

## Chapter 6

The next morning was a school morning. Unfortunately Marsha had not planned on switching bedrooms with the kids. Nobody's things were where they should have been when they awoke. The resulting confusion had a beneficial effect, however. It served to hide what could have been awkward moments. Natalie and Roger wound up using the master bath while Marsha was forced to use the common bath. An interesting aspect of this was how the kids used the bathroom. It would have appeared to someone watching that they behaved as though they had been using the bath together for years. Natalie used the facility first. Before she could climb off the throne Roger came in carrying both his and Natalie's; toothbrushes, toothpaste, shampoo, soap, combs, and Natalie's hair brush.

Natalie stood flushed and asked, "Did you bring towels and underwear?"

"Damn, missed them."

"OK, I'll get them. Your turn. Don't forget to put the seat back down."

Natalie went to the linen closet picked up towels and washcloths for herself and Roger. Then she stuck her head into the bathroom where her mother was showering and cried, "Mom we need clean underwear!"

"Wear your new ones. Grab a pair of briefs for Roger from his dresser, the old ones! I'll be in to get my things in a minute."

Natalie gathered everything and walked back into the bathroom. Roger was just climbing out of the shower. For the first time this morning Roger actually looked at his sister. He suddenly realized he was living one of his fantasies.

"Need help washing your back?" he leered.

Natalie responded, with little thought, "If you do my turn at the dishes for a week, you can even help with my chest."

Before Roger could reply Marsha burst into the room.

"Natalie! None of that! Take your shower, now! Roger, no deal! Now go get dressed.

You," looking at Natalie, "young lady, we'll talk about this later."

The mood broken, both siblings did as they had been instructed.

On her way to the kitchen, Marsha quickly threw on her usual morning uniform. When she arrived, she started to assemble the morning's repast. This was a Thursday, therefore, the menu plan called for hot breakfast. Eggs and meat were in order. Marsha plugged in her newest appliance, an electric skillet. From the refrigerator she chose bacon and scrapple. Marsha put the meat in the skillet. While it was cooking, she broke a half dozen eggs into a bowl, added some cream and whipped the mix into a frothy mass. She removed the heated meat from the skillet and then poured her eggs onto the surface. The grease from the scrapple and bacon would add to the flavor of the eggs. Roger and Natalie didn't like the spicy scrapple but she did. They would have the bacon today.

Roger and Natalie arrived at the same time but their body language screamed 'we are upset.'

With one look at the pair Marsha realized how far her plans had gone astray. Her cheerfulness evaporated leaving a very concerned mother.

"Fess up you two! What did I do wrong?" inquired Marsha.

"You did wrong?" replied Natalie.

"Yea, I....we thought we were the ones who were screwing up," added Roger.

"You mean, what I said in the bathroom a few moments ago?"

The kids nodded their heads in agreement.

Marsha thought for a few seconds before replying. "I think I put the cart before the horse last night. I was so intent on showing you the mechanics, that I missed the lead in and the whys, although I have a feeling that Granddad Irving has been giving Roger some pointers."

"What upset me a few moments ago was the attitudes you were both showing. The things you showed me last night were awe inspiring. The things this morning, upsetting. Roger, your sister IS NOT your personal toy! I thought that you understood that. And for you, Natalie, sex is too important to make deals with."

Marsha glanced at the clock and noticed that it was going to be difficult for the children to catch the school bus. Due to the mess the transportation department had made of the pickup route, Natalie and Roger spent almost an hour on the bus each morning, while only going seven miles as the crow flies. Even so, most days the kids preferred to ride the bus. It gave them time with their friends. Today Marsha suggested that they spend a little more time at breakfast. She would drive them to school.

"I have an idea. If you two would humor your old fuddy duddy mother. Let's pretend you two aren't brother and sister. You met on the school bus at the beginning of the school

year. Roger, you think Natalie is cute and has a nice personality. Do you think you can play your part in this game, Roger?"

"The sister part might be tough, but Natalie is a fox so I won't have to pretend there," was his response.

A pleased Marsha continued, "Roger I think I see some of Granddad I's work in that statement. Natalie, you have noticed the new boy, Roger. He seems to be interested in talking to you but is a little shy. You have been hoping that maybe he will ask you for a date. You know, a real date, just the two of you. Do you think you can do that, honey?"

"Where is this date going to take place?" asked Natalie.

"Here, this afternoon. I'll set up the den like a movie theater. We can make the kitchen the malt shop."

