



La Isla de Aquinas

By:

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In close collaboration with Edward or Ford



Chapter 1 – He's dead

"Try to see it my way..." I say to Jack, who's looking doubtful at me, "I want to do something more with my life. Maybe I'll..."

I'm interrupted by Kevin shouting at us from the comms tent, holding up the satellite phone, and waving at me. I look at Jack, who just nods, and I hurry over to the tent.

"Hello?" I ask curiously after I take the phone from Kevin.

"You're mister Scott Harris, correct?" the voice on the other side of the line informs.

"Yes. Yes, I am," I say, fearing what will come after hearing the formal voice on the other side of the line.

"I'm afraid I have some bad news for you," he says, and after a short pause, "I'm sad to inform you that Mr. Taylor passed away this morning."

It's as if time stands still, and I feel like someone kicks me in my stomach. Glenn dead? But how? And what about Audrey? And, what happened? It takes me a few moments, and as I steady myself against the table, I regain my senses.

"Mr. Harris?" the voice says calmly.

"Yeah... sorry... I'm here. It's just that... I didn't expect this."

"I understand. Mr. Taylor died this morning because of heart and lung failure. He was diagnosed with a very aggressive form of lung cancer just last week. I'm sorry for your loss, Mr. Harris."

"Thank you. I'm... why didn't he let me know he was sick?" I hear myself ask, knowing perfectly well that the person on the other end won't or can't tell me this, but there were just too many questions popping up in my head.

"I don't know, Mr. Harris. But it all happened very quickly, that much I know. But... em... the main reason I'm calling you is because of the last will of Mr. Taylor. And, of course, about his daughter Audrey. Are you available to come to my office to take over the testament and settle some urgent matters?"

"I'm currently abroad, but I think I can arrange something for tomorrow afternoon. Is that an option for you?"

"Of course, Mr. Harris. Does four p.m. suit you?" he asks politely.

"I think I can manage that, yes," I say, a bit blown away by it all.

The man gives me the address and extends his condolences again. I thank him, hang up the phone, and sit down on the nearest chair.

"Bad news?" I hear Jack ask.

"Yeah. Glenn died this morning. I need to get back to the states."

"Fuck! That's bad. I'm sorry, man," he says and puts his hand on my shoulder.

"Yeah. Me too," I say, fighting to hold back my tears. The last thing I want is to cry in front of the guys.

"Well, the job's done here anyways. So that won't be a problem. I'm sure if I ask Mike, he'll fly you back to the mainland immediately," Jack says, his hand still on my shoulder.

"Thanks. Appreciate it. You know I'm getting out now, right?" I say softly.

"I know. And we'll see. It's been long enough here anyway, so I wouldn't worry about that too much now. So you get your stuff, and I'll go ask Mike."

I watch Jack leave the tent we're currently sitting in. Right now, we're in the middle of the jungle, searching for a wanted drug lord and rebel leader. This is our fifteenth consecutive job on this island I have come to love so much.

We're at a reasonably sized island in the Caribbean called Isla de Aquinas. With its location a bit north of Colombia and west of Nicaragua, the climate is fantastic. But geopolitically, it's a nightmare. So that's the main reason my group and me have been here on and off for five years in a row, doing all sorts of covert operations for different reasons and different parties.

We're currently at a small camp owned by the Colombian army. Our job is to eliminate the drug lord during his inspection of the production fields. These drugs are supposed to fund his campaign against the current, Colombian-oriented leader. Combined with Nicaraguan funds,

this drug money would give him a serious chance to overthrow the current leader. Several mighty people didn't want that to happen, so they called us.

We planned this job for over a month, and we spent more than a week in the jungle. So staying in some form of civilization now is nice, but getting this news by satellite phone sure as hell isn't.

After high school, I joined the army. I didn't do it just to please my dad. No. I aimed for the elite forces because I wanted to do all sorts of crazy shit all over the world and be damn good at it. THAT was what I wanted to do and eventually ended up doing.

I've done all sorts of crazy missions with our small but close crew. We're the guys they call when it needs to be done, preferably without anyone knowing. And they almost always deny our presence and existence. This is fine with me. I get to do what I like best, and the pay is more than excellent.

But lately, after another covert operation in another jungle and another briefing by yet another bloated suited guy, I felt tired and fed-up. I wanted to do something more with my life. My entire life, I never really grounded anywhere. And after all this time, I want a place for my own to call home. Despite the fantastic teammates I work with, I have had it with being alone.

Between missions, I always visited Glenn as much as I could. He was more of a father to me than my real dad. My father served in the army for as long as I can remember. He is a high-ranking officer and changes base at least once a year. He dragged my mom and me with him across the world. By the time I turned eleven, I had lived in fourteen different countries around the globe. But when we met Glenn during our time in Seattle, my life changed. My mom and dad became friends with him and his wife, and I stayed over at his place a lot! I finally had a normal place I could go to and feel welcome.

My mom did everything she could to build us a comfy home each time we moved, but it was always on base, and the houses all looked the same over there. So it just never felt like home. But when I was at Glenn's place, I was home.

And now he's dead.

I gather my things, lost in my thoughts, hearing Jack yell at me. "Mike's ready to leave, Scott!". So I quickly drop the last of my stuff in my bag and walk over to the chopper. Jack waits there with a serious look.

"You okay, man?"

"Yeah. I'm good. Thanks."

Jack gives me a firm hug, slaps me on my back, and steps aside to let me through. "We'll talk later. But, first, we need to get you home. Take care."

I nod, walk over to the chopper, and quickly get inside. Before I know it, we're airborne and on our way to the big camp on the Colombian mainland, where a plane will take me back to Seattle. As we get higher, I notice a few of the guys looking. I wave at them, and they wave back. But at that moment, I'm sure I'll never see them in a setting like this anymore.

"Bad news?" Mike's voice asks, his voice sounding tinny as always through these headphones.

"Yeah," I say as I keep looking outside, "my best friend died today."

"Shit, man. I'm sorry," he responds thoughtfully.

Like most helicopter pilots, Mike is a strange but very likable guy. He's the typical adrenaline junkie, but he's also the best damn pilot I ever met. He pulled us out of a tight spot numerous times, and I owe him my life. At least three times.

"Yeah. Me too," I softly say, lost in my thoughts.

Mike drops me off at the large Colombian Air Force base, where a plane is already waiting. This is all very unusual, but the Colombian army is grateful for our help, so they help us out in return. Before I get out, Mike looks at me, pats me on my back, and smiles weakly.

"Take care, man!"

"You too. Don't crash, okay?" I smile.

"Stay alive, okay?" he smiles back.

We always say this to each other when I exit his chopper. It became a running gag over the years, but we both like it, and it kinda grew on us. We bump fists, and I wave goodbye as I walk over to the plane.

It is way past noon when I enter my Seattle apartment. I shower, shave, and as I browse through my closet for decent clothes, I stumble across an old picture of Glenn and me together in his backyard. I take it in my hand and need to sit down on the bed as tears start forming in my eyes. This sure brings back some memories...



Chapter 2 – With a bit of help

“Did you check the shutter speed?” Glenn asked as I looked through the viewfinder at the bee sitting on the flower.

“Course,” I whispered, not wanting to scare the bee away.

Click

Click

Click

“Try a different angle now,” Glenn said.

I slowly moved sideways while lying on my belly in the grass, keeping my eye pressed against the camera as I did this. The bee didn’t seem disturbed in any way, so I inched a little closer.

“Make sure the composition is good.”

“Ssssh...” I whispered, getting a bit annoyed.

Glenn had given me tons of instructions and repeated some of them after I found the bright yellow and black bee sitting on a blood-red flower. There is a lot of stuff about exposure, shutter timers, ISO, and composition. I absorbed it all like a sponge. A few months ago, Glenn had shown me his impressive photo collection, and I was eager to learn how to do this too. We’ve done a few practice shots already. But this weekend, we’d be doing all the elements of nature photography, from finding the right subject to making sure it would become an excellent image. And, of course, developing the picture.

I first met Glenn when he took our family portrait. We had just moved to the base in Seattle, and it had become a tradition for us to take a picture at the start of each new location. Our dad had hired him, and it clicked immediately. Despite my dad and Glenn's differences in some subjects, they became instant friends. And so did my mom and Gloria, Glenn’s wife.

We learned that Gloria lived here all her life. She met Glenn shortly after he moved to Seattle with his parents. They had a few classes together in high school, and they became a couple when they started their senior year.

Gloria worked as a teacher in an elementary school, and Glenn was a professional photographer. Before he had enough work for a full-time job, he worked as a bouncer in a few local clubs. Standing at 6 foot 5, with broad shoulders and a bald head, he was an impressive guy. This helped him immensely with being a bouncer.

Glenn and Gloria didn't have any children. They both loved kids, but no matter how hard they tried, it just wouldn't happen. They were now considering adopting a kid and talked about it a lot but were still unsure if they should do it. They were thrilled to have me over as their surrogate kid they could spoil. So, tagging along with my parents was never an issue with them.

The five of us went out a lot. We went to the movies and restaurants and stuff. But the best times we had were in Glenn's backyard. I was allowed to grill burgers play in their pool, and they treated me like one of them. My dad seemed to lighten up considerably when we were over there, and he wasn't on my back all the time when I hung out around them.

One day, when my mom and dad wanted to celebrate their fifteenth wedding anniversary by going away together for a whole weekend, Glenn and Gloria welcomed me with open arms. First, Gloria had to convince my mother they'd love to have me and that it was no burden at all, but quite the opposite. Considering this was the first weekend in my life she'd be separated from me, my mom needed some convincing. But after Glenn and Gloria assured her that they would call her the moment something happened, she reluctantly agreed.

So there I was, putting everything Glenn told me into practice. And I loved it! I finally had something I liked, AND someone who encouraged and helped me. I knew my dad wasn't overly excited about me doing this, but I didn't care too much about that. Lucky for me, Glenn could talk excitedly about how he turned his hobby into work. So my dad didn't give me shit about this, and I could spend time with Glenn, trying to become at least half as good at it as he was.

Click!

"I think that was the last one of the film," I said, smiling and eager to know how I did.

"Great! Let's see how they turned out," Glenn said as he extended his hand to help me to my feet.

It was an unusually hot day out there in the garden. I had ditched my shirt, and I was only wearing my fruit of the looms and sweatpants that ended halfway down my upper leg. I loved sweatpants. Wearing them was almost like wearing just your underwear. I mainly wore grey and blue sweatpants, but some of them were a bit on the small side because I had a growth spurt over the winter.

I grabbed my shirt and threw it over my shoulder as Glenn and I walked over to his studio. Glenn smiled broadly and looked as excited as I was about developing my first film and seeing how I did.

Glenn's studio was amazing! He built it himself in the back of their huge garden, and it had its own entrance. The studio was about eighteen by twenty feet and almost ten feet high. It had a light gray, concrete floor, and all windows had a panel, so it was possible to stop daylight from coming in. Or just a bit. All sorts of spots and tripods were in different corners. One corner had a table and kitchenette and served as the cantine. Behind the studio, there were two rooms. One had all kinds of backdrops, carpets, and various types of props stored, while the other room was a big darkroom to develop his pictures.

"Alright. Let's develop this film. Did you grab the chemicals?"

"Sure did. Put it on the table inside the darkroom," I said, feeling proud I thought about these things.

"Okay. Let's get inside then, shall we?" Glenn smiled as he opened the door.

We opened the film during the next half hour, transferred it to the reel, and poured the development fixture into it. I checked the temperature very precisely, but Glenn insisted on checking it too. Next was the stop bath, the fixer, and the wetting agent. After I hung the film to dry, Glenn patted me on my back and complimented me on how well I did.

"Great job, Bud! Now we have to wait. Want a Coke?"

"Love to!" I said. "Do you mind if I check your latest portfolio?"

"Knock yourself out," Glenn said and opened the fridge.

I knew Glenn had just finished his latest portfolio and was proud of what he did. I was very curious about the pictures, and when I noticed the

book lying on the table in the canteen, I wanted to check it out right away.

There were all sorts of portraits in his portfolio. Some were family portraits, marriage photoshoots, and a few nature pictures. At the end of the book were the individual portraits, and I noticed some were a little revealing. Some women were topless. Or maybe it was just the idea of them being topless because the picture ended just above their nipples, showing the top half of their breasts. Most of them were in black and white, and these were really, really good in every way. I knew I wasn't an expert yet, but everything was spot on in the composition, lighting, shadows, and all other things Glenn told me.

"You like them?" Glenn asked, looking over my shoulder.

"Yeah. They're awesome!" was my enthusiastic reply.

I looked back at Glenn as I said this. That's when I noticed another new portfolio book on the shelf behind him. I wondered why Glenn didn't tell me about this one.

"What's that?"

Glenn turned his head around to see what I was looking at. As his head turned back, I could see a sly smile across his face.

"These are my art pictures. I'm collecting these and hope to be able to expose them in a gallery someday," he said with a dreamy look in his eyes.

"Wow! Can I see them?"

"Ehm... I don't think your parents will approve. There's nudity in it."

"Porn? Do you do porn?" I asked with disbelief.

Glenn sighed and started, "No, no. I said nudity, not porn. These are two completely different things. I don't blame you, but I hate it when people mix these up. Nudity is about the raw, human form in all its glory. Porn is about people having sex. Most of the time, they're nude during the act, but there's a huge difference. Remember that, bud!" Glenn said, and I could see the fire in his eyes.

"I see," I said, not entirely sure if I got it, but it did make sense to me.

After a short pause, I asked, "If it isn't porn, then I think I'm allowed to see it."

Glenn laughed at that and looked me in the eyes.

"Look, I don't want you to hide stuff from your parents. But I guess bending the rules a little won't hurt you. I don't think it'll hurt you, and if you want, you can look at it. But it's up to you if you tell your parents or not."

I let that sink in for a moment and nodded. Glenn reached out, grabbed the book, and handed it to me.

"Knock yourself out, Bud," he said and walked over to the sink to make himself some tea.

I looked at the book's cover and noticed an unfamiliar name, "Who's Pyntar? I thought you made these?"

"Some of these pictures are... not to everyone's liking. Some of these contain explicit imagery. Some have naked kids in 'em. There are people who hate this and will accuse me of creating porn. Or even child pornography. I completely disagree because everyone involved did it with free will and no pressure or anything. But still..."

I thought for a second and said, "so people THINK it's illegal and wrong, and they'll accuse you of something you didn't?"

"That's about it. These pics are about the farthest from porn that I can imagine. It's like I explained earlier. Nudity isn't porn. Not by a longshot. So that's why I created a pseudonym under which I publish these pictures. Just to keep it as far away from my regular pictures as possible. If people don't buy my regular work anymore because of the other pics, I soon won't have anything to eat anymore."

"I get it, I guess," I said with a serious look.

"So that's why I created Pyntar. He's a well-known figure in the art scene by now, and I can publish my best work under his name."

By now, I was really curious about the pics in this portfolio. I was still standing at the kitchen table as I thumbed through the pages. Glenn was right! These pictures were even more impressive than the ones in the other book. Almost all the photos were in black and white, with a lot of detail for composition and lighting. After I turned the page, I saw a

woman. She was obviously naked and photographed from the side. In the back, the sun almost completely filled the entire frame. This meant that only the woman's silhouette was visible, but I could clearly make out her breasts, stiff nipples, and bush of pubic hairs.

The following picture was a copy of the one that hung in Glenn and Gloria's living room. It represented Adam and Eve. There was a big tree in the middle of the frame, with a man and a woman on each side. The tree blocked the view of about half of each body. The woman held an apple at the same height as her head, her arm at what looked like a perfect ninety-degree angle. Their backs were to the camera in the living room picture, and we could see one butt cheek of both man and woman. But this picture was the frontal view. So I could see one breast, half of her pubes, and half of the man's penis. The lighting and the way the tree played a central role in this picture were terrific, but the first boob I ever saw got my full attention.

I felt a minor stir in my underwear, so I quickly turned the page. This didn't help. The following picture was clearly an ode to the traditional pictures back in the old days where the family had to pose. In the photo were a mother and a father, with their teenage son and daughter in front of them, standing and not smiling. But in this photo, all of them were nude. Their discomfort oozed from the picture, just like it did in the old photos. They were standing in what seemed like an old western-style cabin with a chair, candles, and other stuff from that time.

I couldn't tear my eyes away from the boy and girl. The boy was a little older than me and had a bit of pubic hair. I guessed him to be thirteen or fourteen years old. The girl was slightly younger. There were barely noticeable hairs above her vagina, and her breasts just started to swell. Judging by her mother, she was bound to have pretty big breasts.

The stir in my pants took me by surprise. I was now sporting a full-blown erection and no way to hide it in these sweatpants. But I just had to keep looking because this was by far the most erotic thing I ever saw up until then.

"Like what you see?" Glenn chuckled as he put the mug of tea beside the book.

"I- um... I..." I said, blushing furiously and putting my hands over my obvious tent.

“No worries, Bud. I get it. Never seen a naked woman before?”

“No,” I timidly said.

“And don’t worry about your boner. Just beat off later, and you’re good,” Glenn said comfortingly.

I heard of the term ‘beating-off,’ but I didn’t have a clue about how to do it. I knew it had something to do with my stiffy, but that was about all. I knew I could trust Glenn completely, and I would never go to my dad about it. So I decided just to blurt it out, “How do I beat off? I don’t know how to do it.”

“Oh, crap...” Glenn muttered, “it’s... uh....”

I could see Glenn was thinking about how to tell me these things. I decided to keep my mouth shut because Glenn was the best bet I had on this matter.

“Ah, what the hell... When you grow older, you get these stiffies, just like you do now. You get them more and more. Do you know why your penis gets stiff?”

“So I can put it inside a woman to make babies?” I tried as I recently learned about the basic mechanics.

“Right. But by getting stiffies, erections, or boners at this age, your body is preparing you for the real deal. And you can help your body with that practice by simulating sex.”

“Okay...” I said questioningly, still not sure where this was going.

“Look... You’re getting aroused, or horny as we call it, by looking at beautiful naked people. You need to help your body by releasing the pressure. You simulate sex by using your hand until you feel the most amazing feeling there is.”

“But HOW do I do this?” I asked, needing a little more certainty about what Glenn meant.

Glenn put up two fingers of his left hand, made a fist with his right, and slid it over the two fingers.

“Like that. Well... not over your fingers. If you know what I mean,” Glenn said, blushing himself.

“Ah! I think I get it,” I smiled, looking down at my tent.

After two more pages with pictures of naked men and women, the buzzer went.

“Let’s see how you did,” Glenn said, clearly relieved he was out of the woods here, and patted me on my back.

We went into the darkroom. I was still stiff as a board, but we both ignored that fact and focused on the task at hand. Glenn seemed to be impressed by my work, and after we selected the three best pictures, we started the process of getting them printed.

“See? That last bath really does the trick,” Glenn said excitedly.

The print was lying in the bath with chemicals, and despite the yellow light, I could see the colors emerge.

“Wow!” I said, holding my first picture in my hands.

“You did an awesome job, Bud,” Glenn complimented me.

We cleaned up, locked the studio, and went inside. Gloria was preparing dinner, and I proudly showed her the three pictures. She was amazed by them and gave me a big kiss and said that I could have the best piece of the meat. Glenn groaned and mumbled, “I never get to choose when I do a good job.”

We all laughed at that and ate our dinner. After dinner was over and the dishes were clean and back where they belonged, we went outside and played a few board games. It was getting dark when Gloria announced it was time for bed. So I got up, hugged Gloria, and thanked her for the wonderful meal.

“Shall I go with you, dear, and show you everything?” Gloria asked.

After Gloria showed me around, I brushed my teeth and went into my bedroom. I hesitated slightly but dropped my pants, pulled up my PJs, and crawled into the bed.

“No shirt?” Gloria asked.

“Nah. I usually sleep in just my underwear. But mom said I should take my pajamas.”

"I don't care, dear! Heck, you can sleep in the buff if you like," she laughed.

I immediately took off my PJs and kicked them out under the sheets.

"Better?"

"Better." I smiled.

"If there's anything you need, just call out, and we'll come. Okay?" Gloria said and kissed me on my forehead.

"Thanks! Good night."

"Good night, dear."

The moment the room was dark, images of the naked girl and her brother filled my mind. I was instantly hard, and I remembered what Glenn told me. So I slipped down my underwear and gripped my willie. I moved my fist down over it, but nothing substantial happened. It didn't feel too bad either, but that was all. So I tried it again. And again. Nothing.

I was feeling a bit panicked about it. Did I do something wrong, was my penis broken, couldn't I have kids later? I contemplated my options and decided to call out.

"GLENN!" I called out.

Nothing. So I shouted louder, "GLENN!!"

I heard movement downstairs and footsteps in the hallway. Moments later, they were on the stairs, and as the footsteps came closer, I was sure it was Glenn.

He softly opened the door and asked, "What is it, bud? Can't sleep?"

"No. It's just that... It isn't working," I whispered.

"What isn't work... oh...."

"Can you help me?" I asked, feeling the tears welling up, "I feel stupid for not... and that I can't..."

"Relax, Bud. I... um..."

Glenn sighed deeply and lifted his weight from one foot to the other. I could see his internal struggle as he stood there indecisively. Finally, he

turned around, closed the door, and clicked on the bedside light.

“Look. I know you can’t talk to your mom or dad about this. They wouldn’t understand. So I’ll help you. But you have to promise to keep this between us. This is a way bigger secret than the pictures. Get it? Adults aren’t supposed to do this, and I can go to jail for it.”

“Really? But why? I’m the one asking for help,” I said, totally unclear about why this wasn’t allowed. “Is this the same as with these pictures you publish as Pyntar?”

“Something like that, yeah. But this is illegal. Period. So not a word. Not even to Gloria, okay?” “Okay. Not a word. Promise.”

“Right. Why uh... why don’t you show me how you do it?” Glenn softly asks, a flush spreading across his face.

My undies were still around my ankles from my previous attempt, so there was no need to pull them down. And exposing myself this way to Glenn didn’t feel strange at all. I just knew he understood the situation and probably had seen hundreds of willies. So I kicked down the blanket, exposing my boner, and looked at Glenn’s reaction. His face remained expressionless.

Feeling the need to act, I grabbed my willie, wrapped my fist around it, and slid it down. After doing this, I looked at Glenn and said, “see? Nothing happens.”

I could see the surprise in Glenn’s eyes as he looked at me. Then, slowly, a smile appeared on his face, and I could see a twinkle in his eyes.

“You need to repeatedly move it up and down,” he said, obviously holding back a chuckle.

“Huh?” I asked, unclear what he meant.

Glenn made a fist and repeatedly moved it up and down in the air. “Like this.” So I let go of my penis and moved my hand in the air too.

“Right. But then you do it on your peter.”

I grabbed my willie again and did what Glenn said. I moved it down, but instead of keeping my hand there, I slid it back up. But when I reached the end of my boner, I felt like my skin was being torn off.

“OUCH!” I hissed loudly.

"You need to loosen your grip a bit," I heard Glenn say.

"Nevermind..." I said, feeling embarrassed as hell, and fought back the tears.

I reached for the blanket in an attempt to regain some dignity when Glenn said, "Oh, no you don't! You need to figure this out once and for all," and his hand prevented me from pulling up the blanket.

"But it isn't working. Maybe my peter isn't built for this," I tried.

"Listen, Bud. Once you've figured it out, you'll be thankful you did. What about..." Glenn softly said, not finishing his sentence.

"What?" I asked eagerly.

Glenn sighed and continued, "What if I show you? I mean, really."

"Would you?" I asked, feeling glad Glenn didn't give up.

"Sure. But I'd have to touch you. You know..." and he nodded toward my willie.

"I don't mind," I said, laying my hands beside my body in an attempt to give him all the access he needed.

What happened next was utterly mind-blowing. The moment Glenn's fingers wrapped around my willie, all my nerves seemed to go off at once. I felt him sliding up and down over my stiff willie, noticing how good his fingers felt on my skin. Before long, I started panting and pushed back against Glenn's hand.

"See? Feels good, right?" he whispered, not missing a beat.

"Ohhh," I moaned, "I think I need to pee! Stop... Stop!!" I said, afraid I was going to wet the bed.

"Shh..." Glenn said in an assuring voice, "you're about to cum. Don't worry. Just let it happen. You won't pee. Trust me!"

These words put me at ease, and I started focusing on the good feelings in my groin. The pace of Glenn's up and down motion quickened, and I felt something build inside my ass, close to my balls. The tingle spread out all over my body, and my vision went blurry.

"I... ahhh... ahhhh... AHHH!" I heard myself pant.

After that, my brain exploded. I couldn't think anymore, and as my body stiffened, my willie started kicking, and my balls tried to pull back inside my body. After that initial internal explosion, every feeling focused back on my willie. After that, all I could feel was the kicking of my willie inside Glenn's hand.

Glenn's motion slowed down significantly, which was good because I was getting very sensitive down there now. After I slowly regained my breath, my vision returned too. I noticed Glenn smiling at me as he let go of my willie. I realized I had an ear-to-ear smile on my face and was feeling spent.

"Think you can manage on your own the next time?" Glenn smiled.

"I guess. But if I can't, I can always ask for help, right?"

"Umm... Let's just see how it goes, okay?" Glenn responded, obviously not too thrilled about a second run.

I looked down my belly toward my softening willie. It didn't change after that good feeling. It wasn't bigger or smaller. Nor did it have a different color or anything. I did read somewhere that this was called an orgasm and that it was needed to create babies. But I couldn't see the sperm that was necessary for it.

"Are you sure you did it right?"

"Why? Didn't it feel good enough for you?" Glenn chuckled.

"No. It's just that... I don't see any sperm. There's supposed to be sperm, right?"

"Oh, that. Nah... Don't worry. You're too young to make sperm. I guess a few more months, and you'll start with that. And when you masturbate then, you'll feel it coming out. If that happens, just tell me, and I'll make sure to get you some tissues to clean it up."

"Oh," I said, slightly disappointed.

"Don't worry, Bud. You can start beating off anyway. Still feels amazing, right?" Glenn said, and he slapped me on my shoulder as he got up.

"I guess you're right," I said, kicked off my undies, and pulled up the blanket.

Glenn walked over to the door and looked back at me with his hand on the doorknob.

"Night, Bud! Sweet dreams."

"Night. And thanks. A lot!" I smiled.

"You're welcome. Remember! Not a word!"

"I remember. Don't worry," I said and turned on my side.

Glenn clicked off the light and closed the door behind him. After this, I felt drained but was also very excited because I finally managed to have an orgasm. I thought about how right Glenn was that I could never talk to my parents about this and how lucky I was that Glenn didn't mind. Then, before I knew it, I was out like a light.



Chapter 3 – Comfort

I dry my eyes and put the picture back inside my drawer. I look around in my apartment and decide I'll clean up later. It's almost three-thirty, and driving there will take me a little over twenty minutes. And that's without traffic. Arriving late at such an important meeting is just not done. So I close the door, head down, and climb on my Harley. Riding a Harley in dress pants is a bit strange, but the heavy bike is my only transportation option at the moment. I don't want to call a cab or Uber.

When I arrive at the tall office building, I feel my stomach acting up. I don't want to do this, but I know I have to. So I drag myself inside, look at the sign near the elevator, and head to the eleventh floor. When the doors open, I see a fancy looking office with minimalistic decorations, marble on the floor, and a beautiful looking lady behind the reception desk

I walk toward the lady, and before I can say anything, she asks, "Mr. Harris?"

"Yes. I'm Scott Harris."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Harris. Will you please follow me?"

The lady stands up and walks around her desk. We head into a hallway with more marble and big, floor-to-ceiling glass panes. I figure these are the meeting rooms as we walk past them. I can't keep my eyes from the hot, mini-skirt-clad ass in front of me. Damn, that's one fine piece of ass.

The lady stops at a glass door and looks at me. I realize she must've seen me looking, and I start to blush. She just smiles at me and opens the door.

"There you go, Mr. Harris. Mr. Cohen is waiting for you. Can I get you anything? Coffee, water?"

"No thanks. I'm good," I say and smile at her.

I enter the big meeting room and see a skinny man in a fancy suit sitting behind the typical boardroom table. The man looks expensive but has a friendly face, and he starts smiling politely when he sees me come in.

Before I realize what's happening, I feel a body slam into me, and arms wrap themselves tightly around my waist. I look to my right and see Audrey pressed against me.

"Hey, Lil' Bit," I softly say.

Audrey looks up at me, and I can see her swollen eyes. I hadn't seen her in a few months, and I noticed how much she's grown in that period. I kiss her on her forehead and hug her firmly. I look her over and realize a lot can happen to a girl's body in a short time. The last time I saw her, she was basically a tomboy. But now I was looking at a young woman. The once puffy nipples are now small breasts, and her short skirt accentuates her growing curves and tight little ass. I notice all this in the blink of an eye and quickly dismiss these thoughts. We're here for a very sad reason, so no pervy shit.

"Hi. I'm..." she trails off, lost for words.

"It's okay. Let's sit," I say and pull back one of the chairs for her to sit on.

I step toward Mr. Cohen and shake hands. Despite his skinny frame, his handshake is firm and confident. He smiles and gestures for me to sit down too. I take the seat next to Audrey as the man starts to speak.

"Welcome. Both of you. I know these are difficult times, but the urgency of the matter calls for this meeting," he starts.

It turns out that Glenn put me in his will as the legal guardian of Audrey. Shortly after Gloria died, he did this, and I feel flattered about the trust Glenn expresses with this action. But I'm also scared shitless hearing this. At twenty-six, I don't feel capable of taking care of a soon-to-be thirteen-year-old girl. But I also know Glenn and Gloria don't have any brothers or sisters in the US, and I'm the closest to a relative in Audrey's life.

In normal circumstances, we wouldn't be discussing the will at this point, Mr. Cohen is saying. But since the well-being of Audrey is our main concern, we might as well do it now.

An hour and a half later, Audrey and I walk out of the office. Inside we learned that Audrey inherits the house and a trust fund. Glenn left me the photo studio with all the equipment, and the brand name of his studio, including all accompanying licenses. And, if there are no objections from Child Protective Services within three months, I'm the legal guardian of a twelve-year-old girl.

“Thank you for wanting to take care of me,” Audrey says as we approach my bike.

“Of course! Your dad took care of me when I was your age. Now it’s my turn.”

Audrey smiles through her sadness and looks impressed at my bike. That’s when I realized something.

“I... ehm.... I’ve only got one helmet. I’ll get us an Uber and worry about the bike later.”

After a few minutes, the car pulls up, and we head back to Audrey’s house. During the ride, we talk about the practical implications of it all. But, for now, we decided that I should go and live with Audrey in her house. We both find it strange to call it ‘her house,’ but it is what it is.

When we arrive back at the house and enter the living room, Audrey starts crying. She tries to fight back against the tears, but once I put my hand on her shoulder, she erupts. The tears start flowing, and she’s crying with everything she’s got. Seeing and hearing her cry this way breaks my heart. So I put my arms around her and just hold her. I don’t try to soothe her or comfort her. That just doesn’t feel right at this moment. I can’t help myself either. I never felt so sad before in my life, and despite wanting to be strong for Audrey, I cry for all I’m worth. We cry like this for a long time. But eventually, the tears dry, and we look at each other.

“You look like a mess,” Audrey says as she looks at me with a barely noticeable smile across her lips.

“Right. Like you look like a million bucks,” I chuckle, glad to leave the crying behind us for now.

“Now what?” Audrey asks.

“I’ll go and get the guest bedroom ready. Well... I guess we’ll have to go and call it my bedroom from now on.”

“I guess... but... why not take Glenn’s room?” Audrey says softly.

Glenn and Gloria had always insisted on calling them by their first names. So no uncle Glenn or aunt Gloria. Gloria said it made them feel old, and they didn’t want to feel labeled. So when Audrey was born, they went with first names too. To Audrey, it was natural, but my mom and dad

found it odd. I didn't care. To me, they were still Glenn and Gloria, and if this is how they live their lives, why bother?

"Maybe in a while. Not now. I don't want to sleep in there now."

"Okay. You make sure you can sleep tonight. I'll order us pizza. Pepperoni, right?"

"Great!"

"I'll hop in the shower after I call the pizza place. I feel dirty. Can you watch the doorbell while I'm in there?"

"Sure thing. I'll be done in there in a few minutes," I say as I head up the stairs.

I'm done pretty quickly in the bedroom. I just have to put some clean sheets on the bed and open the window. So I head down, drop myself on the couch, and start browsing through my timeline on my phone. Then, I hear the shower shut off, and at the same time, the doorbell rings.

I get the pizza and grab some plates on my way back to the living room. I stop in my tracks when I see Audrey coming down the stairs. She's wearing an old, white t-shirt, which is too short and too tight for her. I noticed her boobs before, but they can't be missed in this shirt. Her hard nipples only accentuate them more, and I have to tear my eyes away from them. Beneath a stripe of skin that starts just below her belly button, a pair of loose-fitting, blue and white-striped cotton boxer shorts complete her outfit. I know I shouldn't look at her like this. Especially considering the circumstances we're in at the moment. But, damn! She looks foxy!

We sit down on the couch next to each other, and once we polished off the pizza, we're staring blankly at the TV screen where some stupid sitcom is playing. Relaxing a bit now, I realize I'm feeling numb. I can hardly feel any emotions at the moment. It's like I'm on some shitty drug or something.

"Can I hold you for a moment?" Audrey asks softly, and I can hear her sniff.

"Course! Come on," I say and extend my arms, feeling the tears welling up again too.

Audrey moves over and straddles my waist. She lies her head on my shoulder and sighs deeply. I can feel her stiff nipples against my chest, and the heat of her groin radiates through my dress pants. But all that is irrelevant now. This little girl needs comforting! I wrap my arms around her and start caressing her back. She's quiet, but judging by the sobs from her shoulders, I can tell she's crying softly.

"You can cry as much as you want. You know that, right?" I whisper in her ear.

"Yeah," sniff, "I know. But I don't want to."

"I know, Lil' Bit. I know..."

I can still see the TV and feel the sobs every now and then. We sit like this for a long time. Eventually, the sobs wear off, and I feel her starting to breathe deeper. The poor thing. She must be exhausted by all these emotions. I decide to let her sleep like this and watch the sitcom reruns I hate so much. But I can't reach the remote without waking her, and my phone is just too impractical in the position we're in now.

About an hour after sitting like this, I notice she moves. Her pelvis moves a bit back and forth. I guess she's dreaming, and I pay no attention to it. But after a few moments, she moves again. And again. All the while, her groin is rubbing back and forth over my dick, and since I'm only wearing dress pants and boxers, I feel her movements all too well.

The few movements slowly turn into a full-blown dry-humping session. I don't know if I hear it correctly, but a small groan escapes her throat. Finally, I can't help it anymore, and before I know it, I'm fully hard. But the grinding doesn't stop. Audrey's upper body still lies limply over my torso, but her stiff nipples are poking me in my chest. I'm pretty sure she's sleeping and having an incredible dream. And I know I have to wake her, but this just feels too good. I didn't get laid in months, and this action is sure having its effect on me.

I try to hold as still as possible as Audrey picks up the pace. She is moaning by now, and the dampness between her legs is noticeable through my pants. But the real problem I'm having with all this is the buildup I'm feeling in my balls. If she keeps this up, I'll cream in my pants.

This goes on for a few more minutes as I try and contemplate my options. By the time I'm approaching my point of no return, I decide to

wake her up. And that's when it happens. Her body starts shaking violently, and her legs press firmly into my hips. A deep, animal-like groan comes from her throat, and she stops moving. Her body lies limp against mine again, and, judging by her breathing, Audrey is asleep again.

My throbbing boner keeps twitching against Audrey, and I hope it doesn't wake her. I let my heartbeat drop by taking deep breaths, hoping my boner will go down soon. But it isn't easy to steer my thoughts away from what just happened.

After about ten minutes, my boner finally starts to go down, and I try to watch some TV again. But no matter how hard I try, I can't get the feeling of her warm groin against mine out of my head. So I gently rub her face and wake her up.

"Wha... Grss," Audrey mumbles.

"Let's get to bed, Lil' Bit. I'm tired too."

"Hmm," she moans, still half asleep.

I help her upstairs and into her room and realize she is basically sleepwalking. When she steps into her bed, I notice the damp spot in her striped boxers. Holy shit! That was a serious cum. I try to ignore it and pull up the blankets. Before I get the chance to say anything, she snores loudly, asleep already. So I kiss her on her forehead and head out of her room, closing the door behind me.

When I enter my room and start pulling my zipper down, I notice an obscene dark spot where my precum leaks through my boxers and pants. "Shit!" I mutter. I don't have clean ones with me yet. So I get into the bathroom and wipe my pants clean with a wet washcloth. Then, I neatly put my pants over the chair, hoping they dry enough to wear in the morning. I pull off my boxers and lay them on the chair too. I don't want more of my precum to mess it up even worse.

I crawl under the covers and let the events of the day play in my head again. I usually do this when I'm trying to get to sleep. I find it a very relaxing way to get my head clean. But by the time I get to the events on the couch, I feel my hand wrap itself around my stiff shaft. Only a few tugs and the idea of Audrey riding herself to orgasm on my dick is enough for my cum to splatter all over my chest.

After I clean up, I turn to my side feeling myself drift off quickly.



Chapter 4 – Just fun

“Good morning, honey,” Gloria said to me when I walked into the kitchen.

I woke to the smell of eggs and bacon and didn’t want to miss out on it, so I quickly got up. When I reached the top of the stairs, I realized that Gloria probably wasn’t used to seeing a naked boy in the morning. I always tried it with my mom, and every time, she’d send me back upstairs to put on some clothes.

So I quickly got back into my room, slipped on my pajama bottoms, and headed downstairs. As I sat down, I noticed it was a bit too obvious I was a boy. No underwear and half a boner inside the thin fabric of a pajama made it impossible to miss that. Gloria looked, but she didn’t say anything and just smiled at me.

“Morning,” I grumbled, “that smells amazing!”

“Thanks, Hon. Did I wake you?”

“Yeah. But there are worse ways to wake up,” I smiled, feeling more awake already.

Gloria poured me a glass of OJ and set a plate with eggs, bacon, and toast in front of me. I looked at her, and she smiled sweetly at me.

“Eat up, honey! Don’t let it get cold,” she said and ruffled my hair.

“Oh, don’t worry!” I said and already had a piece of bacon in my hand, ready to be devoured.

After the second load of toast, I asked, “Where’s Glenn?”

“He’s working in the studio. He asked if you could help him after you woke up.”

I took my now empty plate and walked over to the kitchen counter. I opened the dishwasher and noticed the clean dishes were still in there. So I bent over and took a few plates in my hand.

“Oh, Honey! You don’t need to do that now. Just get dressed and go help Glenn,” Gloria said and patted me playfully on my ass.

"You sure? I don't mind helping," I said, inwardly glad I could go and help Glenn.

"Go! Brush your teeth and get dressed. Quick! It's going to be a hot day, so the sooner you're done in the studio, the better," she laughed.

I entered the studio five minutes later and saw Glenn fiddling with some kitchen equipment. He lit up when he saw me come in.

"Scott! Great. Can you help me, please?" he asked with a mix of panic and frustration in his voice.

The next two-and-a-half hours were filled with us taking pictures of several different kitchen appliances for the manufacturer's catalog. Halfway through the shoot, I took off my shirt as sweat formed on my forehead. But even in just my short sweat shorts, it was still hot as hell under these lights.

After I rotated the last appliance and readjusted the spotlight, Glen finally said, "That's a wrap!" and he started smiling. I noticed the sweat on his head too, but he seemed way less bothered with it than I was.

"Aren't you hot?" I asked, wiping the sweat away with an old towel.

"A bit. But being born in the Caribbean has its advantages."

"Yeah, but still. Isn't it a drier heat at Islo di Aqui... Isle de..."

"La Isla de Aquinas," Glenn helped, "and yes. It is a bit different over there, but I guess I'm still better built for these temperatures than most people in this area."

"Well, I'm not built for it. That's for sure," I complained.

"I got the pool ready last week. So we can go swimming if you like. After we've cleaned up in here, of course."

"Love to. But... I didn't bring my trunks," I said, feeling a bit disappointed.

"So what? No need to wear your swimming trunks. No one can see you but Gloria and me. And the two of us usually swim without them too."

"Really? Will you let me do that!?" I said, feeling excited.

I wanted to go skinny-dipping for a long time. I read about it in the Huckleberry Finn book and have wanted to try it ever since. But my

parents would never allow me to. So when Glenn permitted me to do so, it got me all hyped up.

"Really. Let's get ready here so we can get wet!" Glenn smiled.

I cleaned up everything in record time, not caring about the sweat forming all over my body. Glenn just smiled at me as I hauled all the stuff into the backroom. He took care of the cameras and stuff, and I took care of the rest.

After putting away the last table and closing the door to the storage room, I looked at Glenn. If I didn't know any better, he was stalling. He worked agonizingly slow and still had to store two lenses.

"What is it, Bud?" Glenn smiled as he looked as I was stressing around like an overactive dog that needed to stay in his basket.

"You're soooo slowwww," I whined.

"Relax," Glenn chuckled, "we've got all afternoon. Your parents won't be here until eight."

"I know. But I want to go swimming. And you're taking like... forever!"

"Almost done here. Why don't you go and ask Gloria for the sunscreen? You'll probably need it."

I realized Glenn was right. I haven't been in the sun lately since this was one of the first hot days in months. And my butt, but more importantly, my willie didn't see any sun at all. So, glad I could do something, I got up and ran to the door, shouting, "Be right back!" over my shoulder.

"Do you have sunscreen for us?" I said, panting after running toward the house and finding Gloria sitting in the kitchen.

Gloria giggled when she saw me run inside but immediately got to her feet and said, "Sure, honey. Just a sec."

I followed her as she opened the cabinet in the hallway, found the bottle, and closed it again. I practically grabbed the bottle from her hands and said, "Thanks! Glenn says I can go skinny-dipping in the pool! Isn't that neat?"

Gloria laughed loudly. "Sure, honey. That's pretty neat. Have fun."

"Thanks!" I said and raced back to the studio.

As I entered the studio, I almost bumped into Glenn.

"Got the sunscreen?" he asked, smiling down at me.

"Yeah. I do. Can we go swimming now?"

"Sure thing, Bud. Let's go to the pool."

I walked over quickly, almost running, as Glenn walked behind me. Finally, I reached the deck and looked over at Glenn. I hooked my thumbs in the waistband of my shorts and underwear and pulled them down. I sprayed the sunscreen over my upper body, arms, and legs.

"Want me to do your back?" Glenn's dark voice said beside me.

"Yes, please! I can't reach it," I said, moving my hands to my back to make my point.

"Spray some on your hands to do your peter and balls. Trust me. You don't want a sunburn down there."

I did just that and handed Glenn the bottle. Rubbing the slippery stuff over my willie was a lovely feeling. Before I knew it, I was boned-up completely but kept rubbing the slippery sunscreen on it.

"Just make sure you don't get burned, not jack it!" Glenn chuckled as his big hands rubbed over my back and the top of my ass.

"Sorry. It just feels so good," I panted a bit.

"I know, Bud. But there's a time and place for everything. Even jacking."

So I reluctantly stopped rubbing my boner and ensured all the white parts around my groin were covered in sunscreen. Then, I turned around and looked at Glenn. I noticed his eyes were on my boner, but I didn't care. I wanted to swim with him and have fun in the pool.

"Just a few seconds to let your skin absorb the sunscreen," Glenn said as he took off his shirt.

I had seen Glenn without his shirt before, but this was the first time I noticed how well-built he was. He wasn't buff with six-packs and zero percent fat and stuff. But he was a big, muscular guy with a small heart tattooed just above his left nipple. His chest was almost hairless, except for a stripe of hair running from his belly button into his pants.

As he started unbuckling his belt, I felt butterflies in my stomach. Was he going skinny-dipping too? I didn't see it coming but felt excited that he appeared to do so. I never saw a grown man's willie. Not even my dad's, and I realized I was very curious about it. My stiff willie twitched with anticipation, although I didn't even know it was because of that at the time.

My eyes were glued to Glenn's crotch, and after the zipper came down and I saw a glimpse of his white cotton boxers, I knew I was going to see his willie. Glenn stepped out of his pants, folded them, and laid them neatly on top of his shirt. All the while, I kept looking at the bulge that moved inside his boxers. It didn't occur to me back then that you shouldn't stare at a man's dick like that, but I was so anxious to see it that I probably would've forgotten this 'rule' anyways.

When Glenn hooked his fingers inside the waistband of his boxers, I heard myself suck in a breath. Glenn didn't respond to that and just kept pulling down his boxers. Looking back, he probably knew I was curious as hell about this stuff, and he was willing to show me.

The moment his boxers started sliding down and more and more of his willie came into view, I felt like I was watching a slow-motion movie. First came his pubes into view. A thick, lush bush of curly hair I only saw before in Glenn's pictures. After the base of his willie appeared, my eyes went big. I just couldn't believe what I was seeing. A thick tube of flesh that seemed to go on and on as his boxers moved down.

I know now that Glenn is just an average male with a little over four-inch soft dick. But to me, it looked massive. The moment his boxers dropped, I noticed another big difference with my own willie. I had a reddish-pick tip on it, but Glenn's skin seemed to go on.

"You've got a big one," I blurted out and looked at my thin, almost four-inch stiffy sticking out from my groin.

"Haha! No, I don't, Bud! It's about as average as they come," Glenn smiled.

"What about the tip?" I asked.

As I said this, I extended my finger to touch the skin where his tip should be. Glenn coughed the moment I touched it, but he didn't move. So I moved my finger up and realized his shaft felt the same as the tip. I

pulled back my hand and noticed Glenn's willie grew a bit longer. It wasn't stiff or something, just a little bigger than when I first saw it.

"It's called circumcision. You've been circumcised, or cut as some people call it, when you were a baby. I'm not."

"Oh," I said, looking down at my reddish dickhead, "why?"

"Well, some people do it because of hygiene reasons. Some religions do it, and sometimes there's a medical reason to do it when the foreskin is too tight."

"That extra skin is called foreskin, right?" I asked, putting two and two together.

"Check, smartass. You've got more questions?" Glen asked, smiling.

I thought about it for a moment and then quickly ran off, shouting, "Last one in is a rotten egg!" and sprinted to the pool, where I cannonballed myself into the water. The moment I resurfaced, a big splash of water washed over me, causing me to cough. When Glenn's head came out of the water, we both started laughing and roughhousing.

I was trying to dunk Glenn, but I really didn't stand a chance in dunking him because he was so much bigger than me. But that didn't mean I wasn't going to try. So I jumped on his back, tried kicking against the back of his knees, pressed on his head, but all attempts failed miserably.

Glenn, on the other hand, dunked me several times. And each time he did, I looked at his willie underwater. It was floating a bit, and the now wet pubes laid flat at his skin, making his willie seem even bigger.

At one point, as I kept climbing up his back, my now soft willie went hard again because of the friction against Glenn's backside. I noticed this but didn't care. I just wanted to dunk Glenn.

"Look out, bud! You'll stab me with that thing!" he laughed as I kept squirming on his back.

Glenn reached around, grabbed me by my leg, and pulled me off. The moment I fell, his other hand grabbed me fully on my ass in an attempt to prevent me from getting away. It all happened really fast, and before I knew it, Glenn had me pinned in a bear hug with my back toward his front.

As he held me tightly, I felt his willie brush against my ass, and an idea popped up. I inched my hand in between our bodies, and before Glenn could react, I firmly wrapped my hand around his willie. Glenn responded the way I expected him to do. He slightly loosened his grip and pulled his hips back a little. That was enough for me to wrap my right leg backward around his right leg and push back against his hips with my whole body weight.

Glenn started shifting his feet on the swimming pool floor, and moments later, he fell backward into the water. Before he fell down completely, I wiggled myself free and barely managed to stay on my feet. But the moment I realized I dunked Glenn, I stuck my arms triumphantly in the air and yelled, "YEAH! WHOOHOO!!" I did this long enough so Glenn could hear it as he resurfaced, coughing and rubbing his eyes clean from the water.

"Damn! You managed to dunk me. Didn't think you had it in you," he smiled.

Gloria came out of the house to check if there was anything wrong and to find out what all the fuss was about, but once she realized what happened, she smiled and gave me a thumbs up.

"I'm going grocery shopping in a bit. You boys behave, alright?"

After that, Glenn and I start throwing a ball at each other. We were both at opposite ends of the pool, and occasionally I had to get out of the water to get a ball I missed catching. I loved how it felt to run around naked. And since Glenn and Gloria didn't mind me doing so, I planned on doing this a lot more.

As I was standing on Glenn's shoulders in the pool, ready to make an atomic bomb, Gloria again came out of the house. I stood with my front toward her, and I could see her eyes fly briefly to my crotch. It was very brief, and I didn't care at all, but I doubted at that moment if she was really okay with both of us naked in the pool. It was a very short moment, and at the time, it barely registered. But looking back, I think she had second thoughts about us in the pool this way.

"I'm out. Be back in about an hour and a half. Don't drown, okay?" she smiled.

I jumped as high as I could and formed myself into a ball. Then, with a big splash, I landed in the water. When I came back up, I was a bit disappointed because only a few drops of water had hit Gloria's dress. Glenn and I waved at her and assured her we would be okay.

Glenn and I played some more games in the pool. We played a weird form of tag, and Glenn challenged me to swim as long underwater as I could. In the end, I managed to do back and forth laps in the pool, each time swimming under Glenn's spread legs. During the last run, I came up too quickly and apparently crushed Glenn's balls in the process.

This pretty much ended our time in the pool. I was getting tired, and Glenn wanted to get out but didn't admit he was tired. Glenn just wanted to relax in the shade a little. So we walked over to the swimming pool chairs together and laid down on them. Glenn kept calling the chairs "Chaise Lounges," which I found a ridiculous name.

"Make sure to put on some new sunscreen, Bud," Glenn said, looking over. "The water washed off most of the stuff you rubbed on before."

I realized he was right, got up, and grabbed the bottle of sunscreen. I laid back in the chair and started rubbing it over my chest and legs. As I reached my groin section, I felt myself grow stiff again. And by the time it was my willie's turn, I was at full mast. Rubbing in the sunscreen felt terrific! My slippery hand rubbing over my willie made me extremely horny. I heard myself moan again, but Glenn didn't react this time. It did make me aware of him sitting next to me, and his earlier words resonated in my head. There was a time and place for this sort of stuff.

So I looked over at Glenn and saw he was looking at my stroking hand. But in his lap, I saw the first grown man's boner in my life. And it looked huge to my untrained eye. The shock of seeing Glenn's stiff willie caused my hand to stop moving.

"You can keep going if you want," Glenn whispered.

"But you said that...." I trailed off.

"I know what I said. But Gloria is gone, and it's just us, so...."

"Really? I, HMMM" I moaned as my hand moved again, almost on its own.

"We can do it together if you like," Glenn softly said.

I looked him in his eyes, and I could see something I never saw before. Glenn looked... worked up. Or angry. But not quite that. He just looked different. I later learned he was horny as fuck, but I thought he was a bit mad at the time.

"Sure. I don't mind," I answered as casually as I could.

I didn't want to anger him even more, but I was also curious as hell about how another boy did it. And especially a boy with a willie this size. Seeing Glenn's hand wrap itself around his boner was mesmerizing. My hand kept stroking my stiffy, but my attention focused more on what was happening in the chair next to me.

Glenn's hand started moving up and down, and I could see his dickhead peaking out of his foreskin with each downward stroke. I heard Glenn moan and looked at his face. His eyes were still fixed on my stroking hand, so I figured it was okay to watch his action too. So my attention went back to the movement between Glenn's legs when I noticed I was getting a tingle in my spine.

Looking at Glenn's hard willie and stroking hand caused my good feeling to come even quicker than last night. Of course, the lubrication from the sunscreen probably amplified that feeling a lot too.

"Ohhhh," I moaned as I felt my dick start to tingle.

"MMMHHH," Glenn moaned, and I could see his balls move in his sack more prominent now as he was tugging harder at his dick than when he started.

"Oh... ah... ah... I... ohhhh... I think it's happening... ahhh... again..."

"Keep going... MMMHH... Bud... me... ahh... too..."

"I... I... I... AHFFF" was all I managed.

The moment my orgasm hit me, I just had to close my eyes. I only saw white flashes in front of my eyes as I felt my willie kick and twitch in my hand.

"Me... ahh... too!!!" Glenn moaned pretty loudly beside me.

My willie was still kicking as I opened my eyes to see what was happening with Glenn. He gave it one last downward tug. Then, a moment later, I saw something flying out of his willie, splattering down

on his chest. And another, and another. Five spurts in total flew out of his dick, and Glenn was panting heavily. Only a tiny dribble kept coming out of his willie. Now that the spurting had stopped, I realized this was the sperm I had read about in school. I felt the urge to touch it and inspect it but wasn't sure what Glenn would think about that.

"Oh wow. That was..." Glenn said between pants.

"Is that... sperm?" I asked as I extended my arm and gave in to my curiosity.

"Yeah. That's my sperm. Or cum. I like that word better, to be honest," Glenn said, smiling.

The moment my finger scooped up a bit of his cum, I was surprised by its warmth. I moved it toward my face, where I examined it closely. It was a bit sticky and looked a little bit like the glue we used at school. I sniffed it, and it didn't smell bad, so I decided to extend my tongue and find out what it would taste like. The taste didn't put me off, but I didn't actually love the taste either. It was... okay.

"Right..." I said after I decided it wasn't too gross.

"Just wait until you taste your own cum. You'll like that better. I promise," Glenn chuckled.

"I guess. It does look a little like sunscreen on your belly this way. You only need to rub it in!"

"Yeah... well... I don't do that. It'll be sticky all day. I'm going to clean up. Be back in a sec," Glenn said and walked into the house.

Moments later, he came back out, looking like nothing out of the ordinary had happened. He was carrying two big glasses of Coke and handed me one. After he sat down, we didn't talk about what had happened. Instead, we just talked about photography, nature, the military, the island he grew up on, and just general small talk. This way, what we did felt natural. We were just two guys that did something naughty, but it was okay. We were having fun, and Glenn showed me new ways of having fun. That was all. But I liked it. I liked it a lot!



Chapter 5 – Funeral

I blink and open my eyes. Then I hear it again, “Scott?”

So I turn to look at the door and see Audrey’s silhouette in the half-open doorway and the hallway light illuminating her from behind.

“Whizzit?” I grumble.

“I can’t sleep. Is it okay if I sleep in here with you?” Audrey asks and already enters my room.

“Uhh... I... okay.” I answer, not completely awake yet.

“Thanks!” she whispers and walks around my bed to get in on the other side of the queen-sized bed.

But then I realize I’m naked. “I’m... uhh... I’m not wearing anything right now. Do you want me to put on my boxers?”

Audrey doesn’t stop and starts crawling in. After she gets in, she looks at me and shrugs.

“I don’t care. I’ve seen you naked before when I was little. But if you want to, be my guest. It’s your bed, after all.”

“Kay. Good night then, Lil’ Bit,” I say as I move around a bit to find my spot again.

“Night. And thanks,” Audrey whispers as I feel her doing the same.

She never slept with me before, and although I know perfectly well this isn’t anything sexual, I get hard from the idea of this pert little girl in bed next to me, with the events of last night adding to the whole vibe.

The time Audrey saw me naked was a few years ago. She was around seven or eight at the time, and we were swimming in the pool. Gloria was at work, so it was just Glenn, Audrey, and me. At first, when Glenn and Audrey disrobed and jumped in the pool, I felt a bit odd. When I was alone with Glenn, being naked together was never weird. But I realized I had a slight mental block now that this young girl was here too. But when they both called for me to join them, I decided to drop my inhibitions and was in there with them in the blink of an eye. And that

was that. We played in the pool, dunked each other, threw a ball around, and did all the stuff you do in a pool. We just did it naked.

After we swam, we dried off, got dressed, and didn't talk about it anymore. To Glenn and Audrey, it was the most normal thing in the world. Just like it was to me when I was younger. But I guess my being older now caused me to think about it a bit differently.

Staring at the ceiling, I figured sleep wasn't coming anymore with Audrey next to me. But the last day's events wore me out more than I expected. The stir beside me awakened me, and I felt Audrey's arm drape itself over my chest. After lying like this for a few minutes, I glance over to my left and see Audrey lying on her belly, still dressed in her T-shirt and loose-fitting boxers. These boxers are pulled down a bit, showing off the top of her ass crack.

I giggle internally about it when I realize I'm lying here, completely exposed. I kicked off the blanket during the night, and it fell to the floor. I know nudity isn't an issue to Audrey, but still... But if I move, she wakes up. Oh boy...

As a compromise, I casually drape my right hand over my Johnson. Audrey's eyes flutter open the moment I move, and immediately a smile spreads across her face.

"Morning, Scott," she says cheerfully.

"Morning. Sleep well?" I ask, glad that the glumness of last night seems to be gone for now.

