

Continuing **Ricky's** tale.

In the last chapter Ricky de-iced a little with Terri. That was good since he was far too tightly-wound at first, a typically quasi-hostile kid with a standoffish attitude and a touch of arrogance. But since their first meeting he's begun to look at her as a more as a friend than an unknown quantity, and some of his natural sweetness began to show (along with his body, with Terri first looking in on him as he slept nude, then seeing him awake the next morning in skin and nothing else).

For her part, Terri is beginning already to fall in love with the boy, though at first she sees it simply as a response to his natural intelligence, humor and gentleness. She sees that his 'tude is a cover for a surprising streak of vulnerability, one she feels drawn to. With this installment, we see that she might have traces of other feelings about him as well.

Of course, Ricky has a mother; and here, she and Terri begin to bond — and, quite possibly, begin feeling a mutual *attraction* as well. We know Terri once had sex with her friend Shelly, but that was mostly (she insists) to satisfy a particular fantasy of her then-boyfriend Alan, who wanted a threesome. Here, we begin to get a hint that Terri might be willing to explore intimacy with a woman again ... and this time without any men around at all.

I decided to let this one go a little ahead of schedule to sort of speed things along. One or two chapters of backstory might be okay, but this is the third without any real action happening yet, and I'm thinking maybe it's getting frustrating for the Constant (Patient!) Reader. So here's a midweek installment. I promise the weekend's chapter release will offer a good payoff for your tolerance.

It goes without saying, I hope, that this is fiction, at least as far as I know. Though the main voice in this narrative is that of a nineteen-year-old young woman, I'm actually a man, but I hope I've made the storyline authentic and believable from a woman's perspective. If you like it, hit me up at **arionneos at gmail** et cetera

and let me know what you think (if you don't like it and want to say so, that's fine too).

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

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

3. Pool Party

I answered the knock at my door in the early evening, smiling at Hermione. "Come in," I said. "I'll just get your robe."

As I handed it to her she passed over a small pile of folded clothes. "Trade," she said.

"Oh, right." It was my tee, cutoffs and panties; I'd forgotten all about them. "Sorry." They were soft and smelled wonderfully fresh. "You washed them? You didn't have to do that."

"I had a load of my own to do," she shrugged. "One thing's a constant with any boy: Lots of laundry."

Remembering the incredible volumes my brothers had always produced — several full loads a week — I nodded.

She looked around herself. "I like what you've done with the place," she said. "It's very neat."

"Spartan, you mean," I said. "Short on the creature comforts."

"Students travel light," she said, "but they live deep."

"Um. Did you get the sleep you needed?"

She nodded, smiling. "You wouldn't think IS could be so exhausting. There's not much physical labor involved. But what it does to your mind can make you feel completely drained on a good day, and last night ... well, it wasn't good. At all."

"How bad was it?"

"As bad as I've ever seen it," she shrugged. "No one died, but it was a near thing, and sometimes I think we're relying too much on this technical shit to get basic work done." She blew a sigh. "To have an entire

fucking trauma department paralyzed because their goddamned network is in the dark is just ... it's fucking crazy.”

“Yeah,” I said vaguely. “But how do we stop it?”

“I guess we don’t. We just live — or die — with it.” Her expression changed. I saw and marveled at how quickly she stopped being concerned about something, shoved it aside, and went on to more mundane matters. Later I realized that I shouldn’t have wondered at her ability; she’d had years of practice by then at putting worries into compartments that she would deal with later. “We’re going to be grilling some burgers in a while. Why don’t you come down, maybe swim a little, and join us?”

“Sure,” I said, glancing down at my scrubs. “Just let me get changed into my Saint Tropez formals.”

She smiled and left.

Hermione, Ricky and I played Marco Polo, splashed around with water noodles and floated luxuriantly on rafts for nearly an hour before my hostess got out of the pool. “I’m gonna get the cow going,” she said. “Hope you’re hungry.”

“She makes ‘em big,” Ricky explained.

“Texas sized,” Hermione nodded.