A perplexed Natalie said to her mother, "Aren't we a little old to be playing 'make believe'?"

"Natalie, Did you like the outcome of last night, when I asked you to do it for me?"

Natalie's one word, "Yes!", and her thousand word facial expression completely answered Marsha.

"Well then try to trust me for one more day. I think, you will learn a lot and have some fun in the process."

Marsha turned her attention to Roger. "You think you can put up with this 'make believe' stuff?"

"I think I can pull it off as long as no one knows that I'm dating an 'older woman'."

"Good. What I will do is be a stage director. I will feed you direction. You will have to fill in the dialog."

The three of them finished breakfast in comfortable silence. Marsha retrieved her keys and purse from her bedroom. She went to the garage and struggled with the overhead door. She had the door started open when it was pulled out of her hand. When the door was open she was greeted but the sight of a concerned Roger.

"Mom, you need a garage door opener. If you return my 'too small briefs', you could get one from Sears. I could install it, if you would let me use dad's tools."

Marsha felt another gut punch. How was she missing the way her son was growing up? *Girls mature faster than boys, right?* Marsha realized that she needed to talk to her father-in-law.

*Note to readers, Marsha's conversations with Roger's and Natalie's paternal grandfather will be subject of another, much shorter missive.*

Roger, without waiting for a response from his mother, walked over and stood behind Natalie. The positioning of the pair said 'we are in line waiting for the school bus'. Marsha started the car and backed up to the kids. Natalie and Roger climbed into the backseat. The two of them were acting like they didn't know each other. Marsha told Natalie she should start a conversation with the 'new boy'.

"Looks like we've been assigned seats today. Hi, I'm Natalie. I've seen you on the bus. I really haven't been ignoring you but my friend Emile is sooo needy at times. I have to listen to all the details of her latest date. I just wish I was allowed to date. You know, Emile isn't either, but she has been sneaking out. I'm old enough you know, but my mom says that I have to wait until forever!"

Marsha stepped in with, "Natalie, slow down. Give the boy a chance to answer. And the rules have obviously been changed. You can date when you want to. In fact, this afternoon is fine with me."

"Natalie, can we have a date?" asked a very embarrassed Roger.

"Oh, I'm Roger" he added. "We could have something at the malt shop. I hear they have some of that pizza stuff now."

Marsha took the hint. She would have to figure out how to either make or get some of this 'pizza'.

Natalie replied, "That sounds nice."

"The 'school bus' can even drop us off. The parents will never know." was Roger's answer.

Marsha again interrupted, "Don't hide things, either of you! Remember things have changed. I'll listen to you both. I may not agree with everything but I *will* hear you out."

Marsha was just pulling up to the school when Natalie continued, "Meet you at the 'bus' after school, Roger."

The children got out of the car and entered the school in plenty of time to make it to their home rooms before the bell.

The kids safely delivered to school, Marsha returned home. When she entered she found Harriet at the kitchen table enjoying a freshly brewed cup of coffee. Harriet explained that she saw Marsha leave with the kids and wanted to know if everything was alright.

Marsha simply said, "We were running a little late this morning."

For some reason Marsha was reluctant to discuss with her friend the things that transpired last night. Harriet, oblivious to the reserve, wanted to know everything that occurred the previous evening. Trying to divert Harriet's questions, Marsha suggested that she was wondering if 'Sid Knauer' could be convinced to 'visit' again this morning. Marsha had a very serious problem to discuss with him. It took Harriet only a few seconds to understand Marsha's question. When she realized what her friend was suggesting she broke into a wide grin.

"I think I can get him to make a return visit. However, he told me last night that you had left him with a serious case of 'blue balls'. He was wondering if you could reciprocate the next time."

Marsha thought for a few moments. Many things ran through her mind. She was seriously aroused. Last night when she had jerked off Roger, she had experienced feelings that concerned her. How could she become so intimate with her son? The only thing she could attribute it to was that he was so much like his father. This brought up dark images that she did not wish to view. At the same time it reawakened in her something that had been dormant for years. The episode with 'Sid' yesterday had primed her pump. She knew that she must take care of herself, as well as the kids.

"Harriet, I can try. I am not sure I can 'remember' how to relieve 'Sid'."

"Marsha, how about we try this. 'Sid', will visit you again. After he leaves I'll come back and then you can practice on me. I'll pretend to be you and you can play the 'Sid' part. I am going to go over to my house. Give me 5 minutes then you follow."

