress me," she explained. "It's only fair that I get to undress you."

"You'll get no argument out of me," he said, letting her strip off his shirt. He raised his arms above his head to help her out, then a moment later she had it off. She stepped in close and hugged him, and he loved the feel of the skin-on-skin contact.

"My god, Lissa, you're so soft," he breathed.

"Thanks," she smiled, then stepped away and kicked off her shoes. She glanced down at her pants. "Care to do the honors?" she asked.

Tony was more than happy to agree. In a moment he would see her sweet, teenage pussy. He knelt on the floor in front of her and reached for her belt. Trembling in anticipation, he had trouble undoing the latch, but eventually he got it open. He unbuckled her pants and drew the zipper down, exposing her pretty silk panties. He put his hands on her hips and pulled down her pants, and she giggled.

She had fine, shapely legs that matched her torso perfectly. Her narrow waist and rounded hips added to the image of perfection. There was only one last piece to complete that image. He put his hands to the sides of her panties. "Ready?" he asked.

"I've been ready since I came in here," she smiled.

He pulled them down, nearly gasping at the sight before his eyes. Her cunt was every bit as beautiful as he had imagined it. She was unshaven, but still neatly trimmed. The delicate outer lips looked so inviting, so touchable. Without thinking, he reached out and stroked her pussy with his hand.

"Hey!" she exclaimed, taking a step back, but she kept the smile on her face. "That would cost you next month's rent too."

"That's fine by me," he said.

"Not by me, though. At least, not until I talk to my roommates. I feel kind of guilty going behind their backs as it is. To do two months worth would be pushing it."

He sighed. Well, it sounded like he wasn't going to enjoy that particular pleasure today. Still, shoving his dick in her mouth would more than make up for it.

She stood there now in just her socks, and he admired her perfect form. She had such an irresistible body. If she weren't already willing to blow him, he'd be tempted to rape her right now.

She sat down on the couch and began stripping off her socks. The motion required her to spread her legs, naturally opening up her feminine lips to give him a peek at the wonders within. It was really too bad he wouldn't get a piece of that.

The show ended too quickly, and she dropped to her knees on the floor, her legs closed back up. Still, it wasn't a total loss, considering what was about to happen. He stepped forward, moving up close to her so that she could finish undressing him. She gazed up at him with a grin as she worked at the belt buckle. She had the most lovely eyes, so deep and beautiful.

A moment later she had his pants down around his ankles, and he stepped out of them. Lissa glanced down at the obvious bulge in his underwear, and that grin intensified. She reached out and stroked it through the cloth, causing him to groan.

"I wonder what that is hiding in there?" she teased.

"Why don't you go ahead and find out?"

"I think I will." She grasped his shorts and pulled them swiftly down. His cock sprang free, already leaking pre-cum in anticipation. Her eyes lit up with delight when she saw it.

"Now that looks good enough to eat," she said.

"Help yourself," he replied, sitting down on the couch.

She crawled over to him, then took the shaft in her hand and gave it a couple of tentative strokes. He groaned again at the electrifying pleasure of her hand wrapped around the shaft.

When she leaned in and slurped up the pre-cum leaking from the tip, he almost exploded right there. Only by the strongest willpower was he able to control himself. He didn't want this to be over too soon, after all. The longer he held out, the more pleasure he would derive out of it.

Lissa, however, seemed to have other ideas. She wrapped her lips around it and sucked hard, immediately bobbing up and down on his cock. She stared up into his eyes and gave him as much of a smile as she could as she sucked.

Tony groaned in pleasure. He could tell that Lissa wasn't particularly experienced, but what she lacked she

made up for in enthusiasm. She worked her tongue and lips all over his cock, sucking it like her life depended on it. Tony rocked his hips forward for deeper penetration, but her hands on the base kept it from going too far.

He wondered what had come over the girl. She had always seemed so demure, almost shy. There was no need for her to be; with a face and body like that, she could have any man in the world. It was almost cruel to taunt men with that body without giving it to them. He thrilled at the thought that he was getting a piece of it right now. Granted, it was only her mouth, but her whole body was there on display in front of him.

He could see from the look in her eyes that she really enjoyed it. Her excited expression and enthusiasm, coupled with her lack of experience, made him wonder about this girl. What was her story? Why was she so happy to suck him off now, when she had been reluctant before? He entertained no fantasies that she was attracted to him; he wasn't particularly handsome. Whatever it was, she was doing this more for herself than for him.

It didn't matter in the end. As long as she was willing to do this, he was more than happy to let her, whatever her motivations. Now he had received blowjobs from three of the four girls in Apartment 207. There was basically zero chance of getting the same from the fourth, but that didn't bother him. Monique, Alya, and Lissa were some of the most gorgeous girls in the whole apartment complex. He couldn't believe his luck.

Lissa lifted her head and let his cock slip from her mouth momentarily to catch her breath. She smiled up at him, continuing to stroke it with her hand. "Oh my god, I love sucking your dick!" she exclaimed. "I can't wait to feel your hot cum squirting down my throat."

He groaned at that thought, and she giggled. If she kept up like she was doing, it wouldn't be long before she got her wish.

As she jerked him off, she ran her tongue all over the head, lapping up the copiously leaking pre-cum. The almost ticklish sensation nearly drove him over the edge right there. It was such an exquisite torture.

After the rest, she returned her lips to his cock and sucked again with renewed vigor. His breaths came in gasps now as the pleasure washed over him. He could think of nothing but the intense feeling between his legs and the beautiful girl giving him that feeling.

"Oh god, I'm going to cum!" he exclaimed, and Lissa shocked him by releasing him with her hands and jamming her face down on his dick as hard as she could. He felt the tip of his cock slip into her throat as her lips reached the base and her nose mashed against his belly.

That was too much for him. Tony grabbed the back of her head and held her there tightly as he erupted, spewing his seed right down her throat. She gagged a little, but it was too late; she had brought this on herself. His cock twitched over and over again as it emptied load after load. Lissa's face was turning red, but he didn't release her until he had fired off the last spurt. Then he removed his hands, and she rose back up, gasping for air.

She went into a coughing fit as he collapsed back against the couch. Only then did he realize that in his ecstasy he might have hurt her.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"That was one of the best face-fucks I've ever had," she grinned. "Thanks, Mr. Bullard. Maybe I'll come back and give you a freebie some time this month."

"Seriously?" he asked, astonished.

"Maybe," she winked, then picked up her clothes and began to dress.

When she returned to her apartment that afternoon, Alya and Matt were sitting at the kitchen table. Matt immediately stood up. This was the first time she had seen him since that night.

"Look, Lissa," said Matt awkwardly. "I--"

Lissa cut him off. "Forget it," she told him. "I'm not mad at you any more. You had your chance, and you blew it, so really, it's your loss."

"My roommates told me about... that night," he said awkwardly. "I'm really sorry that I drove you to that."

"You didn't drive me. That was my own choice. Just remember that of the four of you, you're the only one who hasn't had that pleasure."

Matt looked a bit angry for a second, then sighed. "All right then, I think it's only fair to tell you that I intend to keep seeing your roommate."

Lissa shrugged. "That's fine with me. I'm not jealous. I'm not even angry. You and I can never be friends, but at least we can be civilized about this. I promise I won't make a scene when you come over. But there's just one more thing that needs to be said. If you hurt her the way you hurt me, I'll rip your testicles off. Got it?"

His eyes grew wide. "Er... yeah," he said.

Alya also had a look of shock on her face, but there was something else there as well. Delight? Gratitude? Lissa couldn't tell. She seemed almost happy that Lissa was threatening him like that.

Matt didn't stay long; he had just stopped by to talk to Lissa and Alya and get things straightened out between them. He gave Alya one last kiss, which was a little awkward considering the circumstances, then headed out the door.

Meg and Monique arrived home about fifteen minutes later. Everyone ended up in the front room, sitting around and talking.

"By the way, today's the first of December," Monique commented. "That means the rent is due."

Alya rolled her eyes. "Oh god, not again," she laughed. "Anyway, now that I have a boyfriend, I probably shouldn't draw any more. Lissa, do you want in this time?"

"The rent's already been paid," Lissa told them.

"What?" asked Meg.

"I took care of it this afternoon."

"Lissa, did you really...?" Monique asked.

"Yes I did," she smiled. "And before you accuse me of going behind your backs, I really don't care who gets the money. I'm a spoiled little rich girl, remember? Let's all draw straws and whoever wins gets the cash without having to do anything for it. Meg, you can actually get in on the action this time."

"I don't get it," said Alya. She seemed concerned. "Why would you do that?"

"Maybe I like sucking cock. Maybe I've been lusting after Mr. Bullard ever since I saw Monique take care of him that first time."

"Be serious, Lissa," said Monique.

Lissa shrugged. "It's the new me. I do what I want, and who cares what other people think? If I want to go suck off the landlord, I'll go do it."

"Lissa, is this a form of getting even with Matt?" asked Alya.

"Basically, yes," she replied. "But don't worry about me. I have no regrets."

"Well I *am* worried."

"What, you're worried that Matt will find out and get jealous and want me back? Or are you worried that what I'm doing will hurt your boyfriend?"

"No," Alya stated firmly. "I'm worried that you're going to end up hurting yourself more than you hurt him."

"Oh, don't let that bother you. It's all just a part of the new me."

Alya sighed, but she didn't look happy.

"What's wrong, Alya?" asked Lissa.

"It's just that..." Alya stammered.

"What?"

Alya glanced at Monique and Meg. "Well, I'd rather say this in private, but I suppose I might as well get it out in the open with everyone here. Frankly, I don't like the new Lissa."

"That's not very nice," Monique told her.

"Don't take it the wrong way, Lissa," Alya continued. "I just think this new you is a stage you're going through, a self-destructive stage that's hurting the old Lissa, the one I like. I'm just afraid you're going to end up doing something you'll regret for the rest of your life. Maybe you already have. You've been so kind to me lately, even after I stole your boyfriend, I just... I just don't want to see *that* Lissa get hurt."

"But Alya," Lissa said. "That's a part of the new me as well. It's because I've stopped feeling sorry for myself that I was able to forgive you."

"I don't know what to say to that. Just... just promise me you'll be careful, okay?"

"I can't promise that, Alya," Lissa told her. "I don't *want* to be careful. I want to be free."

"But you can't be free in that way, Lissa. There are always consequences to your actions. It scares me to think of where you might end up because of those consequences."

"This really bothers you, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because you're my friend, that's why."

Lissa smiled at her. "Thanks, Alya. I really appreciate your concern. Even if I don't agree with you, it's nice to know that you're looking out for me."

Meg shrugged. "Well, you're a big girl. You can do what you want. I'm not going to draw because you did earn the money, even if you did take unfair advantage."

"I agree," said Monique. "Count me out. Looks like it's between Lissa and Alya."

"Correction," said Alya. "It's between Lissa and herself. Now that I've got a boyfriend, I'm not drawing any more. And besides, Lissa's earned it. So everyone agrees that Lissa gets the rent money for December?"

They all nodded.

As Alya got up, Lissa stopped her. "Look," she said, "I really do appreciate your friendship, especially after this whole thing with Matt. Promise me we'll stick together through it, okay?"

Alya smiled. "Okay. As long as you promise me you'll let the old Lissa out of her cage once in a while."

Lissa laughed. "It's a deal," she said, then stood up and gave her a hug. Alya hugged her back, and Lissa found that she enjoyed it very much. Her plan was starting to move forward, and she was going to have a lot of fun seducing her roommate.

Chapter 69

Test of Stamina

Back home, Jeff and Brit were having just as much fun as their big sister. Jeff hadn't felt so good since the day he had made love to Kari for the first time. Growing up, he had always thought that love was something shared between one man and one woman, but now he knew it was possible for a man to love two women. He was in love with both Kari and Brit. Perhaps Crystal too. And it appeared that they all loved him back.

He still visited Kari whenever he could, especially on days when she said her father wouldn't be home. Spending time alone with her, or with her and Crystal, was one of his favorite pastimes. With winter setting in and people staying indoors more often, he found himself spending more and more time at home, which also suited him fine. He enjoyed being with Brit just as much. With Greg nearby they had to limit their affection for each other, but Brit still tended to sit on his lap a lot, often falling asleep in his arms. Their dad sometimes looked like he didn't approve, but Jeff merely shrugged, trying to act casual about it. He expected at any time for Greg to give them a lecture, but it never came.

Of course, spending time alone with Brit was even more enjoyable. She continued to sleep in his bed, their nude bodies pressed against each other as he held her tightly to him. True to her word, almost every night she performed oral sex on him, bringing him off with her mouth. Apparently, she enjoyed the taste every bit as much as she claimed. He certainly wasn't about to complain.

Sometimes after school with a couple of hours before Greg came home, the two of them would have sex. Allison made it a point to give them some privacy whenever she sensed that they were in the mood, although sometimes she asked if she could watch. Despite her decision not to have sex with Jeff again, now that he had seen her nude body she had no problem taking her clothes off in front of them. Sometimes as they made love in his bed, Allison sat nearby playing with herself as she watched her two stepchildren. Sometimes they all took their clothes off and relaxed in the hot tub, Brit sitting in Jeff's lap of course, usually with his cock nestled inside her pussy.

Allison confessed one day that she often fantasized about getting Greg to join in. She thought it would be exciting to make love to Greg while Jeff made love to Brit on the same bed. Of course, that wasn't likely to happen any time soon. It would mean revealing the incestuous affair to their dad, not a pleasant thought at all. So they had to content themselves with keeping it a secret.

Then there were those rare times when Greg was absent from the house all day. Sometimes he would go out with Allison and spend the night in a hotel somewhere, but sometimes he would be out on another business trip. He admitted that he didn't really like traveling; he would much rather stay home with his family. Allison mentioned something about having her sister make use of 'that letter' more often, with a wink and a sly grin. Greg blushed, but it was obviously an inside joke, so Jeff decided not to ask about it.

As it so happened, Greg had to go out of town one weekend in early December, which would leave Jeff, Allison, and Brit alone in the house all day Saturday. On Friday afternoon, Greg came home from work early to pack his bags, then hugged Jeff and Brit goodbye, gave Allison a long, drawn-out kiss, and headed out to his car. Jeff helped him pack the bags in the trunk, and Greg climbed in and drove off to the airport.

About half an hour after he left, Jeff got a call from Kari.

"Hi Kari," he said cheerfully as soon as Allison, who had originally answered it, handed the phone to him.

"Hi Jeff," Kari replied. "Are the rumors true? Is your Dad going to be gone all day tomorrow?"

"That's right," he grinned. "Another business trip. Just a short one this time. He's already left, and he'll be back Sunday. Do you and Crystal want to come over?"

"Do we ever!" Kari exclaimed. "In fact, I've got a great idea of a game we can play."

"I always like your games. Somehow I always end up winning."

"There are no losers in my games," said Kari.

"Good point. I especially like... um... your Dad's not in hearing distance, is he?"

"Nope. He had to go down to the school for something. So we can use all the sexiest, filthiest, raunchiest language we want. If you want to talk about shoving that big ol' dick of yours right down my throat, that's fine. If you want to talk about my little sister running her tongue all over the outside and inside of my pussy until I cum all over her face, that's fine. If you want to talk about little Britney wrapping her lips around your rod and sucking all the sperm out, that's fine too. Or maybe you'd like Allison to do it. She told me all about the one time she did that to you. She said she loved it, especially when you squirted your cum into her mouth. She said that if she wasn't already married to your father, she'd want to be your sex slave."

"She did not!" Jeff laughed.

"Okay, maybe I'm exaggerating a little. Anyway, I have a request."

"What is it?"

"I want you well rested for the fun and games tomorrow. Especially your cock. So don't let Brit suck you off tonight."

"I'm not sure I can stop her."

"Just tell her she can do it in the morning instead."

"Wait. It's not okay tonight, but it's okay tomorrow? I'm confused."

"Just trust me on this one," Kari told him. "It's all part of the game. I'll explain it tomorrow morning."

"Okay. I trust you."

"Good. Well, I've got to go. All that dirty talk has made me horny. I'm going to make Crystal get me off."

"Hey, no fair!" he jokingly complained. "You're allowed to have your little sister do that for you, but I'm not."

"Oh, if you want to do a little groping that's fine. But no orgasms until tomorrow. That's an order."

"Yes ma'am," he grinned.

"Besides, when I explain my game, you'll be glad you waited."

"That's something I can definitely believe."

"See you later."

"Bye."

He relayed the message to Brit, who was a little disappointed that she didn't get to blow him that night, but grudgingly agreed to wait until morning for the sake of Kari's mysterious game. Allison, who was sitting nearby and listening to the conversation, commented that she was curious about this game. She had planned to spend most of the day in town shopping, but decided it would be much more fun to stay home and watch.

That night, Brit and Jeff climbed into bed together, but this time they simply hugged and kissed until they were too tired to continue, finally dropping off to a peaceful sleep and pleasant dreams.

In the morning, Jeff awoke to the familiar but intensely pleasurable feeling of his little sister's lips wrapped around his cock. He groaned as she slurped on it, sucking it deep into her mouth. What he loved most about it was her enthusiasm. She seemed to enjoy it every bit as much as he did, impossible though that seemed.

He lifted his head and gazed down at her beautiful face. She glanced up at him and smiled around his dick, an expression that somehow managed to be both cute and erotic at the same time. He couldn't believe how sexy his little sister was.

It didn't take long for her to bring him off. When she first started sucking his cock, he always warned her before he ejaculated. But then she told him that she liked to be taken by surprise, so now he just let it happen. Somehow, amazingly, she had never let a single drop spill out of her mouth. She swallowed everything he gave her.

After the morning blowjob, the two of them got up and headed into the shower. They washed each other's

backs, then turned around and hugged each other under the steaming water. Jeff reached his hand down between their bodies and fingered her pussy. Since she had been kind enough to get him off, he wanted to return the favor. He let his soapy fingers rub her all over, teasing her clit mercilessly. Since the only one within hearing distance was Allison, she didn't even try to contain her moans, letting them all come out. After a few minutes of stimulation, she screamed in ecstasy. Her legs gave out, but Jeff had expected it, and wrapped his other arm around her waist to hold her up. She wasn't particularly heavy, so it didn't bother him to hold her even as she rested against him in post-orgasmic exhaustion. After a minute or two, she planted her feet again and stood up, giving him a thank-you kiss on the cheek.

After their shower, they dressed and headed downstairs to breakfast. They met Allison in the great hall, and were about to head into the dining room when they heard a knock at the door. Jeff hurried over and opened it, knowing who it would be. Kari immediately dashed in and gave him a hug and kiss. Crystal followed, though she limited her display of affection to just a hug for Jeff and Brit because her dad was still in the car watching. Jeff waved to him, then closed the door. Immediately, Crystal jumped into his arms and gave him a kiss that put Kari's to shame.

After a few seconds, she broke off the kiss and climbed down.

"So what's the special occasion?" he asked with a grin.

"You'll find out."

"Anyway, have you had your breakfast, Jeff?" asked Kari. "You're going to need to get your strength up for the game I have in mind."

"We were just about to head in to breakfast right now," said Allison. "If Jeff needs to get his strength up, why don't I fix us all some ham and eggs, with toast and jam on the side?"

They all agreed, so the five of them adjourned to the dining room. Allison disappeared into the kitchen to make breakfast. Jeff asked Kari what the game was that she had in mind, but Kari said she would wait until Allison was done in the kitchen so that she could tell her as well.

About ten minutes later, Allison emerged carrying a couple of plates of food. She set these down in front of the Williams girls, then went back to the kitchen for the rest. Soon they all had their food in front of them, and they set to work eating the meal.

"So Jeff, did Brit suck you off this morning?" asked Kari.

"That's a little blunt," Allison told her.

"I need to know," Kari explained. "For statistical purposes."

"Well, who am I to get in the way of statistics?" Jeff smiled. "As a matter of fact, Brit gave me one hell of an orgasm with her mouth this morning."

"Good," Kari smiled. "Because the game I have in mind is to see how many orgasms the four of us can give you today. We're hoping for a new personal record."

A broad grin spread across Jeff's face. As usual, Kari had come up with a great game.

"The four of us?" asked Allison. "I take it you're including me in this?"

"That's up to you," Kari told her. "Considering how much Jeff likes you, I'm guessing you'll be able to get an extra orgasm out of him that the rest of us can't. Maybe two."

"Well, I suppose if it's in the name of statistics, I'm willing to do my part," Allison grinned. "I am a math teacher after all."

"I'll keep count," Crystal offered.

"I don't expect it will be so many that there's a chance of losing track," said Jeff.

"You underestimate us," Kari grinned.

"I half hope you're right," he laughed.

They finished eating breakfast, then Allison cleared the table and took the dishes into the kitchen to place them in the dishwasher. She came back out and joined the kids, who were adjourning to the front room.

"So how are we going to do this?" asked Brit.

"I've got an idea," Crystal replied. "It's simple, really. First, we tackle Jeff and rip his clothes off!" She pounced on him, nearly knocking him over. Brit, Kari, and Allison followed her lead, and in a moment Jeff found himself surrounded by four sex-crazed girls stripping him. Allison grabbed him from behind and pulled him to the ground, where the girls pinned him down and finished removing all of his clothes. He lay there helpless and at their mercy, completely naked but laughing in amusement.

"Now spread his arms and legs," Crystal suggested. Allison and Kari grabbed his arms and pulled them to the side, while Brit and Crystal each took a leg. He might have been able to fight them off with tremendous effort, but that really wasn't the point. He made a token struggle, but mostly he just let the girls do what they wanted.

Now that they had him pinned, Brit and Crystal reached for his cock, letting their hands wrap around the shaft. They worked in unison, pumping him up and down. At the same time, Kari and Allison, who were kneeling on his arms to keep him from escaping (not that he wanted to), began undressing each other. Jeff watched in excitement from his prone position below them as the two women of his fantasies pulled off each other's shirts, then leaned in even closer to reach around and work on their bras. He grinned with delight when the garments came off, and he found himself staring up at their bare chests.

"I'll bet Jeff won't stand a chance if we fondle each other," suggested Kari.

"Let's find out," Allison grinned, then reached out and cupped Kari's breasts in her hand. Kari giggled, returning the favor. The two women teased each other's boobs with their hands, rubbing and caressing them right over Jeff's head.

"Looks like that blowjob you gave him this morning really took a lot out of him," Crystal told Brit. "I was sure as soon as he saw your stepmom and my sister playing with each other, he would climax right there."

"This calls for drastic measures," said Kari. She leaned forward and took one of Allison's nipples into her mouth.

That did it. Jeff cried out as the sight overwhelmed him. At the last second, Crystal lowered her head and took the tip of his cock into her mouth, and he erupted almost violently. She eagerly slurped down his cum as he shot over and over again into her mouth.

After it was over, he lay there panting and exhausted. The girls climbed off of him, letting him rest.

"Poor Jeff," Brit smiled, snuggling up to him. "I think he needs a little nappy-wappy."

"Good idea," said Allison. "I think between each orgasm, we're going to have to let Jeff rest for a while. Say, half an hour. He's still young; that should give him plenty of time to recover. Jeff, if you want to sleep, go right ahead. We'll wake you when it's time."

He nodded, still too tired to say anything. He closed his eyes, gave a contented sigh, and drifted off to sleep.

He awoke later to the thrilling sight of two pairs of lesbians going at each other on either side of him. On the right, Allison lay on her back with Kari on top of her. The two girls were locked in a sixty-nine position, eagerly devouring each other's pussies. On the left, Brit lay on top of Crystal in a similar position. His cock, softened from two previous orgasms that day, started growing stiff again.

Jeff reached out and slid one of his hands onto Kari's breast and the other one onto Brit's. Both glanced over at him with a smile.

"You woke up too soon," Kari whined. "We were planning to wake you by screaming out in orgasmic ecstasy."

"Now that's my kind of alarm clock," Jeff grinned.

"Even better than this morning's?" asked Brit.

"Let's just call it a close second," he replied. "But if you're interested in waking me that way, I could always close my eyes and pretend to be asleep."

"Never mind that," said Kari. "Now that you're awake, you can join us. Last time we held you down and

didn't let you do anything, so we'll make up for it by letting you do anything you want."

"Anything?"

"Well, not quite," Allison told him. "I'm going to have to insist on setting a few limitations because I'd like to maintain at least a semblance of marital fidelity to your father. So you're not allowed to put any part of your anatomy into any part of my anatomy."

"But I had my heart set on putting my toe in your ear," he teased.

"Too bad, because that's exactly what I had in mind when I made that rule," said Allison with a smirk.

"Oh, so you're not so concerned with me putting my penis in your vagina then?" he grinned.

"Nice try, buster," she laughed.

"Well then, Brit, you don't mind filling in for Allison, do you?"

"Ooh! My horny brother wants to put his penis in my vagina!" Brit squealed playfully. "Whatever shall I do?"

"Let him," Crystal replied. "That makes it convenient for me, because I don't have to make up my mind about which of you I want to taste more."

Jeff rose up to his knees, then crawled around behind his little sister. She glanced back at him, giving a little giggle as he placed his hands on her waist and stroked her for a second. Meanwhile, Crystal, who lay with her head under Brit's pussy, grabbed his cock and licked the shaft.

"Hey, no fair!" Brit playfully complained. "It's not even in me yet."

"Well, let's take care of that then," said Crystal. She raised his cock, lining it up with her hole. Jeff pressed forward a little, at the same time that Brit pushed back. He slid into her warm, moist tunnel, sighing with delight. He loved having sex with his little sister; not only was she an absolutely gorgeous girl, but he loved her perhaps more deeply and thoroughly than he loved anyone else, including Kari.

He thrust in a couple more times, going deeper with each push. Taking her from behind like this was something he hadn't done before. Normally he preferred to have her facing him, so that he could feel her body against his own and have her beautiful face constantly before his eyes. But he enjoyed doing it this way as well. It was less intimate, true, but there was a certain naked, sexual rawness about it. By holding her by the hips, he could pound her a lot harder than the more traditional missionary position.

Judging from her squeals of delight as he thrust deep inside her body, she apparently liked it. Of course, some of those squeals were due to Crystal's tongue and lips pleasuring both of them. The girl licked all over the area, from Jeff's balls to Brit's clitoris. The extra stimulation on his shaft added an intensity to the pleasure, already intense from the feeling of his sister's body wrapped around his cock.

At the other end, he could see Brit going down on Crystal's pussy. She had her lips wrapped around it, sucking and licking and nibbling, and causing Crystal to make some of the same noises that Brit made. He could see Crystal's body writhing around under Brit, her legs spread wide and her hips thrusting. He loved the sight of the two girls pleasuring each other, especially since they were both giving him the same pleasure.

He glanced over at Kari and Allison, who had pretty much forgotten about them, lost in their own ecstasy with each other. This sight was even more erotic, because it involved Allison, the sexiest woman ever to walk the earth, and Kari, the girl he had fantasized about for years. Together, it was an insane combination of sexiness, a sheer mass of eroticism more intense than anything he had ever seen.

He thrust hard and deep, unable to control his urges with the sight of so much girl flesh surrounding him. He could hear Brit moaning from the double pleasure of his cock and Crystal's tongue, and the sounds drove him even more into a frenzy. When she cried out in orgasmic delight, it pushed him over the edge and he gave one last, deep, powerful thrust as he erupted inside his little sister's body.

After it was over, he collapsed on the floor next to the girls. Brit continued to eat out her best friend until Crystal too achieved orgasm. Jeff turned his head and smiled, watching the beautiful sight of Allison and Kari still going at it. After a few more minutes, Allison screamed in pleasure, and Kari followed.

After resting for a while, they got up and cleaned up the mess they had made on the floor. As it was getting close to noon, they adjourned to the dining room for lunch. Brit insisted on sitting on Jeff's lap, and he had no problem with that. After the series of orgasms he had already had, his cock remained limp even with Brit squirming all over him trying to get it back up. He figured he would need to rest for a while after lunch before being able to continue.

Allison mixed up a chef's salad, saying that what everyone needed right now was energy food, meaning plenty of vegetables. Jeff normally preferred a heavier concentration of meat at meals, but he couldn't fault her logic. He certainly needed energy if he was going to be able to perform to the girls' expectations.

He couldn't believe how lucky he was, to have four women all willing to give him pleasure like this. There was no jealousy there, just a spirit of sharing. Of course, they also shared each other, so how could they complain? Allison, of course, was the exception; of the four of them she was the only one not willing to have sex with him. But she sure seemed willing to see how far she could push the boundaries. Crystal had been smitten with him ever since he had taken her out, and seemed perfectly happy taking second place to her big sister. He liked to think it was because she liked him enough that she was willing to take whatever she could get of him, even knowing she could never officially be his girlfriend. Of course, she had Brit to keep her company. Brit, his sweet little sister. God, how he loved her! Despite the two girls of his fantasies being right here in front of him, he had to admit that he loved Brit more than either of them. Maybe it was just because she was both sister and lover to him, or maybe there was more to his love than just the sum of its parts.

Then there was Kari. Devoted, understanding, and the least jealous person he had ever met. Not only had she

accepted his relationship with these other girls, she had been enthusiastic about it from the beginning. Like Allison with Greg, Kari not only didn't mind sharing Jeff, she enjoyed it. Of course, being bisexual herself, it did open up opportunities with some really gorgeous girls for her too, but Jeff liked to believe that she would have shared him even if she were completely straight.

She caught him looking at her, and gave him a smile. Jeff smiled back at her, and suddenly he realized what he wanted to do next. "You guys, would you mind leaving Kari and me alone for a while?" he asked them. "She's been such a good sport about sharing me, but right now I want to spend some intimate time alone with my girlfriend."

Kari beamed at him, leaning in to kiss him. "I love you, Jeff," she told him.

"I love you too."

"Ew, if you guys are going to get all mushy, I'm leaving!" Crystal laughed. "Come on, Brit. Let's go jump in the hot tub and play with each other's boobs. Do you want to come too, Allison?"

"Sure," she smiled. The three of them got up and headed out of the room, leaving Jeff alone with Kari.

"Let's go upstairs to my room," he told her. Kari nodded, and he took her hand. Together they ascended the stairs and entered his bedroom. They immediately lay down on the bed next to each other. Jeff leaned in and kissed her on the lips, letting his hand stray to one of her breasts. She smiled around his kiss, enjoying the contact.

Eventually he broke the kiss, but he continued to lie there gazing at her beautiful face.

"You know," he said, "ever since Crystal and Brit got involved in our relationship, I've kind of missed spending time alone with you."

"Me too," she replied, reaching out and stroking his cheek. "I mean, it's fun with them and everything, but I like having you to myself once in a while too."

"So it doesn't bother you? I mean, now that I've fallen in love with Brit too. Let's face it, she gets to be alone with me a lot more than you do."

"Jeff, I've already told you, I think what you two share is beautiful. I love you, and I love Brit, and I love Crystal. I couldn't imagine not having them a part of our relationship."

"Me either," he smiled, then leaned in and kissed her again. She lay back on the bed, and Jeff immediately began kissing her cheek and neck, watching for the familiar signs of her arousal. He had been making love to Kari long enough now that he knew just what turned her on, and he could gauge how excited she was by the smallest movements of her body.

As he slid his hand onto her breast, she sucked in her breath. Jeff gently massaged her there, enjoying the feel

of it in his hands. As he fondled her, he let his lips wander lower, down to her upper chest. He kissed her all over there, letting his tongue brush against her skin and causing her to shudder. He let his instincts take over now, reacting to her own reactions that let him know what she needed. He kissed his way to her other breast, gently moving up the hill until he reached the peak, where he sucked her nipple into his mouth, causing her to whimper in pleasure.

He spent a few minutes sucking and groping her breasts, then began to kiss down her body even further. Kari moaned in anticipation, spreading her legs. Jeff descended to her stomach, kissing her all over and enjoying the closeness as it rose and fell with her breathing, which had become heavy and labored. He continued downward, finally reaching her beautiful, sweet pussy. He let his tongue run up the slit, loving the taste of her juices. Her hips squirmed as he ate her out, especially when he teased her clit with his tongue. Her whimpers continued, growing louder and more frequent, and he knew it was time to take it to the next level. He sat up, then lowered his body on top of hers, pressing his cock inside her pussy. They both sighed as he slipped inside of her, burying himself in her hot and moist body.

Their lips met again, and they kissed each other passionately as he began to thrust gently, rocking his hips slowly back and forth. Kari closed her eyes and threw her head back, reaching her arms around his back and holding him tightly to her. Jeff increased the tempo, now pushing harder and faster.

Already warmed up from his previous ministrations, Kari climaxed first. Jeff, however, wasn't even close to being through. The previous orgasms of the day had taken a lot out of him. As it turned out, Kari didn't mind a bit, because she ended up climaxing again before he finally released his load inside of her.

They lay there in each other's arms for a few minutes, relaxing in the closeness and enjoying the warmth of one another's bodies like they usually did. Kari had once told him that she enjoyed this part almost as much as the act itself, and Jeff had to agree with her.

After a quick shower, they left the room and headed down to the basement to look for the other girls.

When they arrived downstairs, they found Allison and the girls sitting in the hot tub. Allison rested against the side, her arms spread out around the rim and her head thrown back with her eyes closed and an ecstatic smile on her face. Brit and Crystal sat next to her, sucking on her nipples. From the positions of their hands, he could tell that they were also fingering her between the legs.

Allison cried out and shuddered in ecstasy a moment later, then gave out an exhausted groan as her body relaxed. Brit and Crystal lifted their heads from her boobs, and only then did they spy Kari and Jeff.

"That was quite the show," Kari commented with a grin.

"We aim to please," Brit replied.

"I think Allison was the one you were pleasing," Jeff laughed.

"So I take it you two are done then?" asked Brit.

"We're done," said Kari. "But I'll bet Jeff still has a couple more orgasms in him. Does anyone have any idea of what to do this time?"

"Brit and you have both had Jeff's cock in your pussy today, and I'm getting a little jealous," said Crystal. "I don't care how we do it, as long as I get fucked by him."

"That's fine with me," said Jeff, "but I'm not going to be up for it for a while. In the mean time, you don't mind if I join you in the hot tub, do you? It looks nice and relaxing."

"I'm not sure if there's room for five of us," said Brit.

"That's all right," Allison replied. "I think I'm going to lie down for a nap. You girls took a lot out of me."

Jeff watched in delight as she climbed out of the tub, water dripping from her glistening skin. It was a sign of his exhaustion that he didn't immediately start getting hard again. He continued to watch her as she picked up a towel and dried herself off, not bothering to turn modestly away from his eyes. She even gave him a wink when she caught him staring.

"I thought you were going to get in with us," said Kari. He glanced at her, surprised to see that she had already climbed in. He had been so distracted with seeing Allison's nude body that he had lost all track of time.

"Um... yeah," he said, embarrassed. He ascended the steps to the tub, then lowered himself into the water.

"Don't worry," she said. "I don't blame you for getting distracted."

"Jeff's got the hots for his mommy," Brit teased.

"You got that right," he grinned. "And I've got the hots for my girlfriend, and my girlfriend's little sister, and my own little sister. Now what do you think of that?"

"I think you're a pervert," she giggled. "That's why you fit right in with this group."

Brit insisted on giving him a back rub, which he wasn't going to argue with. Kari and Crystal decided to do the same to each other. Jeff loved the feeling of his sister's hands on his back, especially with the sight of the two girls in front of him touching each other tenderly. Even though their hands never strayed to the intimate parts of their body, he found the sight thrilling and beautiful.

After about ten blissfully relaxing minutes, Brit leaned in and hugged Jeff, pressing her chest up against his back. "Now you have to do the same for me," she whispered in his ear. He nodded, and the two of them changed places. Jeff ran his hands all over her beautiful, soft, youthful skin, still watching Kari and Crystal, who had by now turned to face each other and were fondling each other's breasts.

Eventually, Jeff reached around and let his own hands move to Brit's chest, massaging her there and toying with her nipples. He realized with delight that he was starting to grow hard again, which meant he would be

able to give Crystal what she wanted after all.

After about ten more minutes of playing around, they decided it was time to get out. Brit and Crystal had been in far too long after all. When Jeff stood up, all three pairs of eyes fastened on his now solid cock.

"Does that mean you're ready for me?" asked Crystal.

"Sure does," he grinned.

"Well then, let's hurry up and get down to business."

They retrieved several towels from the bathroom closet and set to work drying each other. The girls playfully fought over who got to dry Jeff, but for all their fighting, they had just as much fun with each other as with him.

"Do you know what I want to do?" asked Crystal as soon as they finished.

"You already told us what you want to do," Brit giggled.

"Oh, but I haven't told you *how* I want to do it."

"Okay, I'm game. How do you want to do it?"

"I want to go out back to Brit's art studio and take pictures of Jeff fucking me."

"I like that idea!" Brit exclaimed. She grabbed Jeff's and Crystal's hand. "Come on!"

"Wait a minute," Jeff chuckled. "We need to get dressed first."

"Why?"

"Because it's December," he replied. "And last I checked, we need to go outside to get to the studio."

"So?" Brit grinned.

"I don't know about you, but if I'm going to have sex, the last thing I need is a blast of cold air on my cock."

"So we'll just warm it up afterward," Kari winked. Jeff glanced at her, seeing the smile on her face, and decided that the possibilities in that one sentence were too intriguing to pass up.

"Okay," he conceded.

They hurried up the stairs, where they took a moment to tell Allison where they were going. Then they headed down the hall to the back door. Upon opening it, they all shivered in the cold. There was no snow on the ground, but the temperature was probably in the low forties. They hurried down the stairs and across the

lawn, laughing and shrieking at the feeling of the cold ground on their bare feet. They scrambled into the guest house and closed the door behind them, then grabbed each other and huddled together for warmth. Jeff, at least, felt that that alone made it worth the brief trip outside.

"And now for the aforementioned warming up of your cock," said Kari. She knelt down in front of him, opened her mouth, and breathed on it. Her hot breath certainly had its effect, especially when Brit and Crystal followed her example. It was a lot like the hair dryer trick that Rachael had shown him, rather pleasant in fact. After shrinking in the cold air, it immediately grew back to full hardness.

Brit headed over to set up her tripod. Crystal grabbed Jeff's hand and led him over to the couch.

"Wait a minute," said Brit. "Let's not get my couch all messy. Help me put a sheet over it."

Between the four of them, they quickly had the couch completely covered. Jeff sat down, and Crystal and Kari took positions beside him. He threw his arms over their shoulders, and they both took hold of his cock and started stroking it.

"Wait a minute," said Brit, still fiddling with her camera on the tripod. "There's no point in getting naughty yet because the camera's not set up."

"That's assuming that the camera is the point of getting naughty," said Crystal.

Brit giggled, and the girls continued to stroke him. Finally, Brit finished her preparations, and began snapping pictures. Kari and Crystal immediately got into it, stroking him harder and then kneeling on the floor in front of him so that they could lick his cock from the sides so that the camera could see the action. Jeff couldn't help but grin as the girls had their fun.

Then Crystal rose up and sat down on Jeff's lap, facing the camera. He reached around and began fondling her breasts. Kari took this opportunity to position herself in front of Jeff and Crystal so that she could lick her sister's cunt. That meant that Brit had to move the camera to the side so that she could photograph the action without Kari in the way.

After a few minutes of Kari alternating between Jeff and Crystal, with Crystal squirming around on Jeff's lap, Crystal said she was ready. She rose up a couple of inches and scooted forward. Kari took Jeff's cock in her hand and positioned it beneath her sister's pussy. Crystal gently lowered her body, impaling herself on his hardened member. They both groaned as he slid up inside her.

That wasn't the end of Kari's part, though. As Crystal bounced up and down on Jeff's lap, Kari licked them both, eliciting squeals of delight from her little sister and moans of pleasure from Jeff.

He glanced over and noticed that Brit was also fingering herself even as she snapped the pictures. He didn't know how well those shots would turn out; she seemed to be paying more attention to her own needs than to the camera. Still, he couldn't exactly blame her. He was in a similar state of mind, with the two girls giving him pleasure.

They were in that same position when the door opened, sending a blast of cold air in and causing the girls to shriek at the sudden chill. Allison hurried and stepped through, nude and shivering. She quickly shut the door behind her.

"Brr!" she said. "It's cold out there!"

"I'll warm you up," Kari volunteered. She hopped up and dashed over to throw her arms around Allison. The two girls embraced, their arms around each other and rubbing each other's backs.

A moment later, Crystal reached her peak. Her body tensed up as she gave out a long wail of ecstasy. Surprisingly, Jeff wasn't far behind. Perhaps the sight of the naked girls hugging did it to him. It wasn't the first time he had seen Allison and Kari touching, even that day, but the erotic sight, coupled with Crystal's pussy clamping down on his cock in her orgasm, pushed him over the edge.

A minute later, he slumped back against the couch, tired but happy. He had lost track of the number of orgasms he had had that day, but he thought it was probably more than he had ever had in one day before.

Crystal climbed off his lap. She grabbed a paper towel from beside the nearby sink and cleaned herself off. There was no need for Jeff to do the same, because Brit knelt in front of him and took care of it with her mouth. As soon as she finished, she stood up with a grin on her face. "Yummy," she commented. "My two favorite flavors mixed together."

"That's probably it for me," said Jeff. "I'm exhausted."

"Not so fast," Kari told him. "There's a reason we involved your stepmom in this game. Allison, it's up to you now."

Allison grinned. "I'm sure I can squeeze one more orgasm out of you, Jeff."

"Oh god!" he groaned, imagining the possibilities.

"Come here," she said, taking his hand.

"Do I have to get up?" he complained. "I'm so tired."

"If we're going to do this, we have to do it right. Unless you want to give up now and leave the count as it is."

Jeff stood up. He was willing to put forth a little more effort if it meant another orgasm, especially if it was Allison giving it to him. Instead of taking him out of the room, however, she simply had him stand aside. "Brit," she said, "take a seat."

Brit followed her instructions, sitting down on the couch.

"Now spread your legs," Allison told her, and Brit did as instructed.

"Jeff," said Allison, "your little sister has spent a lot of time sitting in your lap these past months. So now it's your turn. Go sit down in her lap."

He smiled, then walked over to the couch again. He sat down in front of Brit, lying back against her chest. Allison had her put her legs up over Jeff's thighs, her feet between his knees to spread his legs. Brit reached around Jeff and hugged him from behind.

"So now you've got a nice, soft, warm cushion for your back," said Allison. "Now let's add a couple more to your sides. Kari and Crystal, go sit next to Jeff."

The Williams girls enthusiastically climbed onto the chair, leaning in against him. He wrapped his arms around their waists and hugged them.

"everyone nice and comfy?" asked Allison. "Brit, you're not being squished?"

"I'm doing just fine," said Brit.

"Good," smiled Allison. "Now you've got naked girls on three sides of you, Jeff. It looks like it's up to me to take care of the front."

"God, yes!" he exclaimed, realizing what she meant.

Allison approached, but to his disappointment she didn't sit down in his lap like he expected. Instead, she leaned forward. "Does my little Jeff have a kiss for Mommy?" she asked in that playfully seductive voice he had heard her use before.

"I always have a kiss for Mommy," he replied, playing along.

Allison took his head in her hands, leaned in, and pressed her lips against his. It wasn't the most motherly kiss he had ever received, but he certainly wasn't going to point that out. He merely relaxed and enjoyed it, especially when she thrust her tongue inside his mouth. He teased her tongue with his own, letting himself take advantage of her willingness.

Unfortunately, his recent orgasms were enough to keep his cock soft, even as he kissed her. When Allison broke the kiss and glanced down at his lap, he could see the look of disappointment on her face.

"What's wrong, Jeff?" she asked. "Aren't you happy to see Mommy?"

"Oh, I am!" he exclaimed. "I'm *really* happy to see Mommy. It's just that I'm so tired."

"My poor Jeff," she cooed. "Let's see if Mommy can make you feel better." She grabbed his deflated cock and started stroking it.

"Mommy's going to take good care of you," she smiled. "You just relax against that nice, soft pillow behind you."

Brit giggled at that, then reached up and began to massage his shoulders. Meanwhile, Kari and Crystal leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. They rubbed their bodies up against his, letting their breasts massage him from the side.

By now, he was beginning to grow hard. Allison smiled with delight. "That's it, Jeff," she said. "You can do it. Mommy's rooting for you. Isn't it so sweet of the girls to help you out like this?"

"Yes Mommy," he breathed.

"You know, sometimes I wish I were your real mommy," said Allison.

"I don't care that you're not my real mommy," he replied. "I love you just as much."

"That's very sweet of you, Jeff, but that's not what I mean. I just mean that I missed out on you growing up. I would have loved to feed you, have you snuggle with me when you had a nightmare, help you get ready for school, dress you, undress you, and bathe you."

"Most of those things I wouldn't mind doing with you even though I'm older," Jeff grinned.

"Oh, and especially nurse you," said Allison. "There's a special bond that develops when mommies nurse their babies. It's just too bad we never got to do that."

"I'd be happy to do that right now!" Jeff cheerfully volunteered.

"You would do that?" asked Allison, her eyes lighting up with delight. "You would suck on Mommy's boobies?"

"I love your boobies, Mommy," said Jeff with a grin.

"Thank you, Jeff. I'm so happy that you like them. And they're happy too." She rose up, still stroking his cock, and leaned forward, thrusting her chest into his face. Jeff immediately opened his mouth and took one of her nipples into it. He sucked it gently, letting his tongue tease it inside his mouth. He loved the feel and even the taste of it. He felt it stiffen as he toyed with it.

"Oh god, Jeff, that's wonderful!" Allison exclaimed. "That's it. Suck Mommy's boobies."

"Mind if I have the other one?" asked Kari, who was on the side of the neglected one. She didn't wait for an answer, but leaned in and sucked the other nipple into her mouth.

"No fair!" complained Crystal.

"Don't worry," Allison told her. "I want to feel Jeff's mouth on both of them, so in a few minutes we'll switch."

Jeff was in heaven. Now surrounded on all four side by the girls he loved, having his shoulders massaged by

his gorgeous baby sister and his cock stroked by his sexy stepmother, he realized they just might get one more orgasm out of him after all.

After about five minutes, Allison drew back, to Jeff's disappointment.

"That was very good, Jeff," she told him. "You made Mommy feel so good. Now I want to feel your mouth on the other one." She leaned forward again, moving to the side. Jeff opened his mouth and took the other nipple in, which was already damp and solid from Kari's lips. In fact, he thought he could taste a bit of Kari on it, making it all the more delicious.

Crystal of course eagerly took the other one in her mouth, and the two of them sucked on Allison's breasts eagerly and hungrily.

Kari reached out and slipped on of her hands between Allison's legs.

"Oh!" Allison exclaimed at the contact, smiling. By this point, her breathing was heavy and ragged, and she even began to moan a little. Jeff realized that he was making some of the same noises, and for good reason. Between the stimulation on his cock, the soft girl-flesh all around him, and the sight of Allison being sexually fondled, he realized he was close to an orgasm himself.

"I'm just about there..." Jeff groaned, letting her nipple slip out of his mouth.

"Let's not waste it," Allison cautioned. "Somebody hurry and put it in your mouth." She pulled back, but didn't let up with her hand.

"My turn this time," Kari volunteered. She leaned down and wrapped her lips around his cock.

That was enough to push him past the breaking point. With one last wail, he erupted, his cock jerking inside her mouth as it spewed forth its seed. Kari hummed delightedly as she gulped it down. This last orgasm was almost painful, but pleasurable nonetheless. As he came down from the high, he knew for certain that he wouldn't be able to perform again that day.

"Looks like I haven't lost my touch after all," Allison grinned.

"I think... I've reached... my limit," Jeff panted.

"You did well," smiled Kari. "I'm proud of you."

"Now you just go ahead and rest for a while," Brit told him, wrapping her arms around his neck and hugging him. "You've earned it."

"So Crystal," said Allison, "what's the grand total?"

"Six," Crystal announced.

"Really?" asked Jeff, astonished.

"Why so surprised? You were there for each one," Brit teased him.

"Well yeah, but... I just didn't think I had it in me."

"Well, now it's in all of *us*," Brit giggled. "Except poor Allison. You didn't get to have any of his yummy cum inside you."

"That's all right," Allison smiled. "I got three of the cutest girls in the world to get me off, so I'm certainly not complaining. And I'm glad I got to help Jeff to feel really good."

"Just don't expect me to be able to climax six times a day from now on," he laughed.

Chapter 70

Best Friends?

The lessons with Meg and Sandy were progressing nicely. Lissa was beginning to understand the attraction of women for each other. There was a kind of emotional bond between two girls that just did not exist between a man and a woman, no matter how close they were or how much they loved one another. There was a kind of understanding, impossible to put into words, that all women shared, something that a man could never experience.

Part of the lessons involved what Sandy called "ambiguous flirting," little gestures and touches that could be construed as sexual or innocent depending on the context. Lissa recognized plenty of these tactics, since Meg used them on her roommates constantly. However, when used by an obviously straight girl, no one would attribute anything sexual to them at all. The point, in Lissa's case, was to get her secret admirer comfortable with these gestures, so that the shift wouldn't be so abrupt when Lissa graduated to more obvious moves.

Sandy also suggested getting the girl into debt, not of finance but of friendship. Lissa should look for opportunities to do nice things for her, always being kind and generous. If the girl started feeling obligated to repay that kindness, she would be more open to Lissa's feelings and more willing to do whatever it took to make her happy. She would *want* to please Lissa.

The third bit of advice was to make their friendship all about trying new things. At first Lissa would have to be the driving force, but once the girl got comfortable experimenting, then it was only a matter of finding an excuse to try out lesbian sex. At first their new experiences should be simple and basic: trying out a new recipe, or visiting some place together they had never gone before, or developing new hobbies together. Later, Lissa could look for more risqué experiments that would get them comfortable with one another's sexuality.

At the beginning of the second lesson, Sandy suggested she shave off her pubic hair like Meg and her, claiming that there was nothing tastier than a hairless pussy. Lissa was a little curious about how it felt, so the three of them went into the bathroom and did the deed. It felt surprisingly erotic, especially when Meg and Sandy ran their hands over her newly shaved pussy. She decided that from now on, she would keep it that way.

Each lesson ended with hands-on "in the bedroom" instruction, which was really just the three of them having sex together. Sandy and Meg showed off some of their favorite positions, and tried them out on Lissa to see how she liked them. At first hesitant, with each lesson she grew more and more comfortable. After a while she was starting to really enjoy herself. It didn't really matter whether the hands and mouths roaming all over her body belonged to a man or a woman, after all; physically it was the same at least. In fact, Meg and Sandy naturally knew what felt good to a girl, so even in their short time together, sex with them was like being with an experienced lover. That was something that could only come after years of romance with a

man.

She also felt a kind of thrill at the forbidden nature of the act. Every time she ran her hands over one of the girls' tits, or sucked on the nipple, or stuck her finger up inside the girl's pussy, she couldn't help but feel excited at the thought that she was doing something so contrary to the way she had been brought up. She had told herself she would never feel guilty again, and surprisingly, it worked. The guilt transformed itself into a kind of excitement.

The disgust that she thought she would feel was absent too. That disgust came mostly from her conservative upbringing, exactly what she was trying to escape from. That feeling reversed itself too, and she found that she really did enjoy the erotic contact between their bodies.

During these escapades, she spent as much time as possible eating the girls out. After the initial shock of licking their bodies, she found that sucking their tits or nibbling on their nipples or even tonguing them between the legs was just a neutral taste. She wanted to get used to the flavor of a girl's love juices.

Sometimes she focused her efforts on the clitoris, experimenting to see what worked the best to drive the girl into a frenzy. Other times, she shoved her tongue as deep inside her partner's cunt as she could. She felt a kind of power over Meg and Sandy when she brought them to orgasm with her mouth, and it delighted her to no end.

As they drove back from Sandy's place, Meg often added a few suggestions to the lesson that applied to girls who were roommates, since Sandy didn't know that it was Alya that Lissa was interested in. There were some of those ambiguous flirting gestures that could only be done in the privacy of their apartment, for instance, and only when the two of them were alone together.

She also suggested that Lissa start to take her clothes off in the apartment. Lissa joked that Meg only wanted to see her naked, and Meg admitted that that was partly the truth, but also it was to get Alya used to seeing her nude. They needed to be comfortable with each other's bodies.

That brought up thoughts of Allison. She remembered how nice it felt to go without clothes with her stepmother, even going so far as touching. She had never really thought of it as anything sexual, even when hugging, or massaging each other's shoulders, or rubbing suntan lotion on each other's chests. Now that her lesbian tendencies were awakening within her, she thought how much more fun it would be to do the same things while allowing herself to feel those sapphic pleasures. She wondered whether she would get an opportunity at Christmas vacation, which was now only a couple of weeks away.

As usual, Meg dropped her off on campus. So as not to appear to be leaving and arriving home at the same time every couple of days, Meg and Lissa always met at a prearranged spot to drive to Sandy's place, and afterward Lissa always walked home from campus so that Meg would arrive first. It seemed to work; neither Alya nor Monique suspected any kind of arrangement between their two roommates. Lissa didn't mind walking, even in the chill December air.

This time, Meg had some other errands to run, so she wouldn't be home until later. That suited Lissa well;

she remembered that on Thursday nights Monique also usually got home late, which would leave Lissa alone with Alya. With that cheerful thought she hurried home, anxious to try out some of the suggestions Sandy had made.