"Like a baby!" and she gets up a bit to hug me tightly and says, "thanks for letting me sleep here with you!"

"Of course," I say as I hug her back. The moment the hug is done, Audrey sits up straight. Unfortunately, this suddenness doesn't give me the chance to cover up again, and she openly looks at my penis. Thank god I don't have morning wood. At that moment, I notice her shirt is inside-out. Was it like that the night before?

Before I can ask about it, Audrey asks, "what do we do today?" She looks me in the face now, clearly not caring about my nakedness.

"Dunno. The only thing we need to do is make sure everything is set for the funeral. So we need to pick out some clothes, get the paperwork

ready, that sort of stuff.”

“We’ll do this together, right?” she asks, looking down a bit sad.

“Of course we will, Lil’ Bit! But I need your help as much as you need mine. We’re in this together. But the two of us will get through it. No matter what!” I extend my arms, and Audrey dives in for another hug.

I hear her sniff and just hold her tightly. I don’t know what to say or do. I just want to be there for her the best I can. And I’m confident we’ll manage this together. I really am. Audrey is a bright kid, and Glenn’s attorney promised to help us to the best of his abilities. That’s what Glenn paid him for, after all. But I knew it wasn’t just for the pay. When we left his office yesterday, I learned that he’s a distant relative of Gloria, and Mr. Cohen insisted we’d call him whenever we had questions or needed help, and he’d take care of it.

I start making breakfast as Audrey hits the shower. When she walks into the kitchen, her shoulder-length hair is still wet, and she’s wearing the same short schoolgirl-styled skirt as yesterday. Her tight t-shirt accentuates her newly developed female forms magnificently. Because I’m currently dressed in just my boxers, I quickly sit down to hide my growing dick and look away to prevent it from becoming a full mast. Having a boner would just be too awkward for both of us.

After my shower, I get back to the kitchen, where I find Audrey cleaned everything, but she’s not in the kitchen anymore. Curious about what she’s doing, I head over to the living room to see if maybe she’s outside. The second I enter the living room, I realize something is wrong. I can’t see it right away, but I see Audrey lying there as I round the short space to the corner that leads to the couch. She’s curled up into a ball and crying her eyes out.

I pick her up the best I can and pull her into my lap. I gently rock her from left to right in an attempt to soothe her. The girl in my arms is crying with everything she’s got. I feel so powerless and inadequate to help this heartbroken girl.

“I miss him so much, you know?” she whispers between sobs.

“Shhh... I know, Lil’ bit. Me too,” I whisper back as I keep comforting her.

Tears flow down my cheeks as we sit there for about half an hour. After that, Audrey sits up straight, wipes her eyes, and kisses me on my cheek.

"We need to start doing something. I can't spend my days crying on the couch," she sternly says and gets to her feet.

"You know it's okay to cry, right?"

"I know. And I will. But right now, we need to make sure to give Glenn the best funeral we can."

This girl just keeps surprising me more and more. I know she needs room to mourn, and I promise myself I'd help her with that. But she's right. We need to start working on the arrangements.

We spent the entire day calling people, browsing the internet, looking in Glenn's closets for insurance papers. Finally, at the end of a long day, we're pretty sure all the correct wheels are set in motion. Neither of us is in the mood to make dinner, so we order Chinese takeout and stare blankly at some lame movie Netflix recommended to us.

"Can I sleep with you again tonight?" Audrey asks out of the blue, looking at me with her puppy eyes.

Not seeing any harm in it, I say, "Course, Lil' Bit. It'll be good for both of us."

For things to stay at least a little bit modest, I decide to keep my boxers on as I crawl under the covers. I hate wearing clothes to bed. Every night I pop a few boners, and wearing clothes causes it to get trapped in the fabric, which in turn causes me to wake up. But with a twelve-year-old girl beside me, it's just the right thing to do, even though she doesn't seem to care less if I'm naked or not.

Audrey enters my room dressed the same as last night. And again, I notice what a fine young woman she's becoming. I lift the blanket at her side, and as she crawls in, I'm presented with a great view down the front of her t-shirt. I don't see her tits completely, but the top of her nipples are clearly visible. I quickly look the other way, and as Audrey cuddles up to me, I do my best to think about other things than this girl's developing breasts.

"Thanks for not being weird about this," Audrey says as I feel her settling in for the night.

"No problem. Glad to help."

"Well... I like it, so thanks," she responds and starts yawning loudly.

“Night, Lil’ Bit,” I say and kiss her on her forehead, tired too from the stressful day.

The following days are all centered around getting the funeral arranged. We select a casket, hire a funeral director, select a caterer, that sort of stuff. We also make sure the place under the tree, next to Gloria’s grave in the back of the yard, is ready. During all these tasks, Audrey and I basically act as one. In addition, Mr. Cohen makes sure all the different insurances are taken care of and that everything is paid for.

So, eventually, the big day arrives. I wake up before Audrey does, glad the poor girl had some sleep. As I lay in bed, thinking about the dreadful day ahead, I feel Audrey stir beside me.

“Hey,” she whispers.

“Hey. This is the day. How do you feel?”

“I did sleep a few hours. Didn’t expect that.”

“Yeah. Me too.”

“I wish this day was over...” she says, barely above a whisper.

“So do I, Lil’ Bit. We’ll stick together today and get through it. You and me. Deal?”

Audrey looks at me, and with a vague smile, she says, “That sounds like a deal!”

We get up, get dressed, and eat breakfast together. Neither of us eats a whole lot since we’re too tense about the day ahead of us. However, the funeral director is right on time, and at practically the same time, Mr. Cohen arrives. Together, we recheck the schedule of the day, which visibly puts Audrey at ease.

The funeral was... well... a funeral. We cried a lot but also chuckled at some old stories from Glenn’s earlier life. I was surprised to see almost all my special forces crew members showed up. We talked a bit after the funeral was done and agreed to meet up sometime in the near future to discuss my role in the team. But they also assured me to take as much time as I needed.

“I’m SO glad this is over!” Audrey says as she kicks off her shoes and falls on the couch.

"Me too. But, honestly, it wasn't as bad as I expected," I say as I kick off my own shoes and loosen my tie.

Audrey looks thoughtful, and after a few moments, she says, "guess you're right. Just not the moment the casket went down..."

"That was bad, yeah," I admit.

"That was so... permanent, you know?"

"Yeah. The definitive ending of Glenn. A turning point for us to go on with our lives, I guess."

"Yeah..." Audrey whispers as she looks at one of the caterers outside hauling out the last chairs we rented.

"Sorry for being so philosophical," I say, realizing I was blabbering.

"No problem. I know what you mean," she sighs.

I'm a bit surprised we don't cry at this moment. But then again, we cried enough during the funeral. So maybe the tears dried up. I do feel an urge to get a drink, though. So I walk over to the liquor cabinet and pour myself a big glass of whiskey. I'm about to turn around when I hear Audrey say behind me, "Can I have one too, please?"

I didn't see too much harm in it, considering the day we had. So I pour a little bit into a glass and join her on the couch.

"Ahh... That's nice," she says next to me as she polishes it off in one gulp.

"You've had some before?" I ask, amazed.

"A few times, yeah. Glenn didn't want to drink alone on special occasions. So last year, he started giving me some too. Always just a bottom of whiskey, though. Never much."

I feel surprised hearing this. I know Glenn was a free-spirited guy, but I didn't expect him to do this. To me, it isn't a big deal, but some people might think differently about it. I was determined not to make a habit out of it, which of course meant I had to cut down on the drinking too.

After about an hour of small talk on the couch, I notice Audrey looking tired. Feeling drained after today, I suggest we go to bed. So we clean up and head off to bed. I quickly disrobe and slide under the covers,

wondering where Audrey is. Moments later, she walks in, and I see she switched her white blouse for a light-blue tube top.

“Can’t sleep in my blouse, and I hate wearing a bra to bed,” she says as she sees me checking her out.

“I get it,” I respond as casually as I can but feel my dick stiffen and press against the fabric of my boxers as I can’t keep my eyes from the nipples showing through her half-transparent top.

The moment she drops her skirt and her laced hipster-style panties come into view, I’m instantly in full-blown boner town. This is awkward. Out of precaution, I place my hand over my boner. Just in case she suddenly cuddles up and touches my boner through my boxers. This way, I’ll have a way to deflect her. She turns around and stands there looking thoughtful as I let my eyes roam over her magnificent nubile body. I’m not sure if she’s standing there so I can check her out, but I certainly seize the opportunity.

After a few moments, she lifts the blanket and crawls in. And, just as I expected, she cuddles up to me. As she settles in, I feel her hard nipple press against my chest through the thin fabric of her tube top, and she lifts her leg to drape it over me. Then, just before I can say anything, her legs stops moving, just a hair short of my sack.

“Night, Scott.”

“Night, Lil’ Bit,” I respond, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling.

I lay there contemplating what had just happened. Is she showing off to me? Am I reading into something that isn’t there? Is she, like Glenn and Gloria, just more open about her body than most people?

An image of her standing there in her semi-transparent tube top and laced pink panties fills my mind. She looks sexy as fuck with her raven-black hair just over her shoulders, accentuating her white skin and blue top. Maybe I need to convince her to sleep in her own bed again before this gets out of hand. But, despite all that, sleep comes quickly.



Chapter 6 – Studio work

“Point the light a bit upward into that corner, and pull up that lamp a little closer, Scott,” Glenn said to me as we were getting ready for this evening’s shoot.

Over the last few weeks, I have been helping Glenn out with his studio. After school, I’d go over to Glenn and Gloria, eat with them, and do my homework. After that was all done, it was off to the studio. After the shoot, Glenn would throw my bike in the back of his truck and drive me home.

Glenn had recently landed a pretty big job for a local tech company where they wanted some of their employees to appear in a calendar. There would be a men’s and a women’s calendar. The men’s one was based on iconic movie posters, where the women would represent old classic album covers.

This sounded easy enough, but the setup for the scene was meticulous, and the models wouldn’t always look or stand how Glenn asked them to. So today was the second chance for the “The Terminator” poster. The background wasn’t too tricky, and Glenn found a replica of the gun Arnold held in his hand.

In order to check the lighting, Glenn asked me to get in position, hold the gun, and look all badass with the sunglasses that were too big for me.

“Great! Now just the red light reflecting in the sunglasses left,” Glenn says, obviously pleased with the current setup.

The bell rang as Glenn was putting up the red light. He looked at me and asked, “can you get that? That’ll be Steven. Let’s hope he manages it better than John did yesterday.”

I nodded and headed to the door. Last night, John couldn’t pull it off. The guy was too skinny and too full of himself to get in the right pose. So Glenn called his contact at the company, and they promised they’d send someone else. When I opened the door, there was this guy that had a bit of Arnold’s physique, but his face wasn’t even close.

“Hi, kid. I’m Steven,” the guy said, smiling down at me.

“Welcome to Aquinas Pictures. Follow me to the studio, please. Mr. Taylor is setting things up. We’re almost ready.”

After Glenn and Steven shook hands and talked a bit, I showed Steven the clothes he needed to wear. Unfortunately, there wasn’t an actual dressing room in the studio, so we placed a room divider in a corner where the models could change.

After over an hour of tinkering, changing bits and pieces, and making sure the lights were just right, Glenn called, “That’s a wrap!”

Glenn looked satisfied and, despite my modest experience, I saw Steven was a far better model than John was. And, of course, his big pecs under the black leather jacket helped a lot too.

After Steven was gone, Glenn and I started breaking down the Terminator set and setting up the black and white Scarface background. Tomorrow, a guy named Joe de Niro would come by to be Scarface. This would probably be the center of the male calendar because this guy was the VP of sales and, with a name like that, he was destined for this cover.

After we were done with the initial setup, the thought of how clumsy John was at the first Terminator shoot entered my mind. And an idea popped into my head.

“Is it that difficult to pose correctly?”

Glenn looked over, smiled, and said, “Apparently. That John guy sucked. Steven was way better.”

“Can I try posing as a model? We’ve got a good backdrop now. I don’t wanna be Scarface, but I want to try posing and you giving directions. Is that weird?”

“Nah. It’s not weird, Bud. I’ll grab my new camera, and we’ll start doing some portfolio pics.”

I knew what portfolio pics were, but I wasn’t pursuing a modeling career. I just wanted to experience what modeling meant. So I guess shooting a bunch of portfolio shots was a good way to start.

Glenn turned on the studio lights and said, “Okay, Bud. Stand over there and act naturally. Maybe take off your shoes and socks. I heard from other models that this made them feel more at ease.”

I kicked off my shoes, got rid of my socks, and awkwardly got in front of the backdrop in just my white t-shirt, pale blue Levi's 501 jeans, and white fruit of the looms. I didn't know where to put my hands or how to look. But with Glenn's pointers and reassuring words, I was getting more and more comfortable posing for the camera.

"Can you take off your t-shirt?" Glenn asked after about two dozen shots of me in an equal amount of different poses, "That way, I can take the best headshot."

I didn't have to think twice about it. I trusted Glenn completely and wanted to experience the whole shebang. So a moment later, my shirt flew through the room and landed near Glenn's feet. Glenn got real close to me and started taking my headshots while directing me how to look and what to do. Next were the three-quarter and full-length shots. But standing here without a shirt stirred something inside me. It made me feel sexy and attractive.

So as Glenn was lining me up in his lens, I started smiling coyly at him and slowly unbuttoned the top button of my jeans. I knew this exposed the waistband of my underwear, and it somehow made me feel sexier doing so.

Glenn lowered his camera and looked at me with that same look I saw yesterday by the pool when he looked at me beating off.

"Just do what comes naturally now. I'll stop talking and just shoot away, okay?" Glenn said softly.

I just nodded but knew precisely what he meant. I had to forget there was a camera and just go for it.

And that's exactly what I did. I turned my back to the camera and looked over my shoulder while pushing my ass back. I unbuttoned another button and felt myself grow stiffer as I did this. I wasn't fully hard yet but was getting more aroused by the minute.

I turned back around, facing Glenn. I put both my hands behind my head, stretching my upper body this way. I felt my pants slide down a bit as I did this, but I had just enough buttons left to prevent my pants from sliding off my hips.

Glenn got closer and focussed on my midsection. I could see he had the top of my pants, undies, and belly button in the frame. After two shots,

he got back and shot me at full length again.

Once I saw Glenn was ready, I placed my right hand on my cheek and slowly moved it down my chest toward the waistband of my undies. Next, I slid my fingers inside and stopped just short of my willie. I felt more aroused than I've ever been, doing stuff this kinky in front of a camera. And it must've shown because Glenn whispered, "Oh yeah. That's a great look."

This encouraged me even more, so I slowly took my fingers from my undies and agonizingly slow moved them toward the buttons of my jeans. The moment I loosened the third button, my jeans slid down my hips and crumbled around my feet.

I heard Glenn gasp at the sight. I knew he did his best to make me feel like he wasn't there, but he apparently couldn't hold up the act entirely. I felt my stiffy tenting out my white underwear, but it made me feel in control and powerful. I stepped out of my jeans, kicked them aside, and posed with my hands behind my head again.

I let Glenn take his shots before I moved both my hands down my body toward my stiff willie. When I reached the waistband, I let one hand slip inside at my hip while the other grabbed the base of my stiffy through my underwear to emphasize its hardness.

I stood like that for a few moments before the hand at my hip started pulling down my undies. My other hand kept gripping the base, which caused my bald pubes to come into view. My other hand prevented me from showing more.

As I opened my eyes, I saw Glenn standing there with the camera in front of his face. But my eyes immediately dropped to his groin, where his willie was obscenely tenting his jeans. Seeing this urged me on even more, and I looked directly into the lens as my hand let go of my stiffy. The moment I let go, my undies slipped past my stiffy, which slapped loudly against my belly and bounced down and up once more before pointing toward the ceiling.

Standing there exposed and as hard as I've ever been, caused my arousal to reach heights I never felt before. Glenn didn't say anything, nor did he move. He just held the camera in front of his face, anticipating my next move.

I quickly wiggled out of my fruit of the looms and kicked these aside too. Then, not really knowing what to do, I grabbed my stiffy, ensuring my dickhead was still exposed, and smiled at the camera. This caused Glenn to whisper, "Oh yeah... that's hot.." he moved in to take a close-up of my hand-wrapped stiffy. After three or four shots, I expected him to back up after these shots, but instead, he moved up to take close-up shots of my belly and chest all the way up to my bony shoulders and thin neck.

"Turn sideways," Glenn said, still barely above a whisper.

So I turned sideways, which allowed Glenn to catch my butt, hip, and stiffy in one shot. I let go of my stiffy, and it was now twitching with anticipation. I didn't wait for Glenn to give me more instructions. I just grabbed it in my hand and started stroking it, Glenn still close by.

I closed my eyes, and since all of this turned me on incredibly, I already knew this wasn't going to take long. The tingle in my willie was stronger than it ever was before, and as my hand moved up and down, I heard myself moan loudly.

What happened next was almost an out-of-body experience. All sounds around me tuned out, and my vision was off. I only saw my body clearly. The rest around me was blurry. My main focus was the fantastic feeling in my willie and my stroking hand. I felt my balls contract against my body as my willie started kicking in my hand. I wasn't cumming, but the feeling was almost the same. And then, only a few heartbeats later, I exploded. The kicking in my hand intensified, and sparks fired off in my brain. I felt my legs grow weak and fell to the floor. All the while, my willie kept twitching, and I couldn't see anything.

"You okay, bud?" I heard in the distance. And a moment later, "Scott!?"

I lazily opened my eyes and saw Glenn standing there with a worried look on his face.

"Yeah. I'm fine. It's just..."

I got a bit more comfortable on the floor as I enjoyed the afterglow of my orgasm.

"Hold still!" Glenn said enthusiastically, "you look perfect lying like this."

I didn't care. I felt a bit exposed this way, but it was still a big turn-on to be photographed like this. My still stiff willie was sticking up proudly from

my groin, and I had one hand behind my head. This must be a great thing to look at. At least according to the way Glenn was acting now.

After six or seven more shots, there was the familiar sound of the end of the roll. I got back to earth and smiled at Glenn.

“Did I do okay for the first time?”

“Shit!! You did an extraordinary job! I never had anyone in front of my camera who acted more naturally and at ease as you did!”

“Thanks! I liked doing it too,” I said as I stood up and grabbed my undies.

“Are these ‘Pyntar’ type shots?” I chuckled.

“Oh no! These are WAY too sexy for that. Maybe two or three are suitable, but the rest of them end up in my special-private-extra-super-private collection. No one but the two of us will ever see these.”

I smiled at that. I felt proud about posing and Glenn’s comments. I wanted to see these pics badly, but I sure as hell didn’t want anyone else to see them. So I was pleased with Glenn’s response.



Chapter 7 – Next steps

“You sure you’re ready?” I say to Audrey as she’s ready to go to school again.

It’s been a few days since the funeral, and we both agreed that it’s the best thing for Audrey to pick up her everyday life as much as possible.

I kiss her on her forehead, and she waves at me as she rounds the corner and disappears from view. I still feel sad about Glenn’s passing, but caring for Audrey takes off the edge for me. At least for now.

My day consists of a lot of practical things, like calling my landlord and canceling the rent for my apartment. After that, I order a U-Haul truck to move my personal stuff. The apartment is fully furnished, so no need to haul over big pieces of furniture.

Next up is my call to Jack. The knot in my stomach grows bigger as I pick up the phone. I hate calling Jack to tell him I’m out. But he takes it really well and is very understanding about it.

“It isn’t a real surprise, Scott,” Jack says, “I mean... you were already talking about getting out. And now you have to take care of that girl. I get it. And don’t worry about it.”

“Thanks, man. I wasn’t sure how you’d react. But...”

“I know. Like I said, don’t worry about it. If you ever want to come back, just give me a call. And if I need your advice or anything, I won’t hesitate either,” he laughed.

“You’re going back to the island?”

“Yeah. We’re going back there tomorrow. We’ve got some intel about the Colombian side planning something. So we’re needed to... well... you know,” Jack says calmly.

“I get it. Have fun,” I smiled.

“We will,” he chuckles, “and you’re still coming over to Mike’s place next month, right?”

The crew members took turns organizing a barbecue semiannually. Of course, I wanted to be there one last time.

“Wouldn’t want to miss it for anything.”

“Great! Oh, and I’ll mail you that last paycheck tomorrow morning, okay?”

“You’re the best, Jack!”

“Take care, man!”

And that was that. No more special forces. As of now, I’m just an ordinary civilian who takes care of a preteen girl. The mere thought about it is both very liberating and suffocating at the same time.

“Now. Let’s look at this,” I hear myself say as I booted Glenn’s PC.

I giggle at talking to myself in this big, empty house. Glenn’s PC is, in fact, an eight-year-old iMac. As I work my way through all the documents, spreadsheets, and other studio-related stuff, I get frustrated about how slow that thing is. Glenn never really believed in using photoshop and only used basic filtering and enhancement options of this software.

But I’ve gotten quite good with this kind of tool over the past years, so I get online, wait a few moments, and start searching for a decent computer to help me do this.

As I go back and check the documents, I notice the bank balance is fine. More than fine, actually. Thank God for that! But I see one thing that worries me. The order book is pretty empty at the moment. So, to make this a success, I need to focus on getting some new assignments.

After searching around on the web for a bit, I put out a few online ads. They don’t cost too much, and maybe this will get me on track. Besides the ads, I call a few of Glenn’s regular clients to let them know that the studio is still in business. Their response is mostly positive, and I get a few pointers to look into for potential work.

I spend all day finding work and continuity, and I’m so engrossed in it that I’m startled when I hear the front door open. I almost jump from my chair, and my heart is beating in my chest. Then, I reach for my pistol at my hip in a reflex. But, of course, there is no pistol, and when Audrey walks in, I immediately let my guard down.

“Hey! How’s it going?” she asks, letting her eyes roam over the messy desk.

"It's going," I respond, smiling weakly.

"Can I do something to help?"

"Nah. You worry about your homework, " I hear myself say, dreading I'm basically becoming my dad.

Before I can say anything else, the phone rings. It's the studio's landline!

"Aquinas pictures, how can I help you?"

Audrey looks at me with anticipation of what this call is about. I quickly learn I'm talking to the owner of a suntan studio with several salons in the area. They want to put out an ad campaign on billboards and magazines and use their twin boys as their faces. The company they hired created a few background pictures with the setting and accompanying texts. They need shots of the boys against a green screen so they can easily be placed in these ads. The lady wants to know if I'm available and willing to take this assignment.

When I explain this to Audrey, she starts smiling and hugs me tightly.

"That's great! Maybe some more work will follow because of this!"

"Yeah. Who knows? It's a lot of exposure in the area. Oh! She also wants me to take portfolio pics for the twins to use. She's convinced they're destined to have a big modeling career," I chuckle, quite familiar with over-enthusiastic parents already.

"Great!"

"Yeah. She found me through the ad I put online this afternoon. Guess that was a good idea."

"I also talked about you to a few of my friends at school. Some girls want their portfolio shots taken too."

We talk some more, but eventually, I have to send Audrey to the study to do her homework. Thankfully she doesn't object too much because I hate to be that guy that's on her heels constantly about this stuff.

After dinner, we prepare the studio for the shoot the next day together. Audrey is determined to help me out and keep the studio alive. We carry out the green screen, put it in place, and clean up. Since Glenn died, we didn't come in here anymore, and it is a bit of a mess, so it's a lot of work to make it look all shiny and professional.

It's already late when we are done, so we head upstairs together. I quickly hop into the shower while Audrey gets her school bag ready for the next day.

As I exit the bathroom with a towel around my waist, Audrey sits on the bed, waiting for me. She's dressed in her favorite pink hipster panties and plain blue bra. I know I shouldn't look at her this way. I know it is immoral! I know she's too young. I know all that! But she's a young woman with a killer body! How can I not find this attractive?

I feel a stir behind my towel and just have to look away to prevent a very awkward situation from happening. Of course, I blame it on not having an orgasm in over a week, but deep down, I know better.

"Your turn, Lil' Bit. It's a school day tomorrow, so hurry up, kay?"

She gets up and heads to the bathroom, and as she walks away, my eyes are glued to her pert, tight ass. I put on a pair of plain black boxer briefs and crawl under the covers. I scroll through my phone as I wait for Audrey to finish.

Audrey walks in with a towel around her torso a few minutes later. The top is tugged under her armpits, and the bottom is barely long enough to hide her ass and pussy. Her hair is still damp, and she's drying the last bit with a second towel. I look at her face and notice she's a bit flushed. She keeps fiddling with her towel, and I can see something's up. I'm curious what it is, but figure that if she's got the urge to tell me, she will. So I leave it at that and pretend to be engrossed in my phone.

"Uhm... Scott?" she finally asks.

I look up from my phone and ask, "What's up?"

"I... uhh..."

She's clearly struggling to find the right words, and I feel a bit sorry for her. But I honestly don't know what she's up to, so I can't help her.

"I really like sleeping with you in the same bed. Way, way better than just by myself in my own bed..."

"But..." I say, filling up the silence that follows.

“Well, I don’t like sleeping in clothes. I never had to before. I tried it now for a few nights. And I tried several different outfits, but it’s just...”

I didn’t expect this one. Of course, I know she slept naked since she was a kid and out of diapers. But I figured this ended when she entered puberty. Apparently not. But my conflicted emotions are struggling. On the one hand, I couldn’t care less what she wears to bed. But on the other, there’s the social pressure about the subject.

I prefer sleeping naked a lot more too. But it just isn’t right for a grown man to sleep naked in the same bed as a naked preteen girl.

My delayed response must’ve confused Audrey because she quickly added, “You can do the same, of course! I don’t care.”

“Well... it’s just that... I’m an adult. And adults aren’t supposed to...” I started, but halfway through my sentence, her puppy eyes got ‘that’ look that I can’t say no to.

I smile and just nod, which brings a huge grin to her face. Then, Audrey starts fumbling with the towel under her armpit. Before I know it, it’s on the floor, and I’m looking at one of the most gorgeous sights I’ve ever seen.

Audrey started doing gymnastics a couple of years ago, and now I can see first-hand what a remarkable effect it has on her body. I let my eyes roam over her exposed body quickly. Her small, half a lemon-sized breasts are topped off with small, hard nipples. Her tight, slightly muscular belly looks astonishing with that outer belly button topping it off.

But the best part is below her belly. A small patch of black pubic hair sits above her puffy pussy lips. But this patch is still thin enough that skin shows through it. The rest of her pussy is bald and looks... well... delicious.

My eyes roaming over this preteen body only takes a moment, but as my eyes get back to look her in her eyes, I can see a sly smile appear in the corner of her mouth. She doesn’t say anything and just crawls into bed and takes her usual spot to the left of me.

“Thanks. I’m glad you don’t make a fuss out of it,” she says and gives me a peck on my cheek.

When she does this, her left boob presses against my upper arm, causing my already growing dick to grow to full mast.

“Of course, Lil’ Bit. But don’t talk about this to other people, okay? I don’t think they’ll understand.”

“Sure thing. Night!”

And with that, she clicks off the light, filling the room with darkness.

“Night, ” I softly say, glad this didn’t become a big thing but horny as hell from looking at her magnificent, naked young body.

I lay there staring at the ceiling. My throbbing dick stuck under the waistband of my boxers. It’s uncomfortable, but I don’t want to move until Audrey is asleep next to me. But this isn’t easy. I’m incredibly horny from seeing her and the idea of her lying so close to me. There’s precum leaking from the tip already, and I really need to get off. I think about also taking off my boxers because Audrey pointed out I could. But I’m too self-conscious about the inappropriateness of it all that I decide not to do it now. Maybe tomorrow.

We lay like this for a little while, and I’m guessing Audrey is almost asleep now. Her breathing is regular, and she’s usually asleep within a few minutes. I envy her for it, but now I figure I can use it to my advantage. I slide my hand under my boxers and firmly grip my boner, slowly gliding my hand up and down on it. This releases the pressure a bit, and I let out a big sigh.

I keep my dick firmly in my fist while waiting for Audrey to sleep deeply. I already made up my mind to jerk off. Maybe that’ll clean my head which is currently clogged with hormone-fueled thoughts and images that I need to get rid of.

So, after lying like this for a few more minutes, I tug the waistband of my boxers under my balls and start stroking my dick with the least amount of movement that I can master. It feels great to finally stroke it, and the moment I decide to pick up the pace, I almost get a heart attack.

“Do you mind if I join you?” Audrey softly says beside me, “I really need to get off too, you know?”

“I... uhm... it’s...” I stammer and clear my throat.

“Great!” is all she says, and as her elbow brushes my arm and the blanket starts ruffling, it’s clear that she’s masturbating beside me.

“Fuck it,” I mumble, kick down the blanket, pull my boxers down and kick them off.

Since Audrey clearly wants to do this, and thanks to the relative darkness of the room, I start jerking as if there’s no one else in the room.

“Ohhh,” Audrey moans beside me.

I have to admit to myself that masturbating like this is extremely hot, and I quickly feel the tension in my balls grow.

“Hmmm,” I moan and pick up the pace.

“Yeahhh... me too,” Audrey whispers between her ragged breaths.

Both our moans increase, and before I know it, my balls pull up, and I start unloading them. As the cum splatters all over my chest, I hear Audrey moan loudly beside me, and I feel her body spasm on the mattress. It's clear she’s cumming too.

With my softening dick still in my hand and cum dribbling over my fingers, I feel the tension flow from my body and realize how much I needed this cum. Audrey moves beside me, and before I can react, she flips on the light, leaving me exposed as I lay there like a deer looking in the headlights.

Audrey moves over and kisses me on my cheek again, and I feel her eyes on my chest and dick.

“That was great! I never did this together with someone else, but I liked it!” she says enthusiastically, “Did you like it too?”

“I... uhm...” I start but quickly realize I might as well be honest about this. So I say, “Yeah. I liked it, Lil’ Bit. I didn’t know you were awake. Otherwise, I’d never have started it. But now that I did... yeah! It was great!”

Audrey smiles at me, kisses me again, and quickly scoops up a glob of cum from my chest. Then, she gets back in her own spot on the left side of the bed and openly starts examining my cum. I grab my boxers, wipe the remainder of my orgasm from my chest, and toss my boxers on the

floor. I figure I might as well sleep naked from now on. The line is crossed anyway, so there's no getting back now.

"It's weird," Audrey says as I pull up the blanket to regain at least a bit of modesty.

"What is?" I ask as my eyes roam over her exposed body, ending on her now almost flat chest as gravity is doing its job.

"Sperm," she says as she sticks out her tongue to taste it.

I feel a surge flow through me as I see this incredible, young, naked girl taste my cum, but I try to keep my cool and just smile, "Can't help it. I only shoot it. I didn't invent it."

"Doesn't taste bad, though," she says and wipes the rest on the bed.

Audrey pulls up her blanket and looks at me. Then, a smile appears, and she whispers, "Thanks for being such a cool guy, Scott!"

"Night, Lil' Bit. You're not too bad yourself," I chuckle and close my eyes as sleep washes over me.

"Night," I hear as she clicks off the light once again.



Chapter 8 – Shoot me

It had been ten months since we moved here, and I dreaded the day that dad would announce we were moving again. I had been helping Glenn with the last female shoot for the calendar and was enjoying myself more than I ever did in my life. This, to me, was another indication I really, really wanted to stay this time.

The shoot was the most daring one so far, as it was a copy of 'Virgin Killer' by The Scorpions. However, instead of a ten-year-old girl, a fifty-ish woman appeared. She was obviously nervous as hell. After she changed and I saw the picture we needed to copy, I knew why. In the original image, the girl is naked with a cracked glass effect obscuring her vagina from view. The woman was wearing a flesh-colored strapless bra and matching thong, which left little to the imagination. Glenn assured her that he'd airbrush out all visible portions of that bra, and he guaranteed it would be a tasteful picture.

Despite her age, I got hard seeing her this way. Glenn had anticipated this and gave me an apron with the studio's logo before she arrived. "Here, Bud," he said, "it's the new company outfit. I ordered it specifically for you," and he smiled a knowing smile.

When I felt myself grow hard, I was very grateful for it. But, when we were done and Glenn dropped me off, I had a bad omen. And when I opened the door, it was immediately apparent why. Mom and dad were sitting on the couch, and my dad asked me to sit down.

"We're moving again, aren't we?" I blurted out and felt the tears welling up in my eyes.

"Yes, we are," my dad responded coldly.

It turned out my dad was being sent to a new base in some hotbed in central Africa to help create a permanent presence there. In addition, my mom was asked to help set up the medical facilities, so not going there wasn't really an option for them.

But as they explained the situation of the area we were moving to, it was clear to me they weren't that fond of it. It was a hostile environment

around the base, and many facilities needed to be created yet. Not an ideal situation for an almost thirteen-year-old boy to grow up in.

"We're still talking about what we should do with you," my mom said. "There are options, but none of them are completely worked out in detail."

"Can't I stay with Glenn and Gloria?" I said, making sure they wouldn't miss this obvious option.

"No. Of course not! We can't ask them to take you in for almost a year!" my dad said but looked at my mom with an expression I hadn't seen before.

"We still have to work out the details, dear. But we figured we needed to tell you this now, so you can prepare for leaving too."

I could see the struggle all over my mom's face, and my dad wasn't as confident as usual.

Later that evening, when I lay in bed, thinking about all this, I realized I needed a game plan. If I played my cards right, I might stay longer in Seattle instead of some hot hell-hole. Or worse, an army-run boarding school. If I could stay here, I could spend more time with Glenn and learn even more about photography. A win-win situation in my eyes.

The following morning, Glenn picked me up to help him with a shoot involving half a dozen models. We were going to take pictures for the winter billboard and shop decorations, and it promised to be chaotic with this many eighteen and nineteen-year-old models. Some of them were probably regular divas already.

Because of that, Gloria would be helping too, and the moment we started working in the studio together, I broke into tears.

"Hey... what's up, bud?" Glenn asked, looking all concerned.

Gloria hugged and shushed me, and after my tears dried, I explained it all to them. I was careful not to mention the option of me staying with them. They needed to come up with that themselves. And Gloria did. Oh boy!

"They're not taking you to a dangerous place like that! And you're sure as hell not going to any boarding school either! Not while we're around to take you in!"

She looked genuinely pissed. But, like so many times, Glenn was the voice of reason.

“He’s not our kid, honey. We can’t decide what his parents are going to do.”

“I know that!” she snapped. “But why don’t we talk to them and offer that Scott stays with us as an option?”

“Oh. We’ll definitely do that! But we can’t promise anything, Bud,” Glenn said, looking at me. “You know that, right?”

“I know. But thanks for trying!” I said, hugging them both and drying my eyes.

“Of course, honey. I’ll invite them over after church tomorrow, and we’ll see how it goes.”

Just as Glenn predicted, the shoot that day was more than chaotic. Half the girls barely listened to Glenn’s directions, and some of the clothes just didn’t fit properly. Gloria was helping the girls with getting dressed, and after I saw a naked butt and a naked back appear from behind the room divider, I just had to ‘accidentally’ take a look.

I knew I had to wait for the right opportunity to see as much as possible. I was so focused on the changing room that Glenn repeatedly had to correct me, obviously frustrated about how it all went down.

After a little while, my opportunity came. Three girls did one shot together and had to do another one with a new set of clothes. So after a few moments and some talking, I knew they had to be naked. I pretended I had some stuff that needed to be placed in the back of the room. I walked past the closed bit of the divider toward the end of the room. I knew just where to stand there to see the entire hidden bit, which of course, wasn’t hidden from view from where I was standing now.

I turned around and... WOW!!! Three butt-naked girls were walking around in all their glory. Of course, their boobs weren’t big since they were models, but they were boobs, so I didn’t care. But their pussies were even more interesting. One of them had a thin, black stripe of hair covering it, but the other two were as bald as I was down under.

It was a good thing I was wearing my apron. I was now rock hard, and the strain of my stiffy against my jeans was very uncomfortable. But it didn't matter because it was hidden, and I was looking at these nude girls. I was glancing so intensely that I didn't see the broomstick. The moment I bumped into it, it fell over with a lot of noise.

I quickly pretended to be very busy but felt my face go beet-red. The girls were giggling, and I could hear them say things like, "how cute" and "he's curious" to each other. I was glad they didn't shout at me or something, and they didn't seem bothered by me at all because they were still prancing around in the nude.

As quietly as I could, I slipped by them to get back to Glenn. All the while, my eyes were focused on the bald slits of the two girls. It fascinated me greatly, and I almost stumbled over my own feet.

When I got back, Glenn shot me a furious look. And the moment he was done with this part of the shoot, he opened the door to the storage room and nodded for me to get in there.

"Don't ever do that again!" he said with a raised voice, still with that pissed-off look on his face.

"I'm sorry. I just..." I tried but couldn't look Glenn in the eyes, so I just looked at the floor.

"I know what you were doing. But I'm running a professional studio here, and you have to behave professionally too. Get it?" he said, still pissed off.

"Yes. I'm sorry," I mumbled, embarrassed, genuinely feeling sorry.

"If you need spanking material, just ask! I've got books for you to thumb through that will get you off within a minute. Just don't..." Glenn trailed off, realizing he was ranting.

"Sorry. I promise I won't..."

Glenn's look was much kinder now and almost back to the Glenn I knew. A smile appeared, and he asked, "they do look good, don't they?" and he nudged me on my side.

I smiled and said, "Yeah! Two of them don't have hair. You know. Down there..."

“Haha! You DID have a good look. And they’re eighteen, so I’m pretty sure they shaved it.”

“Oh... Okay, ” I responded, not sure why they’d do that.

“Look, Bud. I’m serious. Give the models their privacy, okay?”

“K. Won’t happen again. Promise!”

And that was that. I didn’t intentionally peek again, although I did see bare boobs a few more times. Glenn later said that these girls were teasing me. I didn’t mind.

I stayed over at Glenn and Gloria’s place that Saturday night and was nervous as hell about the following day. Gloria promised me that she would talk to my parents about it and that I shouldn’t worry. But I still did.

Before we were done in the studio, Glenn called me over and handed me a thin book.

“Here, Bud. Look at this when you’re going to bed. It will help you out,” he said and smiled a conspiratorial smile.

The book was great. It contained all sorts of nude, full-body shots of models around the same age as the ones modeling this afternoon. The book’s title was ‘Best portfolio pics - Legal,’ and on the next line, it read, ‘Part III.’

As I lay alone in my bed and thumbed through the book, with just the dimmed light of my flashlight, I was quickly hard as a board. I started jacking it and was cumming hard before I knew it. This was some great stuff!

After I helped clean the breakfast table the following day, I couldn’t sit still. I was just too nervous about how my parents would react. So the moment the doorbell rang, I rushed over to the front door to let my parents in. There was a lot of small talk, but the subject of us moving inevitably came up. At first, my mom wouldn’t listen to Gloria, but thankfully, Gloria kept going.

“I assure you, Janice, it is no trouble at all! In fact, we’d be glad to have him over. He’s kind, helpful, and brings a lot of life to this house. Honestly, Janice!” Gloria pressed.

I could see my mom was struggling internally. She glanced at my dad, and his face basically said it all. He was okay with it! After all the struggles he and I had, he was finally on my side. I didn't care if it was because he just wanted me out of the picture. I could stay!

The moment I realized this, my stomach did a backflip, and I was overwhelmed with joy. But my mom gave it one last try.

"But Gloria! We can't ask this from the two of you! It's almost a year!"

"You're not asking, Janice. We're offering! And we're offering this because we want to. You can call us as often as you want to check on Scott if you want. But I assure you, he's in good hands!" Gloria countered.

"I know... but..." my mom persisted, "you want to do this too, Frank?"

"Well... it beats going to Africa with us or going to a boarding school. And if it doesn't work out for some reason, Scott can still go there. We'll just have to arrange it remotely. As far as I see it, that's the worst-case scenario," my dad answered, clearly accustomed to the idea already.

"Well... then it's settled! Drinks, anyone?" Gloria said enthusiastically.

And that was the start of a year without my parents and my sexual discovery with Glenn.



Chapter 9 – Meet the Thompsons

I wake up from Audrey's buzzing phone. When I open my eyes, I'm treated to the sight of her bare boobs. Immediately I think back to last night, and a feeling of guilt washes over me. I should be the adult here. I should have stopped this. But then again... she's the one that started this.

I look at Audrey getting up, and as she walks away, I notice once more what a fine-looking body she's got. Oh my god. What's happening to me? I hear myself think and realize how my growing dick is betraying me.

I get out of bed too and grab a clean pair of boxers. We're in the bathroom together with me in my boxers and Audrey in her school uniform, which consists of a white school blouse and matching plaid skirt, but neither of us talks about what happened last night. It's like it never happened. After Audrey is off to school, I continue my work in the studio and try to find more work for it.

I answer a few emails from women who want their kids' portfolio pics. Apparently, Glenn had built quite a reputation for himself, as he was clearly the go-to guy in the area. I make seven appointments in total. Three boys and four girls. The kid's ages vary from eleven to fourteen, and I can't help but think how good they all must look in their underwear pics. I try to dismiss that thought as quickly as it came, but I can't deny to myself it was there and wonder what I should do to prevent this from happening again. But then again, should I really dismiss these thoughts? There's nothing wrong as long as I don't touch them or anything. And maybe it's precisely what's required to make the best portfolio pics of these kids.

I'm pulled out of this whirlpool of thoughts by the ringing of the studio's doorbell. I check my phone and realize this must be the twins for their green screen shoot. I never realized time could fly like this when you're working in a job you actually like. I open the door, looking at two of the most handsome boys I have ever seen!

They're both wearing cut-off jeans and flip-flops. In addition, one of them is wearing a plain white t-shirt, while the other wears a bright-orange shirt. They're best described as 'surfer boys.' Their blonde, shaggy hair covers half of their ears, and a bronze, almost golden tan completes

their surfer look. It's odd looking at surfer guys in Seattle, but somehow these boys make it work.

"Hi, I'm Miranda Thompson," a middle-aged woman says and extends her hand for me to shake. "This is Evan, and that is Owen," she says, pointing at a boy as she says the name.

I honestly can't see the difference between these hot and sexy boys, besides their different shirts, of course. I bet their mom can, but to me, it's like there's a mirror between them. They both look exactly alike and just have an aura of awesomeness over them. I can't remember when I've been this impressed with how boys could look. I even feel a few butterflies going around in my stomach, which I quickly dismiss as silly and unprofessional.

"Hi. I'm Scott. Welcome to Aquinas Pictures."

"Thank you for having us on such short notice," Miranda says as they enter the studio.

"No problem at all," I say, smiling. "We had a hole in our schedule today, so it works out perfectly for both of us. You mentioned something about a sketch?"

It turned out the advertising agency sketched how the boys were supposed to sit in the picture. In the background, there was the obvious suntan equipment with the slogan written in a way that blended nicely with the rest of the scene. Miranda explains to me that the reason for this mock-up is that the equipment they find relevant can't be this close together. It's physically impossible. So that's why they edited this on a computer. The only thing missing is the boys in the picture. In a second mock-up, there are figures drawn at the places where the boys should be.

"Did they mention anything about lighting, Mrs. Thompson?"

"Please! Miranda," she smiles, "and no. They leave it up to your judgment."

"Alright. Let's upload that background picture to my computer, so we can see how it looks with the boys in them," I say as I boot the computer and connect the camera.

"Do we need to get changed?" one of the boys asks.

“Sure. I’ll make sure everything is ready here,” I reply smiling, “you can change behind that room divider over there. You’re going to be wearing towels, right?”

They nod, and I say, “You can keep your underwear on if you want. Just make sure the towel covers it, kay?”

“Don’t be silly!” Miranda quickly chips in, “you boys don’t have anything I haven’t seen before, and I’m sure that Scott can handle it too. Just the towels, little men!”

Okay... Of course, I can handle it! Heck! I WANT to handle it if the towel fails. But I don’t want to drool over them, so I’m very focused on making this work. I already know I mustn’t interfere with mothers being bossy over their kids, and since I don’t see a problem here, I pretend to be very busy preparing my camera with the proper settings.

I keep stealing glances at the divider as I fiddle with my camera, hoping to see some flesh. There is some giggling, but I can’t see anything. The moment they come over to us with just towels around their waists, I’m speechless. Their chests already have a little muscle definition on their pecks, and next to the belly buttons, there’s a hint of a six-pack. That, combined with their broad shoulders and golden tan, makes them almost radiant. I feel like I’m looking at a pair of angels approaching me.

I clear my throat and direct the boys to the green-colored benches in front of the green screen. I pull the desk with my computer closer and point the camera at the boys. The background picture is visible on the screen, and the boys appear in it without the benches.

“That’s funny!” one of them says and starts waving.

“Yeah! Too bad we didn’t bring our green underwear,” the other giggles.

I give them a few moments to adjust. I glance over at Miranda and notice she’s busy with her phone, so I figure we might as well get started.

“Okay, Evan?” I ask, curious which boy will reply.

“Yes?” the left one replies.

I spend the next half hour directing the boys to sit in the right way, ensuring the lighting is okay and that the boys look natural in this setting. I think I managed two or three good ones, but I want to make sure I’ve

got enough. Then, just as I'm about to go for it again, one of them says, "I need to take a leak. Can I?"

"Yeah. Me too," the other one adds.

I hear Miranda sigh, but she doesn't say anything. She occasionally looked at the progress on the screen, but she needed to answer two calls already and was constantly typing on her phone. I don't see a problem, so I nod at them. Glenn taught me that the models need to feel comfortable at all times, and maybe if they retake their place on the bench, the picture will look even better. I'm not sure, but it's a possibility.

After they come back, I say to one of them, "Okay, Owen? You take the left bench now, alright?"

"I'm Evan," he simply says, looking blankly at me.

"Okay... Owen," I say as I look at the other boy.

"Yes?" he smiles mischievously as he already knows what I'm about to ask.

They've played this twins game all their lives and are certainly way better at it than me, so I decide to play along.

"You sit on the left bench this time," I smile.

"Sure," he says and walks over to that bench.

"I don't know who's who. I'm sorry, boys. I just don't see a difference," I apologize.

"There is one," Evan says, smirking.

"Yeah... there is one," Owen adds.

"Here we go again..." I hear Miranda sigh, and at that moment, her phone rings, and she's out of the door again to answer it.

Curious now, I ask, "Okay... wanna tell me what it is?"

"I've got a birthmark, and Owen doesn't," Evan smiles that same mischievous grin as his brother earlier.

I checked them out pretty thoroughly during the shoot but couldn't see any birthmarks. So I figure it's either under their feet or under the towel,

and I'm hoping for the last. And hoping they'd show me, of course. But I don't have to wait too long as Evan starts pulling down the towel at his front. Meanwhile, Owen gets to his feet and starts doing the same.

"See?" Evan asks.

They both pull down the towel at their front. I'm looking at a thin bush of pubic hairs. And just as with Audrey, their skin is showing through the thin, growing patch of pubes. I can see the start of the base of their dicks, which is showing too now, and I feel my growing boner uncomfortably stretch my underwear.

The reason they show me this is the birthmark at the base of Evan's dick that Owen lacks. I feel my mouth go dry as I look at this magnificent sight before me. Then, way too soon, they pull their towels back up and take their place on the benches. During the second part of the shoot, Owen's towel is a bit loose, and a piece of his naked hip shows. It isn't shocking or overly visible, but I think it gives a nice, authentic feel to the picture.

I'm almost done when the door opens, and Audrey walks in. She's still dressed in her school uniform, and I can see both boys checking her out. I don't blame them, considering they're practically the same age, and Audrey looks real foxy in her school uniform.

"Hi! I'm Audrey," she cheerfully says and waves at the boys as she gives me a peck on my cheek.

"Hi! I'm Owen, and that's Evan," Owen says, smiling and pointing at his brother.

I take one final picture and call out, "Okay. That's a wrap!" Miranda walks over and starts browsing through the results with me. I glance over at Audrey and see she's bringing the boys a coke. I hear laughing and giggling behind me, and I'm glad Audrey showed up to entertain the boys. Eventually, Miranda seems satisfied with the final pictures and has to agree with me that the one with a bit of Owen's hip showing is the best. I upload all of them on a thumb drive and hand it over to her.

Miranda turns around and asks, "So, who's first with the portfolio shots?"

The boys look at each other, and Evan shrugs. "I'll go," he says, gets up, and walks over to the room divider.

“Just underwear is enough. A headshot looks better without a shirt. Especially with that tan of yours,” I call as he disappears behind the screen.

“Okay. Just a sec,” he calls back.

Moments later, he walks out in yellow American Eagle boxer briefs. A black waistband with white letters separates the yellow from his bronzed skin, and I immediately notice how the yellow fabric nicely accentuates his bulge. I can see Audrey eyeing him as he walks by, and I feel a slight, barely noticeable sting of jealousy.

We take the usual portfolio pics. First, the headshot, then the three-quarter and full-length shots. After that, it’s a bit of freestyle. This kid is acting all-natural, and I’m wondering if this is actually his first time in front of a camera. Feeling a bit bold, I take some close-up shots too. His chest, belly, shoulders, feet. And finally, a few photos showing his groin from just above his belly button to just below his boxers. I take one from the side and one from the front.

The outline of his dick is clearly visible through his boxers. I can see his balls, shaft, and rim of his dickhead. I guess it to be around two and a half inches, which suits him nicely. Judging by the clearly visible rim, I assume he’s cut.

“Thanks,” I say after I cannot prolong these intimate shots any longer, “I want some test shots for a swimsuit shoot I might be landing.”

“No problem,” Evan says.

Before I know it, Miranda chips in and adds, “We are looking for modeling work, so if you’d like, the boys can do it.”

“Thanks. But nothing is determined yet. I’ll keep you in mind,” I smile, looking back at Miranda and notice her phone isn’t that important anymore at the moment.

“Dude! You’re up,” Evan says as he walks toward his brother.

Before Owen can react, Evan grabs his brother’s towel and yanks it from his waist. In a flash, I can see his dick. I can see my guess was about right, and I notice he’s indeed cut, so I can only assume his brother is too.

For a few moments, Owen stands there, looking at Audrey. I can see a slight flush spread across his face, and he shrugs apologetically. Then, a

moment later, he cups his dick and balls with his hands and runs after his loudly laughing twin brother.

“GIVE IT BACK, FUCKER!” I hear him yell, and I can see Audrey standing there smiling, wide-eyed, and with a flushed face.

“LANGUAGE!” Miranda shouts without looking up from her phone.

Both boys are laughing loudly as they run after each other. Evan is swinging the towel triumphantly above his head. A few times, he gives Owen the idea he can grab the towel, who then reaches out to grab it. I can't take my eyes off his cute bubble butt as he runs around and the glimpses of his dick I get when he reaches for the towel are a feast to the eye.

Eventually, he grabs the towel, bringing both of them off balance, which causes the boys to go rolling over the floor. One in his yellow underwear, the other naked. After a short struggle, Owen pins down his brother, trapping him under his naked body.

Owen starts making an obscene noise in his throat, clearly preparing a big glob of spit.

“No! No!!” Evan laughs, frantically trying to get free.

Figuring it's enough, Miranda clears her throat, looking at her sons. Both boys look over and figure it has been enough. So, Owen gets up, extends his hand, and helps his brother to his feet. He swings the towel over his shoulder and walks toward the divider to put his boxers on, showing off all his assets as he walks. He clearly doesn't care about us seeing it all, as he is still giggling.

Just before he disappears behind the divider, I notice the complete lack of tan lines. The reason for this is obvious but still a bit strange to see with my own eyes. Moments later, Evan shows up and stands next to me, panting from his efforts to outdo his brother.

“THAT was fun,” he laughs.

I look at him and say, “You know you basically exposed yourself, don't you? Now we know what you look like too.”

His smile disappears for a moment from his face as he realizes what I just said is true. Then he just shrugs and says, “I don't care. It was funny.”

“It was,” I admitted, unable to push the image of the young, tight, adonis-like body from my mind.

Moments later, Miranda drops her phone, looks at me, and smiles.

“Boys,” she sighs and adds, “I guess they also showed you the big difference between them?”

“Yup!” I say and try to act as casual as I can.

“Figures,” she says and is back to her phone again.

Moments later, Owen appears in his bright blue boxers, also American Eagle, and we take almost the same pictures as we did with his brother. I direct Owen a bit differently to avoid shooting precisely the same pictures.

After everything is done and the boys get dressed again, I shake Miranda’s hand and promise to send her the edited portfolio pics as soon as they’re ready. The boys bump fists with Audrey, and I do the same as they walk past me.

“Call us when you land that swimsuit job, okay?” Owen says as he walks away, still looking at me and almost tripping over his feet.

“I will!” I say, smiling.

“That was... interesting,” Audrey says thoughtfully after I close the door.

I laugh at her stunned expression. “It was. And fun too!” I say as I start cleaning up the worst mess.

Audrey helps me out, but I decide to call it a night after putting away the green screen. We watch some television for about half an hour, and I see Audrey yawn. I feel pretty tired from today too, so we clean up and head upstairs.

I already decided to sleep naked this time. Audrey was very clear about it, and I feel I don’t impose myself on her, so I don’t see any more reason not to do it. I feel awkward standing by the bed in my boxers, but as Audrey walks in, naked as the day she was born, I realize I need to act fast to avoid an even more awkward situation. So I quickly drop my boxers and crawl under the covers. Moments later, Audrey joins me.

I lay there staring at the ceiling and let the events of the photoshoot replay in my head. The image of Owen’s penis and tight ass in front of my

eyes causes my dick to chub up a bit.

"They've got really nice bodies," Audrey says beside me.

I glance over and smile. "VERY lovely bodies! I have to edit the pictures tomorrow, so I can look at it a little more," I say and wink at her.

"I didn't know you were gay..." she says, sounding surprised.

"Haha! I'm not! But near-perfect bodies like theirs are always nice to look at. Boy, or girl, man or woman. Don't you think?"

"I think I do," Audrey says after thinking about it for a few seconds. Then she starts smiling and softly says, "and an interesting... penis," suddenly blushing furiously.

Audrey's blushing surprises me. She has to be used to seeing some dicks over the years. I mean, at least Glenn's and mine, but I assume she's seen others when she helped Glenn with his shoots. I notice some movement beside me. Next, the blanket starts moving a bit, and before I can react, I feel Audrey's hand gripping my dick. It takes me a moment to realize it, but the moment her hand wraps around my shaft, I jump up and get out of the bed, feeling both angry and surprised.

"What the fuck!" I almost shout.

I never swear in front of her, and I can see a mix of fear and wonder on her face. But that look on her face is gone in under a heartbeat, and I can see her eyes tearing up. My half-hard dick stops sticking out as it deflates quickly, and I realize I need to say something.

"You can't just grab a man's... penis, Audrey! And especially not an adult one," I say, the anger still there, even though I do my best to hide it.

"I'm... I'm... I didn't know... It's... Sorry!" she yells out and starts crying for real now.

I immediately feel sorry for her and crawl back into bed. I move over to stroke her hair and notice again how amazing her pert little breasts look on her thin, girlish frame.

"I shouldn't have yelled at you, but it's just... it took me by surprise," I sigh, still stroking her hair and face, "And you should've asked," I softly add.

"I know! But seeing Owen today made me really curious about..." she sobs, takes a deep breath, and continues, "and I figured since you're such a cool guy, you wouldn't mind. But I..."

Hearing her say this boosts my ego a bit, and I can feel my anger fade away. And I can relate to her seeing a kid her own age naked. It sparked a whole new level of interest when I was her age, so I can imagine something like this having the same effect on her.

"Look. I'm sorry I got so angry," I start.

"I shouldn't have done that," she interrupts me as her sobbing gets less intense.

"No. You shouldn't have. But I get it."

She looks at me for the first time since she started crying, and I can see her swollen eyes and the tears on her cheeks. She looks so vulnerable and fragile that all my anger is completely gone and replaced by empathy and curiosity.

"You do?"

"Yeah. I was young too, remember?" I chuckle, "and you can touch it now if you still want to," I quickly add before I change my mind.

"I can?" she asks, surprised, and wipes the tears from her cheek with the back of her hand.

"Yeah. You're gonna try and discover anyways, so it might as well be with someone who won't hurt you, who loves you and can teach the stuff you need to know," I say, mostly to myself as I realize I'm heading down a slippery slope.

Deep down, I know I shouldn't do this, of course. But she will find a way to satisfy her curiosity, and I don't want it to be some pervert or asshole that will crush her heart. And I don't want her to get hurt, so why not show her and explain everything. It's not like I'm going to fuck her or anything. She's just getting an anatomy lesson about male genitalia. That's all.

"Let's move over," I say and sit up on the edge of her side of the bed and move the blanket out of the way to give access to my dick. As I move the blanket, Audrey's body is coming into view too, but she doesn't care about that at all. Audrey sits down next to me, and moments later, we're

both naked and looking at each other. The tension in the air is thick, and I think that's why I don't bone up.