Harriet had been thinking of ways to develop the relationship with Marsha. This was a godsend. Some of the things that she had been reading in her magazines suggested that woman on woman sex was so much better than a male using (abusing) his possession. Harriet wasn't sure that the professor quoted in the article was on the right track. But, the episode she had experienced with Marsha had given her such a thrill that she was going to experiment some more. She didn't feel she was being misused by Dennis. At least recently, with the coaching she had been providing he was giving as much as he was getting.

She headed directly into the master bedroom when she got into the house. Opening Dennis's dresser, she picked out a pair of boxer shorts and a "wife-beater" undershirt. Next she picked out a white dress shirt with a button-down collar from his closet. She removed all of her clothes and underwear. Harriet then dressed in Dennis's things. She knew that none of his pants would come close to fitting so dug through her closet and found the single pair of slacks she owned. She had bought them a year or so ago but never had the courage to wear them in public. She completed her transformation into 'Sid' by adding one of Dennis's ties which she tied with a double Windsor knot.

Marsha, for her part in this charade, had dressed herself in a scoop neck cocktail dress which she had covered with her everyday overcoat. When she arrived at Harriet's backdoor she knocked, rather than let herself in as she normally did.

The freshly dressed 'Sid' greeted Marsha at the door with, "Come in, you know I will always make time for my best client. Not that it's a chore mind you!"

"Why, thank you, Sid. That is most gracious of you. I wanted to continue the discussion we started yesterday."

"Let me take your coat" replied 'Sid'.

When 'Sid' saw the dress that Marsha had put on a soft groan of desire escaped her throat. She took her friend's hand and led her to the bedroom. No sooner had they entered the room when Harriet pulled Marsha close and placed her open mouth on Marsha's lips. Marsha somewhat startled slowly opened her mouth to 'Sid's' assault. That was sufficient to embolden Harriet. She grasped Marsha's breast and began to gently massage it. As she did so she reached behind Marsha's back and pulled the zipper on her dress down. Next came the bra. With the many years of experience dealing with her own bra clasps, Harriet made short work of Marsha's. 'Sid' removed her lip lock on Marsha and turned her attention to the exposed bare flesh of Marsha's tits. Ever so lovingly she sucked on the pert nipple of her friend.

After a few moments of this heavenly attention Marsha begged 'Sid', "The other one too, Please!"

Harriet transferred her ministrations to Marsha's other breast, while leading her to the bed. Harriet yanked the bed covers aside and laid Marsha on the sheets. Sitting on the edge of the bed Harriet began loosening 'Sid's' tie with one hand while lightly stroking Marsha's inner thighs. With the tie removed Harriet unbuttoned her shirt.

Marsha was becoming extremely wet in her neither regions. With a lustful voice she begged, "Can I touch you, Harriet?"

Harriet nodded her assent. Marsha reached over to Harriet and slipped her hand under the wife beater. She hefted the globe she found there. Using her thumb, she massaged Harriet's stiff nipple.

"Mmmm, I can feel that all the way down to my pussy" gasped Harriet.

"So can I," was Marsha's response. "Sid, I don't think I can wait for Harriet to return."

With that Marsha let go of the tit she was fondling and ran her hand down Harriet's midriff. When she reached her friend's crotch, she rubbed her mound through 'Sid's' pants.

“Marsha, have you ever been kissed down here?”, Harriet asked, as she echoed Marsha’s actions.

“Yes, my Roger loved to do that for me! He could make me into a quivering mess in just a few minutes of kisses. If you want to try, I would love it. And Harriet, why don’t you lose ‘Sid’ and all his clothes?”

The look that crossed Harriet’s countenance told Marsha that she had ventured in an area that troubled Harriet.

“Unless you still want to be a naked ‘Sid’ that is.”

“Could I be?” asked Harriet. I want to experience it from a man’s point of view. I kinda like being in charge for a change.”

Marsha marveled at Harriet’s naivete. She really thought that the man was in charge of sex? Marsha had realized long ago for as strong and masculine as Roger, Sr. was, he catered to her whims when it came to sex. And because she loved him, she was always mindful of his desires but was not subservient.