As it turned out, there was no need for Meg to drop off Lissa on campus tonight, because the apartment was empty when she arrived. No matter; Alya would be home soon enough. It gave her time to fix dinner, a recipe that she hadn't made in a long time but that was new to Alya. She would pretend it was the first time she had made it and ask Alya if she would be her guinea pig and try it out. Fortunately, there was just enough time to throw the ingredients together and put it in the oven to bake before her roommate would arrive home.

Alya arrived right on time, just as Lissa had expected. What she hadn't expected, though, was Alya's condition when she walked in the door. The girl looked like she had just come in out of a torrential downpour, with chattering teeth, icy red cheeks, ice particles clinging to her hair, and water dripping off the ends.

"What happened?" Lissa exclaimed in shock.

Through her shivering, Alya managed a weak laugh. "You know that big tree by the hill? I was walking under it, and suddenly it decided to drop a big load of snow right on top of me."

"Alya, that tree's half a mile away. Did you walk the whole way home soaked like that?"

Alya nodded, then sneezed.

"You're going to catch pneumonia!" said Lissa. "Come on. Let's get you out of those soggy clothes."

Alya didn't protest, so Lissa hurried over and took her hand to lead her into her bedroom. She noted with alarm just how cold the girl's hands were. She immediately gripped them in her own and started rubbing them.

"I'm fine," Alya told her, but it was obvious that she enjoyed the attention.

"No you're not," Lissa insisted. "You're an ice cube." She released Alya's hands and put her own to the girl's cheeks, which were, not surprisingly, just as cold. She held her hands there until a bit of warmth returned to them. "Too bad we don't have a fireplace," she commented. "The best thing for you would be to lie down in front of it for an hour or so. But never mind that. Come with me."

She took her hand again, and this time brought her into the bedroom. Alya's fingers, which were too numb to be of much use, fumbled at the zipper of her coat. Lissa helped her unzip it and remove it, discovering that the moisture had seeped through into her clothes as well. Her shirt didn't quite drip water, but it looked on the verge of doing so. Alya sat down on the bed to take her shoes off, but Lissa immediately knelt in front of her.

"You don't have to do that," said Alya with a smile, but Lissa ignored her and helped her out of her shoes and socks. The girl's feet were just as cold, if not colder, than her hands, so Lissa immediately set to work

rubbing them as well.

"It's okay, really," Alya protested. "You don't have to rub my feet."

"I don't mind. Besides, maybe I'll come home one night in the same condition, and then you can repay me."

Alya laughed. "Okay, it's a deal."

Lissa continued to attend to her roommate's feet until she felt the cold slip away, replaced by their natural warmth. She found that she didn't mind doing something like that for Alya. Sandy had suggested, after all, that she look for chances to do nice things for her, and this seemed like a perfect opportunity.

After a few minutes of rubbing the girl's feet, she stood back up. Then she reached for the bottom of her shirt.

"Hey!" Alya giggled, swatting her hand away. "I can manage by myself from here."

"You sure?" asked Lissa.

"I have been known to undress myself once in a while," said Alya. Then she sneezed again. "Oh dear," she said. "I hope I'm not coming down with a cold."

"You will if you don't hurry and get out of those wet things," Lissa insisted, but made no move to leave the room. She wondered if Alya would undress in front of her. She remembered Meg mentioning getting naked in front of each other. Besides, Lissa really was curious about the girl's body. With clothes on it looked great, and she suspected it looked even better without.

Unfortunately, it was not to be. "Do you mind?" asked Alya. "I'd like a little privacy."

"Of course," Lissa nodded. "Tell you what. I'll go fill up the tub for you. The best thing for you right now is a hot bath. You just come in when you're ready."

"That sounds nice," smiled Alya, and Lissa left the room, closing the door behind her. She headed into the bathroom and turned on the faucet in the tub, then stood in front of the mirror.

"This is it," she whispered to her reflection, quiet enough that her roommate was certain not to hear. "You've got Alya all to yourself tonight, and a good excuse to fawn all over her. Do your best." Then she sat down on the edge of the tub, pulled her foot out of her sandal, and dipped it in the water to test the temperature. She adjusted the faucet until she got it right, then took her foot back out.

Alya appeared in the doorway a moment later, dressed in her bathrobe. Lissa had secretly hoped that Alya would come in without any clothes on whatsoever, but hadn't really expected it, so she wasn't too disappointed. Lissa turned off the water and rose to her feet. "Perfect timing," she said. She walked over to Alya and reached for the sash of her robe.

"What are you doing?" asked Alya.

"Well, you're not going to get in the tub like that, are you?"

"Okay, what's the deal? Are you trying to get me naked or something?" Alya laughed.

"What? No, of course not. I mean, yes, but only to get you in the tub. Look, don't read anything into it that's not there; it's just that I'm perfectly comfortable with nudity. If it bothers you, I'll leave, but don't think I've got any ulterior motives." The truth was, she *did* have ulterior motives, but she wasn't about to admit it. "I guess it all started with my stepmother," she said.

"Oh?" asked Alya.

Lissa laughed. "It's not how it sounds," she said. "But never mind that. I'll tell you later. The last thing I want to do is keep you from your bath." She turned and headed out the door. Alya closed it behind her.

Lissa sat down on the couch, smiling. That last bit about Allison made for an enticing little mental image, especially leaving it unexplained like that. Let Alya think about that while she soaked in the tub.

In the mean time, Lissa needed to think of an excuse to go into the bathroom while her roommate bathed. She knew that if she could just get through the door, she could manage to get the girl talking, and pretty soon Alya would lose any self-consciousness she felt about being nude in front of Lissa.

Immediately, she came up with an idea. It probably wouldn't work, but at the very least it would give her something else nice to do for her roommate. She headed into the kitchen and filled the tea kettle with water. Alya was a fan of green tea. She drank iced tea every day during the summer, and during the winter she usually brewed up a pot as soon as she got home from classes.

She raided Alya's stash for the tea, and measured out the correct amount of sugar. She had watched Alya do it enough that she knew exactly how many teaspoons to use. Soon she had it all ready, so she poured it into a cup and brought it to the bathroom door. Then she knocked.

"Yes?" asked Alya from the other side.

"I've made you some tea," Lissa told her.

"Really? That's so sweet of you."

"Do you want me to bring it in so you can drink it in the tub?"

"No, that's okay. I'm almost finished in here. The water's getting cold anyway. I'll be out in a minute."

Well, it was worth a shot. Still, she had scored a couple of brownie points with Alya, so it wasn't a total waste. There would be other opportunities to get her clothes off. She headed back to the kitchen table and sat down to wait for her roommate.

She didn't have to wait long. Alya opened the door a couple minutes later, dressed once more in her bathrobe,

and came over to sit next to her. Lissa immediately put her hands to the girl's cheeks, which were fortunately much warmer than they had been previously.

"Much better," she said. "You had me worried."

"I think you're more worried than I am," Alya grinned, then sneezed again. "On the other hand, maybe you're right to be concerned," she laughed. "Looks like this might turn into a cold after all. Damn it. I have a date with Matt tomorrow." Then she stared at Lissa. "Sorry," she said. "I wasn't thinking."

"Don't worry about that. I'm completely over him. Tell you what. Tomorrow if you're not feeling well enough to go out, I'll go rent us some movies and we'll watch them instead. You can even invite Matt over if you feel like it."

"Really? You'd do that for me?"

"Absolutely. We're friends, aren't we?"

"And it wouldn't bother you if Matt came over?"

"To tell you the truth, I'm secretly hoping he catches your cold, then it turns into something more severe, preferably fatal. For him, not you, I mean."

Alya laughed. "And here I was thinking I had the old Lissa back. You know, the nice girl that wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Well, the new Lissa cares just as much about you as the old one did."

"Thanks," said Alya with a smile.

Now was a good time to bring up an idea she had come up with a couple of days ago, when Sandy had talked about trying out new things. "So Alya," said Lissa. "Do you have your classes all figured out for next semester?"

"I've got a tentative plan. Why?"

"Well, I was thinking about taking a tennis class, but I don't think it would be as fun without a dedicated partner." Lissa had tried to come up with an idea for a class to take with Alya that satisfied two criteria: first, something that could develop into a hobby, and second, something physically exerting so that they would shower together in the locker rooms afterward. She had skimmed through the list of physical education classes that the university offered and decided upon tennis.

"You mean a spoiled rich girl like you doesn't know how to play tennis?" Alya teased. "I thought rich girls always belonged to sports clubs and spent all day playing tennis and racquetball and soaking in a jacuzzi."

"Well, my family does have a hot tub," she confessed.

"Aha!" Alya grinned. "Well, one out of three isn't bad I guess."

"So will you do it? Come on, it will be fun. I was going to ask Matt to take the class with me, but then we broke up."

"I'm sorry," said Alya, and from the look on her face, she seemed sincere.

"I told you, don't worry about that. Tell you what. You can make it up to me by taking his place." *And not just on the tennis court*, she thought.

Alya laughed. "Since you put it that way, how can I refuse?"

"Oh, thank you!" Lissa exclaimed, then threw her arms around her roommate and hugged her.

"Careful, or you're going to catch my cold."

The timer sounded on the oven.

"Oh, dinner's ready," Lissa announced. "It's a new recipe I'm trying out. Since you're probably not up to making dinner, would you like some of mine?"

"You don't mind?" asked Alya. "I mean, do you have enough?"

"Plenty. I always make enough for leftovers, so sharing isn't a problem."

"Thanks."

Lissa retrieved the dish from the oven, a kind of Italian casserole similar to lasagna, but with fettuccine noodles instead, and diced eggplant. She served it onto two plates, and the girls ate dinner together, in bright spirits despite Alya's illness.

Alya went to bed early that night. She even skipped her usual bedtime studying, not really feeling up to doing much. With the sneezes coming more and more frequently, she probably wouldn't be able to concentrate anyway. She took some cold medicine before going to bed, which at least helped with the sniffling and sneezing, and she managed to sleep all night, only waking once when Monique came into her room to go to bed. Usually Monique turned on the light briefly to get her bearings, but tonight she left the room dark. Through her half-conscious haze, Alya was rational enough to suspect that Lissa had briefed Monique on what had happened, and told her not to disturb her.

Unfortunately, in the morning she felt even worse than she had in the evening. When her alarm went off, she merely groaned and punched the snooze. Monique yawned and sat up. Since she got up at the same time as Alya, they only set one alarm between them.

"That's not like you," Monique commented. "Usually you're wide awake in the mornings."

"Mommy, do I have to go to school today?" Alya groaned, not quite sick enough to lose her sense of humor.

"Lissa told me what happened," Monique said, confirming Alya's suspicion. "Do you want to just stay in bed all day?"

"Sounds good to me."

"Can I get you anything?"

There was only one thing Alya wanted, and it surprised her. All she wanted was for Lissa to stay with her. Maybe it was because Lissa had been so nice to her last night, and Alya was beginning to enjoy having her wait on her like that. Still, it was a strange feeling, to want to be near another girl so much.

"I'll be fine. I just need to rest."

"What about your classes?"

"The hell with my classes," Alya mumbled.

Monique laughed. "Okay, sounds like you need to be left alone. If you need anything, just give me a holler." She quickly retrieved her clothes for the day, crammed a couple of books in her backpack, then left the room and closed the door behind her.

A few minutes later, there came a knock at the door. "Alya?" Lissa's anxious voice asked from the other side. "Are you okay?"

Alya couldn't help but smile at that; apparently Lissa was still just as eager to help her as she was last night.

"Come on in," she said, and Lissa opened the door. She still wore her pajamas; it looked like she had hopped out of bed and come straight there as soon as Monique had mentioned it to her. She hurried over and knelt down by the bed, then put a hand to Alya's forehead.

"Well, you don't have a fever," she commented, sounding relieved. "Probably just sinuses then. Still, I know how that feels. It's not pleasant."

"Looks like I may take you up on your offer after all," Alya said.

Lissa grabbed the chair sitting in front of the desk and brought it over to the bed. She sat down on it and started to rub Alya's back. "You just rest. I'm going to take care of you."

"But don't you have classes you need to go to today?"

"Quoting from Monique, who was quoting from you, 'The hell with my classes.'"

Alya laughed. "Thanks, Lissa," she said. "I'm feeling better already."

Just then the alarm went off again; Alya had forgotten to disable it after hitting the snooze button. Lissa grabbed it and yanked the cord out of the wall. "Stupid clock," she commented. "Interrupting you like that when you're trying to sleep."

Alya grinned. It really was nice to have Lissa look after her like that. She yawned, then closed her eyes again. It wasn't long before she drifted off to sleep once more.

When she awoke, Lissa still sat by the bed, dozing in the chair. Alya just watched her for a minute, her heart full of gratitude for the girl's concern. Lissa really was the sweetest girl, and Alya felt a little guilty about hurting her. It wasn't right that such a caring and self-sacrificing girl like Lissa had to be alone.

But she wasn't alone. Maybe she didn't have a boyfriend any more, but at least Alya could be her best friend. Maybe her earlier impression about the new Lissa was wrong. Maybe the new Lissa really was just as caring as the old one.

The girl opened her eyes, and smiled at Alya. "How are you feeling?" she asked.

"Terrible. But hungry. I think it's time I got up and went to get me some breakfast."

"Let me go get it for you. You just lie here."

Alya smiled. "Thanks, but I really do think I need to get up. If I'm not going to go to classes today, at least I can study."

"Well, if you insist, but Nurse Lissa recommends that you stay in bed."

Alya ignored the recommendation and climbed out of bed. She threw on her bathrobe over her pajamas and made her way to the front room, where she plopped down on the couch. Breakfast had seemed like a good idea a moment ago, but now the thought of even fixing a bowl of cereal seemed like too much work.

Lissa apparently sensed her lethargy. "Would you like me to fix you something?" she asked.

"You don't have--"

"I want to."

Alya nodded. "If you wouldn't mind."

"Let's see... How does an omelet sound? With toast and jam on the side, and a glass of orange juice-- Gotta have your Vitamin C, after all."

"Sounds great," Alya smiled.

Lissa fixed the meal, then brought the food over and sat down beside her, placing the plates on the coffee table in front of them. The two girls sat and ate breakfast together, and Alya felt as cheerful as it was possible to be with a cold.

For the rest of the day Alya didn't feel much like doing anything. She tried studying-- Lissa seemed almost eager to do little things for her like fetching her books-- but between the cold and the side effects of the medicine to counteract it, she really couldn't focus. Maybe Lissa had been right; maybe Alya should have stayed in bed.

She took a nap just before lunch time, lying on her side on the couch with her head in Lissa's lap. She didn't know how she ended up in that position, but when she woke up later it felt so nice that she didn't want to get up, especially with Lissa gently stroking her hair.

They had leftover casserole for lunch, again sitting on the couch together. After a nice nap and a filling lunch, Alya had a little more energy, so she hit the books again. Lissa retrieved her own books from her room and sat down in the chair across the room to do some studying herself. Alya secretly wished that she had sat by her on the couch again, but there really wasn't room with the textbooks spread out on the coffee table.

In the afternoon, Alya called Matt and told him she wouldn't be able to go out with him because she was feeling sick. He offered to come by, but despite Lissa's insistence that it wouldn't bother her, Alya knew it was always a little awkward still when Lissa and Matt were together in the same room. Alya said she would be fine; her roommates were there to look after her.

Lissa stayed with her the rest of the day, except for one quick trip to the video store after Monique arrived home. Lissa picked out a couple of old musicals that she liked but that she remembered Alya mentioning that she had never seen before. Meg had a date with Sandy that night, but the other three roommates sat together on the couch watching the movies.

All drugged up on cold medicine, Alya had a hard time concentrating. She found herself nodding off several times. Each time, she ended up with her head on Lissa's shoulder. She awoke with a start, then apologized to Lissa, who said it was all right. After the third time, she quit apologizing and just let her head rest there. Lissa even put an arm around her, which felt really nice. Alya felt so relaxed that she just lay there for the rest of the evening.

When she woke up, the movies had ended. Monique was nowhere to be seen, but Lissa remained there in the same position, except fast asleep with her head back against the couch. Alya felt so relaxed and peaceful sitting there in her roommate's arms that she wanted to just sleep there all night.

Unfortunately, Meg arrived home a few minutes later, and the sound of her opening the door woke them both back up.

"Sorry to interrupt you," she said.

"It's okay," Lissa told her. "It's time we went to bed anyway." But she made no attempt to get up off of the couch, or even to remove her arm from around Alya's shoulders.

Meg came over and sat down on Alya's other side. "How are you feeling?" she asked.

"Better than I was," Alya commented.

"Has Lissa been taking good care of you?"

"She has. She really is the sweetest girl."

"Just my maternal instincts kicking in," Lissa smiled. "Right now you need someone to mother you. Speaking of which, it's past your bedtime, young lady."

"Yes, Mom," Alya grinned.

They rose from the couch, then Lissa accompanied her into her bedroom. Alya lay down, still just as sick but somehow not minding it so much. Lissa tucked her in, continuing her maternal role. She even kissed her on the forehead. A few days ago, that would have made Alya feel uncomfortable, but now she found she didn't mind it. It was too bad that Lissa had to leave her, but both girls needed their sleep after all.

The next morning, Alya felt a little better, but still not well enough to leave the apartment. Fortunately it was Saturday so she didn't have classes. Matt came over to spend the day with her, which she would have enjoyed more if not for the fact that Lissa decided to make herself scarce. She wasn't rude about it; she simply mentioned that she had some errands to run. Alya could feel a kind of tenseness in the air with Lissa and Matt there, though.

Her cold had mostly disappeared by Sunday, which was good because she couldn't afford to miss any more classes.

Lissa also knew she would have to make up for the time she had lost on Friday. She would have to talk to each of her professors to get copies of the class notes and assignments. Lissa had a couple of classes with daily quizzes, but she figured a little flirting on her part would make sure the professors wouldn't let that affect her grades.

On Monday, she decided to move on to the next stage with her roommate. If Alya wasn't going to take off her clothes, then Lissa would. As soon as she came home from school, she turned up the heat on the thermostat, then headed into her bedroom. Meg was already there, sitting on the bed with a textbook in her hand. Lissa gave her a wink, then started stripping out of her clothes.

"Ooh, what's the special occasion?" asked Meg. "More importantly, does it involve me?"

"Sorry," Lissa replied. "This is for Alya. Maybe if she gets used to seeing me naked, she'll be more inclined

to take her clothes off in front of me."

Meg shrugged. "Too bad."

"I'll make it up to you at the next lesson with Sandy," smiled Lissa. She finished undressing, tossing her clothes in the laundry hamper. Then she grabbed one of her own textbooks, sat on the bed, and began to study.

She knew Alya wouldn't be home for another hour or so, but she wanted to get comfortable before the girl saw her. She was a little nervous about the whole thing, so it wouldn't do to take her clothes off only five minutes before Alya got home.

She talked with Meg during that time, discussing the plans and getting feedback on how she was doing. Meg seemed to think Lissa was doing extremely well; there was a noticeable change in Alya. The girl seemed really happy, and although that could be attributed to her having a boyfriend, she also seemed to really enjoy Lissa's company, even more than her other roommates'. Meg, of course, claimed to be jealous, but she said it with a lighthearted and teasing tone.

An hour and a half later, they heard the front door opening. "Good luck," Meg whispered to Lissa, then went back to her studying. Lissa lay down on her bed, waiting to see if Alya would pop her head in to say hi.

There was a knock on the door. "Come in," said Meg. Alya opened the door.

"Lissa, I was--" she began, then stopped as she saw her lying there on the bed naked. She blinked a couple of times.

"What is it?" asked Lissa, as if nothing were out of the ordinary.

"I was... I mean..." Then the tone of her voice changed to one resembling that of an angry parent. "What are you doing, Lissa?" she asked.

"Studying."

"I don't mean that." She glanced over at Meg. "Lissa, can I talk to you alone for a minute? I mean, would you come into my room?"

"Sure," said Lissa, hopping up off the bed and heading for the door.

"Put some damn clothes on first!" Alya exclaimed.

"No need to be rude about it," said Lissa. She grabbed her bathrobe and slipped it on. "Good enough?"

"Good enough," Alya said, then led her down the hall to her bedroom. Once there, Alya sat on her bed and Lissa sat on Monique's.

"Lissa, what were you doing naked?" Alya asked.

"Oh, don't get so upset about it. I was just feeling a little warm, that's all."

"But just going around naked..."

"I wasn't *going around* anywhere. I was just lying on my bed studying. Meg goes naked all the time, and you haven't said anything to her about it."

"You're not Meg."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I mean, you're not... you're not a lesbian."

"And lesbians are the only ones to take their clothes off?"

"No, I didn't mean that."

"So tell me what you meant. Come on, Alya. How am I supposed to understand you when you won't even say what it is that's bothering you?"

"All right, you want the honest truth?"

"The truth would be nice."

"Okay. I suspect Meg goes naked because she likes the thought of other girls seeing her naked body. Because she's a lesbian."

"But that's not why I was doing it."

"Maybe not. But you were in there... with Meg... and both of you were naked. Do you see how bad that looks?"

"So you thought we had done something naughty?"

"No. I mean, maybe."

"And you were feeling a little jealous."

"Of course not! Don't joke around about things like that. I just thought it looked a little suspicious, that's all. Look, I know Meg wouldn't just take advantage of you, but doesn't it bother you a little bit to know that your naked body is being gawked at by a lesbian?"

Lissa laughed. "She wasn't gawking at me. Sure, she made a couple of off-color comments when I first took

off my clothes, but that's just her style. After that, she just went back to her reading."

"Lissa, you're not considering... switching over, are you?"

"Oh, I see what you're thinking. You're thinking that after what happened with Matt, I'm fed up with men completely, and so you're worried I'm going to turn into a lesbian."

"Well... actually yes."

"And what if I am?"

Alya stared at her for a second, obviously not sure what to say. "Look, I'm not your mother, and you're old enough to make those decisions on your own. But don't do something you'll regret, okay?"

"What, like get involved with Meg?"

"I know Meg wouldn't deliberately hurt you, but if you're playing those kinds of games with her, I'm not sure she could control herself. And then, well, she's already got a girlfriend, and so she wouldn't be able to give you the care you would need. Just be careful."

The two girls remained silent for a minute. Then Lissa broke down laughing.

"Oh, Alya, don't worry about me. I'll be fine. I like men too much to ever become a lesbian, all right?"

"So then you're not planning to... I mean..."

"Not at all."

"But aren't you concerned about Meg looking at you and thinking--"

"I don't give a damn what Meg thinks. Hell, she can have sexual fantasies about me if she wants, as long as she keeps them to herself. It doesn't hurt me, so why should I care? You know, you ought to take your clothes off in front of her some time. Then you'll see it's no big deal."

"Not me. One exhibitionist in this apartment is enough."

"Then there's a problem, because now there are two."

Alya rolled her eyes. "Why me?" she asked, though her worried tone had been replaced with a playful one.

Over the next couple of weeks, Alya noticed Lissa being extra nice to her. It wasn't any one big thing that she did, but a lot of smaller ones. Lissa fixed her dinner a few times, and helped her make her bed, and even gave her small presents. They weren't anything fancy, just some old jewelry and clothes that she didn't wear any

more.

Lissa also spent more time just sitting and talking with Alya, who found those times to be very pleasant. The two of them had already gotten along well, but their relationship only strengthened after the incident with Matt. Alya found that during the days she actually looked forward to coming home to spend time with her roommate.

Her first reaction to the new Lissa had been dislike, mostly because she felt the girl was hurting herself. But she also seemed to be going out of her way to be nice to Alya. That confused her. How could a girl who seemed hell-bent on ruining her own life also be so sweet and likable?

It wasn't what she had expected from the girl whose boyfriend she had stolen. In any sane world she would expect Lissa to hate her. But for some reason, her roommate really seemed to care about her.

Alya finally decided to ask Lissa about it. One afternoon when the two of them were alone together in the apartment, Alya approached Lissa.

"I want to ask you a question, and I don't want you to take it the wrong way," she said.

"What is it?"

"Why are you being so nice to me all of a sudden? Ever since you broke up with Matt, you're being extra friendly with me. What's going on?"

"Is it that obvious?" asked Lissa.

"Yes."

"Okay, maybe I overdid things a little. I just wanted to show you that I have no hard feelings."

"Okay. I suppose that makes sense. And I appreciate it, I really do. I was just curious, that's all."

"There's something else too," said Lissa. "I suppose you might as well know."

"What?"

"I still think Matt's going to betray you. And when he does, it's going to be hard on you. I want you to have a good friend that you can come to, and because it's something that I've gone through myself, I would like to be that friend."

Alya hugged her. "You're so sweet, Lissa. What other girl would want to look out for the girl that stole her boyfriend? You're really amazing, you know that?"

"I just don't want to see you get hurt like I was," Lissa told her.

"Okay, if it ever happens like you say, you'll be the first one I tell."

After that, the two of them were inseparable. They were at the very least best friends, and perhaps even as close as sisters. They started buying their groceries together, making dinner together, and occasionally going to the movies together, at least on the nights when Matt and Alya didn't go out. Lissa seemed to be in brighter spirits after that, and Alya was happy to know that she was helping her to heal from the pain Matt had caused her.

There was always an uneasiness whenever Matt came over to visit Alya if Lissa was there, but Alya noticed that even that seemed to diminish over time. Lissa even started laughing and joking with them, and the whole atmosphere seemed to be quite cheerful, considering what had just happened to Lissa a couple of weeks before.

In fact, only Alya seemed to feel the slightest uneasiness whenever the three of them were together. She always expected Lissa to suddenly blow up and yell at Matt, but her fears proved unfounded. Still, she tried to limit the times that Matt came over to visit. That meant spending less time with him, but she didn't mind. She still had Lissa to keep her company after all.

It was Friday night, a week before Christmas vacation, when something happened that set in motion events that would change her relationship with both Matt and Lissa forever.

Chapter 71

The Final Betrayal

The day was drawing to a close on that cold, December evening as Alya sat in the library. Although it was Friday night, she was cramming for a test coming up on Monday, so she had told Matt that she wouldn't be able to go out with him. He was very understanding of the whole thing, which was one thing she liked about him so much. He was always so considerate.

Surprisingly, she didn't feel bad about it at all. She really wasn't in the mood to go out with Matt that night anyway; she probably wouldn't have enjoyed herself. After she finished here, she planned to go back to the apartment and just relax for a while. Lissa would be there, and Alya always enjoyed her company.

She had been thinking about Lissa increasingly frequently lately, and wanting to spend more and more time with her. She sometimes thought she had more fun with Lissa than Matt, which was a surprising thought. Matt was handsome and charming, and the sex was nice of course, but there was something about Lissa that made Alya feel so comfortable around her. With Matt, Alya always felt self-conscious, as if their relationship were fragile and could be destroyed with a single wrong word. With Lissa, there was none of that. Alya could just let go of all her worries and be herself, because Lissa would never judge her.

Even with dozens of other students in the library, Alya suddenly felt very lonely. She had an urge to close up her books and go home right now, to talk and joke and laugh with Lissa. She could always study extra hard tomorrow to make up for it.

That wasn't like her, she realized. Alya would never sacrifice good studying time for such simple pleasures. At least, that used to be the way she felt. She was a bookworm, but lately she had felt a lot more social, at least around Matt and her roommates.

She sighed and closed her book. If she was going to let her mind wander like that, there was no point staying here in the library. She wasn't really getting any studying done anyway. Maybe after taking a long break with Lissa she would hit the books again later that night, but for now she was too tired.

As she stepped out of the library, a cold wind whipped through her hair, causing her to shiver. At the moment it was not snowing, but it had snowed a little earlier in the day, and the ground was covered in a white blanket. She had to be careful to watch her step; the sidewalks could be icy when it was like this.

She had brought only a light jacket, so was unprepared for the cold air. Part of her wanted to march right back into the warm library building, but she knew that her apartment was waiting for her. As soon as she arrived home, she would grab one of the blankets off her bed and curl up on the couch.

The only thing missing from the fantasy was a nice mug of hot chocolate (with marshmallows, of course).

She had neither at home, so that was out of the question. Then she realized that there was a mini mart only a couple of blocks out of her way. They were bound to have at least the hot chocolate this time of year, and probably the marshmallows too. It would mean a longer trip home, but the thought of nursing a hot cup of cocoa was too pleasant to ignore. She left the library steps and headed in the direction of the mini mart.

Once she left the campus, the streets became more or less deserted. It was actually nice and peaceful, if a little cold. She wrapped her coat tightly around her, wondering if she should re-think her decision. Maybe she should just go home and ask Lissa to drive her over to the store. But no, she thought it might be fun to surprise all of her roommates by making them hot chocolate. So she trudged on to the store.

It was nice and warm inside, so she took her time browsing through the aisles, hoping not to find her targets too quickly. The hot chocolate was right up front, but fortunately she had to scan the aisles twice for the marshmallows, which were sitting on a shelf way in the back. Her usual hot drink of choice was tea, but tonight for some reason she craved a hot cup of cocoa. Part of that was that Lissa didn't usually drink tea, and the whole point was to have a bonding experience with her roommate. She paid for the groceries, then with her newfound treasures she marched back out into the cold.

Now she had no other obstacles in her way. She could go home satisfied that she had accomplished her goal. She could almost taste the cocoa already.

A couple of blocks from the store, she noticed a young couple kissing in the front seat of a parked car. She grinned, finding the scene rather amusing. Well, it was really none of her business, and she was getting cold, so she slipped quietly past them.

"Oh, Matt!" she heard the woman moan.

Alya's eyes suddenly went back to the couple making out in the car. It couldn't be! Hesitantly, she approached for a better look. It was the same brown hair, the same gray jacket.

She maneuvered to the front, and suddenly, it was perfectly clear. The boy was Matt!

Angrily, she approached the car, then knocked on the window. Matt turned around. When he saw her, his eyes grew wide with astonishment. The girl looked surprised as well, though she was someone Alya had never met before.

As Matt rolled down the window, his surprise turned to fear.

"Oh my god!" he exclaimed. "I just..."

Then Alya did something that surprised even herself. She laughed. Lissa had been right all along about him. By sowing that seed of doubt, she had forced Alya to consider the possibility that Matt would be unfaithful to her. She had wondered what she would do in this situation, and now that it happened, she realized that she had thought about it so much that it seemed perfectly natural to her. *Of course* Matt was going to be unfaithful! That was just his character. Alya didn't need someone like that in her life.

"Who the hell are you?" the girl demanded.

"You don't want to know my name," Alya replied, "and I don't want to know yours. I just think you ought to know that Matt's been sleeping with me. Goodbye, Matt. Don't bother calling."

Without even waiting to see the result of her words, she turned and walked away, leaving Matt behind forever.

She felt no sadness, no remorse, no regret. In fact, she felt more free than she had since she started dating him. Up till now, there had always been that specter looming there, the thought that maybe, just maybe, he would cheat on her. It was always a nagging doubt in the back of her mind. Ironically, now that it had proven true, now that there was no more doubt, it freed her from the worry.

Lissa had warned her about this. Lissa, her wonderful, sweet roommate, had wanted so much to spare her from the anguish. But the funny thing was that there was no anguish! As she thought about it, she realized it was because her relationship with Matt had been mostly physical. Sure she enjoyed the sex, but it couldn't take the place of a deeper, more emotional relationship. Hell, at that moment she thought she could give up sex entirely as long as she had good friends like Lissa around. She found that she wanted to be near her, to talk to her, maybe to hug her and feel her strength.

Alya smiled as she walked home to her apartment. She couldn't wait to tell Lissa about what happened.

Lissa was sitting on the couch with a textbook in her hands when Alya entered. Alya dropped her bag in the entryway, sat down next to Lissa and threw her arms around her, catching her off guard.

"What's this for?" asked Lissa, though she had to admit it felt nice.

"Oh, thank you!" said Alya. "Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"You're welcome, you're welcome, you're welcome, you're welcome," Lissa replied, laughing.

Alya let her go, but left one arm around her shoulders. She wore a friendly smile on her face as she gazed into Lissa's eyes.

"What's going on?" asked Meg from where she sat at the kitchen table.

"Oh, I might as well tell everyone," said Alya. "I caught Matt with another woman."

"That creep!" Meg exclaimed.

"Oh Alya!" said Lissa. "I'm so sorry!"

"Sorry? What for? You were the one who warned me about him. And you know what? It's okay. You'll be

happy to know that it doesn't bother me a bit. Isn't that what you wanted? To spare me from the pain?"

"I still feel bad about this whole thing."

"Well, it's over now, and there's no use crying over it."

"No, but there are other things we can do," said Meg. "For instance, the term 'lynch mob' comes to mind."

"Don't worry about Matt. When I caught him with that girl, I told her he's been sleeping with me. So now it looks like he's lost both his girlfriends in one night. That's a suitable punishment, don't you think?"

"Yeah, but a guy like him probably has two or three spares lying around somewhere."

"Well, he can do what he wants now, since I've given up all claim to him."

"Oh, come on," said Meg. "You two both know where he sleeps, don't you? Why not take advantage of the fact?"

"Meg, this is Alya's decision to make," said Lissa. "If she's willing to let things be, then I think we can do the same."

"Oh, all right. But you two are no fun."

"Thanks, Meg," Alya told her. "But it's over, and there's nothing more to be said about it. Besides, I bought some hot chocolate to make for you guys, and I'll be damned if he's going to spoil my evening."

Meg laughed. "Who needs a boyfriend if you can have hot chocolate, right? Not that there would be any competition in my case."

Alya got up and skipped into the kitchen to put some milk on the stove. Monique happened to be out of town, which meant there were only three of them to share the bounty. Five minutes later the girls all crowded into the kitchen to fill their mugs with steaming hot milk and stir in the cocoa powder. Then they returned to the living room to sit and talk. Alya went to her room to retrieve a blanket to wrap around her, and Lissa thought it was such a good idea that she did the same. Not wanting to be left out, Meg grabbed her own blanket, and the three of them sat and talked, all bundled up.

Lissa felt bad for Alya, but also for herself. Now she wouldn't get the chance to destroy the relationship. Alya was taking it rather well, all things considered, and Lissa felt happy for her. She had discarded Matt and moved on with her life, and it looked like she didn't feel the same pain that Lissa had.

In a way, Lissa was jealous. She wished she had had as easy a time getting over the relationship as Alya had. She wished someone had warned *her* what Matt was like so that she could have been prepared for it. But instead she had been left exposed, naked, and vulnerable before the awful truth.

That didn't mean she would have preferred to have Alya go through the same thing. Alya didn't deserve that.

Even the new Lissa wouldn't have wished that on her roommate. Certainly it would have made her job easier; a girl who was hurting inside was much more easy to take advantage of. But it didn't change the fact that Lissa still had to go through with this.

They continued to talk for over three hours, about subjects ranging from world history classes to the pros and cons of fruit-flavored shampoos, to the finer details of bicycle maintenance. They talked of their families, of past relationships, and of their favorite movie stars. Not surprisingly, Meg's were all female. They teased Lissa about being a spoiled rich girl, Meg about liking women, and Alya about being a nerd. They even joked about Monique being French, even though she was not there to defend herself. Not once did the topic of Matt come up again in the conversation; Alya didn't seem to want to talk to him, and out of respect for her feelings Lissa and Meg didn't either.

As the evening wore on and the conversation wound down, Alya said she was getting sleepy and wanted to go to bed early. Lissa figured that was a sign that she wanted to be alone, so she and Meg headed back to their bedroom, each plopping down on their respective beds.

"So that's it, then," said Meg.

"That's what?" asked Lissa.

"Alya's broken up with Matt. Isn't that what you wanted?"

Lissa sighed. "What I wanted was to be the one to break them up. So now I'll have to scratch that part of the plan."

"What do you mean? Isn't the whole plan scratched?"

Lissa shook her head. "Alya's just gotten out of a bad relationship. Another one like that could ruin her. What she needs right now is to get involved with someone who won't do that to her."

"Meaning you."

"Meaning me."

"I'm not sure this is such a good idea any more, Lissa. You know I'd be overjoyed if she came over, but you're playing with her emotions."

"I'm giving her what she needs."

"Bullshit. You saw her. She wasn't crying, she wasn't angry, hell, she acted like she didn't even care. I think that's due to you. You've been a good friend to her, so maybe you should quit while you're ahead."

"Have you ever seen anyone get over a boy that easily? Or a girl for that matter?"

"No, but that's all the more reason--"

"What if she's hurt inside? What if she's putting on a positive face when really she's torn up over him?"

"What if you're just speculating?"

"Why am I trying to justify myself to you, anyway? What business is it of yours?"

"Okay, fine. I don't want to argue over this. Just be careful, for her sake and yours," she said with a tone of finality.

Lissa smiled at her, then reached out and put a friendly hand on hers. "Thanks, Meg, for looking out for us. I appreciate it, I really do." She stood up and headed for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Meg.

"To put into effect the next step of my plan," Lissa explained with a grin.

After the cold evening air, Alya felt nice and comfortable in her bed. She had to admit that she enjoyed having a nice warm body in bed with her, but Matt would never again have that privilege. Sleeping alone actually felt a bit liberating. She sighed and turned onto her side facing the wall, just wanting to sleep.

The door opened, spilling light into the room. Alya turned over and squinted into the brightness. Lissa stood there, framed in the doorway. With the light shining behind her, she looked like an angel.

Lissa closed the door and crossed the room to the bed. Alya was startled to feel the covers being lifted, and Lissa slipping in beside her.

"What are you doing?" she whispered.

"I thought you needed someone to hold you right now," Lissa replied. "That first night after I caught Matt and you together, I cried myself to sleep. The last thing I wanted was to be alone, but there was no one to comfort me. I was even tempted to ask Meg to climb into bed with me, and damn the consequences. I don't want you to have to be alone tonight."

"I'm fine, Lissa," she said, "Really."

"Maybe you think you are, but what happens at two or three in the morning when no one else is awake and you have only your thoughts and emotions keeping you company? Trust me, Alya. I want to be here for you."

Alya considered. Lissa had been so good to her. Despite the fact that Alya was slightly older than her, Lissa had been like a big sister. As she thought about it, she realized she really did want someone to stay with her tonight, especially someone as kind and loving as Lissa.

"All right," she agreed, then turned over and lay her head down on the pillow. Lissa scooted in next to her,

turned to face her, and put an arm around her. Alya had to admit, it did feel good. She could feel Lissa's warm body pressed up against her back and her breath on the back of her neck. It was like a never-ending hug, and Alya felt she needed a hug right now. Just feeling Lissa so close to her, knowing she was there to protect her from her own grief and loneliness, was so peaceful and relaxing. She drifted off to sleep, more content than she had been in a long time.

When she woke up crying at two-thirty, she realized Lissa had been right. Unlike the daytime when she had other things to keep her mind occupied, now in the middle of the night she was laid bare to her emotions. The thought that she had almost fallen in love with Matt both frightened her and saddened her. Overall, there was a deep regret for what could have been. It wasn't that she missed Matt, surprisingly. She had never really trusted him, and so their relationship remained shallow. But she regretted wasting time with him when she could have had a much deeper and more fulfilling relationship with someone who truly cared for her.

Then she felt Lissa's warm body against her back, and she suddenly felt much better. As long as she had good friends like Lissa there for her, she could face anything. She turned over so that she could be face to face with her roommate.

Lissa's eyes opened.

"Oh, I'm sorry," whispered Alya. "I didn't mean to wake you."

"It's all right," Lissa replied, putting her hand to Alya's cheek. Then, feeling moisture there, she drew it away.

"So I was right after all," said Lissa.

"Yes, you were right after all. I hate Matt for what he did to me, but worse, for what he did to you. You deserve so much better than that, Lissa."

"It's all right," soothed Lissa. "As long as we have each other."

"Thank you so much. I don't know how I could stand this if you weren't here for me."

"Oh, come here, Alya." Lissa rolled over onto her back, pulling Alya over on top of her. For a moment, Alya was shocked; the position had a potentially sexual feel to it. But she pushed that thought from her mind; Lissa wouldn't do something like that to her. It was probably completely innocent. She lowered her head and rested it on Lissa's shoulder. It felt so comforting, like when she had been held this way by her mother as a child. In fact, Lissa was being a surrogate mother to her, which was just what she needed right now. It was so comforting to know that she was there. As Lissa tenderly stroked her hair, the sadness and anger faded into nothingness again, and Alya let herself drop off to sleep once more.

As the next day was Saturday, there was no alarm to wake them. Lissa actually woke at 6:30, but as Alya was still asleep, she didn't want to disturb her. It actually felt nice to be sleeping in each other's arms like this, with Alya's quiet breathing the only sound in the room. The girl's cheek rested on Lissa's chest, and Lissa thought she looked so beautiful like that.

For a moment she began to have her doubts about this whole plan. What would happen to Alya after Lissa seduced her? Would it ruin her life, as Meg had suspected? Lissa had fantasized about walking down the street holding Alya's hand and running into Matt, and then kissing Alya passionately to show him what he had given up. But she was taking an awful risk with Alya's heart.

That was the old Lissa speaking, she decided. The new Lissa had no fears, no inhibitions, and no regrets. She did what she wanted.

She lay there for another hour, just staring up at the ceiling and enjoying the peace and serenity of Alya's sleeping form there with her.

When Alya finally woke, she groggily lifted up her head and stared around the room. Then she glanced down at Lissa, who was lying there smiling at her.

"Good morning, sleeping beauty," said Lissa. "How are you feeling?"

"A lot better," Alya replied. The two of them sat up, then rested there together on the bed.

"Are you sure you're all right?" asked Lissa, putting an arm around her shoulders.

"Yeah, I'll be fine. Thanks for staying with me last night. And thanks for looking after me. I feel kind of embarrassed, crying like a baby."

"Oh, don't be. I did the same thing when I first lost Matt. If there's any time when it's all right for a girl to cry, it's when she catches her boyfriend cheating on her."

"Lissa, you're so sweet. I don't know what I'd do without you."

In reply, Lissa pulled her in to a tight embrace. As she hugged Alya, she decided to be bold. She had to play this perfectly or it could spoil everything, but she knew what she had to do. As the two girls began to draw apart, Lissa kept her face up next to Alya's, their cheeks rubbing against each other.

Now! She turned her head ever so slightly, and suddenly the two girls' lips touched. Alya's eyes opened wide, and Lissa copied her expression. She couldn't afford to seem too eager.

Lissa deliberately tensed her body for a moment as if frightened or confused, then relaxed and let the kiss happen. She closed her eyes and melted into Alya's arms. Actually, it felt surprisingly good, considering that she had only been a lesbian for a couple of weeks. Alya was still hesitant, but she drew out the kiss a surprisingly long time.

When they drew apart, Lissa kept her eyes closed and wore a smile of contentment on her face. "Oh, Alya!" she sighed. Then she opened her eyes in an expression that she hoped looked like alarm, and pulled back. "Oh my god, Alya," she breathed. "Did you just...? When I slept in your bed last night, I didn't mean that we should..."

Alya looked confused, even a little hurt. "I'm sorry," she said. "I don't know what came over me." *Perfect!* Lissa thought. Alya had fallen for it; she thought this was her own doing. And that meant that she thought it was something she wanted just as much, if not more, than Lissa did.

The two of them sat there together like that, just looking at each other, not saying a word. Lissa allowed it to continue for about fifteen seconds. It had to be long enough to allow the thought of what had happened to sink in, but not long enough to give Alya time to think that maybe it had been deliberate.

"Alya," said Lissa finally, in a timid voice. "Do you... do you really think of me like that?" she asked.

"I don't know," Alya replied, staring down at the bed. "I've never kissed a girl like that before."

"Neither have I," Lissa lied. "I didn't think I could ever do something like that." Then, feeling a sudden surge of boldness, she added, "But with you it's different."

"What do you mean?" asked Alya, a little defensively.

"I don't know. You know I love you, Alya, right? I mean, I feel closer to you than to Monique or Meg, especially these past few weeks. Maybe it's because this whole thing with Matt has given us something that we've shared, even if it wasn't particularly pleasant for either one of us. I just want you to be happy. Anything I can do for you, I will do with all my heart."

"And then when you just kissed me... I thought it was something you wanted, something I could do to make you happy. And maybe, just maybe, it's something I wanted too. I mean, it did feel nice."

"Lissa, I can't believe you're saying this! I'm not a lesbian."

"Why did you kiss me, then?" She changed her expression to one of disappointment and hurt.

"I told you, I don't know. But we shouldn't do things like that."

"You're probably right," said Lissa. "If we continued, it might ruin our friendship." She turned away, then rubbed the back of her hands across her eyes as if to wipe away tears.

"Lissa," Alya said softly. "Look, I don't want to hurt you. But we can't do this."

"I know," she said, putting a bit of a sob into her voice. "I just wish... I just wish you hadn't kissed me, because now I know what it feels like." She got up and left the room.

Now that she had taken the next step (and played her part perfectly, incidentally), it was time to change roles.

Before, she had been a source of strength for Alya, to give her the courage to walk away from Matt. Now she had to reverse it. She would be the vulnerable one, leaning on Alya's strength.

She grabbed a change of clothes from her room, winking at Meg to let her know that her plan was working, then headed into the shower. Afterward, she entered the kitchen to eat breakfast, and found Alya sitting there already. Lissa remained quiet, and so did her roommate. That was what she had hoped. Alya was thinking about that kiss, no doubt not able to talk about it.

The silence continued for the rest of the day. After breakfast Alya packed up her books and left for the library, leaving Lissa and Meg alone in the house. The two of them discussed the plan, and although Meg was still a little wary about it, she promised not to interfere.

Alya returned at lunch time, but all she said to either one of them was "hi." To see them sitting there, not speaking, one would never guess that just last night they had been talking away for hours about everything and nothing. The atmosphere in the apartment wasn't exactly gloomy, but there was a nervous tension in the air.

After lunch Alya decided to study in the living room. For a moment she looked as if she wanted to say something to Lissa, but that moment passed and she buried her nose in her books. Lissa went to her room and stayed there for the rest of the afternoon, only re-emerging at dinner time.

Tonight Meg fixed dinner for everyone, which would have given Alya and Lissa time to talk except that they weren't talking. Lissa decided that she wouldn't let it go on another day, because that would actually work against her plan. Tonight the two of them needed to have a heart-to-heart discussion. But Lissa couldn't be the one to start it. It had to be Alya.

As soon as Lissa was finished eating, she took her dishes over to the dishwasher. Suddenly, she slammed them down in the sink and fled to her bedroom. She noticed a look of shock on Alya's face as she passed. Perfect.

As soon as Lissa closed the door, she went over to the dresser where she hung her purse, and pulled out a small plastic bag. Inside was a dark red powder. This was a trick she had thought up a couple of days ago. Testing it had been a little painful, but now she knew exactly what she had to do. She dipped her thumb and forefinger into the powder, pinching a bit between them. Then she dusted her fingers off-- she couldn't afford to overdo it. Knowing what was coming, she took a deep breath, then rubbed her eyes.

Even the tiniest trace of the cayenne pepper still left on her fingers was enough to sting. More importantly, it was enough to bring tears to her eyes. The pain would go away in a few minutes, but the effects of the tears would linger much longer.

She replaced the bag in her purse, lay down on her bed, and waited for Alya to come check on her.

The girl was so predictable. Five minutes later, there came a knock on the door.

"Come in," Lissa told her.

Alya opened the door and stepped into the room. Lissa continued to lie on the bed, facing the wall.

"Lissa, we need to talk," said Alya.

"Please leave me alone, Alya."

"No. I know you don't want to talk to me right now, but we have to."

Lissa turned around and sat up, gazing at her roommate with tear-filled eyes.

"You've been crying," said Alya.

"So what? I'm allowed to cry if I want."

Alya sat down on the bed next to her and put an arm around her. "Look, Lissa, all this time you've been looking out for me, trying to make sure I didn't get hurt. Now it's time for me to take care of you for a change. Tell me what's been bothering you."

"You!" Lissa accused.

"Me?" asked Alya.

"Yes! It's just so... frustrating being around you. This morning you kissed me, and then all the rest of the day, you've been treating me like I wasn't even there. I just want to be friends again, but you've been avoiding me all day. I don't know what to think any more. Did I do something wrong? I'll do anything to make it up to you. If you want, I'll... let you kiss me again. I'll even let you... I'll let you..."

"Lissa, please don't. You're just confused right now. And you didn't do anything wrong."

"So you don't hate me?"

"Of course I don't hate you!" Alya told her. "I've been confused today myself. It wasn't that I was trying to avoid you; I just didn't know how to talk to you after what happened this morning."

"So you don't blame me for it?"

"Blame you? Of course not. I was the one who kissed you, remember? Or at the very least, we kissed each other."

Lissa leaned in and hugged her. "I just thought... maybe after I didn't measure up to your expectations, you didn't like me any more," she said.

"Oh, Lissa, you know I wouldn't ever hurt you like that," Alya soothed as Lissa lay her head on Alya's

shoulder. "It really has nothing to do with that."

"So you liked it too?"

Alya sighed. "I don't know. It's really a new experience for me. Maybe I was feeling a little vulnerable after what happened with Matt, or maybe I was just trying to get even with him. Or maybe I feel so close to you that I made a mistake in trying to take our friendship to the next level."

"But is it really a mistake?"

"Lissa, we can't do this. It's not right. It sounds like you're a little vulnerable right now too. If I were to do this, I would be taking advantage of you."

Lissa nodded, then pulled away and looked Alya in the eyes, though she made sure to keep that disappointed look on her face. "You're probably right," she said. "Things have just been so confusing lately. I hope I haven't made it sound like I've been coming on to you. I just thought maybe you were mad at me for rejecting you. I thought if I were to let you.... I mean... Oh, I don't know. I just want you to like me."

"I do like you. Oh, hell, I might as well say it. I love you. But only as a friend, all right?"

"All right," Lissa replied with what she hoped looked like a forced smile. "That's all I really wanted."

"So we're friends again?"

Lissa nodded. "We're friends again," she agreed.

They got up and headed back out to the living room, smiling. They were just about to sit down when the phone rang. Meg was closest, so she answered it.

"Hello? Oh, hi Matt," she said, and her face lit up with a cheerful smile. Lissa's and Alya's darkened at the name of their enemy. Meg, however, was unfazed. "Just the person I wanted to talk to," she said. "No, you can't talk to Alya; I want you all to myself. You know, I was thinking about you all night, sweetie. Couldn't get you out of my mind. I finally had to go do something, so this morning I went out and bought a meat cleaver. The girls and I came to the conclusion that we want to help you. We figure that your biggest problem is your inability to control your urges, so we're going to physically remove the source of those urges, and then you can get on with your life. I know, you don't deserve such kindness after what you did to Lissa and Alya, but they're so sweet, looking out for your welfare like that. Unfortunately, I didn't realize how dull the cleaver was until after I bought it, so it will make for kind of a sloppy amputation. But don't worry; I'm going to go buy a hacksaw next week as a backup. That will make it much cleaner, although a lot slower. What's that? Oh, no need to thank me. We'll be by your apartment some time to take care of it for you. You don't need to give me your address; both Alya and Lissa know where you live after all. Unfortunately, I don't know when we'll get the chance. We're all kind of busy so we need to find a time when we can all come see you at once. Don't worry though, we're definitely going to stop by some time. We'll just make it a nice surprise. Anyway, we'll see you later, dear. Love you. Bye."

She hung up the phone, and Alya and Lissa burst out laughing.

Alya got up and dashed over to Meg, then threw her arms around her and hugged her. "Thanks, Meg," she said.

"For what?"

"For always being there to look after us. Maybe we don't always show it, but we really do appreciate you."

"Well, I wish I could say it was out of the goodness of my heart," Meg replied, "but the truth is, I'm just trying to get into your pants." She reached down and pinched Alya's ass. Alya yelped, then slapped Meg's hand and, laughing, returned to the couch, where Lissa was already sitting.

"And thanks to you too, Lissa," Alya told her, hugging her as well. Lissa hugged her back, thinking just how nice it felt. Yes, seducing the girl was going to be fun.

After that, things were back to normal, or at least, mostly back to normal. Alya did notice that Lissa seemed a lot more affectionate than before. It wasn't any one single thing that she did, but more a combination of little things, like hugging Alya a lot more than before, or laying her head on Alya's shoulder when they watched TV, or wrestling with her. One day when they were both particularly exhausted from their studies, they even fell asleep together on the couch and Alya woke up on top of Lissa with her head on the girl's chest. Lissa was still fast asleep, so Alya lay there for ten minutes just listening to her breathe. When Lissa finally woke, she seemed a little embarrassed, but once they sat up again, Lissa threw her arms around her in a friendly embrace. Alya didn't mind; in truth she actually enjoyed the attention. Lissa was really a sweet girl who was nice to hug.

Alya did have her suspicions, though. Lissa had all but admitted that she was willing to take their relationship beyond friendship. Maybe those innocent gestures were not so innocent after all. Even more surprising was that even with these suspicions, Alya didn't mind a bit. If she was going to cross over, it would be with a girl like Lissa. Not that she had any plans to make the switch any time soon. For now she was content just to be friends.

She aced her test on Monday, which didn't surprise anyone in the apartment. When she mentioned it, Lissa threw her arms around her and congratulated her so cheerfully that Alya might as well have announced that she had won ten million in the lottery. But she hugged Lissa back, happy that her roommate took so much thrill in her accomplishments.

There was only a week left before Christmas vacation started, and they were all excited for the break. It would be a welcome relief from the stresses of college life. A couple of weeks before, Matt had invited Alya to go home with him to meet his parents, but now that that had fallen through, on Monday she called her own parents to make new arrangements. It wouldn't be the same, but at least she would be at home with her own family.