Audrey looks up at me with big question marks in her eyes, and I simply nod. This is all the encouragement she needs as she slowly extends her hand and takes my soft dick in her hand. Immediately, a big smile spreads across her face as she starts examining me with her small hand.

"It's warm," she matter-of-factly says and rubs her thumb over my glans.

I can barely hold back a big moan and say, "You know there used to be skin there, don't you?"

"Uh-huh. Glenn had skin there," she says with her eyes focused on my junk.

"I'm circumcised. That's what they call it AHH," I moan as her finger rubs over that sensitive spot under the front of my dickhead.

I immediately feel myself grow stiff, but I already decided this isn't a bad thing considering what we're doing here. It amazes me it took me this long. But the moment I moan, Audrey pulls back as if she's stung by a bee.

"Did I hurt you?" she asks worriedly.

"No! On the contrary," I smile reassuringly, "it feels great when you touch me like that."

Audrey looks down at my dick again and giggles. "I can see you like it," and wraps her hand around my stiffening shaft.

She starts groping around again, and before I know it, I'm as hard as I've ever been. I have to admit to myself that I like this way more than I anticipated, but that we're not doing this for my pleasure.

"I never knew a boner can get this hard and soft at the same time," she whispers to no one in particular.

"You DO know the correct word for it, right?" I say in an attempt to keep up the illusion of education.

"Of course. It's called an erection, and these are your testicles," she says as her left hand starts cupping my balls without her right hand leaving my shaft.

“Careful!”

“I know. Don’t worry,” Audrey softly says, with her confidence clearly growing by the minute.

Her hand starts toying with my balls, and her eyes are still focused on my dick. Then, she surprises me as she starts moving her right hand up and down on my shaft. It’s clear she’s beginning to jerk me, and I feel almost powerless to stop her.

After a few moments, I finally ask her, “What are you doing?” which takes great effort to say without moaning.

“Jerking you off,” she simply says with a very determined look on her face.

“It’s jacki... Ohhh”

I know it’s inappropriate. I know I have to stop her. And I know there are a million different things wrong with this. But her soft hand and determination to see me cum, combined with more than a year of involuntary celibacy, make it impossible for me to stop her.

“Hmmm... move your hand up higher on my dick,” I say between moans, “Ahhh... like that. Yeah.”

Audrey gets off the bed and sits on the ground between my legs, my dick almost at eye level. She keeps sliding up and down on my boner, and I’m very impressed by her technique. It’s probably because of the situation, but I already feel the build-up in my balls. Her soft, stroking hand feels fantastic! She’s even doing a weird twist-thing in her up and down motion that I only saw online once.

Her left hand leaves my balls a moment later and joins her right on my shaft. My hard-on is only six inches long, but her small hands fit perfectly on my dick, and it adds a whole new level to what she’s doing. She’s not moving fast, but the friction of her soft hands and the twisting motion are incredible!

“I’m getting ahhh,” I pant, “getting close. Look out!”

This triggers something in Audrey. She looks even more concentrated at my dick, and her hands pick up the pace. Despite all the action, I manage to keep my eyes open and look down at her. She spreads her legs a bit,

and I notice her glistening, almost hairless pussy looks all swollen and puffy. She must be horny as hell now too!

I try to hold back as long as I can to enjoy this amazing feeling as much as possible, but it's an uphill battle. I hear myself panting and moaning loudly, and I finally let out a big grunt from deep down my throat, "GRHHH CUMMINGG OAAHH.."

My balls almost pull back inside my body completely, and as my body tingles all over, I feel my cum shoot through my dick with a force I never felt before. In the distance, I feel one of her hands leave my dick while the other one keeps milking me slowly.

I hear Audrey moan too, and when I open my eyes, I almost cum again. Audrey is still sitting on her knees between my legs, and I see my cum splattered all over her tits and belly. Globes of cum are slowly sliding down, and there's one long string of cum hanging from her stiff nipple. It looks vulgar and sexy at the same time. Audrey's look is slightly unfocused as she keeps looking at my dick, but her right hand between her legs makes it impossible for her to think straight.

All of this happens in a flash, and the moment it sinks in what I'm looking at, my dick twitches furiously, and at the same time, I hear Audrey moan as she cums. Her eyes shoot back in their sockets, and she clenches her legs shut. Her grip on my dick increases, but I barely notice. I'm looking at the most erotic site I ever laid my eyes on. A twelve-year-old girl is having an orgasm while covered in cum. I might be a pervert, but I can't imagine anybody not finding this almost too hot to handle.

As I sit there, enjoying the view, Audrey's grip on my dick loosens a bit, and I can see her eyes regaining focus. She smiles shyly when her eyes meet mine and quickly removes her hand away from between her legs.

"I'm sorry, I was..." she softly starts.

I immediately interrupt her, "Don't worry! I would've done the same," I smile, feeling an intense urge to put her at ease after her first real sexual experience.

"I didn't know you would shoot so much... stuff..." she says softly as she lets go of my dick, looks down her chest, and starts to giggle.

"Well... it was more than usual. You did an amazing job, Lil' Bit!" I say and see her blush spreading across her face and upper chest as I say this.

"I did?"

"OH YEAH!" I say a bit too enthusiastically and quickly recover, "how did you come up with that twisting motion of your hands?"

"I uhm... I saw it in one of Glenn's books. Why?"

"You taught me a new trick there," I chuckle, "I usually just move up and down on it."

"When you... sprayed your stuff all over me... I just had to touch myself. Is that normal?" she asks, and her shyness is back again.

"No, no! That's not weird at all! In fact, it's a perfectly normal thing to do. You need to enjoy yourself too when you're doing stuff like this, you know? It's a two-way street."

That brings a smile to her face, and she eyes a drop of cum hanging from my dickhead. Then, she extends her finger, scoops it off my dick, and sticks her finger into her mouth.

"If it's a two-way street, I can taste your stuff again. I like the taste of it," she simply says as she starts to stand up.

I let my eyes roam over her magnificent, cum-covered body, ending at her sparse pubic hairs. Then, finally, I force myself to look her in the face and say, "We need to get some sleep, you know?"

"Yeah," she simply says as she looks down at the mess on her chest and belly, "I'll grab a towel and clean up."

As she heads to the bathroom, I find my eyes glued to her ass once again. As she rounds the corner, I get up and crawl back into bed. A few minutes later, Audrey walks in with a big grin on her face.

"You sure sprayed a lot!" she giggles, "but I've got it all. Next time, I'll make sure to stay out of the danger zone."

"Next time!?" I think to myself but decide to drop it.

Audrey crawls in on her side of the bed and immediately drapes herself half over my body. I feel her hot pussy pressed against my leg, and her stiff nipple pokes my chest. Now that we crossed this line, I don't feel the need to tell her to get back to her side of the bed. But at the same time, I'm wondering where this will end.



1 This pic is the inspiration of how I imagine Scott sitting at the breakfast table.

Chapter 10 – Melancholia

Living without my parents around took me some getting used to. Glenn and Gloria were a lot less strict about a lot of things. My bedtime was up to me, as long as I wasn't cranky or my grades in school went down. Gloria helped me out with my homework a lot, which was great! That way, I had more time to help out Glenn in the studio, which I liked best about staying with them.

They didn't mind me walking around naked either. If I did this at home, mom and dad would send me upstairs to put some clothes on. But Gloria and Glenn didn't care if I walked around naked. So, on the weekends, I ate my breakfast in the buff, helped Gloria out a bit in the kitchen, put some clothes on, and assisted Glenn with whatever he needed.

I really enjoyed my newfound freedom. Especially when Gloria was gone, and it was just Glenn and me. Glenn couldn't stop showing me the ropes of being a good photographer and complimented me on my work as it was getting better and better.

One Friday evening, after we were done cleaning up the mess from the shoot we had just completed, we looked at each other and chuckled simultaneously. We were both sweaty from top to toe from all the hard work. We'd been hauling around heavy stuff as the hot studio lights were still radiating their warmth over the studio floor. Glenn quickly shouted, "I'm first!" and started running toward the house.

"Hey! Not fair! I want to go first!" I shouted, running after him.

"Not a chance!" Glenn shot back as he ran upstairs with me on his heels, but I lacked the speed because of my smaller frame.

Before I was upstairs, I heard the bathroom door slam shut. Damn it! So I started pounding on the door and whined, "I wanna go first! Please! I smell like a rat's ass!"

"Nope!" Glenn said, and I could hear he was taking off his clothes already.

I thought about it for a second, and then I had an idea. This would be a first, but it had a fair chance of success after our swimming sessions.

"Can't I join you then?" I tried carefully.

I strained my ears in an attempt to hear a reaction from Glenn. There was a bit more ruffling from him undressing, but that was about it. Then, right when I wanted to try again, I heard the door unlock.

I tentatively opened the door and peeked inside. I looked at Glenn's naked backside walking over to the big shower stall as he said, "You know the rules. Not a word," and he opened the glass shower door without looking back.

I was thrilled to have that much-needed shower now but was even more excited about being so close to Glenn while we were both naked. Maybe he could show me a new trick or show me how he jerked off again. So I quickly disrobed and hurried over to join him.

Glenn was in the process of letting the water cascade over his body, so he had his eyes closed and face toward the ceiling. That gave me the opportunity to check out his manly body from head to toe. His penis looked massive to me, and the thick bush surrounding it made me jealous and self-conscious about my body.

I noticed Glenn's penis was growing a bit. He wasn't hard, but I saw it enough to know he wasn't soft either. Suddenly, I felt an incredible urge to touch it. As if in a dream, I saw my hand extend itself toward his willie and looked up at Glenn to see if he was looking. He still had his hands in his hair but looked down at me and smiled a warm smile.

That was all the encouragement I needed, and I took Glenn's willie in my hand. I heard him gasp above the cascading water, but he didn't say anything. It felt weird having another guy's willie in my hand, but the more I fumbled with it, the more I liked it. Especially when Glenn's willie was fully erect. It didn't take long, but that short period of feeling it grow from soft to hard got me worked up pretty well, and I was equally hard as I kept examining it with my hand.

Glenn moved his hand from his hair and laid one on my shoulder, and the other one just hung beside his body. It was clear he was letting me have my way, and I took the opportunity with both hands. Literally. After I meticulously judged its size and shape, I pulled back his foreskin with one hand, and with my index finger from my other hand, I touched his glans. I expected it to feel different from mine, but the opposite was true.

I let the skin slide back, and my free hand moved to his balls while my other hand kept moving the skin up and down over his glans. In my small

hand, his full-grown boner and balls felt massive. I jiggled them around between my fingers, and I could hear Glenn moan. I still don't know why, but this triggered something inside me. I wanted to thank him for showing me how I should jack off. I wanted to thank him for being such a great mentor in my photography. I wanted to thank him for taking me in as his son. I wanted to make Glenn have an orgasm.

So, that's when I awkwardly started going to town on his willie. It took me a few moments to get accustomed to his size. And after I shifted a bit and got on my knees for a better view and a better grip, I really could get going. I was at eye-level with his willie now and took in every detail as I moved my hand up and down on it. Judging by Glenn's moans, I was doing a decent job. All I heard was the water running over our bodies, the squishy motion of my jacking hand, and Glenn's increasing moans.

"Oh, Bud! I'm... AHH.."

He was moaning about the same as he did last time he was jacking next to me. I put two and two together, and I knew he was getting close. So I kept stroking him, and my eyes fixated on the slit on the top of his glans. I wanted to see his sperm shoot out of it and couldn't wait for it to happen.

"AHH... AHH... Bud, I'mmmm OHHHHH"

The moment he started groaning loudly, I felt his balls contract, his willie fattened and started kicking in my hand. Then, moments later, his sperm started shooting from the tip, and I was so hypnotized by its sight that I didn't realize he was coating my right shoulder and chest with it.

I was mesmerized by the spectacle before me. Watching Glenn's sperm fly out of his willie triggered something primal inside. I now know I was horny as fuck, but I couldn't place this confusing feeling at that time. I kept trying to milk more sperm out of him. But after a few seconds, Glenn placed his big hand on my head and moaned, "Stop it, Bud. It's too sensitive now."

I felt a sense of pride that I made Glenn orgasm, but I was also sad it was over already. Seeing him shoot his load sure got me going. I looked up at Glenn, and when I saw him smiling down at me, I smiled back, stood up, and gave him a tight hug. I don't know why I did it, but it just felt like the right- thing to do.

Glenn's softening willie was trapped between us, and I could feel my stiffy pressing against Glenn's leg. Suddenly I felt silly about the hug, and I didn't want to make this too awkward, so I broke the hug and started rinsing my hair.

The next thing I knew, I felt Glenn's fingers wrapping themselves around my stiffy. I opened my eyes and saw Glenn still smiling at me. He had a natural way of putting me at ease.

"Your turn," he said, barely hearable above the water.

When he started jacking me, I closed my eyes as I wanted to experience the feeling the best I could. I hung my head back between my shoulderblades and just enjoyed the good feelings Glenn's fingers were giving me. I was so focused on the good feelings on my stiffy that I didn't notice Glenn moving beside me.

Suddenly, my stiffy felt like a warm, moist blanket surrounded it. My eyes crossed, and I nearly screamed because of this new sensation. Seconds later, after I regained some self-control, and looked down at what was happening. I was looking at the top of Glenn's head and was shocked to see my willie disappear in his mouth. By then, I had never heard of a blowjob, but I sure as hell liked what it felt like!

The moment I felt Glenn's tongue lap the underside of my willie, the feeling was just too overwhelming, and I had to steady myself by holding on to Glenn by his broad shoulders. He kept increasing his tongue motion but also started bobbing his head up and down on my willie.

"OHHHH!!! MMMHH," I heard myself moan, my hips moving involuntarily.

Glenn's hands moved slowly up the backside of my legs, and as he reached higher, I felt the pressure inside build up with each up and down motion of his head. The moment Glenn's hands finished their upward journey and arrived at my butt, he cupped my asscheeks with both hands and pulled me further toward his mouth. One of his fingers was extremely close to my butthole, but somehow it added an extra level of excitement.

"AAHHHH!!!" I almost screamed as he sucked me harder and lapped over the entire underside of my willie.

I felt Glenn moan on my willie and realized I was going to cum any moment now. Glenn must've also sensed it, as he moved up and down now even faster. But, the moment his finger pressed on my asshole, I lost it. I pushed my hips forward and felt my willie kicking furiously inside Glenn's mouth.

"AIIIIAAHHIII" was the high-pitched scream I heard as I came and my knees buckled.

It was a good thing I was leaning on Glenn's shoulders. Otherwise, I would've fallen down again. The feeling of cumming inside Glenn's mouth was amazing! I never felt anything better until then and couldn't possibly imagine a feeling better than this. Ever.

Glenn's sucking slowed down, and his finger released its pressure on my butt hole. Now he was cupping my ass again, and the lapping on my willie was toned down to a gentle caressing with his tongue.

I slowly regained my senses and just had to pull out of Glenn's mouth. It was just getting too sensitive in there. Glenn sensed me pulling back and let go of my butt. With a loud popping sound, my willie exited his mouth. I looked down at Glenn, and I saw a big grin across his face as he stood up.

"How was it?" he asked with great interest.

I surprised myself when I exclaimed, "It was FUCKING awesome!"

"That good, huh!?" Glenn chuckled.

"Oh wow! It was like... I was... My willie was... What did you do?"

"I gave you a blowjob, Bud. Feels good, doesn't it?"

"Can I do it to you too?" I asked, excited to try.

"Haha! If you wanna try it, I don't see why not. Just not now. You just jacked me off. Another time, kay?" Glenn said, smiling.

We finished our business in the bathroom, and after we dried off, we went downstairs together to watch some TV before I had to go to bed. We didn't care about clothes since Gloria wouldn't be back before midnight, and I would be in bed by then.

During the sitcom we watched, Glenn put his arm around my shoulder and pulled me close.

"I think you'll need your apron tomorrow. I'm doing a Pyntar shoot tomorrow," Glenn said, looking down at me.

"Oh!? What is it?"

"It's a mother and her daughter. They'll be posing in front of a fake mirror where the mother looks melancholically at her youthful self."

"Sounds great! But why the apron?"

"What do you think?" Glenn chuckled.

"Naked?" I asked, feeling a slight stir in my groin.

"Yup. I talked to the mother, and she's okay with you hanging around to learn how this is done."

"Really? That's awesome!" I said, feeling excited about attending the more serious shoots.

"Just be professional, remember?"

"Of course!" I said, smiling the most innocent smile I had in me.

After I went to bed, I lay there looking at the ceiling, wondering how the shoot would go. And I was going to see my first real-life naked woman! I was so excited that I figured I'd never sleep, but before I knew it, I heard the familiar sounds of Gloria making breakfast.

"Morning!" Gloria chirped as I sat down at the counter, my chubbed-up willie leading the way.

"Good morning. How was the party last night?"

"It was fantastic! Thanks," she said with a big smile as she put the eggs and bacon in front of me.

"Is Glenn up already?"

"Yeah. He's in the studio. I heard you're attending your first Pyntar shoot. Nervous?"

"A little," I admitted as I was munching down the eggs, "but excited too. These pics are all about lighting and composition, and I really want to learn how to do that right."

"Right. About lighting. And naked people," Gloria chuckled but looked serious after that initial chuckle. "You're okay with that, right?"

I looked at her to check if she was kidding me. She looked serious, so I said, "I don't care about that! Well... I have never seen a naked woman before, but I'm more interested in the process of how to take the proper picture. Honest!"

She checked me out for a few moments and said, "Okay. Have fun then!" and started cleaning the counter while I finished breakfast.

I went upstairs to get dressed and hesitated about what to wear today. The tightness of my jeans was probably too uncomfortable when I would sport a stiffy. And the chance that would happen was significant. But considering the day would be a relatively warm one and that I would be working with the hot lights all day, I figured I could get away with my usual short sweat pants. My stiffy would have plenty of room in it, and the apron would hide the tent I'd be sporting.

When I entered the studio, Glenn looked at me and smiled. "Dressed for the shoot? Make sure to wear the apron, Bud!" and I could see him chuckling at my expense, but he turned his head in an attempt to hide it.

"I know, but jeans are just too uncomfy. I'll wear the apron. I promise," I said, the annoyance in my voice clearly audible.

"Don't worry, Bud. Michelle isn't easily offended. And I'm sure she'll make you feel at ease. And by now, I think Becky is about the same as her mom."

Shit! I almost forgot! There was going to be a naked little girl too. I wasn't very fond of that, but if she wasn't too annoying, I'd probably still get to see her mom's boobs and pussy enough.

"Did you photograph her before?" I asked, trying to get as much information as I could.

"Yeah. Lots of times. In fact, she's the woman in silhouette in front of the sun in my latest book," Glenn said excitedly.

"Oh wow! She's pretty."

"Yeah. She did a shoot with her daughter before, but that's years ago. Michelle is one of these rare women that live day by day and don't care what other people think of her. And she's good at modeling too. A perfect combination!"

At that moment, the bell rang. Glenn looked at me and pointed toward the apron. "I'll get the door. You put on the uniform, kay?"

I took the apron from the hook and tied it so that I would look presentable in it. I felt my heart beating in my throat as I heard Glenn talking to Michelle in the distance. The moment they came into view, I was stunned. Michelle was a gorgeous woman in her early thirties. But the moment her daughter walked in, I immediately felt my willie starting to grow inside my underwear. I was expecting a little girl, around six or seven. But instead, a beautiful young woman walked in. I guessed her to be about thirteen or fourteen, and she was HOT!

She had blond hair, just like her mom, and a pair of real-life, handful-sized boobs. She wore a lime green summer dress, which showed off her developing curves magnificently, but her best feature was the killer smile.

"Hi! You must be Scott," she beamed and extended her hand for me to shake.

I must've looked like an idiot because I couldn't move, and my jaw must've been open. Luckily, Glenn came to the rescue.

"Scott, meet Rebecca and Michelle, our models for today," he said, which snapped me out of my trance.

"Just Becky," Rebecca said.

"Hi. Nice to meet you," I finally croaked and shook both their hands.

"This will be your first shoot?" Michelle kindly asked, "Glenn told me you're learning the fine art of artistic photography?"

"Yeah. Glenn is teaching me everything there is to know, so hopefully, one day, I'll be half as good as he is," I said, knowing how much this would flatter Glenn.

"Ahh, how cute!" Michelle said.

"Maybe you'll even become a better photographer than Glenn," Becky laughed and placed her left hand on my upper arm. She tucked a bit of hair behind her ear with her other hand.

"Oh... I... uhm..." I stammered.

And once again, Glenn came to my rescue. He looked at Michelle and asked, "You've talked to Becky about the shoot we're about to do?"

"Yeah, she did," Becky said. "It sounds awesome!" and her smile melted my heart.

"Great! Why don't you two get ready? Scott and I will set up the lights and cameras, and we'll see you back here."

"Okay," Michelle and Becky said simultaneously and giggled as they walked toward the changing spot.

"You okay, Bud?" Glenn whispered as he laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Yeah... it's just... I was expecting a little girl, but..."

"Haha! I see! Yeah. She did some growing up since the last time I had her in front of my camera," Glenn responded like it was no big deal and started working on his camera.

I was trying to help Glenn, but my eyes kept drifting off to the divider, waiting for the two beautiful naked girls to appear. And the moment they did... Oh boy!

Both of them walked toward us, completely naked, and were chatting like it was the most normal thing to do. Since they weren't looking at me, I let my eyes drink in the view in front of me.

Michelle was undeniably a grown woman. Her boobs were full, and she had curves in all the right places. I wasn't an expert yet in the boob department, but later, Glenn told me Michelle had an average B-cup. She was on the thin side but not skinny. Her long legs seemed to go on forever, and as my eyes moved up, I ended at her crotch. A small stripe of black pubes hid her pussy lips from view.

I quickly scanned Becky before my window of opportunity was gone. She was, in essence, a carbon copy of her mom. Just younger and a bit smaller. In everything. Her boobs were smaller, her hips less curvy, and her pubes... They looked magnificent! Her pubes weren't modeled in the same thin stripe as her mom's, but she didn't need to shave, considering she had less hair than her. Her pussy lips were still somewhat visible through her pubes, which was incredibly sexy.

"Close your mouth," Glenn whispered beside me and poked me in my side with his elbow.

This snapped me out of my trance, and I tore my eyes away from these gloriously naked bodies. I don't remember my stiffy ever being this hard before, and I was glad the apron was at least a partial cover-up for it.

"Okay, Michelle. You stand over there and Becky on the opposite side of the frame," Glenn said, pointing.

When Becky walked past me, she looked at me and smiled a smile that made my heart melt for the second time. Then, she tugged her hair behind her ear again and walked toward the spot Glenn pointed out. Glenn had positioned the camera and fake mirror frame in such a way that both of them had their front to the camera, and the frame looked to be the mirror they'd both be looking at.

Glenn gave Michelle and Becky clear instructions on how to stand, hold their arms, and look. This was just the first lighting and shadow test, so it wasn't needed to be spot-on. I could see Glenn was in the zone and had a very clear idea in his head about how it all should look.

"Scott?" he asked, looking around and acting as if he had just returned from out of space.

"I'm here," I said, making sure he could see me, even though this meant I couldn't look at Michelle and Becky anymore.

"Can you move that spot up until I say stop?"

I spent the next fifteen minutes adjusting all sorts of spots. One of the critical elements in this shot was the exact same lighting on both models. But since they were different in so many ways, this was a complicated task.

"I think we've got it," Glenn finally said.

"It's a good thing it isn't cold in here," Michelle chuckled when she saw me walking around, sweating a lot from all the hard work.

"Just one more thing," Glenn said, looking at me.

"What?"

"Can you apply some matting powder on these spots?" Glenn asked as he pointed toward their shoulders and the top half of their breasts.

"Uhm," I stammered, blushing.

“Don’t worry. I’ll look through the view-finder and tell you where it’s needed,” Glenn said.

I’ve applied that stuff before during the film poster and album cover shoots. But the big difference with this one was that I needed to apply it to naked women. So I took the jar and brush from the table and walked over to Michelle.

“Don’t worry about it, kiddo,” Michelle smiled at my obvious insecurity about it.

I took the brush and dipped it in the powder. My hand was shaking when it went to her shoulder. Michelle noticed it and just winked at me, which, strangely enough, put me at ease. With guidance from Glenn, I matted her shoulders enough, but the hard part was yet to come. The moment I started working on her boobs, I shifted my weight, which caused my boner to touch her leg. My eye immediately went up to meet hers, and the fear of being caught must be clear as day because she started giggling and put her hand on my shoulder.

“Relax, dear! I told you not to worry. It’s normal to be nervous, and... you know,” she said and winked again.

“Oh... okay... thanks?” I managed.

In no time, her boobs were done. While working on them, I took in every inch of them with my eyes. My hand was close to her boobs, so I felt a bit sad it was over already. I could only hope that Becky was as easy-going as her mom. But, as I walked over to her, my boner still straining my underwear, I saw her smiling and knew she was cool with it.

Her shoulders were easy because she had darker skin. But while I was working on her shoulders, I couldn’t keep my eyes from her amazing boobs. Of course, Michelle’s were fantastic, but seeing these pert boobs, with hard, upward-pointing nipples, by a girl close to my age, made me realize I was creating jerk-off material in my head for months.

My hand kept shaking as I kept working so close to her boobs, but I just couldn’t help it. Thankfully, Becky didn’t notice or didn’t let on that she saw it.

“Okay. I think we’re ready,” Glenn said as I was finishing up on Becky.

“Thank you,” Becky whispered to me, and I immediately felt my face go red.

“N-No problem,” I stammered.

That’s when the actual positions had to be taken. Since they had to be a mirror image of each other, this had to be done meticulously. Again, both of them were amazing at following Glenn’s directions. During this complex part of the shoot where I couldn’t do anything, I kept looking at both bodies and memorized every inch of them.

After what seemed like forever, Glenn took the first real shots. Then, four or five shots later, Glenn asked, “Here. You take a look. Notice the difference between shadow and light. And check how I positioned the mirror dead center.”

Now that I could see everything first-hand, I was even more impressed by Glenn’s ability to set the scene and mood in it. His eye for detail was exquisite! My barely trained eyes saw nothing that wasn’t one hundred percent thought through and executed to perfection.

“This is amazing!” I said, looking up at Glenn, “how do you come up with this?”

“When I’m on the toilet!” he chuckles, “Just kidding! It just pops up in my head at random moments.”

He took several more pics and made Michelle and Becky make minor adjustments to their hands and heads, and after about ten minutes, we were done.

“You did great, ladies!” Glenn said excitedly after the last shot, and he dismounted the camera from his tripod.

“Ahhh... finally,” Becky said as she stretched her body, making her look even more fabulous, “I started getting a cramp in my arm.”

“I told you posing like this wasn’t easy,” Michelle said, stretching her body too.

“One shot of you two together to remember this shoot by?” Glenn asked, holding up his camera.

“Sure!” they said enthusiastically.

They stood together, wrapped one arm around the other's shoulder, and started smiling at Glenn. Becky made a peace sign with her fingers, and Michelle just waved. Then, as Glenn lowered his camera, Becky asked, "Can you use the self-timer to take a shot from the four of us?"

Glenn looked over at me to size me up. I gave him a timid nod, and Glenn just shrugged.

"Of course," he said, placed the camera back on the tripod, and started fiddling with it.

"Come here, Scott," Michelle waved at me.

I walked over to her with shaky legs, and the moment she wrapped her hand around my waist, I felt a strange feeling. Almost as if I came home and a warm blanket wrapped around me. My shakiness was gone, and I just smiled at her.

"You did great!" she said softly.

I tore my eyes from her boobs that were almost pressed against my chin and smiled back at her, blushing furiously.

"Smile!" Glenn, who positioned himself next to Becky, cheered, and we all smiled at the camera.

After a few moments, we heard the familiar ***Click!*** sound, and I let go of Michelle's waist.

"There are two more. Keep smiling!" Glenn said, and I grabbed hold of Michelle again but pressed my cheek against her right boob accidentally. Michelle didn't care, or at least didn't say or do anything about it, and I was in heaven with a naked boob against my cheek.

"Is that the last one?" Becky asked after the third click.

"Yup. We're done. Want to drink something before you leave?"

"No, thanks. It's late already, and we've got almost an hour to drive before we're home."

"You're still coming next week, right?"

"For that Mother Mary shoot, you mean?"

"That one, yes. Still working out the details, but I'll manage."

Michelle grabbed her PDA and quickly scrolled through it. Next, she smiled at Glenn and said, "Yes. It's there. Around seven again, right?"

"Great! Seven will be fine," Glenn said and hugged Michelle as if she was still fully clothed.

"Come here, Sugar!" Michelle said after breaking the hug with Glenn and spreading her arms invitingly.

Of course, I wouldn't let the opportunity of hugging a naked woman go, so I dived right in. As my face was pressed against her bare boobs again, I heard Michelle softly say, "You're really cute, you know that?"

That made me blush, and I stammered, "Th-Thank you. I like you too."

Pretty lame, I know, but I've never been in a situation like this, so I didn't know what to say otherwise. Before she broke the hug, she kissed me on my cheek and patted me on my butt as she walked away.

In the meantime, Becky had broken her hug with Glenn and walked over to me for another hug. She wrapped her arms around me and went for a full body-to-body hug, where Michelle left a bit more distance between our bodies.

I froze when I felt my boner press against her. The apron still covered it, but Becky couldn't miss it. I was afraid she'd break the hug or would start shouting. But instead, she pressed her body more firmly against mine and smiled broadly at me.

"I like you too," she chuckled and followed her mom to the divider.

To clear my head from what just happened, I started cleaning up. I killed the lights while Glenn worked on his camera and tripod.

"Thanks, guys!" Michelle said, and Glenn and I turned around simultaneously to look at her and her daughter, now fully dressed.

"No, Michelle! Thank YOU!" Glenn said and walked over.

I followed Glenn and couldn't keep my eyes from Becky in her green summer dress. Now that I knew what was under it, I saw her in a whole new light and felt butterflies flying around inside my belly. Glenn handed Michelle an envelope, which she declined.

"No need to pay me, silly! You know I like doing it. Becky too, right?" she said and looked at Becky, who was nodding and smiling to confirm it.

"Please, Michelle. I insist. You make expenses too, driving all the way," Glenn pressed.

"Absolutely not! Just make sure you come up with something good for next week. That's all I'm asking."

"Bye, Scott!" she said, waved, and kissed Glenn on the cheek before she turned around.

"Bye, Scott..." Becky said and winked at me.

I felt like I melted, and the only thing I was capable of at that moment was a timid wave back. I felt silly standing there, but I couldn't move my feet.

"Bye, Glenn," they both said and left the studio.

I was still standing there, looking at the door as Glenn walked over. He stood next to me and put a hand on my shoulder again.

"You okay?"

"Yeah. I think I am. It was..." I trailed off.

"I know. They're a force of nature, aren't they?"

"Oh boy..." I smiled and looked up at Glenn, "and a naked force too..."

"Good thing you wore your apron. And even that wasn't enough to hide it all the time," he chuckled.

We sat down at the canteen table. Glenn grabbed himself a beer and handed me a Coke. I was still flabbergasted about everything that had happened and was staring blankly at the wall. I heard Glenn talk in the distance, but it didn't register. Flashes of their naked bodies still filled my head, and I felt like my balls and willie were about to explode.

"Huh?!" I asked and looked at Glenn.

"I said, are you sure you're okay?" Glenn said with a knowing smile.

"Oh... yeah. I think I am. It's just that... I feel funny. Down there," I said, nodding down and blushing.

"You're just horny!" Glenn laughed. And then, a bit lower and in a more conspirative tone, "We can jack off again. Or maybe you want another blowjob? We've still got some time before Gloria comes home."

That surprised me. I didn't expect that Glenn would want to do that again. Of course, I did realize Glenn was right about me being horny, and another blowjob would definitely solve that horniness. But I also wanted to try giving a blowjob, especially to Glenn. His big, manly body and his big willie were suddenly very appealing to me. So I whispered, "Me first," got off my chair, and dropped to my knees. My hands immediately started working on Glenn's button and zipper, and before I knew it, I had Glenn's willie in my hand.

"You don't have to do that, Bud," Glenn tried, but he didn't sound very convincing to me.

"I know," I said, tugging at his pants. "Lift your butt."

Glenn lifted his ass from the chair long enough, so I could slide his pants down to his ankles and started massaging his willie. As it grew stiff in my inexperienced hands, I felt Glenn work himself out of his pants. Now that he was naked, waist down, I could crawl between his legs and gain better access to his willie.

As I held it in my fist and pulled back the foreskin a bit, I could see some precum oozing out. I was expecting a little more hesitation on my part, but as I was looking at this big, stiff willie in front of me, I realized I wanted to taste it and wrap my lips around it. It probably had a lot to do with the fact that I was so horny at the time. Looking back at my first blowjob, the eagerness on my part made it a lot less awkward. There was no apprehension, no question if it would fit, no wonder what it would taste like, nothing. I just opened my mouth and wanted to have that thick tube of flesh in my mouth.

The moment my tongue hit his piss slit, my lips wrapped around the top of his shaft, just below his dickhead. The taste of his precum triggered me instantly. I couldn't say I liked the taste and texture, but it was like an aphrodisiac to me. I simply wanted more, and I wanted it as quick as possible!

So as I tried to remember what Glenn did to me in the shower, I started moving my head up and down over it. But during my masturbation sessions in my bed, I learned what the good parts of my willie were. So I figured Glenn's were probably basically the same as mine. That's when I lapped my tongue over the underside of his dickhead and used a lot of saliva to make it slippery.

“AHHH... Bud! You’re amazing... OHH...” Glenn moaned above me, which made me proud.

But the pressure in my willie was growing too, so I pulled the apron aside and slid my sweats down so my willie was exposed and accessible to my hand. The movement caught Glenn’s attention because I felt him move, and he said, “Lie down. Let’s try something new.”

Despite my curiosity about what he had in mind, I didn’t want to remove his willie from my mouth, so I kept sucking and lapping away at it. Eventually, after a few moments, I felt Glenn’s hand on my shoulders as he was gently pulling me away.

“Trust me,” he softly said.

It was just a few steps to the carpet where we’d usually shoot the pictures. But before I could get to my feet, Glenn lifted me, and he carried me in his strong arms. I felt his stiff willie bob against my backside as we walked, and I was shaking with anticipation. Moments later, Glenn gently laid me down on the carpet and started taking off his shirt. As I saw him doing this, I figured I might as well get naked too. I don’t think I ever took my clothes off faster, and before Glenn was lying down next to me, I was naked.

“Lay on your side,” he said.

I did as he said but found it odd that Glenn was lying down in the opposite direction. This only took me a moment because I quickly connected the dots when his willie came close to my face. This way, we both had access to each other’s stiffies simultaneously. The moment Glenn was down, I dived in and went back to sucking his willie.

“Whoah!” he moaned. “Easy there, Bud!”

But I didn’t want to take it easy! I wanted to suck, lick, caress, and taste his cum. I never felt what I was feeling before, but Glenn told me later that I was just horny as hell. I felt delighted and happy with Glenn’s willie in my mouth, especially now that the amount of precum had increased. But the moment Glenn wrapped his mouth around mine, my eyes crossed, and I almost bit Glenn.

The tingle inside my balls and willie was already at my peak, and I figured it couldn’t get any better. But, oh boy, was I wrong! I heard myself moan uncontrollably when Glenn started moving up and down with his tongue

all over my dickhead. But I had a task I wanted to fulfill too, so I tried focussing primarily on that. At that moment, I learned that I lasted longer because of having to divide my attention between Glenn's willie and mine.

My balls were feeling like I could cum any moment now, but I didn't cum yet for some reason. Feeling like I could cum at any moment was incredible, especially now that I kept balancing on the verge of it! And as I kept sucking on Glenn's thick willie. I noticed he was moaning loudly too.

Then, moments later, I felt Glenn's hand move over my butt again, with his finger toward my butthole. Last time, it felt a bit silly when he was doing this. But now that I knew how awesome it felt, I was anticipating it, and a tingle went down my spine. I wasn't ready yet to do it too, but I wanted to do something in return, and I used my left hand to cup his balls and toy with them.

As Glenn's finger inched closer and closer to my hole, I felt my balls already pulling up toward my body. Right before his finger hit it, I doubled my efforts on Glenn's willie in an attempt to prolong my orgasm. Judging by Glenn's moans and that his dick was getting fatter, I figured he was extremely close too.

Just when I thought things couldn't feel any better, Glenn placed the bar higher again. This morning, his finger just pressed on my hole. But this time, he started sliding it in. I practically screamed with joy, but Glenn's willie in my mouth muffled the sound.

And that's when I came.

All my senses were on fire, and all muscles in my belly tensed. I came harder than ever before and felt something I had never felt before. This finger up my ass sure triggered something. I was completely engrossed in my orgasm but still managed to lurk on Glenn's willie. When I regained some of my consciousness, I worked on Glenn's willie again. All the while, I felt the same feeling as I did when I came for the first time. It felt like hours of this awesomeness, but it was probably less than a minute in retrospect.

Glenn still had his finger up my butt and his mouth over my willie when he moaned loudly. Then, his willie got even fatter, and in my hand, I felt his balls pull up and spasm a few times.

The first hit surprised me. It flew directly down my throat, and I had to suppress a cough. I didn't have time to think because before I knew it, there was another spurt. And another. I tried swallowing as much as I could, and I just loved the taste of it. But it was just too much, and I felt some of it ooze out of the corner of my mouth, around Glenn's willie.

Just before Glenn came, I was still feeling like I was cumming, but it slowly ebbed away. Now that his cum filled my mouth, that feeling was back. Glenn was moving and spasming a bit when he came, which caused his finger to move around in my butt. That added a lot to the experience too.

Glenn still had my willie in his mouth but stopped the sucking and licking. So I figured I had to do the same now, even though I wanted to taste more of Glenn's cum. My tongue eagerly lapped up each drop that dribbled out, but eventually, Glenn pulled back, leaving my mouth strangely empty. His finger slowly left my butt, which felt both good and bad at the same time. And as Glenn's mouth left my willie and the cold hit it, I decided to turn on my back too, still breathing heavily.

"Wow!" I softly said, "I didn't... wow!"

"Yeah," was all Glenn said. And a few moments later, "I think you actually shot some sperm, Bud."

"REALLY!?" I asked, propping myself up on my elbows and looking at Glenn.

"Really. It wasn't much, but I felt it come out, and I tasted it," he chuckled.

I turned around, threw myself at Glenn, and hugged him tightly. His softening willie was pressed against mine, making me feel all warm inside. Then, before I realized what I was doing, I kissed him on his cheek and said, "Thank you! You made my sperm come out!"

"Hahaha!" Glenn laughed. "You did that yourself, Bud!" and he kissed me on my cheek too and ruffled my hair.

I laid my head on his chest, enjoying what we did together. We laid like this for a few minutes before I said, "You were right about that new idea."

"Well... technically, it isn't a new idea. It's called a sixty-nine."

"Sixty-nine?"

"Yeah. Picture the numbers and imagine the circles being a head..."

"Oh!" I said after visualizing it, "I see."

"It's amazing, right? Making each other feel good at the same time. It's almost like actual fucking."

"Yeah! I never thought about such a thing."

"No wonder. You're only twelve years old."

"Hey! I'm almost thirteen!" I said with mock indignation.

"Right! Sorry, Bud!" Glenn laughed.

"Glenn?"

"Scott?"

"Why did you put your finger... well..." I timidly asked.

"It's what they call an erogenous zone of the male body. Didn't you like it?"

"I... uhm... I actually liked it a lot! That's not weird, is it? Does it mean I'm gay?"

That caused Glenn to lift his head and look me in the eyes. The serious look on his face made me think I had asked something I shouldn't have asked.

"No! That doesn't mean you're gay. Nor does it mean you're straight. It just means you like giving your... butt a bit of attention. And what if it did mean you're gay? I don't care! Heck, I like it too, and I'm not gay."

"Oh. Sorry." I responded.

"No need to be sorry, Bud. You're still learning a lot about your body."

"I guess you're right. Thanks for showing me all this!" I said, relieved it wasn't a big thing, and I gave Glenn another tight hug.

"Let's clean up in here and head to the house, okay? Gloria will be back from her bridge club soon, and I don't think she'll understand what's happening here."

I gave Glenn a peck on his lips and got to my feet. His eyes roamed over my body, and as I extended my hand to help him to his feet, he asked, "Would you mind posing together with Michelle next week?"

"Uhh, I don't know. Can I?"



Chapter 11 – B-Wyze

“Will do. Thank you for choosing Aquinas pictures,” I say to Mr. Lieberman over the phone as Audrey looks at me expectantly.

I smile at Audrey as I hang up. I know she’s dying of curiosity, but I decide to tease her a bit. So, I pretend to be very busy with all the paperwork lying around on the desk. I smile to myself as I hear Audrey groan.

“OOHHH!! Come on! What did he say?” Audrey whines as she slaps me softly on my shoulder.

“Just kidding, Lil’ Bit,” I say, laughing. I explain to Audrey that Mr. Lieberman owns the B-Wyze clothing company, whose primary focus is on swim and underwear for children and teens. The studio he worked with up until now doesn’t have the quality Mr. Lieberman is looking for. He heard some great stories about our studio, and after he saw some of the practice shots I did with Evan, he called us. As a first assignment, Mr. Lieberman wants us to do the catalog and webshop shots for the new swim and underwear collection. He’ll hire us as his primary studio if these are to his liking.

“That’s great news!” Audrey cheers and gives me a tight hug.

“It is! But it’s a lot of work too. The shipment with the clothes that need to be modeled arrives on Friday. That’s the day after tomorrow, and I need to prepare the studio too. After the clothes arrive, I’ll need to sort them and make sure they’re shot in the right order so that the printing company and webmaster won’t mix it up.”

“We...” Audrey says.

“What do you mean?”

“WE need to sort it and manage it. Not just you,” she says and kisses me on my cheek.

“Okay. WE,” I laugh, “I’m calling Miranda to see if she’s still interested in this.”

“What do you think?” Audrey chuckles. “She’ll probably be here in under a minute if you ask her.”

"I guess you're right, but I have to ask it officially, and I need to negotiate the fee they're gonna get."

"Who are you going to ask for the girl's collection?"

"Well... I was kinda hoping you'd help me out with at least the test shots. And if these are approved, it'll be a lot easier to plan the whole thing."

"Really? I uhm... I don't know. I never thought about it. I want to try posing as a model to see what it's like. But that's just a thing between us. I don't want a career in it."

"Let's do some test shots and see how it goes, okay?"

"I don't know if I want a lot of people to see me in my bikini," Audrey says, blushing furiously and looking very insecure all of a sudden.

"First off, you don't have to be ashamed about anything! You look amazing. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise! I mean it," I smile warmly, "And second, these shots will be body shots only. Your face won't be in it."

"Oh! Okay. Well... let's try and see how it goes then," she smiles, and the insecurity seems to fade away.

"This whole thing is going to be a lot of work, I'm afraid. Thankfully the test shots I made of Evan last time are approved, so we don't have to do these anymore."

"He liked them that much?"

"He didn't choose us just because of them, of course. I had done a decent job shooting him..." I put on a horribly exaggerated French accent, "lahk a tdru ahr-TEEEST!!"

"Of course," she giggles.

"So Saturday and Sunday will be all about shooting the twins, and I'm guessing a few evenings during the week too. And then we still have to find time to shoot your stuff."

"Don't worry. We'll manage. Maybe I can skip my gymnastics practice once or twice this week. That'll buy us some time too."

"I don't want you to have to miss practice because of this. Ah well... we'll see. First, we need to make sure the twins are onboard."

The call to Miranda was as expected. She said she was thrilled to help with the assignment. Even the price she asked for doing this was way better than expected. She only demanded that the boys' names be spread around by B-Wyze and me. That way, they'd land more assignments, according to Miranda. I know it doesn't always work like this in the business, but that's up to Miranda to figure out.

We sit around quietly for a moment when an idea pops up. So I ask, "How about we try some portfolio shots? That way, you'll know what it's like to be in front of a camera, and it might give you an idea of what to expect."

"Uhm... okay. When?" Audrey asks, not overly thrilled.

"How about now?" I say in an attempt to stop her from overthinking it.

"I... uhm... I guess?"

"Great! No need to change. Just wear your street clothes," I say and head toward the studio, figuring Audrey will follow me.

I flip on the lights when we enter the studio, motioning for Audrey to step onto the carpet. The backdrop is plain white, which contrasts nicely with her hair. I grab my camera and smile at her, trying to put her at ease because she's obviously more than just a little nervous.

"Now what?" she asks, fiddling with the hem of her blouse.

"We'll start with some full-length shots. Just do what you think feels right, kay?"

"Okay," she says timidly, "but you need to tell me when I look silly!"

"Don't worry," I say soothingly, "you won't look silly. And no one but us will see these pics, so nothing to worry about." That seems to put Audrey at ease, and she starts smiling at me. I give her a few directions, and before I know it, she's posing almost like a pro.

When I finish with a few full-length shots, I move on to closeups of her head. These are usually done with a bare neck, and her blouse's collar covers it up. "You think you could open up the buttons of your top and pull it away? Or ... just take it off?" She gets a coy look on her face and slowly starts unbuttoning. As this striptease unfolds before my eyes, I snap away as much as I can, surprised by how quickly this shy girl changed into a stripper.

The moment the blouse slides from her shoulders and her bra-covered breasts and tight belly come into view, I feel myself grow hard. I don't want to and think it's unprofessional even in a setting like this, but I just can't help it.

I see Audrey's eyes briefly go to my crotch, but she doesn't say or do anything. So I decide to act like nothing is out of the ordinary either and move in to take her headshots.

"Aren't my straps showing this way?" Audrey asks innocently but with a smile that oozes horniness.

"Yeah. A bit. But with a girl your age, this is perfectly normal. With adults, we ask to move them a bit out of..."

Before I can finish my sentence, Audrey moves both of her bra straps out of the way and smiles at me.

"Since it's just the two of us, we might as well do this right," she softly says.

So I snap a few shots of her head with her bare shoulders, and in the corner of my eye, I see the top of her right nipple showing above the pads of her small bra.

I quickly point my camera to this incredibly sexy spectacle and softly say, "since it's just the two of us, the sexy bits can be shown too,"

Audrey starts to giggle nervously. "What's next?"

"Just the half, quarter, and full-length body shots. And close-ups of your distinctive features."

"And what are my distinctive features?"

"If you ask me, your belly and ass," I say, knowing quite well how inappropriate it is to say it like this but also knowing how much Audrey likes to be treated as equal.

I step back for the overview pictures, and Audrey gets back in the flow of posing like a pro. Taking off her blouse was almost like a striptease, but the way she removes her skirt is very unceremonial. She just unbuttons it, drops it to the floor, and kicks it away.

Even though I've seen it many times by now, the way she looks in her underwear still gets me going. Her bra straps are still loose around her

upper arms, and the top of both her nipples are showing. It isn't obscene or trashy, but more like an innocent wardrobe failure that doesn't seem to bother her. Her standard laced hipster panties must be in the laundry or something because this time, she's wearing classic white cotton panties with little red kisses all over them. There's a mild cameltoe in the front, and it's obvious she's turned on by this, judging by the tiny dark spot accentuating her pussy.

I feel my still stiff dick twitch painfully in my pants and realize my precum is leaking like crazy. I see Audrey's eyes move to my crotch again, and she asks, "Isn't that uncomfortable?"

"Yeah. A bit. Sorry, but I can't help it," I say, blushing furiously.

"I don't care. I'm flattered you like looking at me," she chuckles. "You can take 'em off if you want."

Although this sounds very tempting, I figure I need to be the sensible one here before things start spiraling out of control. "Thanks. But I don't think this is a good idea," I say and try to sound as convincing as I can.

"Did you cum already?" Audrey blurts out, still focussed on my crotch.

I look down and see the big, damp spot my precum created. Wanting to be as honest as I can about all this, I say, "No. This is my precum. This whole situation is pretty exciting, and I'm getting aroused, so my dick is preparing itself to have sex."

"Do you want to have sex with me?"

"No, no!! That's not what I mean!" I say, terrified about how this is going.

"Why not? You just said I look sexy," she pouts.

"Well... You do. But I'm... I can't...uhm," I stammer.

"I'm just pulling your chain," Audrey says, laughing, "I'm not stupid, you know."

"Oh. I uhm..." I keep stammering, "...you DO look sexy, but we can't... Let's take some more pictures, okay?"

"Sure," Audrey says, smiling that horny smile again.

I take the necessary portfolio pictures and move in to take a close-up of her belly. Both from the front and side, noticing again how much her

gymnastics training sculpted her body. After these are out of the way, she turns her back to me so that I can take pictures of her ass.

"Oh boy," I hear myself whisper as I look at that tight, panty-clad ass right in front of me. Both undersides of her cheeks peek out from under the fabric, and her child-like panties make it look forbidden and sexy at the same time.

After taking a few pictures, Audrey looks back at me over her shoulder and says, "Wait a second. I think this will make it better."

Before I can say anything, she hooks her thumbs in the waistband of her panties, lowers them, and steps out of them. As she's bent over, I almost cream in my pants as I get a great look at her ass and pussy. It only lasts a few moments, but at that moment, I realize I'm basically powerless to resist this young girl. I know I have to be the responsible adult here, but she's making it extremely difficult with her hot body and flirty attitude.

"That's better, isn't it?" she asks as she stands up straight and shakes her ass a little.

"Ahem... yeah," I croak and clear my throat, "but these can't go into your portfolio."

"I know. But you like my ass, and I want to know what it looks like too."

I'm currently on my knees at eye level with her butt, and I snap away at it. I ask her to bend forward a bit, lift one leg, and so on. Just when I think I'm done, Audrey starts to giggle.

"I want to try something. Sit back a little."

So I do as she says, hold the camera in front of my face and make sure to keep her in the center of the frame. She quickly takes off her bra, and I see her spreading her legs. Now her legs make an almost perfect triangle with the floor, and I start snapping away. Audrey bends forward, grabs her ankles with her hands, and looks back at me, upside-down from between her legs. She smiles that horny smile again, and my finger almost can't press the shutter button fast enough. I zoom in on her exposed tits, her thighs, her pussy, her face, her ass. Everything looks hot. The way she's standing and looking at me, she just breathes sex. I didn't realize it up until then, but twelve-year-old girls can be way sexier than most adults.

I have to adjust my straining boner, and I feel the wetness in my underwear as I do so. With the camera in my other hand, I keep finding new spots on her body to eternalize digitally.

"You sure about your pants?" Audrey asks again after looking at me, adjusting my boner.

"Uh-huh," I half-heartedly reply.

"Well... I need to do something about it," she says and sits down on the floor with her legs obscenely spread toward me, giving me an unobstructed view of her spread pussy.

I hear myself swallow as I see Audrey's right hand slowly move toward her pussy, while her other hand moves to her boob and her fingers start pinching her nipple. "Audrey... Wh... What are you doing?" I stammer.

"The other day, I saw the pictures Glenn took of you when you first modeled, and I want to try that too," she pants, and as her finger hits her clit, the sound of a loud moan fills the room. "Will you take my... ahhhh.... pictures too, pleas... hmmmhhmm?"

This takes me by surprise. Where did she find that book? Glenn promised me he hid it where only he could find it. At that moment, I realized I had given Audrey the combination of Glenn's safe so that she could send Mr. Cohen some required copies of things like death certificates, so her trust could be started. And in the back of the safe, Glenn kept my most personal and intimate pictures.

Considering I'm horny as hell by now, the obvious effect it has on Audrey, and the fact that I have very fond memories of these pictures, make me dismiss the idea that she found something she shouldn't have.

"Go for it..." I whisper and start taking the best pictures possible of this masturbating young girl in the spotlight of a photo studio.

The moment I whisper this, something changes in Audrey's eyes. She starts going for it hardcore and appears to slip into her bubble. I crawl toward her for a better view, and she doesn't even react to my movement.

As I inch closer, she lays back down on her back, her legs still spread and bent, so her knees point upward. I lay between them, looking up her body toward her head. Her middle finger slips inside her pussy, and she

arches her back. This way, her tits are partly visible, and so are her head and the rest of her lower body. The pictures I snap at that moment are probably still the most intimate I ever took. Audrey is in the middle of the act of something very personal, but her entire, nubile young body, electrified with horniness, is on display.

“OHH...” Audrey moans, and I get on my knees to get a better view.

Looking down at her from an angle is still hot as fuck, and I feel the tension in my balls grow by the second. But I don’t want this to be about me. So I move around as quietly as I can, snapping away at this masturbating girl.

“Ohhh, Scott! I think I’m cumming alrea... AHH.... I’m... OHHH...”

Her head starts moving around from left to right, and her eyes are shot back into her head. By now, both her hands are working on her pussy. Her left middle finger plows in and out of her sopping pussy, making obscene squishy sounds, while her other hand works on her clit and lips.

“AIIIIHHHHIIII!!” Audrey almost screams.

I see her body stiffen, her hips push forward so her ass is off the floor. Her hands are perfectly still, and her whole body starts spasming a heartbeat later. Seeing her cum, almost pushes me over the edge, and my dick is twitching inside my pants furiously. Thankfully, I don’t jizz my pants, but it’s close.

I keep taking a picture every now and then, and after a few moments, Audrey drops to the floor. Then, she slowly opens her eyes and smiles at me.

“That was HOT!!” she pants.

“Fucking hot,” I say, well aware of the swearword but figuring it emphasizes the intenseness of it all.

“I had a great teacher,” she whispers, blushing.

“Thanks,” is all I can come up with, “I think you’re ready to model that swimwear.”

We both start laughing, and Audrey gets up, hugging me tightly. As she does this, my nostrils are filled with the smell of young girl pussy, and I shiver as she hugs me.

“You’re awesome, Scott! I’m so glad you’re with me,” and I can hear her sniff at that.

I look her in the eyes, and I can see some tears in them. I kiss her softly on her lips, which causes Audrey to kiss me back instantly. The moment I feel her mouth open, I gently break the kiss and smile at her.

“You just came. Your hormones are playing tricks with you right now. Don’t worry about it.”

Audrey breaks the hug and starts gathering her clothes. As she pulls up her panties, she asks, “I don’t care if it’s my hormones talking. I’m really, really glad you’re taking care of me,” and seeing her determined look is a confirmation to me that she’s serious about it.

“I really like being with you too, Lil’ Bit!”

She smiles warmly as she puts on the rest of her clothes. “We can start prepping the studio right now, you know?”

Glad she changed the subject, I eagerly agree. A little over an hour later, the basic backdrop is set, and the spots are set to the default settings too. This way, I’ll only have to make minor changes to make sure the pictures all look the same, except for the twins’ clothes.

We clean up, watch some tv, and go to bed. Being naked next to each other in bed isn’t really an issue anymore, and as I lay there staring at the ceiling, I decide to jack off in the shower tomorrow. My level of arousal dropped enough to get through the night without much trouble.

“I didn’t think it would be that awesome,” Audrey says next to me.

“Me neither. I remember my first time like it was yesterday. Being in front of a camera makes you feel... important?”

“Yeah. That’s about right, I guess. But when I started... uhm... doing ‘that,’ I almost felt like I was watching myself. I felt SO hot doing it.”

“I know! I felt that, too, back then. Glenn didn’t push me or anything, but it felt like a switch was flipped when I was down to my underwear. I wanted to show everything I had, and I just had to jack off. I still don’t know what happened. It was almost like a trance.”

“It helped a lot too that it was you behind the camera and not some stranger.”

“True. But I still didn’t expect the urge to do it would be this strong.”

“Well... to be honest,” Audrey softly says, “I felt the urge to do it as I thumbed through the book this morning with the pics of your first session,” and I can almost hear her blush

“Those were meant to be private...” I half-heartedly respond, knowing perfectly well Glenn did his best.

“I know. But once I found them, I couldn’t stop looking.” She glances at me with a pensive look, concerned that she went too far. “I’m sorry.”

“Nah. It’s okay. I get it. And while we’re being honest, I would’ve looked too. In fact, I want to see them again. It’s been a long time.”

“I put the book back in the safe.”

“I’ll look at it tomorrow. But now we gotta sleep. School and prep day tomorrow. Night, Lil’ Bit”

“Night, Scott.”

“You looked amazing. You really did,” I say into the darkness.

I feel her moving beside me, and before I know it, her lips touch my face, and she gives me a tender kiss on my cheek. Then, she drapes her naked body over my side of mine as she cuddles up. The heat and wetness from her pussy on my leg immediately brings my dick to life, but I don’t care if she notices it anymore. I just enjoy her nude body on mine, and since she’s clearly interested in my boner, I figure there’s no need to be all paranoid about it anymore.

As we lay there, and I let the events of the day roll by in my head, I can’t help myself, and I realize how much I really like both the person and the body that’s cuddled up against me. Could it be ... LOVE? I give my head a shake and dismiss this quickly. I CAN’T be in love with a twelve-year-old girl who is legally my sort-of daughter! I love her, but surely not like... THAT! We can play around, and I can help her explore her sexuality as Glenn did with me. But there needs to be a line I shouldn’t cross. So my only worry at the moment is where this is going to end and if I can contain myself when necessary.