Last night with the kids was still troubling Marsha. She wanted to give them a good experience. However, she didn’t want to brainwash them with the myth that sex and love were interchangeable. Love was about putting the others interests above your own. It is standing back to back against the world, if each forgot their own survival and protected the other the pair would survive. Sex was about making babies and the continuation of the human race and having fun in the process. Sex was the icing on the cake. On the other side, when you could combine love and sex, both were intensified. With Roger last night the fun part of sex was there but the making babies was definitely not ever going to happen. Then the love end was so unequal as to change the equation entirely. She loved her children but the continuation of the human race demanded that the love they returned was not the self-sacrificing kind demanded of couples. Between the two of them that type of love would be possible, but not between parent and child.

Marsha snapped out of her reverie and said, “Ok ‘Sid’ then get those pants off I want to suck your ‘cock’. When I’m done you can kiss and lick me down there to your heart’s content.”

Poor Harriet, thinking that she still had the upper hand removed ‘Sid’s’ pants and boxers. No sooner done and Marsha buried her face in her friends mound. She opened her lips and sucked Harriet’s clit into her mouth. Marsha played with Harriet’s miniature cock the same way she had done with her husband’s in the past. A couple of minutes of this loving attention and Harriet started to thrash about and moan.

“Marsha, suck my cock. Yes, just kike that.” then finally, “I’m going to cum, let me cum all over your face.”

Harriet did, just grinding her pussy into Marsha face and smearing her pussy goo all over Marsha.

Marsha didn't give Harriet any cool-down time. She demanded that Harriet get her tongue down there and get to work. Harriet proceeded to lick Marsha to multiple orgasms. The final one leaving Marsha exhausted on the bed.

Marsha informed Harriet that she thought that 'Sid' was going to be visiting regularly. The only problem she thought she might have was when the real live Sidney Knauer showed up to give her his monthly financial update.

Marsha deftly turned the conversation toward Harriet and Dennis. She wanted to know how the coming weekend's plans had gone over with Dennis. Harriet related that he made no objections. He was comfortable with the arrangements as long as both women were OK with them. Harriet summed it up with saying "In other words, Dennis didn't know what to say, so he just passed the buck."

"Harriet aren't you going to be jealous of Dennis and me?", Inquired Marsha.  
"Why should I be? In fact, since we are setting it up, if anybody should be upset, it would be Dennis. It's not like he's running around behind my back."

"Harriet, remember this is the new me," said Marsha. "I am no longer 'Mrs. Prim and Proper', I am going to turn Dennis every way but loose."

Harriet related that she still didn't see any problem. They went on to make more plans for the weekend.

Marsha returned home after lunch. Harriet had given her a tip on how to make some of this 'Pizza'. She even had all the ingredients handy except the cheese. That, she could get at the deli on the way to pick up the kids. Keeping track of the time, she finished her household chores.

Not wanting to embarrass the children, Marsha waited until the last bus had departed before she pulled the car into the pickup area in front of the school. The pair were waiting together when Marsha stopped. Roger opened the rear door and gestured for Natalie to enter first. Roger then got in and closed the door. Marsha noticed. Again she thought I'll have to thank Dad, for all he has been teaching Roger. She thought I have been seriously remiss in teaching either of the children good manners. In Rogers case thankfully his grandfather took it on himself to perform the chore. Marsha resolved to make a concerted effort to instruct Natalie in that area.

As Marsha drove out of the school grounds, Natalie resumed the 'make believe'.  
"Roger, I checked with my Mom. She said that I could go out on a date with you, if your Mom is willing to drive both ways and be the chaperone. That means that I can get off at my regular stop. Then I will have a chance to change out of my school clothes."



Roger replied, "I think, my Mom will be willing to do that. I will ask her as soon as I get home. I will call you and tell you when we can pick you up."

By this time Marsha was pulling into her driveway. No sooner had she stopped than Roger hopped out of the car and ran around to Natalie's side. He opened the door and offered Natalie his hand to assist in getting out. Roger held his sister's hand a moment longer than necessary.

Just before he released it he said, "Call you in a few minutes and see you in a little while."

Roger went to the garage door and opened it for his mother. Then returned to the rear seat of the car. Addressing no one in particular Roger said, "The next stop is mine."

Marsha parked the car in the garage. Roger got out of the back seat and went immediately to the overhead door and closed it. Coming back to the car he opened the door for his mother. He then explained that he and Natalie had talked at lunch. The dialog in the 'bus' had been planned. Natalie had told Roger that she wanted to have a talk with their mother privately. Just some girl talk nothing that was to Rogers detriment.