She got airplane tickets for Friday night, which came all too soon. She was the first one to leave, so she said goodbye to all her roommates, giving them all hugs. Lissa, of course, drew out that hug extra long. When they pulled apart, Alya thought she almost saw tears in the girl's eyes.

"I'll miss you," Lissa told her.

"I'll miss you too," replied Alya. "But it's only for a couple of weeks after all."

"I know. You've got my home phone number, so call me the day after Christmas, okay?"

"I will. So I'll see you soon." She turned around, picked up her bags, and left the apartment, surprised to feel tears in her own eyes.

Chapter 72

Double Seduction

Lissa's mood was exactly opposite of what she had projected. The sadness and longing was all an act. The truth was that she felt excited to be returning home. She missed her dad, and Allison, and Jeff, and especially little Brit. A part of the old Lissa remained, a part that felt protective of her younger siblings, especially Brit. Jeff was old enough to take care of himself, but Lissa worried about her little sister, especially since her brother who should have looked after her still tended to fight with her all the time. Not that it was all his fault, of course, but without Lissa there to mediate, Brit would be left at the mercy of a boy who was older, stronger, and probably twice her size. He would never deliberately hurt her, but what if he just didn't realize his own strength?

But that was the old Lissa thinking, the one she had cast aside. The new Lissa didn't care. She had no responsibility to them any more; they would just have to learn to get along without her interfering. That thought was liberating, and she smiled.

She took the bus to the airport so she wouldn't have to leave her car in long-term parking. A few hours later she sat aboard the plane, happy and excited, and almost, but not quite, able to ignore her feelings of guilt.

It had to do with Alya. The girl was so sweet, almost innocent in a way. She had fallen for Matt because she was inexperienced in love, not completely emotionally mature. And now Lissa was going to risk destroying her.

It's for her own good, she told herself, but she was hardly convincing. In truth, it was to justify her own vanity. This had become a challenge, and the new Lissa never backed down from a challenge.

Still, it felt like a rotten thing to do to a good person. She could try to rationalize that Alya deserved it for stealing Lissa's boyfriend, but even that was a stretch. Lissa didn't hate her for that; she had spoken truly when she said that Alya was as much a victim as Lissa was. And she really did care about Alya's feelings. The two of them had become good friends over this, and Lissa really enjoyed her friendship. She was even willing to admit that she felt a bit lonely here on the plane without Alya there with her. But she had to do what she had to do.

No guilt, she thought. *I told myself I would never feel guilt again. Lissa Primdale does what she wants.*

After a few minutes of such self-talk, she felt much better about it.

The plane landed a couple of hours later and Lissa disembarked with the rest of the passengers. As she emerged from the long tunnel, she spotted her family standing nearby. She trotted over to them and began to hug them all.

Not surprisingly, Brit hugged her the tightest. That made Lissa feel good; it meant that her little sister was still the same girl she had left behind.

As they made their way to the baggage carousel to pick up her luggage, she told them all about college life. She mentioned Matt and how he had dumped her for her roommate, leaving out the part about how she had found out; Brit was still too young to hear things like that after all. She talked about her Thanksgiving with Meg's family, again leaving out certain incidents. She even left out any mention of Meg's sexuality, saying only that she was a bit of a wild girl.

Brit and Jeff talked with her, asking her plenty of questions. That was strange; for one thing, they didn't say a single harsh word to each other, and for another, Jeff was speaking a lot more than he used to.

Even though it had only been four months, it seemed like the two of them had changed so much. It wasn't that they looked different. In fact, they looked exactly the same. But there was something a little more mature about them. Maybe it was that they weren't constantly fighting and teasing each other. In fact, they actually seemed to *like* each other! That was shocking, but maybe it was because Brit was now a teenager, too old to play the role of the snotty little brat.

She noticed something else about Jeff as well. He had a confidence now that he had lacked before. He had always been a good-looking kid, but he had a shy streak that manifested itself around girls, even Allison. Now, though, that bashfulness had disappeared completely, replaced by a quiet, inner strength. It was actually quite sexy.

She was about to try to clear her mind of that thought, but then realized, what the hell. The old Lissa wouldn't dare think about things like that, but the new Lissa had no problem with it.

She realized that Brit was also turning into quite the beauty. She had been filling out all summer, and although she still had the figure of a thirteen year old, now her little girl ways had been discarded, leaving a hot little teenager in their place. No doubt all the boys in her junior high were lusting after her.

Dad and Allison, of course, were the same as always. Dad was quiet and conservative, but kept stealing glances at Lissa's body whenever he thought nobody was looking. And why not? He had been doing the same thing the whole summer since the Hawaii trip in June. Allison, of course, was friendly and cheerful, but Lissa couldn't help wondering if she was doing the same thing. It made Lissa feel a little aroused by the thought of them thinking of her in that way.

Then she wondered something else. If Dad and Allison were thinking it, what about Jeff? Lissa's new flirtatious manner, of course, wasn't exactly designed for them, but why not? Was Jeff fantasizing about her right now?

That brought up an intriguing possibility. She had already admitted that she found Jeff sexy. And she was about to spend two weeks with her family, two weeks without much chance of having her way with boys, or girls for that matter. She didn't know if she could stand it. That meant she had to make do with what she had.

She might be able to get Allison to indulge her. After all, they had made good progress down that road six months ago. While that was tempting, she had a better idea in mind. She had already admitted that that trip on the sailboat had been the new Lissa, the one who was willing to do anything. Well, if she was willing to put her own father's dick in her mouth, she would have no qualms about seducing her own brother.

By the time they reached the van, Lissa had made up her mind. She would give Jeff a Christmas present he would never forget!

"I hope you don't mind," said Dad as they drove home from the airport, "but you're going to have to sleep with Brit while you're here. We've been cleaning out the garage, and we have a bunch of crates filling your room temporarily. We've set up the old bunk bed in Brit's room. You know, the one you used when the two of you were younger."

Actually, Lissa did mind, but not for any reason that she was willing to admit to them. No privacy meant that there would be little chance of getting Jeff alone one night and...

"Okay, but I get to sleep on top," she said instead.

"Hey, no fair!" Brit complained.

"It's just for a couple of weeks," Allison told her. "If you want, we can leave the bunk bed set up and you can sleep on top after Lissa's gone."

"Oh, all right," Brit mumbled.

Well, that put an end to Lissa's fantasies about Jeff. On the other hand, since she was already going to sleep in the same room as Brit...

She giggled at just how naughty that thought was. Would even the new Lissa be willing to go that far?

"What's so funny?" asked Jeff.

"Nothing," Lissa responded. "Just a momentary absurd idea I had."

"What kind of idea?"

"Nothing I'd tell *you*," she smiled sweetly.

"Oh, come on."

"Never you mind, dear," said Allison. "A girl needs her secrets."

Allison would certainly know about that! There was a particular one that Allison and Lissa shared, for instance, that they wouldn't want Jeff or Brit to discover.

"So how's your head, Jeff?" she asked instead.

"My head?"

"Yeah, I heard you had a major concussion. Do you still get headaches and fainting spells?"

"Not for a couple of months now."

"Well, I'm glad. Wouldn't want to have anything spoil your Christmas."

"I have a feeling this is going to be the best Christmas ever," he replied.

"Me too," Brit giggled. Lissa wondered what they meant by that. Was there something they weren't telling her? Not that it really bothered her; if Lissa could have her secrets, they could have theirs.

"So tell me about the accident," she asked.

"The one where Jeff saved my life and became the family hero?" asked Brit with her typical hyperbole.

"Right."

"Well, there I was standing on the balcony over the great hall. Suddenly, the railing split, and I found myself tumbling down toward the floor. I was just fortunate that Jeff was there, or I might have been killed. He made a diving catch and kept me from hitting the floor head first, but in his effort to rescue me he hit his head on the stairs and knocked himself out."

"Is that true?" Lissa asked Jeff.

"More or less, although Brit makes it sound so much better than it really was. She makes me out to be some kind of hero."

"Do you deny it?" Brit asked.

"Well... no," he said with a grin. "But honestly, I just reacted without thinking."

"Apparently heroism is so much a part of him that he does it automatically," Brit smiled.

"I for one am glad he did," Lissa commented. "Jeff, I want you to promise me something. Promise that you'll always protect your little sister."

"I've promised her that, and I've promised Dad that, so why not you too?" he laughed. "Okay, I'll always protect her."

That took a weight off her shoulders. Seeing them being nice to each other like this and now with Jeff's promise, she didn't have to worry about them ever again. In a way it was sad; she was giving up her long time

role, passing it on to Jeff. But that didn't mean she couldn't still be their big sister.

They continued to talk as they drove home, finally pulling into the driveway at the top of the hill. Lissa smiled as years worth of memories of the fun she had had in this house crashed down upon her. It was great to be home.

As soon as she stepped in the house, she gazed up at the Christmas tree standing in the great hall. It rose nearly twenty feet high; Greg spared no expense during the holidays. Lissa smiled, thinking back to previous years, and how she sometimes just sat in the front room staring at the hypnotic blinking lights of the tree.

There wasn't much time to fix dinner, so Allison merely heated up some leftovers, which suited Lissa just fine. Allison's cooking was delicious even reheated the next day.

After dinner they sat in the living room talking about their various adventures over the past few months. Jeff mostly just listened, which wasn't surprising, although he did talk more than he used to. Lissa was glad that he was coming out of his shell. Brit kept retelling the story of how Jeff saved her life, adding a few more details each time, most of which were untrue. Not that it mattered; everyone knew she liked to embellish stories, and it sounded so much more interesting to hear her tell them.

Lissa talked about her failed relationship with Matt, but emphasized that she had forgiven her roommate over it, and now the two of them were best friends. She didn't mention that she was trying to *seduce* Alya, smiling to herself as she imagined the reactions she would get from her family. Greg would be shocked, Allison would be amused, Brit probably wouldn't understand, and Jeff would probably just sit there grinning.

As bedtime neared, Jeff helped her carry her bags up to Brit's room. Lissa sighed in disappointment. It was really too bad that she would be sleeping there, because it meant there would be no chance of slipping into his room after everyone went to bed. Still, she couldn't fault him for that, and it would only be a couple of weeks after all. Besides, she was just happy to see her little brother and sister again. Jeff was still just as nice to hug as ever.

He was about to go to his room when she grabbed his hand. "Hey you," she grinned. "Don't go away just yet. I'm too excited about seeing you guys to be able to sleep right now."

He smiled, apparently enjoying her company just as much as he was enjoying hers. "Okay," he agreed immediately. "Brit, you don't mind if we stay in here for a while, do you?"

"Are you kidding? I don't want to go to sleep either."

"Fine. So what do we want to do?"

"I've got a deck of cards," Lissa offered. That was a favorite pastime in the Primdale household. When they were younger, the three of them used to stay up late playing cards when they were supposed to be sleeping. They had even made up a few games. Their late-night sessions usually ended when Brit and Jeff started yelling at each other and then their father or mother would come upstairs and berate them for not being in

bed. Now that Jeff and Brit were actually getting along together, they might just stay up all night. Her two younger siblings agreed, so she fished through her bags to get the cards.

"Of course, it's more fun to play in our pajamas," Lissa suggested, and both Jeff and Brit nodded. Jeff headed into his room to strip down to his boxer shorts and tee-shirt. When he returned, he saw that Brit and Lissa both wore nothing more than tee-shirts and panties.

He loved the sight of these cuties in their underwear, especially when they sat down. Both girls sat cross-legged, which pressed the material of their panties right up against their skin. Jeff could see the outlines of their pussy lips against the material, and he wondered if they realized what they were doing. He wouldn't put it past either one of them to do it deliberately to tease him.

They agreed on a game, and Lissa dealt the cards. At first they played in silence, not wanting to give away the fact that they were still up. Jeff was usually pretty competitive, but tonight for some reason he kept playing cards that helped his little sister at his own expense. Whenever he did so, Brit grinned appreciatively at him. Once she even threw her arms around him and kissed him on the cheek.

"Okay, you two," said Lissa. "What's going on?"

"What do you mean?" asked Brit innocently.

"I've been worried about you two for months now. Wondering if you would end up murdering each other or something before I got back. Now you're so affectionate with each other. I've never seen you this way before."

"Things change when someone saves your life," Brit smiled, laying her head on Jeff's shoulder.

"Especially when that person loves you very very much," Jeff smiled at her, and she sighed. Then he turned back to Lissa. "But seriously, there's nothing like a traumatic experience to bring people together. If I hadn't caught her, she could have been killed. Just the thought of never seeing her smiling face again, never hugging her again, never letting her sit on my lap again... well, let's just say I want to get as much of that in as I possibly can."

"You're so sweet, Jeff," Lissa smiled. It really did feel good to know just how much he cared for his little sister. "Come on, group hug!" she said, scooting over to them and throwing her arms around them. The three of them hugged each other with big grins on their faces.

"You just did that to look at my cards," Jeff laughed as soon as she pulled away.

"You caught me!" Lissa replied. It was good to be back home again where she could have laugh and joke and have fun with her brother and sister. Even if she didn't get the chance to sleep with him, it felt nice just being around them. She decided that the new Lissa didn't necessarily have to have sex in order to have fun; whatever felt good was fine.

Unfortunately, over the course of the next half hour as they played the game, they forgot themselves and grew louder and louder. Their laughter was contagious, and they ended up spending more time joking around than playing cards. They started blatantly cheating, not for the purpose of winning but just for the purpose of being silly.

Jeff in particular was having the time of his life. With Brit snuggling up next to him to peek at his cards (the first time he had ever seen cheating being used as an excuse to do something) and Lissa as cheerful as ever, he couldn't help but feel good. Even though with Lissa sleeping in Brit's room there would be no chance for a late-night rendezvous, he was glad she was home for the holidays. There would be plenty of time for sex later. Right now, he just wanted to enjoy himself with his sisters.

Finally, the noise crossed some kind of threshold, and they heard Allison calling from downstairs. "Kids, stop playing and go to bed!" she insisted.

"Yes, Allison," Lissa said grudgingly. "Okay, guys, it's time to put the cards away. Brit, get to bed. Jeff, we'll see you tomorrow."

Brit gave a disappointed groan, then climbed into the lower bunk, and Lissa gathered up the cards and stuffed them back into the box. Jeff turned to head back to his own room, then stopped as he caught Lissa winking at him. What did she mean by that? He watched her as she climbed up to the top bunk, arching her back to display prominently her panty-covered ass. He found himself excited at the sight of her. Had she done that on purpose? Was she really trying to arouse him like that?

She turned and saw him staring at her, but did nothing but smile. "How about we play one more hand?" she asked, showing him the box of cards still in her hands. "Come over here, Jeff. We'll play in my bed." She gave another wink, and Jeff wondered if she had intended the double meaning of her words.

His throat dry, he made his way over to the bed.

"What about me?" asked Brit.

"This round will just be Jeff and me," said Lissa. "Tomorrow we'll play some more with you."

"Hey, that's not fair."

"I'll make it up to you, Brit," said Jeff. "I promise."

"Fine," Brit said with a grin that told him she knew *exactly* how he could make it up to her.

Lissa removed the deck from the box and began to shuffle. Jeff continued to watch her as he stood next to the bed. Every move she made was sexy, whether she realized it or not. Maybe she did realize it. She had been flirting with him all vacation, so maybe she wanted to get a reaction out of him. Even something as simple as shuffling cards was arousing when Lissa did it. He remembered what she looked like naked in those pictures, and imagined her like that right now, with those gorgeous tits bared in front of him.

She dealt the cards, and then suddenly put her finger to her lip to signal silence, a strange gleam in her eye. Without a word, she took the bottom of her shirt and pulled it over her head.

It was the hardest thing he had ever done, stifling the gasp at seeing her. She wore no bra, giving him a perfect view of her amazing torso. Her breasts were just the way he had remembered them. His big sister was showing off for him! He felt himself growing hard, and wondered if he could hide it from Brit's eyes.

Then he felt something on his crotch, and realized that it was his little sister's hand. What was she doing? As she grasped the waistband of his shorts, he realized what it was.

This was crazy! His big sister was showing off for him on the top bunk, and his little sister was going to play with his dick on the bottom! Had they planned this together? Did either of the girls even know about what the other one was doing? As his dick sprang free and Lissa took his hand and put it to her tit, he nearly laughed at the absurdity of it all. Not only was he getting naughty with two girls at the same time, but it was likely that neither of them knew about the other one. And on top of that, they were his sisters!

He felt the pleasure of Brit's hand slowly stroking his cock and Lissa maneuvered his own hand for her own pleasure. She slipped it onto her breast, and he gave it a squeeze. She stifled a gasp at the sudden pleasure, and he grinned at her response. He enjoyed the feel of her breast in his hand, especially her nipple. She flashed him a dreamy look as she gazed at him, licking her lips.

Suddenly he felt moisture on the tip of his cock, and he wondered what it was. Then he gulped as he realized, it was Brit's tongue! Though this was far from the first time she had ever done that to him, he wondered what made her do it now. Perhaps the fear of getting caught was actually stimulating her, driving her wild. Maybe it was the same with Lissa. They were both doing this because they were aroused by the danger of it all. And now that he thought about it, that same danger was exciting him as well. What would Brit say if she knew he was groping Lissa in the bunk above her? And what would Lissa say if she knew that Brit was licking his cock below?

Then he felt his little sister's lips wrap around it, and she began to suck. The pleasure came in waves as she sucked him in and out. He realized there was no way to warn her when he was about to come, and worried about what would happen then. If he shot it off onto her face, there would be no hiding the evidence. Maybe she would stop before it reached that far. On the other hand, she liked to swallow, so more than likely she would let it go all the way. He was just worried that he might not be able to keep from crying out, especially when he climaxed.

Lissa, meanwhile, had slipped his hand off of her breasts and maneuvered it down between her legs. She slipped it inside her panties, where he suddenly realized that she had no hair there. Apparently she had shaved it all off since the trip to Hawaii. His finger found her clit, and he began to rub it. Lissa put a hand over her mouth to cover the sounds of pleasure she was starting to make. Jeff watched her tits jiggle as she breathed heavily in her aroused state, her chest rising and falling.

Jeff was in heaven. Just the thought of fondling his older sister like this was exhilarating, but the added bonus

of the intense pleasure of his little sister's mouth on his cock took it to a new level. He wanted to go on forever like this.

But all good things must come to an end. As Brit's oral stimulation worked on his lust, he realized he wasn't going to be able to hold it much longer. Nor did he want to. She had instigated this, and so he had no compunction about taking it to the very end. Though he could give her no warning, she knew that, and so she would get what was (pun intended) "coming" to her.

The pleasure began to spike. Here it was. Little sister was about to get a mouthful of big brother's spunk. He didn't even try to hold back, but let it explode out of his cock. She kept her mouth wrapped tightly around him, sucking harder than ever. She was doing it! She was swallowing!

Lissa reached her peak shortly after; her body tensed up, she squeezed her legs together tightly around his hand, and her mouth opened in a silent scream. For one brief instant he thought she *was* going to scream and reveal everything, but then she relaxed with a smile of contentment on her features.

Down below, Brit finished coaxing every last drop of cum out of his dick, then silently replaced it inside his shorts. Lissa put her shirt back on, then gathered up the cards, which they hadn't even begun to play.

"Looks like I win," she said with a wink.

"Yes, well, hopefully I'll get a chance to win next time," he replied, and Lissa giggled.

"I'll have to see to that," she grinned.

Jeff turned and headed back to his own room.

Chapter 73

A Christmas To Remember

The whole family spent the next day at home. In the morning, Brit said she wanted to sketch Lissa, so they headed out back to the studio. Jeff, Allison, and even Greg accompanied them. That was really too bad, Jeff thought. With just the kids there, and possibly Allison, Lissa might be willing to go topless, or even fully nude. She most certainly wouldn't do it with Greg there, however.

He thought back to those pictures on the boat that summer, and realized that maybe he was wrong. She *had* gotten naked with her father after all. Jeff wondered how that had gotten started, and whether he could somehow induce a repeat performance. He hated to admit it, but it was probably Allison who had pushed them along, but now his stepmother didn't show any indication of doing the same. She had a way of getting people to do what she wanted, a talent that Jeff lacked. It just wouldn't be the same with him as the instigator.

It would be interesting if somehow the same situation could arise, but this time with Jeff and Brit in on the secret as well. While he had no desire to see his father nude, seeing all three girls without their clothes on would more than make up for it, especially if they were willing to take some pictures of the same sort as on that boat last summer. He imagined Lissa going down on him, wrapping her lips around his cock like she had her father's.

If it ever happened, it wouldn't be today, that was certain. However, he came up with a Plan B which he hoped would work. If Greg was the only thing holding them back, Jeff would just have to get him out of the way. It would mean Jeff himself would also have to leave, but he hoped that with only the girls there, Brit might get out her camera and take some pictures, pictures that she would show him later.

"Well this is boring," he complained after sitting there patiently for fifteen minutes. "Come on, Dad. Let's go shoot some pool."

Greg laughed. "I was actually going to say the same thing, although probably a little more tactfully. Sorry, Lissa. I don't mean to imply that you're not picturesque, or that Brit's not a good artist, but it's just not as much fun for a bystander. Are you coming, Allison?"

"I think I'll stay here for a while," Allison replied. "Maybe I can convince Brit to sketch me as well."

Jeff hoped that was a subtle hint that she planned to do another nude photoshoot. That brought up another interesting possibility. Perhaps Lissa and Allison might pose together. Maybe they would continue where they left off six months ago.

The two men left the studio and headed back inside, where they immediately descended the stairs to the rec room and racked up the balls. They played several games while the girls were out back. Jeff was actually

glad that he had this time to spend with his dad. He still felt guilty about all the times he wished Greg would leave the house so that Jeff could have fun with Brit, Kari, Crystal, and even Allison. Greg was his father; the two of them shouldn't be enemies.

The girls returned an hour later, and they all sat down to lunch. Afterward, Lissa got out her cards again, and this time the whole family joined in the fun. By the time supper time came around, Jeff felt much better about his relationship with his father. He decided not to worry so much about it; after all, when Greg was around they still enjoyed each other's company.

That night, Allison came upstairs with the children and firmly insisted that they go to bed this time instead of staying up. They grudgingly agreed, and the three of them climbed into their own beds and went to sleep.

Greg still had to work most days during the vacation, which left Allison, Lissa, Jeff, and Brit at home alone the next day. Jeff was hoping that Allison and Lissa would go shopping or something so that he could spend the day alone with Brit, but it turned out that Lissa just wanted to stay home and relax.

She said she wanted to sit in the hot tub for a while, and the others decided to join her. For some reason, all three girls wore the skimpiest bikinis they owned. Jeff was glad; all three of them looked stunning in those swimsuits. His only disappointment was that with Lissa there, they couldn't go completely nude. Allison had already shown that she wasn't afraid to take her clothes off in front of him any more, and on more than one occasion the three of them had sat naked in the hot tub.

Lissa's body was gorgeous, he had to admit. She caught him staring a couple of times, but she simply gave him a knowing grin. It seemed that she *liked* him looking at her like that.

Brit, of course, flirted with him the whole time, finding excuses to rub her body up against him and frequently adjusting her swimsuit in an ambiguously sexy manner. Not surprisingly, Lissa did the same thing. Until the incident in the bunk bed a couple of nights ago, he had thought that their days of fooling around were behind them, but now he was pretty sure she wanted to continue their unconventional relationship. Perhaps if Allison and Brit weren't there, *she* would be willing to take off her bikini. That thought excited him, especially now that he had already made up his mind that incest no longer bothered him. He found himself in a similar ironic situation to a couple of nights ago. Both Brit and Lissa were willing to get naughty with him, but not with the other one watching. He wondered if he could somehow break down that final barrier.

He got his chance that night. Lissa continued to flirt with him the rest of the day, not obviously of course, at least to anyone but him. When they went to bed that night, Allison didn't accompany them, so by unspoken agreement they gathered in Brit's room. She didn't pull out the cards this time, but instead the three of them just sat there talking.

At a lull in the conversation, Jeff noticed his big sister smirking.

"What?" he asked.

"I was just thinking, do you guys want to know what I learned at college?" she asked with a wink.

"Not really," replied Brit.

"Oh, I'm not talking about school stuff. I'm talking about a more practical application."

"Like what?" asked Jeff.

"You have to promise not to tell anyone."

"I promise," said Jeff. Brit just nodded.

"Okay," Lissa continued. "I'm talking about naughty things."

"How naughty?" Brit grinned.

"I'm not sure you're old enough--"

"Shut up! I'm old enough for anything!"

"Okay. Let's see, where should we start? I know. My roommates have an agreement with the landlord so we never have to pay rent."

"What kind of agreement?" asked Brit.

"Each month, one of the girls goes over and sucks his dick," Lissa explained, trying to make it sound casual but with a scarcely concealed grin.

If she expected a shocked or horrified reaction, she was disappointed. Both Jeff and Brit broke down laughing.

"What?" Lissa demanded.

"Show me," Brit told her.

Now it was Lissa's turn to be shocked. She had thought she would have to work on convincing them, but it seemed they were just as eager as she was!

"All right, Jeff, come here," she said.

Jeff approached her, his cock already growing hard in anticipation. He would have thought she was just joking about it if the two of them hadn't fooled around before. But especially now, with a more wild and unrestrained Lissa, he was sure she was serious.

She knelt down in front of him, and her hands went to his belt buckle. She fumbled with it for a second, then opened it and unzipped his pants. She pulled them down to his ankles.

"Take a good look, Brit," Lissa said with a wink, then pulled down his shorts, allowing his cock to spring free.

Brit, still playing innocent, gasped. Her face lit up with a smile. "It's so big!" she exclaimed. "I think it's even bigger than it was this summer when we went camping with Kari and Crystal."

"Jeff must be going through a growth spurt," Lissa replied. "So tell the truth, Brit, does seeing it make you horny?"

Brit nodded with a deceptively shy look on her face.

"Me too," Lissa told her. "Have you ever fantasized about putting it in your mouth?"

"In my mouth?" gasped Brit.

"You can't tell me you haven't played with yourself while thinking about Jeff and his great big cock. I'll bet you've wanted him to shove it deep in your pussy. Or you've wanted to stick it in your mouth and suck on it. You've wondered if it would taste as yummy as it looks. Am I right?"

"Um..." said Brit. "Well... yes," she answered.

"Brit, what are you saying?" Jeff demanded, playing along. This was getting fun.

"Just that... I sometimes fantasize about you, Jeff," said Brit. "About your cock, just like Lissa said. My big brother's big cock."

"And I'll bet you've fantasized about her too, haven't you, Jeff?" asked Lissa.

"I don't..."

"Tell the truth, Jeff," said Brit. "I did."

He sighed. "Okay, yes. I've fantasized about you, Brit."

"Really?" she asked with a grin.

"Really," he replied. "I've fantasized about you wrapping your lips around my cock and sucking me off until I blow my load down your throat."

"So let's do it!" Lissa offered enthusiastically. "I'll go first and show you how it's done, Brit. Then you can fulfill your brother's fantasy."

Jeff gazed down at his little sister. "I..." he stammered. "I really want... I mean, if it's okay with you."

"I want to," Brit smiled. "Show me how it's done, Lissa."

Lissa knelt in front of Jeff with a grin on her face. She winked at him, then opened her mouth. He groaned as she let it slip inside. Lissa sucked on it, clearly displaying the dimples in her cheeks to Brit's wide eyes. Jeff knew it was just an act on his little sister's part, but he still felt a kind of thrill at doing this in front of her. It was especially nice because it was Lissa. He had to admit that he had his fantasies about her, and now it seemed that she was eager to fulfill them.

She bobbed slowly up and down on it as she smiled up at him. It felt so good, he could hardly stand it. He wanted to cum right then, but didn't want to lose it until he had it in Brit's mouth.

Fortunately, Lissa sensed his need and drew back, letting his cock slip from her mouth.

"And that's all there is to it," Lissa told Brit.

"But... doesn't it taste... gross?" asked Brit.

"I love the flavor. Trust me, if you let him shoot his cum into your mouth, you'll be instantly addicted."

"Really?"

"Absolutely. Go ahead and try it."

"Okay," Brit smiled. Lissa moved out of the way and let her little sister take her place. Brit stared at his cock for a second, then lifted her eyes to his. Out of sight of her big sister, she gave him a wink. Then she opened her mouth and took it in.

"Oh god!" he groaned as she sucked. Even skipping a single day from her nightly routine made a difference; he really missed the feeling. She bobbed up and down the same way that Lissa did, but made use of her tongue as well. She had had a lot of practice this past month and a half, and she knew exactly how to make him feel good. She had the art of sucking Jeff's dick down to a science. If she wanted him to go on for a long time, she could make it happen. Then when she wanted him to cum, she merely altered her technique slightly and within a few seconds could bring him to orgasm.

Lissa moved around to the side to get a better view. She looked excited to see her siblings engaged in this erotic act. Jeff wondered what had come over her. What had happened during her four months at school that had changed her so much? He didn't mind the change; in fact, he welcomed it. He knew he was going to remember this vacation forever.

She leaned in and licked around the base of his cock where Brit couldn't reach. The sight of both of his sisters giving him oral sex at the same time was too much. "I'm going to cum!" he warned Brit, an instant before his cock jerked, shooting the first of his load into her mouth.

"Mmm!" Brit exclaimed in almost a squeal as she drank it down. She wore a delighted smile on her face as he continued to pump out his cum, and she swallowed it with cheerful eagerness. Lissa drew back to watch the expression on her little sister's face.

Finally Jeff groaned one last time, then fell back. His cock slipped free from Brit's mouth, and he lay down on the floor, exhausted.

"You're right, Lissa," Brit grinned. "That was so tasty! I want to do it over and over and over again. You'll let me, won't you, big brother? You'll fuck my mouth and let me suck all your cum out every day? Three or four or five or ten times a day? You'll let me have it for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and snacks in between?"

His only response was a fatigued yet satisfied moan.

"Wow, you two!" Lissa exclaimed. "I can't believe how good you are at that. If I didn't know any better, I'd say you've done this before."

Jeff and Brit glanced at each other, then began to laugh.

"Should we tell her?" asked Brit.

"Why not? Just about everyone else knows. I wouldn't mind having Lissa in on the secret too."

Brit turned to her big sister. "Jeff and I have been fucking like jackrabbits for about a month and a half now," she said.

Lissa actually gasped at that. "You're not serious!" she exclaimed.

"Really," Brit insisted. "I fell in love with him shortly after you left, so Kari and Crystal and I came up with a plan to have me seduce him. It took him a while, but eventually Jeff came around."

"Oh my god, that makes me horny!" Lissa said. "My own brother is boinking his little sister."

"Boinking?" asked Brit. "I like that. Jeff's my big boinker."

All three of them laughed.

"So Kari knows about it then?" asked Lissa.

"Kari and Crystal are a part of it," said Jeff.

"What do you mean?"

"We all boink each other," giggled Brit.

"So Brit, does that mean you... well... with Kari and Crystal..."

Brit grinned. "It sure does," she replied. "Crystal is my... I believe the term we use is 'teddy bear.' Because we like to cuddle with each other when we sleep together. And of course Kari likes to join in too. And so does Jeff. So we're all just a bunch of boinkers."

"So does anyone *not* know what's going on between you two?"

"Let's see..." said Jeff. "I'm pretty sure that Dad doesn't. But Allison does; she was even there with Brit and me our first time. Oh, and I'm sure Rachael knows by now. Allison would have told her. In fact, now that I think back on it, I think Rachael was trying to get Brit and me together while she was here in September."

"I'll bet Allison and Rachael schemed it together," said Brit.

"Probably."

"God, you two!" said Lissa. "Or should I say, you four. Or six. I thought I was naughty, but then I come home and find out my little brother and sister are even worse. I'm going to have to try extra hard to catch up."

"Good luck on that, because we're going to be working hard too."

"In that case, Jeff, are you up for seconds?" asked Lissa. "After Brit's praise of your cum, I want my share."

He nodded. Before she went to work though, she began stripping off her clothes.

"You don't mind, do you Brit?" she asked.

"As long as I can do the same," Brit replied, unbuttoning her shirt. A minute later, both girls were completely nude. Jeff grinned at them, his cock rapidly growing hard again. He didn't even try to get back up, but continued to lie on the floor. Lissa leaned down and took him into her mouth again.

This time her technique was more like Brit's as she sucked him off. She took it slowly, but used her tongue to tease him inside her mouth. She ran the tip across that sensitive spot on the underside that really got him going, and he felt the electric thrill that he knew so well from when his little sister did it. His body responded by squirming on the floor, his hips rocking upward to spear into her mouth. She smiled at the reactions she was causing in him.

Brit scooted forward, then rose up on her legs and straddled him, right above his head. She lowered her body slowly, and he knew what she wanted. He stuck his tongue out and brushed it against her pussy.

"Ooh!" she squealed at the first contact. He continued to lick her there, even reaching up with his hands and spreading her so that he could thrust it inside. He let it run all over her clit, causing her to gasp in pleasure.

Lissa, meanwhile, tried a new technique. She opened her mouth and placed her teeth gently just behind the head. Then she flicked her tongue repeatedly against the tip.

"Oh my god!" he exclaimed. "That's too much! I'm going to... I..."

He erupted into his second orgasm of the night. Just in time, Lissa closed her mouth over it to prevent his cum from escaping. She sucked it down just as Brit had earlier in the evening. He groaned as he released into her mouth.

Suddenly, they heard a knock at the door.

"Oh shit!" Brit exclaimed, climbing off of her big brother.

"Listen, you three," Allison said quietly from the other side of the door. "If you're going to have a three-way sibling orgy in this house, you'd better keep the noise down. Greg just thinks you're playing cards again, but if you get any louder, he's going to suspect something."

They heard her footsteps as she made her way back down the hall. The three of them stared at each other, then burst out into quiet laughter.

"I think maybe we'd better get to bed," Jeff suggested.

"I think you're right," Brit agreed.

They had a discussion about it the next morning with Allison after Greg left. She explained that she had gone upstairs to tell them to quiet down, then recognized the sounds they were making and figured out what was going on. She was certainly not opposed to them having that kind of fun; in fact, she was all for it. Unfortunately, Greg would no doubt feel differently, so she warned them to keep it quiet.

That afternoon the four of them took off their clothes and relaxed in the hot tub again. This time, there was no longer any reason to keep anything secret, so they didn't even try. Brit sat on Jeff's lap, and even let him stick his cock up inside of her. Lissa and Allison sat across from them, watching as Jeff reached around and fondled his little sister's tits.

"So Jeff," Lissa commented with a grin. "Which boobs do you like best? Those?" She pointed across at Brit's chest, "these?" She cupped her own. "Or these?" She reached over and grabbed Allison's.

Jeff gasped, his eyes growing wide. All three girls burst out laughing.

"That's not fair," Allison said, "catching Jeff off his guard like that. He's got a weakness for lesbians. If you're not careful, you're going to give him a heart attack."

"Sorry about that," Lissa replied.

"Besides," Allison continued, "you're not allowed to grab my tits unless I can grab yours." She reached over and put her hands on Lissa's.

"Oh shit!" Jeff exclaimed, his body tensing up. Brit's eyes opened wide for a second, then a grin spread over

her face.

"Well, it looks like you did the trick, you two," she said. "You just gave Jeff an orgasm."

After the events of the past few days, Jeff was sexually exhausted, so for the rest of the day he just rested. Lissa apologized, saying it was her fault, so she had him lie on his stomach on the couch while she massaged his shoulders. It felt nice, like when they used to give each other back rubs back when Lissa was still living at home.

That evening after Greg returned home, they all played games downstairs in the rec room. They played doubles at ping-pong, with Jeff and Brit paired against Greg and Lissa. Allison watched from the sidelines. Every time the two younger children scored a point, Brit jumped on her brother's back in enthusiasm. It was so amusing that everyone had to laugh whenever she did it, and soon she started doing it just to see their reactions.

When bedtime came along, the three children headed upstairs. After the shock of being caught last night, they decided not to get together tonight, even to play cards. They still had all vacation to have fun, so missing one night wouldn't hurt too bad. They all agreed that if they didn't stay up late every night, Greg and Allison would be less likely to come upstairs and tell them to go to bed on the nights that they did. Jeff headed into his own bedroom, and the two girls changed into their pajamas and climbed into their bunks.

As Lissa lay in bed, she thought once again about the new version of herself. It was so exhilarating to have no regrets about anything she did, to be able to have fun whenever and with whomever she pleased. Not only had she had sex with three men at once, gotten involved in a lesbian threesome with her roommate and her roommate's girlfriend, but now she had even given a blowjob to her own brother. Whoever came up with the idea that incest was wrong didn't know what they were missing. In fact, she had had at least some kind of sexual contact with almost every member of this family.

Almost. She grinned as she realized that that meant she had one more conquest to make.

She sat up, then threw off the covers and climbed down the ladder to the floor below. She knelt by her little sister's bed, then reached out and cupped her cheek.

Brit opened her eyes. Lissa smiled tenderly at her. "Hi," she said.

"Um... hi," replied Brit.

"I was wondering, would you mind if I slept in your bunk with you tonight?"

"Why do you want to sleep with me?"

"Because I'm feeling kind of lonely. I just want to cuddle with someone tonight."

"Oh, all right," Brit smiled. Lissa climbed into the bed next to her and slipped an arm around her waist. Brit glanced at her, perhaps a little confused at the gesture.

"Do you remember the last time we slept together like this?" asked Lissa.

"The camping trip, a year and a half ago."

"So you do remember," Lissa grinned. "Of course, Jeff slept with us too that time. He was so sweet, looking out for you like that."

"Yes he was," Brit grinned. "Even back then I loved it when he held me in his arms. Of course, I had no idea that we would end up being lovers, but still, it felt really nice."

"What about you and Crystal? And Kari?"

"Oh, that feels really nice too. There's something really beautiful about making love to another girl. It's different from making love to a boy, even one as wonderful as Jeff."

"I know," said Lissa.

Brit glanced at her again, surprise in her eyes. "You know?"

"I'll tell you a secret," Lissa grinned. "I've been having sex with one of my roommates."

Brit actually gasped at that. Lissa giggled at her response.

"Actually it was me and her and her girlfriend," she added. "Just like you and Kari and Crystal."

"So you like girls too?" asked Brit.

"Absolutely. Take you for instance."

"Me?" asked Brit.

"Yes, you. You are so cute I can't stand it. I'm going to be honest with you, Brit. I find you very attractive."

"Oh my god!" Brit breathed. "Are you serious?"

"I'm completely serious. When I found out that you've been having sex with other girls, you wouldn't believe how much that aroused me."

"Lissa," whispered Brit. "Are you... are you hitting on me?"

"Yes," Lissa grinned. "If you're willing, I'd like nothing more than to make love to you."

"Oh god," said Brit.

"I'm sorry. Look, if it makes you feel uncomfortable, just tell me and I'll stop."

"But that's just it. I *don't* feel uncomfortable. You're very sweet, Lissa. And very beautiful. It's just that you've changed so much since you left. You've always been there to look after me, to keep Jeff and me from killing each other, and to cheer me up when I was sad. I've always loved you. I just don't know if this is what I want."

"Well, will you at least think about it? Tomorrow night, let me know your answer."

"Okay."

"I love you, Brit."

"I love you too, Lissa."

The two of them cuddled together for a few minutes. It felt so nice and relaxing that Lissa found herself quickly drifting off to sleep.

"Lissa," whispered Brit, and Lissa opened her eyes.

"What is it?"

"I've decided," Brit told her. "Yes."

"Yes?"

"Yes, I want you to make love to me."

"Right now?"

Brit nodded with a smile on her face. Lissa leaned in and kissed her on the lips.

"I hope you don't believe in Santa any more," she grinned, "because we're about to get naughty enough to make up for a whole year's worth of being nice."

"Maybe we'll get lucky and he's already made his list and checked it twice," replied Brit. "Of course, unless he had it finished before September, I'm definitely on his 'naughty' list this year."

"Well then, we have nothing to worry about."

Lissa rolled over off of her and sat up. There wasn't a lot of room to maneuver in the bottom bunk, but she managed to wriggle out of her tee-shirt, uncovering her chest. Brit gazed up at her breasts with a smile on her face.

"Your body is so beautiful," she commented.

"Thanks," Lissa replied. "Are you going to give me the chance to return the compliment?"

Brit nodded. She reached down to the base of her shirt, but her sister put a hand there to stop her.

"Mind if I do the honors?" asked Lissa.

"I'd love that," Brit replied.

Lissa lifted the bottom of her shift just a little, then leaned down and kissed her just above the waistband of her panties. Brit gasped at the sensation, keeping that smile on her face. Lissa smiled back, then lifted the shirt a little more and kissed her again. Slowly she worked her way up, inch by inch, kissing her little sister's body as she worked. By the time she reached the breasts, Brit's breathing had turned deep and heavy. She twitched whenever Lissa's lips touched her skin, a reflexive response to the stimulation.

Brit wore a bra, so Lissa slid the shirt over the top of the twin mounds, then ran her tongue down inside the cleavage, causing a soft yet audible whine to escape from Brit's lips. Lissa giggled quietly, then rose up and took hold of the shirt with a firm grip.

Brit lifted her arms, and in one swift motion, Lissa had the garment off. She reached down and fondled her little sister's breasts through the fabric of the bra. Brit lifted her own hands and took Lissa's tits in them, to the older girl's delight.

"That feels nice," Lissa told her. She leaned over, bringing her body down over the top of her little sister. Her breasts rested atop the younger girl's, causing them both to giggle this time.

Lissa's hands slipped under the torso of her little sister, who raised her chest to give her more room and subsequently increased the pressure between the two sets of boobs. Lissa found the bra clasp and unhooked it. She took the ends and pulled them out and up. Brit raised her arms once more to help her big sister remove it, and in a moment the two of them lay there, bare chest to bare chest. Lissa lowered her head once more and kissed Brit deeply and fully on the lips, letting her tongue penetrate into the girl's mouth. Brit kissed back, teasing her sister's tongue with her own.

Lissa found her own heart pounding in excitement and lust. Brit really was a gorgeous girl, and her body was so soft. There was something particularly delightful about the body of a young teenage girl that wasn't quite the same with girls her own age or older. It wasn't that she had any problem with Meg's or Sandy's; she just enjoyed Brit's better.

From the feel of Brit's hard nipples and the little sounds she was making, Lissa could tell that she was enjoying herself as well. The two girls remained in that passionate embrace, continuing to kiss each other hungrily and gently caressing each other for about five minutes. Then Lissa rose back up and stared down at the little beauty.

"You've turned into a gorgeous young woman," she said. "Your body is absolutely perfect for your age."

"My boobs aren't as big as yours though," Brit said.

"Well, I happen to like little boobs, especially on a little girl like you."

"I'm not so little any more."

"I've noticed that." Lissa lowered her head once more and took her sister's nipple in her mouth. Brit mewled quietly as Lissa sucked and licked at it, pleasuring the girl's body in the ways she knew felt good on her own.

She moved to the other nipple and spent a few minutes there, teasing it in the same way and causing Brit to gasp in pleasure. It was too bad that they had to be quiet, because Lissa knew from personal experience that when a girl got that excited, she wanted to just let it go and cry out.

She let her hand roam down her sister's body until it reached her panties. She found them, not surprisingly, damp. She slipped her hand inside and ran her fingertips across the slit. Brit did cry out then, but it was more a quick yelp than a prolonged moan.

"Shh!" Lissa grinned, putting a finger to Brit's lips. Brit giggled silently for a moment.

Lissa slid off the bed and knelt beside Brit's body. She grasped the waistband of the girl's panties and drew them down toward her feet. A moment later they came free, and she dropped them on the floor. Brit spread her legs as Lissa leaned in and kissed her there.

"If I'm going to do this," Lissa told her, "you're going to have to do the same for me."

"Let's do it at the same time," Brit smiled enthusiastically.

Lissa climbed back into bed, this time lying in the opposite direction of her little sister. Brit sat up and took a moment to peel off Lissa's panties, then they lay back down again. Lissa spread her legs and Brit rolled over on top of her, and each of the girls aligned their cunt with the other's face.

At the same time, they opened their mouths, stuck out their tongues, and set to work licking all over their partner's pussy. They both were experienced enough at this by now that they knew just what to do. Their lips, tongues, and fingers attacked each other mercilessly, plunging deep inside or tickling the clitoris. Brit kept her weight on her knees to keep from putting too much pressure on her sister's face, but Lissa grabbed her by the ass and pulled her down to allow for much deeper penetration with her tongue.

Both girls panted and gasped as their incestuous, sapphic lovemaking continued. Within minutes their bodies began to quake in the throes of a multitude of small orgasms. They let these orgasms run through their bodies but didn't let up on their enthusiasm; neither girl wanted to end this blissful encounter.

When exhaustion finally overtook them and Brit rolled over off of her sister, Lissa glanced over at the alarm clock, and was surprised to see that it had been over two hours since they had first climbed into bed. She smiled to herself as she wondered if tomorrow night they could try for three.

Greg had invited the Williams family over to spend Christmas Eve at the Primdale's, so Allen, Kari, and Crystal arrived the next morning. Lissa gave Kari a big hug; they had always gotten along well, and hadn't seen each other for four months either.

They divided into three groups. Brit and Crystal went back out to the studio, Jeff went downstairs with Kari and Lissa, and the adults stayed upstairs in the front room to talk.

Kari's presence reminded Jeff of something. While in one sense it was probably trivial, to him it was important.

"Kari," he said quietly, so that the adults upstairs wouldn't hear. "I have a confession to make."

"I knew it!" she said playfully. "You're actually an alien being sent to take over the world."

"Not exactly," he replied. "I'm not one to kiss and tell, but on the other hand, I have an obligation to you."

"You've been cheating on me behind my back?" she grinned.

"Well, that's why I'm telling you now, because I don't want it to be behind your back. A couple of nights ago, Lissa and Brit and I--"

"Say no more," Kari interrupted. "You had sex with Lissa and you're feeling guilty because you didn't get my permission first, right?"

"Basically, yes," he replied. "I mean, it wasn't..."

"I gave him a blowjob," Lissa explained.

"Well, you can stop feeling guilty," said Kari. "I'm sure you wouldn't have done it if you thought I would mind, and that's good enough for me. I figure if I can have sex with my sister, I should allow you the same privilege. Welcome to the club, Lissa."

"The club?"

"Me, Jeff, Crystal, and Brit. And now you. We're all each other's lovers. Although maybe I shouldn't assume too much."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if you're going to join our little group, you're going to have to be willing to get together with all of us. *All* of us, if you get my meaning."

Lissa grinned. "And you're wondering whether I would be willing to be with another woman, is that right?"

Kari nodded.

"Does this answer your question?" Lissa leaned in and pressed her lips against Kari's. Jeff almost gasped at the erotic sight of two very beautiful girls kissing right there in front of him. They held out that kiss for almost thirty seconds, then finally Lissa drew back.

"Yes, that answers my question," Kari laughed.

"It's just too bad we won't have the opportunity to have some real fun during the vacation," said Lissa, "but if you're patient, I promise to make it up to you this summer."

"It's a deal," Kari told her. "But in the mean time, you wouldn't be opposed to a little groping, would you?"

Lissa grinned, then reached down and pulled up her shirt. It was not the most surprising thing in the world to see that she wasn't wearing a bra. "Grope away," she told Kari.

Kari reached out and grabbed her breasts. "These feel nice," she said.

"They taste nice too, or so I've been told."

Kari leaned in, then stuck out her tongue and ran it over one of Lissa's nipples. She licked all around it until it grew nice and hard. Then she took it in her mouth and sucked.

Jeff loved the sight before him even more than he loved seeing the girls kiss each other. He wished he had a camera to record this image forever. He had no doubt, though, that it would remain in his memory for a long time.

Unfortunately, there wasn't time to do anything else, because a few minutes later they heard footsteps on the stairs. Kari sat back and Lissa hurriedly covered herself, just before the three grownups entered the room.

"We thought we would shoot some pool," Greg explained. "Do you three want to join us?"

The kids glanced at each other. Jeff would have preferred to be left alone with his girlfriend and his sister, he was willing to settle for some less risqué entertainment.

"Sounds fun," Lissa shrugged. "Two teams of three? Kids against adults?"

"You realize that you're an adult now too, don't you?" asked Allison.

"Oh, I'm not in any particular hurry to grow up," Lissa smiled.

"I can certainly understand that."

They shot pool for the rest of the morning, then sent Jeff out back to retrieve the younger girls for lunch. He was not surprised to see them naked and making out on the couch. They dressed and followed Jeff back into

the house.

After lunch, Lissa and Allison started fixing supper, which consisted of a large ham and about a trillion side dishes. Allison liked to go all out for Christmas dinner, and this year was no exception.

Jeff spent the afternoon with Kari, of course. With everyone home they didn't have much privacy, so there was no chance for sex. That didn't bother Jeff; he had plenty of opportunities to see Kari alone these days, and in the mean time, there was always Brit, and now Lissa as well.

They spent most of the time just talking in the front room with everyone else, although Jeff and Kari did steal the occasional kiss. Jeff felt a little self-conscious about kissing her in front of Greg and especially Allen, but neither father made a big deal of it. That gave him a little more confidence, so they kissed more and more frequently as time went on. Brit and Crystal teased them incessantly of course, but the adults merely gave them amused smiles.

The Williams family stayed for dinner, which was a fun time. There was something about good food (and Allison always made good food) that put people in jovial spirits, especially around the holidays. Crystal and Brit were as playful and flirtatious as always, Kari kept playing footsy under the table with him, and Lissa and Allison talked and joked like old friends. All in all, Jeff was in a great mood.

It was too bad that Kari and her family had to leave after dinner, but everyone needed to get to bed early "so that Santa could come," Allison insisted, although no one in the either family was young enough to believe in him any more. Jeff gave Kari one last goodbye kiss, then Allen and his girls climbed into their car and drove away.

That night, Lissa didn't even make a pretense of sleeping in the top bunk. The girls continued to play cards with Jeff for an hour or two after going upstairs for bed, but as soon as he left the room, the two sisters stripped off their clothes and climbed in together in the bottom. This time Brit said she just wanted to cuddle, so Lissa didn't push her. They just lay naked together, holding each other in their arms. There was an unspoken understanding between the girls that, while the sex was nice, it was more just a one-time thing to strengthen their relationship as sisters. They had done it once almost just to get it out of the way, just to remove any doubt about whether it would ever happen between them. No longer did they need to second-guess each other's motivations or feelings; no longer was there any awkwardness as they tried to guess whether their affection was just as sisters, or something more. Now they could be comfortable either having sex or not having it. Lissa still loved to hold Brit's warm body in her arms, though. After Rachael, Allison, Meg, and Sandy, she no longer had any aversion to touching a girl like that, but rather enjoyed it.

In the morning, they got up early, met Jeff in his room, then headed down the stairs for the presents. They pounded enthusiastically on Greg's and Allison's bedroom door until the two grownups emerged, groggy but smiling. They headed out to the Christmas tree, where they set to work turning the hall into a mess of wrapping paper and cardboard.

Their time this year was just over fifteen minutes. Greg joked that they must be slowing down in their old

age.

When Lissa unwrapped her present from her roommate Meg, she burst out laughing. It was a sheer teddy made of material so thin as to be nearly transparent. There was absolutely nothing innocent about it at all.

"That's... interesting," commented Greg.

"It's an inside joke," Lissa explained. "Meg's got a really warped sense of humor. She said she was going to buy me something like this for Christmas, but I didn't believe her."

"If you don't want it, I'll take it," said Allison, flashing a knowing look at Greg, whose face lit up with a grin.

"Oh no," Lissa replied. "I'm going to hold onto this. It will serve as a reminder that I have to find some way to get her back."

Jeff kept his good mood for the rest of the day, and it even increased that night when they went to bed. Brit said she wanted to sleep with him, but then Lissa said she did too. In the end, they compromised by pulling the blankets off of the bed and laying them on the floor in Brit's room, since Jeff still hadn't learned to keep his clean. The three of them stripped off their clothes and lay down on the floor.

"Jeff," said Lissa. "Tonight I want you to give me a very special Christmas present."

"Is it what I hope it is?" he asked with a grin.

"I want you to make love to me."

"Yep, that's what I was hoping."

He glanced over at Brit to make sure she wouldn't be jealous, but she was watching with interest and an amused smile.

He turned his attention back to Lissa, who leaned in and kissed him on the lips. Jeff accepted the kiss, enjoying it even though she was his sister. He remembered, years ago, when she had kissed him like this to torment him as punishment for being mean to Brit. In the end he had found it a rather pleasant torture, and now it was not torturous at all.

Jeff reached out and wrapped his arms around her, crushing her to his chest. He loved the feel of her body, the softness of her boobs with her hardening nipples poking into his chest, the smooth silkiness of her skin. Once upon a time the thought of holding his sister like this would have bothered him, but he had long since moved beyond that.

When Lissa drew back, she sighed in contentment. "I love you, Jeff," she said. "You know that, don't you?"

"Of course," he replied. "And I love you too."

"And I love you both," Brit grinned.

"Oh, come here, you," Lissa said with a giggle, grabbing her and pulling her in to a group hug. The three of them took turns kissing each other for several minutes, then Brit finally backed away.

"Well get on with it," she laughed. "I want to watch you two fuck."