* * *

The following morning, it's business as usual. After Audrey gets out of the shower and I'm done brushing my teeth, I hop in and let the warm water clean my body. The moment Audrey is done drying herself, she finally leaves the bathroom, and I jerk myself to a quick orgasm. As my cum splatters against the tiles, I feel yesterday's tension leave my body. But when I open my eyes, I see Audrey's silhouette through the fogged-up glass door, standing there and brushing her teeth. Even though I jerked off with my back toward her, I feel a bit embarrassed. I don't know when she came in, but what I did couldn't be missed.

"You know you can do that in bed, right?" Audrey says after spitting out the toothpaste and without looking at me.

So much for secrecy and privacy. But the lack of guilt and shame I feel surprises me. So I turn sideways to grab the soap and say, "I know. But I didn't want to bother you with it last night."

"Okay. Fine with me. Just so you know, I don't care. Kay?" and with that, she turns around and leaves the bathroom.

After Audrey heads off to school, I call Miranda. Luckily, she and the twins are available tonight and the rest of the weekend. So we arrange for them to come over at around seven this evening. We'll take some test pictures, tweak the setup where necessary, and make sure the two remaining days can be used to produce the final images of the swim and underwear.

I move stuff around in the studio, and in the end, I think I created a pretty good setup. The room divider for giving the boys privacy when they need to change is now a bit closer to the shooting location, so the boys won't waste too much time walking back and forth. I wish I could put it closer, but unfortunately, that's not an option. I also tested with a triple camera setup to shoot all three sides at once. But I just can't get the lighting right on all three, so they have to turn twice during the shoot. I hoped to get the total time to shoot one item down a bit, but sometimes it is what it is.

I start sorting the clothes and make sure they are all numbered correctly so that no one can mess up after we're done. Then, after Audrey gets back from school, she starts helping me. Most of the items the boys need to model are basic boardshorts in all sorts, lengths, and colors. There are

also about a dozen bikini-style pants and a few semi-professional tight swim trunks that end just above the knee.

The underwear is basically the same. Most of them are boxer briefs in all sorts of colors and lengths. There are about a dozen low-rise bikini-style briefs and a dozen old-school cotton boxer shorts. But when I open the box labeled 'other,' I'm a bit surprised. There are four different thongs in there and two types of jock-straps. I didn't know they even made thongs for kids this age, but as the image forms in my head, I realize I won't mind seeing these hot twins in them.

"Uhm... Scott?" Audrey asks while holding up a thong.

"What is it?" I ask, chuckling because of her questioning face.

"Do I need to wear this?"

Audrey took charge of the box with girls' clothes, and I realized there were some clothes in there too that a kid this age wouldn't normally wear.

"We promised Mr. Lieberman we'd shoot everything he'd send us."

"Hmm..." Audrey says thoughtfully, "it's a good thing it's just body shots then."

"Mr. Lieberman did mention that his company is unique in its products for teenagers. So I guess this is what he means by that," I laugh as I hold up the boys' thong.

"Oh wow... they've got these for boys too?" she asks with disbelief in her voice and her face getting red.

After we finish unpacking, sorting, and registering everything, we quickly eat something. Just after we finish, the bell rings, and the Thompsons are here. We greet each other, and as we walk toward the studio, Miranda asks, "Did you ever do a big shoot like this before?"

"Not this big on my own, no. But I assisted Glen a lot with these kinds of shoots, so I know quite well how it's done and what's needed."

"Good to hear. And I... we need to talk about tomorrow," she says, looking a bit embarrassed.

She's interrupted by the twins, who have entered the studio and taken in the new setup. "Wow!" they both say simultaneously.

“That’s a pretty neat setup!” Miranda agrees, clearly impressed, and I can see the last bit of doubt disappear from her face.

“Thanks. We worked hard the last couple of days. What about tomorrow?”

“Oh. Well... My husband and I have an important meeting with a potential investor that afternoon. So I don’t know what time we’ll be done, and I’m afraid we won’t be able to pick up the boys. Is it too much to ask of you to drive them home tomorrow after they’re done here?”

“Oh no! Not at all!” I reply cheerfully, glad to know there won’t be a potential bossy parent around.

“Thanks! You’re the best,” Miranda sighs, clearly relieved to have this out of the way.

“Okay, boys!” I say as I stand next to Audrey and try to get their attention.

I explain to them how I need to make sure the setup is okay for tomorrow’s shoot. And that today will all be about practice. And that tomorrow and Sunday, we’ll do the hard work. Their nervousness is quickly gone after my explanation of the how and what.

“So, head over to Audrey, and she’ll hand you your first swimsuits.”

As Audrey hands them two board shorts, I explain that they can change behind the divider like last time. And that later on, we’ll do the speedos and maybe underwear. But that depends mostly on how complicated the lighting turns out to be with the first two items.

“I need to make sure the lighting is good for them too,” I say to the room divider where Evan and Owen are currently changing.

I already lost Miranda. She’s still inside the studio, but since I started talking to Evan and Owen, she’s made a phone call and is currently extremely busy typing on her phone. This is fine by me. The fewer comments from her, the easier it’ll all go down.

She must’ve seen me looking because out of the blue, she says, “We’re in the middle of acquiring three new salons. So I’m a bit occupied. Sorry.”

“Don’t worry. I’ve got it covered. This way, you can see how I do things, so you don’t have to worry tomorrow when they’re here on their own,” I

smile.

“Oh. I’m not worried about you. I can see how you handle them and how Audrey acts around you. So, no. No worries here,” she smiles.

“Thanks. I appreciate it,” I say, and at that moment, the boys get into the set.

They look just as hot as I remember them. And in my head, I already picture them in these tiny thongs. But first things first. We get to work after jumping through the hoops to determine who’s who. They both catch on quickly, and before we know it, it’s time to change into the speedos.

“Uhm... Scott?” I hear from behind the divider.

“What is it?” I ask, smiling knowingly at Audrey.

“Can you come here for a sec please?”

I look at Audrey and shrug. As I get behind the divider, one of the twins is looking at me and standing there in his blue speedos, with the other giggling and buck naked next to him. I quickly glance at the exposed dick, and seeing his birthmark assures me I’m looking at Evan.

“What is it?” I ask Owen, quickly drinking in the sight of both boys.

“Uhm... you know you can see it all in these things, right?” he says, looking a bit unsure.

“I know. That’s how these things work. You don’t feel comfortable wearing it?” I try carefully.

“Nah! I don’t care,” he smiles and grabs his dick through the thin fabric, “I just wanna know if I should point it to the left or the right,” he says with a straight face, but behind me, Evan bursts out into laughter.

I can’t help myself and also start laughing, glad to know they’re just playing with me. So I say, “Whatever you want. As long as it doesn’t peek out somewhere, it’s fine by me.”

I turn around, nodding my head, and see Evan pulling up his green speedos. I get one last look at his junk before I get back to my camera. I glance over at Audrey and see she’s smiling, but her face is flushed. I look at Miranda, and she’s smiling too. When she sees me looking, she just shrugs and rolls her eyes apologetically.

The speedo test pics are done relatively quickly, but I prolong it a bit by zooming at the crotches. This way, I've got some nice pics of what these boys are packing. When these are almost done, I check my watch and look over at Audrey.

"We can do your test pics right now too. Is that okay with you?"

"Uhh... sure," she says and shrugs.

"Great! Go and change, so we can continue when I'm done here."

I take a few more close-ups of Evan's dick and balls. The moment I'm done, I stand up straight and say, "That's it for today, guys. Thanks!"

Right at that moment, Audrey appears from behind the divider, and I can see both boys looking at her with their mouths open. I have to blink a few times too, but I quickly regain my senses and act as if it's the most normal thing in the world. Audrey picked the bikini that's clearly inspired by the one that Ursula Andress wore in the James Bond movie. And she looks absolutely fabulous in it.

As she walks over to the set for the test shots, she looks at Owen and Evan. I expected her to be all shy and reserved at this moment, but the boys' reaction must've spiked her confidence. And that white bikini with black waistband looks smokin' hot on her. I can't blame the boys for looking at Audrey like they do.

"Great! Get over there, so I can do the necessary checks," I say, winking at her.

"Dude!" I hear one of the boys whisper loudly behind me.

I look over to see what's going on, and right before Owen covers it with his hands, I can see his speedo-covered boner pointing toward his hip. A quick glance toward his brother shows that he's chubbed up but not hard. Of course, this all happens in a split second, but I like what I see. And I like it a lot!

"I'm sorry, dude! Can't help it. Look at her!" he whispers back without showing much shame for boning up.

"I know, but..." Evan whispers softly and looks at his brother's groin.

"You can go and change if you want, boys," I say as I look for Miranda, who's currently on the phone and not looking at what's going on here.

“Nah. We’re good,” Owen smiles as our eyes meet.

“I can see that,” I chuckle as I nod toward his groin, “but I think it’s best if you hit the sack early today. We’ve got two long days ahead of us.”

Owen blushes when he realizes he’s busted. Evan just smiles and says, “Come on, Dude. He’s right. Mom will be ready soon too.”

And after they disappear behind the divider, I focus on Audrey again. Her confidence is still high, and she's acting like a pro. It all goes way smoother than with the boys. We did have some practice, of course. But still... I’m impressed.

After we’re done, I look over my shoulder and see the boys are standing there in the clothes they wore when they came in. But, instead of what kids these days usually do, they aren’t looking at their phones. Instead, their eyes are glued to Audrey in her hot, white bikini.

“Ready?” Miranda asks as she walks toward us, her phone in her pocket for once.

“See you tomorrow,” Audrey says seductively as she walks by the boys and disappears behind the divider

“Yeah. All done for now,” I say to Miranda, ignoring Audrey and the boys. “Remember to wear loose-fitting clothes tomorrow, so we won’t see any lines we don’t wanna see.”

“Will do. And thanks for bringing them home tomorrow. You’re a life-saver!”

“Don’t mention it.”

“See you tomorrow, Mr. H,” Evan says, and we bump fists, “later, Audrey!”

I make another fistbump with Owen. “Later, Audrey!” he calls out, and they’re off.

Audrey and I watch some tv together, and after we clean up and get in bed, she asks, “Did you see how they looked at me?”

“I sure did,” I reply, not mentioning the boner incident since I don’t want to embarrass either of them. “And I don’t blame them. You looked like a million bucks in that bikini!”

"I do look good in it, don't I?"

"Yeah. You sure do!"

"But they looked amazing too in those small speedos."

"True. But not as hot as you did. Close, but not quite."

"Night."

"Night," I say, yawning loudly. "Oh! Before I forget. We're bringing them home tomorrow after the shoot. You can come too if you want."

"Why?"

"What do you mean, why?"

"Why bring them home? They can stay here for the night. There's still a room left that we don't use. And Glenn's room, of course."

"Hmm. Didn't think of that. I'll ask Miranda. We're basically strangers, so I don't know what she thinks of it. But it does save a lot of time."

"Kay. Night," Audrey says and clicks off the light.

* * *

Audrey and I are still drinking our tea and coffee the following day when Miranda and the twins arrive. Both Owen and Evan have big smiles on their faces and look excited to get started. Miranda, however, looks anxious.

"You okay? Want some coffee, maybe?" I ask and motion for her to sit down at the table.

"Yes, please," she responds thankfully and sits down.

"I'll get it," Audrey says as the twins join us at the table and sit on the wooden bench.

"We're only wearing sweats, Mr. H.," one says, and the other chuckles. "All airy and loose down there!"

Miranda looks at him with a frown, and he immediately responds, "What!? It's true, isn't it?"

"You know I told you not to say everything that pops up in your head. This is one of these things. Scott isn't interested in how 'loose' everything is hanging," she says sternly, with a clear emphasis on loose.

"Okay. Sorry, Mom."

I know better than interfering in these discussions, so I decide to change the subject, "Audrey had a good idea," I say as Audrey puts down the coffee in front of Miranda.

"Oh?" she asks, looking at Audrey.

"Yeah," Audrey starts, "bringing them home tonight and then driving them back here tomorrow seems a bit silly to me. We've got a spare bedroom, and they can sleep there. If you're okay with that, of course."

"And if Owen and Evan want to, obviously," I quickly add.

"I... uhm... I can't ask this from you, guys!" she tries, but it's immediately clear that she likes the idea.

"Nonsense! We've even got more time for the shoot this way!" I smile.

"Well... It does eliminate the need to be home in time tonight... You sure you don't mind?"

"Honestly! They're very polite, and I'm sure we'll have a good time," I say, knowing how much parents like it when other people call their kids polite.

"What do you think, little men?" she asks, looking at them.

"Fine by me," Evan replies.

"Me too," Owen adds.

"Just one thing. You'll have to share a bed. That's all. It's a king-size, though."

"No problem. We're used to that. We do it almost every holiday we go on," is Owen's quick reply.

"And we shared a womb, so we're used to being together!" adds Evan, grinning. Miranda rolls her eyes again.

"Thanks! Then it's settled. That's one concern less. Today is a very exciting day because if we manage to take over these other salons, we'd

be the biggest in the area, opening many opportunities for us. We can get the..."

"Mom!" both boys say simultaneously.

"Oh. Sorry. You're right," she blushes, "I can sometimes get a little carried away about the salons."

"Listen. Just do your thing today, and let me worry about these two little men. Just make sure you don't forget about them," I smile.

"No, silly!" Miranda chuckles, "We'll pick them up at around four on Sunday?"

"Great! If things go well, we're going to be done by then. I'm almost certain."

Miranda polishes off her coffee and almost runs out of the studio to get her things done. It's clear she cares a lot about the boys, but now it's also apparent there is something massive happening with the salons. I'm glad to help, and I like that there are no prying eyes now. This way, I can focus on what I do best. And it'll be fun with these two clowns around. I like these kids, and so does Audrey.

After announcing we're starting, both boys get up and walk over to the divider. Audrey is with them and starts picking the first item for them to wear. She surprises me when she blurts out, "Now I see what you mean. You're not wearing underwear!"

"Yeah. When you're hung like us, it's difficult to hide it, you know," one of them says.

"Bullshit! I've seen you in speedos, so you don't have a lot of secrets for me in that department," Audrey chuckles.

"Shit. She's right, dude," the other one laughs.

Before we start shooting, I learn who's who. I realize at that moment that if you just ask them, they give you an honest answer. It's the guessing and saying how much they look alike that puts them off. When we start the shoot, I quickly get a bit annoyed by how much time it all takes. Sure, in the beginning, it's getting used to everything, finding the correct spot and pose, that sort of stuff. Then, after three or four items each, the pace picks up a bit.

“We’re doing a lot of walking back and forth,” I hear Evan say behind me. “Would you mind if we just change ... like, right here?”

I look back at him, figuring he’s asking me. But he’s actually asking Audrey, which I find very sweet of him. Audrey glances at me, and I just shrug.

“Uhm... no. I don’t mind. Do you want me to turn around or something?” she asks.

“Sure, if you want. We... kinda don’t care if you see us. We’re used to walking around... you know... naked when we’re at home,” Evan explains.

“It’s just that you might think it’s... you know...weird... or awkward. So it’s the right thing to ask first, right?” Owen adds.

“I uhh... no. Go ahead,” she says, and I can see a slight flush on her face.

“Mr. H?” Evan asks, looking at me.

“It might speed things up, so go ahead. And remember, what happens inside this studio, stays in this studio!”

“Almost like Vegas,” Owen smiles. Both of them hook their thumbs into their waistbands and are naked in under a second.

This sure speeds things up. The time it took them to walk back and forth to the divider is gone this way. And I see a gorgeous naked boy practically all the time. I manage to steer away from a boner, but it takes me some effort and a lot of focus to do so. I notice Audrey constantly stealing glances, but it just seems natural for them to walk around naked after a while, and even Audrey stops looking the entire time.

About halfway through the afternoon, I can see they’re all getting a bit tired. We’ve done great so far, and almost all the boardshorts are done. So now it’s just the speedos, underwear, and thongs left. We’re probably ready at around noon tomorrow if we keep up this shooting rate.

“Let’s finish the boardshorts, and then we’ll call it a day. Okay?”

“Sounds good! I’m getting pretty tired, you know?” Owen says as he scratches his balls.

I can’t help but look. His cut penis lies against the back of his hand, and his balls are moving in his sack as he scratches them. His hairless legs, the small patch of pubes, and slightly muscular chest make me want to touch

him everywhere. I know I can't, but they do make it damn difficult this way.

"Okay! That's a wrap!" After the final board short is shot, I call out, "if you boys want, you can go take a shower.

"Nah. I'm good," Evan says.

"Me too. I'll take one in the morning. I didn't sweat that much. Need any help in here?"

"You are the best," I call out, and both of them are beaming with pride, "but you need to change into your sweats. We can't go to Denny's with you looking like this!" and I point at their boardshorts.

"Denny's? Just a sec!" Owen says and quickly heads over to the divider, his brother hard on his heels.

"Even that 'airy' look is better than just swimming shorts!" Audrey shouts, chuckling.

"Yeah, yeah..." comes the muffled reply from behind the divider.

The evening is delightful! Evan and Owen are a lot of fun to be around and didn't give me a hard time once. We eat at Denny's, but the twins ask us to skip dessert. Instead, Evan insists on eating ice cream at a nearby shop that serves the best milkshake in the state, according to both of them! So we head over there, and I have to hand it to them.

"That's one fine milkshake!" I say after I polish it off.

"Told you!" Evan says.

"Look, guys. Tomorrow we need to shoot the more revealing stuff," I say seriously. "You don't feel pressured or anything, right?"

"Huh? No!" Owen says with a look on his face as if I'm from Mars.

"Just checking. Sorry."

"I really don't care! I'd pose naked if you want. I'm not ashamed of my body. His body, on the other hand..." Owen says as he makes a disgusted face and points at his brother.

"Hahaha!! That's funny! Ya know... cause y'all look... the same!" I say with a thick trailer-trash accent to emphasize the humor in explaining a joke.

We all laugh so loud that the waitress starts glaring at us. "Let's tone it down a bit, guys. I don't wanna be kicked out of here."

"Sshhh..." Audrey whispers, still giggling.

"I think we've got time tomorrow to do a mood shot with the three of you. Would you mind?" I say after the laughter dies off.

"What's a mood shot?" Audrey asks, and judging by the questioning look on all faces, nobody knows what I mean.

"I want to put you guys on a beach where you're having fun. Or where you look at the sea. Or just sunbathing. Stuff you do when you're wearing these clothes. That way, Mr. Liebermann will see the added value of it because these can be used on his website, in his shops, his printed folders, you name it."

"You want to go to the beach tomorrow? In Seattle?" Owen smirks.

"Duh! Of course not," I reply with mock annoyance. "We'll use a green screen. But if he likes it, I'll try to persuade him to go to an actual tropical island and shoot the real deal."

"Oh wow..." all three whisper together, which causes another burst of laughter.

"Count me in!" Owen says, "if it can take me to a tropical island, I'm game!"

"Me too," his brother replies and looks questioningly at Audrey.

"No. Not me. Find another idiot," she says with a straight face.

"Owww!!" Evan and Owen whine.

"What do you think? Of course, I wanna go to a tropical island! Back at ya!"

"Wait a minute! I'm not saying we're going to a tropical island, guys. I'm just saying we MIGHT go there IF I can convince Mr. Liebermann to pay for it."

"I get it. But I wanna go anyway," Evan giggles.

It's already late when we get home, so we decide to hit the sack. I show the boys their room, and before I get a chance to leave them alone,

they're already naked. These kids have even fewer issues with being naked than I do.

"Night, boys. See you tomorrow."

"Can you leave the door open, please?" Evan asks.

I need a moment to judge him if he's not making fun of me this time. But it's clear they're both serious, so I don't say anything and just nod.

"Sure thing. I'll call you guys in the morning, kay?"

"You might need to call twice," Evan says, scratching his ass, "or three times. We're both very sound sleepers. Right, Dude?"

"Yep. Mom always complains about it," Owen adds.

"I'll keep it in mind. Thanks for today, guys! You were awesome!"

As I glance at Audrey's exposed boobs, I crawl into bed. We lay there looking at the ceiling, and I just know Audrey wants to talk about today.

"I never thought a penis could be beautiful. To me, it was just a silly tube of flesh. But seeing it now with Evan and Owen..."

"They are magnificent. There's no other word for how they look."

"I just have to keep looking, you know? And at some point today, I just wanted to grab it and jack it as I did with you," she says, looking at me, clearly uncomfortable admitting it.

"That's not weird, Lil 'Bit. You were horny. Heck, I had that thought once or twice too today," I chuckle.

"I'm going to masturbate now," Audrey states and pushes down the blanket, exposing her nubile naked young body and my precum-leaking boner.

I'm not going to argue. I also need to relieve the pressure so that I won't do anything stupid tomorrow. I simply grab my hard-on and start jacking. As I do this, my eyes are glued between Audrey's spread legs, where the movement of her hand betrays what she's doing.

As she starts moaning, I quickly glance at her face and see her eyes are glued to the action between my legs. Neither of us says anything, and the room is filled with heavy panting, soft moans, and typical masturbation sounds.

“Oohhhh,” Audrey moans, and it’s clear she’s trying to keep the sound level down.

I can see her body stiffen as her hand moves faster and faster between her legs, with the squishy sounds getting louder by the second. The realization she’s cumming, pushes me over the edge more quickly than I ever experienced before. And before I can say or do anything, my cum flies out of my dick and coats me from my chin to my pubes.

I did my best to hold back my moans, but it was a powerful orgasm, so I end up making a bit more noise than I’d like. Beside me, Audrey moans again and, judging by her new spasms, comes again.

After we lay side by side for a few minutes, Audrey whispers, “It’s SO hot watching you cum! I came twice again...”

“You’re not too bad yourself. I get hot watching you too. I’m glad we’re doing this together now,” and I carefully move toward her and give her a peck on her cheek.

But right before I move in for a second one, she turns her head, and my kiss lands straight on her mouth. Then, she grabs my head with her hand, and she starts kissing me firmly. Again, no tongue, but not a friendly peck either.

The kiss lasts a few seconds. And after she lets go of my head, she looks me deep into my eyes and says, “I love you, Scott!”

This takes me by surprise, but I can’t deny my love for her, although I’m not sure what kind of love I’m feeling. But I do love her, so I reply, “I love you too, Lil’ Bit!”

This brings a smile to our faces, but I feel my cum sliding down, dangerously close to the mattress. So I turn to my back, reach under the bed for the towel, and quickly clean up my mess. After Audrey clicks off the light, she immediately cuddles up against me, and we’re asleep in record time.

* * *

I grumble as the sound of the alarm clock wakes me. Audrey moves next to me too. She moved away from me during the night, but her leg is still

draped over mine. I rub my eyes, grab my phone, and get up.

"Too early," I hear Audrey grumble.

"Welcome to the glamorous world of professional photography," I reply as I pull up a fresh pair of boxers.

"Grmph... don't wanna," she wines and puts her arm over her eyes.

I walk over, grab the covers, and pull them down with a big tug. She doesn't even move. I let my eyes roam quickly over her magnificent body. My eyes land on her puffy pussy lips, and a sudden urge to fuck her washes over me. This feeling scares the shit out of me! I can't possibly fuck her! She's twelve, damnit! And under my supervision. So, with all the willpower in me, I push back that thought and pretend it never happened. Instead, I reach out and tickle under her left foot.

"Hey!" she says, only pulling back her foot.

"Get up, okay? We've got work to do! I'll go and wake up Evan and Owen."

She grunts again, but before I leave the room, she sits upright and swings her legs over the edge of the bed. I walk over toward the boys' room, and I can hear a soft snore coming from it. As I reach the half-open door, I stop dead in my tracks. Holy shit! Both boys lie on their backs, and the blanket is kicked around their feet. This isn't a big surprise, considering the temperature in the room. They must've cranked up the heating last night.

But in the yellow illumination coming from the hallway, they look like they're glowing. But the thing that strikes me most are the hard boners sticking up from their crotches. Because of these, I can't see the birthmark, so it's not exactly clear who's who. But I don't care! I feel myself grow stiff at the spectacle in front of me, and there's nothing I can do about it. Both boys are sound asleep, and one of them lies with his head against his brother's shoulder. It's so sweet that if it wasn't for them being naked and their hard-ons on display, it could easily be on the front of a Christmas card.

I hear some noise behind me and notice Audrey walking around in a tank top and panties. "PSST!" I whisper loudly, and when she looks at me, I motion her to come over. She looks at me with a questioning face but walks over anyway. As she comes closer, I see her eyes focus on my

tented boxersshorts, which make the question marks in her eyes even bigger.

“What is it?” she whispers as she comes closer.

I smile and whisper back, “Take a look,” and step a bit aside

“Oh, wow!” she whispers as she looks at the boys, and in a reflex, she puts her hand in front of her mouth, probably to prevent her from waking them.

“I know, right? I wish I had my camera,” I softly giggle.

“They are... oh my god! This is...” she whispers, and I can see her hand move between her legs.

She seems to snap out of her trance as she realizes where her hand is going and looks at me with a flushed face. Then down at my tented underwear, and she smiles.

“You can’t wake them up like this, can you?”

“Oh, I can. And I will. If they don’t care, neither will I. But I’m not sure if they like it when you’re in the back, looking at their boners,” I say, still whispering.

“No. Me neither. Just one more minute,” she says, and we both take a good, long look at these young, angelic boys, looking smoking hot.

“Okay. That’s enough for now,” I say primarily to myself.

Audrey nods and walks back to our room to get dressed. I enter the room and clear my throat loudly. No movement. One of the boys’ boners twitches, but that’s all. So I clear my throat again, but still nothing. Finally, I move closer and reach out for their bodies. It takes a lot of willpower to ignore their hard dicks, but I place my hand just above Evan’s boner on his belly and feel the heat coming from his hard-on. Now that I’m close enough, I’m able to see the birthmark. I gently rub his tight belly, and he finally stirs. Before he realizes where my hand is, I move it over to his brother and repeat the action.

Both of them yawn loudly and stretch their bodies, making an already perfect picture even more perfect. I see them blink as they wake up, and I notice both boners twitch again in my peripheral vision. Finally, I smile

as their eyes focus and see the realization in their eyes that they're not in their own bed.

"Morning, guys!" I say cheerfully.

"Morning, Mr. H," Owen groans.

They don't seem to realize their situation since neither of them attempts to cover up at all. I give them a few more moments, and when I see Evan reach down to grab his boner, I realize they just don't care about their situation. Especially when, a few moments later, Owen does the same.

I can't ignore it anymore — two beautiful boys, naked and hard with their boners in their hands, ready to jerk.

"You might need to do something about that, don't you?" I ask softly.

They look at me to see what I mean. And after I nod toward their hard-ons, they just smile, and I see Owen squeezing his dick.

"Nah. It'll go down after a piss," Evan simply says and sits up straight, rubbing his eyes.

"And look who's talking," Owen chuckles, his eyes focused on my tent.

"Yeah. Well... sorry about that, but I need to take a leak too, and you boys looked amazing lying there like that. Can't help it."

"Nevermind. We're all guys here," Evan says.

In the hallway, Audrey is making a bit of noise to announce her arrival. Both Evan and Owen simply place their hands over their boner, but that's about all.

"Oh! Morning, guys! Sleep well?" she says, still flushed but acting overly casual, still dressed in a tank top and panties.

"I know I did. It was a bit cold last night, so we turned up the heater. A bit too much, obviously," he says, pointing toward the crumbled blanket at their feet.

"Who's first in the shower?" I ask, looking at all three kids.

"I don't care," Audrey says.

"We'll go first then," is Owen's response.

“That way, we’re saving precious time,” Evan adds and smiles, “just ask our mom on a schoolday.”

Owen starts giggling, and I notice his boner is almost gone when he accidentally moves his hand out of the way.

“Great! I’ll start working on breakfast. See you downstairs in, let’s say, fifteen minutes?”

“I’ll take mine tonight,” Audrey says, “saves time too, and I’ll probably sweat a lot today. I’ll help you with breakfast.”

We’re almost done with pancakes and bacon when Owen and Evan walk in. Evan is fully-clothed, Owen in just his sweat pants. Both boys are obviously without underwear, judging by the moving lump in their sweats.

“It smells delicious, Mr. H,” Owen says kindly.

“Hey!” Audrey says, turning around with her hand on her hip.

“Sorry... and Audrey!” Owen adds quickly.

“That’s right,” Audrey smiles and blows him a small kiss with her lips.

We make small talk during breakfast. As we sit there, talking and laughing, I almost feel like we’re a family. Both boys are really nice and funny, and they fully respect Audrey and me in a very natural way. Audrey seems happy to be around them too. As I’m contemplating all this, I can’t help but think about how Glenn did the same for me. He made me feel at home and took me in as his own. He didn’t just teach me how to take good pictures. He taught me how to be a good person in general. I almost tear up thinking about this.

After the breakfast table is cleaned, we head out to the studio again. Audrey and the boys walk over to the clothing racks, and within seconds, both boys are standing there naked as if there’s nothing strange about being naked in front of a girl about the same age. I love it!

“Let’s start out with the speedos, okay?” I say as I start clicking on the lights, computer, and stuff.

As time passes by, the speedos get skimpier. At one point, Evan walks over to the spot in front of the camera, and in my viewfinder, I notice some hair peeking out above the waistband.

“Uhhh... can you pull it up a tiny bit?” I ask, pointing at the monitor with the picture I’m about to take.

He looks at the monitor and shakes his head, “No. Sorry. That’ll give me a full-blown wedgie, I’m afraid. I’m glad my dick fits in this thing.”

“I see. That’ll be a Photoshop job, I’m afraid. I can’t send it to Mr. Lieberman like this.”

“You can cut them off if that’s easier for you,” he simply says.

I look at him to check if he’s serious, and judging by his look, he is. So I look around, and before I can do anything, Audrey hands me a pair of scissors.

“You want me to do that?” I ask, a little flabbergasted he’d trust me with such a job.

“Of course. You see what’s needed from down there,” and he just smiles.

I don’t want to let an opportunity like this go to waste, so I get on my knees in front of him and slowly bring the scissors toward the top of his speedos.

“I just need to pull this down a little bit,” I say softly and tug at the waistband near his hip.

This causes the waistband to slide down a tiny bit, but just enough for me to cut away a little more hair. The back of the scissors touches his pubic bone, and he hisses at the contact.

“Sorry,” I say and pull back.

“It’s just cold. Go ahead.

When I bring the scissors back, I notice his growing dick. By the time I’m done cutting off a little bit of the hairs, he’s got a full-on boner. I look up at him, and he just smiles sheepishly down at me.

“Sorry, but no one ever touches me down there,” and he starts to blush.

“Don’t worry about it. It’ll go down in a few moments,” I say assuringly.

Owen and Audrey are talking to each other, seemingly oblivious to the predicament Evan is in, but the moment I stand up, Owen giggles and says, “Dude!”

Audrey looks too, but she just looks and doesn't say anything, which is probably for the best.

"Can't help it, dude! You go first. I'm ready in a moment."

So they switch places, and as Evan stands next to Audrey, I see her eyes glued to Evan's crotch. Owen wears the same model speedos as his brother, but he manages to hide it all from view. We're done relatively quickly with this one, and by the time Evan is back at it, he's ready too. His dick is only a little bigger than in the other pictures, but at least his pubes don't peek out this time.

"Thong time!" Audrey giggles as the awkwardness is visible on both boys' faces.

As they pull up the thongs and try to stuff their junk inside, Owen says, "That string between my cheeks isn't as bad as I thought it would be."

"Nah. It's alright," Evan adds, "but still not my kind of underwear."

"Your butt looks great in it!" Audrey adds, immediately regretting she said it, judging by the look on her face.

"It does? Thanks!" Evan says, clearly taking it as a compliment.

Both boys turn around to show the other how they look. I can only laugh at such youthful playfulness. Owen spans his brother, which has to be returned, of course. After letting them get used to the situation, I call them over. Owen is the first, and he acts like it's the most normal thing in the world to be in front of a camera in just a thong. But so does Evan, and I compliment both boys on their professionalism.

After the thongs and underwear are done, I wipe the sweat from my forehead, take a sip from my coke, and look at Audrey.

"We're done! That was the last piece we had to shoot," she chirps.

"Yes!" The boys say and give each other a high-five.

They walk over to me in their tight boxer briefs, high-five me too, and do the same to Audrey.

"We did it, guys! Time for some lunch. And after that, green-screen and fun time!"

We sit at the table, drinking some soda and chatting while waiting for the delivery guy to show up. Evan and Owen are still in just the boxers, but I hardly notice that anymore. Audrey and the boys chat about what to wear for the mood shots as the doorbell rings.

“You need to wear that bikini you wore yesterday!” I hear Owen exclaim, “you look awesome in it!”

As I walk back to the table, I notice Audrey blushing and looking at the table. Then she says, “I’ll wear that bikini again, but only if at least one of you wears a speedo.”

“You know what?” Evan says boldly, “we’ll both wear a speedo.”

“Deal!” Audrey says and extends her hand to shake on that.

After our subs are done, we chat a little more. After I get up and roll in the green screen, Audrey disappears behind the divider to change. Both Evan and Owen help me set things up properly. We use a different corner of the studio, but during last week, I already worked out the lighting plan, so we’re done in no time.

“That was quick,” Evan says.

“I know. But I don’t want this to be too perfect. It must give him an idea of what I’m thinking about. If this is near-perfect, there’s no need to go to a real beach, right?” I smile.

After Audrey appears from behind the divider, both boys’ eyes almost pop out of their sockets again, but they don’t say anything. Instead, they just grab the speedos and start changing too. Moments later, they’re all in front of the green screen, looking at me for directions. So, I load up some pictures I made on the Island earlier, and we all look at the monitor for the right one.

“That’s nice,” Audrey says, “and now we just do... what?”

“Tell a joke. Or grab a ball and play with it. Or pretend to look at something in the distance. It’s okay to put an arm over a shoulder or around a waist. Just try to act natural and like you’re having fun on a tropical beach.”

This starts out rather awkwardly, but they get into the mood after a few minutes. First, they pretend to play some volleyball. And later on, they kick the ball around. The ball isn’t in the picture, but the way their bodies

move makes it look all-natural. Audrey grabs both boys around their waists a little later while they put their arms over her shoulders. At that moment, Owen let out a big fart, and we all laugh loudly at that. This is probably the best picture of the set, but we decide to take a few more.

Audrey's hands are on the boys' hips at that time, and I notice Evan boning up again. Neither of them notices, so I take a few pics of that and even two or three close-ups. Then I clear my throat and nod toward his groin. All three of them look, and Audrey starts to giggle, making Evan blush.

"Did I do that?" Audrey smiles.

"Well... uh... yeah... sorry?"

Audrey kisses him on his cheek, acting like it's nothing, and says, "Let's turn around and pretend we're looking at something exciting."

They do just that, and it immediately takes the tension out of the situation. I make a mental note to compliment her on how she handled it later.

After a lot more pictures, I call out, "That's it, guys! We're done!"

"Whoop, whoop!" Owen says and kisses Audrey on her cheek in excitement.

They all look at each other, and Audrey nods. I still don't know when they talked about it, but at that moment, they run toward me and all hug me. Then, because of the speed, I stumble to the floor in loud laughter, still being embraced by three almost naked preteens. I feel like I'm in heaven and laugh loudly too.

"Thanks, guys! You all did a great job!"

"No, Mr. H. Thank you for helping us with our first modeling job," Evan says seriously.

"Yeah. We'll thank you in our Oscar acceptance speech when we're big-shot models," Owen adds, still laughing.

"It's okay. We did this together. If Mr. Lieberman likes the mood shots, we'll probably do another shoot. But in a completely different setting. That'll be even more fun, I promise!"

“Let’s hope he likes them then,” Audrey says, untangling herself from the pile of legs and arms.

As Audrey and the boys change, I gather the memory cards and clean up a bit. Most of the setup needs to stay because the girls’ clothes still need to be shot. After about half an hour of hanging out together and drinking some more Cokes, the doorbell rings.

“That’ll be our mom,” Evan says and adjusts his sweater.

I open the door, and I’m greeted by Miranda and a man I haven’t seen before.

“Hi! I’m Luke. Nice to finally meet you,” he says, and we shake hands.

“I’m Scott. Nice to meet you too.”

Miranda and Luke follow me into the studio. Luke looks around and seems impressed.

“Nice setup you’ve got here!”

“Thanks,” I reply and walk over to the table where the kids are sitting.

“Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad,” Evan says, and both boys get up to hug their parents.

“I notice the house is still standing. Did they behave?” Miranda asks, looking seriously at me.

“They were fabulous! They helped us out with everything, worked hard, and even did the dishes,” I say, winking at the boys, “they can come over whenever they want. I mean it!”

They don’t have to know I like having them over to lust over their naked bodies. But it isn’t just that. I really had an excellent time, so I meant what I said.

“That’s great news. Good job, Little Men!” Miranda smiles.

“Did everything go well yesterday?” I ask, remembering her important appointment.

“Splendid! We’ve got the deal, so we’re expanding!” Luke smiles.

“That’s good news! Congratulations,” I say and shake both their hands.

“Thanks. We’re celebrating tonight,” Miranda says, “we made reservations at Don Frasco’s!”

"Yummie!" Evan and Owen say and look all excited at each other.

"Well then... Have fun! I'll let you know when I've got another assignment," I say, and we shake hands again.

We say our goodbyes, and after Evan and Owen bump fists with Audrey and me, they're off. I look at Audrey, and when she looks at me, we both burst out into laughter.

"This was fun!" she laughs. "Too bad it's done already!"

"Yeah. I didn't expect it to be like this, but it was awesome. I hope I land some more jobs so that I can invite them over more often. They're crazy. But in a good way."

"Did Evan really get stiff over me?"

"Yes, he did. Owen had the same problem yesterday, but he managed to hide it from you."

"I wanna do it now," she says, blushing.

My first reaction is to ask her what she wants to do. But just by looking at her, I know what she means. And as she starts taking off her pants, I feel myself grow hard instantly and realize how horny I am myself.

By the time my boner pops free from my underwear and slaps against my belly, Audrey is completely naked too and sitting sideways on the wooden bench, facing me, her legs spread, and she's giving me an unobstructed view of her pussy. I immediately feel that incredible urge to do more again, which both scares me and turns me on immensely.

"Want me to do that?" I hear myself ask with a hoarse voice.

She looks questionably at me, but after I look directly at her pussy again, she catches on.

"Oh, yeah! Would you?"

"Come over," I say and sit sideways on the bench, too, just like her.

I never found this bench comfortable, but Glenn insisted on a bench at one side of the table, so more people could sit down than when there are only chairs available. But now I'm grateful for it.

Audrey moves over toward me but isn't exactly sure what to do. So I grab her by the shoulders, give one of her nipples a quick suck, and whisper,

“Sit down with your back against me, and let me give you the best cum you ever had.”

I realize what I’m saying isn’t very adult-like, but I’m so horny at the moment after all the naked boys, close-up dicks, and boners that I don’t really care either.

As Audrey sits down in front of me and traps my leaking boner between us, I don’t hold back. Instead, my right hand immediately goes down toward her belly, and my left hand firmly grabs her tit.

I start playing with her hard nipple, and Audrey rests her head against my right shoulder, sighing deeply. My right hand slowly inches down. I start at her belly button, and as I touch her sparse pubic hairs, her lower body starts squirming, and soft moans come deep from within her, sounding like music to my ears.

When my index finger hits her clit, she stiffens and spreads her legs even further. That’s when I stop being gentle. I fingered enough women in my life to know what works for them, and I bring all of it into practice with Audrey.

Her pelvis is constantly grinding against my fingers, and each time I pinch her nipple, an even louder moan sings in my ears. While her lower body moves against my slippery dick, I realize I’m getting close too. So I gently move my hips back a little, creating a bit more space and less friction. But when Audrey realizes what’s happening, she inches her right arm between our bodies and clumsily starts jacking me.

Despite the clumsiness, the effect is terrific, and I double my efforts, if that’s even possible. The moans and grunts filling the studio sound loud and obscene, but somehow, this enhances the experience immensely. The studio feels almost a public place. Granted, we can’t be caught, but it’s kinkier than just doing it in the shower or the bedroom.

“OOHHH!! I’m...” Audrey says between moans.

“AHHH...Too!!!” I grunt.

And a moment later, when I enter her soaking pussy with a second finger, she stiffens. Her grip on my dick increases to a point it almost hurts, but somehow, that’s all it takes for me. Feeling her pussy contract around my fingers, combined with her firm grip, sets me off too. I feel the cum shoot through my shaft, and a heartbeat later, it’s coating both our bodies.

The moment my cum hits Audrey's back, her pussy starts contracting even stronger, and she pushes her back against me harder as if she needs to brace herself. As my own orgasm dies down, Audrey is still riding the waves of her orgasmic high. The shaking of her body doesn't die down much, but the contractions of her pussy and her loud moans slowly do.

After a little while, her body goes limp against mine, and she just pants heavily. My fingers are still buried inside her, and even the tiniest movements cause her to shiver. Finally, after I had done this a few times, she whispers, "Stop it! No more!"

Her head turns, and she smiles lazily at me, and at that moment, I pull my fingers out, move my hand down from her boob to her belly, and I pull her in a warm embrace. Her hand is still around my dick, and my pulling out seems to be her cue for letting me go.

She looks at her cum-covered hand and giggles.

"You came a lot. And I think we need that shower now."

"I guess we do," I respond, but neither of us makes a move to get up.

After a few more minutes of enjoying this intimate moment, Audrey gets up and pulls out a towel from under the sink. She wipes her back with it, and when I look down at the mess I made, I'm glad she throws me the towel after she's done with it.

We get dressed, and after we look at each other, Audrey steps closer and gives me a very tight hug.

"I really love you, Scott. Thanks for doing these things with me."

At that moment, I realize I'm falling in love with this amazing kid. I know it's wrong in a million ways, but I can't help it. I feel this morning's lustful urge to fuck her completely being replaced by a deep, heartfelt love for her.

"I love you too, Lil' Bit!" and before I know it, we kiss each other deeply.

After the kiss, we stand there, holding each other tight for a few minutes. Then, Audrey is the first to break the hug and asks, "Is it okay if I take a shower first?"

I'm tempted to propose showering together, but I don't want to rush things. So I just nod and tell her to go ahead.

After I'm done cleaning up the traces of our encounter and locking up the studio, I suddenly miss Glenn. This feeling hits me like a ton of bricks. Of course, I think about Glenn more than a few times a day. But this feels more like an epiphany. I miss him terribly, but I suddenly realized many good things happened to me after his passing.

* * *

The following week, Audrey and I spent a lot of time in the studio shooting her part. It takes us a couple of days, but the results are fantastic. During her time in school, I work on my computer to enhance and improve the pictures. I put the more daring ones in my private folder for later 'reference.'

Friday evening at around ten, I email Mr. Lieberman the final results. I explain the mood shots in a separate email and include five of the best pictures from that shoot.

I pour myself a big glass of whiskey and walk over to Audrey to sit next to her to watch some TV together. But before my ass hits the couch, my phone rings. I look at the display, and I see it's Mr. Lieberman.

"Hello?"

"Mr. Harris?"

"Yes. Speaking."

"I LOVE what you did, Scott! This is EXACTLY what my company needs. I need those mood shots! Can you arrange that for me?"



Chapter 12 – Touch of an Angel

“Sit down, Honey,” Gloria said with a big smile on her face, “we need to tell you something.”

As I sat down on the couch, Glenn was smiling too. I wasn’t sure what was going on, but judging by the looks on their faces, I just knew they were going to send me back to my mom and dad in Africa.

Glenn put his hand around Gloria’s shoulder, looked at her, and nodded.

“Three, two, one... We’re pregnant!” they said with a cheerfulness I hadn’t heard before.

This took me some time to process. Of course, I knew they tried hard to get a kid of their own, but to the best of my knowledge, they dropped the IVF treatments and accepted they’d never be parents. I quickly got to my feet and hugged both of them

“Congratulations! This is amazing!” I said cheerfully, feeling genuinely happy for them.

“Thanks, Bud,” Glenn said with his dark voice and ruffled my hair.

“But... how?” I asked curiously, which caused both of them to chuckle.

“When a mommy and a daddy really like each other, they can do some special cuddling...” Glenn started with a big smile across his face.

“I know HOW,” I interrupted him, causing Gloria to laugh loudly, “but I thought you couldn’t, you know...”

“Oh, but we can, Honey. Apparently, we just had to be patient and less focused on getting pregnant.”

“I’m really happy for you!” I said and gave them another hug, “Do you know what it’s gonna be?”

“Haha! No, not yet,” Glenn said and gave Gloria a big kiss, “but it isn’t important at all. As long as he or she is healthy.”

“A boy will be the most fun,” I said while pointing at myself and laughing at their reaction.

"Listen, Bud," Glenn said after we all stopped laughing, " we wanna go back to the island to visit some old friends and personally bring them the good news. Since it's spring break next week, we wondered if you want to come with us or if you want to stay at home with Gloria?"

"Are you kidding me? Of course, I'll come!"

"See?" Glenn said to Gloria.

"I thought you'd rather stay here since you roamed around the earth so much already. But it's up to you, Honey."

"It'll be awesome. This will be my first ever vacation!" I blurted out.

Glenn and Gloria looked at each other after hearing this. "I never thought about that, dear," Gloria said sympathetically.

"Me neither, Bud. Since you've seen so many places, we thought..."

"Oh no! It's no big deal. Don't feel sorry or anything. I've seen more places in the world already than most people will see in a lifetime! I just want to go with you guys and have fun!" I said and gave them another tight hug.

"Great! I'll go and call our travel agent," Gloria said and walked over to the kitchen.

"You ready for the shoot tonight, Bud?" Glenn asked as he put his hand on my shoulder.

"I guess," I said, not overly excited about being naked in front of the camera with other people around.

"I promise you'll like it! I've got a great idea! And you'll be hugging Michelle while she's naked," he whispered in a conspiracist voice and poked me in my side.

"Will there be other people around too?"

"Nope. Just the three of us," Glenn said matter-of-factly.

Hugging Michelle was one thing I was looking forward to! I didn't forget about it, but I was primarily focused on my own part in the shoot. When Glenn saw my face light up, he winked at me.

"That's the spirit!"

"What is?" Gloria asked as she walked over.

“Scott needed some encouragement for this evening’s shoot,” Glenn smiled.

“Oh. That’s right. That’s tonight. Michelle is coming over, isn’t she?”

“Yup,” was Glenn’s short reply.

“Tell her I said hi, will you? Francis and Joanne are coming over, so I don’t think I’ll see her.”

“Will do. It won’t take us too long this time. I’ve got it all worked out in my head, and I prepped the studio yesterday. So we’re good to go.”

“I’ve got some math homework. What time is dinner?”

“We’ll eat at around six. So a little under two hours.”

As I was sitting in my room, trying to do my homework, my mind kept drifting off to Michelle. How close would I get to actually touching her boobs? Or her ass? Or maybe even her pussy? It almost took me the entire two hours to do my homework, but it was done by the time Gloria called.

After dinner, Glenn and I headed over to the studio. After he flipped on the light, I saw a whole construction built by Glenn.

“What’s this?” I asked, a bit surprised.

“Welcome to the angel factory,” Glenn chuckled.

“What did you build here? Are we reconstructing the lunar landing, or what?”

“Walk with me. It’s pretty straightforward.”

We walked over to the construction. Once I got closer, I saw two gigantic white wings lying on the floor. Each wing was longer than Glenn.

“Michelle is going to lie on her back between these angel wings. The camera is high enough to capture her entire length and the width of the wings in one frame.”

“Oh wow! I see. And the black floor will make it look like she’s flying.”

“You get the picture, Bud!”

“But what about me?”

“You’ll be wearing small wings and lie down on top of Michelle. I’m not exactly sure about the position, so we need to try out two or three and see how they work out.”

“Will people see my willie?” I asked, not too fond of that because I’d definitely be sporting a woody during the entire shoot.

“No. Your willie will be covered all the time. I don’t want trouble with anyone. Your butt will, though, but I don’t think that’ll be a problem, right?”

“No. I Don’t care about that. But what are you representing here?”

“A young angel, protected by his mother. I call it ‘caring for an angel.’ It’s just a working title. I’m not too happy with it,” he said and looked a bit insecure.

“I’ll think about it too.”

“Thanks, Bud!” Glenn said and went over to the immaculate black floor to pick up a small piece of dust.

“Uhm... Glenn?”

Glenn turned around, and when he saw the worried look on my face, he was back immediately.

“What is it? Nervous?”

“A bit, yeah. But... I’m going to be naked. And so is Michelle. So I’m... you know...”

“Don’t worry about sporting a boner now, Bud! I promise you won’t see it on any picture!” he said with a reassuring voice.

“Thanks,” I said, feeling a little better now, “but won’t Michelle be...”

Glenn started laughing before I could finish my sentence.

“Don’t worry about Michelle, Bud! She won’t be offended in any way. In fact, I think she actually likes it better when you’re hard!”

“You do?” I asked, surprised.

“Michelle is... let’s say she thinks differently about a lot of things than most people do. She hates it when things are being labeled. Or when she’s told she can’t do something she wants. The last shoot was a nice preview. Most people wouldn’t let their underaged daughter pose naked

in a full-frontal shoot. She thinks it's up to her daughter and not to her. And I can almost write a book about all the other examples."

"I see. About that. How did you convince my Mom to agree with this shoot?"

"After your weekly call yesterday, I talked to her. I explained my vision. I assured her that only your backside and a bit of your face will be in the picture. And I bent the truth a bit. I told her we'd be using trick photography to make it look like a naked woman is carrying you."

"Oh," was all I could say.

"Yeah. I didn't explain it in detail. She did the math for herself and figured the trick is about bringing you close to Michelle," Glenn smiled.

"That's pretty smart. And you're sure Michelle is okay with this too? I mean, last time she called it the Maria shoot..."

"I know. That was my initial plan, but this is way, way better. And, judging by past experiences, I'm sure she's fine with it."

"Okay then. Guess you're right. I really like her, you know?"

"I know. And I like her a lot too! Not in the same way as I like Gloria, of course. But Michelle is one of the most fun adults to be around with, I know!"

At that moment, the doorbell rang. The anxiety I felt before talking to Glenn was back instantly. My heartbeat was sky-high, and my mouth went dry.

"Hi, Scott!" she exclaimed as she entered the room and immediately gave me a tight hug.

"Hi Michelle," I said timidly.

"Want to look how it's being done again?" she asked, smiling a knowing smile.

"No. Not this time. Check this out," Glenn said and showed her the sketch he made.

"Oh wow! That looks awesome! We're going to be angels, dear!"

"He's a bit nervous," Glenn helped after I didn't say anything.

“Nervous? Oh, don’t worry! I’ll help you through this,” and she hugged me again.

I felt her soft boobs against my collar bones. And just like last time, her presence made me feel more at ease with each passing second.

“Thanks,” I whispered.

“And I’m excited to be doing this shoot with a cute boy like you,” she whispered in my ear.

“You want a drink or something before we start?” Glenn asked.

“I think it’s better to start right away. I think Scott wants to get this out of the way, right dear?”

“Yeah. Let’s do this,” I said in the most confident tone I could, “You wanna go first?”

“Let’s change together. Maybe it’ll be easier for us that way,” Michelle smiled warmly.

I looked over at Glenn, and he nodded. “I’ll make sure everything is ready on set. Take your time, Bud.”

After we were behind the divider, Michelle looked at me, smiled, and took off her t-shirt. I started working on my shoes and socks, but after I bared my left foot and looked up, Michelle already stood there looking at me in just her bra and panties.

“Just relax. There’s nothing scary or dangerous about what we’re gonna do,” and she started working on her bra.

I started working on my right foot in a desperate attempt to refrain from getting a boner. But the stir inside my pants was already there. I was boning up. After I placed my sock inside my shoe, I looked at Michelle, and she was standing there, gloriously naked with her hands on her hips, smiling at me.

“Here. Let me help you,” she said and squatted in front of me.

Her legs were parted when she squatted, and my eyes immediately went to that place between her legs. My stiff willie was straining in my jeans, but I couldn’t stop looking.

“Lift your arms, dear,” she softly said, snapping me out of my trance.

In a daze, I lifted my arms, and I felt her hands at the bottom of my t-shirt, pulling it up slowly. Seconds later, I was topless, and Michelle neatly folded my shirt and put it on the ground next to me.

The moment her fingers started working on the buttons of my jeans, I panicked and put one hand on top of hers and the other over my stiffy.

"I uhh... I'm... I can't," I stammered.

"Don't worry. I know you're hard. No need to be embarrassed or ashamed about that!" Michelle said and gently but sternly pushed my hands out of the way.

Somehow, her words put me at ease once more, and I decided to let her undress me despite the awkwardness of my stiffy. I looked down at her as her fingers started working on my buttons again. In virtually no time, all buttons came undone, and she opened my pants. I found it fascinating how she managed to unbutton my fly without touching my willie.

As my pants slowly slid down my legs and my tented undies came into view, I expected some reaction from Michelle, despite what she said earlier. But she kept her word. She didn't say anything, sigh, look funny, or any of that stuff. To her, it was the most normal thing in the world; she was just taking off my pants. After I stepped out of them, she folded my Levi's and laid them on my shirt.

"Ready?" she asked as she looked up at me.

"Uh-huh," I croaked.

Michelle slipped her index fingers inside the waistband of my tighty-whities, and she gently pulled it away from my body, creating enough space for my stiffy to pop free. Then, with an obscene smacking sound, it slapped against my belly. Instead of a giggle, or comment, Michelle said, "Oohhh! You've got a nice one, dear! You're going to make a lot of girls happy with it. I'm sure!"

After saying these things, I saw she wasn't kidding or making fun of me when she looked up at me. On the contrary, her being so genuinely amazed by my stiffie boosted my confidence level all the way up to a thousand.

"Th- thank you!" I said, barely over a whisper.

“And some cute balls too! You look amazing, dear!” she continued as she pulled down my underwear.

As I stepped out of them, Michelle folded these too and got to her feet. She looked me up and down and said, “Come here, dear!”

She spread her arms, and I hugged her as she hugged back. My stiffy was trapped between our bodies, but it didn’t bother me anymore after what she said. And the feeling of her soft boobs against my chin and cheek was a nice distraction too.

“Now, let’s get you ready,” she said and picked up the small angel wings I was supposed to wear.

I looked at them and noticed how real they looked. The big, white feathers were laid nicely on top of the other, shaped like actual wings.

Michelle held up the wings for me so that I could stick an arm in each flesh-colored shoulder strap. Then, she tightened them and hid the straps in a spot under the wings.

“Wow! Even cuter this way!” She said softly as she stood back to look me over.

I looked in the mirror to see what I looked like. I ignored my stiffy sticking out from my groin and focused on the wings. They looked just like the ones on the floor where Michelle would be lying, only a lot smaller. I spread my arms to form a T-shape, and the tip of each wing ended at my elbow. They looked so natural on me that I could pass for an angel, except for the stiffy, of course.

“You look adorable. Come on, let’s make some history together.”

We walked toward the set, and I could see Glenn checking me out. His eyes went briefly to my crotch but almost immediately went back up to my wings and face. He winked at me and smiled a warm smile. An ‘everything will be fine’ look was spread out over his face, and all the anxiety I felt earlier was long gone by now.

“Okay, Michelle,” Glenn said, “you just lie down on your back on that small pillow. This way, I think the wings will look the best.”

“Okay,” Michelle started, “and what about my little angel?”

“Scott will lie down on top of you. I think we need to try a fetal position on your belly first. Scott, you make sure your penis and balls are hidden between your legs, okay?”

“Okay. But, uh... what’s a fetal position?”

Michelle turned to her side and showed me what I needed to do. This wasn’t very difficult, so I carefully climbed on top of her after Michelle took her position. I felt my stiffy press against her leg as I was taking my position, but Michelle just smiled and helped me get into position without falling off.

I was about to lay my head down on her breasts when I realized what I was about to do. So I quickly glanced up at her and saw her smiling down at me. “Go ahead, dear. It’s okay.” The moment my head hit her soft boobs, I felt my stiffy twitch. Right in front of my eye was her hard nipple, and it fascinated me greatly, looking at it this close.

“Okay, Scott. Pull up your right leg a bit more... Michelle, you need to...”

For the next ten to fifteen minutes, Glenn gave us all sorts of instructions on how to lie, look, and when to hold our breaths. Sometimes Michelle would whisper something funny, and every now and then, she’d brush my hair out of her face and caress my neck after.

“I want a PG-rated pic too for this one. Scott...” Glenn started.