Marsha and Roger entered the house. Natalie had gone directly to her room and closed the door. Roger went to his sister's door and stead of knocking simply tried to sound like a ringing telephone.

"RING, RING, RING"

Natalie replied, "Hello, Natalie's residence."

"May I please speak to Natalie?, Roger calling."

"Oh Roger, I couldn't wait for you to call. You *are* still coming to pick me up aren't you?"

"Yes. Everything is OK with my mom. We will be there in about an hour."

Roger said, "Goodbye Natalie. See you soon." Then to his mother, "Now is your time to talk to her."

Marsha went to talk to her daughter. Natalie wanted to know if the dating rule had really changed. Marsha said yes it had.

"Mom, does that mean if boy asked me to go to hop with him next Tuesday night I could go?"

"Tuesday night, a school night?" inquired Marsha.

"Mom, next Tuesday is the night before Thanksgiving break starts.

Marsha said she had forgotten that, and yes she could go on a date to the hop. But she thought that it would be nice if Natalie told her something about the young man first. Natalie told her mother that the 'lesson' in the car this morning had given her the courage to begin a conversation with Bobby French, a boy her mother knew from Roger's baseball team.

"Nice boy, Natalie. And I know his parents from the PTA. They are a good family. Yes you may certainly go to the hop."

"Thank you mom! Can you drive us there? Bob said if you let me go, he would get his dad to pick us up after the dance. The dance is over at 10:30 p.m. What time do I have to be home?"

Marsha suggested that she have her date bring her right home. Roger and her mother would make themselves scarce for a while to give her some private time with her beau. Then say about 11:45 Marsha would run Bob home. Marsha noted to herself how Bobby had now become Bob.

Marsha wanted to know if there was anything else bothering Natalie. Natalie explained how she and Roger talked during lunch. One thing they both wished was that their mother would give them some direction BEFORE they did something wrong. They did not feel comfortable waiting for another 'stop we will talk later' situation. Marsha had given that very subject much thought since this morning. Marsha had Natalie wait until she fetched Roger.

With both children present in Natalie's bedroom. Marsha told them what the ground rules were going to be. They were very simple. No deliberate hurting each other or boyfriends or girl friends. Curfew rules would be worked out on the spot as they came up. Marsha would be supplying guidance on the social graces but what they did was up to them. The real big thing she wanted was for them to be comfortable and safe. As she told Natalie earlier she hoped that they would bring their date home for some personal private time at the end of the night. At home they and their date would be safer and more relaxed than in the backseat of a car somewhere on a lovers lane. She did have one request though, no grandkids just yet, please. There would be no back street abortions. If it was necessary, she would raise the child as hers, but no one was going to harm either her children or her children's children, ever, in any way shape, or form.

"But, please never put me in that position," was how Marsha concluded.

Both of the kids agreed. They acknowledged that even though they were both capable of creating a child, neither wanted that responsibility yet.

"Mom, I want to ask Roger something and I want-and don't want-the answer", began Natalie.

Roger interrupted, "Natalie, is this going to be one of those 'girly' questions that a man

can't answer without getting himself in trouble? You know like Mom's question last night."

Both Natalie and Roger's mother expressed surprise at Roger's statement. They both tried to assure Roger that they never asked questions like that. A minor male vs female argument ensued with Roger expressing the thought that at times girls and women asked for an opinion when what they were seeking was confirmation of their own thinking. Marsha thought for a few moments, She recalled a similar conversation with Roger, Sr. a few months after they had been married. Even to this day she would not admit that her husband and son had a very valid point.

Marsha turned her attention to her daughter and began by saying, "This is part of the lead in's and whys that I missed last night. Natalie, you put Roger on the spot with your statement. He is going to try and answer any question you ask in a manner that pleases you. And the truth be damned. But don't think for a moment that the reply will please Roger's ego. And as for your wanting and not wanting the answer to your question, welcome to the adult world, leibschoen."

Marsha softened the last comment with a loving smile and twinkle in her eye. She asked Roger if he didn't have visit the bathroom to freshen up. This produced a loud *humph* from Roger.

"Mom, boys don't have to 'visit the restroom' to seek some private space like girls. If you want me to disappear for a few minutes just ask", Roger said with some vehemence, as he stood and left the room.