"I can't argue with that," Jeff shrugged. He held Lissa as he lay her gently down on the floor, then leaned in and kissed her on the neck. She sighed again from the contact, reaching up and holding onto his head. He let his lips wander lower, eager to taste her sweet breasts, especially those nipples.

As he moved down her body, Brit slipped her hand between her sister's legs. Lissa spread her knees, allowing the girl to gently rub her. Jeff watched excitedly from his vantage point at her chest, loving the sight of one sister fingering the other.

When he reached one of Lissa's nipples, he opened his mouth and let his tongue explore it. He heard Lissa gasp at the sensation, so he continued teasing her. Brit's free hand went to Lissa's other breast, squeezing and fondling it. Then the younger girl lay down next to her big sister and sucked her nipple into her mouth.

"Oh god, you two!" Lissa whispered, keeping it quiet so as not to alert their parents. No doubt they were having their own private party downstairs, but that was no reason to risk alerting them.

Jeff let his own hand wander down to join Brit's on his sister's pussy. The two of them ran their fingers over it, tenderly rubbing her and watching as the stimulation caused her body to writhe around on the floor. Lissa's eyes were closed and her breathing heavy as she smiled in the glow of the pleasure.

"Jeff..." she finally gasped. "I want..."

He knew exactly what she wanted. Brit pulled back and withdrew her hand, giving Jeff room to roll over on top of her. He gazed down into her beautiful face, the face of his big sister. Together they had taken their first steps into the world of sex, exploring each other and learning to make each other feel good. Although he adored his little sister, there was a special place in his heart for Lissa, the beautiful girl who had accompanied him on the beginning of that journey. Now they were about to finish it together.

He lowered his hips, feeling himself penetrating into her. She sucked in her breath, but the smile on her face told him it was from pleasure rather than pain. Jeff continued descending onto and into her, loving the feel of her tight cunt around his cock. Finally, he buried it completely inside of her, and they both let out a sigh.

"I've been wanting to feel like this for years now," Lissa told him, wrapping her arms around him and holding him tightly. "Jeff, make me feel like a real woman."

He lifted his hips and plunged into her again, and she barely stifled her moan. He repeated the motion, working himself into a slow rhythm. Her own hips raised up to meet him, falling in time with him. Their bodies became almost like extensions of one another, working in absolute harmony to give them both

pleasure.

Jeff kissed her deeply and passionately as they made love. He couldn't get enough of his big sister. Despite what the world might think of this relationship, it felt so right.

How long he floated in that world of passion, that world where only Jeff and Lissa existed, he didn't know. It was a timeless world where the passion between them went on forever. He thrust over and over into her body until finally, after an eternity, he felt the rush of pleasure that signaled his impending orgasm. At the same time, he felt her own body tense up, and she bit down on her lip to contain the scream that otherwise would have alerted Greg and Allison to their activities. Her legs tightened around his hips and her pussy clamped down on his cock, which pushed him over the edge. He erupted inside of her, his cock twitching as he released again and again into her steaming hot body.

Finally the pleasure waned, and he rolled off of her. She curled up next to him, laying her head on his chest and wrapping an arm around him.

"Merry Christmas," she told him.

"Merry Christmas," he repeated.

Brit crawled around so that she could lie down on his other side. He wrapped his arms around both of his sisters, and together they drifted off to sleep.

They slept on the floor for the rest of the vacation, engaging in a little silent sex play each night. Greg never suspected anything, fortunately, and since Allison had already admitted that it didn't bother her, their secret was safe.

It was too bad that Lissa had to leave a week later to fly back to school. Just when Jeff was just getting used to thinking of her in a sexual way again, she had to depart.

The night before her flight, she gave him a nice, long blowjob to remember her by, and cuddled with him all night. It seemed that she didn't want to leave either, but there was nothing that either of them could do about it. She promised to come back for summer, though, and then they would have several months together. That made him feel much better, and so as they said goodbye to each other at the airport, he was able to keep his composure.

Brit cried of course, but that was just her way. She was always very emotional. Jeff put an arm around his little sister to comfort her, and that seemed to help.

Lissa waved to them just before she disappeared down the hall, and then the four remaining Primdales returned to the van and drove back to a house full of good memories.

Chapter 74

Alya Conquers Lissa

Lissa's sadness at leaving her family, especially her brother and sister, was tempered by the anticipation of seeing Alya. Five minutes after her flight took off, she started thinking about her roommate, and from that point forward she couldn't get her out of her mind. She had pretty much forgotten all about her during the vacation, but now that she would be returning to the now familiar apartment, the girl once more came back into her thoughts.

She wondered why she was so obsessed with the girl. Of course she liked her, and the thrill of the conquest was enjoyable. When she was honest with herself, she realized that their friendship, though based upon a lie, wasn't a lie at all. Still, Lissa had never been the type of girl to obsess over someone. Not even Matt had taken over her thoughts so completely, even when he was her boyfriend.

When the plane landed, Lissa found herself hoping that Alya had already returned from Christmas vacation, and would be waiting for her in the apartment.

As it turned out, Alya *had* returned, and when Lissa opened the apartment door she found the girl sitting on the couch talking with Monique. They glanced up at her and immediately fell silent. The air had a certain tension, and Lissa wondered what was wrong. But the girls both wore smiles on their faces.

"Hi, guys," Lissa said cheerfully, trying to hide the fact that she had noticed something going on.

"Hi, Lissa," said Monique. "Did you have a nice vacation?"

Did she ever! But she wasn't about to mention the details. Instead, she dropped her suitcase on the floor and plopped down in the comfy chair. "So what's up?" she asked.

Monique and Alya glanced at each other for a moment. Then Monique rose to her feet. "Well, I'm off to the library. I'll see you two later tonight."

"Bye," said Lissa.

Monique grabbed her bag from the kitchen table, then headed for the door. "Good luck," she told Alya, just before disappearing outside.

To Lissa's eyes, it was quite obvious that Monique wanted Alya to be alone with Lissa. And Alya's quietness during this whole time meant that something was bothering her, or at least she had something weighing on her mind. Monique's last comment suggested that it was something she needed to talk with Lissa about.

"What did she mean by that?" asked Lissa.

"What? Oh, Monique and I were talking about... things."

"What kinds of things?"

"Um... well..."

"Come on, Alya. You know you can tell me anything."

"I know." She patted the couch beside her, where Monique had sat. "Come sit by me?" she requested.

Lissa slipped over to her, wondering what was going on. Before the break, she could always tell exactly what Alya was thinking. Of course, that was because she was mostly thinking what Lissa wanted her to think. Now, though, Lissa found herself completely lost.

"I noticed there was something going on before I came in," Lissa said. "You guys got really quiet all of a sudden. What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing's wrong," said Alya hurriedly. "I think... I think for the first time, things are right. At least I hope so."

"Okay, so what's right?" Lissa grinned.

"Well, that's the part that's kind of hard to say."

"But you said it to Monique, didn't you?" As she spoke the words, she realized that there was a bitter tone to them. That surprised even her. Did that mean she was jealous?

"Oh, but that's different," said Alya, and Lissa's jealousy spiked. So Alya was confiding in Monique things she couldn't confide in Lissa. She knew it shouldn't bother her, but it did.

"All right, if you don't want to tell me, that's fine," said Lissa, making as if to get up off the couch. But Alya hurriedly put an arm around her.

"Lissa, please. Sit here next to me." She said it so sweetly that Lissa could not refuse. But there was still that spark of bitterness haunting the back of her mind.

Alya sighed. "Look, I just needed a little advice," she said. "And the reason I went to Monique was... well... because I needed the opinion of someone not directly involved."

"I don't understand."

"Lissa, remember at Thanksgiving when I said I was going to have extra fun at Christmas time? Well, to be honest, I was miserable. I won't say it was the worst Christmas ever, because that honor belongs to the time I had pneumonia through the whole vacation. But this time was a close runner-up."

"Why were you miserable?"

"Because I was lonely."

"Didn't you have your family there?" asked Lissa.

"Oh yeah, and they were great, but I was missing someone in particular."

"Alya, you're not still pining for that bastard Matt, are you?"

"Matt?" she laughed. "Matt who?"

Lissa smiled. "Well, I'm glad about that. I'm still tempted to sneak into his apartment some night and castrate him. In fact, the only thing stopping me is the thought that he's probably cringing in terror every night wondering when we're going to strike, and I'd like to torture him like that for as long as possible."

"Well, don't worry about Matt. I don't care about him any more."

"So you've got a new boyfriend?" asked Lissa.

"No."

"But you're interested in someone?"

"Well... I suppose you can say that."

"Is it someone I know?"

"Um... an interesting question."

"Oh, come on, Alya. Who is it?"

Alya sighed. "Monique warned me not to be too obvious, but I think maybe I'm being too subtle."

What's that supposed to mean? Lissa wondered. It was clear that Alya wanted to tell her, but at the same time was hesitant about it. It didn't make any kind of sense.

"Lissa, you've been a good friend to me," said Alya. "I think I value your friendship as much as I've valued any relationship I've ever had with a man."

So now she was changing the subject. Well, Lissa wouldn't push her.

"Thanks, Alya. You know you mean the world to me too."

"And I think I might have enjoyed this vacation more if you were there with me."

Lissa certainly couldn't say the same thing about her own vacation, not that she had anything against Alya's presence. It was just that she had already enjoyed herself so much. Although, that would have been quite an interesting experience if she had involved Alya in her affair with her siblings! The thought almost made her laugh. Only the fact that Alya was starting to bare her heart kept her from breaking the mood.

"It's always nice to have a good friend to help you take your mind off the person you're longing for," she said instead.

Alya turned her head and gazed at her. "You know, Lissa, you really can be dense sometimes," she said with a smile.

"What do you mean? You won't even tell me who this mystery man is."

"It's not a man," said Alya.

"A woman?" asked Lissa, shocked. But Alya had insisted that she wasn't going to go down that road. Now, suddenly, to have a change of heart... Then Lissa began to feel that familiar twinge of jealousy. Lissa had been the one to explore that road with her, and Alya had been hesitant. Now she was continuing down that road without her.

"You really don't understand, do you?" asked Alya.

Then Lissa had it. Monique! So that's what the two of them had been talking about! And that 'good luck' was for moral support for when Alya had to break the bad news to Lissa. Now her jealousy rose to a point that she felt like throwing something. But she wanted to hear it from Alya herself.

"So who is it?" she said, thankful that she managed to make her voice sound curious rather than angry.

"I'll give you a hint," said Alya with a warm smile, then put her hand behind Lissa's head, drew her in, and kissed her fully on the lips.

Lissa's eyes opened wide with shock. But that meant... So she really...

Lissa couldn't even think straight. All she knew was that the kiss felt good enough to drive away all her anger and jealousy. She felt the love behind that kiss, and returned it with all her heart. *Alya!* she thought. *I love you!* And she was astonished to realize that it was true. Before, it had simply been the new Lissa asserting her independence, playing a game, even toying with Alya's affections. That Lissa was vengeful, hateful, and willing to destroy even her friends in order to get what she wanted. But now, those thoughts were in the past. Now, she wanted only to take her roommate in her arms and love her.

In one instant, Alya had transformed her again. This third incarnation was a hybrid of the previous two. She had taken the intelligence, wisdom, and compassion of the first, and merged it with the confidence and freedom of the second. Lissa the Third was every bit as liberated and unrestrained as Lissa the Second, but there was one difference. She had a soul. Alya had awakened it within her.

Then they drew apart, and Lissa could see that Alya had a look of concern on her face. "But Lissa," she said, "it has to be something you want too. I don't want you to feel obligated--"

Lissa put a finger to Alya's lips to silence her. It was a little teasing gesture that she enjoyed doing, especially because it made the girl look so cute. Then she removed her finger and replaced it with her own lips. Alya melted into her arms as all the anger, jealousy, and hatred of the past few months fled from the two women who had finally let themselves fall in love.

Somehow-- Lissa didn't exactly know how because it happened while she was still lost in that kiss-- they ended up in Alya's bedroom. She found herself smiling down at the adorable face of Alya, who lay beneath her on the bed. Lissa's heart beat rapidly as she realized that she had never even seen her naked! She had known that Alya had a great figure, but now, to see what she looked like without clothes... the thought excited her beyond belief.

She lowered her body to her roommate's, kissing her once again deeply on the lips. Alya relaxed and let it happen, giving in to the sapphic pleasure.

Suddenly, she pushed Lissa away.

"Lissa," said Alya. Rather than stop, Lissa lowered herself once more and began to kiss her on the cheek, neck, and chin. "I'm in love with you," Alya told her.

"I'm in love with you too," Lissa replied between kisses.

"But this is a new experience for me," continued Alya. "I love it when you hug me and kiss me, but I'm not sure I'm ready to... well..."

"Have sex?" Lissa offered helpfully.

"Yes," Alya nodded.

"Well I am," said Lissa. "Let me take care of you."

"But what if... what if I don't like it?"

"I promise that you will. All you have to do is trust me."

"I trust you," Alya breathed. "I wouldn't let any other girl do this to me, but with you it's different. I'm just worried that I might not be able to go through with it."

"If you're at all hesitant, you don't have to worry at all about pleasing me. I'll just take care of your needs this time, and we'll work on the rest later."

"That wouldn't be fair to you. I want to make you as happy as you make me."

"I am happy," Lissa breathed, closing her eyes and pressing her lips against Alya's.

After a few more minutes, Lissa rose back up and sat on her roommate's thighs. It was time to undress. Alya's hands went to Lissa's tee-shirt first, though, sliding underneath it and caressing her side. Then she slid her hands up, taking the shirt with it. Lissa leaned over so that Alya could pull it the rest of the way off. Her roommate gazed at her chest for a few seconds, then reached behind to unstrap her bra. Alya had seen her naked before, but it was different knowing that it was a prelude to making love. She let the bra fall away to expose her to Alya's hungry eyes.

"God, Lissa, you're so beautiful," she breathed.

"Right back at ya," replied Lissa playfully. But now it was Lissa's turn. Alya wore a button-down blouse, which Lissa began to unfasten with excruciating slowness. It wasn't that she wasn't eager to make love to this beauty, but she wanted to draw this whole thing out for as long as possible. After she had unbuttoned her about halfway, she slid her hands inside and opened it to show the top of her chest. Lissa leaned down and kissed her on the neck, making Alya gasp in pleasure. Lissa felt a surge of delight from knowing that she was giving such pleasure to the girl she loved. Then she lowered herself to the tops of her breasts, playfully teasing them with her tongue. As she did so, she continued to unbutton the blouse until the last one was finished. Then she spread the blouse to the side and gazed down at Alya's remarkable body.

She lifted Alya into her arms then, so as to better dispose of the garment. Hugging her tightly and kissing her passionately, she reached behind her and unfastened her bra. Alya moved away just long enough to allow Lissa to remove it, then leaned in and pressed her bare chest up against Lissa's. It was one of the most thrilling feelings she had ever had, to feel this beautiful woman's body against her own, to feel their breasts pressed together and their hard nipples teasing each other.

They hugged like that for several minutes, hungrily kissing each other as they ran their hands up and down each other's backs, just lost in the feeling of their bodies so close. If they could just remain like this all night, Lissa thought, it would be enough.

But there were far more exciting things to do. She leaned slightly forward to push Alya backward, then drew back as she lowered her roommate gently to the bed. She sat there and just gazed at her body for a minute. This was a sight she could get used to. The girl's figure while clothed only hinted at the exquisiteness of her shape when nude. Her breasts were really only about the same size as Lissa's, which weren't particularly large, but firm and perky. But her nipples were absolutely stunning. Swollen in pleasure, they were dark and well defined, and Lissa felt an overwhelming urge to suck on them. She had tasted the nipples of several women already, but with the exception of her little sister, most of those times had just been experiments, and had given her no pleasure. This time was different. She wanted to tease Alya to a frenzy with her mouth.

She lowered her head, and Alya's eyes opened wide as she realized where Lissa was headed. Lissa opened her mouth and ran her tongue over the girl's nipple. Alya squealed like a child that had just been given an ice cream cone, and Lissa took that as a sign to continue.

Her roommate tasted so good! She wanted to just lick, suck, and nibble at her all night. And judging by Alya's gasps and moans, she seemed willing enough. Lissa almost giggled as she listened to the cute little sounds that Alya was making, unable to control herself in the throes of ecstasy. There was something immensely satisfying about having the girl's nipple in her mouth, perhaps a hint of a lost memory of nursing as an infant. But this was different. It was about knowing that she was doing something wonderful and exciting for the person she loved most in the world.

But Lissa wanted more. Tonight they would bring each other to the ultimate pleasure.

She slipped her hand under Alya's skirt and panties and began to fondle her. Her hand reached that sensitive spot that Lissa knew so well on her own body, and Alya cried out with passion. She reached for Lissa's pants now, unfastening the belt and unzipping her pants, and Lissa took a moment to wiggle out of them. Then she lay down next to Alya, who immediately copied Lissa's actions by sliding her hand down inside Lissa's panties.

Lissa gasped as her roommate touched her there, feeling tingles of pleasure run up and down her spine. She rolled over and kissed Alya tenderly on the lips, desire flooding through her.

After a few minutes of this mutual stimulation, Lissa got up and pulled off Alya's skirt and panties, leaving her completely bare. Alya spread her legs wide, exposing the center of her sex. Lissa eyed it hungrily. She would prove to her roommate how much she loved her. She climbed onto the bed between Alya's legs, lowered her head, and began to lick.

Alya cried out in pleasure from the contact. "Oh, Lissa!" she exclaimed. "Oh yes!"

Lissa found she enjoyed giving Alya that pleasure. It wasn't like with Meg or Sandy, where she had done it just to get used to the experience. This was something far deeper and more powerful. There was no longer any revulsion as she licked her roommate's sweet pussy. She just let herself go and savored the taste.

At first she just ran her tongue over the outside, paying particular attention to the little bud at the top, knowing that it was a focal point of the pleasure. Alya literally screamed when she teased it, and Lissa felt overjoyed that she was the one to stimulate her like that. She nibbled at it, driving Alya into a lust-filled frenzy. Then she lowered her mouth, spread her roommate with her fingers, and drove her tongue in. Alya gasped and moaned as Lissa fucked her with her tongue. The sounds grew in intensity and volume, and Lissa realized she was pushing Alya to the edge. A moment later Alya tensed up, her pussy contracting around Lissa's tongue, and she wailed in ecstasy. Lissa could taste the girl's sweet nectar exploding from her, and she lapped it up hungrily. It lasted several seconds, then Alya collapsed back on the bed, panting in exhaustion.

Lissa moved up and lay down next to her, pressing her naked body up against her. Alya turned her head and gazed into Lissa's eyes. "Give me a minute to rest, and then I'll take care of your needs too," she smiled, reaching out a hand and placing it on Lissa's breast. Lissa closed her eyes and let the stimulation overcome her. They continued like that for a few minutes, then Alya raised herself up and turned Lissa over onto her back, lowering herself onto her and kissing her passionately.

Lissa just savored the feeling, the taste of the girl's lips, the warmth and softness of her body, the love between them. It was almost a shame when Alya's mouth left her own, but her roommate had other plans. She kissed Lissa playfully on the chin, then on her neck, touching it with her tongue. Lissa giggled; it tickled a little, but it also felt extremely erotic.

Alya remained at her neck for a while, teasing and kissing and licking it, causing Lissa to give short little moans of delight. She could tell that Alya enjoyed making her moan like that almost as much as Lissa enjoyed the sensations that caused it. Then Alya went lower, kissing her upper chest.

Again it was a teasing gesture; Alya purposely stayed away from Lissa's breasts in order to draw out the sensations as long as possible before touching her on her most sensitive spots. Lissa began to shiver with delight, in excruciating anticipation of the coming stimulation. Her breaths came in ragged gulps, and her heart beat madly within her. Her body was burning, and her nipples tingled even without any kind of physical contact. It was all she could do to keep from begging Alya to get on with it. But she wanted to hold it out as long as she could as well.

Alya kissed her at the top of her breasts, then ran her tongue between them, causing Lissa to moan loudly, to which Alya laughed. Lissa opened her eyes just long enough to see her roommate staring lovingly down at her with a smile of delight, a smile that Lissa realized must resemble the one on her own face as well. Then Alya lowered her head and took a nipple into her mouth.

Lissa cried out, almost reaching orgasm right there. The pleasure was so intense that she didn't know how she could even stand it. For never having done this before, Alya sure knew how to suck tits. She started gentle, toying with it with her tongue, then sucked in hard, causing Lissa to squeal in pleasure. She was lost in bliss, aware of nothing around her but her beautiful roommate and the naked sensitivity of her own body.

Alya then moved to the other nipple to give it the same treatment, with the same effect on Lissa. She couldn't control the noises she was making, but she didn't want to. Let the whole world know that Alya was making love to her.

But they still weren't finished. Alya went lower, kissing her just below the breasts, running her tongue right along the edge of the bulge. She continued down to the bottom of Lissa's rib cage, and then to her stomach. This she covered with kisses, from the sternum down to what would be the hair line if Lissa hadn't shaved it all off down there. When she stuck her tongue into her belly button, Lissa burst out laughing. That was one thing she loved about Alya: her playful spirit. Apparently it carried over into her lovemaking, to Lissa's delight.

Alya continued to kiss her, moving around and around the center of her sex, but always a couple of inches away. The anticipation was an exquisite torment, just like it had been before with her breasts. Lissa could feel her body moving, thrusting involuntarily as if trying to find some kind of contact to satisfy her. She needed something, anything there! But Alya teased her mercilessly by coming nearer and nearer but never reaching the prize.

Lissa's moans were mixed with groans of impatience now. The anticipation was pure torture! But it was also so thrilling. The pleasure was building, held back by an invisible dam on the verge of bursting at any moment. The longer Alya waited, the stronger the buildup would be. When that dam broke, what a flood of ecstasy would emerge!

"I think I've teased you long enough," Alya told her. "Are you ready for the grand finale?"

"Oh yes, Alya! I can't wait any longer! Please eat my pussy!" Lissa was shocked to hear the words come out of her own mouth. They happened automatically, without any thought on her part. That showed just how lost she was in her own desire.

Alya drew in once more, and suddenly Lissa felt the most intensely pleasurable feeling between her legs. Despite having done this several times before, it could not compare to Alya's sweet mouth. Her roommate sought out her bud and attacked it mercilessly, causing Lissa to scream with delight. It was almost like being tickled, but intense and electrical, driving her insane. She thrashed around on the bed, screaming Alya's name over and over again. But that was not the end. Alya lowered her tongue to tease Lissa's pussy lips for a moment, then drove it inside. If the pleasure on her clit had been intense, this was ten times so. She almost passed out from the exhilaration. Again and again Alya thrust, as if trying to prove that her tongue was every bit as good as a penis. She ran it all over the inside, not wanting to miss a spot. Her mouth closed over Lissa in order to give her better access and drive her tongue even deeper.

"Oh God oh God oh God oh God!" Lissa wailed as she felt a surge of pleasure sweeping over her. A moment later it burst forth, and she screamed. Never before in her life had she felt such an intense orgasm. Alya's teasing, along with her love and passion, had done it. The room spun around her; she was dizzy with delight. If the pleasure didn't stop soon she would fall unconscious.

But it did stop, to her regret and relief. She didn't think she could have gone on much longer. She had never known it was possible for the human body to feel such pleasure.

After it was over, Alya crawled back up next to Lissa and lay down. Lissa turned over and lay her head down on Alya's chest, feeling both weak and happy. She was surprised to feel warm tears running down her cheeks, but she didn't care. She had Alya, and that was all that mattered.

"Lissa, why are you crying?" asked Alya. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," Lissa replied. "I'm just so happy that we're together. You don't know what this means to me."

"Yes I do, because it means the same thing to me."

Lissa let herself drop off to sleep then in Alya's arms, the happiest she had felt in as long as she could remember.

Chapter 75

Settling In To A New Life

The sound of the bedroom door opening woke her several hours later.

"Oh my god!" she heard Monique's voice say. "I forgot that you two..." Lissa glanced up, and saw Monique standing in the doorway, looking embarrassed.

"Well this is a little awkward," said Alya, and Lissa realized that her new girlfriend was also awake. Then both girls burst out laughing.

"Caught in the act," Lissa said. "Don't worry, Monique. We're finished in here. You didn't interrupt anything."

"I'll... um... wait out in the front room," Monique said, closing the door.

Lissa and Alya dressed quickly, then opened the door and left the room. Monique was sitting in a chair with one of her textbooks in her hand. She watched as Alya and Lissa sat down on the couch next to each other, putting their arms around each other.

"So I take it Lissa said yes?" Monique asked Alya.

"Oh, she definitely said yes. Screamed it, in fact." They all laughed at the joke.

"Then I'm happy for you two," Monique smiled.

"It doesn't bother you that all of your roommates are lesbians?" asked Alya.

"I'm not a full lesbian," Lissa protested. "I guess you could call me bisexual."

"Same here," Alya replied. "Maybe we could find a boyfriend to share. I wonder if Matt's free?"

"Don't you dare!" Lissa exclaimed, but she knew Alya was just teasing. Alya gave her a quick kiss on the lips. Then they glanced over at Monique.

"Sorry," Alya apologized. "If we're bothering you, let us know and we'll stop."

"No we won't stop," Lissa insisted. "But at least we'll take it somewhere else."

"After seeing Meg and Sandy go at each other all the time, a little thing like this is nothing," Monique grinned. "Just don't get busy in my room at night while I'm trying to sleep."

"Speaking of which," commented Lissa, "I think as soon as Meg gets home, we should discuss new sleeping arrangements."

"Oh, great," Monique groaned facetiously. "Now *I'm* the one who's going to have to worry about Meg sneaking into my bed every night."

"I could sneak into your bed instead," Alya offered with a playful wink.

"Oh, no! I'm surrounded by lesbians who want my body!"

"Well, I hadn't really thought about it before," said Lissa, "but now that you brought up the subject..."

"Geez, you two. Get a room. Heck, use my room if you want. Just find some way to calm your hormones. I'm not going to be safe until you do."

"But seriously," said Alya, "I think I speak for both Lissa and myself when I say that we really would appreciate it if either you or Meg switched rooms."

"I don't know," Lissa added. "Maybe we should let Monique and Meg both keep their rooms and just have you move in with me in my bed. The thought of doing it with Meg watching is kind of a turn-on."

"So you've got a bit of an exhibitionist to you, Lissa," Alya grinned. "I have to admit, you're starting to make me horny."

"I just realized something," Lissa said. "I have to call my aunt Rachael."

"Why?" asked Monique.

"It's something I promised her while we were driving up here before the school year began."

When Meg arrived home and spied Lissa and Alya sitting on the couch holding hands, she dropped her luggage on the floor and stared at them in shock. The girls grinned, then leaned in and kissed each other on the lips. Meg continued to stare, a smile gradually spreading onto her face.

Suddenly she squealed in delight, then ran over and threw her arms around them both. "Oh, I'm so happy for you two!" she exclaimed, and when she pulled away, she had tears in her eyes.

"Don't lie," Alya laughed. "You were hoping I would fall for *you*, weren't you?"

"Well, I knew that Lissa..." she began, then cut herself off.

"You knew what?" asked Alya.

Meg glanced at Lissa, as if unsure what to say. Lissa came to her rescue with a half-truth. "I confessed to Meg before the break that I was starting to have romantic feelings for you. I asked for her advice. Kind of like you asked for Monique's."

"I'm guessing Meg's advice was a little more specific," said Alya.

"A *lot* more specific," Lissa agreed, and all three girls laughed.

As the four girls sat around the table eating dinner that night, they discussed their new sleeping arrangements. They decided to have Monique and Lissa switch rooms so that the two lovers could sleep together. Monique wasn't exactly thrilled with the idea of sleeping in the same room as Meg, but there was really nothing to be done about that. Lissa was half-serious when she said she wouldn't mind making love to Alya in front of Meg, but Alya preferred to have more privacy. Monique joked about spending most of her nights on the couch in order to stay away from Meg, but it was all just in fun.

After dinner, they all helped Lissa and Monique carry their things into their new rooms. Between the four of them, they managed to get everything moved in about an hour.

Alya called her parents that night to tell them the good news. Lissa was more nervous about it than she was, but Alya reassured her that her parents were far too liberal to let this bother them. Lissa sat nearby eavesdropping as Alya made the call and explained the situation to her parents. They were surprised, but her mother simply asked whether this was what she really wanted, and once Alya replied that it was, there had been no argument out of either of them.

Both of her parents wanted to talk to Lissa then, but it turned out to be a lot less scary than she had expected. Mainly they just wanted to get to know her a little. She explained that this was the first time either of the girls had ever fallen in love with another woman, so it was quite a new experience for both. Alya's mother reassured her that she and her husband would both support them in this relationship, which made Lissa feel a lot better. As it turned out, both parents strongly and actively supported the gay rights movement, so having a lesbian daughter was almost a point of pride for them.

They had copies of photos that Alya had taken during the previous semester, including quite a few of her roommates, so as soon as Lissa described herself enough for them to identify her from the photos, they began looking through them. They ended up spending an hour on the phone with her talking about the various activities that Lissa and Alya had done together, almost as if going through a photo album.

Eventually they ended the call, and Lissa sat back down with a smile, at least some of her fears put to rest.

"Sounds like my parents like you," Alya told her. "I think they like you even more than they like me," she joked.

"Now if only I could get my own parents to have the same reaction to you, everything will be great," replied

Lissa. "I'm sure my stepmom will just adore you. She's even more open-minded than your parents. But I don't relish the thought of breaking the news to my dad."

"Well, you've got all semester to work up to it. And just remember, whatever happens, I'll stand by you."

"Thanks, Alya," she smiled. "That means a lot to me."

When they began the new semester, Lissa eagerly looked forward to the tennis class that Alya had decided to take with her. In one sense, it was kind of anticlimactic now that the two of them had gotten together. Lissa had intended it to be a way for the girls to get comfortable with each other's naked bodies as they showered together after class, a stepping stone on the path to their new relationship. Now that they could see each other's bodies any time they wanted, it seemed like a moot point.

However, any time she could be naked with Alya, especially a glistening wet Alya, Lissa wasn't going to complain. Besides, there was a certain thrill in standing under the water with her in an otherwise unoccupied shower room, hugging and kissing right out there in the open where anyone could walk in on them.

Most days after class, of course, they couldn't do that. There were just too many other girls in the showers with them. Of course, now that Lissa had not only admitted but enthusiastically embraced her lesbian tendencies, standing in a room surrounded by naked college coeds delighted her, even if it meant not being able to touch her roommate the way she wanted. Often after these frustrating yet arousing sessions, the two of them went home and immediately jumped into the shower in their apartment where they could make love under the steaming hot water without fear of being caught.

They did have one somewhat embarrassing incident though, one evening after an hour on the tennis court. The locker room was deserted, so the two of them stripped off their clothes and headed into the shower together. They spent a few minutes soaping each other up and washing each other's backs. First Lissa washed Alya, letting her hands run all over her roommate's body. There was something incredibly enticing about the softness of a woman's skin that just wasn't the same with a man. While Lissa had no intention of giving up men completely, right now all she wanted was Alya.

After a couple of minutes, they switched places, and Alya gave Lissa the same pleasurable treatment. She even went one step further, and reached around to fondle Lissa's breasts. Lissa giggled at the sensation, loving the feel of Alya's hands on her.

When she could stand the sexual tension no longer, she turned around and the two girls pressed their bodies together and leaned in for a passionate kiss. Lissa closed her eyes and let the wonderful feeling of Alya's lips and tongue work their magic on her.

Suddenly, Alya pulled away. Lissa opened her eyes and saw an embarrassed look on her girlfriend's face. She turned around and noticed another naked young lady who had just come around the corner into the showers, and was staring at the two of them in shock.

Both girls broke down laughing. "Sorry," Alya apologized. "We're about through here."

In a moment of mischievous boldness, Lissa added, "Unless you want to join us."

Alya giggled and slapped her on the shoulder. "She's kidding, of course," she told the girl. "Come on, Lissa. We can finish this at home." They moved past the still staring girl, then retrieved their towels from the rack and began to dry themselves.

"You're as bad as Meg," Alya commented with a laugh.

"Just a tie?" asked Lissa. "I must not be trying hard enough."

Despite the nearly complete bliss that Lissa felt in those happy days, two things bothered her. First, she didn't know how to tell her family that she had a girlfriend. No, that wasn't particularly true; most of them would have no problem with it. Allison, Jeff, and Brit would all be happy for her, but she dreaded the reaction of her father. She knew with near certainty that he would be furious. It reminded her of that night in Meg's bedroom when Meg had told Lissa of her own parents' reactions, but Lissa knew with Greg it would be much worse. He had never claimed to be particularly open-minded; in fact, he was proud of his strict conservatism. This would be a serious blow to him, and it would no doubt lead to a confrontation.

Her second worry was her guilt. Despite once vowing that she would never feel guilty again, the Lissa who had made that vow had been changed once more into a caring and loving person, one who didn't like to see people hurt, especially if she was the one who had hurt them. She knew, however, that she had tried to do something horrible to Alya. In one sense it had succeeded, but in another, things had turned out better than all right. She still felt guilty about her intentions, though.

She only had one option, she decided. She would have to tell Alya. No matter the cost, Lissa could not stand the guilt of what she had done. Alya deserved the truth. She made up her mind to tell her the next time the two of them found themselves alone together.

She got her chance the next day after her last class. She came home and found Alya sitting on the couch studying. Lissa sat down next to her roommate, who gave her a big grin and put her arm around her shoulder, drawing in for a kiss. Lissa let the kiss happen, but she was too worried to enjoy it.

Alya could sense the difference, so she pulled back, the smile dropping from her face. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"Alya, I have a confession to make," said Lissa. "It's all right if you get mad at me, because I deserve it. But just understand, I'm not the same person I was when I did it. *You* changed me."

"So what is this horrible crime you've committed?" Alya asked.

"After I broke up with Matt, I wanted to punish him. So I... I came up with the idea of... seducing his new girlfriend away from him. You."

"What?" demanded Alya, a look of shock on her face.

"I'm sorry, Alya. I feel terrible about it. But the truth is that everything up to Christmas break was all part of my plan. I got Meg and Sandy to teach me what I needed to do. I'm telling you this because... well, because you deserve the truth. But there's another part of the truth that I think is more important. From the moment that you kissed me after I came back from vacation, I realized that I truly am in love with you. Truly. I won't say I wish I hadn't plotted against you, because in the end it brought us together, but I still hate myself for deceiving you."

Alya looked away, and Lissa felt her heart breaking.

"Please forgive me, Alya!" she pleaded. "I couldn't stand the thought of losing you."

When Alya turned back around, there were tears in her eyes. She threw her arms around Lissa and hugged her.

"I *am* mad at you," said Alya. "You toyed with my emotions. You could have hurt me badly. But I love you too much to let this come between us. It took a lot of courage for you to tell me the truth, and I'm glad you did, because now we have no secrets from each other." She pulled away and looked Lissa in the eyes. "Or do we?" she asked.

Lissa turned away. She didn't *want* to keep any secrets from Alya, but how could she tell her that she had had some kind of sexual contact with every member of her family? Her trysts with Rachael, Allison, Jeff, and even little Brit, were things that the new Lissa shouldn't be ashamed of, but how would Alya react to them?

"There are other things," she admitted. "But I'm not ready to share them yet. I just... I just want to be sure you won't judge me. I really want to be completely honest with you, so I won't hide anything I do from now on, but there are things in my past that you might not approve of. I can tell you, though, that none of them have anything to do with you."

"It's all right," Alya said comfortingly. "When you're ready, you can tell me. But if it makes it any easier, I promise I won't judge you for them."

"Thanks, Alya. I love you."

"I love you too, Lissa."

"So do you forgive me?"

"I forgive you," Alya smiled. "I'm still a little angry, but I'll tell you what you can do to make it up to me."

"Anything," Lissa said immediately.

"Give me a night of passion that I'll never forget."

Lissa laughed with relief. "That's something I can do," she said.

That night after dinner, the two of them retired to the bedroom. Meg and Monique flashed them a knowing look as they disappeared down the hall. Lissa and Alya closed the bedroom door behind them and sat down on the bed.

"I have a surprise for you," Lissa whispered, then gave her one last kiss and stood up.

"What kind of surprise?" asked Alya.

"Close your eyes."

"Oh, *that* kind of surprise." She shut her eyes and even put her hands over them.

Lissa hurried over to the drawer where she had stashed the teddy that Meg had bought her. She stripped off her clothes and slipped on the garment. It felt very soft and very naughty. Then she stood in front of Alya. She had actually tried it on once, when none of her roommates were home. She had felt a thrill of excitement to see that its transparency showed off the darkness of her nipples and even the line of her slit between her legs. She couldn't remember ever telling Meg her size, but it seemed to fit perfectly.

"Okay, you can open your eyes now," she said.

Alya did, and instantly her eyes lit up with shock and delight. "Lissa!" she exclaimed. "Wow! I like it. Where on earth did you get something like that?"

Lissa grinned. "Meg bought it for me for Christmas."

"She would!" Alya laughed.

"I feel a little guilty that she doesn't get to see me in it, though."

"Don't be so sure of that. Hey, Meg!" she called. "Would you come in here for a minute?"

Rather than feel embarrassed, Lissa just turned toward the door and spread out her arms to give a good view of her body. A moment later, Meg appeared in the door. Her eyes opened wide and she gasped, then a smile spread across her lips.

"Oh my god, Lissa!" she exclaimed. "You look even better in that than in my fantasies when I bought it!"

Lissa came over and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "Thanks for the present," she said. "It's just too bad that Alya gets to enjoy it more than you do."

"Oh, that's all right. As long as it doesn't go to waste." Her hand went up and she squeezed one of Lissa's tits. Lissa laughed and slapped her hand away.

"No more of that," Lissa grinned. "I've got a girlfriend now."

"Too bad. Well, I'm glad you like your present."

"I just hope you won't feel too bad if one of these nights it ends up in shreds on the floor because I tore it off her in impatience," Alya said.

"If it gets you that excited, then I'd say it's done its job well," Meg laughed.

"All right, now get out of here," Alya grinned.

"Do I have to? I haven't even planted the hidden camera yet."

Alya playfully grabbed her by the shoulders, turned her around, and pushed her out of the room. She closed and locked the door, then turned and strode over to Lissa, where she threw her arms around her and hugged her tightly, kissing her passionately. The two girls held each other like that for the longest time, hugging and kissing each other with wanton abandon. Now that they had been lovers for a few weeks, they were at that perfect stage where their nervousness and inhibitions had completely faded but the newness of their relationship still added a thrill and excitement that fueled their passion.

After a few minutes, they broke apart, then by silent agreement made their way to the bed. Alya sat down, but Lissa climbed onto it and crawled with a seductive motion behind her roommate. She rose to her knees then, positioning herself behind Alya and reaching her arms around the girl's waist. She leaned in and kissed her on the neck. Alya sighed, closed her eyes, and leaned her head back. She was wearing a button-down blouse, so Lissa let her hands rise up under the girl's arms to unfasten the top button. She continued to kiss Alya's neck as she worked the other buttons loose one by one. After about the third button, she spread the collar of the blouse and let her lips run over Alya's shoulders. Slowly the rest of the garment came undone until it slipped off of the girl's shoulder and onto Lissa's knees. She picked it up and tossed it away, then returned her arms to their position around her roommate.

As she continued to worship her with her lips, she ran her hands up along Alya's body and let them rest on her bra-covered tits, kneading and massaging them through the material. This close, she could hear Alya's breathing growing deeper and heavier as the stimulation had its effect on her body.

Unconsciously, Alya's legs spread and her hands slid down to her inner thighs, tightening her skirt against her body. Lissa picked up on the signal, and she let her hands leave their position to reach for the snap on the front of the skirt. She unsnapped it, then Alya lifted her hips off the bed and slid her skirt down her legs to fall to the floor.

Lissa took that opportunity to slip one of her hands between Alya's legs, rubbing her crotch over her panties. Alya moaned, and Lissa smiled at the knowledge that she was giving the girl such pleasure. She loved to

make her feel good, especially since Alya was so enthusiastic in reciprocating. After a minute or two of rubbing, Lissa felt a wet stain on the girl's panties, which told her just how much Alya enjoyed what was happening to her.

But she wanted to feel more than that. She slipped her hand down inside the panties, letting them touch her bare skin and listening for the gasp that she had come to expect. She was not disappointed. Alya was so predictable that way.

After a few minutes of rubbing the girl's sensitive body, Alya cried out in the first of what would likely be many climaxes that night. At least, it would be many climaxes if Lissa had her way. Alya had insisted after all that it must be a night of passion that she would never forget.

But now it was her time to do the same to Lissa. Alya slipped off the bed and knelt in front of Lissa. She reached up and took hold of the shoulder straps of the teddy and slowly peeled it down. She grinned as she exposed Lissa's breasts, then leaned in and planted a kiss right on one of the nipples.

"Oh god, I love it when you do that," Lissa whispered.

"Me too," Alya replied. "You have the yummiest boobs I've ever tasted."

Lissa giggled. "And how many boobs have you tasted?"

"Including yours, four," Alya replied.

"Oh?" asked Lissa with an arched eyebrow.

"It's not what you think. Until I started this relationship with you, the last time I was less than a year old."

"Oh yeah. Good point."

Alya finished peeling the teddy off of Lissa, then discarded it on the floor. She then stood up and pounced on Lissa, knocking her backward on the bed. She grabbed Lissa's hands and pinned them down next to her head.

"Ooh, you're kind of aggressive tonight," Lissa grinned.

"It's your fault," said Alya. "You got me excited by wearing that lingerie."

"If it affects you that much, maybe I'll wear it more often."

In response, Alya leaned down and kissed her on the lips. Then she released Lissa's arms and began kissing down her body. She worked all over her neck and upper chest, then descended to her breasts, where she sucked greedily on them as Lissa moaned in delight. She relaxed and let the girl pleasure her; Alya seemed to take as much delight in giving as in receiving. That was one of the things that Lissa loved most about her.

After a few minutes, Alya began to work her way down further, and Lissa shuddered in anticipation. Just the

thought of the girl's tongue on the most sensitive part of her body nearly brought her to orgasm; she knew she wouldn't last long once it happened for real.

She spread her legs as Alya kissed and licked her way down, opening herself up fully to her roommate. Even the few seconds it took for Alya to traverse the distance between her chest and her thigh seemed an excruciating eternity of eager anticipation. But once Alya reached her goal, she made it well worth the wait. Her tongue darted out like a snake, lightly brushing against her pussy. Lissa moaned with each contact, tremors running through her body. Then Alya let her tongue linger, tightening it and pressing it against the slit. She let it slip a little inside, causing a much more violent shudder to wrack Lissa's body. Alya giggled at the reaction, then reached up with her hands and pried her apart, running her tongue all over the inside. She let her tongue graze against Lissa's clitoris, which nearly brought her to orgasm instantly. In fact, it only took only half a dozen licks at the sensitive bud before Lissa surrendered to the pleasure and squealed out her climax.

Afterward, she lay there panting for a few minutes, a smile on her lips and exhaustion throughout her body. Alya lay down next to her, her head propped up on one of her hands while she traced lazy circles on Lissa's stomach with the index finger of her other hand. That light, almost ticklish sensation brought Lissa quickly back to a state of arousal, and her body squirmed under Alya's ministrations. She felt she could go another round right away, but unfortunately, it wasn't her turn.

She finally sat up, then grinned at Alya. "We're not finished yet," she said. "You haven't even stripped out of your underwear."

"I can remedy that," Alya grinned.

"Don't you dare! From now on, that's my job," insisted Lissa. She immediately leaned in and pressed her body up against Alya's. She reached around and found the clasp to her bra, then unhooked it and pulled the article forward and off of the girl's chest. With the girl's tits exposed like that, Lissa couldn't help but lean down and suckle on them. Alya began to moan just as Lissa had.

Lissa's hand returned once more between the girl's legs, slipping under the panties to play with her pussy. With one orgasm behind her already though, Alya wasn't about to go off so easily this time. But that was fine; Lissa had plans for her. She rose back up and gently pushed her roommate down on the bed, then quickly slipped the girl's panties off. She still wore her stockings, but they soon joined the rest of the clothes on the floor.

Lissa leaned down between Alya's legs, which spread to grant her access. She slipped her tongue out of her mouth and ran it all over the outside of Alya's pussy, causing the girl to squeal in delight. Lissa continued to kiss and lick and tongue her roommate until she became a writhing mass of nerves on the bed. Alya gasped, moaned, squealed, and even screeched from the stimulation. Soon she exploded into another orgasm, but Lissa wasn't about to let it go at that. She kept at it, causing Alya's eyes to go wide with shock and delight. It wasn't long before Alya reached her third climax of the night. Lissa still wouldn't let up, so Alya allowed her to go one more round. This one took a while longer, but eventually she screamed in ecstasy one final time.

Lissa rose up and lay down beside her. The two girls smiled at each other, then leaned in and kissed. Alya closed her eyes, no doubt exhausted from the ordeal.

Lissa was about to drift off to sleep herself when Alya surprised her by suddenly rolling over on top of her. "Oh no you don't," Alya insisted. "You're not getting out of this with just a single orgasm. Not after you got me off four times."

"Yes Mistress," Lissa grinned.

Alya immediately lowered herself along Lissa's body and began to lick her between the legs. Already excited from before, it didn't take long for Lissa to go off a second time. Only then did Alya climb back up and lie down next to Lissa. Happy and satisfied, they drifted off to sleep.

Tired as she was, Lissa still wanted to make the night memorable, so when she awoke a couple of hours later, she slipped her hand between Alya's legs and fondled her. At first, Alya remained asleep, though the squirming of her body and her soft moaning showed just how much the stimulation was affecting her. Lissa grinned as she imagined the types of dreams she might be giving her roommate.

Eventually Alya awoke, just in time for her climax to hit her. She cried out again, probably loud enough to wake Monique and Meg. She came down from her high, giggling in embarrassment and glancing over at Lissa, who merely leaned in and planted a kiss on her lips.

A couple of hours later, Alya returned the favor, only this time she used her mouth instead of her hands to wake Lissa with a mind-blowing climax. They continued the game all night, each girl stimulating the other one any time they awoke.

In the morning, they awoke tired and groggy, neither of them having gotten much sleep. They slipped on their bathrobes then together headed into the bathroom to shower together. Weary and satisfied from the night of passion, they didn't have it in them to get too naughty, so they just held each other and kissed a little under the steaming hot water.

Afterward, they returned to their bedroom to dress, then met Meg and Monique at the breakfast table.

"You know," Monique commented, "you two are going to have to learn to keep it down a little more while you make love."

"I'm sorry," said Lissa. "Did it bother you?"

"It wasn't that," Monique explained. "It's just that Meg thought it would be entertaining to give me a play-by-play of what she thought you were doing in there based upon the sounds coming out of your bedroom."

Meg shrugged with a sheepish grin, and they all burst out laughing.

Chapter 76

Exposure

Back home, life in the Primdale household was mostly happy. Greg loved to watch Jeff and Brit getting along. The contrast from their former bickering and arguing delighted him enough to keep him from worrying too much about that conversation he had had with Allison about teenage girls falling in love with their brothers. If Brit was going through a phase where she adored Jeff, well, that was all right. He had earned it after all, by saving her life twice. Eventually the phase would pass, and Greg hoped that the two of them wouldn't fall back into their old ways of fighting all the time. From the way things looked, he didn't think that would ever happen, and that made him glad.

He did feel a little of that jealousy that Allison had mentioned. He loved his little girl, and remembered with fondness all the times when she was just a child, how she sometimes sat on his lap or gave him hugs or kisses. She had always been his little angel. Now she was no longer a child; she was developing into a beautiful young woman, independent and free. With that change came another; no longer was Greg the one she came to when feeling particularly affectionate. Now she went to Jeff.

That was all right; just like Allison had said, she needed a man closer to her own age to cling to, to put her trust in. Yes, she tended to flirt a lot, but that was all right in the end. Let her practice on someone safe, someone who wouldn't hurt her. Let her learn the power and limits of her sexuality before she turned her charms on the boys at school, who might not treat her so nicely.

But Jeff and Brit weren't the only ones happy. Greg also felt more alive than he had since... forever. He had loved his first wife, perhaps every bit as much as he now loved his second, but he had never had as much fun as with Allison. He wondered now if maybe the reason his first wife had left him was because he was too boring. There had been passion and romance in the early years of their marriage, and then once the children had been born they had ended up sacrificing time alone for the sake of their kids. They had settled into their roles of father and mother, and forgotten to be husband and wife. He had accepted it because he had grown up in that kind of family, but perhaps his wife had never really felt that she fit in with that kind of lifestyle. Maybe she needed the kind of excitement in her life that Greg had been unable to show her.

Strangely enough, Allison was the same way. The difference was that Allison hadn't been willing to just settle down. She had taken control, changing Greg instead of letting him change her, and the two of them were now happy together.

With Jeff, Brit, Greg, and Allison having a wonderful time, he wondered whether it was the same with Lissa. She had seemed cheerful and bubbly at Christmas, so maybe she was enjoying herself just as much.

One afternoon after Allison went out to the mailbox, she returned with a letter from Lissa. Greg was sitting in his office when Allison opened the door and slipped in, the letter in her hand. The two of them sat down on

the couch, and Allison sliced open the envelope and pulled out the letter.

"Dear Allison," she quoted. "Don't let Dad read this yet."

Greg looked at his wife in surprise. What was that supposed to mean?

"Just a minute," said Allison, as she scanned down the letter. She laughed as she read.

"What is it?" asked Greg, curious.

"Yes, I can see that that would give you quite a shock," Allison smiled, then folded up the letter and slipped it back into the envelope. "I think I'll keep this with me for a while. Don't want you peeking, after all."

"What is it that she's telling you that she doesn't want to tell me?" asked Greg.

"Now don't get jealous. She *does* want to tell you. Or at least, she wants *me* to tell you. I just need to figure out the right way, that's all. Don't worry; she's not hurt or anything like that. This is a good thing, at least in my opinion. I'm just not sure you would agree. That's why she wrote to me first."

"Okay," Greg shrugged. "I suppose I don't mind if you two share a secret. I'm just curious, that's all."

"I'll tell you when the time is right," Allison told him, then leaned over and kissed him.

He wondered about that letter, but didn't let it bother him. If it was important, she would have wanted him to know too, so it probably wasn't a big deal. She had probably decided on a major for her college education that he wouldn't approve of, though he couldn't think of what that might be. Or maybe she decided to change schools. At any rate, he would find out eventually, and until then, he would have to simply suppress his curiosity.

Allison did tell Jeff and Brit, however. The three of them gathered in Jeff's room at bedtime, and Allison read the letter to them. Their eyes widened in surprise when she came to the part about Lissa having a girlfriend. Her name was Alya, and she was one of Lissa's roommates. Jeff thought he remembered her mentioning something about Alya during Christmas break, but only as an offhand comment. She had probably mentioned all of her roommates at one point or another.

The truth was that he wasn't *that* surprised. She had been a very different person during the break than she had been before. Obviously she had no problem fooling around with other girls; she had proven that at Christmas time.

Brit was actually happy to learn that Lissa had switched over. That meant she wasn't the only Primdale girl to have a girlfriend. Now they could provide moral support for each other, because they were both in the same situation.

The next day at school, Jeff received another surprise, this one much more unwelcome. He had just arrived at school and was looking for Kari when his friend Jesse greeted him.

"Jeff, can I talk to you for a minute?" asked Jesse. He had a sly look in his eye that Jeff didn't like. Usually that look meant some perverted fantasy of his that Jeff would have to listen to. That was just Jesse's way.

"Sure," said Jeff. He might as well get it over with.

Jesse led him down the hall to an empty classroom. That surprised Jeff; usually his friend was more than happy to reveal his fantasies to everyone within listening range.

After closing and locking the door, Jesse opened his backpack and withdrew a stack of papers. With a wicked grin, he showed them to Jeff.

They were photos of Allison, naked. Jeff knew those pictures; Allison had introduced him to the website where those photos were prominently displayed. Apparently his parents had spent a weekend with one of their friends who ran that website, taking pictures and helping to launch it.

He should have known that those photos would end up in the hands of Jesse, who spent more time browsing for porn than anyone Jeff had ever met. It was only a matter of time. The question then, was what Jesse planned to do with those picture.

Jeff decided to pretend that it didn't bother him. If his friend was trying to shock him, he wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

"Nice," he shrugged.

The look of surprise on Jesse's face was very satisfying. It lasted only a second though, before the smug grin returned. "Your stepmom's hot!" he said.

"I can't argue with you there," smiled Jeff. "I don't need your dirty pictures to tell me that. Anyway, get to the point. I have to go to class."

Jesse stared at him for a second. "The point," he said, "is that there are a lot of kids who would pay good money for these pictures."

So that was it. Blackmail. Jeff should have expected that. But he wasn't about to let Jesse get away with it.

"I'm sure they would," he replied, trying to keep his voice casual instead of giving away his anger. "I'd be one of them, if I didn't have copies already."

"You what?" asked Jesse, even more shocked than before.

Now for the *coup de grace*. "I made sure to save them all when Allison showed me the website," he said.

Jesse's mouth hung open.

"Of course, these photos really don't do her justice," Jeff continued, driving the point home. "Flat pictures can't take the place of seeing her in the flesh."

"You... you've seen her naked?" asked Jesse.

"Only a couple of times," he shrugged. He stopped short of saying that he had actually had sex with her. Let Jesse think that Jeff had only caught glimpses of her coming out of the shower or something.