“Well, you’re a growing b —” I stopped myself. “I mean, swimming builds a healthy appetite,” I said lamely.

Hermione nodded once at me, offering a conciliatory smile, then towed off and went inside, leaving me alone with her son.

Ricky looked studiously at me for a while, floating prone on his bright pink raft, his firm little butt projecting out above his hips. “Terri?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you like me?”

“Yes,” I said. “I do. And I hope you like me too.”

“Yeah,” he nodded, blushing shyly. “...Terri?”

“Yeah?”

“If ... I mean, if I was older, would you ... go out with me?”

“You mean on a date?”

His face flamed and he nodded, paddling at the water.

“Yes,” I said. “Yes, I think I would. I think any girl would be lucky to go out with you.”

He glanced up, his face now the color of his raft. “R-really?”

“Yes. I think it would be fun to go on a date with you.”

His eyes found the water once more, locked onto it. “Me too. And then we could have omelets again.”

I felt my face heat. “We can have those anyway,” I said. *Jesus, did he just suggest going to bed with me?*

Well — why wouldn’t he say something like that? He knew men and women had *sleep-overs*; he knew I made my Morning-After Special for boyfriends I’d spent the night with. Given the books I knew he read — Hermione had mentioned *Pynchon*, for Christ’s sake, and he knew about *Ulysses* — sex could not have been particularly unheard-of to him. Going on dates, he surely knew, often meant some kind of lovemaking would eventually happen.

No; it wasn’t even that. He was just linking a logical conclusion to a premise, ending a line of natural reasoning that had begun with *what if?* For all his intelligence he was still only a child, and had a child’s notion of cause and effect. Go somewhere, sleep somewhere, have breakfast the next day. He was *nine years old*. He hadn’t been making a pass at me.

He slipped into the pool and expertly stroked over to me, bobbing as he trod water by my side. “You’re great.”

“You’re great yourself, kid,” I said. “I’m glad I met you.”

“Me too,” he said, and his face clouded. He stood, the water just below his elfin chin. “It’s too bad you’ll be going away. Mom says she likes you too.”

“Well, so do I,” I smiled. “I like you both. But I won’t be gone that long. Just nine months. And it’s not like I’m leaving next week; I’ll be here all summer. Besides, I’m sure you have lots of friends to play with.”

He shrugged uneasily, toying absently with a noodle.

I waited.

He pushed the noodle aside and sighed. “Kids think I’m a freak. They call me *Pricky*, or *Ricky With the*

Big Dicky, or just Dick. I hate it.”

“Ricky, you’re not a —” I stopped. He was staring at me with a look a little like contempt, waiting for me to finish the lie. “You’re different,” I conceded. “But don’t call yourself a freak.”

“I didn’t call myself a freak,” he said. “I said kids think I’m a freak.”

I opened my mouth, realized I had nothing to say, and closed it again.

He got out, drying himself, watching me to see if I would gawk like a rube at a sideshow. The lump of flesh at his groin was impossible to miss, and I cut my eyes aside. “It’s okay,” he said. “You can look.”

“I’m not trying to stare,” I said.

“You know what I hate most?” he said. “When people think they shouldn’t look at me. Like at swim meets. I can tell they’re trying not to look. But I know it’s there, and they do too. And I hate it. It makes it worse.”

“I’m sorry,” I said.

“You can look at me, Terri.”

“I —”

“*Look at me.*”

I let my eyes meet his. He tensed, waiting, challenging. *Look at me.*

I let my gaze drop to what lay at the join of his legs.

His sex was simply enormous on his small frame, bulbous and full, pointing upward toward his face. His corona was picked out visibly as a reddened distention in the translucent skin-tight briefs that were all he had on, the suit in his swim team’s livery of gold with blue stripes at the sides. The tied-off drawstring hung down atop him, clinging gracefully as it fell along his heavy curve, white like a trail of thick fresh semen.