I had to move my foot down slightly to cover Michelle’s pussy. The moment I moved it down, I felt her pubes tickle my foot, and we both giggled at that. But when I had to move my hand up to cover up her nipple, I felt my mouth go dry again. Michelle must’ve seen my hesitation, so she grabbed my hand and laid it down on top of her boob. “I told you not to worry about it, dear,” she smiled. But her hard nipple poking at my palm caused my stiffy to twitch again, and I felt my balls tingle. This was the first boob I touched in my life! As if my hand didn’t belong to me anymore, I gave it a gentle squeeze to size up its firmness and texture. Then, feeling or hearing no objections from Michelle, I did it again. After the third time, Michelle whispered, “You like it?”

“Oh yeah!” I replied without looking up.

“Three... two... one...” Glenn said, and at that moment, the flash lit up a few times, signaling another burst of photos.

“Let’s switch positions now,” Glenn announced. “Scott, you cuddle up to her side, drape your leg over hers so her groin is hidden by your knee. Michelle, you put your arm under him and grab him by his waist. This’ll create the illusion of you carrying him.”

After another burst, Glenn asked me to cover Michelle’s breast again. This time, he didn’t need to tell me twice, and I gently kneaded her boob again in record time. After another burst... and another... and another, Glenn announced we needed to change positions one last time.

“Okay, guys. Just one more position and we’re done. Do you want to continue, or maybe a short break first?”

Michelle and I traded looks, and we both shrugged. “Nah. Let’s finish this first,” Michelle said to Glenn. “It’s just too good to have such a cute angel lying on top of me.”

“I bet!” Glenn chuckled. “You too, Bud?”

“Yep! Keep going. It’s just too good to lie on top of such a pretty angel.”

Both Glenn and Michelle laughed loudly at that joke. “You’re getting slick, Bud!” Glenn smiled after they stopped laughing.

“I can handle it, Glenn. And don’t overstay your welcome here, my little angel,” Michelle said and rubbed my back again.

“Alright! We’re on the home stretch here!” Glenn said cheerfully.

“Michelle, spread your legs a little bit. Then, Scott, you go and lie between her legs with your arms around Michelle’s neck and look to your left. When he’s lying down, you lay your hands on Scott’s butt, so he’s got a bit of dignity left, and it looks like you’re carrying him again.”

I had no clue that what we were about to do, came extremely close to the missionary position. Up until now, I still don’t know if Glenn was aware of this or that he just had an excellent composition in mind. Michelle sure acted as if she didn’t have a clue because she immediately said, “come here, dear!” spreading her arms and inviting me over.

The moment I got between her legs, nothing was out of the ordinary. We were just lying on top of each other as we did before. But when I scooted higher to put my hands around her neck, I felt my Willy brush against something warm and moist.

I glanced at Michelle as I felt another wave of panic wash over me. But she looked at me with a look I couldn't place. I know now she was just plain horny, but it confused me big time.

"You know what that is, right?" she whispered.

I could hear myself swallow and nodded once.

"One sec! Glenn shouted. "I need to fix something here."

"Stick it in, dear. You'll love it," Michelle whispered again and looked at me without even blinking once.

"But I... I never..." I stammered.

At that moment, Michelle put her hands on my butt and shifted her pelvis a bit. Then, she pushed down gently on my ass and smiled. "All you have to do now is push."

I tentatively started pushing, but the moment my dickhead entered that warm, moist, velvety place in her body, I knew I was hooked for life. I stopped moving and held perfectly still, looking nervously at Michelle. I hoped she would guide me, and that was precisely what she did.

"Push it in all the way, dear. You won't hurt me," she soothingly whispered and gently squeezed my ass.

I swallowed hard and slowly but determined, pushed my stiffy further inside this magnificent place. I felt like every fiber in my body was on edge, and I couldn't think straight. All my attention was focused on that soft, warm feeling that was engulfing my stiffy.

During this push, I felt a tingle in the back of my head, right at the place where my skull meets my neck. This tingle traveled down to my spine and right into my asshole. Moments later, my balls started tingling, and all I saw were Michelle's boobs. I also noticed that my hearing was off. Everything sounded like I'd got two tin cans covering my ears.

"Yes!" I heard Michelle whisper in the distance, and she squeezed my ass more firmly.

This all seemed to take ages, but it was probably less than a second. The tingle in my balls kept growing, and at that moment, I couldn't stand it anymore. My ass muscles clenched together, and I started cumming.

"Great!" I heard Glenn say in the distance as white flashes filled my eyes.

And then, everything turned black.

When I heard a barely hearable "Scott?" in the distance, I felt myself slowly slide back into consciousness.

"Scott?" I heard again and felt a hand stroking my cheek.

When I opened my eyes, I saw Michelle smiling at me with a bit of a worried look on her face. Then, I heard stumbling in the distance and Glenn's voice asking, "What happened, Michelle?"

"He passed out for a few seconds," Michelle said, and her worried look was gone.

"Scott?" Glenn asked as his face appeared above Michelle's. "You okay, Bud?"

"Oh yeah!" I said excitedly, and as Michelle's pussy squeezed my still stiff willie, which caused it to twitch, I let out a happy sigh.

Glenn's eyes immediately went down to our crotches. And although he probably couldn't see anything, the look on his face changed instantly.

"Michelle! You didn't!" he said in a tone that hardly sounded surprised.

"I'm sorry, but he's SO cute!"

"Damn! Did you like it, Bud?" Glenn asked but immediately realized he knew the answer.

"Fuck yeah!" I exclaimed. And, feeling bold, "Can we do it again, Michelle?"

Both Glenn and Michelle started laughing at my enthusiasm. I was a bit afraid Glenn would be angry for ruining his shoot, but when I glanced over at him, he was all smiles. Likewise, Michelle looked relaxed too, and when she looked at Glenn, she asked, "I'd love to! But we're in the middle of a shoot."

"From up there, you can't see you're inside her. And I think I just took pictures of your first fuck without realizing it. So... you know what?"

"What?" I asked anxiously.

"You start fucking Michelle. You'll probably last longer this time, and I will take my pictures in the meantime. No one will know what's really going

on here, and the tension between the two of you will probably transfer beautifully into the picture!”

“YES!” I said excitedly and immediately started sliding out.

“Just a sec, tiger,” Michelle laughed, “Glenn needs to climb the ladder first. So hold your horses.”

“I’ll give you a signal when you can get going, Bud!” Glenn said as he walked away.

I looked Michelle deep into her eyes and asked, “Why me? Ain’t I too young for you?”

“Too young? What’s too young? I felt that you were ready for it, and so was I. I don’t believe in the number we slap on people and call it age. I’ve seen lots of older people with an aura that’s way less than yours,” she said and clenched her pussy muscles again, which caused me to gasp loudly.

“I’m not complaining,” I chuckled.

“Go for it when you’re ready!” Glenn shouted.

“Fuck me, angel stud!”

“Uh... I just move it in and out, right?” I asked, a bit unsure.

“That’s the general idea, yeah. But if you’ve got different ideas, let me know, and we’ll work something out,” Michelle said seriously.

“Nah. I’m good. Just... AHHH... checking,” I moaned as I moved my stiffy backward and almost slipped out. But Michelle’s hands pushed on my butt just in time, and I stopped.

As I pushed back in, the flashes of white light returned, and I realized these were the studio lights. Each time I drove in and my pubic bone smashed against Michelle’s, Glenn took a burst of pictures. I didn’t care. I had the time of my life and let the good feelings wash over me.

As I looked at Michelle’s face, I noticed she was flushed, and her gaze was a bit unfocused. Her mouth was slightly open, and she breathed heavily. But I also realized that I was moaning and breathing loudly too.

“Are... you... AAHHH... okay?” I managed to groan.

“Oh yeah! OHHH! You, OH! hit, OH! Exactly the, OH! Right spot, OH! Every time, OOHH!” Michelle moaned. Each time I pushed in, there was this loud “OH!”

By now, I didn’t notice the flashes anymore. I noticed that the tingle at the bottom of my skull was back, but instead of moving down, it lingered there for a while.

“AHH... I’m...” I moaned and couldn’t see Michelle’s face anymore. Just her eyes. Everything around that was blurry again.

“OH! Just, OH! a, OH! little, OH! long... NGNGGG!!” Michelle moaned, and suddenly, she dug her nails in my ass cheeks.

I felt her pussy contract sharply around my stiffy, her breath was ragged, and her eyes rolled back in their sockets. Realizing she was coming gave me a brief sense of pride. But right at the same time, that tingle was on its way toward my balls, and I knew I was going to cum again.

The white flashes were constantly around us, and somehow it enhanced the whole experience even more. “AAAAHHHH,” I groaned from deep within my throat as my balls unloaded themselves for the second time in ten minutes.

This time, I could even feel my cum leaving my willie. Michelle was still clenching my ass, and the contractions of her pussy were still going, but a little less powerful than when she just started cumming, but it still felt like she was milking me.

I laid my head on her shoulder and was panting heavily. I didn’t know sex could be this exhausting. As the clenching around my willie and my ass subsided, I looked at Michelle. She looked back at me, and there was something between a smile and pride written over her face.

“You are absolutely amazing, dear! You even made me cum! It’s been a long time since a man managed to give me an orgasm, that’s for sure!”

“Thanks! I guess. I can still feel your... vagina move around my willie,” I softly said.

“Don’t call it a willie anymore, dear. You know how to use that thing, might call it what it is. Your dick or, even better, your cock!” I felt myself blush as Michelle said these words.

“You sure?”

“Oh yeah! I’m VERY sure, dear. I can still feel your boner, and I can confirm it’s a cock now and not a willie anymore. Damn!”

“That good, huh?” Glenn’s voice came from behind me.

“Glenn, dear. You have no idea! This boy’s a natural! Oh my god!”

I wasn’t sure if we’d go at it again, so I decided not to move, just in case. But after Glenn started talking, Michele smiled at me and patted me on my butt.

“Time to get up now,” Michelle said, kissed me on my cheek, and gave my ass one last squeeze.

As my cock left her pussy and the cold hit it, I felt a bit sad. But when the realization that I was no longer a virgin hit me, I felt butterflies in my stomach. Glenn winked at me as he offered a hand to Michelle and helped her to her feet. I started undoing my angel wings but got interrupted by Michelle’s big, tight hug.

“Can I offer you that drink now?” Glenn asked.

“Yes, please! You’ve got some white wine?”

“Sure! Chardonnay?”

“Great! I’ll grab my clothes.”

After all that had happened, I found it fascinating that both Glenn and Michelle acted like nothing out of the ordinary had happened. I figured I’d get dressed later. So I grabbed a coke and sat down at the table.

After Glenn put down the glass of wine on the table, Michelle joined us and started getting dressed. Even watching a reversed striptease was a feast to my eyes.

We made some small talk, but no one mentioned the sex. Since it apparently was normal, I didn’t want to spoil the moment and didn’t bring it up either. But I was dying to talk about it.

“I’m curious about the pictures,” Michelle suddenly said. “Especially the last ones. Can you send me some good copies?”

“Sure! And I’m extremely curious too! I never did a shoot like this. I’m sure the first two poses are great, but I honestly don’t know how the last ones turned out.”

“Ah, well. We’ll see.”

Michelle polished off her wine and got up. So did Glenn and I. Michelle kissed Glenn on his cheek and whispered something in his ear. When he smiled and nodded, I was curious about what they were talking about but figured I’d hear it later. Or maybe it was about money or something.

When Michelle looked at me, she immediately started smiling again. Then, she gave me another tight hug and squeezed my ass one last time.

“You were fabulous, dear!” She whispered in my ear.

She waved as she walked out the door, leaving me with an empty but satisfied feeling.

“Damn, Bud! You just lost your virginity. At twelve!” Glenn said proudly, and we bumped fists.

“Yeah,” I smiled weakly.

“You know what the best part is?” he asked.

The best part? There’s more? So I asked, “What?”

“Michelle wants you to come over after we’re back from the island. And she wants me to take pictures.”

“Over for what?” I asked, still as green as grass.

“What do you think?” Glenn smiled wickedly.



Chapter 13 – Prepping

“I swear, Owen!” Audrey says, smiling. And after a short pause, “No! Honestly. I’m not... uhm... kidding you!”

I look at her and motion for her to hand me her phone. Audrey nods and says, “One sec. I’m putting you on speaker.”

“Hey, guys!” I say to the phone that Audrey holds in her hand.

“Hi, Mr. H,” both boys say simultaneously.

“Audrey is right. Mr. Lieberman green-lighted a project to do proper mood shots. He asked me to arrange everything. The reason we’re calling is that we wanted to ask you guys if you’re willing to do this shoot with us....” I say, smiling and knowing how much they want this.

“So you’re not shitting us?” Owen asks again.

“Swear to god!” I reply.

“Fuck me! Of course, we wanna do that!” he practically shouts.

“Hell yeah!” his brother adds.

“Great! I figured you would. But I have to talk to your mom and dad, of course. And I need formal permission, plus we need to talk about details. But she didn’t answer her phone. Can you ask her to call me?”

“She’s still at work,” Evan says. “But she’ll be home any minute now, and we’ll ask her,” Owen adds.

“Thanks! Mr. Lieberman said he was very impressed by you guys and Audrey.”

“This is SO Awesome!” Owen says, with an enthusiastic, “I can’t believe it!” from Evan in the background.

“Glad you’re excited. So are we!” Audrey says.

“Okay, boys. Gotta go! Talk to you later,” I say.

“Later, Mr. H. Later, Audrey!”

I gulp down the whiskey that’s left in my glass and smile at Audrey. She smiles and just nods. So I walk over to the liquor cabinet and pour two

glasses. The moment I hand Audrey her glass, my phone rings. I look at it and see Miranda is calling.

"That's quick!" Audrey says as she looks at the display.

I pick it up, and it's immediately clear she's just as excited about this trip as her sons. So we quickly agree she should come over to arrange the details. We compare schedules, and we agree on ten a.m. the following day. Both Audrey and the twins will be at school, but since we're going to be discussing the boring things like costs, legal responsibilities and stuff, we figure we might as well do it without the kids.

After the call, I feel the need to celebrate. So I pour myself another glass and add a little more to Audrey's. Then, as we sit down on the couch, I hold up my glass and say, "Cheers! Here's to Mr. Lieberman."

"Cheers!" Audrey smiles and empties her glass in one big gulp.

"Careful there, Lil' Bit!" I say, already feeling the effects of the first two glasses myself.

We watch some TV and chat a little about how exciting it all is. Audrey cuddles up to me during this chat, lays her head on my shoulder, and softly says, "I can't wait to see Evan and Owen again. Their bodies are SO amazing."

"Same here. Their tight abs and pecks, the cute asses... Even their dicks look like..." I hear myself say with a slight slur and immediately know I should stop here. "I mean..." I try.

"Haha! You said it. I thought about it," Audrey laughs, and I hear a bit of a slur coming from her too.

Audrey's hand is currently on my upper leg, and I hear her sigh deeply. "Yeah... their penises are magnificent!"

After she says this, she snuggles up even closer, and slowly her hand moves up my legs, causing me to get hard in mere seconds. I guess the booze is doing its work because I don't feel the need to stop her. The moment her hand touches my balls, she lifts her head and looks at me.

"Will you do more sex stuff with me, please?" she asks.

I know I really should say no. But her pleading eyes, hand on my balls, and sexy body, combined with the booze, cause me to say, "Sure, Lil' Bit."

What do you wanna do?"

"Uhh... I don't know? Will you use your fingers on me again? That was fantastic! Or is there something else we can do?" she asks, as the inexperience is dripping from her face.

While her hand moves upward even further and is now firmly pressed against my boner, I think about what to do. I already decided for myself that I can't fuck her. But there are a lot of different things I can show her and have fun while doing so.

"Come here," I say and pull her gently on my lap.

Audrey gets the idea and straddles my waist while facing me. As I look at her horny face, I feel my dick twitch inside my pants, which causes Audrey to smile wickedly. Then, she presses her groin firmly against mine and moves her pelvis around.

"We can do this," I whisper and gently take her face in my hands, look her deep into her eyes, and kiss her firmly on her lips.

I see her closing her eyes, and at that moment, I slip my tongue inside her mouth. The second I enter her mouth, her eyes fly open, and she opens her mouth too. At first, she starts Frenching me a bit clumsily, but after a few minutes into it, she catches on, and we're in a full lip-lock with our tongues probing around furiously.

I slowly move my hands up and down her back, caressing her tenderly. But as she keeps pushing herself against my hard dick, I feel my horniness increase. So I move my hands down and start lifting her T-shirt. Audrey immediately catches on, breaks the kiss, and lifts her arms to help me take off her shirt. A little black bra covers her small breasts, and they look extremely inviting this close. So moments after I toss her shirt across the room, my hands start working on the hooks at her back. They come undone before I know it, and Audrey slides the straps from her shoulders. Once the pads fall away from her breasts, I'm treated to the glorious sight of two young boobs, with hard nipples proudly topping off her small areolas. I feel my mouth water and immediately close my mouth around her left nipple, sucking on it and feeling it stiffen even more under my lapping tongue.

"OHHH..." Audrey moans, and I can see her throwing her head back and feel her pushing her chest forward to meet my sucking mouth.

I move my hands down to cup her jeans-covered ass and grab it firmly, pressing her pussy even harder against my straining boner. I lick my way up from her tits, down her neck and earlobe, and end in her mouth, where we continue our Frenching.

“Let’s go upstairs,” I say hoarsely, tightening the grip on her ass, and we stand up.

The moment I’m on my feet, Audrey wraps her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist. She licks my lips while looking me deep into my eyes. I can see horniness and complete trust in her eyes. That’s when I realize how privileged I am to assist this amazing girl down her path of sexual discovery. Despite my apprehension, I inwardly praise myself for helping her.

I know the way down the house quite well and can probably find my way around it blindfolded. But with a horny young girl rubbing against me and licking my neck and face, I need to find my bearings with my hands. As I reach the stairs, I look around her face to ensure we don’t fall. After about three steps, I’m confident we’ll make it upstairs. But then Audrey starts tugging at my shirt, which complicates things immensely. Before I reach the top, Audrey manages to take off my shirt and throws it down the stairs, and in my peripheral vision, I see the entrance to our bedroom.

She wraps her arms around my neck tightly again, and I can feel her hard nipples press against my bare chest. Audrey’s moan in my ear and pelvic pressure against me is a confirmation of how sexy this feeling is for her too.

I gently lay her down on the bed, but instead of lying down, she immediately sits up straight and starts working on my belt and zipper. Audrey clearly lacks experience in undressing someone else, so it takes a bit longer than usual. But I’m too horny to care, so I let her do her thing. After she’s done unbuttoning my fly, my jeans slide off my hips, so I step out of them and kick them aside. Audrey immediately starts tugging at my boxers, and the loud slap of my hard-on slapping against my belly causes both of us to smile.

After I step out of them too, and I’m naked in front of her with my dick at eye level, she looks at it, wraps her hand around it, and slowly starts jacking me. As she looks up, it’s immediately clear that she doesn’t have

a clue what to do next. So I decide to take the lead and introduce her to something new.

I gently push her against her bare shoulders. Audrey gets what I mean, and she lies down on her back. I get down to my knees and rub my hands over her upper legs, looking up at her face, only mildly distracted by her hard nipples, partially blocking the view. I keep moving upward, and after I unbutton her jeans, I slip my fingers in the waistband of both her jeans and panties and start sliding them down.

Audrey lifts her butt from the bed, and before I know it, I'm looking at her sparse pubic hairs. Then, after her jeans come off, she kicks them aside, and I sit up straight. Her butt is still lying close to the edge of the bed, and my stiff dick is pointing upward and now very close to her pussy. I look at her, and she suddenly seems pretty nervous.

"Are you... are you going to put it inside?" she whispers.

I look down and realize how close I am to fucking her and why she's so nervous all of a sudden. So I shake my head and look serious at her. "No, Lil' Bit. I won't do that. It's too... I just can't." I stammer.

Looking relieved, she says, "I want to try that. And I want to do it with you! Just not yet, you know?"

"I know. And you should be proud of yourself for knowing what you want! No need to rush anything. But I do think you'll like what I have in mind," I say, smiling wickedly at her. "Move up, and make yourself comfortable."

Audrey moves up on the bed and lays her head on the pillow. One of her hands is behind her head, and the look on her face is one of anticipation and plain lust. I let my eyes roam over her body once more, and her small breasts with pointy nipples, tight belly with starting sixpack look amazing. But when I look at her puffy pussy lips, covered with these sparse pubes, I feel my mouth water again. This is the moment I've anticipated for a while now. I move down and start kissing her on her left knee and slowly kiss a trail up her inner leg, ending just below her pussy.

As I come closer, I smell the intoxicating smell of young pussy again, and I plant a big, sloppy kiss on it. Her soft pubes are tickling my lips, and as I open my mouth to wrap my lips around hers, Audrey sucks in a deep breath. I lick with my tongue between her outer lips without any

pressure. But this is enough for her juices to hit my tastebuds, and I decide to start eating her out properly. I apply a bit more pressure with my tongue, and the moment I do this, it slides between her lips a little bit.

“AHHH!!!” Audrey moans loudly and arches her back.

Since I’m just getting started, I smile inwardly about how much more new sensations she will experience. Then, I slowly move my tongue upward while maintaining the same depth. When I touch her clit, she moans loudly again, and I can feel a shiver go through her body. Next, I play with her clit a little by gently moving my tongue over it. Judging by how her pelvis is moving around, it’s an excellent way to get her cherry lubed up even more.

I start licking a bit more firmly now and feel her juices flowing quite seriously by now. I lap up as much as I can, which in turn gets me going. I stop focussing on just her clit, and start lapping from her entrance to her clit in long strokes with the entire width of my tongue pressed against her pussy. Her moans increase, and so do her juices, so I’m positive I’m doing the right thing.

I lay down comfortably on the bed with my hard dick pressed against the mattress, enjoying every second of this. I figure to take my time for Audrey’s introduction to oral sex, but as she lays her hands on my head and starts grunting, “MMMHHH... Almost... AHHH!!” I realize she’s getting close to cumming already.

Most women I ate out in my life usually took a bit longer than this. But I guess her build-up tension of the day, combined with the first time someone is licking her down there, is enough trigger for her to cum quickly. So, way sooner than I anticipated, I bring my fingers into the action. I gently start probing around her entrance, giving her the illusion I’m about to enter her. I let my fingers and tongue work in unison for a few moments until I hear, “AH! AH! AH! AH! AH!” above me and her fingers gripping my hair. She starts pressing her pussy firmly against my face, but I managed to place my index finger against her entrance.

“AHH!!! AHH!!! AHH!!!”

Her moans are stronger now, and it’s clear she’s on the verge of cumming. And as I slowly enter her, her lower body stops moving entirely. My tongue is focussing on her clit again, and by now, her pussy

is so wet that my entire chin is coated with her juices. I give my finger one final push, and I'm all the way inside her now. I rub the tip of my finger over the inner side of her love canal and feel her legs stiffen.

A few heartbeats later, her pussy starts contracting sharply around my finger, and her hands push my face firmly against her groin.

"OOHHH!!! AAAHHHH!!!!" Audrey moans, but I'm surprised about how she manages to keep the noise down.

I try my best to lap up as much of the pussy nectar she's producing now, but this isn't easy since I'm being pressed so tightly against her. I'm breathing through my nose, and all I can smell is that wonderful smell of her young pussy I've come to love so much. I feel like I've died and gone to heaven.

I keep rubbing her insides with the tip of my finger, and I know this will prolong her orgasm. But breathing like this is getting harder and harder for me, and I have to pull back my head a bit. Despite her orgasmic high, Audrey releases her grip on my head. My tongue is only touching her clitoris lightly now, and I slow down the motion of my finger.

After a few minutes, I feel Audrey coming back again, as her body relaxes and she sighs deeply. I lift my face from her groin and look up at her. I immediately see why her moans were muffled. She's still biting on the ball of her thumb. I don't want her to feel uneasy, so I lick my lips and grab a bit of the blanket to wipe my face quickly before she sees my shiny face.

After another deep sigh, she opens her eyes, looks down at me, and smiles the most satisfied smile I have ever seen. I move up the bed and lie down next to her, looking her in the eyes with a big grin.

"That was AWESOME!" she exclaims, throwing her arms around my neck, and kissing me deeply while pressing her entire body against mine.

"Thanks! I knew you'd like it," I smile.

I hold Audrey close as she gets her breath back. Then, after a few minutes, she looks up at me tentatively, "Was that a blowjob?" she asks.

"No. I went down on you or, as some people call it, I ate you out. Only a guy can get a blowjob. It's when someone takes the penis in their mouth and..." I say with all the professionalism I can find.

But before I can finish my sentence, Audrey moves down on the bed and enthusiastically wraps her hand around my leaking dick. Then, she inches her head closer, moves my dick around, and examines it closely. I feel her hot breath on my shaft, causing tingles inside my balls already.

"And now what?" Audrey asks while looking at me expectantly and pressing my dick against her cheek.

"You... uhh... if you want to give me a blowjob, you just... uhh..." I hear myself stammer.

"Don't be a wuss! Just tell me how I'm supposed to do it! I wanna return the favor, AND I wanna learn how to do it properly," Audrey says, clearly amused by my apprehension.

"You... ahem! You can lick it like a popsicle. But you can also wrap your lips around it and bob your head up and down. And you can use your tongue to stimulate the glans, and you... AHHHH," I say, interrupted by her tongue lapping up from my balls to the tip, just like you would lick a popsicle.

"Like this?" she asks innocently.

"Yeah! Like that. And watch the teeth! It's very unpleasant when the teeth scrape over my dickhead or shaft," I explain, figuring I might as well use words from a bit more dirty vocabulary.

"I'll try," she says and slips her lips around my glans and moves her head down over it.

I can feel she wrapped her lips over her teeth, which makes her mouth a tiny bit too tight for my grown dick. After a few seconds, she lifts her head and looks at me with a surprised look on her face. "It doesn't taste bad! It's more like skin. And I can taste your stuff again!"

"You want me to... AHHH YEAH!!! ... warn you when I OOHHH... cum?" I ask as she's going down on my dick again.

She just nods her head and is very focused on sucking me off. At first, she goes at it way too enthusiastically, and gags as my dick hits her tonsils. But after a few more rookie mistakes and a good laugh from both of us, I'm surprised at how fast she learns! I only have to give her a few more pointers, but other than that, she listens very carefully to my moans to find out which has the biggest effect on me. I quickly learn that this is an

excellent way to steer her without words and that she's a very eager and bright student.

One hand is cupping my balls, while the other is gripping my cock, so she can use a jerking motion each time her head moves up. When I was younger, the few girls that sucked me off got tired of it quickly and started complaining about their jaws. But those girls didn't have the skillset or eagerness Audrey is showing. Those girls in my early years probably wouldn't have gotten me off anyways. I know that now. But the way Audrey is sucking me... Oh boy!

I'm tapping into every technique I know to hold back on cumming. But because of the enthusiasm, combined with the taboo of being sucked by a preteen girl, I'm close to shooting my load already after just a few minutes of getting my dick sucked.

But the moment Audrey starts using her tongue furiously on my dickhead, I know I'm a goner. The tingle spreads in my balls faster than I'm used to, but I know I've still got time to warn her.

"OHHHH! Look out! I'm cumming!" I pant.

I expect Audrey to lift her head and only use her hand to jerk me. But instead, she starts doubling her efforts. Finally, unsure if she's heard me but getting close to shooting, I almost scream, "I'm cumming! Look out!"

She must've heard this time, but instead of lifting, she keeps sucking and lapping. The tingle is in the bottom half of my dick now, and I feel the dam break. My balls pull up, and I feel my dick start kicking and blasting out my cum. During my cum, I sense that Audrey's mouth is still around my dick, but her tongue work has stopped. I'm afraid she's choking, but I'm too far gone now to do something about it.

After the peak of cum is gone, and I'm regaining my senses, I look down, worried about Audrey. But I quickly learn that I've got nothing to worry about. I see her swallowing, with my dick still deep in her mouth. This sight puts me at ease, and I let the good feelings retake control.

When Audrey lifts her head and lets my dick slip out of her mouth with a loud pop, I feel the cold hit it but also notice it's clean. No traces of sticky cum hitting my pubes. However, the movement on the bed brings me back to reality, and the moment Audrey cuddles up to me again, I'm afraid the guilt will hit me.

But when I look at her and I'm greeted with nothing but smiles, I know there's nothing to be guilty about. Her hand wraps around my softening dick, and she says, "So that's what giving a blowjob feels like."

"You sure this was your first one?" I smile.

"Yeah. Why? Did I do something wrong?"

"No, Lil' Bit! You were FUCKING amazing!" I chuckle, "It's not easy to make me cum with a blowjob. But you managed on your first try. I'm VERY impressed!"

Audrey looks at me and is obviously checking if I'm making fun of her. But when she sees I'm not kidding, she starts blushing. "Really? Did I do it that well?"

"Oh yeah! And you listened to my responses to find out what worked. That's something you can use all the time during sex to know what your partner likes and dislikes. But damn, girl! You're good!"

"Thanks... And... uh... your... uhm... stuff tastes amazing," she smirks and licks her lips to make a point.

"I thought you wouldn't want me to cum in your mouth?"

"When I tasted your, what's it called again? Freecum?"

"Precum"

"Right! When I tasted your precum, I liked it so much that I wanted more. I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry, Lil' Bit! Having sex is all about doing the things you and your partner like. And if you want to try something and it doesn't hurt your partner, there's no need to apologize!"

I can see her blush, and she suddenly blurts out, "I like to drink your cum, Scott! I want your cum in my mouth, taste it and swallow it!"

After realizing what she just said, she puts her hand in front of her mouth and starts blushing furiously.

"You go, girl!" I say with an overly gay accent and snapping my fingers.

"Girl power!"

"Hahaha! I don't know why I said that," she says and starts yawning.

"I do. But let's sleep, okay?" I say, feeling tired myself. "Busy day tomorrow."

I click off the light, and I feel myself start drifting off already.

"Scott?" Audrey whispers.

"Yeah?" I reply.

"I really like doing sex stuff with you. Can we do more tomorrow?" and her hand grips my now soft dick firmly as she says this.

"I don't see why not," is my reply, still surprised by the lack of guilt I'm feeling.

* * *

After throwing her school bag in a corner and looking all expectantly, Audrey asks, "How was it?"

I explain to her that the meeting with Miranda took a turn I wasn't expecting.

"We worked out the money and legal stuff rather quickly. But... they wanna come too," I say.

"Huh!? What do you mean?"

"Miranda and Luke. They're coming with us to the island."

"Oh," was all she said, but the disappointment was all over her face.

"Honestly, I can't blame them. I wouldn't send you to a faraway island with people that are basically strangers either."

"I know. But I was kinda hoping it was just going to be the four of us again. You know? We had a lot of fun that weekend," she pouts.

"I know, Lil' Bit. Me too. Miranda said that it is not that she doesn't trust me or anything, but she just thinks she needs to be there. She also mentioned that they haven't been on holiday like this recently, and she thinks it's a nice way to celebrate the acquisition of the new shops as a bonus."

Audrey thinks for a second and then says, "Ah well...it is what it is. At least we're going to the island."

"That's the spirit!" I smile.

"When are we going?"

"I made a lot of calls today. And it looks like we're leaving next Sunday, so we're there during your spring break. And... I managed to book us a condo right on the beach! It's a two-bedroom cabin, with a living room and kitchen. I booked the one at the end of the row, the farthest from the beach entrance. That way, we'll be disturbed the least when we want to do some shooting there."

"Oh wow! On the beach?" Audrey says as her face lights up.

"Yeah. I've been there before with Glenn. Thankfully, the condos have been replaced by new ones because they really needed some fixing-up, but the location is unimaginably beautiful."

"Oh! I'm SO excited!" Audrey exclaims as she bounces on her feet.

I laugh at her enthusiasm and give her a tight hug. "How about we go out and buy you a new swimsuit for the trip? We can't use the pieces Mr. Lieberman wants us to wear for the shoot for our personal use, of course."

"That's a great idea! My current suit is getting a bit too small."

And so, as we walk around our nearby mall, Audrey asks, "Is it okay if I buy a bikini?"

"Sure. I don't see why not," I reply, already creating a mental picture with her in it.

"I feel I'm getting a bit too old for a one-piece suit. And I like how you boys reacted to a bikini when I wore the one for the shoot."

"I liked that too," I chuckle.

"Here it is," Audrey says, pointing toward the shop with the latest and hottest swimwear.

We go our separate ways, and as we browse the racks, I'm intrigued by how many modest pieces there are on display. But after a good five minutes, I manage to find two good ones. Finally, after a few more

minutes, Audrey walks up to me, holding up a set that consists of red bikini briefs with knots on the hips, and a black and blue striped top, with way too much fabric for it to be a sexy bikini. I wrinkle my nose, making it clear I'm not too fond of it that much, and she looks a bit disappointed. But when I hold up the two bikinis I found, her face lights up immediately.

"Ohh, Scott! These look awesome! Can I try them on?"

"Of course. Maybe you should take the one you found too. Just for comparison."

We head over to the dressing rooms, where I wait outside in order to keep up appearances. I want nothing more than to see her in it, but maybe there are other women in there, and I don't want to stir things up in there unnecessarily. As I patiently wait outside, I hear a soft, "Scott!"

So I look around to see if no one is looking, but nobody seems to notice me. So I peek my head inside the dressing room and ask, "What is it?"

"Can you check if it's okay?" she asks with a lot of uncertainty in her voice. "I'm the only one in here, so you can come in."

I walk over to the only stall with a closed curtain. At that moment, I realize that people could see me as her dad, despite my young age. And it isn't weird for parents to check when their kids are trying on stuff in a dressing room.

"You in here?" I ask softly.

A hand pokes out beside the curtain motioning for me to come and look. So I pull away a bit of the curtain and poke my head in. As I look at her, I immediately feel growth inside my pants.

Audrey looks timidly at me, but there's absolutely no need for that. The black bikini fits like a glove. The contrast of the dark fabric against her light skin, combined with her black hair, makes her look like something out of a painting. The top seems to be held together by a few tied knots. There's one between her boobs, behind her neck, and one on her back. The pieces of cloth covering her nipples are small triangles. They are just big enough to prevent her from looking slutty, but tiny enough to look hot as fuck.

But her bottoms. Oh my... the front covering her pubic mound is cut extremely low. I've seen her naked enough by now to know that the fabric stops a little less than an inch shy of the top of her slit. I can see some of her black pubes peeking out above the waistband. And the strings that need to keep it all in place are cut very high and move over the top of her hip bones. The fabric between her legs is a bit stretched because of these strings, and I notice a few hairs peeking out there too. Her ass is covered decent enough. Bits of her butt cheeks peek out, but according to modern standards, nothing inappropriate there.

"Oh..." is all I can say.

"What? It's too much, isn't it? My hairs are showing, and when my nipples get hard, I..."

"You look gorgeous, Lil' Bit!" I interrupt her.

"I do? Don't you think it's too much?"

"I don't. Honestly! This is on the sexy side, I admit. But it IS the latest fashion, and you make it work."

"You really think so?" Audrey asks as her face lights up again.

"I do! And there is a very simple solution for these hairs. So we'll take care of that. Now try the white one, please," I smile coyly.

I close the curtain and linger a bit as I hear the ruffling behind the curtain. Then, before I can make it out of the dressing room, I hear a sharp intake of breath. "Scott! This one's even more... revealing," she giggles.

"It is?" I ask, extremely curious by now.

"Come look for yourself."

I pull the curtain away a bit again and pop my head back inside. My half-hard boner instantly goes to full mast from the spectacle in front of me. This white bikini looks even skimpier than the tiny black one she wore moments ago. Two small triangles barely cover her nipples, and the strings holding everything together look so small that you have to look twice to notice them.

The strings holding the fabric of her black bikini briefs together were high on her hips. These strings are horizontal on her body, riding so low it's almost a miracle they stay up. The thin white fabric is so tiny that it

barely covers her pussy. But when she spins around and shows me her ass cheeks with the thong string between them, I almost pop off in my pants.

"Fuck me!" I whisper.

"That good, huh?" Audrey smiles wickedly.

"Oh, yeah..." I manage to say but find it strange that the timid girl in the black bikini is completely gone now. So I ask her, "What do you think?"

"Well... I don't know, but... I feel... I don't know. Powerful?"

"Powerful, huh?" I say and think for a second. Then, "I think I get it. You realize you can use your body to get attention."

"Yeah!" she exclaims. "I think you're right!"

"That's great, Lil' Bit! But remember what Spiderman's Uncle Ben always said." I chuckle.

"With great power comes great responsibility," we say together and laugh at the silliness of it.

"I mean it, Lil' Bit. Be proud of your body, but don't overdo it, okay?"

"Of course! This one feels like I'm almost naked. And I like that!" she smiles.

"As long as you promise to take them with you on our trip, you can have both, okay?"

"Thanks, Scott! She exclaims and gives me a big kiss on my mouth, briefly sliding her tongue inside.

I head out of the room to let her change into her street clothes. As we pay for the bikinis, the woman behind the counter doesn't even give us a second look. I can only assume that it's normal for preteen girls to prance around almost naked by modern standards.

After we buy some more stuff we're going to need, like sunscreen, a decent suitcase, and sunglasses, we head out to the food court.

"This is going to be so much fun," Audrey says excitedly as she starts with her burger.

"I never asked you this, but have you ever been to the island before?" I ask, moving in on my burger myself.

“Yeah. When I was four, Glenn and Gloria took me there. But I don’t remember anything except for what I see in the pictures from that trip.”

“I’m sure you’re gonna love it there. I know this is going to be a work trip, but if we’ve even got the slightest possibility to go and explore, we will.”

We make some more small talk and head home. Audrey clears her throat as we’re putting away the stuff we’ve bought. I look at her questioning face, wondering what’s on her mind.

She’s looking at her new bikinis and asks, “You said you could fix the... you know...” she says and looks down at her crotch, blushing.

“I can. And it’s very simple,” I say, smiling.

“Like you did with Owen?”

“That’s an option, but not a very precise one. I’m thinking about shaving. You are growing up, and one thing that comes with that is taking care of your growing body. Shaving down there is a part of it for most women.”

“But I don’t know how...”

“I know. That’s why I’ll help you with it and teach you how to do it yourself.”

“I did like it better without the hairs,” she says and blushes again.

“Well... most men and women like it when there’s no hair down there.”

“You too?”

“Yeah. Me too. I think it looks better without hair. And when I go down on you, it just feels better.” I smile and quickly add, “For both of us.”

“So... how do we do this?” she eagerly asks.

“Let’s go to the bathroom. We can use the big tub so that you can sit comfortably, and we’ve got warm running water at hand.”

We go upstairs, where I start rummaging through my shaving gear in the bathroom while Audrey starts undressing beside me. After finding my ‘downstairs razor’ and shaving cream, I look over at Audrey. She’s standing unabashedly naked in front of me with her hands on her hips, looking expectantly at me.

“Legs inside or outside the tub?” she asks as she heads over to the tub and starts working on the faucet.

“Inside,” I reply, realizing I have to be in there with her too.

I place my gear on the edge of the tub and start undressing too. Audrey looks at me, and her face lights up after seeing what I’m doing.

“You’re joining me?”

“It’s easier to do it while I’m in the tub. That way, I don’t have to worry about the water spilling everywhere. And when I’m naked, I don’t have to worry about my clothes. So, yeah,” I say, realizing I’m already hard from anticipation.

Audrey steps in and plants her pert ass on the edge of the tub. I step in after her with my boner bobbing in front of me.

“Look out!” Audrey giggles and playfully slaps my dick as if she’s almost hit in the face by it.

“Okay. First, we gotta make sure the shaving foam is spread out nicely, so the hairs will be sticking up a bit more. That way, you’ll have fewer stubbles, and the razor won’t have to go over the same spot that much.”

I look her in her face, and she just nods. There isn’t a trace of nervousness or anxiety on her face. Just complete trust.

“Do you want to rub it around yourself, or do you want me to do it?” I ask, knowing the answer already.

“You do it. You’re more experienced,” she smirks.

“Sure,” I say knowingly, but looking forward to touching her again.

I spray the foam on my left hand, and as it starts growing in my hand, I pour some warm water over her pubes with my other. Audrey spreads her legs further apart as I do this to give me better access.

I look at her, and as I scoop up a glob of cream with my right hand and bring it toward her pussy, she nods. My hand starts rubbing the foam over her pubic area, and I notice how much heat radiates from her slit. This isn’t just the clinical act of shaving. It’s also a very intimate moment between us with an undeniable sexual element in it.

“That feels good,” Audrey softly says.

I choose to ignore it and proceed to rub around a bit more. After I’m done, I clean my hands under the faucet and pick up my razor.

“It’s important to shave in the direction of the way your hairs grow. Otherwise, your follicles might get irritated, which can be uncomfortable.”

“That makes sense,” Audrey says while looking down at her crotch.

“Ready?” I ask.

Audrey nods and keeps looking between her legs. I can see my hand trembling as I move the razor toward her pussy. Then, I take a deep breath to steady my hand. Thankfully, this works, and the moment the razor touches her skin, I start moving it down steadily.

“That tickles!” she giggles but manages to keep her pelvis from moving.

As I move the razor around, more and more of her bald pussy appears. Seeing her pussy this way makes me realize I like it even more now than I did before, which I didn’t think was possible. My boner twitches, and as a drop of precum oozes out of my tip, I can feel my arousal grow by the second.

I already knew this would be at least mildly sexy, but seeing her bald lips appear with each move of the razor, is even beyond erotic. This is fucking hot!

Almost reluctantly, I put the razor aside and start pouring water over the area to wash away the shaving foam.

“All done,” I say and look at Audrey.

She starts probing around her lips with her palm and fingers, and a sly smile appears on her face.

“It’s like I’m a little girl again!” she exclaims.

As I’m sitting on my knees now, admiring my handiwork, Audrey pulls me close to hug me. But when my throbbing erection brushes against her moist pussy, both our eyes fly open, and Audrey looks at me nervous but expectantly.

“Are... are you gonna put it... inside now?” she stammers softly.

The temptation is almost too big, but I manage to refrain from pushing my hips forward.

“No, Lil’ Bit. Told you already. We can’t do that,” I croak, “but we can try this.”

And with that, I pull my body back a bit, take my hard dick in my hand, push my glans between the folds of her slippery pussy, and rub against her clit.

“Ohhh,” we both moan simultaneously.

I rub my dick up and down her slit, making sure to rub it around all the sensitive spots but focusing on her engorged clit. I feel my dickhead getting lubed by her soaking pussy as I’m doing this. By now, it takes all my willpower to retract myself from her and not accidentally start fucking her.

“Ohhh... why do you stop?” Audrey whines with a flushed face.

Needing to find a way out of this, I hear myself say, “I want a taste of that freshly shaved heaven between your legs.”

“Oh,” is all she says, but when she eyes my glistening boner, she adds, “only if I can get another taste from you too.”

“Deal!” I say and stand up, extending my hand to help Audrey get up. She immediately wraps her arms around my neck, lifts her body, and wraps her legs around my waist. My hard dick slaps against the underside of her ass as she does this.

“I wanna go first,” Audrey says and lowers herself to press more of her downside against my throbbing member.

“I’ve got a better idea,” I say as we walk toward the bedroom.

As I get to the bed, I gently pull Audrey free from my body and drop her on the bed. She immediately starts to get up and reaches for my dick, her lips already parted.

“Just a sec, Lil’ Bit. Lie down, and you’ll see,” I say as I gently push her back against the mattress.

I quickly walk around the bed and lie down opposite to her, my face near her crotch. She instinctively spreads her legs, and I can see the smile forming on her face.

“See?” I ask, “this way, we can do it together.”

The moment I finish my sentence, her hand is around the base of my cock, and her head moves toward my dickhead. A heartbeat later, I feel her soft lips around my glans, and a moan escapes my lips.

The picture in front of me is one I'll probably never grow tired of. Her legs are spread, and her bald pussy lips look soft as velvet. The small stripe between her lips is a bit swollen and glistening with her juices and mine.

I don't want to waste any second, so I immediately start lapping my tongue between her lips, savoring the taste of her young, sweet pussy nectar mixed with a bit of my precum. But, of course, now that her pubes are gone, eating her out is even a bigger treat than before.

And the added bonus is now that her mouth and hands are working expertly on my dick. Every now and then, a low moan resonates on my glans, which causes me to moan in return. I'm highly impressed by how quick she's learned how to work my dick, with her tongue rubbing around my dickhead, my circumcision scar, and that sensitive spot behind my piss slit at the underside of my dick. So I try and focus on that sweet and delicious flower in front of me. But, because of her relentless efforts, I need to step up my game to prolong my orgasm.

My head lies comfortably on Audrey's bottom leg, and she's doing the same with me. This way, we're both relaxed and don't have to crane our necks or something. But instead of a lazy sixty-nine I usually do this way, we're both working hard to get the other off, with laziness not being an option. The urgency of our actions surprises me but is a huge turn-on at the same time.

As Audrey uses her hand to fill up the space her mouth leaves with every upward motion of her head, I decide to bring my hands and fingers into action too. So I use my right hand to spread her pussy lips, and I'm treated to the fantastic sight of her dark, reddish inner lips and soaking wet entrance. This way, I lap deeper between her lips, to which Audrey immediately responds by grinding her hips and deep, muffled moans on my dick.

But the moment I stick my tongue inside her, her legs clamp shut around my face, and the action on my dick comes to a stop. I move my tongue around inside her sweet love canal for a few moments, but because I'm

running out of breath, I have to stop eventually. So after I retract my tongue, I use my left hand to push her legs open gently.

"Sorry," Audrey moans, taking her mouth off my dick just long enough to say this.

I simply hum against her clit as I'm back at lapping up the sweet syrup she's feeding me. Then, I slowly start inserting two fingers at once inside her while putting all my tongue's attention on her clit. I start out with small circles, but as my fingers slide in deeper, I alternate between the small circles and using the entire width of my tongue.

Due to my efforts on Audrey's pussy, I didn't focus enough on my own feelings. But then I suddenly realize how close I am. Her right hand is still helping her mouth on my shaft, but her left starts toying with my balls.

At that moment, I feel my balls pull up inside my sack and approach the point of no return with lightning speed. In a desperate attempt to prolong it a little longer, I move the fingers of my left hand toward Audrey's anus. But the buildup inside my balls reaches its peak, and I know there's no stopping. I'm cumming.

Audrey's words about how much she likes my cum in her mouth resonate in my head, so I figure I don't have to warn her this time. I just continue rubbing my finger over her anus, lap away at her clit furiously, and piston my two fingers in and out of her cunt.

And then, my orgasm hits me. I have to stop moving my fingers for a second as my balls start unloading themselves into her preteen mouth, but I manage to keep my tongue busy. The moment my first spurt leaves my dick, Audrey starts cumming. Her pussy contracts sharply around my fingers, and my lips and chin are coated with the sweet, slick juices from her spasming cunt. This sensation adds a whole new level to my orgasm, and the second and third spurts are even more powerful than the first. I feel her mouth and tongue working hard to swallow all the cum I'm feeding her, and at the same time, I have to suck and lap for all I'm worth too. Finally, after sucking each other dry and letting the sensations subside a bit, we turn to our backs simultaneously. I'm still panting heavily when I hear Audrey sigh, "That was unbelievable!"

"It's great, isn't it?" I say without looking down at her face, "I'm sorry I didn't warn you."

"It's okay. I felt it coming. Your balls moved, and your... uhm... penis got fatter, so I figured what was coming," she chuckled.

I chuckle at her reservations about using the more naughty words and find it adorable. As I lay there recovering, I feel a bit of pride about the self-discipline I managed to prevent myself from fucking her brains out.

"Do you still think it isn't weird that I like the taste of your... stuff?" Audrey asks, clearly uncomfortable asking this.

"Of course! When you're having sex, almost nothing is weird. As long as both people aren't hurt and agree with what's going on."

"Then... uhm... why won't you, you know... put it inside me?"

This catches me by surprise. So I turn my body around so that we're looking at each other, and I stammer, "well... I uhm... According to the law, you're basically my daughter now. And I'm supposed to protect you and take care of you. So I think that sticking it inside you is wrong."

"But what if I want you to do it? And I know you would never hurt me, so I don't see why we can't do that."

"It's just that... oh!! I don't know!" I say, frustrated. And after a few moments of thinking about it, "Tell you what. I promise to think about it. And maybe when you're older, we might do it. But no promises, okay?" I say, feeling stupid already for promising this.

"Okay. I guess. I don't see what all the fuss is about, but okay."

And with that, she kisses me on my cheek and turns to her back again, looking at the ceiling.

"I think I'm getting my period," she blurts out after a few minutes of lying like this.

"Oh?" I answer without knowing what else to say to this.

"Yeah. But the good news is that it'll be over by the time we leave for the shoot on Sunday."

"Do you need anything? Like tampons or something? Or do you have questions about it?" I say, immediately switching over to my care-taking role, despite lying naked next to her with her juices still coating my chin.

“Haha! No, silly! Glenn already talked to me about it, and I’ve got it covered.”

“Oh. Okay. If you need anything, just let me know.”

“You’re sweet,” she whispers and gives me another peck on my cheek.

The following week, I’m completely focused on getting everything ready for our trip. I don’t want to leave anything to chance, so I triple-check everything. I managed to land a sweet deal on new and larger memory cards, and after cleaning the camera bodies, I’m confident that I’ve got that part covered. On Wednesday, I finally get the green light from my guy at Fed-ex that the clothes have arrived and are at the drop-off point near our cabin.

When Audrey gets to bed, I notice she’s wearing panties each evening. She says it makes her feel more confident during her period, despite wearing tampons. So during this week, we only masturbate twice, with Audrey’s hands inside her panties and me stroking my own cock, with her eyes glued to it.

The rest of the week is pretty uneventful. We pack our clothes on Saturday, and I can’t help but notice how hyped Audrey is. I’m pretty excited myself, but when the doorbell rings on the morning of our departure and as I see the twins bounce around, I realize we’re just scratching the surface of being hyped.

Miranda walks in behind the bouncing boys and just nods her head. I see Luke hauling two big suitcases, and I quickly go and help him put them in the back of my truck.

“Ready, Mr. H?” both boys ask simultaneously when we get to the living room.

I look at Miranda and Luke and see their smiling faces. Since everything is packed, and the tickets are in my bag, I don’t see any reason to prolong this. So I just smile and say, “There’s a plane waiting for us. So let’s go!”



Chapter 14 – Come to the island

“This is amazing!” I said as Glenn, Gloria, and I entered the apartment.

I immediately ran over to the balcony to enjoy the view we had of the ocean. As the soft, warm breeze touched my skin and the sunset colored the sky red, I felt a weird calmness flow through my body.

“This view is great. Isn’t it, honey?” Gloria asked as she stood beside me on the balcony.

“Thank you guys SO much for taking me here with you!” I said and hugged Gloria tightly.

But the moment I realized I was hugging her tightly, I let go and stepped back a bit. “Sorry! I don’t want to hurt the baby,” I said, afraid she would be mad.

“Haha! Don’t worry, honey! It’s safe inside my belly. No need to worry that you’re going to hurt it.”

“Oh... I thought I’d...” I stammered and hugged Gloria tightly again.

“Right. Let’s finish unpacking. We’re invited over at Thiago’s for dinner. And believe me, you don’t want to miss that!” Gloria smiled.

So after we unpacked and I made the bed in my small room, we went out to Thiago. Glenn had rented a car so he could visit his old friends. Since it was a convertible, I insisted on driving with the top down. Glenn just smiled when Gloria pressed the button, and the roof automatically opened.

This was precisely how I always pictured a vacation. Having fun and doing all sorts of stuff you wouldn’t do at home. And all that with a nice, warm breeze in a new environment.

When we arrived at Thiago, a man looking about the same as Glenn came running with his arms spread and called out his name. The moment his body collided with Glenn, they hugged each other firmly with loud pads on their backs and shoulders.

Next, he greeted Gloria, and a woman joined him. After Glenn introduced me and I got hugged too, I learned that Thiago was Glenn’s

best friend when they grew up. Finally, his wife, Maria, invited us over to the table, where we had one of the best meals I had ever had.

Glenn and Thiago shared a lot of childhood stories about all the mischief they did and got away with. All of them were having a good time, and I had to laugh at a lot of the funny stories too. Sometime during all of this, the conversation became more serious.

“If those idiots think they can take our island, they’re in for a treat!” Thiago said sternly.

“I know, T. But don’t do anything stupid, okay? I’m sure they’ll find a diplomatic solution and push back these Nicaraguans,” Glenn replied, and he sounded all serious now too.

I later learned that they barely avoided a full-blown civil war at that time by sending US troops to keep the peace. One of the outcomes of the peace negotiations was that a part of the island became a permanent part of Nicaragua

At the time, this didn’t register with me. I only noticed a lot of soldiers in the lesser part of the town and the graffiti sprayed on the buildings with all sorts of images I couldn’t place and text I couldn’t read.

I was getting pretty tired, and when Gloria saw me yawn, she announced it was time to head back to the apartment.

The following day was all about revisiting old friends. Again. And although these were all very friendly people, I was starting to get bored. So when we were sitting at the breakfast table the following morning, Gloria asked, “How about you and I do something fun today while Glenn visits some more friends?”

“That sounds great!” I said enthusiastically, glad to do something else than being the fifth wheel on the wagon.

“An excellent plan!” Glenn said and looked at Gloria, “But is it okay if Scott and I do some shots on the beach for about one or two hours first? The light is fantastic this time of day.”

“Sure! That gives me time to plan something for us. Back here at ten?” Gloria asked with a twinkle in her eyes.

“Let’s go, Bud! We’re heading to the beach,” Glenn said as he got up and grabbed his camera bag from the cabin in the corner.

“Don’t I need my swimming trunks or something?”

“Nah. We don’t need them. But bring a beach towel just in case,” Glenn smiled and winked at me.

When we reached the beach entrance, Glenn pointed to the left. So after I took off my shoes and felt the dry sand between my toes, we started walking in that direction. Despite the already lovely weather, there weren’t many people on the beach. Before we started walking, I could see a couple and a man with his dog walking in the distance to our right, but other than that, we were alone.

To the left of us, old cabins were overlooking the ocean. The location was incredible, but these cabins looked old and worn. As far as I could see, none of them were occupied, which was a bit of a shame considering the fantastic spot on this beach.

“What’s with these cabins?” I asked Glenn.

“They were put here about a decade ago. But no one took care of them, so now they’re old and shabby.”

“Pitty,” I said.

“There’s the spot I was thinking about,” Glenn said after we walked some more and pointed toward a lush bush of tropical plants on the end of the beach, where the ocean crashed with mild waves at the shore.

“That looks nice!” I exclaimed, impressed by the tropical look I only saw in magazines up until now.

“I think it’s the most beautiful spot on the island,” Glenn said as he put down his camera bag.

As I put down the bag with the towel next to it, I asked, “What do you wanna shoot today?”

“I wanna do another Pyntar shoot today. But a little different than usual. Where most of these are single-shot images, I want to tell a story here,” he said, looking expectantly at me.

“Okay... and?” I asked, completely clueless about where this was going.

“On the island,” Glenn continued, “all beaches are clothing optional. You can be naked if you want to, but you don’t have to. I’ve seen families

having fun on the beach completely naked, sitting next to another fully clothed group. And everything in between. No one cares.”

I must’ve looked stupid because he started laughing when Glenn looked at me. But, it didn’t make me feel uncomfortable at all because I knew he’d explain everything.

“Sorry, Bud. I guess I don’t make a lot of sense. I want to tell a story with multiple pictures. The story is about a boy on a beach,” he said, theatrically waving his hand to accentuate the location, “who discovers the joys of being naked outdoors. Or just in his undies,” Glenn quickly added.

“Oh,” I simply said, envisioning the shoot in my head already.

“That’s up to you, of course,” Glenn said, trying to size me up about being naked.

“So I need to do some acting for this shoot?”

“Acting is a big word. I want to tell a story with pictures this time. It’ll be a first for me too.”

“Sounds like fun! How do we do this?” I asked, excited to get going.

Glenn talked me through his plan, and after a few minutes, I walked toward the bush in my short blue sweat shorts and white t-shirt, with the bath towel around my neck. Glenn was behind me, snapping away already.

“Stop there and look around,” Glenn said while I was facing the ocean.

After a few pictures like this, Glenn told me to place the towel on the sand and to take off my shirt. Next, he asked to walk knee-deep into the ocean.

“Look at your pants. Try to look worried they’ll get wet,” Glenn instructed me as he was standing in the water next to me in his underwear and shirt.

I did just that and felt the tension inside build. I knew what was coming next, and I felt pretty excited. When I was back at the towel, I waited a few moments for Glenn to catch up and waited for further instructions.

“Slowly drop your sweats, Bud. I need to shoot both the pants and your face, so please take it slow.”

“Okay,” I mumbled, surprised that my dick was still soft.

After I kicked away my sweats, Glenn took a few close-up shots of the bulge in my tighty-whities.

“Look around shyly to check if no one is looking and hook your thumbs in the waistband,” is all I heard.