"So was that all you wanted to talk to me about?" he asked. "Look, we're both going to be late for class if we don't hurry."

"Five dollars per picture," Jesse blurted out.

"What?"

"Five dollars per picture. That's all I'm asking."

"Why would I pay you for pictures that I already have?" asked Jeff.

"Because five dollars keeps them out of the hands of everyone else."

So that was the game. Jesse would no doubt be happy to spread those pictures around; it might give him a little more street cred with the guys. Jeff nearly told him to go fuck himself; Allison probably wouldn't be bothered by those pictures out in the open. But he also had to think of his father. Greg had a certain reputation that he needed to protect from any scandal. The divorce a few years ago had been pretty hard on him; if word got out that his wife had posed nude, the consequences for him could be devastating.

"I'll think about it," Jeff said noncommittally. He had to have time to discuss it with Allison before he did anything. She would know just what to do.

"Okay, but don't take too long. "If you haven't made up your mind by tomorrow, I'll start lining up bidders for a little auction. I just wanted you to have a first crack at them."

"Tomorrow then," Jeff agreed.

He worried about it the rest of the day. He needed to find a way to get Jesse to agree not to show those pictures to anyone else. Although he knew that Allison and his dad knew what they were getting into when she posed for that website, Jeff still felt bad about the images getting spread around the school.

He considered talking to his dad about it. Greg was an influential man, and a brief discussion with Jesse's father might end it right there. But that might bring up questions, and the last thing Jeff wanted was for his father to discover that Allison had been viewing internet porn with him.

In the end, he had only one choice. He would have to talk to Allison about it. He wasn't sure what she could do about it, but he had never seen her fail at anything when she put her mind to it.

When he arrived home from school, he found Allison in the kitchen preparing supper. He approached her nervously, wondering how he should begin.

"Allison, I need your help," said Jeff, figuring the direct approach to be the best. "My friend Jesse stumbled across that website you showed me. You know, the one with nude pictures of you."

"I hope he liked what he saw," she simply smiled. Just as Jeff suspected, it didn't bother her in the least.

"He tried to sell me the pictures."

"You didn't accept, did you? You already have copies."

"That's just what I told him. But you don't understand. He said if I didn't pay, he would auction them off to the highest bidder."

Allison shrugged. "Let me know what he earns. I'm kind of curious to know what my body is worth to teenage boys these days."

"Allison, you're not listening. Jesse is going to spread those pictures around, among the boys at school. I know that doesn't bother you, but think of Dad. Think of his reputation."

She nodded. "Okay, you have a good point. Greg and I discussed it when we took those pictures, and although we hoped they would never be seen by anyone we know, we knew it was a risk. Still, that doesn't mean I just have to accept it. You're right; it's probably better if we nip it in the bud right now."

Jeff sighed. She finally understood.

"So Jesse's got nude photos of me," she said calmly. "Jesse's which of your friends? Not the one with the little sister."

"No, that's Rick. Jesse's the one with the perverted grin on his face all the time."

"Oh yes. Him. I'm not surprised he's the one who found those pictures. So how much did he want for them?"

"Five bucks each."

"And how many pictures did he have?"

"I don't know. Twenty or thirty, I would guess."

"Pocket change. It would be easy enough to pay him off, but that's not the point. We can't let a blackmailer profit, can we?" she said with a grin.

"I'm glad you see things my way," said Jeff.

"And I'm glad you feel protective enough toward me that that *is* your way," she replied. Jeff felt much better; she always knew just the right things to say. That was one thing he loved about her, that she was always quick to give compliments like that.

"So let's think this through," she continued. "He has power over us because we want to keep those pictures private more than we want the money he's asking for them. He'll keep those pictures private as long as we offer him something worth more to him than exposing them. This is just basic economics."

"But whether it's money or something else that we offer, he still comes out ahead."

"With the current status quo, yes. So we just have to change the status quo."

"How?"

Allison sat and pondered for a moment. Then a grin spread across her features. Suddenly, Jeff had a feeling that this would all turn out all right after all.

"I'd like to have a talk with this friend of yours," she said. "Let me get him alone for ten minutes and I'm sure I can convince him not to sell those pictures."

Jeff stared at her. He wasn't sure what she meant, but it sounded kind of suspicious. "You're not going to...?"

"Kill him?" asked Allison jokingly.

Jeff couldn't help but laugh at the absurd suggestion. "No, I meant--"

"I know what you meant. I was just kidding. If you thought I was talking about sex, don't worry. Our goal here is to keep him from profiting from blackmailing us, after all. If I had sex with him, I'd call that profiting."

"So what did you have in mind?"

She smiled. "I'm glad you asked," she said.

The next day at school, Jeff immediately sought out his friend. He felt much better about the whole situation now that Allison had it under control. When she had explained her plan yesterday, he realized that it was the perfect solution to the problem.

When he found Jesse, the two of them ducked into a deserted corner of the hallway.

"So do you have the money?" asked Jesse.

"No," Jeff replied.

"Well then, what are we standing here talking about? I've got some deals to make."

"Just wait a minute," Jeff insisted. "You haven't heard what I'm offering instead."

"What are you offering?"

"You give me the pictures and promise to never pull this kind of stunt again, and I'll arrange a one-on-one photoshoot with you and Allison."

Jesse's eyes grew wide. "Are you serious?" he asked with delight.

"Do you have a camera?"

"Well yes, but..."

"Come home with me after school tomorrow. Bring your camera. Allison's dying to meet you. The truth is, when I told her that you had seen those pictures, she was flattered that you enjoyed them so much."

"Really?"

"Absolutely. Brit and I will stay out of the way so that Allison and you can be alone together to take the photos. In exchange, you never try to sell pictures of Allison again. What do you say?"

"You're not kidding me, right? I mean, when you say it's a one-on-one photoshoot..."

"Allison will be nude. There. I've said it. Now are you satisfied?"

"It's a deal!" Jesse said with excitement in his eyes. Jeff took his hand and they shook on it.

That afternoon, Jeff told Allison that Jesse had taken the bait. Now it was just a matter of putting the plan into action. He also said that he had had to promise Jesse that she would be nude, but she didn't have a problem with that.

Now they just had to find a location for the so-called "photoshoot." After discussing various rooms in the house, they decided that Brit's art studio would afford the most privacy. That meant they had to explain the plan to Brit, who was more than happy to lend the studio to them for their nefarious purpose.

Before Greg arrived home, the three of them disassembled the bed in the spare room and hauled it out back to the studio, reassembling it in place. That put the finishing touches on the plan, so now all they had to do was put it into action.

All through the next day at school, Jesse could hardly concentrate. He had brought his camera like Jeff had told him, and now it was just a matter of getting through the day so that he could go home with Jeff and take some nude pictures of his stepmom. Allison was even more gorgeous than his science teacher, Miss Walker, and that was saying something.

When the last bell rang, he literally hopped up out of his seat and hurried out the door to find Jeff. As soon as they met, they headed out to the bus and boarded it, taking a seat next to Jeff's little sister. Brit was kind of a cutie, just starting to fill out. She would probably have a nice set of tits one day. Already she had pretty little lips that he would just love to feel wrapped around his cock.

That was just a fantasy, though. Little girls like Jeff's sister Brit and Rick's sister Amy might be cute, but they tended to have big brothers who felt annoyingly protective. And it seemed that the older they got, the more protective they felt. Even boys like Jeff and Rick, who used to hate their sisters, now seemed to get along all too well with them.

But there was always Allison. He was going to take some private photos of her, but he wondered if that would be the extent of the activities. Certainly Jeff had mentioned no real limits to what would happen. Maybe, just maybe, Allison would let Jesse fuck her.

He found himself grinning like an idiot at the thought. Jeff glanced over at him and rolled his eyes, but Jesse didn't care. Even if he just got to see Allison naked, it would be worth it.

When the bus stopped at the top of the hill at the gates of the Primdale mansion, Jesse immediately stood up and headed for the exit. He couldn't wait to finally be introduced to Allison.

Jeff led him to the front door and opened it, and the three of them stepped inside. Brit excused herself and scampered up the stairs. Jesse glanced around looking for Allison, and a moment later he spied her at the far end of the hall, emerging from her bedroom. She wore a fashionable blouse and skirt, both of which emphasized her figure in the most alluring way. She had her hair immaculately arranged and a light touch of makeup that emphasized her blue eyes. Like this, she looked glamorous and stunning, and he found himself staring.

She approached him with a friendly smile.

"So this is Jesse," Allison smiled. "Jeff's told me all about you."

"What did he say about me?"

"Mainly that you're a pervert with all kinds of naughty fantasies. And that you like to look at pictures of naked women."

"Oh," said Jesse, growing red.

"And I just happen to be a woman who likes to pose naked for pictures," she added. "I think you and I are going to get along just fine."

He couldn't help but grin stupidly at her comment. If she were any more sexy, he was liable to start drooling.

"Let's have a look at you," said Allison. She stepped forward and put her hands on his shoulders. "Young, handsome, charming," she remarked with a smile. She stepped to the side, running her hand over his chest as she maneuvered around behind him. "Broad shoulders, muscular chest." Then she reached down and pinched his rear.

"Hey!" he exclaimed, jumping at the contact.

"And a cute little butt," she giggled. "You know, I think I'm going to enjoy myself. The thought of being exposed to your eyes is... well... Jeff, be a dear and see that we're not disturbed. Keep Brit in the house. I have a feeling that Jesse and I are going to end up doing a little more than just taking a few naughty pictures."

"All right, it's all settled then," said Jeff. "You two have fun. Jesse, I expect to have those photos in my hand after you finish."

"Absolutely," Jesse grinned.

"Come on," said Allison, taking his hand. "Let's go out back to the guest house."

She led him down the hall, out the sliding glass door at the back, down the stairs to the pool deck, then across the lawn to the guest house. She opened the door and brought him inside. Jesse stared around at all of the pictures hanging on the walls, the lamps and backdrop against the walls, the office at the far end, and the bed right in the middle of the floor.

"So what do you think?" asked Allison.

"Wow! This is a guest house?" asked Jesse.

"Yes. Jeff converted it into an art studio for Brit last year. She's quite the artist. Her specialty is drawing, but lately she's been branching out into photography. Speaking of which, do you have your camera?"

Jesse held it out to her, and she took it and set it on the counter.

"Actually, I'm in the mood for something else right now," she told him.

His eyes went wide. Did she really mean...?

"Normally we don't have a bed here in the studio, but I thought, under the circumstances, it might be convenient," she winked.

"Oh my god," he gasped.

She laughed. "You know, you're a little tense," she said. "Why don't you let me help you relax?" She took his hand and led him over to the bed. They both sat down on it, then she had him turn to the side. A moment later he sighed as she began to massage his shoulders.

"Yes, very tense," she commented. "Let me help you relax." She climbed onto the bed behind him, then he felt her pressing her body up against his back. She was amazingly soft and warm. Allison slipped her arms around him and embraced him for a moment.

"Take off your shirt," she whispered in his ear, then drew back.

Enthusiastically, Jesse hurried and removed it. Allison then ran her hands over his back, rubbing him gently. "Very nice," she commented. "Do you work out?"

"A little," he replied.

"I can tell. Yes, I'm really going to enjoy myself."

"But are you...?" he said.

"Am I what?"

"Are you going to undress?"

"My, you are an impatient one. Maybe one day you'll learn that some things shouldn't be rushed. Never mind that though. You're young, virile, and full of energy, so I guess I can humor you."

She got off the bed and stood in front of him. He continued to stare at her with admiration and lust. His heart started pounding in his chest as she unbuttoned her blouse. When she slipped it off her shoulders, he nearly had a heart attack. She had the most beautiful chest he had ever seen. Even covered by her bra, he could tell that she had great big tits, and he felt a nearly overwhelming urge to reach out and grab them.

As his hands came up, though, she swatted them away with a laugh. "Consider this your first lesson in patience," she told him. "For the moment at least, you can look but don't touch."

"I can't help myself," he grinned.

"Oh yes you can, unless you want to end it right now."

"Okay, fine. But there's a limit to my patience."

"Don't worry. If you just bear with me for a while, I'll make sure this is an afternoon you'll never forget." She turned away from him, then reached back to her bra strap. Jesse's eyes grew even wider as he realized what she was doing. Now he literally started to drool; a drop of saliva escaped his mouth and landed on his chest.

He quickly wiped it away while she faced away from him.

She finished unclasp the strap, then slid the garment off of her. Throwing her arms over her chest, she turned her head to the side to look at him out of the corner of her eye, and gave him a wink.

He was shivering with anticipation now, trembling with excitement as she turned around, her arms still demurely covering her bare torso. She wore a grin on her face, but not one of embarrassment, but of fun and adventure.

"Don't tease me like that, Allison," he pleaded. "Come on. Let me see you."

She nodded toward his pants. "You first," she smiled.

"What?"

"Take them off."

"You want me to get naked too?" he asked.

"It's going to be hard to do what I have in mind if you don't," she replied.

With that motivation, he kicked off his shoes, then hurriedly unzipped his pants and lowered them to the ground. He then proceeded to remove his socks, but balked at taking off his briefs. The tent in his shorts was pretty obvious, but he didn't think Allison would mind.

"What about the rest?" she asked.

But he wasn't going to give in so easily. "First you have to uncover yourself," he demanded.

"A little pushy, aren't we?" she laughed. "Very well. Take a good look."

She then spread her arms wide, giving him a wonderful view of her bare chest. He stared in erotic rapture at her tits, the most perfect pair he had ever seen, and that included all of the porn he looked at. No doubt about it, Allison was a sex goddess. And to think that he was about to fuck her!

"Now let's see the rest of you," she said, lowering her hands to her sides. At least she didn't try to cover up again.

Now that he had had a glimpse of paradise, he was eager to get on with the rest. So he slipped his underwear down and off, exposing his cock to her view.

"Well now, that's quite a package you've got there," she remarked. "It gives me all kinds of kinky ideas. But first, I suppose you want to see the rest of me."

"Hell yes!" he exclaimed with delight.

Allison unfastened her skirt, then let it slip to the ground. Jesse stared at her body, now clad only in a pair of French cut silk panties, and long stockings held up by a pair of garters. Allison stepped forward, put one of her legs up on the bed next to him, and removed the garter. He watched in eager anticipation as she slowly and teasingly rolled down her stocking, finally pulling it off of her foot and discarding it. Then she put the other leg on the bed and repeated the action.

That left only her panties, the last vestige of her modesty. She could have just sat on the bed and removed them right there, but she actually stood in front of him, slipped her thumbs into the sides, and with one quick motion, dropped them to the floor, exposing her beautiful, hairless pussy.

"Oh my god," he breathed, staring between her legs. He thought he had never seen anything so beautiful in his entire life.

"I'll take that as a compliment," she smiled.

"It is!" he exclaimed. "How did an old guy like Greg Primdale end up with a gorgeous woman like you?"

"Luck," she shrugged. "Besides, I happen to adore my husband."

"But you're still here nude in front of me," said Jesse.

"Well, you didn't exactly give me any choice."

"No I didn't," he grinned.

"Well, since I'm here, I might as well enjoy it. Do you want to try something kinky?"

"Like what?"

She turned and headed over to the counter. She opened a drawer and withdrew four pairs of handcuffs. His mouth dropped open as he realized what she was planning.

"You want me to chain you up?" he asked.

"No, I want to chain *you* up," she answered.

"I don't know..."

"Look, if I'm the one in handcuffs, that means you get to toy with my body. But just think how much nicer it will feel if *you're* the one being toyed with."

"Well, since you put it that way," he grinned, "I'm in."

"I was hoping you would say that," she smiled. "Now lie down. I'll take good care of you."

Jesse climbed onto the bed and lay back. Allison had him spread his arms and legs toward the four bedposts, then she took the handcuffs and locked him in. He shivered with anticipation at what was about to happen.

"Comfortable?" she asked.

"I'll be a lot more comfortable once you start 'toying' with me," he said with an eager grin.

"Oh, I'm already toying with you," she replied. "In fact, I've been toying with you since you arrived at the house."

"What do you mean?" he asked, confused.

Allison walked over to the desk, opened a drawer, and pulled out a camera.

"Say cheese," she laughed, snapping a quick picture of him.

"Hey!" he exclaimed, growing red. "What are you doing?"

"Exactly what we agreed. Taking pictures."

His eyes opened wide with shock. She couldn't mean...

"But this isn't what I agreed to!" he exclaimed. Allison walked over and started snapping photographs of him. She smiled as she did so, ignoring his protests.

"Oh, these are perfect," she commented. "I wonder how much I can get for each of these. I'll bet there are a lot of girls in the school who would love to see them."

"But you lied to me!" Jesse exclaimed. "This whole thing was a setup."

"Think again," she replied, continuing to take the pictures. She moved around the bed, getting him from multiple angles. "Jeff and I have honored our part of the deal perfectly. Nothing we told you was a lie. True, we deliberately misled you, but we delivered exactly what we said we would. Jeff arranged a one-on-one photoshoot with you and me. We just didn't tell you that you're the model and I'm the photographer. So now you still have to deliver on your promise not to sell those pictures."

"Fine. But I said nothing about giving them away for free. And after the way you've treated me--"

"You're right. But I've said nothing about giving these pictures away for free either. You spread my pictures around school, and I'll spread yours around. I'm sure Kari Williams would love to give copies to all of her friends. You know, the popular girls."

"You wouldn't dare!" he gasped.

Allison ignored him, continuing to photograph him. She had probably a couple of dozen pictures by the time

she finished, to his embarrassment and horror. Eventually she grew bored with it and lowered the camera.

"Or we can both agree to keep all of these pictures to ourselves," she said. "Cheer up. You still get to keep the photos from the website, and you got to see me nude after all. It wasn't a total loss."

"Okay, fine," he grumbled. "Now will you unlock me?"

"In a moment. As soon as I upload these pictures to the internet."

"What? You mean--"

"Don't worry. I'm just talking about an online backup. No one can get to them without the password, and I'm the only one who has the password. I'll even encrypt them before I upload them, so there's no chance anyone will get their hands on them without my permission. I just want to make sure you can't just grab the memory card as soon as I release you and erase the pictures."

She sat down behind the desk at the far end of the room and turned on the computer. She attached the camera, and spent a few minutes downloading the photos. Jesse scowled at her as she worked, but she paid him no mind. Finally, after she finished her work, she removed the camera and shut down the computer.

"Oh, don't be mad at me, Jesse," she smiled, seeing the scowl on his face. "I like you. I really do. You're just a typical horny teenage boy. Okay, maybe you're slightly more horny than average, but I can't really fault you for that. You made a mistake in trying to blackmail Jeff and me, but there was no harm done in the end, so we might as well put it behind us. Look, I have no intention of showing these pictures to anyone. I'm just keeping them safe in case you do something stupid, like show my pictures to others at school. I'd rather be your friend than your enemy, but I can't do that if you're going to try to get me in trouble, or extort money out of my stepson. So what's it going to be?"

"Okay, fine," he grumbled. "Do you mind releasing me now?"

Allison grabbed the key out of the drawer, then walked over to the bed and unfastened the cuffs. Jesse sat up, still glaring at her.

She laughed then, sitting down on the bed next to him. Catching him off his guard, she put an arm around his shoulders. "Seriously, Jesse," she said. "No hard feelings?"

He sighed. "No, I guess not. As long as you don't show anyone those pictures, I guess it's all right. You won't tell Jeff, will you?"

"Too late for that," she grinned. "He's already in on the secret."

Jesse groaned.

"Don't worry," said Allison. "I made him promise not to tell anyone, or to tease you about it. As far as anyone's concerned, it never happened. Although, I might get out those pictures sometimes when I'm alone

and look at them. A little fantasizing never hurt anyone after all."

"You don't have to fantasize!" he said eagerly. "You can have the real thing any time you want."

"I appreciate the offer, but I'm a married woman. If it helps, you're welcome to look at the photos you downloaded and fantasize about me too."

"Yeah, it will help," he chuckled. She was being so nice to him, he couldn't help but feel much better about the whole thing.

"Good. Now get dressed. I told Brit I would only torment you for a few minutes, then she could have her studio back."

"You mean Brit's in on it too?" he groaned. He knew just how much of a tease Jeff's little sister was. If she knew it, then likely Crystal Williams would know it soon, and then Kari, and then the whole school.

"Yes, but don't worry. I don't plan to let her see those pictures, unless you make me really mad. And she's sworn to secrecy about this whole thing."

He sighed. It looked like they really had him beat. Stripped, punished, and humiliated, he had literally been laid bare, with only a promise from Allison to keep all the world from seeing him.

As he stared at her, for the first time he saw beyond just her face and body, and realized that she was a remarkable woman. Instead of pleading with him not to release the photos, or giving in and buying them from him, she had taken control, using his own horny desires against him. Yet in the end, she had laid all his fears to rest and he didn't feel so bad about it after all. If this was what it meant to lose, he didn't mind losing to a woman like Allison. Not that he would ever pull a stunt like this again. He had learned his lesson. Never again would he tangle with Allison Primdale.

Chapter 77

Discovery

Jeff sat in front of his computer, his pants around his ankles and his little sister sitting on his lap. She also had her pants pulled down, and Jeff fingered her sweet little pussy. His cock stuck up between her legs where she could take it with her hands and play with it. She loved to find new ways to get reactions out of Jeff by fondling him there, and tonight she had discovered a great one. By grasping it tightly with one hand and running the nail of her index finger on the other hand lightly over the head, she had him squirming all over his seat.

Lately this kind of sex play was their favorite pastime. Usually accompanied by browsing for porn on the computer, it was one of the best experiences in the world for Jeff. With their father in the house, they had to be able to dress at a moment's notice in case he called them, plus they couldn't afford to make a mess that they would have to clean up, so sex was right out. So to keep things clean (and because she enjoyed it so much), as soon as Jeff got near an orgasm, she always knelt down in front of him and took it down her throat.

Tonight, they stimulated each other to the pictures they had taken of the two of them in the shower, the first time they had brought each other to climax. Now that he had gotten over his initial moral hangups about it, he could look back on the event with fondness, recognizing it as one of the most erotic things he had ever experienced.

He often found himself impatient for the summer to begin, especially now in the middle of winter. It would mean long days without school but Greg still gone to work, leaving Jeff alone in the house with his sisters. Lissa would be home for the summer, but she wouldn't get in the way of Jeff's and Brit's fun. In fact, she would probably want to join in. Throw Kari, Crystal, and Allison into the mix, and Jeff would be in heaven. He wondered if he could convince Allison to invite Rachael over this summer.

But that was over four months away. During these cold days with everyone cooped up in the house, he had to make do with what he had, a few moments alone in his room with his little sister. Still, this sex play, though not as good as the real thing, certainly felt nice as well. Besides, if they were quiet they also had tonight after everyone went to bed.

He was starting to moan a little too loudly, so Brit backed off a bit. The last thing they needed was to have their father get suspicious and come to see what they were up to. It wasn't all that dangerous; Allison would likely come up and warn them first, but they didn't want to push their luck. Brit reduced her stimulation of his cock to a gentle stroking while Jeff massaged her breasts and kissed her tenderly on the neck and shoulders.

He loved the taste of her, if it could be called that. It wasn't so much any particular flavor as just the warmth and softness of her skin on his lips. Kissing her felt so pleasant, he could just do it for hours if no one interrupted him. Of course, Brit liked to kiss him back just as much, if not more.

They cuddled like that for a few minutes, just having fun being near each other. While they certainly enjoyed sex together, they both agreed that most of that was due to the intimacy and closeness of their bodies. When they slept together, even if there was no chance of getting caught, they didn't necessarily make love; often they just held each other, maybe kissed a little, and then dropped off to sleep in peaceful contentment.

They heard someone knock at the bedroom door, and immediately froze. "Jeff, Kari's on the phone for you," they heard Allison's voice say on the other end, and the children relaxed. There was really no need to worry after all. For one thing, the door was locked, for another, even if it weren't, if Allison peeked in she would probably ignore what they were doing, or at worst give them a warning about carrying on like that with their father home.

"Okay, I'll be down in a second," he responded.

"And Brit," said Allison, "I could really use your help in the kitchen. I'm in the mood for a pie for dessert tonight, and it would go a lot quicker if there were two of us making it."

"Yummy!" Brit replied, her usual response to anything having to do with food. Brit hopped off of her brother's lap, then the two of them pulled up their pants. Jeff turned off the screen but left the computer on; since neither he nor Brit had gotten off yet, they would no doubt want to continue the fun later. He followed his little sister to the bedroom door and met Allison outside. Suddenly, she put her hand to Jeff's crotch and gave a squeeze, no doubt feeling his subsiding erection.

"Just as I suspected," Allison grinned, giving him a wink. The three of them laughed, then headed down the stairs.

As the girls made their way through the dining room to the kitchen, Jeff reached for the phone.

"Hi, Kari," he said as soon as he lifted the receiver to his ear. "What's up?"

"Hi, Jeff," replied Kari. "I was wondering if you could do me a favor? I left my math book at school, and I need it to do my homework."

"Well I've got mine. Do you want me to bring it over and we can work on our homework together? I could bring Brit over to 'study' with Crystal too."

"I'd like to, but my dad's taking Crystal and me out to dinner tonight. I just need you to read off the problems on page 218 so I can copy them down."

"Sure," he replied. "Um, Dad?" he called.

Greg peeked out from the living room.

"Could you run upstairs and bring me my math book from my backpack?" Jeff requested. "It should be sitting near my bed."

"Sure thing," Greg smiled, then headed up the stairs.

"My dad's on top of it," Jeff told Kari. "You know, you're really getting into this whole math thing ever since Allison tutored you."

"I guess it's just exciting to suddenly understand it all when I had been completely in the dark for so long. And there's a certain satisfaction in knowing that I'm not dumb after all."

"No one ever said you were dumb."

"So how are you and Brit getting along?" asked Kari.

"Just great. You should have seen us earlier tonight."

"Oh yeah?" asked Kari, and Jeff could sense the excitement in her voice. "What did you do?"

"I'm sorry, but I cannot reveal that over an insecure line," Jeff teased.

"Yes, the anti-fun police might discover that you two aren't fighting any more."

"Oh, my dad already knows all about us not fighting. It's the rest I'm worried about."

"You're dad's not that bad," Kari said. "He's certainly not anti-fun. He took us all camping last summer, after all."

"Yes, but lately I've felt guilty because I've looked forward to the times that he's out of the house so that... well, so that we can have a little privacy," he said, lowering his voice.

"It's okay. You're a teenager. All teenagers go through a temporary phase where they don't enjoy spending time with their parents. Allison doesn't count, of course."

"Of course," Jeff laughed. "You and your dad seem to get along, though."

"Well, sometimes I'm just as eager to get rid of him as you are of yours. Mostly when you're over here visiting, although sometimes I wouldn't mind some time alone with my little sister."

"I know exactly how you feel. So anyway--"

He cut off suddenly as he saw Greg storming down the stairs, rage on his face. There was something terrifying in that look; he rarely lost his temper like that. Even when his ex-wife had run off with another man, the anger was more subdued.

"Get off the phone!" he yelled at Jeff.

Jeff stared at him in shock for a second. "Um... Kari, I'll have to call you back. My dad's angry about

something."

"No problem. I'll talk to you later."

"Bye." He hung up the phone, then turned to face his father, who grabbed him by the collar, taking him completely by surprise.

"What are you doing?" Jeff demanded, startled and not a little fearful.

"Brit, get in here NOW!" Greg roared.

A few seconds later, Brit and Allison appeared in the dining room doorway, staring at Greg in surprise.

"You fucked your sister?" Greg shouted in Jeff's face.

"What?" asked Jeff, stunned to hear that kind of language coming from his father, who had always insisted on civil tones and proper vocabulary.

"I just saw those pictures of you two in the shower!" Greg said. "I asked you if you fucked your sister?"

Jeff could hear Britney start to cry, and she even dashed into the living room and sat down on the couch, burying her face in the arm. Jeff was too afraid for his own life. It was all over. If his father had seen those pictures, there could be no denying it. He would have to face the consequences.

Then another feeling began to grow in him, not shame or guilt or fear, but anger. Jeff was going to be punished for the same thing his father had done! It wasn't fair! And worse yet, Brit might receive the same treatment. He could face the punishment himself, because he had earned it. But he would be damned if he would let Greg do the same to Brit!

With strength he didn't know he possessed, he shoved his father away from him. "Go to hell!" he shouted.

"Jeff!" Allison exclaimed, but it was far too late to defuse the situation.

Jeff sat down on the couch and put his arms around his little sister. She buried her head in his shoulder and sobbed.

"Don't you touch my daughter, you filthy pervert!" Greg roared, reaching for him.

"Greg, dear, I think we need to talk about this," Allison said calmly.

"It's too late for talk! I'm going to tan his hide!"

Jeff stood up. "Go ahead," he said stubbornly. "Do what you want, because I earned it. And to answer your question, yes, I fucked Brit. And yes, I'm going to keep fucking her. But while you're punishing me, just remember that you're just as guilty as I am."

"Why you little--"

"Because I've seen certain pictures as well."

That stopped Greg in his tracks. Allison gasped, putting a hand over her mouth. Greg opened his mouth as if to say something, but no words came out.

Now Jeff had him. In an instant, he had claimed control. Now he had to make sure he kept it.

"I don't know if I've seen *all* the pictures," he continued, "but I've seen enough. Remember your little sailing trip you took last summer?"

"What were you doing on my computer?"

"Finding photos of Hawaii for a report Brit had to do for school. Don't worry. We didn't use *those* pictures. But that's beside the point. You're mad because I've been sleeping with your daughter. Well, what do you call Lissa giving you a blowjob?"

Pale and trembling, Greg sat down in the nearest chair. "Oh god!" he said, then put his head in his hand. Then he did something Jeff had never seen him do. He began to cry. "You're right!" he sobbed. "I'm a horrible father. I'm just a sick, perverted bastard!"

Seeing her father like this, Brit also began to cry again. Jeff sat down once more and put his arms around her. "It's okay," he soothed. "Everything's going to be okay."

"I'm afraid I have a confession to make," said Allison, a little subdued. "If you're looking for someone to blame, blame me."

Everyone stared at her.

"Geoffrey, for your information, those photos on the sailboat were really just a joke that got out of hand. We were having so much fun that we just crossed the line without thinking about it. I was the one encouraging them every step of the way. They certainly wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been there! And by the way, that last picture you saw was the last time your father ever did anything like that with your sister. He didn't even... Well, let's just say I had to finish him up afterward, and leave it at that. We had always meant to delete those pictures, but we never got around to it. And now we see the consequences.

"And Greg, as for Jeff and Brit, well, I told you I knew right from the beginning that Brit was in love with Jeff. Oh, she didn't come right out and say it, but I think it was obvious to everyone. I'm sorry, Brit, but this is something I have to say. If I were a normal mother, or even stepmother, I would have told her that those feelings were wrong, that they were abnormal. But the truth of the matter is, they're not. Lots of girls develop a temporary crush on their brothers as they're growing up. Most don't do anything about it. I didn't tell her she was evil, or to control herself, or to forget about it. No, I told her to go for it! Rachael and I even did some scheming to help them along."

"But why?" Greg asked.

"Because personally, I don't see anything wrong with it. It was obvious that Brit was starting to be interested in sex, but she's young and inexperienced enough that she would be easy prey for some boy at school. It was better for her first relationship to be with someone who cared about her deeply."

"But her own brother? That's incest!"

"So what? We already know you're not opposed to it in general, just when it doesn't involve you."

"That's not fair."

"Isn't it? Because in a sense, Jeff was right. You did do something sexual with your daughter, even if it was just a joke. That means you're not as appalled by it as you claim, or you wouldn't have posed for those photos with her. So the only question left is what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," Greg mumbled.

"Jeff, Brit, would you two please go upstairs?" asked Allison. "Your father and I need to talk. Oh, and go to your *separate* bedrooms," she added as an afterthought. "At least until I get this straightened out with him."

Still a little frightened, the children hurried up the stairs. Before separating, Jeff took Brit in his arms and gave her a hug. "Everything's going to turn out all right," he reassured her.

"But Dad--" she began.

"Don't you worry about Dad. Allison is fixing thing with him. And what she doesn't fix, I will. I promise."

Brit nodded, then the two of them released each other. Jeff watched her head down the hall until she disappeared into her bedroom, then he entered his own and lay down on the bed, staring up at the ceiling.

Actually, now that he thought about it, he felt a certain relief. He hated lying to his father, he hated sneaking around behind his back, he hated wishing his father would leave the house so that Jeff could be alone with Brit. Although he knew things were likely to come to an end between his sister and him, he no longer had to worry about keeping things secret any more.

But he also dreaded what the future would hold. No doubt Greg would lay down the law, and the children would no longer be able to continue their relationship. He hated to give up Brit, and for a moment he had a fleeting thought of running away with her. But no, that wouldn't solve anything. He had no way to take care of her, no prospects for a job or a place to live. Like it or not, they were stuck here in this house, and that meant living by their father's rules.

It was at least half an hour later when there came a knock on the door. Allison entered, followed by Brit.

"Have a seat, Brit," Allison told her, and she sat down on the bed next to Jeff.

"All right," Allison began. "Your father is not going to punish you," she announced, "because he understands that this is partly his fault. But he insists that this relationship has to end."

"What?" exclaimed Brit.

"This shouldn't come as any surprise; you know how prudish your father can be. Me, I have no problem with it, but I have to respect his wishes in this. So now you have a choice. You can either promise not to have sex with each other any more, or if you have any doubts about your ability to keep that promise, we make some rules here that you two will never be alone together again. So which one will it be?"

Jeff glanced over at Brit. She looked extremely disappointed. He felt the same way; these past few months had been absolutely wonderful. He had never felt happier in his life. Now it was all ending.

"Jeff, this shouldn't be too much of a choice for you," Allison said. "You've got a girlfriend that likes to screw, so you can get all the sex you want. Brit, you on the other hand have a more difficult choice. In the absence of a boyfriend, you're really giving up sex completely. At least, sex with a boy. Greg still doesn't know about Crystal and you, and I think it's better that it stay that way for the time being. The question is whether you'll be able to control yourself around Jeff?"

"I think I can keep her under control," Jeff offered.

"No, I don't think you can. I've never met a man yet who could control his own urges when a hot girl wants him that badly, much less control the girl. So Brit, it's up to you. What do you say?"

"Oh, all right. I promise not to have sex with him."

Allison smiled. "I was hoping you would say that. I would hate to have to chaperone you all the time, because there are plenty of things you can do to enjoy each other's company without sex.

"Oh, and one more thing," she said. "Your father's downstairs deleting those photos off of his computer. He insists that you do the same. There are to be no nude photos of any member of this family on any computer in the house. Is that clear?"

"Yes," said Jeff.

"Good. Now I'm sure you two need a few minutes alone, so I'll leave you here to talk. *Just* talk, do you understand?"

They both nodded. Allison stood and headed for the door. Just before opening it, she turned back around. "By the way, Jeff, did I ever explain to you the first rule of using computers?"

"If all else fails, check the power cord?"

"No, that's the second rule. The first rule is to always keep good backups." She winked, then opened the door and stepped out into the hall.

"What did she mean by that?" asked Brit.

"It means that before I delete the pictures, I should back them up," he grinned.

He would take care of that later. Right now he needed to have a talk with his sister. He motioned for her to come over and sit on his lap, which she did without hesitation. She lay against his chest, the top of her head nestled up under his chin. He felt her heart beating rapidly, and knew that she was still a little frightened.

"It's okay, Brit," he told her soothingly.

"I don't think I've ever seen Daddy so mad before," said Brit. "It was scary."

"I know, but do you want to know why he was mad?"

"Why?"

"Because he would do anything to see that we didn't get hurt, and then he thought that we were hurting ourselves."

"I don't understand."

"I know. But you know how Dad is. Anything remotely resembling sex is bad for us, in his eyes. So when he saw those pictures, he thought we were doing things that would ruin our lives."

"I'm still confused."

"Look. If I saw you about to jump off a cliff, do you think I would stop you?"

"I know you would."

"Why?"

"Because you love me."

"Right. Do you think Dad would do the same?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

"Because he loves me too."

"And do you think that he might yell at you, or lecture you about it afterward?"

"Probably."

"All right, to Dad, what we did is the equivalent of jumping off of a cliff. That's why he was so angry."

Brit stared down at the floor for a minute, thinking about what he had told her.

"I suppose that makes sense," she said.

"Good. Just remember, Dad loves us. He wouldn't get mad if it wasn't for our own benefit."

Brit stared at him for a second, then stood up.

"Where are you going?" asked Jeff.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," she replied. "I just... I just need to hear it from him."

Greg and Allison sat in silence in their bedroom, both lost in thought. Everything that needed to be said had already been said, and now they needed time to think things through. Greg held a book in his hand, reading the same page over and over again without understanding the words, while Allison typed away on her laptop computer.

Greg felt deeply hurt by what had been going on with his children. Worse than that, he felt that the whole thing was his own fault. For one brief moment he had let down his guard, throwing away all the morality and virtue that he had tried to instill in his children, and by doing so he had exposed them to all the vile things of the world. How could he blame them when he had set the example?

Of course, Allison insisted on blaming herself, claiming that she had been the one to instigate things in both cases. While technically true, he had committed the act himself, and had to take the responsibility for it. That was why he had agreed not to be angry any more with Jeff or Brit, or even with Allison herself. This whole thing was his own damn fault.

Worse than that, though, was the thought of how much harm had come to his children. Jeff could take care of himself; he was probably bragging about the relationship to his friends at school, not a pleasant thought. But Brit was only on the verge of turning fourteen. She was still a little girl.

No, he could no longer think of her like that. The naked pictures of her in the shower showed him just how much of a woman she really was. When he saw Jeff and Brit there, groping and fondling each other, it had enraged him, partly because it ruined his belief in Britney's innocence, but when he was honest with himself, it was also partly because he was jealous.

It wasn't that he entertained any fantasies about seducing her in the shower like Jeff had. Admittedly, he could see from the pictures that she had a very nice body, and he had always thought her face was beautiful in that childlike way. But she had always been his little girl, his little angel. Now there was a closeness between Jeff and her that Greg would never share. In that sense, Jeff had taken her away from him. She loved

Jeff the way she would never love Greg.

Maybe it was because he had so recently lost Lissa. To have Lissa no longer living here was a sad thought, though also a happy one in knowing that she was grown up and moving on with her life, but he took comfort in knowing that he still had his other little girl to care for. Now even that was taken from him.

There came a knock at the door.

"Come in," Greg said.

As if summoned by his thoughts of her, Brit timidly opened the door and stepped into the room. Her eyes were still red and puffy from when she had been crying earlier in the evening, and she had a worried, almost fearful look on her face.

"Daddy, can I talk to you alone for a minute?" she asked, glancing at Allison.

"I think I'll go make supper," Allison offered, then slipped quietly out the door. Brit stood there before him, her lower lip trembling and her eyes on the verge of tears.

"What is it, baby?" he asked.

"Daddy, I'm so sorry," she blurted out through a half-sob.

All the anger he had felt suddenly melted away, and his heart went out to her. He held out his arms, and she climbed onto his lap and collapsed against his chest, her head resting on his shoulder. He wrapped his arms around her in a tender embrace, hugging her tightly to him. She broke down in tears again, soaking his shirt with moisture.

"It's all right," he soothed. "You're still my little angel."

"But that's just it!" she said. "I don't feel like an angel anymore. When I think of what I've done... what you must think of me, Daddy... You must hate me."

"Of course I don't hate you! Whatever gave you that impression?"

"Because I know how much you want me to be good, and I let you down."

"I want you to be good because I don't want to see you get hurt."

"But I wasn't being hurt."

"I know it's hard for you to understand right now, but some things can hurt you without you realizing it for months, or even years. You have to trust me on this, okay, baby?"

"I trust you, Daddy," she said, wiping away her tears.

"That's a good girl. Remember, whatever you do I'll always love you. I just want to see you happy."

"Really? You'll always love me, Daddy?"

"What kind of a question is that? Of course I'll always love you. I wouldn't lie to you."

"Promise?"

"Promise what?"

Promise me you won't ever lie to me?"

"I promise I won't ever lie to you, Angel."

With that, she lay her head back down on his shoulder and hugged him even tighter. At that moment, she could have asked him to promise to shoot himself in the head, and he would have done so willingly.

Then she glanced up at him again. "Daddy, can I ask you one more favor?"

"What's that?"

"Don't be mad at Jeff. It wasn't his fault. I'm the one who got it into my head that I wanted to... be with him. He was hesitant the whole time, though. He didn't want to see me hurt any more than you do. In fact, he was a complete gentleman about it."

"Allison explained the whole thing to me, at least as much as she knew about. And the rest, I don't want to know. So I'm not going to be mad any more, at either of you two. As long as you don't ever do this again. Okay?"

"Okay," she said. "I love you, Daddy." The fear and uncertainty had disappeared from her face, replaced by a smile of contentment. Suddenly she was his little girl again, and he couldn't remember ever loving her more than he did in that one moment. She had made a foolish mistake, but in the end, there was no permanent harm. She was no longer pure, but he found that it didn't bother him as much as he would have expected. As long as she was happy, he was happy.

"That's what I like to see, my angel smiling," he said.

She gave him a quick kiss, then hopped up off of his lap and headed for the door.

Chapter 78

Family Crisis

Jeff stayed in his room the rest of the night. The truth was that he dreaded the inevitable talk that he would have to have with his father the next time he saw him. As Allison suggested, he backed up the pictures and then deleted them from his computer. Then he sat down with a book and tried to read, but found that he just couldn't concentrate.

When Brit crept into his room at bedtime, Jeff shook his head.

"I don't think that's a good idea," he told her.

"But can't I even sleep in your bed any more?" she asked. "Even with our clothes on?"

"Do you realize how bad that would look if Dad walked in on us? I don't want to make things any worse than they are right now. Look, we need to be extra careful right now. Maybe in a few weeks we can reevaluate things, but for right now, I think you ought to sleep in your own bed."

With a disappointed look, Brit nodded, then turned around.

"Brit," said Jeff. "This doesn't change how I feel about you. I still love you."

She nodded again, then disappeared into her own room.

The dreaded confrontation happened the next morning at the breakfast table. Greg and Allison were already sitting there waiting when the children came down for breakfast.

"Good morning," he greeted them with an attempt at a cheerful smile.

"G'morning, Dad," Brit smiled back, but without enthusiasm. Jeff just nodded.

"Look, you two," Greg said immediately. "I've had some time to think about things. We've all made some terrible mistakes, but I think if we work together, we can overcome them."

Jeff didn't want to overcome them, but he had to respect his father's wishes in this, so he merely nodded.

"Nobody's going to get punished, but things will have to change around here," continued Greg. "First of all, I want you two to try to stop being so affectionate with each other."

"You mean I can't sit on Jeff's lap any more?" Brit complained.

"I think that's the first thing that has to stop. And tonight after school we're going to do some rearranging. Jeff, you're going to switch rooms with Lissa. I don't want you two sharing a bathroom any more, because it's too easy for you to sneak into each other's rooms."

Jeff sighed. This really didn't surprise him.

"What about if I get scared at night?" asked Brit. "I love sleeping in Jeff's bed because I'm never frightened with him holding me."

"If you ever get scared, you can come downstairs to Allison and me. We don't mind if you sleep in our bed with us sometimes, do we, Allison?"

"Of course not," Allison smiled.

Brit looked unhappy about that, but at least she didn't try to argue the point.

"Now Jeff," Greg continued. "There's something else you need to think about. Of all the people that have been hurt by this, I think you hurt Kari the most."

"Kari?" he asked, surprised.

"Yes. It's really not fair for you to go behind her back like this."

"Dad--"

"Just hear me out. Kari is a wonderful, sweet girl, and she deserves a man she can trust, not someone who will cheat on her. Now I'm not going to tell her what you did, and I'm not going to make you tell her either. You're not a bad man; you just made a mistake. I do, however, insist that you think about what you've done to her, and decide what you need to do to make things right."

"She already knows," said Jeff.

Now it was Greg's turn to be surprised. "She does?" he asked, astonished.

"Kari's a lot more open-minded than you give her credit for. Not only was she in on it from the beginning, she was in favor of it even before I was. And just for the record, I would *never* cheat on her."

"Oh," said Greg, staring at his son for a few seconds. "Oh," he said again.

"Look, Dad," said Jeff, "everybody in this house knows you've slept with Rachael."

"Jeff!" Greg exclaimed.

"I'm serious, Dad. It's no secret that Allison doesn't mind you having sex with other women. The only two I know for sure are Rachael and those naughty pictures with Lissa, but there may have been others. That's fine; as long as your own wife is okay with it, then I'm okay with it too. I just bring it up because it shouldn't be hard for you to understand that Kari's no more the jealous type than Allison is. Maybe with all the time she spent here last summer getting tutored, some of Allison's personality rubbed off on her."

Greg stared at his son for a few seconds. Then as soon as he realized he was staring, he turned his gaze away. "Well then," he said, "I suppose I misjudged you. And her. Okay. So then I'll leave it up to you to tell her that you've broken off your relationship with Brit."

"I'll do that," Jeff nodded.

As soon as he saw Kari at school that morning, he asked her if he could come over to her house that afternoon. She was more than happy to agree, although she could sense that something was bothering him.

That afternoon at her house, he explained the situation to her and Crystal. Both of the girls opened their eyes wide with shock. As he explained how furious their father had been, Kari put a comforting arm around him, sensing that it wasn't easy to talk about it. By the time he was through, he had both girls hugging him.

Crystal asked how Brit was taking it, and Jeff said that so far she was putting on a brave face, but he suspected that it was all for show. Maybe he was still just a little overprotective of his little sister, and maybe he still thought of her as a little girl, but he could sense that it bothered her more than she let on.

When he arrived home that night, Greg immediately set him to work rearranging the bedrooms. No longer would he be permitted to sleep in a room accessible to Brit's without going through the hall. There would be no locking both doors to keep out their parents while the children had full access to each other.

It was a surprisingly quick job, mainly because Jeff had more things on the floor than in the dresser, closet, desk, or other containers. After moving the furniture from both rooms out into the hall, Jeff just gathered up his belongings in armfuls and dumped it on the floor in his new room. Greg was tempted to lecture him about keeping his room clean, but decided that now wasn't the right time.

Over the next couple of weeks, he found himself slipping into a minor depression. Every time he saw Brit, it pained him that he could no longer snuggle with her or sleep in the same bed or hold her on his lap. Sometimes the pain was just too much to bear, and in these times he retreated to his room and didn't want to talk to anyone.

To spare himself the pain, he began to spend more and more time at Kari's house. At least then, Brit's presence wouldn't remind him of what he had so recently lost. Unfortunately, Crystal reminded him of Brit, so even that refuge didn't work so well. Still, it was better than having to look on his little sister's beautiful, loving face, knowing that he could no longer love her the way he wanted.

He wasn't the most sociable person during these times. Kari could usually, with a bit of effort, cheer him up, and after twenty minutes talking and joking and flirting with her, his mood usually improved. Over time though, it took longer and longer to bring him out of his melancholy, which worried both Kari and Crystal.

One thing that almost always worked still was having sex with one or both of them. It was hard to stay depressed while making love to a gorgeous girl, even harder with two of them. Crystal told him that their job was to make him forget all about Brit, but that was a mistake. The problem was that he *didn't* want to forget about her. He wanted to love her like he used to. Forgetting her was just a way to make the pain go away, not a real solution. When Crystal saw how her statement bothered him, she never brought it up again.

Jeff wasn't the only one affected by the change in the family. While Allison and Greg seemed to be over it, Brit was not. Just like Jeff suspected, she hurt inside. Every night when she went to bed, she felt lonely having to sleep by herself. If it was only for one night, she might have been able to bear it, but the thought that she could never sleep with her big brother again made it impossible to stand. On more than one occasion she cried herself to sleep.

When it came right down to it, she just sometimes needed to snuggle with someone strong and caring. Jeff fit both of those qualities, plus he was handsome on top of that. But it really didn't matter what he looked like; he could be the most hideous man in the world, as long as she knew he loved her. He had been so tender and gentle with her, not once trying to take advantage of her. How could she not fall in love with someone like that?

As she lay in bed sobbing one night, she suddenly realized that there was one more person in this house that loved her almost as much as Jeff did, someone she could still love and trust. If she couldn't feel the loving arms of her brother, at least she could get it from her father.

One night, a couple of weeks after the discovery, Brit knocked on the bedroom door as Allison and Greg were just about to go to bed. She came in, looking a little sad and depressed.

"What is it, honey?" he asked her.

"Oh, I was just feeling kind of..."

"Lonely?" Allison suggested, and Brit nodded.

"Do you want to sleep in here with us tonight?" Greg asked. He had hoped to make love to Allison that night, but if Brit needed him, he would make himself available for her.

"Maybe not all night," she said. "I think if I just snuggle with you for a few minutes I'll be all right."

"Of course, Angel," he smiled tenderly. He understood that sometimes girls just needed someone to hold them every once in a while. Actually, now that he thought about it, it wasn't just limited to girls. He felt the

same way sometimes.

The three of them climbed into bed and lay down, with Brit between them. She turned over on her side and lay her head down on his chest. He held her to him, relaxing in the warmth and softness of her body and enjoying her affection. No doubt she still hadn't gotten over Jeff yet, and as long as this mood of hers lasted, Greg was happy to cuddle with her like this.

Allison reached over and gently stroked Brit's hair, causing the girl to sigh. They lay like that for half an hour, saying nothing and not needing to. Suddenly Greg felt fortunate. Brit would turn fourteen in a couple of months, and there weren't too many teenage daughters willing to snuggle with their fathers like this. He would enjoy it for as long as Brit wanted to do it.

She eventually got up and kissed them both, then with a smile she returned to her own room. Greg smiled too, happy that he was able to give a little joy to his daughter that he loved so much.

The next Saturday, he found himself alone with Brit for a few hours. Jeff had gone over to Kari's place, and Allison had to run into town to do some shopping. That suited him just fine; he had been meaning to have a talk with Brit, to find out how she was feeling now that some time had passed since he had discovered her secret. Ever since the talk he had had with her after the incident, his heart had gone out to her. She was still his little girl after all, and he felt that he would be willing to do just about anything for the sake of her happiness.

He would have taken her into his office for a little privacy, but with no one else at home the living room served just as well. He sat down on one of the couches, but instead of taking one of the other chairs or even sitting next to him, she dropped down onto his lap, causing him to chuckle.

"How are you feeling, sweetheart?" he asked her.

"A little better," she said. "I really miss Jeff though."

"I know you do. You're being very brave right now, and I appreciate it. I know things look pretty bleak right now, but I promise you that they're just going to get better over time."

"Thanks, Daddy," she said, hugging him. He wrapped his arms around her and gave her a tight squeeze. The one good thing that had come out of the ordeal, he decided, was that Brit was more affectionate with him. He loved to hold her like this, tenderly and gently, the way a father should. This, at least, was wholesome and beautiful, a tender moment between father and daughter.

She drew back, but kept her hands on his shoulders. He noticed then just how tiny she still was. He had always been a broad-shouldered man, and in comparison his daughter was a small little child. No matter how old she got, he would always think of her as a little girl.

She smiled at him, and he couldn't help but fall in love with that smile.

"I love you, Daddy," she said, kissing him on the cheek.

"I love you too, sweetheart," he replied.

"I love you too, Daddy," she said again, kissing him on the other cheek. He chuckled.

"I love you too, sweetheart," he told her.

"I love you too, Daddy," she repeated, kissing him on the nose.

"I love you too, sweetheart."

"I love you too, Daddy," she repeated, but this time she kissed him on the lips.

It was just a quick peck, but suddenly alarms went off in his head. Images of her sitting on Jeff's lap, playing games just like this, flashed through his mind. What was she doing?

"Is this how you seduced your brother?" he asked without thinking.

Immediately tears welled up in her eyes, and Greg realized he had hurt her. Her lower lip began to tremble.

"How could you, Daddy?" she sobbed, then jumped up off of his lap, and bursting into tears, ran out of the room and upstairs.

Greg felt absolutely horrible at that moment. He had been so callous, bringing that up. To see Brit hurt was bad enough, but to know that he was the one who had done it was the worst feeling in the world.

He stood up and followed her upstairs. At the far end of the hall, he could hear her weeping behind the closed door of her bedroom. He approached it, then knocked on it. She didn't answer, but just continued to cry. Greg opened the door and stepped inside.

Brit lay on her bed, face down and sobbing into her pillow. He pulled up a chair and sat down next to the bed, reaching out to stroke her hair. She immediately pulled away from him, and he withdrew his hand.

He didn't know what to say to her. What could he say that would make it all better? What a heel he had been! Well, he could at least start with an apology.

"I'm sorry," he told her.

She turned her head away from him. "I've been trying so hard!" she said, refusing to look at him. "I've been trying to stay away from Jeff, or even to think of him, because I want you to be happy with me. It's the hardest thing I've ever done. And then you go and throw it all in my face like that! I hate you!"

"Brit, please don't say that," he told her.

"I hate you!" she shouted at him again.

Suddenly he could feel tears in his own eyes. She had found the one thing she could say that could sting him like he had stung her. He put his face in his hands and broke down crying.

She turned around and stared at him, astonished.

"Please, Brit," he sobbed. "Forgive me. You have to understand that grown-ups make mistakes too sometimes. I can't bear the thought that one of my mistakes hurt you."