His testicles hadn’t matched the growth of his penis; I saw that clearly. They were the size of grapes, bizarrely disproportionate next to the massive tube of flesh that lay above them. That was, in its own way, a good thing; if Hermione’s worries for her son’s growth bore out, it would otherwise have meant he’d end up with testes the size of softballs. *Each one* of them.

His thighs were very well-shaped, long and graceful, utterly smooth with good solid muscle jumping in them, shins and calves equally well-made, ankles delicate and small above his spread feet.

My eyes drifted up again, once more pausing at the tremendous mass his Speedos held.

Above the huge fulness of his flesh, his navel was a little cup, whorled where his umbilicus had healed, dimpling his lightly-defined abdominals. He was too young to truly have a washboard, but I could see that was how he'd end up in a few more years. His chest looked like it had begun to broaden already; his pecs were small and flat, yet they were cleft, his aureolae a rich shade of maroon on his sun-bronzed skin, nipples tight in the cool of the breeze as the beads of water slowly evaporated off of him. His shoulders, though slight, were as muscular as the rest of his body, and his arms were extremely well-defined, veins tracing faintly green under his lightly-tanned skin. His flesh was completely smooth, utterly without hair anywhere save his eyebrows, lashes and the thick mass atop his head; years of contact with chlorine had burned away even his peach fuzz.

Ricky was a rather attractive boy, I realized, *very* attractive, well-built and handsome, quite extraordinary even without his amazing endowment; bright, sweet and adorable.

I really would go out with him if he were older, I mused. And we really would have omelets the next morning.

When my eyes met his again he was blushing, but he smiled gently. "Thanks," he said. "Now you don't have to worry about it any more."

I realized I was blushing too — but he was right. Having had his permission to look so frankly at his nearly-nude body had dispelled the taboo, broken an unseen barrier whose existence I hadn't even guessed at until it was gone. Instead of a boy with a bizarre condition — not a disease but hardly a blessing — he was *just* a boy again, and I felt myself relax with him, so much so that I didn't mind the way he returned my stare in a few moments as I got out and treated him to his own little show, his eyes widening only slightly when they traveled up from my hips to my breasts, the nipples quite firm under his innocently-probing gaze, and I actually *saw* the thunderbolt hit him; he rocked backward, swaying a little, and blinked into my eyes. "You're *beautiful*," he blurted, then turned crimson, highlighting the gentle spray of freckles on his cheeks and nose. "I mean ... uh..."

"Don't apologize for complimenting me," I said softly. "Never apologize for telling a woman she's beautiful." I was wearing the only bikini I had, a French cut that was little more than paired patches of cloth on

my breasts, and which plunged *very* low over my pubis, barely covering my labia. It was obvious that I waxed; the smooth curves of my sex were visible in the thin cloth, a camel-toe groove nestling between them. I might as well have been naked for all the coverage my bikini was offering at that moment, and it occurred to me to wonder if Ricky was wishing I had been.

It was conservative compared to the thongs some of my friends wore, but it seemed a little racy to have on in front of a virginal young boy.

“You *really are*,” he said, his eyes gone dreamy as he looked me over again.

“Thank you, Ricky.” I tied the towel sarong-fashion around my hips. “You look good yourself. You’re a very handsome boy.”

“Thanks,” he managed, wrapping his own towel around his waist, but not quickly enough that I couldn’t see he was at half-mast. Even only partially engorged the size of him was prominent, an enormous curved tube that pushed along in his swimsuit, trapped by the taut cloth in an arc on his hip between his waistband and leg. I was sure that, had he become fully erect, the tip would emerge entirely from his suit, surmounting several inches of thick shaft, pushing up and out helplessly until it was blocking sight of his navel, which was a hand’s width above the waistline. There would be no way for his Speedos to contain all of him. No way at all. They were barely doing the job as it was.

I wondered if what he had seen of me would be crossing his mind the next time he masturbated, then wondered what the hell I was thinking that for. Looking at him, though, I thought maybe my musings weren’t really that far from the truth. I was used being rated by men, and I knew when they liked what they saw, and there had been more than a few times when I’d responded in kind — but this was the first time I’d ever had even a hint of that same look in the eyes of a prepubescent boy.