As soon as they were alone, Natalie told her mother the question she had, "Mom, I want to know if Roger set up the date with Bob? Part of me wants it not to be so. I want it to be all me, and part of me wants to thank Roger for the helping hand. Bob is so cute, and he has always been so nice to me. He didn't make fun of me when I came to Roger's games. You know that most of the boys think it is strange for me to like watching sports games. They don't know that I would like the boys to notice me. But because I like science and math and do the stats at the ball games, they all look at me like one of the guys."

"Natalie, society will learn sometime soon that women can be good in the sciences. Do you even know what my degree is in?" asked Marsha.

"I guess, Liberal Arts, or maybe English literature?"

"So wrong, child!" responded her mother. "I have a B.S. in chemistry. You know that your father was an engineer. We had some very, very enjoyable arguments as to whether it was the mechanics or the chemistry that made sex so much fun. Neither one of us really tried to win that discussion. We were having a ball trying to demonstrate the superiority of our side."

"Mom, are you saying that it is Ok for girls to like sex?"

“More than OK; sex and the enjoyment that it brings is why we put up with the difficulties of dealing with the other half of the human race”, answered her mother. “Now I think it’s time to make amends to your brother. I will go explain our little talk. Give me a few moments then come join us.”

Marsha went to Roger’s room. She found her son lying on his bed sulking.

“Roger, we didn’t mean to hurt you. Women look at the world different than men. We need to sometimes run off to the powder room to think and sometimes plot. I think that Natalie does really want the answer to a question. I think that it would be best to give her an honest reply.”

Marsha reached over and brushed her son’s hair back off his face and said, “Sometimes we females ask things just to be reassured that we are appreciated. Sometimes a quick hug and a kiss will be a good answer, but at other times you have to give an truthful reply. You have to decide which is right.”

Just then Natalie came into the room. She was wearing her light pink bathrobe adorned with cartoon figures. “Roger,” she said, “I have to get ready for a date. Could you please help me? I need someone to wash my back.”

Roger looked to his mother, seeing her give a slight nod of approval, turned to his sister and said, “Sure, give me a second to get ready.”

Marsha got up and left the room saying in the process, “I am going to see if the ‘Malt Shop’ is open yet. Oh, you two can use the master bath if you would like.”

Roger stood and removed all his clothes, while his sister looked on. When he was finished, his sister extended her hand and said, “Ready?”

Roger took the offered hand, and was willingly led to their parent’s bath. Half way to their destination Roger stopped being led and became the leader. Once in the bathroom Roger let go of Natalie’s hand and opened the shower door. He reached in and turned on the water and adjusted the temperature. Then he turned to his sister and carefully removed her robe.

“Sis, Oh ancient one, thanks for letting me help” said Roger.

Natalie smiled coyly and purred, “I am definitely going to need help with my front as well as my back. Are you up to it my, big younger brother?”

They entered the shower and closed the curtain. They did wash each other taking the time to openly explore the others body. Roger paid special attention to his sisters breasts. Natalie displayed similar interest in Roger’s cock. Not knowing what else to do, they repeated what they had done last night. Roger held Natalie tight and stroked his dick up and down the folds of his sister’s pussy. They came almost simultaneously.

They then cleaned each other of the resultant love mess. During this process, Roger sank to his knees, putting his sisters mound at his eye level. Driven by some primal urge he placed his mouth on his sister's pussy kissing it deeply. Natalie reacted almost immediately with a squeal of delight. Roger stood and blushed deeply.

"Sorry, I couldn't help myself. I hope that I didn't offend you. I promise to behave better the next time."

Natalie didn't know what to say. She wasn't offended at all. In fact she wished Roger would get his face back down there and kiss her some more. By the time she had gotten her composure back, Roger had shut off the water and gotten out of the shower. He was standing there holding a towel open to receive her.

Once they were dry, Natalie announced, "Let's get dressed and join Mom. Come on to my room and help me. Then I can help you."

Roger was more than willing to comply. In a gesture of mock gallantry he offered his arm to Natalie. She put her hand on his arm and was escorted to her bedroom. They made quite a sight walking arm in arm down the hall stark naked.

In Natalie's room Roger sat on the bed and watched his sister open and close drawers, finally she turned to him and said, "pick some things out for me. I want to look nice for my 'date'. Something that says I am a girl and I like you but I am not a slut."

"Natalie, us guys aren't into subtle messages from clothes. Look nice and don't hide your body, but don't flaunt it. As far as being a slut, that's attitude, not clothes. Since I am your date tonight, would just one of your new bras and panties be too much to ask for?"