"Oh, daddy," she said, then sat up and threw her arms around him. "I forgive you." He held her back and continued crying for a few minutes. It was ironic; he had come up here to comfort her, and now he was the one in need of comfort. But feeling her in his arms made it all much better.

Finally he pulled away from her. She had an encouraging smile on her face.

"So do you love me again?" he asked.

She giggled. "I thought I was the one who needed to hear that."

"Trust me, I need to hear it sometimes just as much as you do."

"I love you," she said, and suddenly everything was better again.

"Believe it or not," he explained, "grown-ups need hugs and kisses, and to be told they're loved too."

"I'll remember that," she smiled.

"So are we friends again?"

"We're friends again," she answered, giving him a hug. "But why did you say... what you said earlier?"

"Are you sure you want me to tell you? Even if it involves Jeff?"

"Yes," she replied. "And tell me the truth, just like you promised."

The truth. She was going to hold him to his word. Well, she deserved that much.

"All right. When you were kissing me, it felt really good. Too good, in fact. I know you're really an affectionate girl, and I'll admit I like it. But I also know that you've taken it too far before. I suddenly started thinking about Jeff, and about how you said you had been the one to... take the initiative. Remember, the first time I saw you two after you had started liking each other, you were sitting on his lap asleep. It just struck me how similar this situation was. So I said the words without even thinking how cruel they were."

Brit nodded. "So you think I was trying to seduce you?" she asked innocently.

"What? I..."

"Don't lie, Daddy."

"All right. I thought it might have been a possibility."

"And if I was?"

"Brit!"

She giggled. "I'm just kidding, Daddy. Look, you told me the truth, so I'll tell you the truth. I get lonely sometimes, especially now that I'm not allowed to spend time with Jeff. It's not about sex; it's about being held and hugged and kissed by someone with strong arms to wrap around me and a shoulder I can lay my head on. I just want to snuggle up with someone that I know loves me, to let go of all my worries and feel safe and protected. That's what I love most about Jeff, and that's what I love most about you, Daddy. I know I took it too far with him, but is all the rest of what I said all right? I mean, is it appropriate to do all those things with you?"

Greg smiled down at her. He was glad she was baring her soul to him, because now he understood her. He could see how things might have gotten out of hand between her brother and her, and even though he had already promised not to get angry, he hadn't really been able to forgive them until now. But he finally realized now that all that his children had done was confuse affection with passion. Both of them were still emotionally inexperienced, and so it was natural for that kind of confusion to arise.

"I think that's just fine," he told her. "I don't think you know where to draw the line yet, but that's all right; you're still learning. It's part of growing up. But I think until you learn, you shouldn't go doing that with Jeff, because he doesn't know where to draw the line either."

"What about when we're not alone? What if you or Allison are there with us?"

"I think it's all right if you hug him sometimes, but I don't want you to sleep in his bed or sit on his lap, even if we're around. Whenever you want to snuggle with someone I want you to come to me instead, because I'm mature enough that I can keep you from crossing the line. Just remember that when I tell you to stop doing something, it's not because I'm mad at you or that I think you're a bad person. I just want you to learn what is and isn't appropriate, okay?"

"Okay," she smiled, and hugged him again. "Thank you, Daddy."

"You're welcome, angel."

For the rest of the day, she seemed in much better spirits, to his relief. It looked like she would be okay after all. He was glad to help, especially since she was so nice to cuddle with. In fact, he hoped she might find another opportunity to sit on his lap. He spent most of his time in the front room sitting on the couch hoping for just such an opportunity.

In the end, it paid off. After a couple of hours, she decided she wanted to cuddle some more, so she climbed onto his lap and lay her head against his chest. He held her to him, enjoying her affection probably as much as she did. Yes, sometimes he needed someone to cuddle with just as well.

When Jeff arrived home, he immediately spied Brit sitting on her father's lap, head against his chest, eyes closed, and a smile on her face. He stood and stared for a few seconds, jealousy starting to build within him.

It wasn't fair. He was no longer allowed to hold her like that, and now his father was doing it. It was like he was flaunting it.

Worse, Brit seemed to be enjoying it. She didn't seem to care whether it was Jeff or Greg whose lap she sat on. Now that Jeff was no longer an option, she hadn't taken long to move on to her father.

Brit's eyes opened, and she smiled at him. "Hi, Jeff," she said.

"Go to hell!" he snapped, then stormed up to his bedroom and slammed the door behind him, leaving his father and sister staring in shock.

The mood in the Primdale household changed for the worse after that. Jeff fell back into his old ways of not speaking with anyone, preferring the company of a book to his own family. He even spoke to Allison only rarely now.

Kari noticed the change in him, and once she got the details from Allison, she spent all her time trying to comfort him or keep his mind off of his sister. But even that didn't help much; it seemed as though Jeff simply didn't want human companionship any more. He even stopped spending time over at her house.

Worse still was the change in Brit. Although more subtle in some ways, it was still painful to see. At first she tried to talk to Jeff, but when he didn't respond, she fell into a gloomy depression. She still spoke with the rest of them, but where she had been playful and vivacious before, now she had become bored and apathetic, as if life no longer held any joy for her. Even the sparkle had gone out of her eyes.

Greg couldn't help noticing the change in his children, and it pained him. He was particularly worried about Brit; everything he loved about her had vanished, leaving a girl that he no longer recognized. A certain degree of mellowing was expected as she matured, but this abrupt transformation seemed unhealthy. She no longer laughed, or joked, or teased like she used to. He asked Allison about it, but she confessed that she was as worried as he was. A cloud of melancholy had settled on the whole family.

January ended with no resolution in sight for the disaster in the Primdale household. Jeff and Brit hardly spoke to one another, but occasionally they could be seen glancing at each other and trying to hide their looks of yearning. Greg and Allison both tried to stay cheerful, and they both tried to engage their children in

friendly conversations. Sometimes it worked. Sometimes they forgot themselves and ended up having fun. Unfortunately, those occasions were rare, and more often nothing they did could cheer up either of the kids.

Jeff spent most of his time in the library reading or in his room playing games on the computer. Neither interested him particularly any more, but at least it was a way to pass the time. With nothing to interest him any more, it was as good a way as any.

Kari kept trying to cheer him up. Despite his lack of enthusiasm whenever he saw her, she remained loyally by his side through the ordeal.

While his moping could be considered just a phase he was going through, when it began to affect his grades it became somewhat alarming. He didn't pay attention in class, but just stared out the window, not really thinking about anything but not listening to the lecture either. His test scores started dropping, and more than one of his teachers gave Greg and Allison a call to ask about it. His parents didn't mention any details of course, but used the vague term "family problems," and promised to have a talk with him about it.

Greg let Allison handle the confrontation. She was much better with words, and Greg knew that if he talked to Jeff about his grades, it would no doubt come off sounding like a lecture.

Jeff was lying on his bed reading a book one night when Allison knocked on the door and asked if she could come in. She stepped into the room, then came over and sat down next to him.

"Jeff, may I talk to you for a minute?" she asked.

He put the book down and sat up. Allison stared at him for a second, then sighed.

"It's not easy, is it?" she asked.

"What?"

"Putting Brit out of your mind?"

"Oh, it's all right."

"No it's not. I can tell. You haven't said two words to any member of this family without being prompted for weeks now. Your grades are slipping in school, you haven't even gone over to Kari's house or invited her over in a week, all you do is sit in your room and read. I'm getting worried about you."

"I'll be fine."

"Jeff, what's bothering you?"

"Nothing's bothering me." He turned away. "That's the problem. Nothing bothers me any more, nothing excites me any more, nothing makes me feel anything any more. I just don't care."

Allison put an arm around him. "Want to look at porn with me?"

He shook his head.

"That's not like you!" she exclaimed, shocked. "This is serious."

"It doesn't matter," he said.

"Jeff, you've got to keep living. You're too young to be giving up like this. You've got a loving family, a beautiful girlfriend, lots of friends at school, and if you get your grades back up to where they were, good prospects to make something of your life later on. But you have to put forth some effort."

"Fine. I'll try to do better in school."

"That's not good enough, Jeff. You have to *want* to do better, and not just in school. How do you think Kari feels, with you ignoring her like this?"

"I suppose I've been pretty rude to her lately."

"Yes you have. And if you keep it up, you're in danger of losing her. She's willing to put up with your moping for a while, but she won't wait forever. You have to start enjoying life again."

"I'll try," he said without enthusiasm.

"You still don't get it, Jeff. This isn't about trying, as if it's a duty or something. Don't you realize how wonderful life is, especially for a boy like you?"

He shrugged. "I used to. I don't know what's come over me lately, though."

"I do," said Allison.

He glanced at her, but his eyes held no interest.

"You're still in love with Brit," she told him.

"I don't know any more. She certainly doesn't seem in love with me."

"Oh, stop playing the martyr, Jeff!" she exclaimed. "You're both good kids, so you're both trying to do what your father told you. But it's very difficult, so what do you do? You try to ignore each other as much as possible, so that you don't have to deal with the pain of being so close yet always separated. Am I right?"

Jeff stared at the floor, but he nodded.

"So there it is. She's hurting inside just as much as you are, not because she doesn't love you, but because she does. I wish there was something I could do to spare you that pain. You don't deserve to be hurt like that;

you're the kindest, gentlest boy I know."

"Thanks, Allison. I think I just need to find a way to get Brit out of my mind. They say falling in love is hard, but I think falling *out* of love is even worse."

"So invite Kari over this weekend. I'm sure she'll be eager to help you forget Brit. If you want, I'll arrange for Greg and Brit to get out of the house all day, so that will leave just you, Kari, and me. I'll even make myself scarce if you want."

Jeff nodded. "I guess it's a good place to start."

It didn't work. Kari did come over to visit him that Saturday, and Greg and Allison took Brit on an outing to leave the two of them alone together, but Jeff just couldn't work up the enthusiasm to do anything. They spent some time talking about what had happened, and Kari tried to get him to tell her how he felt, but he didn't feel like talking about it.

They made love, but Jeff's heart wasn't really in it. It felt nice of course, but it lacked any kind of passion. Kari noticed the difference, and after it was over, instead of snuggling with him like she usually did, she simply lay down beside him on the bed. Afterward, they took separate showers, then Kari went home early.

When Greg, Allison, and Brit returned home later that day, Allison could tell that his attitude hadn't changed. She took him aside and asked how it went, and he explained that it hadn't helped after all.

Brit also noticed his gloominess, but after everything that had happened, she was in no mood to try to help him get over it. They stayed away from each other as much as possible; when Jeff was downstairs, Brit stayed in her room. When she came down, he went upstairs.

They at least ate supper with their parents that night, but they weren't in the mood to talk. Greg and Allison tried to engage them in conversation, but they answered in single words and just stared at their plates as they ate. Eventually Jeff excused himself, then headed back upstairs to his bedroom to stare at the ceiling. He really didn't feel like doing much else.

Chapter 79

No More Secrets

In contrast to the gloom that had settled over the Primdale household, Lissa Primdale was having the time of her life. She loved being in love. Alya and she had a lot of fun. No matter what they did together, they enjoyed it, whether going out to see a movie, buying groceries, taking a romantic stroll through the snow-covered park, washing the dishes, or keeping Monique and Meg awake with the sounds of their passionate lovemaking at night.

That didn't mean Lissa didn't have her share of worries. She had been shocked one day to read an email that Allison had sent telling her that Greg had discovered Jeff's and Brit's incestuous affair. It bothered her to realize that things weren't going too well at home. Allison assured her in the email that Greg didn't know that Lissa had been involved in it at Christmas time. She also mentioned the letter that Lissa had sent her regarding the relationship with Alya. So far, Allison hadn't said anything to Greg about it, since the shock of finding out his son and daughter were having sex had overwhelmed him, and Allison didn't want to pile another burden onto him. She assured Lissa that she would tell him soon though, and that was the second thing that Lissa worried about.

The third was that Alya did not yet know about the goings-on in Lissa's family. She knew that Lissa had a younger brother and sister that she adored, but she had not even the tiniest suspicion that Lissa had had a fling with both of them at Christmas time. Lissa still worried about what her reaction would be upon finding it out. She knew there were some people out there, like Allison, that had no problem with it, but she also knew that a lot of people would be disgusted and offended by it.

But Alya was a very tolerant person. She had never been judgmental about Meg's sexuality, and she had forgiven Lissa right away when Lissa had confessed that she had plotted against her. Alya tended to see the good in people rather than the bad. That had made her an easy victim for Matt, and it had made her an easy victim for Lissa. But it was also one of the things Lissa loved best about her.

One afternoon in early February, Lissa decided to just come right out and tell her. Whatever Alya's reaction, it wasn't likely to change just because more time had passed. The two of them sat together on the couch, arms wrapped around each other and snuggling together. They had a blanket thrown over them as they just sat with Alya's head on Lissa's shoulder.

"Alya," said Lissa quietly. "I'm ready to tell you my last secret. I'm still a little nervous, because I'm afraid of what you'll think of me."

"It's all right, Lissa," said Alya, glancing up at her. "You can tell me anything. I love you, and nothing's going to change that."

"I know. It's just that some of this is pretty bad. I'm not apologizing for what I've done, because I knew what I was doing, and I have no regrets."

"Just tell me. I won't judge you. I promise."

"Alya, what do you think of incest?"

"What? Oh, I don't know. I think it's a little disturbing, but then again I've never had the temptation because I'm an only child. And my Dad... well, like I said, no temptation."

Lissa took a deep breath. This was it. "What if I told you that I had an affair with my brother and sister over Christmas vacation?" she asked.

Alya stared at her, perhaps a little surprised. "You're serious?" she asked.

"Yes. It was all a part of what I thought was the new Lissa. You remember her. She's the vengeful, spiteful, hateful girl that tried to seduce you to steal you away from Matt. The girl that did whatever she wanted, and damn the consequences. The girl that you turned into who I am today."

"You actually slept with your brother and sister?"

"Yes. Like I said, I have no regrets. The only thing I'm ashamed of is what you must think of me."

"Tell me this. When you go home next summer, are you going to continue that relationship?"

"You deserve to know the truth. With my sister, it was just an experiment, but I want to keep things going with my brother. But I won't do it behind your back, so if it bothers you at all, I'll call the whole thing off. I know he'll be understanding about the whole thing, and you're much more important to me than a fling with my brother."

Alya smiled. "I can't have that on my conscience now, can I? It's all right, Lissa. It sounds like your brother's a great guy. You know, it's funny, but I think it's okay *because* he's your brother. Do you know why?"

"Why?"

"Because I'm not in danger of you choosing him over me. See, if I asked you to give up sex with him, you could still be his sister, so you could maintain some kind of relationship with both of us, and therefore you wouldn't mind making that sacrifice for me. In other words, if you were forced to choose between us, you would choose me because you're still not giving him up completely. Knowing that, I don't have to worry because I could always have you make that choice in the future if I wanted to. Does that make sense?"

"No, but I'll accept that kind of nonsense any day."

"Besides, I'd like to meet this brother of yours. His name's Jeff, right? After that whole incident with Matt, I wouldn't mind meeting a guy like Jeff. You wouldn't be opposed to me getting friendly with him, would

you?"

Lissa was reminded of Meg's relationship with her brother and his wife. It hadn't worked for them, but then, Meg wasn't bisexual. Lissa wondered if something like that could work out for the three of them.

"If you're trying to make me jealous, it's not working," she said. "If you're trying to make me horny, it is. It might be fun to try it out with all three of us. Of course, you're going to have to stand in line. It seems that everybody is after him. His girlfriend, his girlfriend's sister, *our* sister, our stepmother's sister, and I'm not entirely sure our stepmother isn't interested."

"Okay, so maybe he's more like Matt than I thought," Alya laughed.

"Except that he's not doing anything behind their backs. They all have no problem with it. If his girlfriend wanted him to be exclusive, I'm sure he'd give up all the others."

"Okay, so it won't be the three of us. It will be the eight of us, or however many there are. Maybe we could invite Meg and Sandy to join in as well. And Monique, while I think of it. We'll get a nice harem going."

"I never knew you were so dirty, Alya," Lissa grinned.

"Only around you. You bring out the best in me. But seriously, it sounds like you've got an interesting family. I'd like to visit you this summer some time."

"Maybe. I'd love that, but I still haven't told them about us. I'm sure my stepmother would be happy to know I've fallen in love with someone, male or female. But my Dad's a lot more conservative. I'm scared of what his reaction will be."

"So just start an affair with him also. That should open him up to new ideas."

Lissa began to turn red, and Alya's eyes grew wide as she saw it.

"You didn't..." she breathed.

"Sort of. My dad and stepmom and I took a vacation last summer. We started taking pictures, innocently at first, and then getting naughtier and naughtier."

"Did you actually...?"

"Since I'm being completely honest anyway, you might as well know, I did some lesbian pictures with my stepmom. Then I... did some photos with my dad."

"You mean real, sexual stuff?"

"It was all in fun, but there was some rubbing and fondling and... well... I put his dick in my mouth."

Alya surprised her by bursting out laughing. "You're amazing, Lissa!" she said. "I thought Meg was the pervert of this apartment, but you've got her beat."

"I don't know whether I should take that as a compliment or an insult."

"Let's put it this way. At least I know that romance with you is never going to get boring. Now I *really* want to meet your family."

Lissa laughed, relieved that Alya had taken it so well. Now one of her two worries had been resolved, and she felt much better. She would just have to face the other two when they came up.

Monique arrived home about an hour later, and sat down to talk with them. Monique was a lot like Alya, Lissa concluded. The girl had a natural accepting attitude that made her great to get along with. She liked to joke and tease about Meg, and now about Lissa and Alya also, but it was always just in fun. It was nice to be surrounded by roommates who refused to judge one another.

About an hour after dinner, the phone rang. Monique was the closest, so she answered it. "It's for you, Lissa," she said.

Lissa got up and headed over to the phone, putting it to her ear. "Hello?" she said.

"Hi, Lissa. This is your Dad," the voice on the other end said.

"Hi, Dad," she grinned.

"Lissa..." he said. "Allison... She told me... told me... about Alya."

Lissa's face suddenly went white.

"What is it?" asked Alya with concern, sensing the change in her.

"Dad, can you hold on for a minute?" Lissa asked. She lowered the phone and put her hand over the receiver.

"I'm sorry, you guys, but I really need some privacy right now," she said.

"What's wrong?" asked Monique.

"My Dad just found out I have a girlfriend," she replied.

"Say no more," Monique told her. "Come on, Alya. I'm in the mood for ice cream. Let's go to the store and pick up a carton. My treat."

Alya nodded, and the two of them hurried out the door.

Lissa took a deep breath to calm her nerves, then put the receiver back to her ear.

"Sorry, Dad," she said, trying to sound calm. "I just had to kick my roommates out so we could talk alone. Go ahead."

"Lissa, is it true? Are you actually dating a... a woman?"

"Yes, Dad. You might as well know the whole truth. We're lovers."

"You're what?" he demanded.

"You heard me, Dad."

"Lissa, what... why... what kind of nonsense is this?"

"It's not nonsense, Dad. Alya and I are in love."

"This is just a phase you're going through, right? I mean--"

"No it's not. As far as I'm concerned, I'm going to love Alya for the rest of my life."

"Is that why you never had a boyfriend growing up? Because you were a *lesbian*?"

"That's a low blow, Dad."

"I'm sorry, dear. I just have to know."

"All right. No. Alya is the first woman I've ever been in love with."

"This is all my fault," he mumbled.

"How is it your fault?"

"That sailing trip last summer. I let the joke get out of hand. You and Allison--"

"There's never been anything between me and Allison, Dad. That sailing trip meant nothing."

"But how could you just do this? Didn't I raise you right?"

"You raised me wonderfully, Dad. But there comes a time in everyone's life when they have to leave their parents and start making decisions on their own. This was my decision to make, not yours."

"But it's wrong!"

"Why?"

"Because it is."

"No it isn't, because it isn't. See? I can use that same logic."

"That's not funny, Lissa," he told her sternly.

"It's not meant to be funny."

"Lissa, you have to put an end to this relationship."

"No."

"Don't say no to your father."

"Then don't tell your daughter to do things that are impossible."

"Lissa, if we're just going to fight, then I'm going to hang up right now."

"Then hang up."

"Lissa..." His voice trailed off, leaving an empty silence.

She sighed. This was going about as bad as she had expected. "Dad," she said, more calmly. "I'm sorry. I really don't want to fight with you over this. But you're not even giving it a chance. If you could just meet Alya, you'd see how absolutely wonderful she is. She's beautiful, and kind, and gentle, and the sweetest girl in the whole world."

"That's not the point," he replied, though the angry tone had left his voice. "Even if she's the most perfect woman in the world, she's still a woman."

"Dad, can't you just accept me for who I am? For who I've become? I'm not the same girl I used to be, I'll admit that. And I know I didn't turn out like you wanted me to." Her emotions began to break through at this point, and she found her voice wavering. "But I still want to be your daughter."

"But you're going against everything I ever taught you."

"Daddy," she said. "I don't want you to be disappointed in me, but this is just who I am now. Can't you see that?" She was on the verge of tears now.

"Lissa, please don't cry," he said softly. "I'm sorry for yelling at you. It's for your own sake that I say these things."

"I know," she said. "You want what you think is best for me. But you're wrong this time, Daddy. What's best for me right now is Alya."

"I'm sorry, but I just can't accept that."

"But you haven't even met her!"

"Lissa... You just can't do this."

She sighed, taking a moment to collect herself. She wiped the tears from her eyes and stood up straight to help her confidence. "I'm not going to give her up, and that's final. So you're going to have to deal with it in one way or another. Since Alya and I are going to stay together, if you ever want to see me again, you're going to have to eventually meet her."

"What was that? Was that a threat? Or an ultimatum?"

"That was a logical conclusion. If you want an ultimatum, here's one for you. I'm going to invite Alya to visit me this summer. That will either be in your house, or somewhere else. In other words, if you want me to come home this summer, you're going to have to agree to have Alya there."

"Lissa, what are you trying to pull?"

"Nothing. I just know as soon as you meet Alya you'll feel much better about this. I don't want to force you, but it sounds like this is the only way."

"I can't believe you're doing this to me."

"I can't believe it either, but I am. Look, I'm going to hang up now. You just think it over. I'll call you tomorrow so you can give me your answer."

Greg sighed. "There's no need for that," he said. "If having Alya visit is the only way I get to see you this summer, then I guess I can let her come."

"Really?" asked Lissa, suddenly feeling a lot better.

"You didn't exactly leave me with any choice, did you?"

"I'm sorry, Dad. I don't like to fight with you, but there was just no other way to make you see."

"Well, I'm sorry we got in a fight too. I've just been overwhelmed by what's been happening to my children lately. It just seems like I'm losing control of this family."

"Dad, I'm eighteen years old and living on my own now. You're not *supposed* to control me any more. The only thing you're supposed to do is love me."

"I do love you, honey."

"I love you too, Daddy. And I really want to come home. Please promise you'll at least give Alya a chance. I just know you'll like her."

"I don't think I'll ever get used to the idea of you being a lesbian, but at least I can be civilized about it."

"Thanks. I guess that will have to do for now."

"I guess it will. Goodbye, Lissa."

"Goodbye, Dad." She hung up the phone, then went over and sat back down on the couch. Weak and trembling and almost hyperventilating, she tried to calm herself down. It didn't work, and a few seconds later she burst into tears and buried her head in a pillow.

When Monique and Alya returned home and saw her sitting there with puffy red eyes, they both came and sat down beside her on the couch, putting their arms around her. She lay her head down on Alya's shoulder, and Alya gave her a tender kiss on the forehead. Alya glanced over at Monique with a questioning look as if asking if it were okay to continue, but Monique just shrugged. So Alya turned Lissa toward her and pulled her in to a tender hug, bathing her face with kisses. Monique leaned up against Lissa's back and wrapped her arms around them both.

Sitting there in the girls' arms, Lissa didn't feel so bad any more. It surprised her that Monique was willing to sit there with them as Alya kissed her, but then, Monique had never been judgmental of Meg's lifestyle, so why should Alya's and Lissa's bother her?

Later, they sat down at the table eating ice cream. It was hard to feel bad while eating ice cream, which now that she thought of it, was probably Monique's plan all along. Soon she was as cheerful as ever.

That night, she invited Alya to come visit that summer. At first the girl was reluctant, especially after seeing Lissa's reaction to the phone call. Lissa explained that her dad had not taken the news at all well, but she felt that this had to be done. After some coaxing and even begging, Alya finally gave in and agreed.

That relieved one-and-a-half out of three of her worries. Alya was okay with Lissa's unwholesome relationship with her siblings, and the dreaded confrontation with her father was over, though this likely wasn't the end of that. She knew she would have to face her father again, this time introducing Alya to him face to face. But now that they had passed the initial barrier, she felt it would go much smoother from here on.

A couple of days later she and Alya were sitting in the front room giving each other back rubs when the phone rang. Alya was lying on her stomach, half asleep on the floor, so Lissa hopped up and answered the phone.

"Hi, Lissa," said the girl on the other end. "This is Sandy."

"Hi, Sandy," Lissa greeted. "I'm sorry, but Meg's not here right now."

"I know. I was actually calling to talk to *you*. You and Alya. Is she there, by chance?"

"She is. What is this about? Is everything okay between you and Meg?"

"Oh, we're fine," Sandy laughed. "It's nothing like that. I just want to talk to you and Alya about an idea I have. Is it okay if I come over right now?"

"Let me check with Alya." She put the phone against her shoulder and said, "Hey Alya, Sandy wants to come over and talk to us about something. Is that okay?"

"Sure," Alya shrugged.

"Okay," Lissa told Sandy.

"Good. I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

Fifteen minutes later almost to the second, the girls heard a knock at the door. Alya opened it, and Sandy came in. Since Monique was home as well, the girls headed back to the bedroom. Lissa and Alya sat on their bed, while Sandy sat across from them on the other.

"You're probably wondering why I want to talk to you," Sandy said. "With Valentine's Day coming up, I want to give Meg a special present. No jewelry or flowers or traditional stuff like that."

"So what did you have in mind?"

"A video," Sandy grinned. "Alya, I know Meg has always had a bit of a crush on you, and Lissa, well..."

"It's okay," said Lissa. "I told Alya all about the lessons. Once I fell in love with her, I felt too guilty to keep it a secret from her any more. So I'll come right out and say it. I've already had sex with Meg and you. Is that what you were going to say?"

"More or less," said Sandy, relieved. "So here's my thought. I want to make a video of you two together, if you know what I mean. My roommate is going into film production, so she's got all of the equipment we need, plus she's agreed to help me edit it. I'm sure you don't have a problem with it Lissa, but Alya, I don't know if you've ever taken your clothes off in front of Meg before. And you certainly haven't done it in front of me. If it will make you feel uncomfortable, we'll drop the whole thing and I'll figure out a different present."

Alya stared pensively at the ground for a minute. Then a grin spread across her face.

"What is it?" asked Lissa.

"Oh, I was just thinking," she said, "if we're going to do this, I want to make a second version. A stripped down version with all of the good parts cut out. Enough to get someone excited, but leave them frustrated and unfulfilled."

"Well that's no fun," said Sandy. "Why would you want to do such a thing?"

Alya grinned. "I think Matt deserves a Valentine's Day present too."

The girls got a plan together, and consulting Meg's schedule, they found a two-hour window when she wouldn't be home, and Sandy would have time to film Lissa and Alya. She called ahead of time to make sure Meg was really gone, then brought over a digital video camera and tripod. They set it up in the bedroom, pointed at the bed.

Alya and Lissa had already made themselves up pretty, putting on a couple of slinky evening gowns and doing up their hair. Sandy commented on how glamorous they both looked, delighted to see them all dolled up like that.

The first order of business was to make two introductions, one for Meg and one for Matt. The two roommates stood in front of the camera, their arms around one another and smiling seductively. Sandy gave them the signal to begin.

"Hi Meg," Alya started, smiling at the camera. "We hope you like your Valentine's Day present."

"It's just a little something to remember us by," Lissa continued.

Then both girls together cheerfully said, "Have a happy Valentine's Day."

Sandy stopped recording. "Excellent," she told them, giving them a thumbs-up. "And now for the one for Matt." She pressed some buttons on the camera, then gave them the signal to start again.

"Hi, Matt," Alya grinned, then continued in a sugary-sweet voice, "We hope you don't have anyone to share this Valentine's Day with."

"We'd like to give you a taste of what you're missing," Lissa continued. "It's too bad you can't be here with us."

"Too bad for you," added Alya. "Great for us."

"But we can't really complain," said Lissa. "After all, you're the reason we ended up together."

"Have a lonely Valentine's Day," the girls both said, then leaned in and kissed each other.

Sandy stopped recording, then burst out laughing. "You two are downright vicious!" she chuckled.

"I'm only vicious to people who hurt Alya," Lissa replied.

"Likewise," added Alya.

"Remind me never to hurt either one of you then," said Sandy.

She aimed the camera at the bed. Lissa and Alya started out of frame, but as soon as Sandy started filming and gave them the signal, they came over and sat down on the bed next to each other. They leaned in and started kissing.

Sandy sat down in a chair behind the camera and watched as the two girls tenderly kissed each other. Alya seemed a little nervous, which wasn't surprising. This was the first time she had made love for an audience. Lissa, of course, had already joined right in with Meg and Sandy, so this really was no big deal for her.

She wrapped her arms around Alya and hugged her, and took the opportunity with her face hidden by Alya's to whisper in her ear, "Relax and enjoy it. Just remember, I love you."

That seemed to help, and they resumed their kissing.

Lissa let her hand slide onto her roommate's hip, tenderly caressing her. Alya sighed, closing her eyes and enjoying the feeling. Lissa's hands moved higher, sliding right over Alya's breast. Alya reacted by placing her own hand over Lissa's and squeezing it tightly to her chest.

Sandy gave them the thumbs up as a sign of encouragement. Lissa noticed out of the corner of her eye that Sandy's other hand had wandered between her legs, and Lissa took that as even more of a compliment.

After a couple of minutes of fondling, Lissa gently turned Alya to the side so that she faced away. Lissa leaned in and kissed her on the neck as she reached her hands around under Alya's arms to cup her breasts over the fabric of her gown. She squeezed and kneaded them as Alya smiled and sighed in pleasure. One of the straps of Alya's gown slipped off the shoulder, and Lissa took the opportunity to kiss her all over her bare skin.

Lissa enjoyed the warmth and softness of the girl's body against her chest, and especially in her hands. She loved to taste Alya's skin, flicking her tongue against the girl's neck as she kissed and causing her to shudder with delight. Although they had been having sex for over a month now, they were still learning about each other, still experimenting to see what they liked. Mostly Lissa just did what she knew felt good on her own body, and for the most part it seemed to work on Alya as well.

She slipped her hands off of Alya's breasts, to the girl's short-lived disappointment. Alya perked right back up when Lissa brought them behind Alya and fumbled with the zipper to her dress. She slid it down, then reached inside and around, this time groping Alya's breasts under the gown. It had felt nice before, but that was nothing compared to the sensation of the girl's bare skin in her hands.

Alya's body was beginning to react. Her breathing had grown heavier, and her face was flushed. Lissa felt a certain sense of pride in being able to cause that kind of reaction in the girl. Lissa, who had only been a lesbian for less than two months, had a kind of sexual control over a woman who until recently had never even thought about letting another woman touch her like that.

Finally, she withdrew her hands and took the straps of Alya's gown, pulling them down to expose her magnificent chest. She noticed Sandy rubbing herself more vigorously behind the camera, and realized that this was the first time that Sandy had seen Alya's body.

Lissa reached one of her hands around Alya's neck and pulled her gently back against her, kissing her neck and shoulders again. This time, however, she kept going, scooting out of the way and drawing Alya down to the bed. Once the girl was lying prostrate, Lissa kissed down the girl's body, from her lips, to her neck, to her chest, down along Alya's cleavage, and past her stomach. She pulled the gown, which had gathered around Alya's waist, the rest of the way off and onto the floor. That left the girl in only her panties. Lissa planted a kiss right on the front of those panties, causing Alya to shudder.

Lissa sat up over Alya, then reached behind her own back and managed to unzip her dress. Alya reached up, took hold of the straps on Lissa's shoulder, and pulled it down, letting Lissa's own breasts free. Alya took them in her hands and fondled them for a minute, and Lissa let herself enjoy the sensation. It wasn't the first time she had felt it by any means, but she didn't think she would ever tire of it.

She managed to slip her own dress the rest of the way off, and now both girls were almost completely nude. Lissa lay down on top of Alya, pressing her breasts against her roommate's and kissing her sweet, beautiful lips. She opened her mouth and stabbed her tongue into Alya's, who reacted by teasing it with her own tongue. Alya's hands came up and wrapped around Lissa's back, caressing her gently.

In the corner of the room, Sandy shuddered. Lissa had gotten so caught up the softness and breathtaking beauty of her roommate that she had almost forgotten that the other girl was there. The camera no longer mattered; right now she just wanted to make love to Alya.

Alya pushed upward and rolled Lissa onto her back. Then Alya began kissing down Lissa's body the way Lissa had done to her earlier. Lissa closed her eyes and smiled, allowing the girl to take control. Alya sucked one of Lissa's nipples into her mouth as she toyed with the other one with her hand. It felt so good that Lissa couldn't help but let out a mewling sound as her roommate worked her over. She realized that this was something that really defined their relationship; each wanted to make the other feel good. It wasn't a matter of just agreeing to do it to each other in exchange for reciprocation. They both really *enjoyed* pleasuring each other.

Alya's hand strayed down Lissa's body, finding its way to her panties. She slipped her fingers under the waistband, running them over Lissa's leaking slit and seeking out the sensitive bud. Lissa groaned as those fingers made contact and sent a wave of pleasure through her. Alya grinned, and started rubbing there, causing Lissa to groan again.

After a minute of stimulating her like that, Alya sat up and grabbed the sides of Lissa's panties. She drew them down, slipping them off and discarding them on the floor.

Lissa sat up and kissed her roommate, then laid her gently on the bed so that she could do the same for her. In a moment, both girls were completely nude. Across the room, Sandy had given up all pretense of not being

turned on by the sight in front of her. She had her pants unzipped and her hands down the front of her panties, rubbing up and down. Were it not for the recording, Lissa would almost have been willing to stop what she was doing and invite her to join in. Alya might not appreciate that, though.

The two girls lay together on the bed, their bodies pressed together in a beautiful, sensual embrace. Their hands wandered all over each other as their lips devoured each other's greedily. Lissa just couldn't get enough of the beauty, softness, even the smell of Alya. Everything about the girl excited her, from the silkiness of her dark hair and the color of her eyes, to the intelligent yet innocent look in those same eyes and the charming and pleasant tone of her voice.

Lissa let her tongue run down to one of Alya's breasts, leaving a wet trail as it made a beeline for the nipple. She ran her tongue all over it, playing with it, toying with it, teasing it and driving Alya deeper and deeper into a frenzy of passion and sensation. Alya moaned, thrusting her chest upward. Lissa knew it wouldn't be long before she was ready for serious business. While the girl's tits made a fine appetizer, Lissa was eager to get to the main course.

Alya's hands ran over her own body, unconsciously rubbing herself and adding to the stimulation. When she slid then down between her legs, Lissa knew that it was time. She kissed down Alya's body one last time, this time positioning herself so that she lay alongside her roommate but oriented in the opposite direction. The two girls loved to take turns bringing each other to orgasm, but tonight they would do it together.

When Lissa reached her target, she lifted one leg over Alya's head and climbed on top of the girl, kneeling above her to keep from pressing down too hard on her face. She lowered her head and opened her mouth to let her tongue run over the girl's slit. Alya cried out, but cut it off by slipping her mouth over Lissa's pussy.

Lissa nearly had an orgasm at the first contact. Part of that had to do with the fact that Alya's inexperience belied her skill; she was an expert pussy licker. But more importantly, the love between the two girls made the sexual contact all that much more enjoyable. As Alya's tongue ran all over Lissa's clit, the pleasure shot through her like lightning.

She returned the favor by lapping hungrily at Alya's pussy. She used her finger to spread it and ran her tongue all up and down the inside. She marveled at how much she enjoyed the taste; three months ago she would have been horrified at the thought of doing this to another woman. Now she just couldn't get enough of it.

Both of their bodies were squirming now from the attention; they had both lost control and their muscles were now dominated by the heightened energy of their nerves as they stimulated each other with their mouths. Lissa wanted to just jam her cunt right down on Alya's face, to mash it into her and impale it on her tongue. But she held back and let Alya do the work herself. She somehow sensed Alya's need, and attacked her with a frenzy. Both girls had lost all of their humanity now, and had been reduced to animals, governed only by their instincts and desires.

Soon, Lissa felt the pleasure beginning to spike, and knew that it wouldn't be long. At the same time, she

sensed the change in Alya, and realized with delight that they would climax together. She braced herself for the overwhelming tide, and nearly screamed when it hit her. Alya cried out too, her voice coming as if from an infinite distance through the enveloping cloud of Lissa's orgasm that nearly shut down her senses with its intensity. Both of their bodies shook with the power of it, their muscles straining and tightened to the very brink.

Then that warm glow that always accompanied it spread through Lissa's body, washing over her and taking the place of the intensity. Along with it came a heightening of her love for Alya. Once again, the two women had shared something beautiful and powerful, something that made them care for each other all the more.

Lissa rolled off of the girl and collapsed on the bed, panting. She noticed the peaceful smile on Alya's face, and knew she probably wore an identical look on her own. In the corner of the room, Sandy lay collapsed in the chair with her hand still down her pants but not moving, and Lissa realized that she must have climaxed at the same time.

She managed to stagger weakly to her feet, then reached out for the video camera and turned it off. Then she collapsed back in the chair again.

"God, you two!" she exclaimed. "That was... I mean... wow!"

"I take it you liked it," commented Alya.

"Hell yes! I'll tell you something. I'm going to make sure Meg and I watch this together the first time, because it's going to make her so horny that she'll fuck the first girl she sees. Just don't be surprised if she tries to rape one or both of you the day after Valentine's Day."

"We'll lock the door," said Lissa.

Alya giggled. "I wonder if we ought to warn Monique," she said.

"Nah. Let her wake up to a surprise in the middle of the night," replied Lissa. "It will be good for her." She was joking, of course. Meg would never do anything like that. She had slipped up once on Thanksgiving night, but Lissa had practically invited her, so she couldn't fault her for that.

After about five minutes of post-orgasmic exhaustion, Sandy once more rose to her feet to take down the camera and tripod. "I'll have my roommate help me with the editing," she said. "I don't know how thrilled she'll be to watch it; she's straight. On the other hand, what I saw was so erotic that it just might make her switch over."

"Just make sure to give us a copy," said Lissa. "Of both the one for Meg and the one for Matt."

"You got it. You two don't mind if I let myself out, do you?"

"I would mind if you didn't," Lissa replied. "I've got a whole lot of snuggling with Alya to get done tonight."

As Sandy left the room and closed the door behind her, Lissa turned over so that she was aligned the same way as her roommate again. She gave her a kiss, then lay her head down on the girl's chest. Alya wrapped her arms around her, and they drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 80

Surprising Compromise

Allison tried her best to ease the tension in the family. She spent a good deal of time trying to comfort Brit and Jeff, or at least trying to get them to talk to each other. It helped a little, but not much. Throughout most of February, the children probably said less than a dozen words to each other each day.

One night while Brit was over at Crystal's, Jeff lay in bed staring at the ceiling as he was wont to do these days. Allison knocked at the door and came in. He sat up, and she sat down on the bed next to him.

"How are you feeling?" she asked.

"About the same as before. I really don't feel *anything* right now."

"I know. Sometimes you go into kind of an emotional shock when you break off a relationship. The only comfort I can give you is to tell you that it doesn't last. Sometimes you need to just go out there and find someone else to love. In your case though, I still think you need to spend more time with Kari. I know she wants to help you through this more than anything."

That brought up another thing that he had been thinking about lately.

"Allison," said Jeff, "I was wondering, Brit's about the same age as I was when you first started encouraging me to get a girlfriend. So why aren't you encouraging her to get a boyfriend?"

"I would think that would be obvious," Allison replied.

"Well, it's not."

"All right. The reason I'm not encouraging her to get a boyfriend is that I would rather see *you* as her boyfriend."

"What? But I thought... I mean, Dad said..."

"Forget about what your father said. I've been working on him. Maybe eventually he'll come around. I just know that Brit was happiest when you two were in love, and I want her to find that same happiness again. And I want you to be happy too. I love you, Jeff."

"I love you too, Allison. I just... sometimes I just need..." He could feel the tears welling up in his eyes. For some reason, it didn't bother him to cry in front of her.

Allison reached out and drew her to him, hugging him tightly. He hugged her back, and suddenly a part of

the old Jeff came through, the Jeff that remembered how to *feel*. He had shut off that part of him because it hurt too much, but now, sitting there with Allison's arms around him, he could let the pain come, to be swallowed up in his love for her. She had been many things to him: playmate, mother, and even lover. He didn't know which he needed right now, only that he needed to be held by someone who loved him the same way he loved her.

He drew back then and gazed into her eyes, and he could see the same expression on her face that he knew he must have on his own. For the moment at least, they felt exactly the same thing. As one, they leaned in and pressed their lips together in a beautiful, tender kiss.

The door suddenly opened. Jeff and Allison pulled back, but it was too late. Greg stood there, a look of shock on his face.

For the longest time, nobody said anything. Jeff and Allison sat there on the bed, too stunned to think. The surprise on Greg's face slowly transformed into a cool yet stern look.

"I want to see you two in my office immediately," he told them with an icy tone.

Allison and Jeff nodded, then rose to their feet and followed him down the hall to the office.

Jeff couldn't remember ever feeling so scared. Even that day when he had had to talk to Allen Williams about his relationship with Kari wasn't as bad as this. As he took a seat next to Allison, he glanced at her for moral support, but she seemed as scared as he was. That was the most frightening thing of all. Ever since he had known her, Allison had been strong, bold, indestructible even. Now seeing her like this made his own fear all the more potent because he couldn't lean on her for support.

Greg sat down in his office chair and stared at the two of them for the longest time, as if sizing them up. Jeff felt so uncomfortable under his gaze that he wanted to jump up and run out of the room. But he couldn't do that to Allison. He decided right there that whatever happened, he would do what was best to keep the family together. He would take the blame if that meant letting Allison stay.

"I'm going to assume," Greg finally said, "that you two have been having an affair behind my back. Don't try to deny it, because I wouldn't believe you anyway."

Jeff and Allison glanced at each other once more. It sounded as bad as they had imagined it would be.

"Now I'm going to say a word, just to get it out in the open," Greg continued, "so that there will be no ambiguity about what we're talking about. That word is 'divorce.'"

"But she didn't--" Jeff blurted out, but Greg raised his finger to cut him off.

Now Allison looked ten times as scared as before. She even looked on the verge of tears. Jeff had never seen her lose control like that before.

"Let me use another word," said Greg, staring straight at him. "'Disown.' Either of these would be a perfectly acceptable response to a situation like this. In any conventional family, I would be well within my rights to either divorce you, Allison, or disown you, Jeff. Or both.

"But this is hardly a conventional family," he said, in a somewhat softer tone. "Let's look at the facts. Allison, you're closer to Jeff's age than mine. You married me for my money, but later you told me you're in love with me. Even so, you've shared me with other women. Jeff, you've recently had an affair with your little sister. You've also been attracted to your stepmother from the moment you first met her. Yes, I know all about that. Even I'm not exactly a typical father; I took some dirty pictures with my own daughter. Add these all up, and the result is that we're a family that's as far from conventional as it's possible to get. What does this mean? It means that we can't play by the usual rules."

"Dad," said Jeff. "You can do what you want with me, but I want you to know that Allison's not to blame. Please don't punish her for something that was my fault."

"If I decide to punish either of you, I will do it on my own terms."

"Then you might as well know," said Allison, "that our 'affair' consisted of one night of passion, after which we decided not to continue it. Since then, we've done a little groping, and had one good night kiss that you happened to walk in on. If you ask me if I'm ashamed of what I did, then the answer is yes. Greg, I'm still in love with you, and I'll do anything to keep you, but I also know I've hurt you badly and I deserve whatever you decide to do with me. I'm not begging for mercy; I just wanted you to know the truth because I hate lying to you."

"Well you may be above begging," Jeff told her, "but I'm not. Dad, please don't break up with Allison. She's the best thing that ever happened to us. I've betrayed you twice, and if you want to kick me out of the house, that's fine. But you and Brit need her every bit as much as she needs you."

Greg sighed. "The thing that I'm mad about," he said, "is that you did this behind my back. I don't blame you; it's not exactly the type of thing you would tell me up front. So I guess that much at least I can forgive."

"Now as to the affair, need I remind you, Allison, that you let me have sex with your sister?"

Allison nodded. "But what does that have to do with this?"

"It has everything to do with this. You told me from the first day that you weren't the jealous type. You said that if I wanted to have a mistress or two, you wouldn't mind. Now that we've fallen in love, does that still hold?"

"Well... yes, I suppose. I would hope that you would never love another woman the way you love me, but if we're just talking about sex, I don't really see what the big deal is."

"Then I would be selfish if I didn't allow you the same privilege."

"I don't want another lover," she insisted. "Only you."

"And Jeff," he corrected.

"Um..."

"And as for you, Jeff," said Greg, "I was furious when I found out that you were sleeping with Brit. And so I told you in no uncertain terms that it had to end. But I hadn't taken into consideration just what kind of pressure a teenage boy is under. I remember that when I was your age, I was pretty much driven by my hormones. I thought about sex twenty-four hours a day. So you need an outlet for your desires. And having a woman like Allison around certainly couldn't have helped things. But you're a good kid; you've been trying your hardest to forget your sister, and I appreciate that."

"I guess my primary concern is for Brit. Jeff, you're old enough to make your own decisions, but she's still a little girl as far as I'm concerned. She's only on the verge of turning fourteen, after all. And although it's a little sexist of me, I'll admit it bothers me more to think of my daughter having sex than my son. So what you choose to do, or who you choose to spend your time with, is your business. As long as you don't start up your affair with Brit again."

"Greg, just what are you saying?" asked Allison.

He stared at them for another minute, as if trying to make up his mind.

"I'm saying that maybe the best thing for everyone is if you two continue your relationship."

Jeff was shocked. His father was actually giving him permission to have sex with his stepmother! He couldn't believe it; it was so unlike Greg, who had always been so conservative.

"But..." Allison stammered. "Greg, do you still love me?"

He smiled, then cupped her cheek in his hand. "Absolutely," he said. "It's just like you said, sex isn't as big a deal as most people make it out to be. It's going to take some getting used to, but I refuse to let it bother me. After all, you shared me with your sister. Why shouldn't I share you with my son? Especially since I think this will be the fastest way to help him get over Brit."

Allison, who had been on the verge of tears through the whole lecture, finally broke down. She threw her arms around his neck and sobbed into his shoulder. "I was so afraid of losing you," she said.

"You're going to have to do a hell of a lot more than that to lose me," Greg told her, stroking her hair. Then he waved Jeff over, and the three of them hugged each other for a long time.

"Just do me one favor," Greg told Allison.

"Anything," she replied.

"I want you to break the news to Brit. I feel she deserves to know, but I don't know how I could possibly tell her. You're so much better at that sort of thing than I am."

"I will," she replied.

"Good. Now, I'm still a little overwhelmed about this whole thing, so I need some time alone to think things through. I'm going to take a nice, long drive, say, about three hours. In the mean time, you two feel free to take advantage of my absence."

"Are you serious?" asked Jeff.

"I've made up my mind, so I might as well get used to the idea of you two together."

Brit took the news as well as could be expected, which is to say, not well at all. Allison took both children into her room the next day and told Brit the situation, and Brit's face darkened. She nodded when Allison asked if she understood, but it was clear that she wasn't pleased.

Jeff could understand how she felt. Up to this point, Allison had been a part of their relationship; she had helped to instigate it after all. Brit had been more than happy to let her make love to Jeff the night he took Brit's virginity, so there was a kind of intimacy there. Now Allison was continuing that relationship while leaving Brit behind.

She continued to stay away from Jeff as much as possible. She spent more and more time at Crystal's house, leaving Jeff home alone. Allison's presence comforted him in these times. Now that his father had given his approval, Jeff's relationship with his stepmother grew more sexual. Jeff still didn't have much enthusiasm for anything, including sex, but he did need to cling to someone once in a while. Allison was nice to hug and kiss, and sometimes it did lead to full intercourse, but usually when they were alone together in the house they just lay together in each other's arms, either in his bed or hers. Sometimes they left their clothes on, but sometimes they undressed.

One time, Greg came home from work early and walked in on them while they lay nude together in the master bedroom. Allison and Jeff both sat up guiltily, but Greg merely sighed in resignation and ducked back out of the room, closing the door behind him to give them some privacy.

The therapy helped. Over the next few weeks, Jeff regained more and more interest in life. At first content to just cuddle with Allison, they started making love more often, until it became almost a daily routine after school before Greg got home. Now that Greg had given his permission, Allison let go of her inhibitions and was enthusiastic about it. She loved to go around nude when he was about to arrive home from school just so that he could walk in on her. Then she would either get down on her knees right in the front room and suck him off, or he would strip off his clothes and they would head downstairs to the hot tub, or they would retire to the bedroom to make love.

Brit's reaction to his newly awakened interest in his stepmother threatened to spoil it all for him though. She could have moped, or argued, or thrown tantrums. He could have handled any of those, because as long as she was angry or sad, it meant she was jealous of all the time he spent with Allison, which meant she still loved him. But she retaliated with the one thing she knew would hurt him. She grew more affectionate with their father.

Sometimes after coming home from an evening at Crystal's house, she sought out Greg to sit in his lap and cuddle up against his chest. Greg didn't mind; in fact, he enjoyed it. He would sit there stroking her back as she closed her eyes and let herself fall asleep in his arms. She tended to make a big deal of it in front of Jeff, which really angered him. The worst part of it was that he had no right to complain. A girl could sit in her father's lap if she wanted; it was natural and wholesome and far more innocent than what Jeff had been doing with Allison.

Sometimes at night after getting ready for bed, she would slip out of her room, making sure not to be too quiet about it, then descend the stairs and make her way into Greg's and Allison's bedroom. Although Jeff kept his door closed, he could hear her footsteps as she passed, then his jealousy would spike as he thought of her downstairs snuggling with Greg. He would stare up at the ceiling for ten minutes, or twenty, or half an hour, before he heard her footsteps returning back up the stairs and down the hall.

He got his revenge one night when she did that, because after Brit had made her way downstairs, Allison left her alone with Greg and came up to visit Jeff. Though he wasn't in the mood for sex, he made love to Allison that night just to spite Brit. He didn't know whether it worked, but just the thought that it bothered Brit as much as her time with Greg bothered Jeff made him feel a little better.

The weekend before Brit's fourteenth birthday, she spent Friday and Saturday night at the Williams house. Greg had some extra work to catch up on at the office that weekend, something that had almost never happened until his discovery of Jeff's and Brit's relationship. Now it seemed to come more frequently. Jeff suspected that it wasn't a coincidence; Greg was just looking for excuses to get out of the house. He was having a hard time dealing with the fact that his family was falling apart around him.

On a positive note, that left Allison and Jeff alone together. Since Jeff still hadn't recovered completely, she was determined to make the most of it. As soon as Greg left, she took him into the bedroom where she treated him to a slow striptease. Despite his recent lack of enthusiasm for pretty much anything, the sight of her bit by bit exposing her sexy body was enough to excite even the most uninterested of men.

As soon as she finished, she set to work undressing him as well, and soon they lay naked together on the bed kissing and fondling each other. They didn't have sex then; there was plenty of time for that during the rest of the day, and they wanted to draw it out as long as possible. They both knew that on a good day Jeff was capable of performing multiple times, but with his lack of enthusiasm lately, even two orgasms might have been asking too much of him, so they had to assume he would only be capable of one.

After half an hour on the bed, Allison suggested they jump in the hot tub. They left their clothes upstairs, a dangerous thing to do in case Greg should come home early, but since he had already reluctantly given his

approval, the consequences if that should happen would be limited to a bit of embarrassment.

In the hot tub, Allison sat on Jeff's lap, which had the effect of pressing his erection up against her back side. That felt really nice, especially when she leaned back against his chest and had him reach around to fondle her tits. Jeff loved the feel of them in his hand; especially damp like this. He could just sit and play with them for hours if she were willing.

He let his fingers tease her nipples, and in no time they were hard. Allison mewled with delight as the stimulation, her body reacting by wriggling and squirming unconsciously. The motion against his cock was almost too much for Jeff, and he nearly climaxed right there.

To prolong it, they climbed out of the tub and made their way into bathroom for a shower. Of course, they couldn't keep their hands off one another, but at least they toned it down by mostly limiting their touching to washing each other's backs and fronts. Allison seemed to love having Jeff wash her like that; she smiled as he let his hands roam all over her body. She even slipped her hands between her legs as he worked, moaning in pleasure from the self-stimulation. After a few minutes of that, Jeff pressed his body up against hers and slipped his hands around to replace hers. She let him take over, placing her own hands on her breasts.

It took only a couple more minutes for her to climax, which hit her so strongly that her legs gave out and Jeff had to grab her to keep her from falling. He held her in his arms as the orgasm passed through her, supporting her weight almost entirely by himself. After it was over, she gave an embarrassed laugh, then turned around and kissed him.