I did just that, and I felt incredibly naughty for what I was about to do. I didn’t know why, but I was still completely soft despite all this tension.

“Slowly pull them down...” Glenn softly said as he was snapping away.

The moment my dick was free from its confinement, I felt the warm breeze on it and realized how awesome it was to be naked on this beach.

After Glenn was done with my dick, balls, and ass closeups, he asked, “Can you stretch your body? That way, it’ll look like you’re enjoying this freedom even more.”

I turned my body toward the ocean, put my arms in the air, and stretched. Then, I casually wiggled my midsection so my dick was flopping gently from left to right.

“That’s awesome,” Glenn said to me. “Can you run around and do some exploring near these bushes?”

After pretending to play and discover, Glenn directed me to the ocean again. I got in, and with the water ending just below my balls, I looked into the distance. Glenn took his shots again, and as I went for a swim, he tried to follow me as far as possible. Eventually, I swam back toward him and almost touched the camera as I got closer.

“Lie down on the towel to let the wind and the sun dry you,” Glenn said as we walked out of the ocean.

“Do you want me to make my dick hard?” I asked as I looked down toward my shriveled dick and balls.

“Dick, huh? What happened to willie?” he chuckled.

“Michelle said I shouldn’t call it a willie anymore after... you know...”

“Haha! She’s right. You’ve got a real dick now! You’ve jerked, you’ve fucked, and you can shoot cum. Yeah. That sure qualifies as a dick to me,” Glenn said, ruffled my hair, and patted me on my butt.

"But do I?"

"Uhm... It would make some nice pictures if you decide to spank it..." Glenn smiled after he looked around and saw nobody even remotely close to us.

"We'll see," I smiled mischievously and walked over to the towel.

"Go for it," Glenn said as he put the camera in front of his face.

I stood by the towel with my back toward Glenn. I stretched again and pretended to look around carefully. I already saw that we were completely alone at this end of the beach and felt my dick chub up a bit from the anticipation of what I was about to do. After a few moments, I kneeled and laid down on the towel on my back with my legs spread slightly and my hands folded behind my back. As I looked at the passing clouds and listened to Glenn's camera clicking away, I let my mind drift to my actions with Michelle. The images of Michelle's body below me quickly morphed into Becky's naked body in front of my eyes, and I realized I was getting hard.

I noticed Glenn being close by to shoot as many pictures as possible of my growing member, which excited me even more. By the time I was fully hard, I was so horny that I just had to jack it. So as I gripped my hard dick and started sliding my fist up and down, I heard Glenn moan a soft, "Oh yeah..." and decided to give him a good show.

My right hand was finding a nice rhythm, but I wanted more this time. So I spread my legs further and let my left hand slide down between them. As my index finger started searching for my butthole, I saw Glenn move in the corner of my eye, and he walked over, so he looked up at me from between my legs. He got to his knees and moved even lower to a point where his camera was almost touching the sand.

Doing such a naughty act in a public place was an even bigger turn-on for me than I expected, and I realized I was starting to get close already. I let my finger press on my butthole and relaxed my muscles down there. This immediately caused the tip of my finger to enter me, and a surge of pleasure shot through me as it happened. I pressed down and felt my finger go even deeper until I touched a spot that sent off fireworks in my brain.

"OOHHHH!!!" I moaned loudly.

I sped up the motion of my right hand and started moving my finger in and out of my hole. As I did this, I heard myself moan and felt movement on the towel, realizing Glenn was taking all sorts of close-ups of my body during this wild jack-off session. But I didn't care. I was so engrossed in jacking off that I only paid attention to the good feelings in my lower body, with only the sound of the crashing waves resonating in my ears. Even if a marching band walked by, I probably wouldn't even notice.

My fist and finger movements increased even more, and I felt I was about to cum. I wasn't sure how I did it, but I managed to open my eyes and look straight into the camera and moaned, "I'm cumming.... Ohhhh... Shoot my... ahh... dick!"

Glenn's camera moved away from my face and immediately focused on my dick. Then, with a last, loud moan, I felt the now-familiar movement inside my dick, and a moment later, I felt two warm drops of liquid land on my belly after my dick spasmed wildly in my gripping fist.

I needed some time to recover, but I had to remove my finger from my butt to relax more comfortably. So, with a deep sigh and a squishy sound, I retracted my finger, and I felt my anus and lower-body muscles relax. The warm wind over my body, the sound of the waves in the background, and the screaming seagull in the distance were so relaxing that I almost drifted off.

"That was awesome, Bud!" Glenn said as he sat down next to me on the towel, looking at my face and smiling.

I opened my eyes and smiled back. Then I looked down at my belly, where my softening dick was lying on my thigh, and I saw the two clear drops of cum. I scooped them up with my right index finger and brought it to my face. It looked very watery and not at all like Glenn's cum. But I was extremely curious about the taste, so I opened my mouth, and the moment they activated my tastebuds, I was surprised by its taste. Glenn's cum was salty and musky. But this was sweet and light.

"This tastes good!" I exclaimed, causing Glenn to chuckle.

"Yeah. Your cum tastes amazing!" he said and quickly moved his head down to lap up the remains my fingers didn't pick up.

"That tickles!" I giggled as his tongue moved over my belly.

We sat there for a few more moments when Glenn asked, "You really like anal stimulation, don't you?"

"I like what?" I asked, vaguely aware of what he was talking about.

"Sticking things up your butt," he said bluntly while looking at me.

This caused me to blush a bit, and after a few moments, I just nodded.

"I told you before. There's nothing wrong with that. I just want to warn you about what you stick inside. Look out for things with sharp edges. This might damage your insides. But stuff like a hairbrush handle or banana is perfectly fine. Just make sure you lube up and be careful."

"Lube up? You mean like using grease or something?"

"Yeah. Something like that. Just make sure it's based on natural ingredients and doesn't contain any alcohol or other aggressive substances."

"How do I know which is right?"

"When we get back home, I'll buy the good stuff and give it to you, okay?"

"That'll be great! Thanks." I said and suddenly felt even more grateful for having Glenn in my life.

"I'll also buy you a small dildo that's made for this, so it's perfectly safe. Or you can find a boy who's willing to put his dick up there. That's even better than dildos or hairbrushes," he smiled and winked.

"I think I've already found a guy that's willing to do that," I smiled and looked expectantly at Glenn.

"Haha! I'm willing, that's for sure. But I think I'm too big for you and I might hurt you. Maybe in a few years, Bud."

"I was afraid you'd say that," I said, feeling a bit disappointed.

We went quiet after that and just stared at the ocean and the crashing waves. I looked over and wondered about the weird line of trees and bushes at the end of the beach. It almost felt like someone planted it there to prevent people from falling off the island or something.

The line ended at the ocean on both sides, and it looked like a lost piece of rainforest that decided it liked the beach better.

“What’s with these trees?” I asked.

“Dunno. They’re here for as long as I can remember,” Glenn said as he looked at the tree line.

“Have you ever gone through to see where they end?”

“No. I went around the island with a boat once, and there’s no way to get there from the water. There’s sort of a ring of pointy rocks in the ocean after the tree line. I think it’s just rocks and stones over there.”

“Can we go and check it out?” I asked excitedly, already looking forward to an adventure with Glenn.

“I don’t see why. Like I said, probably nothing but rocks. And Gloria will be here soon. Maybe later, okay?”

I felt a bit disappointed, but Glenn did have a point. I was looking forward to spending the afternoon with Gloria, and we could always check it out later.

“Ready for a few more pics until Gloria gets here?” Glenn asked, holding up his camera and radically changing the subject.

“Sure!” I said, “What do we need?”

“I need just a few more to tell the story. Not everything I shot so far is suited for Pyntar,” he winked.

After he shot a few more with me lying on my back, some with my knee in the air to hide my dick, he asked me to roll over and lay on my stomach. After a few more of these, I heard, “There you are!” and I looked up to see Gloria walk toward us.

“Hi Gloria,” I said and waved.

“Just in time, Hon. We’re done here,” Glenn said and kissed his wife on her cheek.

“I’ll see you two later. I’m off to see Lucas,” Glenn said as he grabbed his camera bag.

“Any idea when you’ll be back?” Gloria asked.

“Not really. But knowing Lucas, it’ll be late. Or early,” Glenn smiled.

“Have fun!” both Gloria and I said as Glenn started walking toward the apartment.

When he rounded the corner, he waved at us. I got up from my sitting position and looked excitedly at Gloria, not feeling any need to cover up.

"You know you're allowed to be naked out here?" I said, pointing toward both ends of the beach.

"Haha. Yeah, I know. And it's just the thing for you, honey. Isn't it?"

"Yeah. I really like it a lot!"

"Ready for the real fun then?" Gloria asked and handed me my swimming trunks.

"What are we going to do?" I asked as I took it and started pulling them up.

It turned out that Gloria had an excellent idea of fun. She rented a speedboat for us. There even was a parasail option on it, which I had to try out, of course.

We spent almost the entire day at sea. Every time I got behind the wheel of the speedboat, I felt like the king of the world. The sheer power of the boat, combined with the wind in my hair and the splashes of water on my face, was priceless.

After returning the boat, we went to the harbor, where Gloria had made reservations in a small restaurant. After getting our drinks, I raised my glass, and Gloria did the same.

"To an amazing day," I said as our glasses touched.

"To an amazing day," Gloria said in return and smiled.

We checked the menu, and after the waiter took our order, Gloria looked thoughtfully at me.

"The time in Africa is almost over for your parents," she said, clearly trying to see how I'd react.

But I didn't mind talking about it. I could tell Glenn and Gloria everything. So I shrugged and said, "I know. And according to mom, they're going to live in Seattle for a year so that I can settle down even more. So I'm glad they're thinking about me for once."

I wasn't angry or anything. It was just something I felt deep inside, something I could vent to Gloria about. She kept looking and just

noded.

"I get it. But it's the life your dad chose, and you'll have to deal with it. Sometimes things don't feel fair, and I guess this is one of these things."

"I guess. And with you and Glenn, I can do the things I like to do without the constant mocking from my dad. He wants me to play baseball or football. He just doesn't get my interest in photography," I glumly said.

"I wouldn't worry about that too much, Honey. You just keep doing your thing, and he'll see it isn't a fluke or anything. It's a very... uhm... manly world he's in, and photography doesn't have a very masculine image."

"I know. And I don't hate him for it or anything. And we do fun stuff together too. But I just wish... you know..."

"I do. But look at the bright side. When you're staying in Seattle, you can come and visit us as much as you want!" she said, smiling. "You're funny, kind, helpful, and SO much more. We're delighted you stayed with us this past year..."

"Almost a year," I interrupted her with a smile.

"You're right. Almost a year. But the guest room isn't the guest room anymore. It's YOUR room now," Gloria said and pointed at me.

"I uhm..." I stammered, flabbergasted by her heartwarming words.

"So, please. Will you do us a favor and keep coming over, lighting up our days?"

"Yes. Yes! I'd love to!"

"I'll drink to that," and Gloria held up her glass of coke once again.

The dinner we had was excellent. The Colombian kitchen isn't that well known across the world, but I didn't eat anything that wasn't tasteful during my time there. After Gloria paid the bill, we walked toward the exit and waited for the cab. Once it pulled up, I opened the door for Gloria to let her go in.

"Wow! Quite the gentleman," she smiled.

I quickly walked around the car and got in on the other side. During the ride, I felt a warm feeling inside my stomach because of the love Gloria expressed for me.

"I really love you guys! And I can't thank you enough for taking me in!" and I hugged Gloria tightly on the cab's back seat.

"I love you too, Honey. And don't worry about it! We're so glad to have you over. You're basically doing us a favor."

When we entered the apartment, Glenn wasn't home yet. But I felt tired, so I went to the bathroom to do my business and brush my teeth. Then, I walked back into the living room to give Gloria a goodnight hug and kiss, which she eagerly accepted.

"What's the plan for tomorrow?" I asked before I left the room.

"I'm off early tomorrow. But Glenn will be home. I'm going to visit the other side of the island with Thiago to see how the situation is over there firsthand. I'm curious, and I might be able to use that in one of my lessons. I think Glenn only has one appointment tomorrow, and it's late in the afternoon."

"Cool. Goodnight!"

"Night, Honey."

* * *

A honking car outside the apartment woke me up. I looked at the alarm clock and learned it was a little past nine. I idly toyed with my sparse pubes and with my balls hanging down in my loose sack as I thought about the great day I had with Gloria. My morning wood stuck up from my groin, and the urge to go peeing grew by the minute.

After doing my business in the bathroom, I wasn't sure what to do. I felt a bit horny, but it was also almost time for Gloria to get up and start making breakfast, so a quick wank wasn't an option. That's when I realized Gloria was gone already and that it was just Glenn and me.

I figured Glenn would probably be in for some fooling around, so I quietly walked over to their room. As I approached it, I saw the door was open, and the light was streaming in from the window.

Glenn was lying on his back, legs spread and one arm above his head. He snored loudly, and his face was looking toward the window, away from

the door. The thin sheet was crumbled around his feet, and his dick lay softly on his thigh.

As I looked at his groin, I noticed how massive his balls looked compared to mine. They weren't very hairy, so I could study them nicely from where I was standing. I wondered if I should wake him. He probably had a short night, but he'd already said he didn't want to sleep this vacation away. So, after thinking about it for a few moments, I tip-toed over to the bed and got on the mattress between his legs as quietly as I could.

Judging by his snoring and the fact that he didn't move a muscle, I figured I was still good. So I leaned forward a bit, took his soft dick in my hand, and sucked it into my mouth.

This was the first time I had his dick in my mouth while it was soft. I played with it by using my tongue and cheeks for a bit, and it started to grow before long.

After toying with it a bit longer and wrapping my lips around it, it was as hard as I remembered. The snoring above me had died down, but I saw Glenn was still asleep when I looked up.

Feeling Glenn's hard dick in my mouth got me pretty worked up, so I decided to start sucking him for real now. I used my right hand to wrap around his shaft while my tongue worked his dickhead. I was getting into it when I felt Glenn move.

"Huh? What?" he mumbled, and moments later, I felt his hand on my head.

I let his dick slip from my mouth, looked up at Glenn, and smiled.

"Morning," I whispered and started lapping his dick from bottom to top like a popsicle while keeping my eyes locked with his.

"Ooohhh... that's some way to wake up..." Glenn groaned.

Moments later, he rubbed me over my cheek and said, "Come here," and he gently pulled me up to his body.

I crawled up to lay down on his muscular chest with my legs on each side of his body and my boner pressing on his stomach. He kissed me on my mouth and hugged me tightly.

"Why did you do that?" he asked.

"I like doing that. And I like doing this stuff with you."

"Well... we've got all morning, so no need to rush," Glenn said, smiling wickedly.

Lying there on top of Glenn with his muscular body pressed against mine and with every now and then a warm breeze over my body, I felt safe, horny, and completely at ease. But when I shifted my body down slightly, I felt Glenn's hardon press against my ass.

I looked at Glenn the moment this happened and firmly pressed my butt against it. Glenn just smiled and let me do my thing for a moment.

"I think I want to try it now. I think I can handle it," I whispered, feeling a bit nervous because of his size but also excited as hell to try it.

Glenn looked at me and sized me up. I could see him struggling with what he should do, but after a few moments, he said, "First, we're gonna try if it's even an option. Your anus might be too tight for it, and I don't want to hurt you."

"Really!? Thanks!" I said excitedly and looked him deep into his eyes, "And I know you won't hurt me! So how do we do this?"

"Haha! How can I say no to such eagerness?" Glenn laughed, "I'll grab the lube, and we'll try with my fingers how tight you are and let you get used to the feeling of more than just one finger."

Glenn gently pushed me aside, where I landed on the mattress and lay on my back. My hand started toying with my boner as Glenn went to the bathroom. When he came back, he had a jar in his hand, and his bouncing boner led the way as he walked toward the bed.

"Get on all fours, Bud. It'll be easier that way.

I quickly got on my hands and knees and asked, "Is that lube?"

"Yeah. It's coconut oil. It's one hundred percent natural and slippery as hell. People over here use it for all sorts of things. Here. Check it out," he said, holding the jar in front of me.

I sniffed at it, and it didn't smell like much. Just plain coconut. I dipped one finger in it and examined its texture. Glenn was right. This stuff was very slippery and looked a bit like thick water on my fingers.

"Cool. And now you put it on your willie, or what?"

“Not yet. First, I’m gonna use my fingers to lube up your hole. But more importantly, to check if it isn’t too tight down there. You ready?” Glenn asked as he took the jar, his boner wiggling in the corner of my eyes.

“I guess...” I said, still eager to try but a bit anxious about it.

I felt Glenn’s finger rub over my hole a few moments later. I was surprised by how warm the oil felt on his finger. I expected a cold rush like when someone squirts sunscreen on your back. But the opposite was true.

After rubbing around for a short while, Glenn said, “I’m going to press now and try to slide in. Don’t try to clamp your hole shut. Just try to push like you’re taking a dump. It’ll be way easier that way.”

I simply nodded and did what Glenn asked. And the moment Glenn’s finger started sliding in, I felt my boner twitch and couldn’t hold back a moan.

“You’re doing great, Bud,” Glenn softly said. “This was way easier than I anticipated.”

He started sliding his finger in and out, and each time he hit a particular spot, my boner twitched. Finally, after a minute or so, he slid out, stuck his finger in the oil, and said, “I’m lubing you up extra good to make sure it doesn’t hurt that much.”

I simply nodded again because I was enjoying this too much and didn’t trust my voice at that moment.

“I’m going to try using two fingers now. I think you’re loose enough for that. Is that okay?”

“Uh-huh,” I mumbled, pressing my ass against his hand and feeling all-new incredible sensations flowing through my body.

When Glenn’s fingers left me to scoop up some more oil, I felt empty but couldn’t wait for him to enter me again and rub against that weird spot inside me.

“Okay, Bud. Take a deep breath, try to relax, and push back a little, okay?”

“Yeah... just... I’m...” I stammered, trying to find the right words.

Glenn must've sensed I was ready for it because he started pressing with two fingers now. As the pressure grew, I remembered Glenn's words, took a deep breath, and pushed back by using my muscles around my asshole. Moments later, I felt both fingers slide in slowly and moaned.

"Does it hurt?" Glenn asked worriedly and immediately stopped moving his fingers.

"No. It doesn't hurt. I just... feel full. It feels good," I said, still trying to relax as much as possible.

"So I just keep going?"

"Oh yes, please!"

After a few minutes, Glenn's fingers were probing around and sliding in and out of my ass easily. Every time he touched my sensitive spot, I moaned loudly. My dick was rock hard, and I felt horny as hell by now.

"I didn't expect it, Bud, but I think you're ready," Glenn whispered in my ear, his finger still sliding in and out.

I looked up, and a big smile spread across my face when I saw the look in Glenn's eyes. Of course, I wasn't very experienced yet, but I had seen this look before, and it was one of pure lust.

"I think it's better if you lie down on your back. Just spread your legs, lift your knees, and place this pillow under your lower back," he said and grabbed the oil.

I did just that and looked at Glenn while he lubed up his big, hard dick. As I looked at it and realized how much thicker his dick was, I suddenly felt a wave of nervousness wash over me. Glenn must've noticed because he asked, "Nervous?"

I just nodded and whispered, "Yeah. A bit."

"Don't worry. We'll stop the second you want! Just say it, and we'll find another cool thing to do," Glenn said soothingly.

I was still horny as hell, so despite the anxiety, I nodded and said, "I want to do this, so just fuck me already."

Both Glenn and I looked surprised as these words came out of my mouth, and I started giggling nervously while Glenn just smiled broadly.

"Alright, Bud. I'll fuck you already!" He smiled and grabbed his hard dick in his hand.

Moments later, I felt the tip of his dick brushing against my slippery butt hole. He pressed firmly against it and softly said, "Remember. Deep breaths and press as if you're going to the toilet."

I nodded once more and felt my heart throbbing in my throat. I inhaled deeply, and the moment Glenn's dick started sliding in, I exhaled and loosened my sphincter. I felt a popping sensation and a mild gust of pain. But the pain went away immediately, and I realized Glenn had entered me. The feeling was quite overwhelming, and I needed a moment to get used to being so full.

I looked at his face and noticed his worried expression. He was constantly looking at me to see if I was okay.

"I feel it," I moaned softly.

"You okay?"

"Yes. Just give me one second to adjust."

"Sure," Glenn said and held his body perfectly still.

After a few seconds, I felt Glenn's fingers wrap around my stiff dick, and he started playing with it. He wasn't jacking me, just massaging it and making me feel good. This worked quite well, and after a few more moments, I said, "Can you go deeper?"

Now it was Glenn's turn to nod, and with a soft push of his hips, I felt him entering me. It was a little uncomfortable, but the feeling of something entering me, the naughtiness of it, combined with his massaging hand, was way more powerful, and I started panting heavily.

When his dick rubbed against that particular spot inside me, I moaned loudly, and my dick started twitching furiously.

"Ooohhh. Yessss..."

Glenn just kept going. He slid in, retracted a bit, slid in further, and repeated this a few times. I was in heaven. The expected pain wasn't there. Only the fantastic feeling of his hard dick inside of me and rubbing against something I didn't know I had.

The moment I felt his pubes tickle against my hairless balls, I knew I would want this a lot more. Since his dick rubbed that spot the first time, I was on the verge of an orgasm.

“Oh, wow,” Glenn moaned, “you’re doing great! I’m all the way in.”

“Ooohhh. I know. Ahhh... I... hmmm...” was all that came out.

When Glenn slowly moved out, I felt like my orgasm hit me. But it lingered a bit, and when Glenn pushed back in, the same thing happened. With each fucking motion from Glenn, I felt like I almost came.

At that moment, I couldn’t speak anymore. Only low grunts escaped my throat, and all my attention was between my legs. Glenn was still massaging my dick, but he started jerking me in earnest after we fucked for a while.

The fucking wasn’t loud or obscene. Just slow, steady strokes from Glenn. But after he fucked me for a few minutes more, I noticed a change on his face. I knew by now that this meant he would be coming soon. At that moment, his inbound thrusts became more fierce, and when his groin slapped against my butt, this felt even better for me.

“AH! YES! AH! YES! AH! YES!!” I kept grunting.

“UH! UH! UH! UHH!” Glenn groaned.

The sound of loud slaps filled the room, and the feeling inside me intensified even more. I still don’t know if it was Glenn’s fat dick filling me up, the rubbing against ‘that’ spot, or the idea of being submissive to someone. But I don’t care now, and I certainly didn’t care back then.

“Ohhh... I’m cumming!” Glenn moaned and kept slamming into me.

The familiar tingle I usually felt when I came didn’t come this time. Instead, it was more like a whirlpool of soft cotton balls floating through my head and body. But when Glenn slapped at me with a final push, and his dick started kicking inside me, his hot cum coating my insides, all muscles between my belly button and knees began to contract.

Glenn and I came at the same time, and I felt so connected to him at that moment that I still remember that feeling vividly until today. My orgasm was very different from my usual orgasms. It usually focused on my dick, this time, it felt like it came from the inside behind my pubes. It’s hard to

explain, and I still can't put it into words. I did notice something splashing on my belly in the back of my head but was too engrossed with this different orgasm to notice or care.

Glenn stayed inside me for a few more moments but eventually, he had to pull out and lay down on his back beside me on the bed.

As we lay there side by side, regaining our breaths and letting the air cool us, I felt a bit of Glenn's cum oozing out of my hole. I knew I couldn't help it, and instead of feeling embarrassed by it, I felt a sense of pride for being able to give him this much pleasure and for being able to take his fat dick up my ass.

After a while, I felt something cold on my belly and looked down to see what it was. There, around my belly button, a long stripe of watery cum lay glistening in the morning light. I never came this much, and I wondered if this was even my cum.

Glenn saw me looking and said, "You came a lot, Bud! You're becoming a man!"

He extended his fingers, scooped up a glob, and put it in his mouth. I did the same, and after two or three times, my belly was clean.

"How did I do?" I finally asked, curious how Glenn experienced it.

"Honestly?" he asked and looked at me.

I nodded shyly, a little bit afraid of what he'd say.

"I honestly didn't think you could handle it and that you'd be too tight down there. But the opposite is true! You were amazing! It's been a long time since I've had sex that was this good!"

I felt a blanket of pride covering me and realized we'd probably be doing this a lot more.

"And you?" Glenn asked, smiling.

"It was awesome! The moment your dickhead was in, I felt a bit of pain. But that was gone before I knew it. Your dick kept rubbing against a special spot inside me, and each time it did, it felt a bit better."

"That's your prostate. Most men like it a lot when it's stimulated," he said. And after a few seconds, "So do I."

I felt a bit more oozing out and moved my hand down to assess the damage. Glenn noticed and said, "You'd better go to the bathroom and let it all out. After that, we'll take a shower and clean ourselves up properly."

And that's precisely what we did. After showering, we ate breakfast together. And after breakfast, Glenn sucked me off at the kitchen table. Just like that. I wanted to return the favor, but he just said he wasn't eighteen anymore and explained it took him a while to get going again.

It wasn't even noon yet when we arrived at the beach. Glenn wasn't much of a beach guy, but after a bit of whining from me, he decided we could go. Of course, we took the usual stuff like towels, sunscreen, and frisbee with us, but I insisted on leaving our trunks in the apartment. It took some convincing, but eventually, Glenn agreed.

Lounging naked on the beach with Glenn was absolutely amazing. We chatted a bit, swam in the ocean, threw the frisbee around, and generally had a good time. Being naked together in a public place added a whole new level to it for me, and it was simply fantastic.

I felt a bit odd down there for the rest of the day, but nothing substantial. Glenn assured me this would wear off. I didn't care about it. I got fucked for the first time, and I loved it!



Chapter 15 – Shoot them

“Where did you find this place?” Miranda says as we enter our cabin on the beach.

“This is fucking awesome!” I hear one of the twins say behind me.

“LANGUAGE!” both Miranda and Luke say at the same time.

“But... can’t you see where we are?” the boy persisted.

“I don’t care,” Luke says, “We don’t talk like that, and you know it, Evan!”

“I’m sorry,” Evan replies, but his ear-to-ear smile can’t be missed when I glance over.

Holding back a chuckle, I decide to address the elephant in the room.

“There are only two bedrooms, so I assume Audrey and I take the one with the single Queen-sized bed, and you take the one with the two beds?”

“That’ll be great. Yeah. You okay with that too, boys?” Luke asks as he looks at the twins.

“I don’t care,” Owen says, “We’re mostly out on the beach anyways.”

“That’s true,” I add, “I wanna start early tomorrow. I think that’s when we’ll have the best light for the non-swimwear clothes.”

“Sounds good,” Miranda chips in, “How about we find a restaurant and eat? It’s almost dinner time, and it’s our treat.”

“Thanks, Miranda. But there’s no need. I’d be happy to pay for Audrey and me.”

“Don’t be silly! You arranged it all, so buying dinner is the least we can do!”

It’s clear this is non-negotiable. So I decide to drop it and mention that I know a good restaurant where the six of us can eat. There’s a little debate if we’re going to walk there or grab a cab. But eventually, we all go for the walk and figure we’ll determine how we get back once we get to the restaurant.

So after we all finish unpacking, we head out to the restaurant. I rented this specific cabin because it's the furthest down the beach. I figured this would automatically mean that we'd have the least traffic from people passing by. The only downside is that the total walk takes us a little over thirty minutes by being so far up the beach. And the restaurant being a bit out of the touristic coastal area doesn't help either. Luke, Miranda, and I talk a little about the history I've got with the island. They already know about my past in the special forces and that I've been to this island a lot. I tell them I can't talk too much about what I've done, and they get it and respect it.

As we walk, I notice how well the boys and Audrey get along. They're constantly laughing and goofing around, which warms my heart.

Dinner is excellent, and we laugh a lot. Especially when Evan and Owen take turns in telling jokes. Both Luke and Miranda are funny people to be around with. At one moment during dinner, Audrey and I look at each other, and I realize how glad I am that she has this much fun after losing her dad.

During the walk back, we talk about the shoot the next day. It's an early start, but neither the twins nor Audrey seem bothered by it. However, I see Luke looking a bit apprehensive, so I say, "You can join us later. The first part will be setting up the scene and composition anyways."

"Is that okay with you?" Luke asks, looking slightly embarrassed.

"Of course! The boys and Audrey know what to do. You come and join us when you're ready. After all, it's your holiday."

"Great. And thanks," he smiles.

When we arrive at the beach entrance and take off our shoes, I smile mischievously and say, "You know what?"

"What?" Owen asks curiously.

"Officially, this is a clothing-optional beach."

"Really?" both boys ask simultaneously.

"No kidding," I say, and I see the boys unit at each other.

As they stand up and start pulling up their shirts, Miranda clears her throat.

“Don’t even think about it, little men,” she sternly says.

“But Mom...” Owen whines.

“Listen, guys,” I interrupt. “Officially, all beaches on the island are clothing-optional. With the emphasis on officially.”

“What do you mean?” Evan asks.

“Well... back when I was your age, Glenn and I lounged naked on this beach a few times. A lot of people did. Some wore clothes, some didn’t. No one cared.”

“Oh wow,” Evan whispers.

“We can walk around naked on the beach?” Owen adds.

“Yeah... well... not quite anymore. A couple of years ago, a new leader was put in charge by the military, and this changed a lot. And I mean A LOT! It also changed the way people thought about things. Or better, They were told how to think about things. This led to many protests, but the new leader ended these the hard way,” I say, realizing everyone is listening intently.

“I heard about that,” Luke says as he grabs his shoes and looks at us. “But there’s peace now, right?”

“Relative peace, yes. But then there’s also the threat coming from Nicaragua,” I say glumly.

“Trouble in paradise,” Miranda adds.

“Yeah. Such a shame for the people on this beautiful island,” I say as I look around.

During our conversation, we start walking back to the cabin. Once we get there, Audrey unlocks the door and says, “Let’s try to have fun anyways. Clothes or no clothes.”

I laugh at that, and so do Miranda and Luke. Finally, Owen, always wanting to have the last word, softly says, “Well... I prefer the no-clothes option.”

I can’t help myself but chuckle softly. I glance over at Luke and see him chuckling too. Miranda's face looks serious, but I can see by her eyes that she’s amused too.

“Okay. We’re going to bed,” I announce, attempting to change the subject.

“Us too,” Miranda says, looks at the boys, and asks, “You’ve got your phones to set your alarm?”

“Got it, Mom. We get up at seven. Right, Mr. H?”

“Right. We’ll eat on the porch, and the clothes we need are in the shed. So you two can sleep in if you want,” I say, smiling at Luke and Miranda.

“Thanks. Appreciate it,” Luke says.

“Goodnight!” Audrey says and opens our bedroom door.

“Night,” we all say simultaneously, which results in some giggles.

I start undressing, and as I pull up the thin sheet, my eyes drink in the sight of Audrey’s nude body. She smiles broadly as she crawls in too and sees me looking.

“I’m SO excited that we’re really here!” She says and kisses me on my cheek.

“Me too! Can’t wait to get started on the swimsuit pics. Too bad we have to wait for these a bit longer.”

“Ah well... consider tomorrow as a warm-up,” Audrey laughs softly.

She crawls up against me in her usual spot. With her warm pussy pressed against my leg and her nipple poking my chest, I realize once again how lucky I am. Her hand slowly moves down over my belly, and a moment later, her small hand finds my soft dick and wraps around it. Her touch gets me hard in seconds, and Audrey giggles as she feels this.

“We can’t do this now, Lil’ Bit,” I say, reluctant but sternly.

“I know. But I just like lying close to you and holding this,” she says, squeezing my dick.

“Well... have fun,” I snicker.

“I will. Night.”

“Night,” I say, and I kiss Audrey on her forehead.

* * *

The soft buzz from my phone roughly pulls me out of a deep sleep. I feel a warm breeze over my body and need a moment to realize where I am. The reddish-yellow morning light is filling the room, and when I look over at Audrey, it immediately comes back to me where I am.

She turned onto her back during the night, and her arms are lying above her head now. With her legs slightly parted, she's completely exposed, and I don't let the opportunity to check her out thoroughly again go to waste.

As my eyes and on her bald and incredibly sexy pussy, I have to suppress the urge to lick and caress it. But it's difficult when she's looking this inviting. So instead, I softly rub her cheek and whisper her name.

Her eyes flutter open, and after a long yawn, she smiles at me, followed by a stretch.

"It's really happening today," she whispers.

"Yep! Ready for it?"

"Oh yeah!" and after a few moments, she asks, "Scott?"

"Audrey?" I reply, smiling, but this fades quickly when I see her face turned all serious.

"Do you think it's okay if I let Evan and Owen see me... uhm... naked too?"

This one catches me off-guard. I think about it for a few seconds and say, "Well... it's your body, Lil' Bit. So you decide who sees it or touches you. That's entirely up to you and to no one else but you. I know you're far from reckless, so I trust you'll always make the right decision."

"You really think that? Thanks!" She whispers and gives me a hug.

"And it's a completely safe environment here, so I don't see any harm in it," I say and avoid asking about the reason why.

"I do feel safe. And I think it'll be fun to see their reaction. And I think it's... fair, I guess?"

"That alone is not a very good reason to do this. But I get what you mean. After all this time together, it feels like a natural thing to do."

“Yeah! That’s it! That’s what I mean. It feels like a logical step for me,” Audrey smiles excitedly.

“And I’d love to see their reaction too,” I snicker.

“Yeah. Do you think they’ll get... uhm... hard?” she whispers, and I can see her blush.

“Hundred percent! They’ve never seen a beautiful girl like you naked. And considering their reaction when you were in your bikini... I’m sure they’ll get hard and give you a lot of attention.”

“I like the idea, but I’m also a little nervous about doing it. I mean... with you, it wasn’t a big deal to me, but now I feel butterflies just thinking about it,” she says softly.

“That’s normal. They’re about your age, they’re your friends, and a lot younger than me. Just remember. No one is forcing you to do this! And if you don’t want to do it, fine! If you regret doing it? Just put your clothes back on. If you need help? Just ask. But don’t feel pressured and take your time. That’s all I have to say about it. The rest is up to you, Lil’ Bit.”

“You’re such a great guy!” she says and dives in for another hug.

“Thanks. You’re not too bad yourself,” I say and give her another kiss on her forehead.

After lying like this for a few more minutes, I say, “I’ll go grab us breakfast and set the table on the porch. See you in a sec,” I say as I get up, pull up my shorts, and grab my shirt.

“I’ll do my hair. See you outside.”

“Be quiet, okay? I don’t want to wake Luke and Miranda. Maybe the boys will, but that’s out of our control. We need them in our team.”

“I get it. Don’t worry,” she smiles, and after I let my eyes roam over her naked body one last time, I slowly open the bedroom door and head for the kitchen.

Knowing some people on the island and calling in a few favors came in handy. When I booked the cabin, I arranged for the shed, usually used to store beach stuff, to be cleared out. The guy I know at the Fed-Ex office placed all the clothes I sent him in the shed, and Thiago’s wife made sure there were groceries in the fridge and cabinets.

This way, we only had to unpack our suitcases when we arrived. Now we can start shooting without caring about all the other practical stuff. It didn't cost me much, and next time I'm here and have more time on my hand, I'll visit and thank them properly.

After putting the breakfast stuff on the table, I look at the beach. Seeing it in full daylight again sure brings back some memories. I have to swallow a lump in my throat away as memories of Glenn fill my mind.

"Morning, Mr. H," I hear behind me and see one of the boys walk onto the porch, dressed in his tight red boxer briefs.

"Morning. Owen?" I ask as my eyes roam over his body and prominent bulge.

"Evan," he mumbles and sits down on the nearest chair.

"Morning, Evan. Ready for the big day?"

"Yeah. But it's early, so just give me a sec please," he yawns.

"Hi guys," I hear Audrey say cheerfully as she walks onto the porch.

I see Evan's eyes grow wide, and he seems instantly awake. So I turn to look at her and realize Audrey has already dropped her modesty. She's wearing her favorite hipster-style panties, only red instead of pink ones this time. Her small black bra covers her boobs, but that's all she's currently wearing. And she looks mighty fine like this.

"M- morning," Evan croaks.

"Hey! Same color underwear!" Audrey points out and sits down at the table as if she's done this a dozen times.

"Uhm... yeah," is all that comes out of Evan's mouth, his eyes glued to her body.

"Morni... oh!" Owens says as he joins us.

He's in just his boxers too, only is he wearing bright green ones, which helps me to distinguish the two. His eyes roam over Audrey's body, and he stops scratching his ass as he's standing there.

"You... uhm... look great," Owen stammers.

"Thanks! You too," she smirks. "I figured that just wearing underwear is easier for the shoot. In the studio, you did that too, and I found it pretty

efficient. And besides, you've seen me in my bikini already, so..."

"Yeah. We did. But.." Owen says softly.

"But what?" Audrey asks innocently, but I know by now that she's just playing with them.

"Nevermind," Owen trails off but looks big-eyed at his brother, who simply nods.

Breakfast itself is uneventful, but the boys keep stealing glances at Audrey while I keep glancing at all of them. After we're done, I quietly put the stuff in the kitchen, and we head out to the shed. It feels a bit odd to do this with three underwear-clad preteens at my side, but I don't complain.

We grab the schedule Audrey and I created back home, and we select the clothes we need. Next, I set up my camera at the first location. Then, after making sure all the settings, composition, and lighting are correct, I instruct the kids to walk toward me and tell jokes to each other so they look all spontaneous and smiling.

After the first set of pics, I see Miranda and Luke walk toward us. She's carrying a tray with drinks, and Luke is behind her with two chairs.

"How's it going?" she asks as she hands me a mug filled with coffee and the soda to the kids.

"Great! They're naturals!" I beam, genuinely glad about the way they act and the chemistry between the three of them.

Miranda and Luke settle themselves on the chairs on the beach and watch us work. Thankfully, they don't interfere or comment on what we're doing. So I don't really care that they're watching.

During the rest of the morning, we do all sorts of shoots in different combinations with the kids and in different locations. The last one of the day is on the porch of our condo. I glance over at Luke and Miranda, and they look pretty bored. They don't complain or anything, but it's clear they're not enjoying themselves very much.

"That's it for today!" I call out.

The kids high-five each other, and I see Owen nod toward me. Then, Audrey looks at me and asks, "We wanna go swimming in the ocean. Is

that okay?"

"I don't see why not," I say and look over at Luke.

He just shrugs and says, "Have fun. Just make sure to stay in sight, okay?"

"Okay!" Audrey says and quickly walks into the condo.

"Will do, Dad," Evan says, and the boys head inside to change too.

Miranda gets back from the kitchen with a glass of wine in her hand. She hands Luke and me a beer, and we settle down on the porch, looking at the ocean.

We sit like that for a few moments when the boys join us. They've got beach towels around their necks and are dressed in typical surfer boardshorts. Combined with the shorts and the beach, their natural look seems so much more in place here than in Seattle. I inwardly laugh at that observation and just look at those extraordinary boys.

But when Audrey opens the door and stands there in her black, sexy as fuck bikini with the towel in her hand, eight male eyes immediately drink in every inch of her.

"Ready?" she simply asks and starts walking toward the beach, showing off her tight body.

"Hell yeah!" Owen whispers so softly that only Evan and I can probably hear.

"Ready!" Evan croaks as he starts walking too.

I notice both Miranda and Luke looking at Audrey. Judging by their looks and seeing Audrey walking around like this, I feel I need to say something about her bikini.

"Bikinis these days are skimpier than I remember growing up," I say with a fake embarrassment.

"Nonsense!" Miranda responds sternly, "Audrey looks great in it! No need to be embarrassed."

"She also tried on others, but this one was perfect according to the women at the shop. Audrey wanted this one, and if it's the latest fashion, who am I to judge? She does look fine in it."

“Yeah. She really does. What do YOU think of it, honey?” Miranda asks, with a hint of scorn in her voice.

“Uhm... I uh...” Luke stammers, and he seems a bit uncomfortable, and a look of guilt spreads across his face. Then he regains his confidence, clears his throat, and says, “You’re magnificent with these kids, Scott. The way they’re acting in front of your camera and the way you direct them is amazing. But, to me, it seems like it doesn’t feel like work for them.”

“Thanks! I appreciate it. I always try to work this way. When the models are comfortable, it always shows on film. Always. I think it’s my job to make them feel that way. So I’m glad it’s being noticed,” I smile.

“You’re amazing,” Miranda adds. “But despite the wonderful view, it’s a little boring to us. Right, dear?”

It’s clear now that Miranda is toying a bit with Luke. But she also made a point here. So now I know I have to be careful about how I look at these kids, although I’ve got the excuse of the photographers’ eye.

“Yeah. It is. Besides getting food and drinks, isn’t there something we can do to help?” Luke asks me.

I pretend to think about it for a minute because having them around too closely will only disturb the shoot. “Uhm. Actually, no. And, to be honest, it might disturb the chemistry. But besides that, I really don’t have anything else to do. Sorry.” I say with an apologetic face.

“I see. And I guess you’re right. It’ll be a long week then, dear,” Miranda says, smiling at Luke.

“We can always go shopping tomorrow, but we’ll be done in under an hour, judging by the stores I’ve seen so far. And then we’ve still got a few days left. Ah well... at least the weather and the view are great,” Luke replies, trying to sound optimistic.

“If you’d like, I can call an old friend that organizes guided tours through the jungle. These are multi-day trips, and you’ll see all the beauty the north side of the island has to offer.”

Luke immediately sits up straight and looks excitedly at Miranda. But by the look on her face, she has reservations about the idea.

“We knew this trip wasn’t going to be the most exciting one, dear. We can’t leave Scott and make him take care of our kids.”

"Nonsense! Sure you can!" I reply sternly. "It's your holiday too, and I can handle these three. So don't worry about that."

"See?" Luke says hopefully to Miranda.

"But what about the boys? They can be such a handful," she says, still trying, but it's clear she's starting to like the idea.

"What about 'em? They're having so much fun with Scott and Audrey that they probably won't even notice we're gone!"

"Well... it does sound like fun," she says with a small smile forming around her mouth.

Luke looks at me and nods. I grab my phone, dial the number, and after about fifteen minutes, all the arrangements are made. It turns out that they're lucky because the following day, a trip is planned, and there's still room for them. They'll be gone for three nights in a row, but by then, they've seen all the beautiful places the island has to offer. They're being picked up at around nine, and they're told what kind of clothes to pack.

"Cheers!" Miranda says after she grabs us two new beers and holds up her glass.

"Cheers!" We say as our glasses touch.

I smile, glad to have the three kids to myself. And as I look at the kids playing in the tide and see how much innocent fun they're having, a feeling of utter happiness washes over me.

* * *

"Have fun!" Owen says as Miranda and Luke get on the bus.

"Thanks. And remember, you listen to Scott! If I hear that even one of you misbehaved, you're in for something!" Miranda says with a stern look on her face.

"I know, Mom. Don't worry! Just have fun out there," Evan replies.

"Just call us if something happens, okay, Scott?" Miranda says in a last attempt to stay in control.

"Of course. But there won't be anything. Trust me. So make sure to enjoy this trip," I smile.

I know perfectly well that calling her is useless. There won't be a signal anywhere in the jungle. And if there is, it'll take them at least six hours to get here. But I figure she likes the idea, so I let her be.

"Come on, dear. We're leaving," Luke says and gently urges her into the bus.

We watch as Miranda and Luke take their place on the bus. Then, as it starts pulling away, we wave at them and wait for it to disappear from sight.

"Party time!" Owen exclaims as he puts his hands in the air.

"The hell it is," I smile, knowing he's joking. "We've got work to do."

"I know. I'm kidding. What's our schedule for today?"

As we walk back toward the cabin, we talk about the plans for today. We've still got a few more regular clothes to shoot. I want to do a few swimsuit shots too today, but I think it's better to do these when the sun starts setting.

When we get to the shed, Audrey is the first to grab her clothes. I help the boys with their clothes, and as we turn around, I hear both boys suck in their breaths beside me.

I look over at what they're looking at, and I see Audrey with her back toward us, completely naked except for her red hipster panties. She seems to be struggling with the tank top she's going to wear under her blouse, and it allows us to check her out thoroughly.

"You okay there, Lil' Bit?" I ask, ignoring the boys.

"Yeah. It's just this stupid top! It's got multiple layers of overlapping fabric, and I can't get it right," She replies. She pretends to be angry, but I know her well enough by now to know she's faking it.

"Do you need help?" Owen asks, winking and smirking at his brother.

"Yes, please!" Audrey says, turns around, and walks toward us.

"Uh..." Owen stammers, suddenly seeming very insecure, but his eyes are glued to Audrey's chest.

“Oh!” Audrey exclaims and suddenly stops moving while holding her tank top in front of her boobs, looking innocently at the boys. Then she asks, “you don’t mind, do you?”

“I uhm... ahem! No. No! Of course not,” Owen says, clearly blown away by this, his tented underwear betraying him. “It’s just that... I didn’t expect it. That’s all.”

“Here, let me help you,” Evan quickly says, walking over to Audrey and outsmarting his brother.

“Thanks!” Audrey smiles and hands him her top.

The boys’ reaction is priceless. Both of them do their best not to look at Audrey’s chest too openly, but looking at them from a distance, I can see they fail miserably at it. And seeing both boxer-clad boners is a big giveaway about how excited they are too.

I see Audrey glance at me, and I give her a quick wink, bringing a sly smile to her face. Meanwhile, Evan’s shaking hands have undone her tank top, and he says, “Hold up your arms.”

Audrey complies immediately, and Evan slides the top over her arms, pulls it down, and covers her chest.

“Thanks,” she says and straightens her top.

“Don’t mention it,” Evan says, trying to keep his cool the best he can.

“You sure you’re not offended by me?” Audrey asks as she openly eyes their boners and makes it clear she noticed.

“You look amazing!” Owen says without thinking.

After realizing what he said, he clears his throat and adds, “I mean... you don’t mind seeing us naked, so why would we? We’re all professionals here,” he smiles, but his usual confidence is gone.

I decide it’s time to spring into action, so I say, “It’s not uncommon to see other people naked during shoots. Heck! It’ll be virtually impossible not to see the others while changing with the swimsuit shoots later on. I don’t think anyone has issues with it, so why don’t we just get it over with? There’s nobody on the beach right now, and we’re pretty secluded here between the shed and the cabin...”

I give them time to let my words sink in, and I quickly see the realization land with Evan. To get things moving, I start taking off my shirt, and after throwing it in the sand, I start sliding down my shorts.

“What... oh!” Owen says as he sees my boxers come into view.

“Great idea, Scott!” Audrey chirps and starts taking off her top.

“Yeah! Excellent!” Evan says and slides down his boxers in record time.

With a loud slap against his belly, his boner springs free, and he kicks his boxers aside. I hesitate slightly but figure I might as well join them so there won’t be any more weirdness. So I also slide down my boxers, glad I’m still mostly soft, so I don’t scare anyone.

Owen lags behind, but the moment Audrey starts working on her panties, he kicks into gear too. A slap against his belly indicates he’s naked too. Moments later, we’re all done, standing straight and looking at each other. Both boys are stiff, and their gaze switches between Audrey and me but focuses mainly on Audrey's fabulous body.

Audrey's eyes are glued on both preteen boners, and so are mine. Their tight, bronzed bodies look even hotter with these hard cocks sticking out from their groins.

Owen, getting famous for his lack of filter when he talks, looks at Audrey and asks, “You don’t have hairs yet?” and starts tugging at his own to prove his point.

“I do! But those peeked out of my bikini, so Scott shaved them for me,” Audrey says proudly.

“I like it!” Owen exclaims, “Will you shave me too, please?” he asks, looking at me.

Already looking forward to it, I reply, “Of course! It makes shooting the speedos easier too,” and the three of them start smiling at the image of the incident in the studio.

As Audrey stands there with her hands on her hips for all three of us to see, I feel a weird feeling of pride wash over me. This timid little girl is starting to make her own conscious decisions and stands by them. And she looks mighty fine doing it.

“Okay, guys. Take a good, long look at each other, so next time, hopefully, there won’t be any more awkwardness,” I say, drinking in the sight in front of me.

After about a minute or so, I announce, “Right. I think this is enough for now. Grab your clothes and put them on, so we can head out to the end of the beach.”

We all start putting on our clothes, and I can feel that the little tension there was, is completely gone. Audrey and the boys are laughing and cracking jokes like nothing out of the ordinary has happened.

I grab my camera bag, lock the shed, and start walking toward the end of the beach. The boys are walking to my right, carrying the bag with beach stuff, and Audrey is to my left, carrying a bag with clothes we need later. She grabs my hand without saying a word, and we keep walking like that.

After a few moments of walking like this in silence, Audrey asks, “Did I cause you guys to get hard back there?”

“Well... Duh!” Owen replies instantly, “I never saw a naked girl before, let alone such a beautiful one!”

He starts blushing when he realizes his mouth is faster than his brain again but relaxes the moment Audrey giggles and says, “Thanks, Owen. That’s sweet.”

“Why did you do it too, Mr. H?” Evan asks as he kicks against a shell sticking out of the sand, helping out his brother.

“I want the four of us to trust each other completely. And I think this undressing session is part of that circle of trust,” I say, trying to sound smart and like it’s normal to do before a shoot.

“You’ve got a big one,” Owen says.

“Nah. I’m pretty average. A little thicker than most maybe, but that’s all.”

“You’re bigger than our dad,” Evan adds.

“I... uhm... okay,” I reply, lost for anything else to say.

When we get to the end of the beach, we arrive at the line of trees and bushes that seems a bit out of place here. Just like the first time I saw this years ago when Glenn and I were here, the thick foliage extends all the way down to the water’s edge and may be even thicker than I

remember it. "What's on the other side?" Owen asks as I'm setting up my gear.

The kids notice it as well. "What's on the other side?" Owen asks as I'm setting up my gear.

"I don't know. You can't go around it. I remember Glenn said it probably extends all the way into the ocean, or maybe just a few rocks behind it. I never checked."

"Can we go and check it?" Evan asks excitedly.

Audrey and Owen seem excited to check it out too, and I'm pretty curious about it myself. But I figure I can use this curiosity to my advantage, so I say, "Tell you what. When the shoot is done, and we've got some time left, we'll check it out. Deal?"

"Deal! What do you want us to do?"

I start directing the kids, and they're all extremely cooperative. It's clear they all want to check out the mystery behind the trees because they tell each other to stay focused when someone isn't paying attention.

This works exceptionally well, and before I know it, we're done. Judging by the sun, it's just a little past noon. So I check my phone, which confirms it.

"You were awesome, guys! We're ready for this morning," I smile and start putting my camera stuff in the bag.

"So we can go and check it out now?" Owen asks excitedly, already turning around.

"Wait!" I exclaim, "Not with these clothes. I don't want them to get damaged, so we need to get to the house and get changed first."

"But Scott..." Audrey starts whining.

"You promised, Mr. H!" Evan says, clearly disappointed.

"What if we just take off the clothes?" Owen says, looking expectantly at me, causing the two other heads to turn and nod at me.

"It's a five-minute walk to the house!" I say, a bit surprised by their reaction.

"So?" Audrey asks, already unbuttoning her blouse.

“Okay then. If it’s such a big deal...” I smile.

Within a few moments, all B-Wyze clothes are off, placed inside the bag, leaving the three kids in their underwear. Four eyes are glued to Audrey’s chest, but she pretends she doesn’t notice. I insist they wear the shoes because I don’t want anyone to get hurt, delaying the shoot because of that.

“Let’s go!” Owen says, and we start working our way through the thick foliage of the trees and bushes. It takes us a bit of time to find a path, and after a while of winding through the trees, light from the other side is visible through the trees.

“I can see the end!” Owen shouts as if we’re in the middle of dense rainforest.

I guess the entire strip of the bush is about fifty feet wide, and despite what it looks like from the beach, it’s not too difficult to pass through. The ground is mainly covered with the same sand as on the beach, and if you watch where you’re going, you don’t even need shoes to protect your feet.

“Fucking hell!” Owen exclaims as he clears the bushes.

“Oh my!” Audrey says as she’s right behind Owen.

“Jesus!” I hear Evan say in front of me.

And when I finally get out, I’m greeted by a magnificent piece of the island. Instead of the expected rocks, we’re on a pristine beach. It’s about eighty by a hundred and fifty feet, with waves gently caressing the sand as they get to shore. Spread over the beach, a few palm trees provide some shadow, and the sand is almost white.

Glenn was right about the rocks. Because twenty to thirty feet from the shore, pointy rocks stick out of the water and break the waves. This is a highly secluded area, and it makes me feel like we’ve found paradise on earth.

“This used to be a pirate hideout!” Evan states with a certainty that’s pretty amusing.

“You might be right,” I say, feeding his imagination.

“Do you think there’s a treasure buried over here?” Owen says with big eyes as he turns toward me.

“Dunno. Might be. But pirates used to bury their treasures away from their home,” I say, still trying to sound as hyped as them.

“Yeah. Guess you’re right,” Evan says, a bit disappointed.

We all explore some more, and after about half an hour, I look over at Audrey. She walked ankle-deep into the ocean and is now looking at something in the distance. Her back is toward me, and I notice only a few main colors are visible here on this beach and at this time of day. Mostly yellow and white, because of the beach and the sun.

Due to this lack of more colors, her black hair and red panties really stand out. So I quickly grab my camera, and right at the moment I start snapping away, a gush of wind lifts her hair. I check the display on my camera and realize I accidentally made one of my best pictures ever. Both the composition and the subject in the picture look spotless. I need to check it out on my computer, but I’m pretty confident about this one, even though I can only check it on this tiny screen.

After a few more minutes, all three kids gather around me. I look at them and ask, “Time for some lunch?”

“Yeah. I’m getting hungry,” Evan says, rubbing his belly to emphasize his point.

After our trip through the bushes, we walk back toward the cabin. Audrey quickly slips on her blouse to cover herself up, just in case. We all talk excitedly about the private beach we found.

“Can’t we just have lunch here?” Audrey asks as we enter the cabin.

“Yeah,” Evan chips in, “I don’t feel like getting dressed and walking all the way over to the boulevard.”

“Sure! We’ve got plenty of stuff to eat in here,” I answer, not too fond of getting out either.

So I prepare some sandwiches with Audrey helping me. And after we’re done eating and just chilling on the porch, I say, “I think we might as well do the afternoon swimsuit shoot on our newly found private beach. There are lots of nice shadows and backgrounds over there too. What do you think?”

“Yeah!” they all nod in agreement.

The boys clean up, and we chill some more in the shadow of our porch. I feel delighted about our current situation and let out a deep sigh. Audrey looks over and smiles, her blouse open with parts of her boobs showing.

“I’m glad we did what we did earlier,” she says, smiling at us.

“Me too,” Evan adds, immediately catching on to what Audrey’s talking about.

“Good to hear,” I say. “And I’m glad you’re comfortable around each other like that. I’ve been at shoots where nudity was a real issue, and they all went horribly wrong.”

“Yeah... about that...” Owen trails off, and a sly smile appears around his lips.

I notice Evan smiling too, but I don’t have a clue where this is going. When I glance over at Audrey, I’m glad to see she seems clueless too.

“Well... we’re doing swimsuits this afternoon, and ‘something’ might peek out,” he says, making air quotes with the word something.

“Oh!” I say, suddenly catching on.

“Can you shave me before we do that shoot, please?” Owen continues, the smile never leaving his face and his dick clearly growing.

“Uhm... I don’t see why not,” I reply, inwardly jumping with joy.

“Will you do me too?” Evan adds quickly.

“Can I watch?” Audrey says almost at the same time.

“Whoa! Relax! One at a time,” I chuckle. “Sure, Evan. No problem. And Audrey, that’s not up to me.”

“Sure! You can watch. I don’t care,” Owen says, and Evan nods at that.

“That’s settled then. Let’s get to the bathroom,” I say, standing up.

The bathroom isn’t big enough for the four of us. So as I start rummaging through my stuff to look for the right razor, I instruct Owen to get in the shower stall and leave the curtain open. Evan and Audrey can look from the doorway.

I turn around, and Owen is just standing there in his green boxers, looking expectantly at me. I smile at him and point at his boxers.

"Off they go," I say.

Owen doesn't hesitate, hooks his thumbs in the waistband, and slides them down. When his dick comes into view, I'm a bit surprised to see he's still soft. I blame it on the fact that he's probably a bit anxious about what's going to happen.

"Grab the showerhead and make sure the water is lukewarm. That's more comfortable for you and easier to shave," I snicker.

Moments later, and after checking out his cute bubble butt again, he turns around.

"Now what?" he asks.

"Make sure your pubes, penis, balls are nice and wet," I say as I grab the can of shaving foam.

Owen is being his typical self and is making a show out of it. He 'accidentally' sprays some water on Audrey and Evan but stops once he sees the stern look on my face.

"Do you want to apply it yourself?" I ask as I hold up the can.

He looks questionably at me and shakes his head. "No. You do it. I don't know how that stuff works."