Maybe it shouldn’t have surprised me, knowing the kinds of books he read, knowing how often Ricky had to frankly discuss his sexual anatomy, surely learning for himself somewhere along the line *how* women were different and *why*, possibly even by looking at porn sites; I knew he masturbated, and maybe he was even beginning to feel the first real stirrings of sexual desire. Clint had gone girl-crazy when he’d been just a little older than Ricky was, and Sam had followed suit at about the same age; and they had both lost their virginity on the same night, with the same girl, when Clint had been fourteen and Sam twelve.

No, it probably shouldn't have surprised me, but it did all the same.

And anyway, hadn't I just been imagining how he would look with a full-on erection in his tight little swimsuit?

But I told myself that wasn't for titillation, wasn't an improper thing to imagine about a child. It was just an idle passing thought, that was all. Cute as he was, handsome and well-made as he was, large as his penis was, Ricky was still only a boy, a hairless virgin, his voice unbroken. I *certainly* wasn't sexually attracted to him; I certainly wasn't.

Hermione toyed with the last remains of her supper, a scrap of toasted bun with a creamy white smear of horseradish on it. "You had enough, I hope."

I nodded. I'd managed to shove two of the excellent burgers into myself, each weighing nearly half a pound. Ricky hadn't been kidding; she really did make them big. "I think that's probably one of the best dinners I've had in my life," I said truthfully.

She smiled in thanks and finished her beer. "Want another?"

"Yeah," I said, already feeling the effects of the two I'd joined her in. "Thanks."

She left me alone on the patio to stare at the stars and think my thoughts. It was late, after eleven, and Ricky had been sent off to bed more than an hour ago, protesting mightily at the cosmic unfairness of it all. He was obviously more at ease with me now; he'd doffed his towel at suppertime and worn nothing but his taut little Speedos the rest of the evening, the thin cloth visibly straining to hold his heft. Even soft he sported a good four inches, and it bulged out in front of him in the skintight yellow briefs like a ripe, plump banana. More than once his penis had swelled and lengthened, though never to full erection, but he seemed to take it in stride, just ignoring it until it settled down again. I admired his resilience; where many men would be crippled with embarrassment at certain things, he was able to simply let it all be. I supposed he was used to it by then.

Hermione and I been just chatting since he left us, slowly getting to know more about one another. We'd gone past the preliminaries — trading glosses of our romantic and less-than-romantic lives — and had talked shop for a while before a comfortable silence had descended between us. I recognized the sweet warmth of

developing friendship in my bosom and smiled.

She came back out and handed me a longneck. I pulled at it as she sat with her own and leaned back with a contented sigh. “I believe my son is rather taken with you,” she said.

“Maybe he is,” I said. “Do you think it’s a crush?”

“Yes, and it’s a serious one. He was flirting with you all evening, in his way.”

He *had* been unusually solicitous earlier, pulling out my chair for me as I sat, making sure I had enough to eat, keeping my glass filled, scooting his chair nearer to mine. He had even forsworn a book, instead taking an active part in the conversation sometimes, other times just staring dreamily at me. “I thought so.”

“I think he might even have been … preening a little, you know, showing himself off to you.”

“Maybe,” I conceded. He hadn’t seemed particularly abashed about anything, that was certain.

“It’s his first crush.” Her voice was quiet. “He’s still learning, and he’s fallen hard for you, Terri. Make sure to draw him whatever boundaries you feel you need to, but … go easy on him.”

“I will,” I said, warming at the idea that I was the first woman he’d ever genuinely been attracted to. It was rather sweet. “He asked me earlier if I would go on a date with him if he was older.”

“What did you tell him?”

“I told him the truth. I said I would.”

“Then you made his year,” she said. “I’ve never seen him act that way with a woman before,” she went on thoughtfully. “With *anyone*, actually. He was really quite a little gentleman when he wasn’t mooning over you like a lovestruck puppy. I didn’t know he had it in him.”