"Would you like me to do the same for you?" she asked. "Just keep in mind that I expect you to give me a proper fucking later."

"I think I'll be up for it," he grinned.

"Good," Allison smiled. She poured some liquid soap into her hand, then slipped her fingers around his shaft and stroked up and down on it. He loved the slippery feeling of her hand running over it, sending waves of pleasure through him. He closed his eyes and moaned at the sensation.

"Does my Jeff like that?" asked Allison. "Is Mommy making you feel good?"

"Oh god yes, Mommy!" he exclaimed.

"Good. Now cum for Mommy. Let me see a nice, big cum so that I know how much you love me."

Between her stroking and her dirty talk, he didn't stand a chance, and within seconds he felt the pressure building. He groaned as the pleasure spiked, and his cock jerked as it shot its load all over Allison's stomach.

"That's my big boy," she smiled as she continued to stroke him until he stopped spurting. "I love the feel of your hot seed all over me. Mommy loves her big boy."

Gradually he descended from the high, and Allison released his deflating cock. She turned and let the water wash away the evidence of their sex play.

With a recent orgasm each, they could now relax and enjoy each other more slowly. After finishing cleaning themselves, they turned off the water and stepped out of the shower. Jeff had a sudden idea, and asked Allison if she wanted to do Rachael's trick with the blow dryer. She grinned and nodded, then reached into the cupboard under the sink to retrieve the device.

They spent the next several minutes drying each other's bodies. Jeff loved this game; even after his orgasm, he still enjoyed the sight of Allison's nude body, especially since the task required long looks at it. He was growing familiar with every detail of it, from the creamy bronze color to the soft and silky texture.

As he ran the hot air over her, he allowed himself to touch her as well. His hands caressed her skin gently, lingering especially long on her breasts. He even leaned down and sucked one of her nipples into his mouth momentarily, causing her to moan again.

Without any clothes on it took hardly any time for her to dry, so a few minutes later they switched places and Allison ran the hot air over his own body. Like him, she wasn't shy about touching, so she let her hands run all over his body. She started with his shoulders, then worked her way down his chest, then his stomach. When she reached his thighs, she cupped his balls in her hand, gently fingering them as she ran the hot air all over the region. Despite his recent orgasm, her touch had its effect on him, and in just a few seconds he was hard again.

"Ready for me already, are you?" she grinned.

"Maybe not just yet," he replied. "I'm still a little tired."

"Well, maybe we can take a nap together for a while and then continue where we left off."

"That sounds nice."

They headed back upstairs to the master bedroom, where they lay down together, relaxing in each other's arms. Allison pulled him over on top of her so that he could lay his head down on her breast, and he snuggled up next to her with a contented smile on his face. He fell asleep to the peaceful sound of her gentle breathing.

They both awoke about the same time, about noon. Allison suggested they have lunch to build up their strength before making love again, so without bothering to put their clothes on, they descended the stairs and made their way through the dining room into the kitchen. Since neither of them wanted to spend too much time fixing the meal, Allison simply threw some leftover chicken stir fry into the microwave to reheat while Jeff grabbed a couple of plates for them and set them on the dining room table. They sat down to eat, sitting across from one another where they could see each other's bodies and give each other suggestive grins and playful winks.

There was something surprisingly erotic about doing ordinary household things in the nude, Jeff realized. Of

course, that could just be because of Allison's presence, but he would probably feel the same way if it were Kari or Crystal with him instead.

After lunch, Allison took his hand and they returned to the master bedroom to make love. They lay down on the bed and began kissing each other on the lips. It soon spread to other parts of their bodies, and they pleasured one another with their mouths for a while to get themselves warmed up for the main event.

Jeff climbed on top of her and gently guided his cock into her waiting hole. She sighed in pleasure as he slid inside of her. He took it slowly, letting himself enjoy the feeling of her body surrounding him. There was no rush, so he thrust gently as he continued to kiss her. She wrapped her arms and legs around him, holding him to her tightly.

Jeff was the first to climax, but Allison wasn't far behind. This time she didn't scream or cry out; she merely groaned as shudders ran through her body. It wasn't the most intense orgasm for each of them, but it was very fulfilling.

They took another nap afterward, this one much shorter. Then they showered together for the second time, and afterward Allison changed the sheets on the bed, throwing the soiled ones in the washer. Greg might have given his approval to their relationship, but he certainly wouldn't appreciate sleeping in the dirty bed.

Since they weren't sure when he would arrive home, they got dressed and spent the rest of the afternoon just sitting on the couch watching TV with their arms around each other. They were still in that position when Greg arrived home. They immediately drew apart when he walked in the door, but he simply came over and sat down in the chair on the other side of the room.

"Did you two kids have fun today?" he grinned.

Jeff and Allison glanced at each other in surprise at his change of attitude.

"Um, yes," Allison replied, staring at him. "You seem... well, you seem a little more cheerful than I would expect."

"I've had some time to think," he explained, "and I've come to the conclusion that I can take two attitudes about this. I can let it bother me, in which case I'm going to have to deal with a lot of pent-up frustration. Or I can simply accept it as a new lifestyle. You don't mind sharing me with other women after all, and you seem to be happy about it. So I suppose I can do the same for you. I don't mind you two making love, I don't mind you being affectionate with each other even in front of me. Just promise me one thing."

"What?"

"I don't want to know any details. Don't tell me any more about your sex life than you would tell a perfect stranger." Then he chuckled. "Actually, let me rephrase that. Don't tell me any more about your sex life than a *typical person* would tell a perfect stranger."

"You got it," she smiled.

At bedtime, Greg surprised them again by suggesting that Allison sleep in Jeff's bed that night. Allison was reluctant; she was worried that it was a subtle hint that he no longer wanted to sleep with her. But he assured her that it was only because he still needed some more time to get used to the idea of Allison and Jeff together, and the more it happened the faster he would get over the final lingering remnants of jealousy. He promised to make it up to her the next night, but with Brit sleeping over at Crystal's house tonight it was a perfect opportunity.

Jeff was in favor of it, and when Allison joined him in bed, the two of them made love for the third time that day.

In the morning he awoke to the wonderful feeling of her body pressed against his. For a moment he forgot what had happened and thought it was Brit, but then all of the memories of the past couple of months returned. Unfortunately, the reminder put him back in a bad mood, though not as serious as before. Still, it lingered for the rest of the day.

Kari drove Brit back home that night. When she arrived, Jeff and Allison were sitting on the couch in the living room watching television while Greg sat nearby in his favorite chair. As soon as she came in, Brit skipped over and sat down on her father's lap. He chuckled, and wrapped his arms around her.

Jeff's mood instantly darkened. Brit hadn't even acknowledged his existence. No "hi Jeff" or "I missed you Jeff" or even "Kari says hi." He would have even settled for "I hate you Jeff." Anything to show that she still felt something, *anything* toward him. He even missed fighting with her. At least then he could apologize and she would come over and give him a hug and then they would be friends again. But he had no weapon against this indifference.

As she snuggled up next to Greg, he felt a surge of jealousy. Well, two could play at that game. He scooted in a little closer to Allison and put his arm around her. Allison glanced at him and smiled, then turned her attention back to the show. Out of the corner of his eye, Jeff caught a glimpse of Brit looking at him, but managed to suppress his grin of satisfaction.

Brit, however, had never backed down from a challenge. She retaliated by turning over on Greg's lap and laying her head down on his chest. Greg smiled down at her, holding her tightly. If he realized what she was trying to do, he didn't say anything or try to stop her.

Jeff refused to be outdone. With his free hand, he reached over and took Allison's, holding it in his lap. Once more, she gave him a quick smile. Now it looked less like a mother and son sitting together on a couch, and more like a romantic date between two lovers. There was no way Brit could beat that, because Greg would never cross that line. Greg, in fact, stared at Jeff and Allison for a moment with a disapproving glare, but said nothing.

As it turned out, Jeff had underestimated his little sister's determination. She sat back up on her father's knees, her body facing forward, but she turned her head to the side and said in her sweetest tone, "Daddy, would you rub my back?"

"Of course, angel," he replied. He put his hands on her shoulders and gently rubbed them. Brit smiled and sighed, but Jeff could see a victorious look in her eyes. She had still managed to beat him at this game.

Now he was really getting mad. He remembered how he used to rub her back like that, how one incident like that had led to his private vow never to hurt her. He knew he was breaking that vow even as he sat there with Allison, but Brit was pushing him to it! *He* should be the one with her on his lap, running his hands all over her and giving her simple pleasures like that. Now Greg had stolen even his fond memories of those beautiful, intimate moments with her.

He knew he should give up this stupid game. He should get on his knees and beg Brit to forgive him for being so affectionate with Allison. If he thought it would work, he would do it in an instant, but since Brit's transformation back into the bratty little girl that scorned him at every opportunity, he wasn't sure she wouldn't just laugh at him and ridicule him. He had his pride after all. So he was forced to continue, to attempt to win this game at any cost.

He yawned and stretched. "I'm getting sleepy," he commented.

"It's not bedtime yet," Greg replied.

"I know. Maybe I'll just lie down here for a minute. You don't mind, do you Allison?"

"Mind what?"

Instead of answering, he moved over to the other side of the couch, then lay down on his back and put his head in her lap. "That feels nice," he murmured. "I must be the luckiest man alive, to get to rest here in the arms of the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Well, I'm the luckiest girl in the world, to be having my back rubbed by the handsomest man in the world," Brit retorted with a vicious smile. Jeff glanced over at her. As soon as she confirmed that he was watching, she turned around one last time, threw her arms around Greg's neck, and kissed him on the cheek.

That did it. Jeff's anger overflowed now, and he was likely to get violent if he didn't do something about it. He sat up, then leaned in and kissed Allison directly on the lips.

She pulled back in shock. "Jeff!" she exclaimed. "What's gotten into you? I mean... right in front of your father and your sister!"

"Dad's already given his approval," he replied, deliberately not mentioning anything about Brit. He wanted to make it clear that he didn't care about what she thought of it.

"That's okay," Brit smiled. "You two can do whatever you want. As long as I have Daddy to cuddle with. I'll never love anyone as much as I love you, Daddy."

Those words stung Jeff worse than anything he had ever felt before. She had found his weakness and attacked with viciousness he never knew she possessed. She had once given him her heart, even claimed to belong to him. Now she had not only taken back her heart, but in one instant ripped his own right out of his chest.

Somehow he managed to keep his temper. He rose to his feet and calmly said, "I think I'll go to bed now after all."

Allison glanced up at him. "Would you like... would you like me to join you?" she asked.

"No thanks," he replied. "Not tonight. I just feel like getting to sleep early."

"Good night, Jeff," said Greg.

"Pleasant dreams," Allison added.

Brit said nothing.

Jeff headed up the stairs and down the hall to his room. Without even changing out of his clothes, he lay down on the bed on his side and stared at the wall, wishing he could go to sleep and never wake back up.

Unfortunately, he did wake up in the morning, and in no better mood than when he had gone to sleep. Brit was being so selfish. He really didn't want to have anything to do with her, despite it being her birthday.

She was turning fourteen today, but he really didn't care. The last thing he wanted was to spend the day with her and her stupid friends. He ate breakfast in silence, not even speaking to her. Although he drove her to school, he didn't say one word to her during the trip, and she didn't try to make conversation either.

His mood remained the whole day. Even Kari couldn't cheer him up. She remained as cheerful as ever, but lately she had been giving him a lot of worried looks, not that he blamed her. Jeff wasn't anything like he used to be. Now he acted like he didn't want anyone's company, even hers.

The weather seemed to reflect his mood. Clouds gathered overhead, threatening to soak anyone unfortunate enough to be caught outside. It wasn't good weather for a birthday party, but fortunately they weren't planning any activities outside.

He drove Brit home after school, again without talking. She kept glancing at him as if wanting to say something, but the angry look in his face deterred her each time. Eventually she gave up, and just stared forward.

When they arrived home, Jeff announced that he was going to his room, then did just that. He had a lot of homework to catch up on, and the truth was that with Brit's birthday party soon to start, he didn't want to be anywhere nearby. He would have gone over to Kari's to avoid it, except that he was sure Greg and Allison would tell him he couldn't. Not on his little sister's birthday.

Still, he could at least stay up in his room the whole time. When her friends started arriving and he could hear the sounds of the girls having fun downstairs at the party, Jeff simply tuned them out by putting on headphones and listening to music while reading a book.

About an hour later, the bedroom door opened, and Crystal poked her head in. He hadn't heard her knock because he had the music cranked up, but he took off the headphones and glanced at her.

"Aren't you going to come join the party?" asked Crystal.

Jeff shrugged. "I'm not in the mood."

"You sure? We're all having a lot of fun down there."

"I'm happy for you," he mumbled.

"I for one miss having you there, and I'm sure Brit does too."

"No she doesn't."

Crystal sighed. She stepped into the room and closed the door, then came over and sat down on the bed next to him. She tried to put an arm around his shoulder, but he pulled away.

"Jeff, don't do this," she said. "Remember when I had boy problems and you helped me through them? I want to help you through your girl problems."

"I don't want help. I just want to be left alone."

Crystal stared at him for a while, and Jeff began to feel guilty about being so rude to her.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I really appreciate what you're trying to do. But this is just something I need to get over on my own."

"Okay, but I'm not giving up on you. And neither is Kari."

"Thanks," he said, managing a weak smile. "And tell Kari thanks for me too. I just need some time, that's all."

Crystal nodded, then impulsively leaned in and gave him a kiss on the cheek. She rose to her feet and left the room, leaving Jeff once more alone with his thoughts.

He stayed in his room during supper that night, and Allison brought him a plate of food including a piece of leftover birthday cake. He barely acknowledged her presence with a mumbled thanks, and she nodded and left him alone.

The storm broke just after bedtime. It wasn't a particularly strong one, just a drizzle of rain and the occasional roll of thunder in the distance. He really didn't mind; the sound of the rain on the rooftop actually helped him sleep.

During the night he dreamed of Brit. That wasn't surprising; she was on his mind a lot lately. In the dream, she crept into his room, then stood over his bed for a minute or two. Finally she leaned down and kissed him on the forehead. "Goodbye," she whispered, tears in her eyes. Then she disappeared out the door.

He woke up the next morning feeling horrible. He hated Brit for being so affectionate with his father, he hated his father for coming between them, he hated Allison for making Brit jealous, and most of all he hated himself for taking his frustrations out on his little sister by not being there for her birthday.

Why did things have to be this way? For a couple of months, he had been truly happy. Life had been going well for him. Now it was all falling apart, and the worst part was that he shared in the blame. His jealousy and anger were hurting his little sister, and she didn't deserve that. She deserved an older brother who cared for her and looked out for her and protected her.

There was one thing he could do for her, he realized. He got out of bed, quickly dressed, then headed across the hall to knock on her door. Maybe he couldn't make it up to her, but at least he could apologize to her, and let her know how much he loved her.

There was no answer, so he knocked again. Again, no answer. Well, Brit was sometimes a sound sleeper. He opened the door and peeked in.

She wasn't in her room. That was unusual; she usually took a shower as soon as she got up, and didn't make her bed until it was almost time to leave for school. But maybe she had gotten up early for some reason. Maybe she had taken her shower while Jeff was still asleep. No, that couldn't be it. The bathroom door was open, and he could clearly see the mirror, and it had no lingering fog on it. Unless it had been an hour or two ago, it would be obvious that she had already showered. Furthermore, her towel was dry and hanging on the rack.

He was about to head back into his room when he spied a sheet of paper on her desk. It wasn't like her to leave things lying around like that. She was usually meticulous about cleaning up after herself. He strode over and glanced down at it. Immediately he froze.

"Goodbye," it read. "I can't take it any more, so I'm running away."

Chapter 81

Guardian Angels

Jeff sat on the school bus, staring vacantly at the back of the seat in front of him. He felt literally sick from worry, wondering where his little sister could be.

He had to admit, he had been pretty much useless all morning. All he had done was sit and stare, trying to fight back the tears. Allison had broken down and cried, and only his father had managed to keep his head. Greg had immediately called the police, then the Williams house to see if she had spent the night with Crystal, then his work to tell them he wouldn't be coming in. Eventually even he broke down and began to weep though. Jeff had been shocked; except for the night Greg had discovered his children's affair, Jeff had never seen his father cry before.

Now Greg and Allison were out looking for Brit, but they had insisted that Jeff go to school because he couldn't do anything for her. He felt so helpless, but worse than that was the guilt. If only he hadn't tried to make her angry or jealous. Or if he had put on a good face for her birthday, or even just apologized last night. If he had done any of those, she would be sitting here beside him instead of lost and alone out there. The thought of never seeing her smiling face again almost made him want to scream.

Fortunately the rain had stopped and the clouds had mostly dispersed, but Brit had been out in it all night. He knew it was possible for someone to die of exposure in weather like that, especially someone small without a lot of fat to insulate them. And Brit was still kind of a skinny girl.

As soon as he arrived at school, he was greeted by the volleyball team.

"I told them all about what happened," Kari explained. "They said they want to help."

"We'll probably get detention for this," said Tracy, "but we're going to leave in a few minutes and start searching the town."

"Really?" he asked, in both surprise and gratitude.

"Absolutely. We told you we're your guardian angels, and that applies to your little sister too. We've all arranged transportation of one kind or another, and we've all got our cell phones so we'll keep in contact. Don't worry; we're going to find your sister."

"Thanks," he said with a weak smile. Tracy came over and hugged him.

When she stepped back, she glanced at Kari. "You stay here and take care of Jeff. I've arranged it so that for any class you don't share with him, one of the other girls who's in that class will come back for that time in case he needs us for anything. Oh, and Jeff, can we get the numbers of your parents' cell phones? I want to

coordinate with them."

Jeff was too overcome with emotion and gratitude to speak, but he wrote the numbers down on a sheet of paper and handed it to her.

All through his first class he felt sick with worry. He tried to keep it in as much as possible, but finally broke down crying. There were a few snickers from some of his classmates, but he didn't care. Mr. Greenville stopped his lecture and asked if it was another headache, but Jeff blurted out that his little sister had gone missing and he was worried about her. A silence fell on the class then; no doubt those who had laughed at him were feeling guilty about doing so.

"Miss Williams, would you be so kind as to take Jeff to the nurse's office?" asked Mr. Greenville. "I think he needs a place where he can be alone for a while."

Kari nodded, and put a comforting arm around his shoulders. "Come on, Jeff," she said quietly.

He allowed her to lead him to the nurse's office. Kari explained the situation, and Mrs. Browning let them go into the back room. Jeff lay down on the cot, and Kari sat by him without saying a word, her eyes filled with pity.

Jeff was grateful to have someone like her to help him through his tough times. She had stuck with him after Brit and Jeff had been found out, even though he gave her no sign that he even wanted to be around her. For months she had stayed loyal without asking for a single thing in return.

"Thank you, Kari," he told her. "I don't deserve someone like you."

"Oh, hush," she replied. "Let's have no talk like that. I love you, Jeff."

"I love you too, Kari. I'm just sorry I haven't shown it lately."

"It's all right. You're just going through a hard time right now. If I were to leave you just because things aren't going so well, I'd be missing out on so much in the future."

"But what if we never find Brit? What if she's... what if she's dead?"

"Don't say that, Jeff! Don't even think of things like that. I'm sure she's just fine, wherever she is. I'll bet your parents or my friends find her before the day is out."

"But the storm last night. She was always afraid of storms. To think of her out there, unprotected from it... I can't stand it!"

"I know. You care for her deeply. I'd probably be the same way if it were Crystal out there. But right now there's nothing you can do, so try not to think about it."

That was easier said than done. He expected the nurse to come in at any minute and say, "They found your

sister's body." Those words echoed over and over in his mind, terrifying him. What would he do if it happened? If only it were him out there alone in the cold instead of Brit. He would gladly let the storm take him, if it would mean Brit came home where it was safe. *Why, Brit?* he wondered. *Why did it have to be you?*

Half an hour later, the nurse entered the room, just like he had imagined. He could still hear those words in his head, as clearly as if she spoke them. When she opened her mouth, he dreaded what would come out.

"Good news," she said. Jeff started crying in relief even before the nurse could explain the situation to him.

"Erica Bryant found your little sister. Your father's with her right now."

"See, Jeff?" Kari said. "I knew my friends would come through for you." Then she turned back to the nurse. "Is she all right?" she asked for him, as he was too emotional even to speak.

"She's fine. A little cold and scared, but nothing that a hot bath won't cure. The only problem is, she refuses to come home. Jeff, your stepmother's on the way over here to pick you up and take you to her. She seems to think that you might be able to convince her."

"Thank you," he managed to say between his sobs.

"It's all right," she smiled, then left the room.

Kari hugged him then, whispering comforting words in his ears. He was so preoccupied with his thoughts that he didn't know what she said, only that it felt nice to hear them.

A couple of minutes later Kari's cell phone rang. She put it to her ear. "Hello?" she said. "Yes, I heard. Erica found her. Are you coming back? Yeah, he's fine. Just a little shaken up right now. We're in the nurse's office. What's that? Yes, his stepmom's coming to pick him up. You guys should get back to school. If you hurry it'll only be first period and part of second period that you miss. Okay, bye." She hung up.

"That was Tracy," she explained. "She's just calling everyone to make sure we know Brit was found."

Jeff suddenly threw his arms around Kari and hugged her tightly. "This is for you and all of your friends. Especially Erica." Kari held him to her, not saying a word.

They were still sitting there like that twenty minutes later when Allison opened the door and stepped through.

She immediately hurried over and threw her arms around him. Kari stepped back, letting him cry on her shoulder. Right now he just needed a mother to comfort him.

Once they broke apart, Allison took his hand. "Brit's all right, but we need your help. Kari, thanks for staying with Jeff. Why don't you go back to class? We'll call you tonight and let you know how it works out."

Kari hugged her, then the three of them left the room.

Allison and Jeff made their way out to her car. She started it up, and then they drove in the direction of the city. Jeff was shocked at just how far Brit had traveled. She must have been walking all night! They followed the road until Jeff spied their father's car on the side of the road near an open field by a large billboard. Allison pulled over behind the car, and they hurried toward the billboard.

The first thing Jeff saw was Greg standing there, staring down at something on the ground. Then he realized that that something was Brit! She lay there in the dirt, facing away from them with her arms wrapped around one of the poles suspending the billboard.

"As soon as I tried to pick her up, she grabbed hold of that pole and wouldn't let go," Greg explained as soon as they arrived. He looked tired and haggard, even a little frightened. "We could force her, but Allison says if she doesn't come home willingly, she'll just resent what we've done, and she'll run away again. I think..." He sighed in resignation. "I think you're the only one who can convince her."

Jeff nodded, then knelt down beside her. He ran his hand through her hair, but she pulled away. Then he leaned over, brought his head down, and nibbled on her earlobe.

Brit burst out laughing. Greg and Allison stared in surprise. "I don't believe it," Greg breathed.

"Let's go home, Brit," said Jeff.

"No!" she insisted.

"Come on. You must be freezing."

"I don't care."

Jeff lay down on the cold, hard ground behind her, put an arm around her and hugged her to him. Greg took a step forward, but Allison placed a hand on his, giving him a look warning him not to interfere. He hesitated, then stepped back.

"You're soaking wet," said Jeff, "and you're shivering like crazy. You're going to catch pneumonia out here."

"I'm not going back," she stubbornly insisted.

Allison suddenly turned around and jogged back to the car. When she returned, she had the blanket that they kept in the trunk for emergencies. She knelt down and spread this over the two children. Brit sighed.

"Won't you at least tell us why you ran away?" asked Jeff.

"It's your fault!"

"Mine?" he asked, taken aback.

"Yesterday at my party, you just stayed in your room the whole time and wouldn't come down. It was my

birthday, Jeff! But you didn't even say happy birthday to me!" She began to sob again.

Jeff's eyes filled with tears as well. "Oh, Brit, I'm so sorry!" he said. "If I had realized it would hurt you this much, I wouldn't have done it. I was just sulking because... because I've seen how affectionate you are with Dad, and I got jealous. I miss how you used to be that way with me. Please come home, Brit. I'll make it up to you, I promise."

"How? Everything you could do to make me feel better, you're not allowed to do, remember?"

"I know, but I'll find a way. I love you, Brit. Please come home."

"I can't go home. Things are just going to be the same, and I hate it there. Even though I know you love me, I can't just keep going on like that. I can't stand being near you and not being able to touch you, Jeff. Please don't make me go back to that."

"Okay," he said soothingly. "If you'll be happier running away, then that's fine. Just tell me one thing."

"What?"

"Where are we going?"

Brit's eyes went wide. "What did you say?" she asked.

"You've made up your mind not to come home, and I don't want to either if you're not there. So there's only one thing to do. I'm coming with you. Wherever you go, I'm going too."

"But Jeff--"

"Do you think I'd just leave you alone? If you're going to run away, then I'm going to run away with you. I promised I would protect you. I even said I would give my life for you, don't you remember?"

"I remember."

"So how can I look after you if you leave me home?"

Greg had to look away. His emotions were too conflicted right now. He hadn't seen before just how good Jeff was for Brit. If not for the fact that they were related, Greg would have been overjoyed to have Jeff date his daughter. Here was a boy who was strong, and gentle, and kind to her. On the other hand, that kind of relationship between them was impossible.

"So you never answered my question. Where are we going?" asked Jeff.

"I don't know," Brit replied. "Some place warm."

"How about Hawaii?" asked Jeff. "We could lie out on the beach all day soaking up the sun, then at night we

could rest in a hot tub. Wouldn't that be nice?"

"I like hot tubs," Brit commented.

"Me too. It's too bad we can't go home and get into the tub right now."

"You're trying to trick me," she said.

"Yes I am. Is it working?"

Brit actually giggled at that.

"So you're off to Hawaii?" asked Greg. "Okay, I'll call for the plane tickets right now."

Brit turned her head to stare at him. "You mean... you mean you don't want me to come home?"

"Of course I do," Greg replied. "I'll probably cry the whole time you're gone, but I'd rather see you happy. If you think running away to Hawaii will make you happy, then I'm willing to give you up. But only if you have Jeff to look after you."

"You would really cry for me?"

"I started crying all this morning after you turned up missing, and I don't think I stopped until we found you."

"I'm so sorry, Daddy. I didn't know."

"It's all right, Angel, now that I know you're safe."

"We all cried for you," said Allison.

"Even Jeff?" asked Brit.

"Absolutely," said Jeff. "I was so worried that I had to go to the nurse's office."

"Really?"

"Really. Remember how scared you were when I hit my head on the stairs and knocked myself unconscious?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was ten times as scared for you this morning. You're my little sister, and I don't think I could survive if anything ever happened to you."

"I'm so sorry, Jeff."

"It's okay. As long as I can be with you to look after you, I don't care where we go. I don't know how we'll get money to eat or pay for a place to stay, but just being with you so I can protect you is enough for me."

Brit hesitated for a minute, just lying there with her brother's arm around her. "Jeff?" she asked.

"Yes, Brit?"

"I want to go home now."

Jeff rose up to a kneeling position, then slid his hands under her and lifted her into his arms. He stood then, letting her rest against his chest. He followed Greg and Allison back to the car, and by the time they reached it Brit was asleep. She probably hadn't slept all night because of the storm.

"Greg, if you don't mind, I'd like to ride home with you," said Allison. "We can come back and pick up my car later."

Greg nodded.

"Is it all right if I ride in the back with you two?" asked Allison, and Jeff nodded. He managed to slide into the seat with Brit still in his arms, and Allison went around and climbed in the other door. Jeff let Brit spread out on top of both of them, her head resting in Allison's lap and the blanket still covering her. Greg started the car and they began the drive home.

For a while nobody said anything. This had been an emotional experience for all of them. It was Greg who finally broke the silence.

"Jeff, I'm very proud of you," he said. "This is the third time you've saved Brit's life."

"Actually it's only the second," Jeff replied. "The first one Brit just made up. You know what kind of imagination she has."

Greg laughed. "Okay, so it's the second time. Still, I'm in your debt. I don't think I can ever repay you fully for what you've done."

Jeff glanced down at the girl sleeping in his arms. "I'll be honest. There's only one thing I want, and I know it's something I can never have."

"I know," said Greg. "It's hard for you both. Just so you understand, I think you're wonderful for her. I hope some day she finds someone just like you to marry. If you weren't her brother, I'd give your relationship my blessing. But you understand, this can never be."

Jeff nodded.

"Tell you what. She's been through a lot, and I think she needs you right now. It's okay with me if she wants to sleep in your bed tonight. Just make sure you keep your clothes on, and don't... you know."

"Thanks, Dad. I think she'll appreciate that."

As soon as they reached the house, Jeff climbed out of the car and carried Brit to the door. She woke up and glanced around.

Allison hurried and unlocked it, and Jeff carried her inside. Instead of heading over to the living room or even up to her bedroom though, he started down the stairs.

"Where are you going?" Brit asked.

"You'll see," he told her.

Once at the bottom of the stairs, he crossed the rec room toward the bathroom at the far end. He slipped inside it, then out the other door into the alcove. There he slipped off his shoes and pulled the blanket off of Brit. As he ascended the steps to the hot tub, Brit gasped, "You wouldn't dare!" She managed to kick off her shoes at the last minute, realizing that he was serious.

"Oh wouldn't I?" he asked, then plunged into the water with her. She squealed and laughed and struggled to get away, then finally gave up and let him hold her there in the water.

"You said you liked the hot tub, so I figured this should be the first thing we did when we got home."

"But with our clothes on?"

"You were already soaked from the rain, and I don't mind getting wet. So why not?"

She giggled and climbed off his lap, then sat down next to him. He wrapped his arm around her.

The screen opened and they saw Greg and Allison standing there. Both of them started laughing. Jeff and Brit joined in too.

Then Greg did something unexpected. He took off his coat, slipped off his shoes, removed his belt and wallet, and climbed in with them. Allison followed. The four of them sat in the hot tub, fully clothed, laughing almost to the point of tears. It was a well-needed release after the ordeal they had all been through.

"I'll bet this feels nicer than that cold ground you were sleeping on, Brit," said Allison.

"Much better. Nice and warm. I think I'll have to cancel the trip to Hawaii after all."

"Brit, I want you to promise never to run away again," said Greg. "If you have a problem, any problem at all, you can come to Allison or me. I meant it when I said I wanted you to be happy."

"And I meant it when I said I would do anything to protect you," Jeff added.

Greg looked at him then as if seeing him for the first time. He didn't say anything, though.

"I promise I won't run away again," said Brit. "I'm still a little sad that I don't get to spend time with Jeff, though."

"Well, maybe I was a little harsh," Greg told her. "I think it will be all right once in a while to let you two spend some time together alone, as long as you promise to behave. Jeff, I'm going to trust you to make sure you don't cross the line."

"Oh, thank you, Daddy!" Brit beamed, sloshing over to him and throwing her arms around his neck.

They sat there another ten minutes before Jeff pointed out that since they were all in the tub and none of them had a dry change of clothes nearby, they had a problem.

"Actually, my bathrobe's hanging in the bathroom," said Allison. "I was in the hot tub the other day and I forgot to take my robe back upstairs. I think it's time I got out anyway."

She climbed out of the tub and headed into the bathroom, closing both doors. A couple of minutes later she re-emerged wearing her bathrobe, and tossed her wet clothes in the corner. "I'll get some robes for the rest of you," she said, heading toward the stairs.

Later, they all sat in the rec room in their robes. Brit spent the rest of the morning sleeping on Jeff's lap, her head against his chest. Greg looked like he didn't know whether he approved of that or not, but at least he didn't try to put a stop to it. Allison sat by him, holding his hand.

"Jeff," said Greg. "I need to apologize to you."

"For what?" asked Jeff.

"For misjudging you. You know how conservative I am. I was always raised to think that sex is a bad thing, except between husband and wife. Your mother and I even saved ourselves for our wedding night. I've always believed that anything deviating from normal sexual relationships between husband and wife is wrong. That includes incest. So when I saw those pictures with you and Brit... well, I jumped to the wrong conclusion."

"What wrong conclusion? It was true."

"I'm not talking about the act itself. I'm talking about the emotions involved. You see, I had never even considered the possibility that a deviant sexual relationship could actually involve love. To me, what you did with Brit was pure, emotionless sex, and that's what I wanted to protect her from."

"I'm not sure I understand."

"How do you feel about your little sister?"

"I'm in love with her."

"Exactly. That's what I couldn't see, because I had never even considered that that was possible."

"So are you saying that now you approve of our relationship?"

"No. I don't. I still think it's bad. Just maybe not as bad as I thought at first. You love her, and that at least means something. At least part of your love for her I can approve of. I mean, it was because you love her that you saved her life twice. If it was a choice between her being with you and being with a man who abused her or treated her like dirt, well, I suppose I would have to pick you. You have to understand, though, that she's still a little girl. She just turned fourteen, after all. To have this kind of relationship with anyone, especially her brother, can really hurt her."

Jeff shook his head. "I'm sorry, but I don't agree. I might as well be honest, Dad. The only reason why I've stopped having sex with her is because you've made it a rule in this house and in this family. It's a rule that I happen to disagree with, but because I love you and don't want to disappoint you, I'm following it. But I'm not happy about it."

"All right, I can respect that. I suppose it comes down to this. We both want Brit to be happy. We just have conflicting ideas of how to make that possible."

Jeff nodded.

"So can we at least not be enemies about it? We have the same goal, after all. Are there maybe a few things we can agree on?"

Jeff stared at him in surprise. It was the first time that he could remember that his father was treating him like an equal. Greg had always been his father, always the authority figure but also the strong one in the family. Now he was talking to Jeff on an equal level.

Jeff didn't want to disappoint him. If his father was willing to reach out to him like this, Jeff wanted to prove himself worthy of such a gesture.

"I think if we start listing what we know about her, we can figure out what she needs," he said. "And then we can discuss what the appropriate role is for each of us."

Greg nodded with a smile on his face.

"I think you're right," he said. "So what do we know about her?"

"Well, first of all, she's very emotional."

"And vulnerable sometimes."

"And affectionate."

"She has a wonderful imagination."

"And she needs to hear the words 'I love you' as often as possible."

"I think that at least is something we both can do for her," Greg told him. "I'm a little concerned about what you do to show your love for her, but I don't think there's any harm in telling her, even though there are some components of your love for her that I don't approve of."

"Dad, do you think maybe her imagination is part of the reason why she fell in love with me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, when I saved her life that first time... I think maybe she got a case of hero worship. She probably saw me as her knight in shining armor."

"I can say with a pretty good degree of certainty that she was in love with you before that incident," Allison said. "No, whatever happened, it happened while we were taking Lissa to school."

"Any ideas of what that might be?" Greg asked Jeff.

Jeff thought he knew exactly when it had happened. She had suddenly become very affectionate after they had seen those naughty vacation pictures. And that meant that it was probably because he had been there with her when she had her first orgasm. Perhaps to Brit, it was like he had taken her virginity at that point.

"I think I know," said Jeff. "I suppose after everything that's happened, there's no harm in telling you, but I made a promise to Brit that I wouldn't say. So unless she releases me from that promise, I can't reveal it."

"I wouldn't ask you to break your promise to her," Greg told him. "It's all right to keep it a secret."

"Thanks."

"So anyway, I'm going to loosen the rules a little. It's okay for you two to be alone together once in a while, but just to avoid temptation, you're not allowed to touch each other unless you're with Allison or me. When one of us is around, you can be affectionate with each other. You can hug, and she can sit on your lap if she wants. No kissing, though, even on the cheek or forehead. And you have to obey Allison and me. If we tell you to stop doing something, you have to stop. And you're not to sleep together unless I give you permission. Do you understand?"

"I understand. And thank you. I think if we're allowed to hold each other like that, that will be enough."

"Make no mistake about it, though. The goal is still to have you fall out of love with each other. I just think in light of what's happened, it's better to do it gradually. I made a mistake the first time in thinking it was better to end it abruptly."

"Well then, you know I disagree with the goal, but I'll follow the rules. And I'll make sure Brit follows them

too."

"That's all I'm asking."

They sat in silence for a while then, each lost in their own thoughts. Finally Greg broke the silence, bringing up the point that they still had to go get Allison's car. They agreed to let Jeff and Brit stay home from school for the rest of the day, because Brit hadn't gotten much sleep last night, and they didn't want to leave her alone while they went for the car. There was also the practical issue of her being asleep on Jeff's lap, which meant he couldn't get off the couch without waking her. Greg and Allison went upstairs to their bedroom to change their clothes, and then left the two kids alone while they drove back to where they left the car. Brit continued to sleep soundly on Jeff's lap the whole time, and he gently stroked her back. She was still asleep when Greg and Allison returned.

When Brit awoke a while later, Greg gave her a kiss on the forehead, then they went over the new rules again with her. Since the part of the relationship that Greg mostly objected to was the sex, and Brit was more interested in just the intimacy of being held by Jeff, she immediately agreed to the rules. She joked that she would agree to anything that allowed her to sit on his lap, and proved her point by doing so all the rest of the day, with the obvious exceptions of lunch and dinner.

They brought up the subject again of when exactly she had fallen in love with him, and she admitted it was when she had her first orgasm while sitting on his lap looking at those naughty pictures. Once they started talking about it and Greg simply listened without being judgmental, they found it easier and easier to keep going. Almost like a form of therapy, it felt relieving to finally get it all out in the open. The only things they didn't mention were Brit's lesbian encounters with Allison, Kari, and Crystal. They had seen his reaction to finding out that Lissa had a girlfriend, and by unspoken agreement they decided that for the time being at least, they wouldn't tell him that Brit was also bisexual.

That night just before bedtime, Kari called Jeff. "How's Brit doing?" she asked immediately.

"Much better," Jeff replied. "Tell the girls we really appreciate what they've done."

"About the girls," Kari said, "They've all got detention to serve next Monday after school. Principal Foster called it 'truancy.' Basically, leaving school grounds during class time."

"That asshole!" Jeff exclaimed. "They saved Brit's life, and he's going to make them serve detention for it?"

"Yeah, he said he approved of their motivations, but he couldn't allow that kind of rule breaking, no matter how noble the purpose."

"I think I'll tell Principal Foster exactly what I think of him!" Jeff growled.

Suddenly, Kari burst out laughing. "Well, maybe you can tell him on Monday," she giggled.

"What? You mean I have detention too? But--"

"He didn't actually assign you detention, but he said you're still invited, especially if you swing by the junior high after school and pick up Brit."

"I don't understand."

"He's going to have some pizzas and sodas delivered."

"You mean..."

"Exactly. It's detention in name only."

Jeff laughed. "Maybe Principal Foster isn't such a bad guy after all."

"By the way, you're sworn to secrecy for the rest of your natural life. He says he doesn't want to be seen as promoting truancy or gangs."

"Gangs?"

"An organized group engaging in anti-authoritarian activities," she quoted in her best impersonation of the principal. "In this case, skipping out on school. He said what the girls did could be misconstrued as gang activity."

"I can see that. First they start by finding lost children, and before you know it, they're adopting homeless puppies! Just think where it could lead!"

"Anyway, we're not to let on that this is anything but detention. You *can* keep a secret, can't you?"

"I won't tell a soul. Like I never told anyone that Lissa's really a boy. Oops! I let that one slip, didn't I?"

Kari laughed. "It's good to hear that you're in a good mood again. You really haven't been fun at all for the longest time."

"I'm just happy that my little sister's back home safe. I never did get to thank the girls for their help. Tell them... I don't know. You're much better with words than I am. Just let them know how much I appreciate them."

"I will. And by the way, Crystal's anxious to see Brit again. Did you know that she cried as much as you did?"

"Tell her she's a sweet girl. She's been so good for Brit these past few months. If there's anything I can do for her, I will."

"I'll tell her. Thanks. So I'll see you tomorrow at school?"

"I'll be there."

"Good. Bye."

"Bye."

After hanging up the phone, he ascended the stairs to his bedroom. He changed into a tee-shirt and sweat pants, then climbed into bed. A few minutes later, Brit came into his room, holding her father's hand. Allison stepped in behind them.

Jeff glanced at his little sister. She was wearing a cute little set of pink pajamas that made her look three years younger. He was well aware of how grown-up she could sometimes be, but tonight she was a little girl.

"Jeff," said Greg. "I'm going to trust you not to do anything. Please take care of my little angel."

"I'll take care of her," he promised. "Come on, Brit." He opened the covers, and she skipped over to him, then climbed into bed with him. He threw the blankets back over them as she snuggled up next to his chest.

Greg came over, then knelt down and kissed her on the forehead.

"I love you, Brit," he told her.

"I love you too, Daddy."

"Now I want you to behave. I know how much Jeff loves you, and I know he wouldn't do anything he's not supposed to with you. But I also know that you can be irresistible sometimes, so please, don't do anything to tempt him. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Do you promise?"

"I promise."

"Good," he smiled. "Now I don't have to worry, because I know I can count on both of you." He turned and headed for the door. "Are you coming, Allison?"

"In a minute," she told him. "I'd like to talk with Jeff and Brit for a while first."

"All right. I'll be in the bedroom." He vanished through the door and closed it behind him. Allison turned back to the children.

"Jeff, Brit," she said. "Despite what I've said in the past, I'm going to re-emphasize what your father told you. Make sure you behave yourselves. Brit, you especially. Don't flirt with Jeff, don't be too affectionate, don't even tease him."

"I would think Dad would be happy if I went back to teasing Jeff," she said.

"You may not realize this, but lately your teasing has become... well, to be perfectly frank, sexy."

"Sexy?" she giggled.

"Yes. Something that is just cute or innocent when done by a little girl is downright provocative when done by a fourteen-year-old teenager. So be careful of what you say or do with Jeff. Your father was right; Jeff is absolutely wonderful and would never take advantage of you, but you can sometimes make it really hard for him."

"Okay. I understand. No teasing. But Allison, why are you telling us this? I thought you were in favor of our relationship."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Sure."

"You too, Jeff?"

"Of course," he replied.

"I think your father's wearing down. I'm working on him, and I think there's a chance he'll come around. But we have to be cautious; if we push him too hard, he'll just close up and we'll lose our chance. That's why you two need to be very careful. If you can just hold out for a few months, I think Greg will give in."

"You're serious?" Jeff asked, surprised.

"Jeff, I want you to continue to be a good brother to Brit. Do nice things for her and spend lots of time with her, especially when your father's watching. Brit, you need to be careful about being too affectionate with your brother. The occasional brief hugs are okay, but don't kiss him, even on the cheek. And although your father said it's okay for you to sit on his lap or put your head on his shoulder, try to keep it to a minimum, at least while your father's watching. Do you think you can do that?"

"I think so," said Brit.

"Jeff?"

"That's fine."

"Good. We'll have another talk in a couple of months and I'll let you know how far Greg's come along."

Chapter 82

In a Moment of Weakness

The next day at school, as soon as he found the girls from the volleyball team, he walked right up to them and gave Erica a hug.

"Thank you so much for finding my little sister," he told her.

"Hey, the rest of us helped too," Jenny complained. Jeff released Erica and hugged Jenny, then he hugged Tracy, then went around the rest of the group, hugging them all. He paused at Gwen, who might not appreciate a hug from a boy after all, but she merely shrugged and threw her arms around him.

All through school, he couldn't get his mind off his little sister. At least he paid more attention in class; now that his melancholy had passed, he started to care more about everything, including his education. After school, Jeff headed home with Brit, happy to be able to spend time with her again.

He realized that afternoon that their relationship had changed once again, this time for the better hopefully. At first they had been enemies, always bickering and fighting. Then they had become lovers. Now, both of those were in the past, and they were free to be friends.

By Monday, Brit was back to her old cheerful self. The danger seemed to have passed, and all the sadness and melancholy of the past couple of months had just about vanished as well. That was a good sign, but secretly Jeff still felt a little bitter because it looked like she no longer needed him. Still, as long as it kept her from running away again, he was willing to limit his contact with her. It still pained him to see her acting affectionate with Greg, but he could live with it.

That afternoon, as soon as the last bell rang he dashed out to his car and took a drive over to the junior high to pick her up for the "detention." He couldn't find her out front, and he had a moment of panic as he thought she might have run away again. But he made his way inside to look for her there. He knew she had Mr. Nelson for homeroom teacher, and unless they had rearranged rooms since he had been in junior high himself, he knew exactly where that was.

To his relief, he found her there, sitting alone with Mr. Nelson in his class. He opened the door and stepped into the room.

"Hello, Jeff," Mr. Nelson smiled. He had been Jeff's teacher three years ago, and they had always gotten along well together.

"Hi, Mr. Nelson," he smiled back. "I'm just here to pick up Brit."

"I know, and I'm sorry to keep you waiting. She and I were just having a little talk."

Again Jeff had a momentary suspicion; Mr. Nelson's daughter Kimmy had confessed to having a sexual relationship with him, which meant he liked young girls. But he couldn't imagine the man ever taking anyone against their will. He had always been one of the kindest and gentlest teachers in the school. No doubt Brit was perfectly safe with him.

"All right," said Jeff. "If you need a few more minutes, I can wait outside..."

"Oh no, we're done here," replied Mr. Nelson.

"Come on, Brit," said Jeff, reaching out his hand to her.

"Jeff," said Mr. Nelson. "Do you mind if I have a word with you in private?"

"Sure," he shrugged. "Brit, you go ahead and go out to the car. I'll be right with you."

"Okay, but don't wait too long," she smiled.

As soon as she left the room, Mr. Nelson sat down on the corner of his desk. "I'm going to be perfectly frank," he said. "Britney told me about your relationship."

"What?" asked Jeff, astonished.

"Don't be mad at her. I kind of pried it out of her. And just to be perfectly clear, she also mentioned that both of you know about me and my daughter Kimmy. So don't worry about me disclosing your secret. If I ever did that, you have enough on me to send me to prison for a very long time."

"I wouldn't ever do that. I've met Kimmy, and I know she loves you a lot."

"Yes she does, and I love her. Just like you and Britney love each other. You see, I'm in a unique position here. I can give you the kind of advice that you can get nowhere else."

Jeff nodded. Actually, he felt kind of relieved. Here was someone who had gone through many of the things Jeff had, someone who actually understood him.

"Before Kimmy came to live with me," Mr. Nelson continued, "she wasn't very happy. I won't go into details, but let's just say it wasn't the kind of life she deserved. When I was pretty much forced to take care of her, I was reluctant at first, but after a couple of days of seeing just how sweet of a girl she is, I decided that I would do anything to make her happy. And it seems to have worked."

"Now, you did something that hurt your little sister. Fortunately, there was no permanent harm done. We'll just call it a bad decision and move on. It's what happens in the future that concerns me. And that's where my advice comes in. If you want to make things right between you two, then do what I did. Make it your goal in life to see that she's happy. If you do that, then I promise you that what happened last week will never happen again."

"I wish it were that simple," Jeff said. "But my dad found out about us, and he was furious. He's set up some rules, so I'm limited in what I can do to make her happy."

Mr. Nelson nodded. "Well, that does complicate things, but it just makes it more of a challenge. You're a bright young man, so I'm sure you'll find a way to do what needs to be done. Just like Kimmy, Britney deserves it."

"Yes she does," nodded Jeff.

"All right. I've said my piece. If you ever need to talk, understand that I'm here for you. Tell Britney that too."

"I will. And thanks."

"And one more thing. Kimmy also told me about that slumber party at the Williams House on Crystal's fourteenth birthday. She admitted fooling around with some of the girls, but that she drew the line at doing the same with you. Is this true?"

"Yes sir."

"Good," said Mr. Nelson, sounding relieved. "I don't mind her having fun with her girlfriends like that; I think a little experimentation between girls at that age is healthy, and besides," he laughed, "it kind of turns me on to think of it. On the other hand, I want you to promise me that if you ever find yourself in another situation like that with her, you won't touch her. I ask you that both as a protective parent and as a jealous lover."

"Absolutely. I would never do anything that a girl doesn't like, and I would never ask her to cheat on the person they love." He actually felt a little guilty about that; he had made love to Allison behind his father's back after all. But in the end it had turned out all right.

"All right. I know I can trust you."

It sounded like that was the end of the discussion, so Jeff headed for the door. On the way out, he met Kimmy, who was just going in to see her father.

"Hi Jeff," she smiled.

"Hi Kimmy," he replied. "You know, you've got one hell of a dad."

"I know," she giggled, ducking into the room.

Jeff headed outside to the car, where he met Brit. He was about to climb into the car when he spotted his friend Rick across the parking lot, standing there with his little sister Amy mounted on his back with her arms wrapped around his neck and her legs wrapped around his torso. At thirteen, she was way too old for piggyback rides, but from the grin on Rick's face, it was obvious that he didn't mind.

"Could you hold on a minute?" he told Brit. She nodded.

He waved to Rick, then headed over to them.

"Hi Jeff," said Rick.

"Hi Rick," he smiled. "I take it you came by to pick up your little sister too?"

"He comes by every day," Amy grinned. "He just can't stay away from me."

Rick laughed. "You're the one to talk," he said. "Hanging on me all the time. Literally sometimes, like right now."

"Yep, I guess we're just stuck with each other."

"So how's Brit doing?" asked Rick. "I heard about what happened last week. Amy's in some of her classes at school."

"She's much better than she was," Jeff replied.

"That's good. So if you don't mind my asking, why did she run away?"

"Well, that gets complicated. Let's just say she and I got into a fight."

"Not unusual for you two," Rick grinned. "At least, not until this year. You seem to be getting along a lot better than you used to though. At least, until just recently."

"Yeah, we had our differences. Speaking of which, you used to hate your sister too, didn't you?"

"I never hated her," replied Rick. "I just didn't realize how much I loved her."

Amy grinned, then leaned in and kissed him on the cheek.

"Except when she gets all affectionate in public," Rick laughed. Amy stuck out her tongue at him. "But seriously, I used to be embarrassed by her hanging all over me all the time, but now I just don't let it bother me."

"So what happened between you two?" asked Jeff.

Rick and Amy both turned red, though they tried to hide it. Jeff suddenly had a sneaking suspicion. Could it be possible?

"So do you two ever..." he said, then wondered how he could possibly ask them that.

"Ever what?" asked Amy.

"Do you two ever... fight still?" It wasn't what he had intended to ask, but at least it came out as a harmless and reasonable question.

"Sometimes," said Amy. "But as long as I know Rick loves me, I don't mind. Besides, it just means we get to make up later."

Rick turned his head and gave her a stern look, and Jeff's suspicions were confirmed.

"Anyway," said Jeff, "I've got to go. I'll see you tomorrow for our study group, Rick?"

"I'll be there," he smiled.

"As long as Vanessa is there," Amy teased.

"Hey!" Rick exclaimed. It was all in fun, of course. Rick and Vanessa had been friends for a long time and it was likely that if they hadn't gotten together by now, they never would. Besides, it appeared that Rick already had a special someone in his life. But Jeff knew from experience that little sisters loved to tease their older siblings about any potential love interest.

Jeff turned around and headed back to Brit and his car, pretty confident now that Mr. Nelson wasn't the only one who understood what he was going through. Maybe it wasn't so unusual after all.

As they drove back to the high school, Jeff glanced over at Brit, who had a nervous look on her face. He thought he knew the reason for that nervousness.

"If you're worried that I'll be mad at you for telling Mr. Nelson about us, don't be," he said, and she seemed relieved.

"I'm sorry," she told him.

"It's okay. He told me he pried it out of you. You never could keep a secret," he chuckled. "But never mind that. I don't think there's a problem telling him because he's got his own secret that we know about. He was just concerned for your welfare, so he gave me some advice."

"What advice?"

"Basically to make it my goal in life to make you happy. It's good advice."

"Really?" Brit grinned delightedly.

"Of course, I expect you to do the same," he teased.

"Okay," she replied. "I'll make it my goal in life to make me happy."

"No, I meant..."

"Just kidding. I'm going to do everything I can to make *you* happy. Fair enough?"

"I think things are going to be a lot better from now on," he smiled.

The "detention" turned out to be all fun and games. All the girls gave Brit a hug as soon as she arrived, though she had to endure several lectures about running away, by Principal Foster and some of the girls on the volleyball team. Jenny even mentioned that she had run away once, when she was seven. Her resolve had lasted only two blocks. When she returned home, her parents hadn't even known she was missing, and never did find out that she had run away.

Jeff came to Brit's rescue and claimed that he was entirely to blame, though he gave no details, only saying it was because he had gotten into a fight with her. It seemed a satisfactory answer, especially to anyone who knew about his past history of fighting with her all the time, and no one pushed for any more details than that. He figured that several of the girls suspected that there was something more going on between them, especially after that day in September when they had practiced at the Primdale house. They had seen firsthand how affectionate Brit was with Jeff. None of them mentioned it though, especially not in front of Principal Foster.

The pizza was good, and they all had a lot of fun sitting around eating and talking. It was the most un-detention-like detention he had ever attended, not that he had much experience. He was a good kid, and rarely found himself in trouble.

Principal Foster did give them a lecture at the end, about how important their attendance was and that they shouldn't make it a habit to skip school, even with the noblest of intentions. He said that just because it had turned out all right this time didn't mean it was always the right thing to do. He stopped short of making them promise not to leave school grounds again, only asking that they think about what they were doing if they ever felt the urge again. Brit voluntarily promised, however, that she at least would never give them a reason in the future, which seemed to put his mind at ease.

After another round of hugs, they all left to return to their various homes. Jeff held Brit's hand as they drove back, only releasing it once they arrived at the mansion, where Allison and Greg awaited them.