"You know that means that I have to touch you. You know... down there..." I say to clarify things and ensure I won't get into trouble.

"Yeah. So what?" Owen says, clearly not seeing any issues with it.

"I'm just saying..." I trail off, very excited about the prospect of touching his heavenly body.

I spray some cream on my hand, and Owen watches intensely as it expands in my hand. I get on my knees in front of him, and I'm treated with the best view yet of his gorgeous cock. I look up and ask, "Ready?"

A simple nod is all I get, and I start rubbing the foam all around his dick and over his almost hairless sack. Within seconds, he's hard as a rock and mumbles, "I'm sorry," just loud enough for me to hear.

"Don't worry about it," I answer just as softly.

I rub around a little more and grab my razor in my right hand. I reach out with my left to take hold of the first preteen boner I've held in my hands for years. Right before I take hold of it, I look up at Owen, and a simple nod is all the confirmation I get and all I need to start.

"Why are you hard, Owen?" I hear Audrey ask behind me, right before my fingers wrap around Owen's boyhood.

"He can't help it, Lil' Bit. With all the action down here and you guys watching."

"Oh. Really?" she asks, surprised.

"Yeah. Can't help it," he says, but he doesn't seem ashamed.

"But it's much easier to shave this way," I lie and wink at Owen.

Having waited long enough now, I take hold of Owen's boner and love how it feels in my hand. The hardness of it surprises me, and I just have to give it a slight wank. The gasp above me makes me smile, and I start shaving. I move his boner around during the shaving session to provide me with room to shave. I love the feeling of his hard tube between my fingers, and I know I'm overdoing it, but I just can't help it.

The moment I think it's no longer believable to keep going, I lay down my razor and give him one more slow wank.

"Time to clean it up," I say and gently take the showerhead to wash him clean.

I also take my time with this, and I boldly take hold of his balls, lift them and pretend I need to wash there thoroughly too.

"All done," I say, feeling a bit sad it's over already. "How's it feel?"

Owen starts probing around with his fingers and starts giggling.

"I feel like a little boy again," he says and looks at his brother. "You do it too, Dude!"

Evan shrugs and asks, "You'll do me too, right?"

Oh, I'll do you, alright. Just tell me where and when I think to myself. But instead, I say, "Of course! Get over here."

The process is basically the same. He starts out soft, and once I start, he's hard within seconds. After I clear the hairs over and around the

birthmark, I hear Audrey and Owen chuckling. They're laughing because of how he looks now, but they quickly focus on Evan and me.

Working on my second preteen cock, has gotten me pretty worked up. I know that no one can see it, but my straining boner is starting to leak precum. I can only hope my boxers will absorb enough so it won't show through my shorts.

After I'm done with Evan, and all three of them are giggling like schoolgirls when they check out the result, I get up.

"You too, Mr. H!" Owen exclaims.

"Yeah!" Audrey exclaims enthusiastically.

I smile at them and shrug. "Okay. I don't see why not," warming up to the idea.

"It makes your dick look bigger," Owen says and looks down at his crotch.

"We'll help you, Mr. H," Evan says as he picks up the razor.

"Thanks, but no thanks. No offense, but I don't want a bloodbath in here," I smile, and Evan realizes I'm right.

"We can apply the foam and rinse," Owen says, stepping forward.

"I... uhm... it's..." I stammer, lost for words and needing a way out so they won't see my boner.

"He's just embarrassed that he's hard," Audrey says, still standing in the doorway with her eyes on my crotch.

Owen and Evan look me in my eyes, and Owen asks, "So what? You said yourself that it's no big deal."

"Yeah! And it's even easier to shave that way," Evan chips in.

Not seeing a quick way out, I give in. I lift my shirt and drop my shorts and boxers in one move. Both boys' eyes grow wide as my dick slaps against my belly.

"Whoa! It's huge!" Owen says, openly checking out my boner.

"I'm just..." I try but stop my protest as Evan gently pushes me toward the shower.

Owen grabs the shower head and starts spraying around my dick and balls. In the meantime, Evan takes the can of shaving cream and sprays it on his hand. Owen holds up his hand when he's done with the water, and he's given a big glob too. They look at each other, and without words, they start covering my pubes, dick, and balls in a thick coat of shaving cream.

The feeling of four small hands rubbing around my most sensitive area is magnificent. I can barely hold back a moan, and when I look over at Audrey, she's smiling broadly, alternating her gaze between the action between my legs and the boys' naked backsides.

"Here you go, Mr. H," Owen says as he hands me the razor.

I look down at the boys, and their identical faces are focused on my dick. The idea of this audience so close is extremely hot, so I decide to go for it. I make a bit of a show out of it and point my dick from left to right, up and down, and everything in between.

When I start working on my balls, I place my dick against my belly and smile at their wide-open eyes and the looks of concentration on their faces. I've always focused on my manscaping because I hate a big bush. Thankfully, I'm not too hairy down there, but still. So because I don't have to cut away an entire forest, I'm done relatively quickly.

"All done," I say, looking down.

Owen immediately starts spraying off the remaining shaving cream, and before I can react, both hands are feeling around my now bare pubes and are cupping my hairless balls.

"All smooth, Mr. H!" Evan says after they thoroughly checked if I did a decent job.

"Thanks," I smile, flushed by all the attention they gave me.

And as if nothing weird has happened, the boys grab their boxers, pull them up, and walk away while chatting with Audrey.

Now that I'm all alone in the bathroom, I take a deep breath and let the events sink in. I let my racing heart calm down, putting on my clothes. After cleaning up, I feel relaxed enough to leave the bathroom and join the kids on the porch.

* * *

"When does the next shoot start, Mr. H?" Evan asks as I sit down next to him at the table.

I look up to check where the sun currently is and say, "We can go now if you're ready."

"Yesss!" Owen exclaims.

"Just make sure to grab the beach toys to liven up the shoot, okay? And the big blanket. Oh! And the sunscreen just in case. Audrey and I will grab the clothes we need for this one."

After I lock the cabin, we start walking back toward the bush at the end of the regular beach. Owen and Audrey walk in front of me, talking about some video game they're both playing. I see Evan dropping back a little, and he ends up walking next to me.

"It feels a bit weird," he says and scratches his pubic bone.

"Yeah. It takes a little getting used to," I reply.

"I didn't know I got used to my hairs so quickly. I like the way it looks now, though," he adds.

"I do too," I say, as I feel a blush spread across my face and avoid his look.

"I liked helping you," Evan almost whispers, "I've never touched another guy's junk before."

"And I really like what you did. You were pros! But I know what you mean. I liked doing it to you too. At first, I was afraid it might be weird, but it never was," I respond and look at him despite my flushed face.

"Uhm... Audrey talked to us about your Pyntar pics. I was wondering... can we do some of these too?" Evan says after we walk quietly for a bit.

"I don't think your mom will..." I say after thinking about it for a few moments.

"Mom doesn't have to know," Evan immediately interrupts me.

We stop walking, and I look at him. His face is dead serious, and he seems more determined than I've seen him before.

“Did Audrey tell you what’s the common dress code during these shoots?” I ask, trying to size him up.

“Yeah. And I think that’s the most fun part of it,” he chuckles. “And the artistic contribution we make, of course,” he quickly adds with a big smile across his face.

“I’ll think about it. But, first, we need to finish the shots we’re here for,” I say, but I already have a few compositions in my head, and I warm up to the idea quickly.

“We’re here!” Owen shouts as he’s waiting with Audrey for us in front of the bush.

We work our way through the foliage, and once we get to the other side, I’m impressed again with how unique this spot is. Audrey lays out the swimsuits they need to wear in the proper order.

Moments later, I’m looking at three naked kids again. They’re chatting and laughing, seemingly not caring about the nudity. But I can see them stealing glances at each other, which isn’t strange, of course.

After I’m done with my camera, we start shooting mood shots with these new swimsuits. It takes us longer than expected, but I’m delighted with the results. All planned swimwear sets look great as far as I can see on the small camera screen.

As I’m checking my camera, Audrey walks up to me and asks softly, “Can we do a Pyntar shoot now, please? I love the atmosphere here, and Owen and Evan want to do it too.”

I look at her, and her puppy eyes make my heart melt. But during the shoot, I had already made up my mind to do this.

“Are you sure, Lil’ Bit?”

“Oh yeah! Will you do it?”

“Hey, guys! You wanna do that Pyntar shoot now?” I shout out at the boys.

“Are you shitting me? Of course!” Owen says as his face lights up.

“Let’s do it,” I say and change the memory card in my camera.

The three of them look at me for directions. I smile at the nervous looks on their faces and realize they need me to take the lead.

"Alright. First, spread out the big blanket on the sand," I say to Audrey.

Owen and Evan immediately start helping her, glad to have something on their hands. They first spread it out in the middle of the beach, but I gently urge them to place it in the shadow of a palm tree.

"Now what?" Owen asks me, and I glance at his speedo, which has barely enough room to hide his hard-on.

"Now... it's naked time," I say to the three of them and smile as they waste no time getting undressed.

Audrey and I check out two boners while the boys' eyes roam all over Audrey's body. I can almost feel the tension in the air. So I quickly direct them to their first pose.

With the ocean in the background, I instruct the boys to stand with their backs toward me, legs spread widely, and their feet touching. Audrey's body toward me, legs spread too with her body between the twins and her feet in the middle between each boys' feet. This way, there's a lovely tangle of legs where it's difficult to see who's who.

"Okay, Evan. You put your left arm in front of Audrey's body to cover her boobs. Owen, you use your left hand and cover her vagina. A little higher, Evan..."

It takes me a while to get them in the correct position, but once everything is in place and Audrey puts her head between her shoulders and looks up at the sky, I start taking my pics. It takes me a few minutes to get them appropriately aligned in the middle of the frame and with the correct lighting, but the kids don't move an inch, so the results are promising.

The next shot is with Audrey on her knees, looking intensely at the camera. The boys face each other, foreheads touching and their eyes closed. Audrey's head obscures the boy's dicks from view, and with Audrey covering her boobs with her hands, I've created another tasteful pic with three nude kids.

"Do you care if it's a bit more... intimate?" I ask, looking at Audrey.

"No. Definitely not. What do you have in mind?"

“Do you?” I ask, looking at the boys but already knowing the answer.

They look wickedly at me with smiles splattered across their faces and wordlessly nod. I instruct Audrey to stand and face the camera with her legs spread about forty inches apart. Next, I tell Owen to stand to her left, facing her, with Evan on her other side.

“Owen?” I ask, and he looks at me. “Pussy or boob?”

“Huh?” he asks with a questioning face.

“Pussy!” Evan immediately responds.

“Evan gets pussy,” I chuckle.

“Think fast, Dude!” he laughs at his brother.

“Owen, you cup one of Audrey’s breasts,” I say, and his face turns into a mix of excitement and fear.

“Is that okay with you,” he asks, looking at Audrey.

“Of course, silly!” she smiles, takes his hand, and places it directly on her right boob.

I can almost hear Owen swallow, but his twitching dick shows he’s all too happy to touch his first tit.

“Evan, you grab her vagina firmly.”

Evan looks nervously at Audrey, and her slight nod is all the encouragement he needs. His hand slides down over her belly until his fingers slide between her legs, and his hand is fully covering her pussy. I see his fingers move as he starts gripping his first-ever pussy.

“Ooohhh,” Audrey moans softly, and both boys look anxiously at me as if they did something wrong.

I just smile and wink, which puts them at ease. Then, seeing the twitching boners, I decide to turn up the heat.

“Audrey, now you grab their penises and point them toward your hips. If that’s okay with you guys, of course.”

“Uh-huh,” is all that comes out of Evan’s throat, which is more sound than his brother can produce, who simply nods.

I see a slight hesitation in Audrey's moves, but when she realizes the opportunity she's given, both her hands wrap around two similar dicks. The look on her face is priceless, and judging by the two moans, the twins like it a lot too.

"Perfect!" I say and start snapping away, and after a few moments, I decide to turn it up a notch.

"Can you guys start moving your hands a little?" I ask, and I'm greeted by three wide-eyed faces.

"I want it to look more natural. It's way too static this way," I smile and wink at Audrey.

I feel pretty worked up from watching them, so I figure this is an excellent way to push them a bit further. The faces turn to smiles, and Owen massages Audrey's boob and pinches her nipple before I know it. Evan is working his hand up and down over Audrey's pussy, and Audrey seems in heaven while she's basically jacking two young cocks simultaneously.

"This is awesome, guys! Just a few more," I encourage them as I walk around to get the best pictures possible.

Soft, low moans and groans come from their throats. I am stiff as a board from watching this, and I take as many pictures as possible.

"That's it. The Pyntar shots are done for today," I call out.

Not surprisingly, the kids are a bit disappointed by this, and the looks on their faces say it all. Apparently, me calling quits is their cue to let go of each other and step back.

"Really? It was just starting to get fun!" Audrey whines.

"Uhm... yeah!" Owen smirks.

"Well... If you want, you can do more... uhm... sexy stuff," I say and pretend I'm blushing, "these just won't be regular Pyntar shots."

"What do you mean?" Evan asks, a drop of precum glistening in the sun at the tip of his boner.

"Oh, I don't know... Judging by your moans and looking at your faces, you must be pretty horny by now. So why don't you lay down on the blanket and 'do your thing' there," I say, emphasizing the last bit of the sentence.

Audrey looks at the boys, and not seeing them move makes her take the lead this time. She lies down in the middle of the blanket and spreads her legs a bit. Her hand immediately moves down to her pussy as she looks at the boys.

“Come on! It’ll be fun doing this together,” she smiles with a flush spreading across her face and upper chest.

This seems to snap Evan and Owen out of it. They quickly move over to the blanket too, and they each lay down on one side of Audrey. Owen looks down at Audrey’s hand between her legs and grips his boner. Evan looks at both of them, then at me, and asks, “You sure about this?”

“Go for it! Pretend I’m not here and do whatever feels natural.”

Owen didn’t wait for my confirmation and is slowly stroking his boner with his eyes fixed on Audrey’s body. Evan starts going to town too, and Audrey switches her gaze between the two identical boys in their intimate act of self-pleasure.

After a few moments, their moans start to increase, and I can see Audrey is entirely into it. I’m standing between her legs and move a bit closer. She doesn’t seem to notice, and I bring my camera within a few inches of her probing fingers and spread pussy lips.

It’s an extremely lewd picture, but judging by the pressure inside my pants, also a scorching hot one. Since I’m down at their feet, I snap close-up shots from both fist-wrapped boners, and no one seems to notice me doing this.

I feel a steady flow of precum oozing out of my rock-hard boner and an incredible urge to join their masturbation session. But the desire to document all this is stronger, so I just keep on snapping away.

“Oohhh... oohhh... I’m...” Owen starts moaning.

I quickly get closer to him and make sure to have his midsection in the frame. It starts just below his balls and ends around his belly button. In the background, Audrey’s hand on her pussy is blurry but clearly visible.

“Aaahhh...” Owen moans and holds his dick firmly at the base.

I press the shutter button, and my camera starts taking shot after shot in burst mode. The moment his cum starts shooting from his dick, I hear

Evan moan too, but I don't want to miss anything of this hot boy's ejaculation.

Owen lets go of his dick, and I take a few more pics from his leaking boner and the three small puddles of cum on his belly.

Evan's moans increase, so I get to my feet, adjust the frame and focus, and make sure I don't miss his cum. This overview shot of the three young bodies with one of the boys shooting his sperm, and the other with traces of his own cum on his belly, is beyond hot. I notice Audrey has stopped the action between her legs and is focused on both shooting boys.

I know she must be horny as hell by now because I am too, and I haven't even touched myself. After Evan is done cumming, he lays there panting like an old dog with his eyes shut. Audrey glances over to Owen, who lays next to her with a big grin on his face but still enjoying the afterglow of his orgasm.

Audrey winks at me, smirks, and moves her head down to Owen's midsection. I hold the camera in front of my face again, so I won't miss a thing about what Audrey is planning.

As she starts licking the cum from Owen's body, he looks down at his belly with a surprised look on his face. But when Audrey grabs his dick and matter-of-factly slides her mouth over it, his eyes grow wide as saucers, and my camera doesn't stop shooting.

"There. All clean," she says to Owen after his dick pops free from her mouth.

When she moves over to Evan to do the same, Evan's eyes fly open the moment she licks around his belly button and moans loudly when his dick enters her mouth.

After she's done, she looks at me and asks, "Is it okay if I wanna do more?"

"Of course, Lil' Bit! But they have to agree too," I say and nod my head toward the two bronzed, naked and hard Adonises.

She doesn't wait for an answer and throws herself at Owen. She gives him a firm hug and crawls on top of him with her legs on each side of his body and her wet pussy mere inches above his hard dick.

She leans down, looks him in the face, and starts kissing him pretty hardcore. I stand at their feet, and seeing Owen's boner so close to Audrey's pussy, makes me realize she's not leaving this island as a virgin.

Evan is looking at the two, and he just smiles. There's not even a hint of jealousy on his face, just lust and affection. Then, moments later, I see Audrey gripping her legs firmly around Owen's hips, and she rolls to her left, taking Owen with her.

Audrey is back at her initial spot, but now Owen is lying on top of her in a traditional missionary position. The sexual tension in the air is palpable, but none of the three kids seem to notice. Audrey gently directs Owen's face toward one of her tits, and once Owen gets the idea, his face moves down, and he latches on to Audrey's left boob.

Once his lips close around her hard, pointy nipples, a big moan escapes her lips, and she pushes her chest forward. Encouraged by this, Owen starts alternating between her left and right boob, and his whole body wiggles on top of Audrey.

By now, Owen's dick is a bit further away from Audrey's pussy, but it'll only take a little movement to line him up. So I decide to keep standing at their feet to have the best seat in the house. I keep snapping some pictures, and as Evan starts moving too, I focus on his face.

Audrey looks to her right and sees Evan closing in. She grabs Owen's head to urge him to keep sucking her tits, and she turns her head toward Evan, and they start kissing furiously.

Evan turns to his side and needs a place to put his arm. So he moves it on top of his brother's back but pulls back the moment he realizes it's his brother. I laugh inwardly at this and figure we need to quickly do something about this apprehension. It isn't the time or place to do it now, but I want to see these two get busy too at one time, but I know we need to take it slowly at the moment.

After a few minutes of this hot action, Audrey and Evan stop kissing, and she looks down at the tit-sucking boy. A sly smile appears in the corner of her mouth, and she starts pulling at Owen's hair. He looks up at her and immediately gets the idea. He moves up on Audrey's body to start kissing her again.

I zoom in between their legs, and as his dick inches closer and closer to her pussy, I feel a tingle in my balls and realize my precum is oozing out in a steady flow. When Owen's dick slides up over Audrey's dripping pussy, both kids moan loudly into each other's mouths. Audrey's hands grab both his ass cheeks, and she squeezes them tightly.

Owen's dick slides back down, and I can see its underside is coated with Audrey's juices. He instinctively slides back up, but the top of his dick gets caught in Audrey's entrance. The moment this happens, he stops and immediately sits back on his feet, leaving Audrey with a questioning look on her face.

Owen gets up, and I can see tears forming in his eyes, but I don't have a clue why. He steps back, and as a tear flows down his cheek, he stammers, "I... I didn't mean to... I wasn't... I'm sorry, Audrey!"

Audrey props herself up on her elbows and looks questionably at Owen. I step in, put a hand around his shoulder, and hold him close to me.

"You didn't do anything wrong," I softly say to him.

"But... I was about to... fuck her!" he whispers back, already a bit calmer.

"Yeah. You were," Audrey says and smiles at the troubled boy.

"See?" Owen responds and looks at me with big eyes.

"But I want you to fuck me!" Audrey continues, alternating her look between the twins.

"You do?" Owen says as I feel his shoulders relax.

I let go of Owen and step a bit closer to Audrey. She smiles broadly, and the look on the boys' faces is one of disbelief.

"Yeah. Audrey and I talked about it, and as long as everyone is doing this out of their free will and no one is forced, I don't see why you guys shouldn't do it."

"Really?" both boys reply simultaneously.

"Haha! Really!" Audrey laughs. "It's my first time too, and I know you'll be careful and won't hurt me."

"Of course we won't hurt you!" Owen exclaims, and I notice his dick has gone soft.

“You’re good. Don’t worry! And uh... I know I want to have sex with you!” Evan says excitedly. “You, Dude?” he asks his brother.

“I... uh... yeah. Me too!” Owen replies, a little more hesitant.

“You wanna continue, or do you want me to go first?” Evan asks, his boner twitching with anticipation.

Owen looks down at his soft dick and then at his brother’s. Audrey has an ‘I don’t care’ look on her face and is beaming with anticipation.

“You do it, Dude. You’re the oldest, so I guess it’s your birthright,” he chuckles.

As Evan scoots over to Audrey and settles his body between her legs, she extends her arms toward Owen and says, “Come here!”

Owen gets on his knees next to Audrey, and they hug tightly. Audrey kisses him firmly on his lips while Evan has the decency to wait for them to finish.

“Will you hold my hand? I’m a bit nervous,” she softly asks Owen after they break their kiss.

Owen grabs her hand as his brother lowers himself down on top of Audrey’s body. I position myself in a spot where I can see the penetration and keep a good look at Audrey’s face to check on how she’s doing.

“Now what?” Evan asks insecurely after laying his lower body down on Audrey’s but keeping his torso away from her with his hands on the blanket.

“Just hug, kiss, and rub your bodies against each other. You’ll both know when you’re ready. Just take your time,” I say soothingly.

Evan lowers his face and starts kissing Audrey. She puts her free hand on his back but quickly moves it down to cup his firm little ass.

As Evan’s dick slides up and down over Audrey’s soaking wet, slippery pussy, they start moaning loudly. After a few moments of this, Audrey’s hand leaves Evan’s ass and moves between them, where she grabs Evan’s dick. I see her lining him up while Evan holds still and sucks in a breath when his dickhead touches the entrance of Audrey’s pussy. I quickly take a few pics before saying, “Push it in slowly, Evan. And try to relax, Lil’ Bit!”

I feel torn between two feelings. Watching these preteen kids lose their virginities is extremely hot and sexy. But my inner caretaker wants to protect Audrey from it. Thankfully, my mind tells me there's no need to worry. Audrey wants this, and the boy taking her virginity is lovely and caring. So I keep telling myself there's no need to worry.

As I watch Evan's butt muscles tighten, his twelve-year-old cock slowly slides inside Audrey's equally preteen pussy.

"Oohhh!" I hear both kids moan.

Audrey's hand is back on squeezing Evan's ass, and Owen is watching wide-eyed at what's happening in front of him.

"I feel you slide in... Ahhhh!" Audrey moans while panting heavily and spreading her legs even further.

"Oohhhh... this... I... ohhh, Audrey!" Evan grunts.

I see he's all the way inside Audrey's pussy now, and he's holding perfectly still. I quickly take close-up shots from between their legs, where their genitals are merged into one.

"I... oohhh..." Audrey pants.

As I get up to take pictures of their faces, Evan looks at me and asks between pants, "Do I move it out now?"

"Yeah. But not completely out. Leave the tip inside. And then back in," I smile, glad to assist these wonderful kids during their first intercourse.

Owen is still holding on to Audrey's hand, which is adorable, but I signal with my head to let it go and softly say, "Let them enjoy this together. I've got a feeling you're next."

Audrey's look is a bit unfocused, and her mouth is slightly open, which are both good signs. All the time, I kept one eye on Audrey's face to see how she's doing, but it's clear she's enjoying every second of it up until now.

After hearing me talking to Owen, she looks at him and nods. But before she can say anything, her eyes cross, and another loud moan escapes her lips.

I look down and see Evan already pushed back and is all the way inside her again. I watch him move and see he's moving in and out very slowly.

The look on Audrey's face is one of pure bliss, but I can also see a hint of frustration.

"You can move faster. You won't break her," I say as I look at him, following a drop of sweat from his forehead down his cheek.

"I can?" he asks, looking down at Audrey.

"OH YES! PLEASE!" she almost shouts.

Needing no more encouragement, Evan starts picking up the pace, slapping his pelvis hard against Audrey's. Seeing their bare pubes mash together, I know I have to take shots of that too. So I put my camera in front of my face, and I take a series of burst shots of three in-and-out motions from Evan.

But hearing him moan, I know he won't last much longer, so I take my position to take shots of both their faces when he cums inside a girl for the very first time.

"Oh... oh... oh... AAHHH!" Evan shouts and pushes firmly inside Audrey for one last time, where he holds perfectly still.

It doesn't take a genius to realize what's happening, and I'm recording it all with my camera. Audrey looks up at Evan with a big grin across her face, but I see she isn't cumming yet. As Evan's ass cheeks relax, I see him catching his breath, and as he opens his eyes, a huge grin spreads across his face too.

"That was AWESOME!" he exclaims and gives Audrey a tender kiss on her lips.

"Yeah! This is amazing!" Audrey says and looks all hyped at me.

"You gotta try it too, Dude!" Evan says while looking at his brother.

When he realizes what he's saying, he glances down at Audrey with a guilty look on his face and stammers, "I mean... if that's okay with you, of course..."

"Yeah! Of course! Move over, Evan!" Audrey says, nodding furiously.

I look at Owen, and I'm glad to see he's ready for it. His young dick stands up proudly from his groin, and his nervousness seems to be gone. Evan slides back on the blanket, and his glistening dick has gone a little soft, but not by much.

As Owen crawls between Audrey's spread legs, she extends her arms to give him another firm hug. Owen gets the hint, lays himself down on her, and they passionately kiss each other. His hips are grinding again, and his hard dick is inches away from Audrey's opening.

This time, he doesn't waste any time and starts humping against her. I see Audrey's flushed face, and within seconds, she reaches down between their bodies to line up the second dick within minutes that's ready to enter her.

"Ready?" she asks with a hoarse voice while placing her hands on his butt.

Evan sits down next to me, and his glistening, half-hard dick looks delicious. It takes me a bit of willpower to prevent me from licking it clean, but the spectacle in front of us is enough to keep me from molesting this wonderful boy.

"Just do it, Dude!" Evan says with a comforting voice.

"Oooohhhhh!!" Owen moans as he starts sliding in.

His tight butt pushes down, and I scoot over to get another pic of young, joined genitals. Since Owen paid attention when his brother lost his virginity, he starts pulling back once he's completely inside. This makes for another great series of pics. Right then and there, I realize that watching preteen kids fuck for the first time in their lives is something I'll never grow tired of. Despite this realization, I know that my main focus is documenting how another young boy loses his virginity.

Before I know it, he's pistoning in and out of Audrey's pussy, and as their bare pubes slap against each other, loud moans come from both their throats. Owen lasts a bit longer than his brother, but after a little over a minute, I hear low grunts coming from his throat, and the force of his thrusts increases.

But when I look at Audrey, I see a familiar look on her face. As Owen pushes in firmly for his last thrust, I see her eyes cross, and her body shakes.

"AAAHHHH!!" she practically screams and digs her fingertips firmly in Owen's ass cheeks.

"HUHHH..." is the low groan coming from Owen's throat.

I take close-up shots of Owen's face as his orgasm hits him. The look on his face is absolutely priceless, and I feel a sense of pride and gratitude for being able to witness and document this.

"This is hot!" Evan whispers beside me, and I notice he's hard again, wishing I was still his age.

"Yeah!" I whisper back and continue taking pictures.

Owen buries his head between Audrey's neck and shoulder, and they both lay there panting heavily as they try to regain their breaths.

"Oh! I feel some sperm leaking out!" Audrey giggles.

I quickly move between their legs and take the best pictures of the entire session. Owen's dick is buried inside Audrey's pussy. Above his tight ballsack and around his dick, some sperm leaks out, dribbling toward Audrey's ass, and some drip on the blanket.

"Are you okay?" Owen asks after a few moments.

"I'm more than okay!" Audrey exclaims, hugs Owen, and indicates Evan to join them.

As the three of them hug each other, I make sure to capture this affectionate moment of joy between them. After a few moments, Owen pulls back and lies down next to Audrey. Evan joins him on her other side, and as they lay there relaxing in the shade, I snap the last pic of the session and sit down on the blanket.

"How was it, Lil' Bit?"

"It's absolutely amazing! It didn't hurt AT ALL! They were careful. I do feel a bit stretched down there, but in a good way. And it's even better than when you eat me out!" she blabbers on, holding her hand in front of her mouth the moment she realizes what she said.

I glance over at both boys, and they just smile. Then, Owen winks at me and says, "We figured you did some of this together. And I get it... she's just too cute."

"Yeah... uhm... we'll... you know you can't talk about all this, right?" I ask, feeling a bit of panic about it.

"Of course! Don't worry, Mr. H. Your secret is safe with us!" Evan says reassuringly.

“Yeah. You’re the coolest guy we know, so just chill, okay?” Owen adds.

“Thanks, guys! Who’s hungry?” I ask, trying to change the subject and not make a big fuss about their first fucks.

The kids get dressed as I put my camera gear in my bag, and we grab our stuff. The three of them are chatting excitedly about how it felt and how much they liked it. But once we clear the line of trees and walk toward the cabin, their conversation is back to video games and movies they like, as if nothing weird has happened.

* * *

“The shower is free,” Audrey says, walking in while drying her hair.

Evan gets up, and as he walks by Audrey, he openly checks out her naked body, which causes Audrey to smile seductively.

We’re sitting on the porch with a table filled with dirty dishes. We’ve had an excellent spaghetti and meatball dinner, which was gratefully devoured by the four of us. I drank almost four glasses of white wine during dinner, which is more than I usually drink. But figuring it’s a sort of holiday and the chill vibe I’m getting from the kids and the island, I figured I could do this for once. I’m feeling relaxed, and as I watch the beach, the ocean, and the setting sun, I feel privileged to be here with these three amazing kids.

I’m in my swimming trunks and a shirt, Owen puts on his underwear after his shower, but I think he’s regretting it when he sees Audrey staying naked. Surprisingly, there’s absolutely no one on the beach at this time of day, so I don’t care how the kids are dressed.

“Sooo... you ate her out...” Owen says out of the blue, and a big grin is plastered across his face.

I feel a slight panic building up inside, but luckily, Audrey comes to the rescue.

“Yeah. He did. And I gave him a blowjob. It’s fantastic!” she says without any expression other than compassion for me on her face.

“I thought so... I want to learn how to do that too,” Owen responds.

I simply smile, but Audrey sees an opportunity, so she says, "If you want to learn how to do more sex stuff, you can try it with me. Scott can help us if we have questions." she says extremely enthusiastically.

"Really! Can I?" Owen says surprised, and looks at me.

"Like I said earlier, as long as everyone involved is okay with it, I don't see a problem," I respond, glad we're not talking about me eating out Audrey anymore.

"I want to learn everything!" Owen says like an absolute stud with the emphasis on everything and asks, "What else can we do?"

I see him looking at me and see Audrey's questioning expression too. So I figure I might as well be honest and name it all.

"There's intercourse, or fucking, obviously. There's oral like a blowjob or eating out a girl. Anal, of course. You can do a threesome..." I say and see Evan coming onto the porch, naked as the day he was born.

"Or foursome..." he simply says, looking at me as he sits down at the table with his damp hair.

"Of course!" Audrey says as if she just had an epiphany.

"Yeah!" Owen adds. "You should join us!"

"Uhm... I can't... I mean... you are... uhm..." I stammer.

"Oh! You promised you'd think about it!" Audrey whines.

"Look," I say seriously to all three of them, "I'm basically Audrey's parent in the eyes of the law. And you guys are at an age where no judge will have mercy on me. So I just can't," I say as I try to be as serious as possible.

Owen looks questionably at me, and after a few moments, he says, "But no one but the four of us will know."

"Yeah!" Evan chips in, "I think it'll be fun, and you can teach us a whole lot! I'd love to do all the stuff you just said!"

"See?" Audrey says with a big smirk across her face.

"I don't know..." I try, but my straining boner is betraying me as these three kids are practically begging me to have sex with them.

I know I should say no. My mind tells me I shouldn't do it. But my heart tells me something else. I glance over at Audrey and realize I can still protect her, even when we've had sex. It feels like a wall crumbling down around my inhibitions, and as more of that wall goes down, the more I feel the excitement of joining these three kids' sexual development.

I remember the joys I've had with Glenn and how it helped me become the person I am today. And when that realization hits me, I make a deal with myself to keep everything as safe, pleasant, and open as Glenn did with me. With that promise in the back of my mind, I can practically hear the last bit of the wall crumble, and a smile forms around my mouth.

As Audrey sees this, she gets up, and as she straddles my waist, both boys get up too and stand on either side of me. I see Owen dropping his boxers as Evan gently guides my right hand and lays it on his semi-hard dick.

I feel his dick grow to full mast in my hand, and I can't help but squeeze it. As I look up at his face, he just smiles hornily down at me. While Audrey presses her pussy down on my now rock-hard boner, Owen grabs my hand and guides it to his boner. Once I realize the situation I'm in, with two preteen boners in my hands, and a naked girl squirming in my lap, I feel the very last of my inhibitions float away.

"Alright. But not here out in the open," I hear myself whisper.

"YEAH!" both boys say simultaneously and high-five each other.

"YESSS!" Audrey says loudly and kisses me hard on my lips, grinding herself firmly against my mid-section.

I can't stop fiddling with the two boners in my hands, and for a moment, nobody moves. Then, reluctantly let go of Evan and Owen's rock-hard and amazing dicks, and gently push the naked preteen girl from my lap. The moment I get to my feet, Audrey and Owen start working on my trunks, but I push them away long enough so that we can all get inside the cabin and close the door behind us. Small hands attack me again, and my swimsuit lies crumbled at my feet within seconds. Meanwhile, Evan is taking off my shirt, and as he throws it into a corner, I'm as naked as the kids, and another boner joins the team.

Audrey starts walking toward our bedroom but is quickly chased by the twins who run by her. And as they round the corner, I see their boners

flopping around, which causes Audrey to giggle.

They jump on the bed, and as I enter the bedroom, they turn around and sit on the bed on their knees, looking expectantly at me.

“What can we do?” Owen asks.

“I wanna do everything!” Audrey says, eyeing the boners around her.

“Can we do anal?” Evan asks practically at the same time.

Owen looks questionably at his brother, who blushes once he realizes what he said. But he keeps looking at me, and I can see he isn’t kidding and seems interested in it.

“We’ll do it all. Don’t worry,” I respond with a warm smile and wink toward Evan. “Probably anal too, and I promise you’ll love it! I’m not sure if it’ll fit, but just the trying will be fun!”

“Okay...” is Owen’s tentative response, but I see him already opening up to the idea.

“Let’s do blowjobs!” Audrey exclaims after a few moments, drops to her knees in front of Evan, and motions me to do the same with his brother.

This is it. I’m going to do it, and I can’t wait to have this hard, young cock in my mouth. So I drop to my knees too, sit shoulder to shoulder with Audrey, and look at the throbbing boner in front of my eyes. Then, without hesitation and without counting down, Audrey and I dive in at the exact same moment.

I grab Owen’s boner by its base, open my mouth and let it slide in between my lips. The moment my tongue hits the underside of his glans, I instinctively know I did the right thing. The low moans above us bring a smile to my face. I glance over at Audrey, and I can see her smiling as she’s checking me out from the corner of her eyes. This only lasts a few moments, and as I’m getting into blowing this young, hot boy, I want nothing more than to feel his cum shoot in my mouth and swallow everything he has to give to me.

I’m really getting into it, and as my lips rub over the stiff shaft with low moans and grunts coming from the boy above me, Audrey lets go of Evan’s cock. The smacking sound of her mouth leaving his cock, and the deep sigh coming from Evan makes me glance over at the two kids to my

left. I'm not ready to let this young, tasty cock leave my mouth, so I slightly turn my head and let my tongue caress his glans.

"Time to switch!" Audrey exclaims excitedly and gets to her feet.

Only because I know I'll have another hard cock in my mouth within seconds, I let Owen's dick slip from my mouth. I scoot over to my left, where I see my bag standing against the wall and within reach.

"Lie down on your back," I say to Evan as I reach inside.

After a bit of probing around, I find what I'm looking for. I pull out the can of coconut oil and put it down on the floor between Evan's feet, who's oblivious to my actions.

I don't want to waste any time, so I grab his spit-covered glistening boner and slip my mouth around it. Then, with my free hand, I quietly pop off the cap from the can of oil and scoop up a glob of it on my fingers.

As my head bobs up and down, I slowly move my finger toward Evan's anus. I increase my tongue action to distract him a bit. The moment my slick finger touches his anus, it immediately slides in a little, which causes Evan to moan loudly, and his boner twitches furiously in my mouth.

"Ooohhhh!!" he moans and presses his ass down on my slippery finger.

"More?" I simply ask as I take my mouth off his dick just long enough to ask this and immediately put my mouth around it again.

"Yessss. Oooohhh yesss!" Evan groans.

Judging by how relaxed his sphincter already is, I figure I can use two fingers easily. So I quickly extract my finger to scoop up another glob but with two fingers this time, which causes Evan to groan from emptiness.

The moment I press my two fingers against him, he's basically begging me to stick them inside. So I keep my tongue action active and slowly but steadily slide two fingers inside this angelic boy.

"Hhmmm..." he groans, and I feel his muscles relax under my probing fingers.

This boy is a natural! I don't have to tell him to relax or push back. I slide in easily, and before I know it, I'm all the way inside. As I start moving them in and out, his hard dick twitches in my mouth each time I hit his

prostate. So I focus on that and keep lapping away under and over his glans.

When his hands grab my hair and his moans turn into high-pitched grunts, I know he's cumming. I can't wait to taste him, so I increase both speed and intensity as he starts lifting his ass off the mattress.

There's one last loud grunt, and as his fingers dig into my skull, I feel his hard cock fatten even more, and the moment his ass muscles clench tightly around my fingers, I feel the sweet, young boy nectar fill my mouth.

Four spurts of watery cum fill my mouth. It isn't too much to handle, and I let the sweet and light fluid go through my mouth as I savor its taste. Moments later, his body starts relaxing, and as his ass hits the mattress again, only a slow dribble of cum comes out of his cock, which I eagerly lap up.

I reluctantly swallow it and retract my fingers from his ass, making sure to stimulate his prostate as much as I can. Evan isn't entirely with us yet, so I glance over at the action to my right.

Audrey's head is bobbing up and down on Owen, and judging by his moans and the similar way he lifts his ass off the bed, I realize he's close. I move over, kneel behind Audrey and start pinching her nipple while my other hand searches for her sopping pussy.

Audrey doesn't react and just keeps on sucking Owen. I rub my dick between her ass cheeks as I start fingering her while looking over her shoulder at one heck of an erotic sight. After a few more seconds, Owen's hands dig into Audrey's hair, and as his high-pitched moan fills the room, it's clear he's cumming too.

I let Audrey suck him dry, and I slow down my action on her pussy and tits. I glance over at Evan and see him looking at his brother's orgasm, with a sheepish grin all over his face. I get up and lie down on the bed between the twins, thinking about what to do next. I'm still uncertain if I should fuck Audrey, but judging by how easy Evan opened up his boy pussy and how eager he is to do anal, I make up my mind to at least fuck him, and maybe his brother too.

I feel a hand wrap around my boner as I'm contemplating this. I glance down and see Evan looking down at my dick and sizing it up. I look at him

and smile.

“Are you sure it'll fit?” he asks with a bit of uncertainty as he squeezes my boner.

“Yeah. It'll definitely fit. I had the same doubts when Glenn and I did it for the first time.”

I feel the bed move, and Audrey squeezes herself between Owen and me. Owen clearly recovered from his orgasm minutes ago because he wastes no time and starts feeling up Audrey's tits, which causes her to purr softly.

“Why don't you try it, Evan?” she asks with an eager grin across her face.

“You sure?” he asks quietly, looking me in the face.

“You'll love it! And if it hurts, we'll just stop and do something else. No worries!” I soothingly say.

“Uhm... can I... uhh...” Owen stammers with a blush spreading out over his face and upper chest.

Audrey looks at him and immediately gives him a tight hug. “Of course you can!” she chirps, “right, Scott?”

“Sure! We just need to lube you up too!”

“But... isn't it... gay?” he stammers again.

“So?” Audrey asks as if Owen just asked the stupidest question ever. “You can always stick it in me again later, so I doubt it being too gay!”

That seems to do the trick. Owen simply nods and asks, “How do I lube up?”

Without answering, I drop to my knees and grab the can of coconut oil. A few loud moans and a couple of minutes later, I think he's lubed up enough. I glance over at Audrey and Evan and see they decided to kill time by Frenching and groping around. As they're occupied, I figure I might as well lube Evan up even more, which he, judging by his moans, doesn't mind too much.

“Get on all fours. It'll be easier that way,” I say to Evan, who immediately breaks the kiss and gets on his hands and knees.

“Can I watch?” Audrey asks as she gets to her knees.

"Of course, Lil' Bit," I say, as I realize I'm tremendously turned by both the audience as devirginizing the twins' asses.

"And what do I do?" Owen asks, and he wants to be fucked badly, too, judging by how he looks.

"Why don't you do it too? I'll switch between you two." I turn to Audrey. "Lil' Bit?"

"What is it?"

"Sit between them on the bed, and... uhm... make sure their... dicks get some attention," I smile, knowing how much she likes to handle a dick, let alone two at once.

She sits between the boys and has a great view of what I'm about to do. Her hands reach down and, judging by the moans, she grips their dicks and starts toying with them. As she's smiling from ear to ear, I grab the oil and lube up my rock-hard and twitching dick.

"Ready?" I ask, and after a timid nod from Evan, I press my glans against his rosebud and whisper, "Try to relax and push back a little. If you want me to stop, just say the word, okay?"

After another wordless nod, I start applying more pressure. With some effort, my dickhead slips in and is engulfed by his warm rectum. I know the worst part is already over, so I ask, "You okay?"

"Ohhh... yeah! This is... hmmm..." he moans, and I see Audrey's eyes wide open, and her hands stop moving.

A simple nod from my head gets her moving again, and I can see Owen glancing at his brother to size him up. Seeing him smile is all the encouragement I need to push and slide in further. I grab his boyish hips to steady myself and feel his ass muscles clench and relax as I move in. This boy is a pro, and I almost can't believe he's never done this before.

It takes me a few in and out motions during my entrance, but before long, I've got no more dick left to slide in and feel my balls rest against his small, hairless sack.

"This is it," I hear myself pant. "Still good?"

"Oohhh... yeah! This is... hmm..." he moans, clearly enjoying it.

“This is so hot!” Audrey whispers as she is slowly jacking him off, and her eyes focused on where our bodies merged.

“I’m going to fuck you now,” I say to Evan as I gently squeeze his ass.

“Yesssss... please!”

As I slide out, I feel my dickhead rub against something. His loud moan and clenching muscles make me realize it’s his prostate. I’ve never felt it so prominent before in my life, but it’s a big turn-on knowing how much we both enjoy this.

As the boiling inside my balls is building, I realize I need to do something to prevent myself from popping off inside this fabulous preteen ass. A quick glance at the other exposed boy gives me an idea.

“It’s your brother's turn,” I hoarsely say.

As I slide out, Evan moans a bit but seeing how he looks excitedly at his brother shows love and excitement for both of them.

“This is fucking amazing!” he says to his nervous-looking brother.

I lube up some more and stand behind Owen, with my glistening glans pressed against his opening. He inhales sharply at the contact, so I grab him by his small waist and say, “Remember to relax, and you’re fine!”

Obviously lost for words, he nods with his eyes locked with his brother. Audrey starts milking him faster to distract him, which is my cue to enter another tight butthole. Looking down at his bronzed ass and seeing my stiff dick slowly sliding in almost makes me cum. But during the switch, my level of arousal dropped enough to keep me going.

After a few minutes, I’m fully buried into Owen, who moans and nods furiously at his twin brother.

“Fuck! This... ahhh... is... ahh... fucking ama... zing...”

As I move in and out, I feel the same spot hitting my glans. Each time I rub against it, the moans get louder. I feel Owen’s ass tighten, and I want to postpone his orgasm. So I switch back to his brother and enter him with ease, and another loud moan fills the room.

Audrey’s action is down to a simple massage. That much is clear from my point of view. And I don’t think either boy minds. Because when I pick up

the pace with Evan, he starts pushing his ass back at me with each inward thrust, making our fucking session more intense.

I switch back to Owen, and after I fucked him for about a minute and I'm sliding back into his brother, I'm amazed by my stamina. But I blame that on my focus on making it a pleasant first fuck for the boys and the amount of wine I drank already.

"Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! I'm... ohh... ohhh..." Evan moans, and the tension of his ass muscles increases to a point it's almost too tight.

I keep pistoning in and out when he suddenly freezes and lets out a high-pitched groan. I feel his prostate move on the underside of my dick, and the "Ahh... yesss!" from Audrey is the definitive confirmation he's cumming.

I let him enjoy his orgasm for a few moments before I pull out and sink into Owen, where my balls slap against his. He's clearly on the edge too, because it only takes me about ten or eleven fucks for him to grunt with the same high-pitched moan. It's almost a carbon copy of his brother's cum, and I hold perfectly still to allow him the same satisfaction.

Both boys collapse on the bed with their asses sticking up. I grab some wet wipes, discretely but thoroughly clean my dick, and throw them in the trash can. Audrey is looking at me with the horniest face I've seen on her up until now, and her pleading eyes say it all.

"Will you... stick it in me now? Please?" she beggingly whispers, causing both boys to turn their heads and look expectantly at me.

The hormones must be clouding my brain because I hear myself whisper, "Lie on your back, Lil' Bit," and I step forward, gripping my boner at the base.

"Really?" she asks excitedly as she moves back on the bed, lies her head on the pillow, and looks at me with an expression I haven't seen before.

The twins move back a bit and almost simultaneously pop up their heads on their hands, looking down at Audrey. As I'm looking at the gloriously sexy young girl on the bed looking expectantly at me, I suppress the urge to simply fuck her brains out. I know I have to be tender and gentle to make our first time together a pleasurable and memorable experience.

"Really!" I reply warmly as I smile at her excited face.

Her smile quickly turns into a horny and serious look. The eagerness is so apparent that even a blind man can see it.

“Spread your legs, Lil’ Bit,” I whisper as I get on the bed.

The moment she spreads her legs, I get between them and lie my body gently on hers. I make sure the tip of my dick is touching her pussy lips, and the weight of my body presses it down between her folds.

I look down at her anxious face and feel nothing but love for this wonderful girl. As I lean down to kiss her, she wraps her arms around me and slightly opens her mouth. The moment our lips touch, it’s like a bolt of electricity shoots through me.

The moments our tongues make contact, we both moan into each other’s mouths, and my hips start moving involuntarily. We kiss passionately, and every time my dickhead touches her clit, Audrey moans louder and digs her finger deeper into my back.

I lift my face, reach down to grab my throbbing boner, and look her in the eyes. For the first time in my life, I feel like I’m communicating with someone on a spiritual level instead of with words. She doesn’t even have to nod for me to know she’s ready. I can see it in her eyes.

So as I line myself up, I make sure to keep eye contact. The moment I push and feel the folds of her pussy give way, she sucks in a deep breath. I freeze for a second, but I push further when I see she’s okay. As I’m about halfway inside her wonderfully soft and velvety love canal, her eyes cross, she arches her back and lifts her head back.

“Ooohh...” is the deep, low grunt that comes from her throat.

Her fingers grab me even firmer as I keep sliding in. I don’t have to pull back even once to make the entrance easier on her. She is so wet and slippery that there’s almost no resistance, only a firm grip around my hard dick.

The moment I’m in all the way, I feel the tip of my dick touch her inside. And as my balls touch her ass, they start to tingle with anticipation. Audrey tries focusing on me, and once she manages to do that, she smiles and whispers, “Finally... aaahh...”

Right at that moment, I just know I’m doing the right thing. Despite our pseudo-father-daughter relationship, despite her age, and despite the

fear of molesting her, I just know. And I know this isn't a fluke but a deep, soulmate-like connection we're building.

I manage to stay perfectly still, and I lean down to kiss her again. This time, she returns the kiss with passionate enthusiasm. She keeps moaning, and her probing tongue is almost violently moving around.

"Ahh... do it, Scott!" she moans between kisses, still unable to use dirty words, even now.

I slowly pull back, and I feel her pussy muscles gripping my dick in an attempt to keep me in. But as I push back in and she arches her back again, the grip around my dick feels even better.

"Oohhh..." we moan simultaneously.

I know that the twins are watching us in the back of my head, but due to this intense psychological connection during our first fuck, it's tuned out completely, and the only two people in the world that matter are Audrey and me.

I keep a slow and steady rhythm, so I know I can last a little longer. But judging by the trashing young girl below me, I don't need to last very much longer.

I place one hand against her cheek as I keep using slow but firm thrusts. Her eyes lock on mine the moment I do this, but her gaze is off. Her shallow, ragged breath is also a clear indicator of what is about to happen.

The familiar buildup is snowballing inside my body, and I'm approaching my peak at lightning speed. I push with another firm thrust, and by now, only a low gurgle comes out of her mouth, and her pussy clenches hard around my cock. I slowly pull back and slide in firmly where my pubic bone mashes with hers. And that is when it happens.

"Aaaahhh! Aaahhhh! Oooooohhhh!" Audrey almost screams.

Her fingers dig into my back so deep it hurts. Her clenching pussy was tight before my last push, but now it feels like she's milking me. I know I have to stop to give her time to enjoy it, but I'm one thrust away from cumming myself, so I slam it in one last time before my balls unload themselves, and I coat the insides of this wonderful girl.

This last thrust apparently did something to her because she's grinding her pussy hard against me and her head keeps moving from left to right, and her body moves so violently, it's almost like she's having a seizure.

But this all barely registers as I feel spurt after spurt leave my dick and fill her up with it. My dickhead is pressed against her cervix, and in my head, I picture my cum shooting straight into her womb. This all adds to my orgasm, and I feel like I'm floating weightless in outer space.

After I come down a bit and look at the pure bliss on Audrey's face, I slowly move my barely softening dick in and out to extend her pleasure. I'm not aiming for another orgasm, just a prolongation of her current one. Judging by her movements, this works flawlessly, but eventually, it dies down, and she looks at me with a more focused look on her face.

"I feel your... stuff inside," she whispers.

I can't help but smile and just nod. "I feel you gripping my penis," I reply after her muscles contract softly.

"Really?" she giggles and clenches them again.

"Oohhh..." I moan to emphasize the point.

Audrey's hands move up my back, and she looks at me with a deep, loving look.

"I love you!"

I can't help it. I'm totally over the moon and hopelessly in love with this wonderful girl. Deep down, I knew this already, but now, right after our first lovemaking, I feel it strongly, and there's no more denying it. So with all the love I have inside me, I softly say, "I love you too!"

I know, corny as hell, but so right at the moment. We tenderly start kissing each other, and after a few moments, I feel two boy bodies on either side of us, hugging us too in a big group hug.

"That was... sweet!" Evan whispers.

"Yeah, Dude! Sweet and hot!"

"Thanks!" I say without anything witty to say at that moment., "Let's lie down, okay? Audrey is getting crushed this way."

We all lie down on our backs and talk about what we have done so far. I'm thrilled to find out that all three of them feel free to talk about this subject. No more silly giggles when someone mentions a dick or something. They talk openly about what they like and what they wanna do. Eventually, the talk dies down a bit, and I notice Audrey has trouble keeping her eyes open. I see Evan yawning too, and I whisper a soft "Goodnight," which is the cue for all of us to close our eyes and call it a day. And what a day!



Chapter 16 – Angels

“No problem! I’ll ask him tonight. See you tomorrow,” I said to Daniel as I closed my locker, bumped fists, and walked away.

Daniel was in my class and part of the group I hung out with during recess and sometimes after school. He asked me if Glenn would shoot his portfolio pics or maybe even have an assignment he could be in when he heard what Glenn did for a living.

I already knew that Glenn wouldn’t mind shooting the portfolio for a friend of mine. However, I wasn’t sure if he had anything lying around that he could be in.

I threw my bag in a corner, kissed Gloria, and asked where Glenn was. She smiled and pointed toward the studio.

“He’s in there, Honey,” she smiled. “Where else would he be? He asked if you could come over the moment you got home.”

“Thanks!” I called as I ran out of the back door toward the studio.

When I got there, I noticed the little red light was on, so I knocked softly on the door, just as Glenn asked me to. The red light meant that Glenn was doing a shoot, and I couldn’t simply barge in. There could be someone naked in there who didn’t want to be seen by someone other than Glenn or something like that.

“Come in!” I heard Glenn shout.

I entered the studio, where Glenn was smiling at me. I looked at the set and was surprised to see someone was there. I didn’t know that Glenn had a shoot today but judging by what I saw, the shoot was in full swing already.

I guessed the guy on the set was around twenty years old. He was tall, dark-skinned, with black, spiky hair. He was stark naked, and as my eyes quickly roamed over his muscular chest and down to his six-pack, I noticed his enormous penis. A quick guess was that it was about six inches and really thick. I’ve never seen a dick this big.

I knew I was staring, so I tore my eyes away, and that’s when I noticed the angel wings on his back.

I looked at Glenn and asked, "Gloria said you needed me?"

"Yeah. That angel shoot you did with Michelle really inspired me. So I asked Ron if he had time to do a shoot," he said as he pointed at Ron.

"Hey, Scott! Nice to meet you!" he said smiling. "Love the stuff you did with Michelle!"

"Thanks," I said, smiling back but giggling inside. If he only knew...

"I hate to ask you this without talking about it first, but would you mind joining Ron with this one?" Glenn asked, and he looked a bit uncomfortable.

"Uhm.. guess not. What do I need to do?"

After a few moments, I was naked, and Glenn was helping me with my wings. I walked over to Ron and could barely keep my eyes from that monster between his legs. I looked at him and knew he caught me looking. I started to blush, and he just smiled at me.

"Don't worry. You're not the only one who looks. I really don't care if you do."

"I've never seen one this big," I blurted out.

"Sorry. Can't help it," Ron chuckled.

I was glad it wasn't cold inside the studio, so my willie wasn't just a shriveled little shrimp. I looked down at my own barely three-inch noodle hanging over my sack and giggled.

"Me neither," and we both chuckled at that.

"Don't worry. You've still got some growing to do."

"Ready guys?" Glenn asked.

We had to do three poses together. We started out with me in front of Ron, with my back toward his front. He had to put his arms over my chest and hold me against him. I had to use both my hands to cup my dick and balls, so they were obscured from view.

"Look at that green dot on the wall. And don't smile! Look as sad as you can," Glenn instructed.

I felt the massive dick brush against my lower back, and I instinctively pressed back against it. But it didn't move or even get a little hard. Ron

was clearly a professional. I wanted to touch it to feel what it was like from the moment I saw it. But judging by the vibe he was giving off, I knew it wasn't going to happen.

"Scott. You sit Indian-style on the floor. Ron, stand behind him and make sure your stuff is hidden behind Scott's head. Spread your legs if you need to," Glenn instructed.

We did just that, and when I felt the thick dickhead touch the back of my head, I could hardly suppress a smile. Ron didn't say or do anything, but I sure liked how it felt.

"Okay, you two. Scott, you look up. Ron, you look down." Glenn said. And moments later, "That's great! Scott, cover your willie with your hands."

After several bursts of white flashing lights, I knew we were done. Before Ron could move, I scooted sideways and turned my head. I was treated with a close-up look of his massive dick for a second and was impressed even more when I saw it this close. Unfortunately, it only lasted a second, and I don't think Ron noticed. At least he didn't let on if he did. He just smiled, held out his hand, and helped me to my feet.

"Do you think you can carry Scott?" Glenn asked, looking at Ron.

Ron looked me over, shrugged, and said, "I guess so. Not for too long, but I think I can manage a minute or so. What do you have in mind?"

"Scott needs to pretend he's dead while you're carrying him back to heaven."

"Sounds cool!" I said excitedly.

"Great!" Glenn said cheerfully.

Ron and I stood there waiting for Glenn to get the lights and his camera ready when Ron said, "Let's try it."

And with that, he put one arm around my upper back while the other grabbed just below my butt. One hand touched my cheek, but before I could say anything, I was off the ground and lying in his strong arms.

"No problem!" Ron chuckled and put me back down.

A minute later, Glenn announced it was time to get ready. He gave us instructions first. All I had to do was act completely limp and let Ron do all the work. Before I knew it, I was lying in his arms, acting like I was

dead. I was almost lying straight in his arms, with my head back and my arms hanging down.

A burst of flashes later, Glenn asked if Ron could hold me a bit lower, and after he did, another burst of flashes followed.

Ron put me down, and I saw a bit of sweat on his forehead. He noticed me looking and said, "You're heavier than you look, big guy!" and he playfully punched me against my shoulder.

"Can you try if this works?" Glenn asked as he handed us both two small cloths of white silk fabric.

"Try it how?" I asked.

"Put it between your legs to hide your dicks. I want to recreate the effect you see in these old paintings where all the precious bits are hidden. That way, I can also show it to people who don't like nudity. I need to eat, you know?" he chuckled

"You need a bigger cloth for Ron," I laughed.