“He’s a terrific boy, Hermione. A real first-class, grade-A kid.”

“I agree,” she nodded, “and I’m definitely not biased. I’m also not surprised that he’s so attracted to you. You’re beautiful, intelligent, and you treat him with respect. You don’t condescend to him, and you’ve handled his … condition very well. You actually seem to like him.”

“I do. He’s very sweet, once you get to know him.”

“He’s sweet on you, that’s for sure.”

I smiled. “It’s cute.”

“It’s more than that, to him.” She took a drink. “He’s got it bad for you, girl. And, you know, I’m glad

you're his first crush. I already suspected he had excellent taste in women; after all, he chose me to be his mother. This just proves it."

I blushed at the praise. "Thank you," I said.

She leaned forward. "He told me about what happened this morning."

"You mean — when he woke up?"

She nodded. "That you ... saw him. In his altogether."

"Yeah," I said. "Sorry. It was an accident. I don't think he knew I was there; I think he figured it was you in the kitchen making breakfast."

She nodded again. "That's what he told me. We both sleep naked, and he's used to going at it rough for a while when he wakes up. Thanks again for that omelet, by the way. You have got to show me how you do it some morning."

As I laughed at her puzzled look it occurred to me that associating omelets with sex was possibly not the best way to go. "Okay," I said. "But it was really his idea."

She stared at me dubiously. "What?"

"Making it for you. He suggested it."

Her eyebrows rose. "Ricky? *My* son? About yea tall, blond hair, grey eyes? *That* Ricky?"

I laughed. "Yes. *That* Ricky."

"Jesus," she said.

"You sound surprised."

"Well ... I am. He's not normally ... well, Terri, he's not exactly thoughtless, but his head is often deep in a book. He really thought of it on his own?"

"Yeah," I said. "He thought you might like to have some breakfast too when you got home."

"Wow," she said. "Wow."

"I guess he's growing up."

"He must be." She shook her head slowly in wonder. "He might live to see puberty after all. And then I'll probably have to strangle him. Shame, really."

I smiled. "Anyway, I really am sorry about what happened."

She waved her hand. “Forget it. It happens sometimes, and it definitely wasn’t the most embarrassing thing that’s ever happened to him.”

“Uh, hum?”

“Well … don’t ever tell him I told you this, but last year at a swim meet, he got … he became … engorged.”

“Tell me it happened in the locker room,” I said.

She shook her head. “Right in front of the whole goddamned crowd. He … he popped … out.”

“Oh hell.”

“You could tell when they noticed. The stands got very quiet.”

“Jesus.”

“It was a regional meet and there must have been five hundred people there that day.”

“Holy God.”

“And then someone whistled, and then everyone was laughing, and he damned near gave up the team after that. It took me weeks to cool him down. Worst. Moment. *Ever.*”

“Oh, *Christ.* That poor damned kid.”

“Yeah. Well. Anyway. He seemed to be worried you were more embarrassed than he was today.”

“I might have been,” I admitted. “I like sleeping nude too,” I went on. “But I didn’t last night, of course.”

“I didn’t imagine you had,” Hermione said. “And so what if you did?”

“I just … I didn’t want you to think that….”

“That you were trying to seduce a nine-year-old boy?” She laughed easily. “I think I know you a little better than that by now.”

“Yeah,” I smiled. “It is a crazy idea. But … you know, there are some … pretty crazy people out there.”

She drank and set her bottle down. “I guess you know about Roger, then.”

“He told me some of that, yeah,” I said.

“It’s pretty fucking weird,” Hermione murmured, “to discover one day that you’re dating a pedophile who’s got the hots for your son. Like *Lolita* in reverse.” She scowled. “And Ricky was only *seven* then. I could see it if he was twelve, thirteen … *older* … but Jesus, seven’s a little too close to the cradle. I mean, why not

wait for double digits, at least?"

"Nothing ... happened, though, right?"

"He says nothing did," Hermione said, then peered at me anxiously. "Did he say anything to you?"