Natalie reached into one of the open drawers and removed a pink bra and matching panties.

Natalie came over to Roger carrying the underwear. "Would you please help me put these on?"

Roger took the offered clothing. Putting the bra on the bed. He spread open the panties, reaching down to position them for his sister to step into. When she did, he pulled them up her legs and over her cute bottom. He then stood, bringing the bra with him. Natalie saw the lost look on his face as he looked from the bra to her.

"Here I'll show you how" said Natalie as she took the bra and bent over so her tits hung down into the cups. Reaching behind her she said to Roger, "now you can hook it."

Roger's cock was at full mast. He always thought that seeing a girl undress for him would be the ultimate turn on. However helping his sister put on her underwear was somehow more sensual than he could have imagined.

During the time the kids were experimenting in the shower, Marsha was making Harriet's version of Pizza. She took a 'loaf' of frozen bread dough that she had let thaw and rise and spread it on two baking sheets. She added a can of spaghetti sauce to each. Then covered both with the mozzarella cheese she had gotten from the deli. Finally she sprinkled mushrooms on one and pieces of diced ham on the other. She then put the both sheets into the oven to bake. She was removing the baked pizzas from the oven when Roger and Natalie arrived.

As they approached the counter, Roger let go of Natalie's hand and pulled out one of the stools. Natalie sat down and smiled at her brother as she said, "Thank you, Roger, you are such a gentleman."

Marsha was pleased with what she saw. Her children were in a much nicer frame of mind than they were at breakfast. In fact Natalie positively beamed. Roger had a very self-satisfied look.

"You two had some fun, didn't you?" remarked Marsha.

"Mom! Its not nice to kiss and tell," was Roger's reply.

"Well a girl can tell her Mom things. Roger touched me all over! His hands all slippery with soap, it felt so nice. When he washed my tits I thought I had died and gone to heaven. Then we sort of rubbed our good parts together, like last night. Then I came and so did Roger. We were covered in love stuff. So my gallant partner cleaned me up. Then he did something else. He kissed me right down there. It took my breath away."

By this time Roger was blushing from his head to his toes. "I take it, you liked it then?" he said.

"Like it? Loved it! Next time after we kiss a little and my tits get some attention I would love to have you kiss me some more down there."

"You mean you really liked it? I was afraid when you squealed that I had hurt you."

Marsha asked her son, "What made you do that?"

He replied, "I don't know. Something drew me like a magnet. Then when I got close it was so beautiful and smelled so enticing I couldn't help myself."

"Well son, it seems that you have discovered a way to make a woman very happy. When your Dad did that to me I would cum and cum until I was exhausted."

Marsha, put on mock bored expression and thrust her hip aside, assuming the pose of an overworked waitress. "So what'erll you have, lovebirds? The special today is pizza. Two slices, and two pops, eight bits."

Roger asked if that was ok with Natalie. She deferred to her date. He told the 'waitress' that they would take two specials. Roger looked to his sister and said, "Hey, I'm a big spender and a growing boy! All this learning has given me an appetite."

Marsha brought the pizza to the counter and served her customers. Then sat down opposite them. She told them that things were happening faster than she had planned.

"You two are discovering things that I thought I was going to have to teach you. Natalie, something to think about. You liked when Roger used this mouth on your privates. Do you think he might like similar treatment?"

Roger face light like a neon sign. Marsha grinned the cheshire cat grin at him.

"Mom, is that what they call a 'blowjob'?" was Natalie's shocked reply.

"Yes, but that term is somewhat crude, don't you think?", her mom replied. "The description that I like is 'frenching'. That term works both for the man and the woman. I will tell you, your dad seemed to like my frenching him as much as I liked having it done to me."

Marsha then launched into a long rambling talk with the kids. It covered a wide range of subjects, everything from how to look attractive but saving some for later to saying thanks but no thanks. Then an argument as to whether a woman should be allowed to wear anything she wants wherever she wants. On several points it was two against one, with Roger in the minority.

Marsha looked to her son, "Roger, the rules on more things than dating are changing. I spoke to your Grandfather today. You and he are going to check out garage door openers this Saturday. If you find a suitable one you will purchase it. Then he will guide you in installing it. Your Father's tools are now yours. The things that you have shown me in the last day convinced me that the time is long past when you are responsible enough to handle them."

At that point Marsha said, "It's getting late, you two. Home work time, then we can reconvene in the den for some more instruction."