After the emotional ordeal of Brit running away, things seemed to improve. Jeff and Brit got along much better, to Greg's immense relief. Somehow after all that had happened, they had managed to find the happy medium, where they neither bickered nor showed too much affection. They acted like normal, loving and caring brothers and sisters.

The only problem was that they always seemed to have guilty expressions on their faces whenever he walked in on them. Even if they had just been sitting together on the couch, they tended to scoot apart as soon as he entered the room. They cut off their conversations or abruptly changed subjects. He felt like an intruder every

time he joined them.

He wondered whether it was because they were doing things they shouldn't, but he tested that theory by eavesdropping on their conversations a couple of times for a minute or two before entering the room. He didn't like the idea of spying on his children, so he limited it to only a couple of instances. The things they talked about were just normal, everyday subjects, but for some reason his children felt it was necessary to end their discussions as soon as he arrived.

Granted, several times he caught Jeff with his arm around his little sister as they sat together on the couch, but Greg didn't mind that at all. Still, Jeff immediately withdrew his arm upon spying his father.

For some reason, those guilty expressions and hasty actions bothered Greg. He had always tried to be caring and understanding, but now his kids seemed intimidated by him. They might be getting along well with each other, but they certainly weren't getting along with their father. There was no open animosity, just a certain barrier between father and children, a kind of cold war.

After a couple of weeks of that, he could stand it no longer, so that night he decided to ask Allison about it. She always seemed to be very perceptive when it came to the kids, especially since they didn't have the same problems around her as around him.

"Allison," said Greg as they were getting ready for bed, "am I a bad father?"

"You're an extraordinarily *good* father," she replied.

"Then why do I feel like a villain in my own house?"

She hesitated before responding. "Do you want the honest truth?"

"Actually, I was hoping for emotional support," he laughed.

"Well, I can give you that too, but not at the same time."

Greg sighed. "All right. The truth. Just be gentle; I don't think I can handle a brutal assault on my parenting skills." He sat down on the bed; he didn't think he would be able to take this standing up.

"All right. You want your children to turn out the best they can. You want them to be happy. That much just makes you an average parent. But you've done more than that. You've sacrificed for them. You could be living in a house fifty times this size, with maids and butlers and a full-time gardening staff, and servants ready to wait on you hand and foot. Or you could be living a glamorous and hedonistic life, like Kristen and Roberta. I saw the look of envy in your eyes when we visited them last Spring. But you wanted your children to grow up in a normal home with a loving family, learning to do things for themselves instead of expecting others to do them for them. You even sent them to public school, when you could have afforded the best private schools in the country, because you wanted them to be normal teenagers, learning to socialize with a variety of kids from various backgrounds, having all the experiences teenagers should, dealing with typical

problems and learning to stand on their own feet. In short, you don't want your kids to grow up to be brats. Am I right?"

"Exactly."

"In that sense, you're more than an average parent. You're downright heroic. The problem is, somewhere along the way, you got boring."

"Hey, that's a little--"

"Just hear me out, Greg. Since I'm being honest here, I might as well tell you that I've often suspected that that was the reason your first wife left you. Because frankly, I can't think of any other reason. You're charming, devoted, gallant, chivalrous, and a great lover. It's just that, until I came along, you really didn't know how to have fun."

"Okay, I suppose I can see that. I kind of disagree, but for the sake of argument, I'll humor you."

"But then I *did* come along, and that's when the problem started. You still want your children to turn out healthy, emotionally strong, and well-adjusted. That's fine. You want your daughters to one day fall in love with good and honest men, and you want your son to fall in love with a good and honest woman. You consider any deviation from that to be, well, deviant. I disagree with how narrow-minded that view is, but I really can't fault it."

"But you're no longer leading by example. You don't want Lissa to become a lesbian, but you've slept with two women, and let them have sex with each other right before your eyes. You even let your own daughter get frisky with me last year on that sailing trip. You don't want Jeff and Brit to fall in love with each other, but you condone my relationship with my sister. I'll admit, on that score I'm far more to blame than you are, but then, at least I'm consistent. I'm not trying to keep Lissa away from Alya, or Jeff away from Brit. But you are, and that makes you a hypocrite. That's why your kids see you as kind of a villain. They're still too young to understand your reasons for wanting to limit who they fall in love with; all they see is a double standard. You're allowed to have fun, but they're not. To them, it's that simple."

Greg nodded. It was a long time before he spoke. As he stared at the floor, Allison sat down next to him and put an arm around his shoulder.

"You're right," he said. "I'm a hypocrite. I just want to do the right thing, but I don't know what that is any more."

"For the record, I still think you're an extraordinary father," she told him.

"But what should I do? I love them and I would do anything to make them happy."

"One option is to simply let them fall in love with whomever they want. Let Lissa have Alya, and let Brit have Jeff."

"That won't make them happy. That will just give them some moments of pleasure now, but it will ruin their lives later."

"How do you know that? Have you seen the future? Maybe Brit could never be happy with anyone less noble, gentle, and charming than Jeff. You have to admit, that's a pretty high standard. And maybe the worst thing Lissa can do is try to repress her sexuality, to limit herself to loving just men. You still have that ideal of normal heterosexual relationships for your children in your mind, but maybe that's impossible to reach, and attempting it is worse than just admitting that they're going to be a little unconventional."

"I don't know. It seems so... I don't know. So what are my other options?"

"Well, you could leave things how they are. Refuse to negotiate on the rules you've set up, and hope that eventually they come around. And maybe some day they will. Or maybe you'll just end up alienating yourself, they'll do what they want anyway, and they'll resent you for interfering."

"I suspect that's what's already happening," he mumbled.

"Or you can just let them experiment with these relationships, hoping they'll run their course and then end. Maybe Jeff and Brit will fall out of love with each other on their own. Maybe Lissa and Alya will break up. But there are no guarantees of either of those happening."

"I just wish I could put things back how they were."

"If it will make you feel any better, that much at least is a normal part of parenting. Things change. Children grow up. Kids become teenagers, then adults. Sometimes you just have to accept that one part of your life is over, but that doesn't mean you can't enjoy the next."

Greg suddenly chuckled. "Here I am, fifteen years older than you, and you're giving me all kinds of motherly advice. I still don't know what to do, but I feel a little better at least."

"Do you want my opinion on where to go from here?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You have conflicting goals, and you have to decide which you want more, because you may need to choose between them. You want your kids to be happy, and you want your kids to have normal relationships. Maybe you can't have both. So focus on their happiness, and trust their judgment enough to let them decide who can make them happy."

Greg shook his head. "I wish it were that simple. I really do. I wish I could just tell them to do whatever they want, and they would be happy. But I still think what they're doing is wrong, and it can only end in misery."

Allison shrugged. "It worked for Rachael and me."

"You're not my children."

"Neither are you."

He sighed. "Okay, I don't want to argue with you. Maybe I've been a little harsh on the kids. Lissa especially, because she's an adult now, and can make her own decisions about things like that. I may not like it, but I'm going to have to learn to live with it. I'll try to be supportive of Lissa in her decision, even if I'm dreading Alya's visit this summer. But Jeff and Brit... I don't want them to hate me, but I don't know what to do."

"Just love them. No matter what they do or how much they disappoint you, hold onto that, and somehow we'll get through this."

"I hope you're right."

His trepidation might have been unfounded. Jeff and Brit still loved their father, and whatever guilty reactions they showed whenever he walked into the room were more or less subconscious. After their heart-to-heart talk the day they had found Brit and brought her back home, Jeff certainly didn't harbor any animosity toward his dad, and eventually the nervousness he felt when Greg walked in on his children faded.

As winter passed and spring returned with its rejuvenation of life, Jeff felt its effect. He was happier and more energetic than he had been the past couple of months, and not just because of the change in the season. Brit and he were back on good terms. They had come through their ordeal a little more sober, and perhaps a bit wiser as well, but happy nonetheless. A few hugs a day from Jeff seemed to be all Brit needed to keep her from slipping into a depression. There was always a bit of sadness and longing in those hugs, a longing for what could never be. Nevertheless, they seemed to cheer her right up. Even the sparkle returned to her eyes.

With the spring also came thoughts of romance and love. Jeff spent plenty of time with Kari, realizing now just how good she was for him. She had remained loyal to him even when he hadn't treated her so well; sometimes he thought he didn't deserve such a kind and caring girlfriend. But every time he even hinted to her that he had those thoughts, she immediately insisted that he had just gone through some temporary troubled times, and she knew that the real Jeff was sweet and kind, the type of man worth holding onto. In the end, the only thing that mattered was that they were in love.

He spent time with Crystal as well, whenever he could get away with it. She sometimes joined in their lovemaking, but more often, she wanted to be alone with Brit. Jeff was grateful to her for that; what Brit needed more than anything right now was to feel loved, and since Jeff couldn't give her as much love as he wanted to, he left that job to Crystal. It seemed to help; Brit always returned from the Williams' house with a smile on her face.

He had to admit that he felt a little jealous. It was the strangest thing to be jealous of his girlfriend's little sister, but he couldn't deny that he wished he could do the same thing for Brit that Crystal did. But his gratitude overwhelmed his jealousy, so overall he was happy for them.

One thing remained constantly on his mind throughout the next couple of months. Even during the time that

he had been together with Brit, he had thought that such a relationship was unusual, rare even. He had thought he was the exception. Granted, he had seen those pictures of Greg and Lissa on the boat, but Allison had explained that as just a joke that got out of hand. Now he had evidence that such relationships between family members were much more common than he thought. Kimmy Nelson, for instance, was sleeping with her father. That didn't really mean much to him; he had only met her once, so he didn't know her much at all. And although Mr. Nelson had been his teacher a couple of years ago, he was a lot like Allison described herself to be: less an authority figure and more just someone who was fun to be around. At least when Jeff was in his class, half the girls were in love with Mr. Nelson, and his good looks were only part of the reason. He had always been a friendly, kind man, easy to talk to and easy to get along with. It wouldn't take much for even his own daughter to fall in love with him. And Kimmy was a really beautiful girl, a bit shy perhaps, but that just made her all the sexier.

What really surprised him though, was that his friend Rick was having an affair with his little sister Amy. While they hadn't come right out and admitted it the way Kimmy and Mr. Nelson had, Jeff was almost certain that that was the case. Rick had been his friend since childhood, and so he had also known Amy. Sure, she had always been somewhat infatuated with her big brother, and Jeff had always thought it was cute. But Rick had always seemed annoyed and sometimes even a bit exasperated with her. Rick was the last person Jeff would expect to fall in love with his little sister.

Except, perhaps, Jeff himself. Now that he thought about it, it really wasn't all that unusual after all. He knew what it was like to love his sister in an entirely inappropriate, yet beautiful and powerful way. It didn't bother Jeff at all that his friend was carrying on such a relationship.

What did bother him, however, was that Jeff wasn't. There seemed to be an inherent unfairness about the situation. All around him, people were having these incestuous affairs, while he was forbidden. Why shouldn't he be allowed to love Brit like that? Mr. Nelson and Kimmy seemed genuinely happy. And it had done nothing but good for Rick. The boy no longer cared about impressing anyone because he had his little sister, and that was enough. That made Rick more confident and cheerful, qualities that everyone agreed were good.

But because Jeff loved his father and wanted to do the right thing, he was denied such a relationship with his own little sister. It was unfair.

At least he didn't slip back into that melancholy that had dominated his mood for almost two months. Kari was to be given credit for that, not to mention Allison, who still sometimes slipped into his bed at night and made love to him. Brit no longer seemed to mind; as long as she got to hug him and cuddle with him and sit on his lap occasionally, that seemed to be enough to satisfy her. When that happened, Greg always wore a disapproving look on his face, although it was probably unconscious and he never said anything.

Crystal also confessed to Jeff one day that she had been working hard to keep Brit happy. Whenever the two girls had some time alone together, Crystal made passionate love to her, keeping her sexually satisfied. Jeff was grateful to her for helping his sister like that; no doubt it helped to get her through this tough period in their lives.

At the same time, he still felt a little jealous. If their father found out about Crystal's and Brit's relationship, there would be hell to pay. He would disapprove of it just like he disapproved of Jeff being together with Brit. The only difference was that Crystal and Brit hadn't been caught.

Through the spring months he often pondered on the unfairness of it all. Worst of all was his guilt at his own selfishness. He was regularly having sex with the two women he had always fantasized about, but he still wanted more.

As time wore on, he realized that he was spending more and more of his time thinking about Brit. Their dad had thought that they would eventually stop loving each other, but it seemed to be going in the opposite direction. He missed being with her more in April than he had in March, and he missed being with her even more in May than in April.

As the end of the school year approached, they began making plans for Lissa to return. Since she already knew about Jeff and Brit, there wouldn't be awkwardness of having to explain the situation to her, but her presence would still change things. She had been quite a different girl at Christmas than she had been when she left for college, and Jeff wasn't sure what that would mean when she arrived. He was forbidden from having sex with Brit, but did that apply to Lissa as well? And would she even want to do it now that she had a girlfriend?

He needed to talk to Brit about it, he realized. If there was even a chance that Jeff and Lissa would get together, he had to find out if it would bother Brit at all. If so, he would have a frank discussion with his big sister as soon as she arrived home, and tell her clearly that they couldn't do it.

Just over a week before Lissa came home, Jeff found himself alone in the house with Brit after school. Greg was still at work, and Allison had gone out shopping. Both kids had some homework to do, so they disappeared into their respective rooms to work on it. After working through the problems in the book, Jeff decided now was a good time for that talk. He got up from his desk, left his room, crossed the hall, and knocked on his sister's door.

"Come in," said Brit. Jeff opened the door, then froze and stared at her. She wore the tiniest little swimsuit, a bright red bikini that looked about two sizes too small. She giggled when she saw his reaction.

"What do you think?" she asked, spreading her arms to the side and turning around to give him a good view from all sides.

"Wow!" he exclaimed with a grin. "Are you actually planning to go out in public like that?"

"Only to the pool in the back yard," she replied. "Allison took me shopping last week, and I bought it then. I've decided it's time I stopped wearing little-girl swimsuits and started going for something a little more sexy."

"It's certainly that!" he said. He closed the door, then strode over to her. He couldn't help himself, but reached around her back, pulled her to him, and kissed her on the lips.

She immediately drew back. "Jeff!" she said, though she didn't sound at all annoyed. "We can't do that anymore."

"I just had to do that one more time, for old time's sake," he smiled.

Brit giggled. "In that case, I guess it's okay," she said. Then she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him back.

It had been a long time since he had felt the sweet softness of her lips, the sexy stimulation of her half-naked embrace. He remembered holding her like this, kissing her tenderly yet passionately, basking in the warmth and softness of her young body. He had meant to come in here to talk with her, satisfied just to be in her presence. But seeing and feeling her like this, he realized now that that would never be enough.

Almost without thinking, he lifted her into his arms. Her eyes went wide with surprise as he held her and kissed her.

"Oh my god Jeff," she breathed. "Really?"

"Brit," he said, "I can't go on pretending anymore. No matter how hard I've tried to hide it, the truth is that I'm still in love with you."

"Jeff, I'm in love with you too. I don't want to be just brother and sister, or just friends. I'm just scared. I mean, what if Dad finds out?"

"Then we're no worse off than we are right now, being so close but not allowed to touch each other the way we want. Brit, I've been trying my hardest, but I don't think I can be strong if I know we'll never be able to do it again. But if I know that just once in a while we can forget ourselves and be free, then I think I can find the strength."

"Then let's do it," she smiled. "I want this as much as you do. And I guess as long as we're just doing it once in a while, it's okay to go behind Daddy's back like that."

Jeff laid her on her bed, gazing down at her beautiful face as she stared up at him, so beautiful and loving and vulnerable. He kissed her lips, savoring the sweet taste of her that he had been denied so long. As he did so, he placed his hand on her breast, fondling her through the fabric of her swimsuit.

They lay like that for a few minutes, then Jeff reached under her back and unfastened the strap, loosening the bikini top so that he could pull it off of her and discard it on the floor. He took a good, long look at her gorgeous bare chest, loving the sight of it, especially after not being able to see it for four months. His hand roamed all over her body as he reveled in the softness of her skin, a softness he remembered with fondness and yearning. He couldn't help himself, but lowered his head and began to kiss her all over the chest.

"Oh Jeff!" Brit gasped as he teased her nipple with his tongue. "I love you!"

"I love you too, Brit," he replied, continuing to kiss and lick her.

One of his hands wandered down to her thigh, where he slipped it under her bikini bottom and let his fingers trace the outline of her slit. He sought out the little nub at the top that he knew gave her so much pleasure, rubbing it gently and feeling the dampness between her legs. As her body began to squirm in response to his ministrations, he knew that she would soon be ready for him.

He took a moment to remove the last bit of her clothing, then stared down at the treasure between her legs as she spread her knees to give him a wonderful and enticing view. It had been too long since he had been permitted to gaze upon it, and now he realized that he wanted to do much more than look. He climbed off the bed and moved around to position himself between her legs, lowering his head and opening his mouth.

She squealed in delight as he let his tongue explore her there, running all over the area with eagerness and excitement. He loved the flavor of her body, the feeling of her soft skin on his tongue, and the way she writhed and wriggled from the stimulation. He listened to her moans as he ate her out, especially the squeals and cries as he flicked his tongue against her now engorged clit. He didn't stop until he brought her to a shrieking orgasm. Only then did he lift his head, smiling at her as she lay panting in exhaustion.

But he wasn't finished yet. He let her rest for a few minutes, but kept his fingers lightly playing with her to keep her warmed up for the main event. After a few minutes she gave him a nod to continue, and he did so.

He climbed on top of her, positioning himself at her opening. She spread her legs wide to give him room, and he slowly descended onto her, pressing inside. They both groaned at the penetration, a feeling they hadn't felt in far too long.

He began to thrust gently, keeping it slow to make it pleasurable for both of them. He took it at a leisurely, relaxed pace, wanting to savor every moment of it.

Brit wrapped her arms and legs around him, holding him tightly to her as he penetrated deep inside her body. He loved the feel of her sweaty skin against his own as they made passionate love. He kissed her deeply, letting their tongues entwine inside their mouths. God, how he loved his sister!

He felt the pleasure building, and let it come, flowing through him and filling him with love and passion. When he exploded inside of her, he could hear her crying out at the same time in her second orgasm. It was the most wonderful feeling to finally do this again with her. No matter what their father claimed, this was right. It was special. It was beautiful. Without each other, they could never be whole, but for the moment, they were both complete.

After it ended, Jeff rolled over and lay down beside her. Brit lay her head against his chest like she used to do when they lay together in the same bed, and he hugged her to him tenderly and affectionately.

They slept for a while then, clinging to each other tightly as if it would be the last time. That wasn't too far from the truth; they didn't know when they would get this opportunity again. Jeff promised himself that he wouldn't make it too often; he felt a little guilty about going behind his father's back, but figured this was an

acceptable compromise.

After they got up, they headed into the bathroom to shower. They washed each other's bodies, spending plenty of time fondling each other affectionately. Jeff loved to run his hands all over her skin, especially with it wet and glistening like this.

They couldn't stay in the shower forever, and eventually they grudgingly turned off the water and stepped out, spending a few minutes to dry each other. Then they returned to Brit's room to get dressed again.

They were just finishing putting their clothes on when they heard a knock at the bedroom door. They stared at each other for a moment, surprised. Then Jeff glanced at the clock, and realized that it was after the time that Greg was due home. He hadn't realized how much time had passed.

He hurriedly threw the blanket over the sheets on the bed to hide the evidence, then sat down at the foot. Brit sat in the chair next to her desk.

"Come in," said Jeff, trying to sound casual.

The door opened, and Allison stepped in, to their relief. "Brit, I was wondering..." she began, then cut off. Her eyes went wide. "What the hell?" she exclaimed.

"What... what do you mean?" asked Brit.

"I told you two I was working on your father, and now you go and do something dangerous like this!" she snapped.

"I don't--" Jeff began.

"You two have wet hair, which means you've both recently come out of the shower. Then there's the guilty faces, the deliberately casual poses as if trying to seem nonchalant, not to mention the smell. Why would you go and do a thing like that when we're so close? You might have ruined everything!"

"I'm sorry," said Brit, a scared look on her face. "It just happened."

"You'd better hope your father doesn't find out," she said. "You two hurry and get the sheets off the bed. I'll get you some clean ones."

She hurried out of the room and closed the door behind her. Jeff sighed. She was right; it was a stupid thing to do. Fortunately Allison had been the one to catch them, not Greg. Anything she noticed, he would have noticed too.

They set to work stripping the bed. Allison reappeared in the doorway a minute later with a can of air freshener and a set of clean sheets. "I hope this does the trick," she said, shaking the can and then spraying it into the air. "Sex has a very distinct smell; there's no mistaking it. I only hope your father doesn't think we're trying to hide anything."

"Too late," said a voice at the door. They turned to see Greg standing there, a stern look on his face.

"Greg..." said Allison, but he cut her off.

"No excuses," he told her.

Seeing the nervous look on Allison's face, Jeff realized that by trying to cover things up, she was in just as much trouble as them. He might not be able to save himself and Brit, but at least he could spare his stepmother.

"Dad," he said, "don't be mad at Allison. She didn't know about this. She was just trying to--"

"She was just trying to protect you," Greg interrupted. "I can't fault her for that, especially since she didn't have any time to think through her actions. You two are the ones who put her in that position. I want to see all three of you in my office right now."

They headed for the door, expecting the worst. At least Greg took Allison's hand as she passed him; that was at least partially encouraging. Whatever happened to Jeff and Brit, Allison wouldn't be a part of it.

As soon as they entered the office, Greg had his children sit down on one of the couches, looking nervous and even a little frightened. Allison and he took the opposite couch.

"Before we begin," he said, "there's something very important for you to understand. I'm setting up some rules, but they are not for punishment. I know how hard this is for you, and I'm not interested in making it any harder. Just the opposite in fact. I want to make it as easy as possible for you to fall out of love with each other. So that's what these rules are for. I'm willing to clarify any questions you have on them, but they are not negotiable. Do you understand?"

Jeff and Brit both nodded uncertainly.

"Good. Are there any questions before I get to the rules?"

They glanced at each other, but neither of them spoke up.

"All right then. So here are the rules.

"First, and this is pretty self-explanatory, you two are to be fully-clothed any time you're around each other. That means no swimsuits, not even pajamas.

"You are not to touch each other at all, except incidental contact, and you will keep that to a minimum. You are not even to hug each other."

Brit opened her mouth as if to protest, but a stern look from her father shut her up.

"I'll make one exception. You can hug once to say goodbye if you're not going to see each other for a while.

We'll say twenty-four hours minimum. And you can greet each other with a hug once you get back. Both of these have to be in the presence of an adult.

"Speaking of which, you are not to be left alone together. In fact, if you're in the same house, only one of you may be left alone at a time. I don't want there to be any chance of you two getting together alone."

"What about when we sleep?" asked Jeff.

"I was just about to come to that. Your sister Lissa will be coming home next week. Until that time, Jeff, you will sleep downstairs on the couch. Once Lissa arrives home, I'm going to put her in charge of chaperoning Brit at night. She will sleep in Jeff's old room like we planned, but both bathroom doors are to remain open so that there's no chance of you two slipping into bed together without her knowing about it."

Jeff nodded. That didn't sound too bad. Actually, Lissa would probably have no problem with letting Brit slip quietly away during the night, but Jeff decided he wouldn't take advantage of the fact. He loved Brit, but he loved his father too, and didn't want to betray his trust.

"Finally, and this is less of a hard, fast rule, I want you two to stay away from each other as much as possible."

"But--" Brit began.

Greg cut her off. "I'm going to talk to Allen Williams and see if he'd be willing to let you stay with Crystal several times this summer for a week at a time. In the mean time, Jeff, you're welcome to invite Kari over whenever Brit is with Crystal. And when she's at home, you can spend as much time as you want at Kari's house, as long as Allen agrees."

Both Brit and Jeff looked horrified. To have to be chaperoned or required not to touch each other was one thing, but to be separated like this was worse than they could possibly imagine!

"Are there any questions?" asked Greg.

The children both shook their heads.

"Good."

With that final word, it appeared that the Primdale family was doomed. The separation of the children like that could only end in heartbreak. Jeff wanted to tell his father that it was too late; that they could never return to the way they had been before. Given the choice between his incestuous relationship with his sister and the collapse of the entire family, the choice should be clear.

But Greg would have none of it. He had made his decision, and wrong though it was, he simply would not change his mind no matter how logical Jeff's arguments. In the end, Jeff gave up trying.

It would take a miracle to save the family now. Jeff and Brit were powerless to do anything to ward off the impending disaster, and Greg was unwilling. So Allison realized it was up to her to come up with a plan.

Chapter 83

Farewell Party

With the semester coming to a close, some of Lissa's worries returned. She both dreaded and looked forward to returning home to see her family. Although her father knew all about her relationship with Alya, he hadn't yet had a chance to sit down and talk to her about it. No doubt when that time came, he would try to convince her to break off the relationship. That just wasn't going to happen, so they were bound to end up angry, or hurt, or both.

She also felt a certain melancholy about temporarily separating from Alya. True, it would only be for a month or so, but she missed her already. Lissa talked to her and confirmed that she would come and visit during the summer, and Alya assured her that she was still planning to. She admitted that she felt a little nervous about meeting Lissa's family, especially her father, but if the two of them were going to remain together, there was no getting around it. They promised to support each other no matter what happened.

She found that she was going to miss her other roommates as well. Fortunately, all four of them were planning to return in the fall, and they all planned to live in the same apartment. Monique joked that that should keep Tony Bullard happy. At least, as long as she didn't move out. Once Lissa and Alya had gotten together, the roommates had stopped drawing straws, and now Monique "paid the rent" every month.

Lissa came home from her last final on Wednesday afternoon, happy to be finished with school for three months. She felt like celebrating, and knew exactly whom she wanted to celebrate with. Fortunately, she found Alya in the apartment when she returned home, sitting and talking with Monique.

"That's it," Lissa announced with a smile on her face. "I'm done with my Freshman year of college."

"How did your test go?" asked Monique.

"I think I did well. Now I have nothing to do until I leave for home on Friday."

"We can't have that," Alya grinned. "I can think of one or two ways to occupy our attention."

Lissa sat down next to her, threw her arm around her shoulder, and leaned in to kiss her on the lips. She could feel Monique's eyes on them, but at the moment she didn't care. All she wanted to do was make out with her girlfriend. In fact, if they spent their entire time doing that until Friday, she would be happy.

Finally they broke the kiss, moving apart but still smiling lovingly at each other.

"You two really love each other, don't you?" asked Monique.

"Was that ever in doubt?" Lissa smiled, then gave Alya another quick kiss on the lips.

"I think it's wonderful that you two have found each other," Monique continued. "Two of my best friends are going to live happily ever after."

"I'm glad you accept us the way we are," Alya told her. "Not everyone would be so open to it. It really doesn't bother you to see us kissing in front of you?"

"I think it's beautiful. Sometimes I'm even a little envious."

"I'll kiss you if you want," Lissa grinned.

"You know I didn't mean it like that," Monique laughed. "Sometimes you're as bad as Meg, Lissa. I just meant, well, after seeing you two with Matt, it sometimes makes me wonder whether there are any decent men left."

"You ought to meet my brother," Lissa said.

"Oh, I know there are still good men out there. I just sometimes think it would be so much easier just to fall in love with a woman."

"Is that so?" Alya grinned.

Monique laughed. "I guess you two are the wrong people to be talking to about this."

"Or maybe we're the *right* people. I think it's safe to say that Lissa and I know exactly how you feel."

"It's less physical and more emotional," Lissa nodded. "Women can be friends with each other in ways that they can't with men, and the love that grows out of that friendship is in some ways deeper than it could ever be with a man."

"Now if I could only get over my hangups about not having the slightest interest in having sex with a woman," Monique laughed.

Lissa glanced at Alya, then back at Monique. "You know..." she said. "I wouldn't mind helping you get over that hangup."

"It was a joke," Monique explained.

"I know, but seriously, if Alya's interested, maybe the two of us could give you a little taste of what it's like."

"What are you talking about?" asked Alya.

"A little hands-on demonstration," Lissa smiled.

"What are you saying? That you want to have sex with me?" asked Monique.

"Just to show you what it's like," Lissa nodded. "So that you can better decide whether that's a road you want to explore."

Monique stared at her. "You're serious, aren't you?"

Lissa shrugged. "Why not? Alya, you wouldn't mind helping Monique out like that, would you?"

"Well... I don't know," Alya said. "I mean, you're the only woman I've ever really been attracted to."

"Then it sounds like it would be good for you too," Lissa smiled. "Seriously. What do you guys think?"

Monique continued to stare. "I..." she stammered. "I don't know. You kind of caught me off guard with your offer. I mean, I'm used to Meg's flirting, but that was always a joke. But a serious offer like that... I just never considered... I guess I'm going to have to think about it."

"Alya?" asked Lissa.

"I suppose I would be willing if Monique is," replied Alya.

"Okay, Monique," said Lissa. "Don't take too much time to make up your mind. Tomorrow is our last day here after all."

"All right. I'll tell you tonight before we go to bed. That should give me plenty of time to think it over. And tomorrow if I've agreed to it, we'll have our little party."

"What's this 'party' thing you mention?" asked Lissa. "Is that kind of like an orgy?"

Monique laughed. "In this case, yes."

"So that brings up an obvious question," said Alya. "Should we invite Meg?"

"Oh god, not that!" Monique laughed. "I'll never live it down."

"Oh come on," Lissa insisted. "It just wouldn't be right if we had a lesbian orgy in this apartment without Meg."

"Okay, fine," conceded Monique. "Just don't mention it to her until I make up my mind. The last thing I need is to have her teasing me about it all day."

Meg came home about the time that Monique had to leave for campus to take her own last final. Lissa and Alya kept their word, not letting on that they had discussed their idea with Monique. Secretly, Lissa hoped that the girl would accept the offer. She really was quite gorgeous, and Lissa wouldn't mind getting her hands and mouth on her body. Ever since falling in love with Alya, she had been completely faithful to the girl. She had even broken off the get-togethers with Meg and Sandy. But if Alya was willing to join her in fooling around with other girls, Lissa planned to take full advantage of it.

Monique returned in time for supper, but she didn't mention anything about her decision. That was fine; as long as she didn't say no, that meant she was still considering it.

The four girls pooled their remaining supplies of food to make dinner together, and with the worries of the testing over, they could finally relax and enjoy themselves. The conversation was lively throughout the meal, especially since Meg stepped up her teasing and flirting.

They had so much fun that they continued talking and joking with each other as they washed up, then sat down together in the living room. The fun continued until almost midnight, when they finally decided to retire for the night.

As Lissa and Alya were getting ready for bed, they heard a knock on the bedroom door. Despite both being topless, Lissa went over and opened the door. Monique stood there. She glanced down at Lissa's chest for a brief instant, then back up at her face.

"Okay," said Monique. "I'm in."

"Great!" Lissa exclaimed, then threw her arms around her.

"Hey!" Monique chuckled. "Don't get too excited just yet. We'll do it tomorrow, like we said."

When they talked to Meg about it, she was, not surprisingly, thrilled with the idea. She asked if she could invite Sandy to join in, and Monique agreed. Meg gave Sandy a call and told her about it, and soon they had all the arrangements made. They all went to bed, with one last comment by Monique about how for the first time, if Meg tried to sneak into bed with her, it wouldn't bother her.

In the morning, Lissa was the first to wake. She lay on her side, holding Alya's nude body in her arms. She gave Alya a kiss, which woke the girl. The two women smiled, spent a few minutes kissing and hugging, then eventually got out of bed.

Normally Alya dressed as soon as they woke, though Lissa sometimes went naked from the bedroom to the bathroom to take her shower. This time, they both left their clothes off, holding hands as they left the bedroom. Since all four roommates would be naked together soon enough anyway, there was no point in being modest.

They continued to grope and fondle each other under the shower, though they limited themselves because they wanted to wait until Sandy and their roommates joined in later. Still, a little tender caressing wasn't out of order.

Neither of the girls bothered to dress after the shower, but left the bathroom to find Meg and Monique sitting at the kitchen table eating breakfast. Meg had also left her clothes off, though Monique wore a tee shirt and shorts.

"Oh come on," Lissa teased her. "Follow the dress code."

"Someone's got to answer the door when Sandy gets here," Monique explained.

"I'm sure she won't mind," Meg smiled.

"No, but until we open the door we won't know if it's her. What if it turns out to be a door-to-door salesman?"

"Wouldn't that be fun!" Alya laughed. "But you've got a point."

The girls all ate breakfast, after which Monique headed into the bathroom to take a shower, refusing to give in to Meg's pleadings to let her join her. After showering, Monique emerged fully dressed in jeans and a blouse. Meg gave an obvious disappointed sigh, to which Monique simply laughed.

Meg then took her own shower. She neglected to put her clothes on afterward, but merely walked out to the front room naked to join the girls on the couch. She slipped her arm around Monique's shoulder, but this time instead of getting up and moving to a different chair, Monique actually put her own arm around Meg in return.

"I might as well get used to it," she said. "We're going to do a lot more than this pretty soon."

When they heard a knock at the door, Monique went over to answer it. She glanced back at the girls, still seated on the couch.

"You're just going to wait right out here in the front room where everyone can see you?" she asked.

"It's just Sandy," Meg told her. "She won't mind."

"Just be prepared to have me laugh at you if you're wrong," replied Monique, then answered the door.

It was Sandy.

She wore a gray trench coat which was wrapped tightly around her and tied at the waist with a sash. Lissa had a sneaking suspicion about the purpose of that trenchcoat.

Sandy immediately threw her arms around Monique's neck and kissed her right on the lips. Monique, caught off her guard, stood there frozen, her eyes wide with shock. Her roommates chuckled at her predicament.

When Sandy drew back, she grinned. "That was nice," she said. "I think I'll have seconds."

Lissa hopped off the couch, grabbed her arm, and pulled her into the apartment. "Oh no you don't," she laughed. "We're not going to start that, or we'll never finish."

Monique, still in a daze, closed the door and walked over to the others.

Meg hopped up the couch and threw her arms around Sandy, drawing her in and giving her a kiss. Monique stared, as if seeing them kissing for the first time. Lissa had a pretty good idea what was going through her head. Despite the fact that Sandy and Meg often kissed in front of her roommates, no doubt Monique was looking at it from an entirely different perspective this time.

Eventually the two girls drew apart. Meg glanced down at Sandy's coat and grinned. "You've got me curious," she said.

"We all are," Lissa added.

"I know what you're thinking," Sandy smiled. "Sorry to disappoint you, but this trenchcoat isn't the only thing I'm wearing." She untied the sash, then opened the coat and dropped it on the floor, revealing her bare body. "I'm also wearing shoes," she explained. The girls all laughed, though Monique gawked at her body.

"Okay, we're all naked," said Sandy. "Now it's your turn, Monique."

The girl sighed, then reached for the base of her shirt.

"Not like that," Meg insisted. "Do a striptease."

"We can put on some music if it will help," Lissa grinned.

"The hell with that," Monique laughed, pulling her shirt over her head. Not wearing a bra, that exposed her bare chest to their view. It wasn't the first time Lissa had seen it; she had been topless that day when the three of them went down to Mr. Bullard's office to pay the rent. She really did have a gorgeous body.

Monique then proceeded to drop her shorts and her panties to the floor, then stood in front of them, arms spread wide to give them a good view. Now that she had made up her mind, she apparently had no more qualms.

"It's a good thing you didn't show me what you got before today," Meg said. "Otherwise I really *would* have jumped into bed with you every night."

"Well, you get have all you want today."

"I plan to. She reached out and squeezed one of Monique's breasts. Monique jumped back, startled, then giggled. "Sorry," she said. "Just a nervous reaction." Then she threw her shoulders back and stuck out her chest. "Care to try again?"

"You bet!" Meg grinned, and reached up to fondle her again. Sandy came up to her other side and gave the same attention to her other breast. Lissa and Alya watched with amusement, fascination, and growing lust. Lissa felt her girlfriend's hand on her knee, caressing her gently. Lissa returned the favor, but let her hand slide up a little higher.

When Meg leaned down and sucked Monique's nipple into her mouth, the girl gasped at the contact. "Oh my

god!" she breathed.

"Feels nice, doesn't it?" asked Sandy. "I love it when Meg sucks my boobs. She's a world-class expert in boob-sucking." Everyone laughed at her description. Lissa knew from experience that it was pretty accurate.

"Hey Monique," said Lissa. "Have you ever kissed a girl before?"

"Yes," she replied. "Sandy, just now."

"No, Sandy kissed you. Have *you* ever kissed a girl?"

"No," said Monique, blushing.

"Want to?"

The girl nodded, a coy smile on her face. Lissa rose to her feet, strode over to her, then reached out and placed her hands on Monique's hips. Meg and Sandy got out of the way as Lissa pulled the girl toward her, pressing their bodies together. Like this, she could feel Monique's heart pounding rapidly in her chest, no doubt from both excitement and nervousness. Lissa leaned in, tilted her head to the side, and kissed her roommate fully on the lips.

She could sense a little hesitation in Monique still, but the girl seemed to relax as they held out the kiss. Lissa let it go on as long as possible, only drawing back after Monique broke it off.

"That was nice," Lissa commented. "But *you* still haven't kissed a girl."

Monique sighed, then stepped in again and pressed her lips against Lissa's. This time, Lissa decided to be bold. She opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue. Surprisingly, Monique opened her own mouth and let her own tongue brush against Lissa's.

"Oh my god!" Alya breathed as she watched them. "That is so hot!"

"You don't have to just watch, you know," said Meg with a grin. Alya glanced at her, then let her own face break out into a smile.

"Are you offering?" she asked.

"I've had the offer open ever since I met you."

Alya laughed. "Then I guess it's time to fulfill your fantasy." She stepped up close to Meg, slipped her arms around the girl's waist, and pressed their bodies together. The two girls leaned in and let their lips touch, opening their mouths and letting their tongues tease each other's.

Lissa and Monique now stepped back and watched their two roommates kissing. Instead of jealousy, Lissa felt only excitement at seeing her girlfriend kissing another woman. No doubt that was due to her temporary

foray into the world of uninhibited sexual freedom. Jealousy was another one of those feelings like guilt that she had given up on. Although she had left that world behind, some of its remnants still lingered. She could understand now how Allison could be willing to share her husband with other women. While sex could be an intimate act between two people in love, it didn't have to be. It could just be a way to have fun. And she didn't mind Alya having fun with other people.

A moment later, Meg took a step back and collapsed on the couch, panting heavily. "Wow!" she said. "Having your fantasies fulfilled like that sure takes a lot out of you."

"So are we just going to stand around kissing, or are we going to have an orgy?" asked Sandy.

"An orgy," said Lissa.

"Let's take things slow though," Monique told them. "Remember, this is my first time."

"Okay, we'll keep it nice and relaxed," said Sandy. "You don't mind if I do this, do you?" She placed her hand on Monique's breast and gave a squeeze. Monique sucked in her breath and a shiver ran down her spine, but she stood her ground.

"That's fine," she said.

"Then you don't mind if I do this," Lissa told her, leaning down and sucking her nipple into her mouth. Monique gasped at the contact, her eyes opening wide.

"Lissa!" she exclaimed. "I..."

"Relax," said Alya, coming up behind her and putting her hands on her shoulders to gently rub her. "Enjoy it. Trust me, Lissa knows how to suck boobs, so you might as well take advantage of it."

Lissa closed her eyes and stood there, a smile slowly creeping onto her face.

"You know, that does feel kind of nice," she sighed.

When Sandy leaned down and began suckling on the other one, Monique's smile grew wider. "I can't believe I'm letting a couple of girls suck my boobs," she commented.

"Just remember," said Meg, "you're going to have to do the same to us."

Monique sighed again. "I suppose you're right, although I'm not exactly looking forward to it."

"Just wait till you taste it," Meg grinned. "It's addicting."

"Yeah, sure it is," Monique laughed.

"Don't believe me? Come over here and suck my boobs. I'll prove it to you."

"Okay, you're on."

The girls backed off as Monique approached Meg. Blushing bright crimson, she lowered her head, took a moment to collect her wits, then stuck out her tongue and ran it against Meg's nipple.

"Ooh!" Meg exclaimed with a giggle. "Do that again."

Monique licked her roommate once more, then feeling a little more bold, opened her mouth and took the nipple in. She sucked on it for a few seconds, then drew back. The other girls all clapped and cheered. Monique, still blushing and with an embarrassed grin on her face, took a bow.

"So how does it taste?" asked Alya.

"Tastes like chicken," Monique replied.

"No it doesn't!" Sandy laughed. "And I should know."

"Okay, it doesn't. But it's not addicting either. So I proved you wrong, Meg."

"That's okay; I got you to suck my tits, didn't I?" Meg grinned. Monique stuck her tongue out at her.

"Well, now what?" asked Alya. "I mean, we could stand around sucking tits all day, but I think it might be better if we lie down."

"I have an idea," said Monique. "Let's get the mattresses off of all the beds and bring them out here to the front room. We'll move the furniture out of the way and put them all down side by side to give us plenty of room."

The other girls agreed, so they set to work pushing the couch and end table against the wall, then headed back to their bedrooms to grab the mattresses off of their bed. Five minutes later, they had a makeshift mat in the middle of the floor.

"Since Monique's a first-timer," said Sandy, "I suggest we all do her first. Any objections?"

"You mean, all at the same time?" asked Monique.

"Exactly."

"Okay," she grinned. She lay down on the mat and spread her legs. Since it was Sandy's idea, she got first pick of Monique's anatomy, and not surprisingly she went straight for the girl's pussy. She lay down between Monique's legs, opened her mouth, stuck out her tongue, and ran it along Monique's slit, causing the girl to jump. Everyone laughed at her reaction, then Sandy did it again. This time Monique simply lay there with a smile on her face.

Lissa and Alya decided to go for her boobs, so they lay down next to her and began teasing her nipples with

their tongues. That left Meg to kiss her roommate on the lips.

Lissa loved the taste of the girl's nipples, loved the feel of it in her mouth and how it hardened more and more as she teased it with her tongue. She enjoyed the jiggling of Monique's breasts as the girl shuddered from the ministrations of her four friends. Lissa glanced down between Monique's legs and watched delightedly as Sandy licked her all over. Monique's cute little clitoris was starting to peek out of its hiding place, and Sandy attacked it with her tongue, causing the girl to squeal with pleasure.

Her body squirmed and writhed on the mat as the girls pleasured her. Lissa knew that feeling; she had felt it on many occasions with Meg, Sandy, and Alya. Having all three of them here with her at once, with Monique as an added bonus, just made it all the better.

When the girl's squeals rose in pitch until they were practically screams as her body tensed up, her chest thrusting upward to rise off of the mat, Lissa smiled at the thought that Monique had just completed the journey, albeit temporarily, to the other side. She had now experienced the ultimate pleasure at the hands, or rather the mouths, of other women.

Her body finally collapsed as she panted in post-orgasmic exhaustion. Her eyes were closed, and she had a smile on her face from the pleasure she had just received. Sandy lifted her mouth from Monique's body and grinned. "Add one more to the number of straight girls I've seduced," she said. "God, I love to eat pussy!"

"So how was that, Monique?" asked Meg. "How does it feel to have been brought to orgasm by another girl."

"That was intense!" she replied. "Supposedly it shouldn't be any different whether it's a man or a woman eating me out, but Sandy seemed to know just what I needed."

"She's good at that," Meg agreed. "And now, Lissa," she added, "if you don't mind letting me borrow your girlfriend, I want to live out the rest of my fantasy with Alya."

"She's all yours," Lissa smiled. "Just don't be surprised if I borrow your girlfriend too."

Meg grabbed Alya's hand and led her onto the mat, where the two of them knelt down. Immediately their hands and lips were all over each other's bodies. Meg went at it with reckless excitement; no doubt her teasing about wanting to get with Alya had some truth to it. A *lot* of truth to it, considering how she attacked the girl's body.

"Come on, Lissa," Sandy said. "If Meg's going to steal your girlfriend, I'm going to steal Alya's right back."

"I've got an idea," offered Monique, sitting up and grinning. "I want to try something. Lissa, go sit on the couch."

Lissa nodded, then walked over and took a seat in the middle of the couch, which had been pushed against the wall but was nevertheless still accessible.

"Sandy," said Monique, "go sit in her lap."

"So far I like this idea," Sandy grinned, then made her way over to the couch, turned her back to Lissa, and sat down on the edge of the couch in front of her. She smiled and leaned back against Lissa's chest, wiggling around to get into a comfortable position.

"Lissa, you do whatever you think will make Sandy feel good," Monique said. "Sandy, spread your legs."

Lissa reached around and cupped the girl's boobs in her hands, squeezing and rubbing them. She leaned over and kissed her on the neck. Sandy moved her knees apart. Then Monique shocked them all by kneeling down in front of the two girls.

"If I'm going to try out being a lesbian, I might as well go all the way," she said. "Besides, I need to repay Sandy for giving me an orgasm earlier." To everyone's delight, she lowered her head, stuck out her tongue, and touched in to the top of Sandy's pussy.

"Ooh!" Sandy exclaimed in delight. Monique drew back for a second, smiling up at the girl.

"That's not as bad as I expected," she said. "I think I'll have some more." She repeated the gesture, but this time she continued to lick the girl. Lissa had a great view of the action from her vantage point at Sandy's shoulder. Monique traced around the girl's lips with her tongue, then took a couple of licks on the slit itself. Sandy groaned with excitement as Monique worked her over.

Lissa glanced over at the girls on the mat. Meg had lay down on her back, and Alya was kissing her deeply on the lips as she ran her hand all over the girl's body. From the look of ecstasy on Meg's face, Lissa could tell that she really did enjoy being with Alya. The tiniest spark of jealousy rose up in Lissa's heart, but she quickly suppressed it. Meg might be willing to have a permanent relationship with Alya, but Lissa trusted her girlfriend. Lissa and Alya were in love, and they would never betray one another.

Alya didn't just kiss Meg on the lips, though. She moved her head down to the girl's chin, then lower to her neck. Meg was groaning now just like Sandy. And why not? She was being made love to by a beautiful woman. Lissa knew the joys that Alya's lips could bring; she knew exactly what Meg was feeling right now.

When Alya reached Meg's breast and flicked her tongue against it, Meg cried out with glee. The three girls at the couch giggled at her reaction, especially Monique, who was turned the opposite direction and had only the sounds to tell her what was going on. Lissa and Sandy, on the other hand, had a perfect view of the action, and loved every minute of it.

Sandy was especially fortunate, as she had Monique's tongue to stimulate her as she watched her girlfriend on the mat. Now that Monique had made up her mind, she seemed to have absolutely no inhibitions about giving pleasure to another woman. She used her hands to pry the girl's outer lips apart, then ran her tongue all over the pink interior, causing Sandy to gasp. Lissa couldn't believe how enthusiastic the girl was being. Of course, not too long ago Lissa herself had received her first lesson on performing oral sex on a woman, so she had a fair idea of what was going through Monique's mind. In Lissa's case, she had *wanted* to do it. She

had wanted to learn, to change herself into something different. Monique was just doing this to try it out, to see if she could get used to that kind of lifestyle.

Despite her lack of experience, she was having her effect on Sandy, who was breathing heavily and even whimpering a little as the girls stimulated her. Lissa liked to think that she was part of the cause, with her hands groping Alya's tits like that. But she had to admit that it was mostly Monique.

She had grown to love the sound of a woman reacting to such pleasure. Alya always made the cutest little sounds whenever Lissa made love to her. Sandy's were not that different. It was also nice to feel the girl squirming against her body. Her own nipples had hardened, and no doubt Sandy could feel them poking into her back.

Across the room, Alya had continued her journey down Meg's body, leaving the girl's breast behind and moving gradually to a new delight. Lissa watched in growing excitement. She knew the pleasure of Alya's lips, and it thrilled her to see Meg enjoying it. She knew it had been a long-time fantasy of Meg's, and it was nice to see that fantasy being fulfilled.

Meg groaned as Alya reached her destination. Alya ran her tongue all over the slit, touching it to various parts to judge Meg's reaction. Mostly, Meg just moaned with each touch, though that moan became an excited squeal when Alya brushed against her clitoris.

Alya moved her lower body around toward Meg's head. Then she lifted one of her legs and straddled Meg's face. She lowered her hips slightly, and Meg opened her own mouth to run it against Alya's pussy. The two girls pleasured each other with their mouths, groaning and panting and gasping with pleasure.

Meanwhile, Lissa could tell that Sandy was getting close. She had moved beyond the simple shudders and squirms of pleasure and was bucking her hips against Monique's face. Her whole body was reacting to the stimulation, her breaths coming in gasps. Monique attacked her pussy wildly and savagely, driving Sandy into a frenzy. Lissa had never known Monique to get so excited. Even that time when Lissa had watched her sucking off Mr. Bullard was nothing compared to this. Perhaps the girl had more lesbian in her than she admitted.

Then Sandy's moans became a shrieking wail as her orgasm hit her. Monique didn't let up, but continued to lick her all over between the legs, driving her further and further into an orgasmic frenzy.

She was just calming down from her peak when Meg went off. She literally screamed from the pleasure of Alya's tongue, taking her own mouth off of Alya's pussy just long enough to let out that scream as her body tensed and quivered. Once it passed, however, she immediately returned her mouth to the task of getting Alya off.

Sandy climbed off of Lissa's lap and sat next to her, watching the erotic show in front of them. Her hand went to Lissa's thigh, rubbing her gently and perhaps even unconsciously. From the delight in her eyes, she enjoyed seeing her girlfriend having sex with another woman as much as Lissa did.

Since Meg had already had her release, she gently pushed Alya off of her, who rolled over onto her back. Meg immediately moved between her legs to lick and suck and nibble her again.

A few minutes later, Lissa noticed the telltale signs of Alya's imminent explosion. Lissa was very familiar with those signs; in the past few months she had become as familiar with Alya's body as with her own.

It wasn't long before the girl's body tensed up, her hips raising off of the mattress to mash against her lover's face. Meg opened her mouth and drove her tongue deep inside Alya's body, bringing her to a screaming and shuddering climax.

A moment later, Alya collapsed in exhaustion, gasping as the aftershocks of her climax ran through her.

"God, that felt good!" Meg exclaimed. "I've been fantasizing about that for a couple of years now."

"So are we done?" asked Sandy.

"We'd better not be," said Lissa, "because I haven't had an orgasm yet. I feel kind of cheated."

"Well then, we'd better make it up to you," Sandy replied, leaning back and turning her head to the side so that she could kiss her on the cheek. "How about we do to Lissa what we did to Monique earlier?"

"I get dibs on her pussy," Monique said, to everyone's astonishment.

"Really?" asked Alya.

"I want to try it one more time, just to see if I can get used to it. You girls have half convinced me to become a lesbian already."

"You'll get no complaints out of me!" Lissa grinned. She lay down on one of the mattresses and spread her legs. Monique immediately took her position down below, lowering her head and sticking out her tongue. Lissa gasped at the first contact, excited by the thought that she was being stimulated by a previously straight girl. It had been similar with Alya, and she could feel that same hesitation in Monique as she tried to decide whether he liked it or not.

Meg and Sandy took positions on either side of her, opening their mouths to suck on her nipples. Lissa squealed happily at the triple stimulation; she had made love to two girls before, but never three. There was something particularly intense about having the three most sensitive points of her body pleasured at the same time.

When Alya lay down on her stomach above her head and lowered her head to kiss her on the lips, it was almost too much for Lissa to bear. Alya was the most kissable girl she had ever met, with delicious red lips and a tongue that was so fun to toy with. Lissa could just sit and kiss the girl for hours. Alya's lips, added to the pleasure the three girls were giving her all over her body, put Lissa into a dizzying ecstasy. She soon lost herself in the excitement, blinded by passion and lust.

Monique had found her clitoris and was teasing it mercilessly. Meg and Sandy were sucking powerfully on her nipples, using their tongues inside their mouths to add to her delight. And Alya had her tongue shoved deep inside Lissa's mouth, who sucked on it greedily. She knew she wouldn't last long against the mind-blowing multiple stimulations that she was experiencing.

How long she remained in that lustful haze she didn't know, but soon she felt the excitement building deep inside her. She stood no chance against the oncoming orgasm, which built up like a torrential tide straining against a dam too small to contain it. It burst forth, causing her to scream in sublime ecstasy.

She couldn't believe how good it felt to be stimulated to orgasm three different ways. The feeling was indescribable. It filled her up, touching her deeply and continuing longer than almost any orgasm she had ever experienced.

It finally ended though, slowly tapering off as if reluctant to leave her. Bit by bit she calmed down, and the real world replaced the world of intense pleasure that she had occupied for a short time. She found herself gazing up at Alya's beautiful face, which wore a loving smile. She felt the mouths of the other girls leaving her body, having accomplished their task. Lissa lay there in exhaustion, riding out the last waves of her orgasm.

"Wow," she breathed. "That was amazing."

"You sure you've never eaten out a girl before?" Sandy asked Monique. "You seemed to know just what to do."

"I just did what I knew gave me pleasure on my own body."

"That's ninety percent of what it takes to be a lesbian," Meg told her. "Congratulations."

"Don't count me among your ranks just yet," she said. "I'm still not convinced I want to do this again."

"That's fine," Meg smiled. "We'll just have to work on you some more next year." She gave her a wink, and Monique didn't even blush at the innuendo.

END OF PART THREE