I shook my head. "Only that ... there were inappropriate questions, and he thought Roger probably wanted to ... *play* with him, but he hadn't."

Hermione nodded and leaned back once more. "That's what he told me too. I think he's probably being honest about that. Ricky can't lie, he's terrible at it, and he tends to tell me everything that goes on in his life. I'm pretty sure I'd know about it if anyone..." Her voice trailed off.

"Good," I said.

"I'm sorry too," she said.

"Why?"

She shrugged uneasily. "He doesn't normally just up and talk about masturbation. He must really trust you. I hope it wasn't..."

He really *did* tell her everything about his life, I realized. "Well, it was, a little, but — but it wasn't hideous. I lived through it. I know boys do things like that, of course; I can't even count the times I caught one of my brothers in the act. And he seemed to be ... concerned. That he'd make things worse for himself if he did it."

She chuckled. "You fixed that."

"Huh?"

"When you told him about other boys having the same kind of penis, if masturbating was what made things grow. I never thought of putting it to him like that before. Now he knows he can go to it with gusto."

"Oh. Um. Sorry."

"Why?"

"Well, I don't — I mean, I'm not trying to encourage it or anything..."

"What's the problem?" Hermione shrugged. "It's fun, it's easy, it's safe, and it feels good. Right?"

"Well ... yes, but ... he's so young..."

"Physically," she said. "His soul is ancient." She looked into the night sky. "He's been doing it for a few

years now, I think. He started early, I guess, but that was probably because of the measuring.”

“Uh. That’s what I thought too, yeah.”

“But he only first talked to me about it after Roger … well, after Roger.”

“That had to be terrifying.”

“I hope you never have to find out.”

“Me too.” I took another drink. “Men can be real pricks sometimes.”

“They can,” she said. “Is that what you discovered about Alan?”

I smiled coldly. “Yes. He talked me and my *former* best friend into a threesome with him, but what I didn’t know was he’d already been screwing her for weeks by then.”

Hermione made a sympathetic sound.

“I’d never done anything like it before,” I murmured. “It was … hell, when I was in the middle of it all, it was … wonderful. I’d never … made love to a woman before.”

“Really? Not even when you were a kid and just messing around?”

“Hands, at camp,” I said. “You?”

“I’ve … dabbled,” Hermione shrugged. “I’m not a lesbian, but I don’t exactly say no to women either.”

Her eyes met mine, and for just one moment I was sure we were thinking the same thing, and we both blushed as we looked away.

“So anyway,” I went on in a moment, “I caught them in bed together a little while after that, and … well, then it was over.”

“I don’t blame you,” Hermione said. “Did you cut his balls off?”

“I thought about it,” I said. “But no.”

“Not even a good thrust with the knee?”

I laughed. “No.”

“Forgiving girl,” she nodded. “I toyed with the idea of castrating Roger after Ricky told me what he’d been up to. But I realized that in order to do that I’d have to let him into my home one last time, sleep with him one last time — and I just couldn’t make it past the idea of having his penis in my home, *near my boy*, even long enough to go after it with my santoku.”

“I might have killed him,” I said.

“I thought about that too,” Hermione said, and I knew from her tone she was entirely serious, and I didn’t blame her. “But how could I? I have a child to take care of. I can’t go to prison.”

We drank.

She looked blankly at the platter on the table, the last traces of burger-juice in it, a mix of grease, cheese and chili strips congealing in amoebic patterns. “Big meat,” she said.

I took another drink. “Hmm?”

“Big meat. Why do you think we like it so much? What is it about big fat cock we find so ... so goddamned fascinating?” She shrugged. “It’s not as though there’s a big difference in sensation between six inches and nine, you know.”

“Actually,” I said, “I don’t know, not really.”

She glanced up at me. “Really? You’ve never ... had a big one?”

“About six was the biggest, I guess,” I said. “To tell the truth, Ricky is the largest ... I mean, he has the biggest ... I mean, I’ve never seen ... one quite as large as ... as...”