"Mom, before we go I would like to ask Roger that question." Natalie faced Roger and asked, "Did you set up my date with Bob?"

"Is that all you wanted to know? No I did not 'set up the date'. Bobby has been asking me about you for months. He wants to know everything about you. He asked me several times to ask you to go out with him. I always put him off by telling him it was not in my job description. I told him that he had to do the deed himself. Then this morning he was talking about the hop next week. I simply told him now is a good time! I swear that is truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

Natalie jumped out of her chair and launched herself at Roger. She began kissing her brother and saying “thank you” over and over between kisses that became more passionate by the moment.

“Sis, there is more. Bobby is the smartest guy I know. He is already talking about the scholarship offers that have been coming his way. And he is the only guy on the team who hasn’t asked me if I get any peeks at your tits. What he wants to know is whether you really like the math and science or is it an act to ward off the wolves. I told him that you are a nerdess. His response was ‘that’s cool’.”

“Well biggie, for that you can peek all you want, that is, if you will wash them for me at least once a day.”

Marsha interrupted with, “Save some for later. Now off to the school work.”

Natalie and Roger with some good-natured grumbling, went to their rooms to work on their school assignments.

Around 9 o’clock the pair joined their mother in the den. Marsha spent most of the intervening time deciding how to teach the kids the things that she and Roger, Sr. spent many anxious times learning by trial and error. One of the biggest things she and her husband had learned was that horniness was not just a male trait. This concept was foreign to her at the time, thanks to her parents self-righteous “morals”- That’s right in quotation marks, she thought. Not for her precious children!

The children had come back dressed the same way they were for their earlier ‘date’. Natalie in just her pink bra and panties, Roger in a shirt and slacks.

Marsha began the lesson with, “Natalie, do you think that is the way you will be attired when you bring Bob home next Tuesday?”

Before she could continue Roger spoke up, “You don’t want to overload Bobby’s higher functions do you? I can handle it because of last night and this afternoon, but any other male in fifty feet of you when you are dressed like that is going to mess their shorts in thirty seconds flat.”

Marsha spoke in her mother voice, “Roger, what are you trying to say?”

“Mom, you told me that Natalie is not my ‘toy’, I think I understand that, but will Bobby?”

This maturity thing with her son had Marsha thoroughly confused. “Roger are you jealous of Bob?”

“No!”, responded Roger, “Part of me wants to crawl inside her and never leave. And part of me wants to leave that to someone who she decides to give that jewel to. And I want to save ME for someone who might be the mother of my children.”



For Marsha the confusion was getting worse."So you are telling us you don't want to continue?", asked Marsha.

"No Mom, I want to do everything up to *that* point until *both* of us are no longer virgins."

Mother and daughter sat in position with slack jawed-expression when Roger finished.

"Roger, it seems that I have little other than the mechanics to teach you, you have the chemistry right. Natalie, I have made a doctor's appointment for you with Mrs. Marshal's OB/Gyn. I hope you will ask for the pill."

A very sheepish Natalie asked, "Mom, did you honestly like taking Dad's penis in your mouth?"

"Yes, Honey I did. And before you ask, Yes he came in my mouth many times. I loved it because it gave him pleasure. That and because he was never reluctant to use his mouth on me."

Marsha then told the pair she had some things to attend to, but before she left, she offered some pointers. She instructed Roger to give Natalie warning before he came. Natalie's lesson was as simple as Roger's. "Tell him what feels good and let him take it from there."

Then to Roger, "right at the top of Natalie's pussy is her clit, pay it some of the loving attention that you showed tonight."

With that Marsha left her offspring to discover the joy of oral sex.

Marsha returned from cleaning up the kitchen to find the children dozing on the couch. They were in the classic cuddle position. Natalie's head on Roger's shoulder. Roger's arm around his sister's neck, his hand resting comfortably on her breast. Marsha woke them and sent them off to bed with the admonition, "Separate bedrooms tonight, I don't want to have to drive you to school tomorrow."

Marsha had several things to do to get ready for her weekend with Harriet and Dennis. She thought most could wait until the morning when the kids were in school. But she thought that she would pay the weekly bills tonight. As she sat down at the desk, she looked at her budget to see what bills she had to pay. There was only one payment due. It was to the phone company. Dating the check for the next day, she thought tomorrow will be an interesting day. Checking the calendar before she wrote the date, she confirmed it was, November 22, 1963.