“His father was ten,” Hermione said. “Inches. Neil’s cock was the biggest I’ve ever had.” She sighed. “I thought it was fantastic. What the hell did I know? I was only sixteen. It was all in my head; he was a terrible lay. And I guess, for that weird little head-trippy pleasure, my son now has to pay for the rest of his life.

“I found out he was sleeping around,” she went on. “So I told him to fuck off. I already knew I was pregnant but I didn’t tell him. He still doesn’t know he has a son. Hell, he probably has a few other kids out there that he doesn’t know about. And I don’t know where he is now, and I don’t care.”

There was nothing for me to say, so I didn’t.

“Big meat, and a fountain of cum at the end,” she murmured.

I nodded. That, at least, I could agree with. “That’s my favorite part of it all. I mean, short of coming myself.”

She smiled. “Nothing like a good, wet pussyful, is there?”

“No way,” I said, warming at some extremely good memories. “Or a mouthful.”

“You said one,” Hermione chuckled, and we clinked our bottles together. “A toast,” she said, sliding her

hand lasciviously over the longneck. “To the foamy phallic symbols of modern culture. May they always eagerly pass between our lips.”

“Both pairs,” I nodded, and drank with her.

“You *are* naughty girl after all,” she smirked when we’d tossed back our fill. “I like that. More?”

“Yes, please,” I belched softly.

“O-kay,” she smiled, heading back in for our refills, leaving me once more to think my thoughts, noticing for the first time that there was a tingle at my groin, a little flare of interest that had sparked my clitoris into wakefulness, and that it had nothing to do with men at all.

“Wanna skinny-dip?” she said when she came back out, already pulling her top off. Her breasts, full and round, popped free of the taut fabric as I watched.

I smiled. “Thought you’d never ask.”

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

Aha, at last a hint of bisexuality.

Yes, faithful reader, you can be sure that the next chapter will actually involve some Action Scenes. Meanwhile, why not look over the preceding and think about what’s happened?

Terri has at last begun to face the fact that Ricky is a beautiful boy. He has a degree of sexual sophistication that his peers lack; he’s much more body-aware than most nine-year-olds have any reason to be. And it’s obvious here that he’s developed a major crush on Terri.

But Terri, it seems, is beginning to feel some attraction to *Hermione*; and it’s plausible that Ricky’s mother is feeling the same kind of draw herself.

At this point the possibilities seem interesting. Terri and Hermione together, we can probably assume, since

this story is in the bisexual category on Nifty. But since it's also categorized under incest, does that mean that Hermione has already sampled her son's delights? After all, she's already said they sleep nude. Does that mean they sleep nude *together*, after a feverish bout of urgent son-on-mom fucking? Is it possible that Hermione satisfies her womanly needs with her nine-year-old boy, and that's why she isn't dating anyone?

Or is it all just bait? Is it possible instead that the incest portion has more to do with Terri mentioning her brothers, catching them beating off, and where that may lead? After all, she said they both lost their virginity on the same night, with the same girl, but she did not say what girl it was. Could it have been herself? Could Terri have been the first girl to have sex with Clint and Sam, her own siblings?

And what are we to make of innuendo-loaded phrases such as, "Remembering the incredible volumes my brothers had always produced — several full loads a week — I nodded." (I just love playing with language like that; one of the more fun parts of editing and revising for me is to find places where I can drop in little double entendres of that sort. It's wry, but it's sexy as well.)

This tease is deliberate. By now the committed reader is going to be imagining his (or her!) own possibilities; the joy of storytelling lies in putting those possibilities there, but the tragedy lies in eliminating them to keep the narrative cogent and coherent. There may be ways, experimental ways, for an author to escape that; the "Choose Your Own Adventure" series of books once explored this kind of path. Maybe someday we'll have a "Choose Your Own Erotica" set of books to satisfy multifarious desires.

Meanwhile, we have this, and several ways for things to go. Hopefully the path I've chosen to ultimately lead you along will be deeply, richly and creamily satisfying.

Tune in soon to see where it all goes. And make sure to have a keyboard cover for the next chapter. I think you're going to need it. :)