Ron punched against my shoulder again but laughed loudly. "I'll manage. Don't worry."

I started fumbling with the cloth, but I couldn't work it out. I glanced over at Ron, and surprisingly, he found a way to hide his huge member and also managed to look good in it.

When he saw me struggling, he whispered, "If you make it hard, you can trap the cloth under it."

"Really?"

"Trust me. I did it too when I was your age. Now I don't need it anymore, but it's an old Scouts trick I learned."

I openly started toying with my dick, and as I looked over at Ron's sculptured body and pictured his massive dick in my mouth, I boned up pretty quickly. Ron looked at my work and smiled.

"Good. Now wrap the top of the cloth around it, and you're good."

I did just that, and the cloth stayed in place. It actually looked good on me. During this second part of the shoot, I remained hard by picturing Ron's dick as I licked it and toyed with it.

After we were done, Ron gave me a high-five and said I did an awesome job. When he removed his cloth, I figured it wouldn't matter anymore and openly looked at it. Ron noticed, and I swear he let me look way longer than necessary, as it was obvious he was stalling getting dressed as he kept making small talk with Glenn.

We said our goodbyes and I helped Glenn with putting away the equipment. He handed me a coke as we sat down at the table, where he looked at me, smiled, and said, "He's huge, right?"

"Huge? He's hung like a pony! I've never seen one that big!" I exclaimed.

"That's one of the reasons why I love to work with him. And he's extremely professional too."

"I get it. He's good-looking too," I said, taking a sip from my coke.

"He is."

We sat there in silence for a bit when I asked, "You're really into that angel theme, aren't you?"

"I am! You two inspired me big time!" Glenn said with an excited look on his face. "I think this might just be the last thing I need to get my own exposition in a gallery," he continued.

"That would be awesome!"

"Yeah! And all thanks to you, Bud!" he said and ruffled my hair.

"You did all the work," I timidly responded.

"Yeah. But you inspired me. You pose for me each time I've got an idea. So you deserve the credit too!"

"Uhm... thanks? I guess?" I smiled shyly.

"Sure, Bud! Don't be shy. Be proud! When you get a compliment, own it!" Glen said and slapped me on my shoulder.

"I uhm... Thanks!" I said sternly and pushed my chest forward.

"That's it!" Glenn smiled.

"I... uhm... can Daniel stay over tomorrow night?" I asked, asking the question that was on my lips the entire time.

"Sure. I don't see why not. What did Gloria say?"

“She said she didn’t mind but that I had to ask you too.”

“Then I don’t see any problems. If his parents want to check on us, just let them call us.”

“I don’t think parents do that anymore,” I chuckled. “But I’ll tell him. And uhm...”

“What?” Glenn asked cautiously.

“He asked if you’d take some pictures for his portfolio?” I tried with a sly smile.

“Oh. No problem! I was worried you might want something from the liquor cabinet,” he laughed.

“Great! I’ll tell him that it’s okay! This will be SO much fun!” I said as we got up and left the studio.

* * *

That Friday during school, I was distracted a lot. Daniel sat in front of me, and I kept stealing glances at him. His light-Brown hair was a bit shaggy and hung over his ears. He was on the skinny side, and his boney shoulders were about the same width as his hips. Puberty clearly had to start on him too.

When he looked sideways, I noticed for the first time his features were a bit feminine. When I started at this school, some kids picked on him, and now I realized it was probably because of this. I really hate it when someone gets picked on by a group, so when I saw what was going on, I walked up to them and told them to stop.

Adam, the biggest boy in class and kind of the leader of the pack, looked at me and wanted to know who the fuck I was and why I cared. At that moment, one of the other kids whispered something in his ear. His face changed, and he backed away.

“Just don’t do it again, Daniel!” he said, pointing at him and walking away.

“What was that?” Daniel asked, looking at me with a surprised look. “Are you the son of a mobster or something?”

“Not that I know,” I chuckled, also surprised by this sudden change.

From that moment on, Daniel and I hung out together in school. Turned out that the other kids were scared of me because my dad was a big-shot army man. Of course, Glenn, who regularly dropped me off at school, also looked pretty impressive. So it turned out I had an easy time at school. I wasn’t at the top of the food chain, but I was nobody’s bitch either. I wasn’t bullied, nobody told me what to do, and everybody I hung out with was also left alone, so I figured I landed a sweet deal.

I had a small group of friends that, by modern standards, you would call nerds. But I didn’t care about that at all. We got along well, and we had lots of fun. All of them knew I was into photography, and Daniel was very interested in that. He was curious about the how and what and wanted to learn how to do it too. So that’s probably why he wanted to get his pictures taken.

“Gloria, Daniel. Daniel, Gloria,” I said as we walked into the kitchen together and found Gloria there.

“Hi, Mrs. Taylor. Thank you for letting me stay here,” Daniel said as he smiled politely.

“Please, sweetie. Call me Gloria!” she smiled and offered us a drink.

After finishing it, we went upstairs to drop off Daniel’s stuff. After he dropped his bag on my bed, he immediately stood in front of my very first picture that I hung on the wall.

“Did you make this?” he asked, surprised.

“Yeah. With a little help from Glenn, of course.”

“That bee looks amazing on that red flower! The colors really pop!”

“Thanks. I’m quite proud of that one,” I replied shyly.

“And you should!”

“Are you okay to sleep in the same bed? Or should I get the spare mattress to put on the floor?” I asked, pointing at the queen-sized bed.

I could see his eyes light up briefly, and he shook his head. “Nah. I’m fine with sleeping in the same bed. As long as you don’t steal the covers,” he chuckled.

We put away his stuff and went down to head over to the studio. Daniel got all excited about the pool when we walked out of the patio door.

"You should've told me there's a pool here, man! I would've brought my trunks!"

"Oh yeah. Sorry. Didn't think of it. I think tomorrow's weather is pretty good too. So I guess we'll have to work something out," I said, already picturing us skinny-dipping together.

I didn't know how Daniel would think about this stuff. I never saw him naked. Just in his regular, blue bikini-style briefs when we were changing for PE. He was one of the few kids I knew that didn't wear the regular tighty-whities we all wore, and it made me curious about him. So I was thinking about a natural way to see his dick, but I certainly didn't wanna push my luck in that department.

"Glenn!?" I shouted as we entered the empty studio.

"Just a sec!" came the muffled reply.

I pointed toward the current plain black and white set, and as we walked over, Glenn came out of the darkroom with a few pictures in his hand. He placed them on the kitchen table and smiled at us. We changed directions and walked toward Glenn.

"Glenn, this is Daniel. We're having a sleepover tonight."

"I know. Hi Daniel," Glenn smiled warmly as he extended his hand.

"Hi, Mr. Taylor. Thanks for having me over," he said, shaking Glenn's hand, and I knew Glenn would react instantly.

"Please! Call me Glenn! Mr. Taylor was my father," he laughed. "You wanna have your picture taken?"

"Oh. Yeah, please. I wanna learn how it's done, and what better place to learn than in front of a camera, right?"

"Depends on what you wanna learn," Glenn chuckled. "But I guess you're right. Scott did both modeling and shooting. After seeing him doing that, I think it makes you a better photographer."

"Thanks!" I said, feeling myself blush.

“Do you mind if I show Daniel the angel pics?” Glenn asked as he looked at me.

“Of course not!” I reply, not feeling any shame about these.

Glenn spread out the pics of me posing as an angel with Michelle. He hesitated slightly but put down the pics of Ron and the ones where we pose together too.

“Oh, wow!” Daniel whispered as he looked them over. “These are amazing!”

“Thanks,” Glenn responded with a big smile.

“Glenn is an expert with lights and shadows,” I softly said, feeling a sense of pride as I looked at myself in the pictures.

Obviously, I was naked in them, but only the picture where Ron carried me as a dead angel showed my dick. And as I checked that one out, I was glad it apparently wasn’t cold inside the studio when we shot it because my dick looked fine in it. It was far away from the cold ‘shrunk into oblivion’ mode and more between comfortably soft and that ‘starting to get hard’ phase, so I had nothing to be ashamed of.

I glanced at Daniel and noticed he looked intensely at all pics, but his gaze went to that particular picture a lot.

“Scott told me you want portfolio shots. Or do you want something else, like a traditional portrait?” Glenn asked, looking at Daniel.

“Portfolio shots, please. I mean... if that’s okay with you.?”

“Of course! You can always use them later, right?” Glenn said and winked at Daniel.

Daniel was directed on set by Glenn, and after the initial shyness and awkwardness, Daniel got the hang of it. He looked natural in front of the camera, and I noticed for the first time how much we looked alike. He was skinnier than me, and his hair was longer, but other than that, our bodies looked basically the same.

“Do you mind taking off your shirt?” Glenn asked calmly and with a warm smile.

“Not at all,” was Daniel’s reply, and he quickly took it off and tossed it at me.

“The headshots look way better with bare shoulders,” Glenn said and started moving in on Daniel to take his shots.

I’ve seen Daniel without a shirt after PE, but seeing him in this setting made me look differently at him. I wasn’t falling in love or anything, but I was suddenly getting extremely curious about how the other parts of his body looked.

“Awesome!” Glenn exclaimed. “We’re done.”

“That was quick,” Daniel said, a bit disappointed.

“If you’re up to it, we can do a real shoot tomorrow,” Glenn said, eyeing me as he smiled at Daniel.

“Okay. I guess... What do I have to do?” he asked apprehensively, but the look on his face was full of curiosity.

“I’ve got something in mind for the two of you. But I have to think about it, so we’ll talk about it tomorrow, okay? Now we’re gonna eat and have some fun.”

Gloria outdid herself, and we had a great dinner together. After we cleaned up, we played a game of monopoly. I was out first, and next was Gloria. Glenn and Daniel played the endgame, and neither wanted to lose. Eventually, Glenn was the winner, and he congratulated Daniel on his game.

After a game of Charades where I laughed so hard that tears flowed down my cheeks a few times, Gloria announced it was bedtime for us. She was understanding enough to let us go upstairs and do our own thing, so she hugged me and kissed me goodnight downstairs. I knew she wouldn’t come upstairs to tuck us in or something.

“Don’t make it too late, guys,” Glenn said seriously. “You can talk some more, but don’t make it an all-nighter, okay?”

“Okay. We won’t,” I said, and with that, we went upstairs.

As I was undressing for bed, I wondered if I should wear pajamas or just sleep in my underwear. Then, I noticed Daniel rummaging through his backpack and asked, “Forgot something?”

“I didn’t bring my pajamas,” he said and blushed.

“No problem. We’ll sleep in our underwear. I like it better that way anyway. So I don’t care.”

“Me too,” he giggled. “I usually sleep naked, so I guess that’s why I forgot to bring some PJ’s.”

“Haha! Me too,” I laughed but couldn’t bring up the courage to propose sleeping naked tonight too.

I dropped my pants and stood beside the bed, waiting for Daniel to do the same, so we could crawl in at the same time. When he dropped his pants and stood there in his blue bikini briefs, I felt a stir inside my underwear. To avoid awkwardness, I quickly crawled under the covers.

“What’s with the blue undies?” I asked as Daniel crawled in too.

“Dunno. My mom accidentally bought a pack of these a while back, and I like them. It kinda stuck on me since then. I like that they’re different than the plain white ones.”

“I see. It looks good on you,” I softly said.

“Thanks. And they sorta hide my peter too in the changing room, when I... you know...” he trailed off.

“I know! I hate when that happens,” I replied, wanting him to feel comfortable.

As I lay there, thinking about a way to see his dick and maybe, just maybe, play with it, Daniel suddenly asked, “Your shoot with that woman... was that a trick shot, or were you both naked?”

I needed to think for a second. Glenn told my parents it was a trick shot. But telling the truth was a great way to impress Daniel. Would he squeal on me? After a few moments, I figured I could probably trust him, so I softly said, “That was real.”

“Oh wow... how was it?” he asked, clearly impressed.

“It was amazing! She was warm and soft and sweet. And at one point, I had to touch her boobs, and they were... freaking awesome!” I whispered loudly.

“I bet... I can’t wait to touch boobs too, man!” he chuckled.

“You’ll love it!”

We were quiet for a bit, and I realized I was stiff as a board from thinking about the events.

"In one shot, you were lying... between her legs. Did your willie touch her... you know?" asked Daniel in the silence that followed.

"Yeah..."

"And you were... uhm... hard?"

"It's impossible to not have a boner in that situation, man. So, yes," I chuckled.

"Really?" Daniel asked with awe in his voice. "Did she say anything about it?"

This was a tricky one. Should I tell him and increase the possibility of fooling around, or should I be a gentleman and drop it?

"You HAVE to promise me to keep your mouth shut about this, okay?" I asked, looking at him in the dark room, barely making out his features.

"I swear! Whatever happens here tonight is just between you and me! Scout's honor!" he chuckled.

"Well... at one point, she asked me to stick it in..."

"NO! She didn't!" Daniel said almost out loud, forgetting we should whisper.

"I swear to god, man!"

"How was it!?"

"Only like the best freaking feeling ever!"

"I bet..."

"You jerk off, right?" I asked.

"I uhm..." he hesitated, "yeah... who doesn't?"

"Imagine that feeling, and multiply it by a million. It's like your dick is being wrapped in a warm, wet, velvety sleeve, where something squeezes tightly every few seconds."

"I can't believe it. You're SO lucky, man!"

"I know. We did it twice because I came immediately after I was inside for the first time. It just felt too good," I giggled.

"What about Glenn?"

"What about him?"

"Did he know you were... uhm... fucking her?"

"Not the first time. But he came down to check on us, and that's when he saw what we were doing."

"And?" Daniel asked, obviously extremely curious.

"He said it was okay and that it didn't show on the pictures. According to him, it even added a new, intense layer to the picture. So he was cool with it."

"Oh wow. And you don't really care walking around naked in front of him, do you?"

"No. Why should I? Glenn is the coolest guy I know. AND he let me fuck a woman," I laughed.

"Can I see it?" Daniel asked after a few seconds of silence and turning on his side toward me.

"See what?" I asked, having no clue at all what he meant.

"Your willie. You had inside a woman, and I'm curious if it looks different now."

I didn't see this one coming. But I was glad Daniel asked first, and I knew then and there that we were going to fool around. I just had to play along and maybe take the lead, but my twitching boner and I were on the same page now.

"Uhm..." I said, not wanting to be too eager.

"You don't have to," he quickly added. "and I'll show you mine too if you want."

"I think it's okay. You've seen it in that picture with Ron already."

"Right. But I couldn't see it good enough to see any difference," Daniel said, keeping up appearances.

“But... I am hard now from all that talk. Do you mind?” I asked, giggling inside.

“No. Not at all!” Daniel casually said. “In fact, I’m hard too. And we’re just boys here, so who cares, right?”

I clicked on the bedside lamp and looked at Daniel's excited face. I smiled and started pushing the blanket down. When our undies came into view, it was obvious we were both excited. I couldn't wait to see Daniel's hard dick, which was covered by the blue, stretched fabrics of his briefs. So I decided to take the lead.

“Why don't you turn around and lie with your head near my crotch. That way, we can both check the other one out.”

“Like a sixty-nine, you mean?” Daniel smiled.

“Yeah! Like that,” I replied, wondering where he learned this position.

Daniel quickly turned around, and I was greeted with his blue undies in my face, where his hard dick was making an obscene tent. The moment he laid down, he didn't waste a second and started fumbling with my plain-white undies, and when I felt his fingers slide in the waistband, I wondered who was really in the lead here.

But I didn't want to miss this opportunity, so I got to work too. I slipped my fingers in the waistband of the front of his undies and felt the ticking of some hairs. Good. When I pulled it out of his body and his dickhead was no longer held back by it, I saw it pop free. I quickly lowered his undies down further, completely freeing his dick and balls. He wiggled a bit with his hips, and I slid his undies halfway down his upper legs.

In the meantime, Daniel had done the same, and we were now studying each other's tools. My first impression was that Daniel's dick was basically the same as mine. Being this close to it, I saw all the details, and I liked it!

His length and girth were the same as mine. He had a little bit more pubes, but I had slightly bigger balls. His dickhead was a bit blunter than mine, and he had a slight bend to the left, where mine was almost perfectly straight.

I was mesmerized by his hot dick, and when I noted a tiny drop of precum come out of the tip, he whispered, “Can I touch it?”

I didn't answer him. Instead, I wrapped my fingers around his tool and started feeling it up and down. That was all the encouragement he needed. So after a low moan from him, I felt his fingers do the same to me.

"I don't see or feel any difference," Daniel panted.

I figured we could drop the pretense of checking for differences, so I slowly changed my groping of his dick from probing around to slow jerking.

That triggered something in Daniel because he started moaning and switched to a full-blown jerking motion on me too. I started moaning, which encouraged Daniel to keep going, and I gripped his dick firmly and also picked up the pace.

The good feelings in my dick increased, and I was getting hornier by the second. I kept my eyes firmly on Daniel's dick and admired the smoothness and its spongy dickhead. I felt my mouth water and wanted it in my mouth badly. But I didn't know how Daniel would react to that. Finally, after a short internal struggle to blow him or not, I made up my mind to do it. So I opened my mouth and pointed his dick toward it when I suddenly felt my own dick being engulfed in a warm, wet, and soft place. It didn't take a genius to figure out what happened. Daniel beat me to it.

I let out a low moan again and immediately wrapped my lips around his rock-hard dick. I loved the smell and taste of it! Where Glenn's tasted musky and salty, with a manly scent, Daniel's was sweet and light. It fitted easily inside my mouth, and I could generously use my tongue to stimulate him even more, which I eagerly did.

The feeling around my dick was amazing. I didn't know for sure, but the way his lips and tongue were working my dick made me think this wasn't his first rodeo. But I didn't mind at all. It was a fantastic feeling. Me working on his dick and all the attention my own dick was getting.

We were both moaning softly while bobbing up and down and working our tongues around the other's dickhead. I moved my hand over to cup his skinny buttcheek and slowly worked a finger toward his hole. This time, he didn't copy my action and just went on sucking me.

The buildup inside was getting stronger, and I knew I was getting close to cumming. But judging by Daniel's moans and the movement of his hips, I figured he was getting close too. I was feeling so horny by now that I threw all the caution in the wind and pressed my index finger against his puckered asshole.

"Mmmhhh..." he moaned on my dick.

Next, he pushed his hips firmly against my face, sliding his dick all the way into my mouth. I felt a few of his pubes tickle my chin. That, combined with his dickhead rubbing against the back of my palate, turned me on even more. A few heartbeats later, I felt his dick grow fatter in my mouth, it twitched, and a few drops of sweet, watery cum landed on the back of my tongue.

This triggered my own orgasm, and I pushed my groin hard against his face, causing Daniel's tongue to lap furiously over my dickhead as he sucked on me hard. One of his hands cupped my balls, and he squeezed them firmly. This didn't hurt at all but felt awesome as it prolonged my orgasm for a few seconds.

The moment the taste of his cum really registered in my head, I felt my balls contract, and I came. It wasn't the best orgasm I ever had, but the combination of his efforts and his still twitching dick in my mouth caused me to moan loudly on his dick nevertheless.

After my orgasm died down a bit, I gently kept sucking on Daniel's softening dick while toying with it in my mouth. Daniel was doing the same, and after a few minutes of this, I let it slip from my mouth and looked down.

Daniel did the same, and as he looked at me, I could see him blush.

"I'm sorry... I couldn't help it..." he whispered.

"Don't be sorry! I loved it! I did it too, you know?"

He moved over, turned around, and lay on his side with his face toward me.

"I was afraid you'd be mad or something," he said, looking relieved.

"Don't be silly! I love doing this stuff," I whispered, trying to make him feel more at ease.

"You did this before too?" Daniel asked, amazed.

"I... uhm..." I hesitated slightly but quickly realized I might as well be honest about this, "yeah... you?"

"My... I... uhm... My next-door neighbor Jeff and I... did some stuff together. He's a year older than me. He showed me... Well. He and I... you know... fooled around."

"Yeah. I've got a friend like that too," I said, deliberately leaving it vague.

"But I like doing it with you too," he giggled. "And you're really good at sucking."

"Thanks!" I chuckled, "you're not too bad yourself."

"Scott?" he softly asked after a moment of silence.

"Sup?" I said, sensing the tension in the air.

"I think I'm gay..." he whispered, and I could see him blush.

"That's... uhm... that's fine, you know?" I responded, immediately feeling silly for not knowing how to react appropriately.

"You're not mad?"

"No. Why should I be?"

"Because I tricked you into doing this stuff with me..."

"Shit, man! I wanted to do that too. You didn't trick me or anything."

I could see his shoulders relax, and he sighed a deep breath of relief. I just smiled at him, genuinely feeling a lot of affection for him. He started smiling back and gave me an awkward hug. I could feel our soft dicks touch, but there was nothing sexual about our embrace, so I ignored it and hugged him back.

"Are you... gay too?" Daniel asked after we broke the hug, and both lay on our backs, looking at the ceiling.

I thought about this for a few seconds and let the words Glenn told me roll through my head.

"Nah. I don't think so. I really like looking at naked girls and women too. And I absolutely loved fucking Michelle, so I wanna do that a lot more

whenever I can. But I really like doing stuff like this too. So I think I'm a bit of both? If that makes sense..."

"Yeah. I think I get it. But I don't feel that way. When I looked at the pictures of you and Michelle, I looked at you. I couldn't be bothered with her. And I immediately got hard when I looked at you and that man."

"You mean Ron," I smiled.

"Yeah. Ron. I could only think about how amazing it would be to handle that massive willie he has. And with you naked in his arms. THAT combination got me worked up in the blink of an eye. So yeah..."

"Oh. But I would've loved to touch it too, man! Especially when I was on my knees right in front of it and saw it up close. But he was just too damn professional," I chuckled.

"You won't tell anyone in school about this, will you?" he asked after a few moments of silence, and I could feel his fear of being outed.

"Don't be silly! Of course not! It's our secret. When you think you're ready for it, you tell people how you feel. That's not up to me. And we can still have sleepovers and do stuff together. I'm just not in love with you. I mean... I love you, but just... not like that."

"You're the best, Scott!" he whispered, and I could hear him sniff.

"Hey! Wanna do that shoot together tomorrow? I'm sure Glenn would love to see us with these angel wings together," I said in the silence that followed in an attempt to cheer him up.

"I... uhm... yes. I'd like that. But, uhm... are we gonna be naked during the shoot?" he asked apprehensively.

"Of course we will. But don't worry about Glenn. He's a cool guy. You'll hardly know he's there."

"But... uhm... what if I get, you know... hard?"

"Haha! Then I'll suck you off, so you're soft again," I giggled.

"But..."

"I told you, man! Glenn is a cool guy. He saw me hard dozens of times. He doesn't care. And I jerked off once while he took pictures of me. He doesn't judge or make fun of you. I promise!"

“You’d suck me off in front of the camera? Really?”

“Sure! As long as Glenn’s behind it, I don’t care. And you’ve got a great dick, so I don’t mind sucking it.”

“Oh wow...”

“You want me to suck it now?” I asked and snaked my hand down over his torso toward his groin, where I was treated with a very hard, throbbing cock.

This time, we took turns sucking each other off. I sucked Daniel first. He placed his hands on my head and rubbed his fingers through my hair while moaning softly. Then, as his panting increased, I slipped a finger up his butt, and he shot a few drops of cum in my mouth.

I figured he’d do the same to me when he sucked me, but apparently, he didn’t dare. I didn’t care too much because he was an excellent cocksucker. Despite having an orgasm under half an hour ago, I quickly felt the point of no return approach. Especially when he started toying expertly with my balls.

Looking back. I was a bit surprised we both swallowed the other’s cum. We didn’t talk about it. We just did. And I loved the sweet taste of his cum! I guess that’s where my love for young boy cum is born.

* * *

When I woke up the following day, Daniel was lying against me with his hand draped over my belly, inches away from my morning wood. I had to pee badly, so I wiggled myself free and went to the bathroom. When I came back, Daniel was yawning and stretching. His eyes roamed up and down over my naked body as I stood there smiling at him.

“You look good, you know that?” he chuckled.

“No. I didn’t know that. But hearing it from a gay boy is a big compliment,” I laughed and started putting on my clothes.

I figured he probably wasn’t ready to do his morning routine the same way as I usually did. And since the smell of eggs and bacon filled the house already, I didn’t have time to figure it out.

"Come on. Get up! Gloria is making breakfast. And you don't want to miss that!" I said as I pulled down the blanket.

I openly checked out his hard dick and licked my lips overly exaggeratedly, which caused him to giggle and jump out of bed in an attempt to attack me. But we heard footsteps on the stairs, so he quickly grabbed his blue undies, which he rapidly pulled up. They did nothing to hide the fact that he had a boner, but at least it was covered now.

Gloria knocked on the door softly and said, "Are you awake, boys? Breakfast is ready."

I opened the door a bit and smiled at her through the crack as I grabbed my t-shirt.

"Almost done," I said, making sure to stand in front of Daniel.

"Yeah, Mrs. Tay- Gloria. We're almost ready."

When we came downstairs, Glenn was already sitting at the breakfast table. It was clear he made an effort to be a good host because it was usually just Gloria and me. We chatted about the games we played and the day that lay ahead of us.

"It will be a sunny afternoon. You can play in the pool if you want," Gloria said.

"Daniel didn't bring his trunks," I said, looking at Daniel. "And he thinks I'm making fun of him when I tell him what we usually wear in the pool."

This caused Gloria to chuckle. She smiled warmly at Daniel and said, "Scott is right, dear. And if it makes you feel more at ease, I'm meeting some friends later today, so it'll just be the three of you."

"See? We can have a sausage fest!" I smiled broadly.

"Or you can wear your underwear. Or one of Glenn's trunks. It's all fine by us," Gloria quickly added and looked sternly at me.

"What did I do?" I asked, acting all innocently.

"Don't force that poor boy into something he doesn't feel like doing!" Gloria said and looked at Daniel with an empathetic look.

"Oh. I don't mind, Mrs... Gloria. I..." Daniel stammered.

"But first, we need to do that shoot. Right Glenn?" I interrupted Daniel, feeling the need to change the subject.

"We'd better do that first. Otherwise, it might get too hot in the studio," Glenn replied.

"You don't want to miss shooting these two little angels, right?" I smiled.

I looked at Glenn's face as I said this, and it immediately lit up. I could see the wheels inside start turning, and he knew exactly what I meant by it.

"Right," was all Glenn said.

"But doing that, it might also get too hot inside the studio. I mean... look at us!" I laughed, pointing at Daniel and me.

"Don't flatter yourself, Honey!" Gloria giggled, playing along.

"We'll see! But work first, fun later," I smiled, trying to act wise beyond my years.

"Sure, Bud," Glenn chuckled.

Daniel and I helped Gloria clear the table, and we did the dishes together while Glenn went over to the studio to prepare everything.

"I'm both excited and nervous about doing this," Daniel giggled as we walked over to the studio.

Judging by his giggles, he was mostly excited. And so was I. I just knew we'd end up having sex in front of Glenn and his camera, and this turned me on tremendously. I only needed to figure out a way to make it happen.

"I'm with you, man. We'll do this together. And don't worry about Glenn. Really!"

"So..." Glenn said as we entered the studio, "you wanna do a shoot together?"

"Yeah. If that's okay with you," I said, knowing perfectly well how excited Glenn was about the idea.

"I love it! It's a perfect way to complete this angel theme for my exposition. If you don't mind posing as angels, of course."

I glanced over at Daniel. He noticed me looking and timidly said, "No. I... we don't mind."

"I see..." Glenn said thoughtfully. He started rummaging through the pictures on the table, picked one up, and showed it to Daniel. "We can start with this if you don't want to do it naked."

I looked at the picture and saw it was one of the pics where Ron and I were wearing white cloths. Daniel just shook his head and said, "No. I want to do it properly. I'm just a bit nervous and afraid I'll..."

"I understand," Glenn said calmly and placed a hand on Daniel's shoulder, "I swear this is a safe environment, and no one but us will see all the pictures. You can decide which ones can leave the studio. If any."

This clearly put Daniel at ease. He looked into Glenn's eyes and said, "But what if I get..."

"Hard? Oh, don't worry about that. I've seen it all plenty of times. And it's a very healthy and very normal reaction. And we've got ways to work around it," Glenn smiled and softly squeezed Daniel's shoulder.

"See?" I said smiling.

"Let's do it," Daniel said, trying to sound tough.

I started taking off my t-shirt, and as I was sliding down my pants with both Glenn and Daniel checking me out, I asked, "What?"

"We've got a designated changing spot in here, you know?" Glenn said as he pointed toward the divider.

"So? It's just the three of us. And you're going to see us naked anyways. So what's the point?"

"You're not alone here," Glenn said sternly and nodded toward Daniel.

Daniel got the idea, and as he pulled up his shirt, he said, "Scott's right. Might as well get it over with. I guess it's like ripping off a band-aid, right?"

I pulled down my shorts and undies simultaneously, so I stood there stark naked when Daniel pulled his shirt over his head and saw me again. I swung my hips from left to right, causing my soft dick to wobble from left to right. Daniel noticed and burst out into laughter. The moment he did, I laughed loudly too.

This broke the ice, and he slid down his pants and underwear too. Glenn walked back over to us, where we were now, slapping our dicks against

our hips only by swinging from left to right, and he smiled and shook his head.

"Here you go. Do you need help with these?" he asked as he handed us each a pair of angel wings.

"Nah. We'll manage," I said as I took the wings and slid an arm through the straps.

"Great. Just get to the set when you're ready, kay?"

Daniel needed a little help with the straps over his shoulders, so I stood real close and helped him with it. As I was working on these straps, I felt something bump against my hip, so I instinctively looked down to see what it was.

"I'm sorry," he whispered. "You're being close, and touc-"

"Shh. I told you not to worry," I interrupted him.

I finished fixing the straps holding up the wings. I looked him over and behind his bony shoulders were now two bright white wings. My gaze went lower over his boyish chest, down to his sparse pubes where his four-and-a-half-inch boner stuck out from his groin.

"You look more like a little devil this way," I chuckled. "Come on! Let's get to work."

I walked over to the center of the stage with Daniel on my heels. I looked at Glenn, and out of the corner of my eye, I could see Daniel was cupping his balls and boner, making sure it was hidden from view. Glenn didn't say or do anything about it. He just gave us instructions on what to do.

Daniel had to turn his back to the camera, draping his left arm over my chest and shoulder, turn his head to the left, and look at me. I had my front toward the camera, looked directly in it, and had to cup my balls and dick, so it was hidden from view and the picture would be PG-rated.

"Awesome!" Glenn exclaimed, "You guys look freakin amazing together!"

I glanced over at Daniel, and we both smiled. I could see his boner had subsided during this first pose and hoped he wouldn't be too shy anymore. He tentatively turned around, and I could see his hands move down to hide his jewels, but he must've realized it wasn't necessary because his hands awkwardly ended on his hips.

With his hand on the camera, Glenn looked at us and 'accidentally' pressed the shutter button, causing the lights to flash.

"Sorry! Sorry! I'm SO sorry!" he apologized, fiddling with his camera and a bright flush on his face.

I later learned it was a genuine accident, and he felt awful about it, putting Daniel on the spot like that.

"Here! Take one like this," Daniel laughed as he put his arms around my shoulder, with me quickly catching on and doing the same.

We stood there in all our naked glory. Our hips touched, and big grins on our faces, with Daniel making a peace sign. Glenn hesitated slightly but shot a few pics of us like that.

"Great, guys!" Glenn said and laughed at our silliness. "Scott, do you mind holding Daniel?"

I looked at Daniel, and he shrugged. So I smiled coyly and said, "Sure. I'll hold him, just tell me where."

Daniel chuckled as I said this, but Glenn didn't respond. Instead, he just asked me to stand behind Daniel. I wrapped my arms around his chest and laid my head on his left shoulder, looking in the distance to my left. Daniel had his hands in front of his dick and looked dreamy to the left too.

I wasn't sure what Glenn was portraying here, but I liked the closeness of Daniel's body against mine. So I pressed my body firmly against his, and my dick started to respond. It went from almost soft to hard in a few heartbeats, and I had to move my hips back a bit to let it stand up. That way, it was pressed between our bodies, and when I flexed my hips a bit, I felt it slide between Daniel's ass cheeks.

"You like this a lot, don't you?" Daniel chuckled as he pressed his ass back against me.

"You're hot. So, yeah," I said seriously, feeling bold and horny.

"Daniel? Can you... uhm you..." Glenn said.

"Oh! Sorry!" Daniel said, and judging by his movements, his dick peaked out above his hands.

"Just a few more," Glenn said after the error was corrected.

Another few bursts of lights later, Glenn asked, "Do you mind putting your arms over Scott's head and embracing him?"

"Uhm... I'm still," Daniel started.

"I know you are, but I think it'll make for a powerful picture!" Glenn said softly but quickly added, "But you don't have to if you don't want to!"

Daniel didn't respond and just moved his arms upward and back over my head and kissed me on my cheek. We kept this pose for a few moments, and I firmly rubbed my dick against his ass and lower back.

"That's magnificent! Really! You guys are hot, sexy, and innocent. The perfect combination I need for this setting."

"Thanks," we said simultaneously and let go of our embrace.

We stood next to each other, looking at Glenn, and I noticed Daniel's shyness was gone. He stood there with his stiff dick sticking out from his groin, without the need of covering it up, glancing at my twitching boner.

"Just one more," Glenn said. "Do you mind if Scott's face is close to your peter?"

I had to hold back a giggle, and I noticed Daniel also had trouble keeping a straight face. "No, I don't mind at all," he said, and I just nodded.

"Wonderful!" Glenn cheered, not knowing what this was about, or at least not letting on if he did.

I had to sit on my knees in front of Daniel with my back toward the camera. Daniel's stiff dick was inches away from my face this way, and I had to suppress the urge to wrap my lips around it.

"Right. Scott, can you look to your right and press your cheek against Daniel's peter? Then wrap your arms around him and hold him like you're afraid he'll leave you."

Glenn must've known how much sexual tension this would bring. But he probably figured out by now that Daniel and I had fooled around or were at least open to it.

So I did as Glenn instructed and pressed my cheek against Daniel's boner. It was now trapped between his body and my cheek, and I felt his pubes against my cheekbone. A barely audible moan escaped Daniel's lips, and I couldn't hold back a sly smile.

Next, I wrapped my arms around him, feeling his buttcheeks against my lower arms, and firmly held on to his hips. His boner twitched against my cheek every now and then, and I felt myself grow hornier by the minute.

“You look down and caress Scott’s hair. Try to look like you’re comforting him,” Glenn said softly. And after I felt Daniel’s hands on my head, he excitedly said, “That’s it! Just like that!”

Judging by the flashing light, Glenn shot a lot of pictures of us like this. But as I sat there with Daniel’s boner pressed firmly against my cheek and his hips making barely noticeable humping moves, causing his dick to slide against my face, I lost it.

I let go of his hips and looked him in his eyes. My hands moved to his dick like they weren’t my own, and one hand grabbed the base of it while the other cupped his balls and toyed with them. I kept looking Daniel straight in his eyes as I slightly opened my mouth and let his dickhead rub against my lips.

“One sec,” Glenn said behind me, and I heard him walk to my left.

He stood to our left, and when I heard the familiar clicks of his camera, I knew what was going on, and I loved it! This added a whole new level to my horniness. I would be sucking off another boy, and everyone could see this intimate act between us.

So I decided to make a show out of it. With my lips still just covering half of his dickhead and my eyes focused on Daniel’s, I slowly moved my face down, keeping my lips wrapped tightly around his head and shaft as my nose approached his pubes.

“Ooohhh...” Daniel moaned, urging me on and obviously accepting Glenn’s presence.

“Keep going, Scott. Pretend the camera isn’t here,” Glenn whispered so softly I could barely hear him.

I was treated with the taste of Daniel’s precum and swirled my tongue around his head as I slowly bobbed up and down, keeping my eyes on Daniel all the time. I loved the unfocused look of pure bliss and horniness on his face. But, of course, I wanted to make it look good on camera too, so I lifted my head, and with a pop, his dick left my mouth.

I pointed his dick upward, looked directly into the camera, and started licking his dick like a popsicle. After a lot of pictures like this, I wrapped my lips around his head again, wrapped my hand around it, and tried to jerk and suck him at the same time. But his dick wasn't big enough for this, so I just wrapped my thumb and index finger around the base and just went for it.

"Ohhh... Scott..." Daniel moaned.

This pushed me on more, and I was determined to make him cum and drink his boy nectar.

"Scott!" Daniel said more urgently, causing me to look up.

His eyes had a pleading look in them, and I wondered what was happening. His dick was twitching inside my mouth, and I let my tongue softly caress the underside of his glans.

"Will you... aahhh... please fuck me?" he panted, and I could hardly believe what he said.

So I let his dick slip from my mouth and asked, "You want me to fuck you? Really?"

"Oh yeah! Jeff did it to me a few times, and I love it," he said, dropping his inhibitions and embarrassment.

"I, uhm... I would love to," I said softly, bringing a lustful smile to his face, "you've got some lube in here?" I asked, looking at Glenn.

"Sure. One sec," he said and walked over to the cupboard in the kitchen.

I was feeling a bit nervous about this, despite my experience with Glenn. But I was also excited as hell to do it. He had a cute ass, and he was practically begging me.

"How do you want to do it?" I asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Will you lay on your back, or do you want me behind you on all fours?"

"I uhm... Jeff always gets behind me. I never thought there was another way," he said softly while idly toying with his boner, "I guess I want to see you, if that's okay?"

"I'd like that a lot too!" I said and felt a sudden urge to kiss him.

I moved closer, placed his face in my hand, and gave him a sloppy wet kiss while pressing my entire body against his. After we broke the kiss, he asked, "What was that?"

"Dunno. I just wanted to kiss you," I whispered.

"Here you go, guys," Glenn said as he put down a small bench and handed me the can of lube.

"Thanks," Daniel said and checked out the bench.

The bench was actually more like a small table and completely white. Its height was perfect for me, so I wouldn't have to stand on my toes or bend my knees.

"Do you mind if I keep taking pictures?" Glenn asked, and I could see his boner stretching his jeans.

"No. I... uhm... I like the idea of being watched. Is that weird?" Daniel asked and blushed when he said it.

"Of course, it isn't weird, man! It turns me on too! Here. Lube up," I said, holding out the jar.

Daniel scooped up a big glob of oil and openly started spreading it around his hole. I started lubing up my dick as Glenn moved out of the way to let us do our thing.

I watched as Daniel lay on the bench and pulled up his legs to give me the access I needed. Then, I heard the clicks of Glenn's camera as I moved closer to Daniel.

"You sure?" I asked as I pressed my dick against his hole and looked him in his eyes.

"Oh yes! Fuck me, Scott!" he said, and a mix of excitement and lust was all over his face.

I pushed my hips forward, and after applying a little bit of pressure, my glans slid in and popped through his sphincter, causing both of us to moan.

"You okay?" I whispered.

"Yeah! You're a... aahhh... little smaller than Jeff. But, ohhh... this feels awesome!"

He wrapped his legs around my butt and pushed against me to get me in further. I slowly but deliberately moved forward, stopping and pulling back a bit every time I felt the pressure around my dick build. Before I knew it, I was balls deep inside Daniel and felt his balls against my pubes.

"I'm... aaahhh... I can't go deeper..." I whispered, and Daniel's eyes tried to focus on mine, which clearly took some effort.

"Fuck! Oohhh... this is... fuck... you feel... aaahhh... way better than Jeff! Fuck me! Do it!"

That did it. I was obviously giving my friend the time of his life, so I was sure I didn't need to hold back. So I pulled out, and right before I'd slip out, I slowly eased back in. I did this two or three times.

"Faster!!" Daniel said with a pleading look.

I picked up the pace a bit, which felt better to me, but I was more worried about Daniel than my own pleasure. I was trying to find a rhythm when Daniel panted, "Fastrrr... Hardrrrr... ooohhhh..."

This turned me on immensely, and I threw all tenderness and caution out of the window. Daniel wanted to be fucked hard so he'd get what he wanted. My hands were on his hips, and as I looked down to where our bodies merged, I saw his hard-on twitch every time I slid inside.

I took his dick in my right hand and tried jerking him the best I could as I started slamming hard against him at a fast pace. Because I was paying a lot of attention to how Daniel was doing, I wasn't close to cumming yet.

The clicks of the camera and flashes barely registered. Instead, I was focused on Daniel. With each loud slap of my pelvis against his butt, his body moved, and his head bobbed. His head was thrashing around uncontrollably, and I found a good pace with my hand, which basically matched my pelvic motion.

"Oohhh!!! Oohhh!!! Oohhh!!!" groaned Daniel below me.

I noticed his dick thicken in my hand, which was a good indication of him cumming. Then, I felt a sudden buildup, and his ass muscles clamped firmly around my dick.

"Aaahhh..." I moaned, feeling the point of no return approaching quickly.

I looked down at Daniel's dick, expecting him to shoot off by now, but he was still thrashing around like a maniac, and his dick grew even fatter.

"AAAAHHHHH!!!" he moaned and stopped moving all of a sudden.

His ass muscles were milking my dick now, and I felt my balls pull up. Feeling drops of his cum on my fingers and the tight, massaging ass around my dick sent shivers all over my body. And that's when I came. And boy did I come! I instinctively slammed in extremely hard, trying to enter him as deep as possible, and I started unloading my balls inside my friend's bowels.

"Oohhh...yesss! Cum inside me! I feel it... aaahh!!!" Daniel moaned.

I myself was lost for words. My dick kept on twitching, and I felt like I was being drained. I could hardly stand on my legs, so I leaned forward and dropped myself on top of Daniel, keeping my still stiff dick nestled inside him and his boner poking my belly. Daniel kissed me on my forehead and wrapped his arms around me.

"Fucking awesome!" he whispered, "Thanks!"

"Don't mention it," I giggled, feeling my now softening dick slowly slide out.

Glen was standing beside me, and the moment I slipped out completely, I heard a few clicks.

This brought both of us back to reality. I looked at Daniel, who now had a worried look on his face. I stood up straight, extending my hand to pull him up too. Glenn was next to us with an ear-to-ear grin on his face.

"You looked amazing! How was it, Daniel?" he asked, smiling warmly without any judgment.

Daniel must've also sensed it because his worried look instantly vanished. He smiled brightly now and exclaimed, "It was awesome! Even better than when Jeff does it! I can't explain it, but I feel all warm and fuzzy inside when someone sticks his dick up my ass. And when they hit that spot inside, I lose myself instantly and can only think about how good..."

He realized he was ranting, so he stopped and blushed brightly.

"Sorry. If I get excited, I..."

“No problem, man!” I said, placing a hand on his shoulder. “Glad you liked it. So did I! You are a great guy to fuck.”

The three of us chuckled at that, and after Daniel went to the bathroom, we put away the wings and got dressed. Then, after cleaning up the studio, we got inside for drinks and a small lunch.

After lunch, we all went swimming. Skinny dipping wasn't an issue anymore. Daniel was naked before I was, and he ran around as if he had done this many times before. We just had plain old fun inside the pool. We dunked each other, grabbed ass and dick whenever we got the chance, threw a ball around, and just laughed and had fun.

Each of us got hard a few times, but we didn't do anything more despite the usual grabbing. We got tired after a few hours, and Daniel's mom was about to pick him up, so we got out, dried, and dressed. A few minutes after we were done, we heard the car in the driveway.

Daniel hugged me tightly, and we agreed on having another sleepover. His mom insisted on having me over at their place, and we set a date three weeks from now. I hoped we could be together sooner, but our schedules just didn't match. We waved goodbye, and as Glenn and I sat down to relax, he said, “You guys sure put on a show this morning. Ready for some more fun?”

I looked over and saw Glenn had pulled down his shorts and boxers, and his stiff dick was sticking up from his groin. The next half hour was indeed filled with a lot of fun.



Chapter 17 – E-o-F's Long Guest Chapter: No plot advancement, but a lot of sex!

I feel air moving across my entire body as I start to wake up. It's warm and humid in the cabin, even with the windows open, and in my sleep, I've kicked away the light blanket. I force my bleary eyes open, and the first thing I see is that I'm surrounded by the forms of three naked children who are sound asleep.

Not a bad way to wake up, all things considered! I let my gaze drift over their fit young bodies. Beside me, one of the twins (I can't tell which one) is sprawled out on his stomach, turned around with his head at the foot of the bed. At the extreme other side of the bed is his brother, on his side and facing away. Finally, there's Audrey, who is nestled right up next to me on her back in the middle of the bed, her legs comfortably splayed apart. My heart skips from the love I feel for her, overjoyed with the knowledge that she has the same feelings in return for me. And VERY happy that she enjoys the physical pleasures of open and free sex just as much as the twins or I do. I sigh in satisfaction as I look around, barely in need of lifting my head to get a great view of all three holes I had my cock in just a few hours ago.

I'm a bit surprised at the lack of remorse I feel as I think about what happened last night. After resisting the urge to go all the way with Audrey for as long as I did, and then with the temptation of these beautiful boys being left in my care, you'd think I should feel the tiniest bit ashamed for giving in and "molesting" them. But I really don't! The kids knew exactly what they wanted, and they had a wonderful time exploring their sexuality with me. Their first day of really experiencing what sex is all about went pretty much as ideally and pleurably as anyone could ever want. Why should I be ashamed about that?

That it was the best sex I'd had in years, maybe EVER ... that was just icing on the cake!

It would be nice to be able to just lay here and ogle over their sexy bodies, but nature is calling. I carefully scoot my way down between them and pad to the bathroom. As I relieve myself, I catch a whiff of the smell of sex wafting off of my body, so I hop into the tub for a shower.

I've always been really light on body hair, but it feels a bit weird to wash my junk and feel nothing but smooth skin where my pubes and treasure trail used to be. I like it, to be sure, but it's still weird. When I come out in my robe, the kids haven't moved a muscle. I admire their forms again for a moment but then drag myself out to the kitchen to start making us some breakfast.

It doesn't take long for the aroma of eggs and toast to wake the twins. I'm flipping a simple omelet over in my frying pan as they stagger out of my bedroom, one rubbing his eyes while the other scratches his back. Of course, they're also both still unabashedly naked, their junior-sized morning wood proudly standing at attention.

"Morning, Mister H," they mumble in unison.

"Good morning, boys," I reply, grinning at their complete lack of modesty. "Is Audrey awake?" They both shake their heads sleepily. I'm not surprised. She got quite the workout last night. But then, so did these two. "You have a good sleep after..." I nod meaningfully toward their erect dicks, "you know... everything we did?"

Perfectly synchronized smiles of satisfaction grow on their tired faces. How do they do that?

"Yeah, I slept great!" replies one of the boys. I look down to his groin and see the telltale birthmark just above his cock. This is Evan. Jeez, how will I ever tell these two apart if they aren't naked?

"Me too. I was really out of it," says Owen, absently running his fingers over his freshly-shaven bare pubes and then giving his cock a quick tug.

"That's good," I say. I pause before my next question and am further interrupted by two slices of bread popping up from the toaster. I toss them onto a plate and begin spreading a pat of butter over the toast. It's a little awkward, but I feel I should ask. "So, guys, how's your... you know... your buttholes doing? Everything feeling alright back there?"

Owen lets go of his dick and reaches behind himself to run a finger over his rosebud. He turns to his brother for confirmation. "Maybe a little sore?"

"I guess," Evan says as he performs his own casual self-examination of his backdoor. Then he grins brightly up at me. "But I'm good, I think!"

“Yeah, I’m good too!” Owen agrees, nodding enthusiastically at me. “It was totally worth it. It was SO awesome! Do you think we can do it again?”

“Oh yeah, can we?” Evan asks me with equal enthusiasm. “I’d be okay to do it again right now!”

“Me too!” Owen adds quickly, as always on the same page as his brother.

I chuckle, almost disbelieving at how these cheeky boys are practically begging me to fuck them again! I raise my hands. “Guys, not so fast. I’m cooking us breakfast here! Have a seat.” The twins look a little sheepish, and they pull out chairs to sit at the small table in the cabin’s kitchen. Still nude, of course. As I make up two plates of omelets and toast and add some fruit to the side, I have to admit that I’m distracted by the thought of sinking my cock back into those perfect little boy pussies again, as evidenced by my robe tenting out from my groin.

But then I consider something else. In the last twenty-four hours, I’ve helped introduce these kids to some new and delightful things, but I feel like I’m being selfish, wanting to just fuck the twins again. Instead, I should be thinking more about them and offering to educate them on more sources of pleasure. After all, we’re not going to be alone here for all that long: their parents will be back tomorrow afternoon or evening. They won’t have such free access to Audrey for any longer than that, either. So once they’re back with their parents, they won’t have anyone to safely and regularly play around with. Other than each other, that is.

My internal light bulb suddenly switches on. Oh, shit! They’ll have each other!

I place the plates of food in front of the boys, and they happily attack their meals. As I load up a plate of my own, I try to consider the reasons to not suggest what I’m thinking of suggesting to them, including the possibility that they might get freaked out by the idea. But frankly, I’m confident the positives outweigh the negatives.

Sitting down at the table with the twins, I clear my throat. “So guys, regarding after breakfast, having some more fun ... I’m just now thinking that you could try something a little different, instead of the same thing as last night.”

Owen's eyes widen. "You mean instead... you want us to do... IT... to YOU?" Evan's eyes grow just as wide in obvious interest.

I honestly hadn't been thinking in that way, and I chuckle. "We could also try that! But first, I had something else in mind."

"Whattaya mean?" they answer, perfectly in sync.

"I mean, have you considered that you could try having sex with..." I raise my eyebrows and wave my hand back and forth between them, "... well, with each other?"

It's interesting to watch their faces as they process what I've just said. For a second, they seem lost in their own thoughts, then they glance at each other tentatively at the same instant. They stare at one another for a long moment, not saying a word yet somehow communicating. I swear they have some kind of twin telepathy.

They don't really stop looking at each other as Evan finally replies first. "I don't know, Mister H."

"Wouldn't that be... kinda gross?" adds Owen.

I shrug. "Any more gross than what we did last night?"

They look with uncertainty at me and each other. This is tricky. They're on the fence: not enthusiastic, but they're also not rejecting the idea outright. Considering what they've done with me already, I could probably get them to do anything I want. But I prefer that they make their own decisions. I never felt like Glenn manipulated me into anything back in the day, and I don't want that to change now that I'm the adult.

I decide to just explain things as I see them. "Okay, the word for the kind of things we're talking about is 'taboo'. Most people usually consider things that are taboo to be wrong or forbidden, but regardless can be fun and enjoyable if you want it. In fact, the thrill is often even greater BECAUSE it is taboo. It can feel good to be naughty and break the rules."

I point out towards the beach. "Just yesterday afternoon, you did a lot of taboo things and broke a LOT of rules. Sex between you two and Audrey, at your age... even though all three of you loved it, I think you know you can't tell your mom and dad about that." The boys grin and nod in understanding.

“Then there’s what the two of you did with me,” I say, pointing to the bedroom. “I’m sure you’ve been taught since you were little to never let an adult touch you the way I did.” The twins nod again, more soberly. “That was VERY taboo and extremely illegal for me! I will definitely go to prison for years if you tell anyone about that! And yet, based on how excited you were a minute ago, it seems neither of you has any problem with anything that happened.”

“We don’t!” they reply in chorus, both visibly upset by the idea that I could get into serious trouble after our exploration.

Owen is downright agitated by the idea. “We’d never tell anyone,” he promises me.

“No way!” chips in Evan in agreement.

I give them a thankful smile. “I appreciate that. But my point is that now you’ve already seen how you’ve been told that certain things are bad and you shouldn’t ever do them, but it turns out not all taboo things are bad for everyone. If you try something, and you like it and aren’t hurt by it, it’s your choice. Even if you can’t let everyone know because they wouldn’t understand.” I wave my hand back and forth between them. “Doing stuff with each other is exactly the same. I’m sure you know the term ‘incest’, and most people would indeed be upset with you if you tried that kind of play. But they don’t have to know.” I shrug. “You don’t have to do anything if you don’t want to, but the way I see it, if you feel safe and happy with what you’ve done with Audrey and me, how could it possibly be worse if it’s with each other? Who cares about you more, or is looking out for you guys more... than YOURSELVES? Right?”

Neither one of them says anything to that: not out loud anyway, but they are looking at each other quizzically. I figure I shouldn’t put pressure on them. “You know, you guys should talk this out privately. We can alwa-”

“Wait,” interrupts Evan awkwardly. “If we... I mean...”

“If we did want to... you know...” mumbles Owen, “uhm... try somethi-”

The question is cut off as we hear a noise from the bedroom. It’s the adorable sound Audrey makes when she stretches. A moment later, she saunters in to join us, gloriously and shamelessly nude, and my heart skips again. It is impossible to not admire the sensual form of her body, including her pert breasts and completely bald little pussy. Damn! “Good

morning, guys!" she proclaims cheerfully, already wide awake. She slides between the twins' chairs and gives each one a quick kiss and a tight body-on-body hug. Even with their deeply tanned skin, I can see them both blush. Then she comes around the table to me. "Good morning, Scott!" she proclaims, her eyes twinkling. Instead of a standing hug, she hops up on my lap and straddles me while planting a deep, tongue-wrestling kiss on me. My hands fall onto her little ass cheeks to hold her while I grow to full staff beneath my robe. Oh, wow! Good morning, indeed!

I pat her butt and break the kiss. "Enough, Lil' Bit!" I playfully admonish her as she smirks at me. "Let me get up and make you some breakfast."

"It's okay. I'll get myself some cereal," she replies, climbing off my lap with a sly look at my groin. "You don't have to 'get up'." I snort and swat at her ass again. She squeals happily and scurries to the cupboard.

I direct my attention back to the twins, remembering that we were interrupted. "Sorry, you two. You were saying..."

Owen stares at his plate. "It's nothing, Mister H."

"Yeah, it's nothing," agrees Evan softly.

For a moment, I'm confused. The boys had just been sounding like they were warming up to the idea of sexual play with each other. Then it clicks for me that they are still hung up on the taboo nature of that. And that one of the people they think might be grossed out by them thinking of doing stuff like that is now standing at the counter pouring out a bowl of Rice Krispies.

Usually, I'm not the type to force a "sink or swim" situation on anybody, certainly not a couple of young boys who have reason to be feeling vulnerable at the moment. But the twins don't know Audrey like I do, and I absolutely KNOW how she will feel about this whole incest thing. So I waste no time. I look both of them in the eye in turn, and as calmly and reassuringly as I can, I quietly say, "Please trust me." Then with no hesitation, I call over my shoulder, "Hey, Audrey. After everything that happened yesterday, what would you think about Evan and Owen if they were to want to try messing around with each other?" The boys instantly gape at me in mortified horror.

But my instincts about my young charge are correct. “Oh?!” Audrey exclaims loudly, turning to the twins. “That would be AMAZING!! I kind of was figuring you were already doing stuff together! But you haven’t yet?” Shellshocked, the boys shake their heads. “Oh, man! This is AWESOME!! Can I watch it? Please, can I watch??”

“Hold your horses, girl,” I say, chuckling at the twins’ wide-eyed expressions. “They haven’t decided what they want to do yet.” Audrey squees excitedly as she finishes pouring milk on her cereal. “If anything!” I add sternly, causing Audrey to quiet down as she dashes to the empty chair at the table beside me with her bowl and spoon. I raise my eyebrows at the boys. “So, how about it? You still need to talk about this privately? Because it really is okay if you do.”

There’s a brief moment where Evan and Owen do seem to discuss things, only without words. Then they both look down at the table shyly but in Audrey’s direction.

Owen speaks up first. “You sure it wouldn’t be...”

“Uh... you know... too weird?” finishes Evan.

Audrey smiles widely. “NO!” she tells them. “I think it would be really COOL! I would love to be able to see it!” They finally lift their eyes to meet her gaze. “Please, please, PLEASE, can I be there if you do?”

The twins glance at one another again, but this time with small grins while blushing. “Okay,” they mumble in unison, drawing a happy squeak from Audrey.

And a big smile from me! “That’s great to hear, boys,” I tell them. “When are you thinking you want to give it a try?” I figure they’ll have to work up to it.

But apparently, the Thompsons are a “just do it” kind of family. Their grins widen, and they jump from the table, exposing their cocks to Audrey and me. If their hardness had flagged at any time after they sat down, there is no evidence of it now. Clearly, these boys are completely turned on by the idea of experimenting together and had only been holding themselves back all this time because of their fear of scorn from everyone else, and perhaps even from each other. Without that burden now, they are keyed up to go. “What should we do?” they ask, almost shaking with excitement as they eye each other up and down.

Since neither of them answer each other, I'll assume the question was intended for me to help them. "Go to your bedroom, guys, and just start feeling and touching each other. Do what feels good." They giggle and run to the larger bedroom with the tidy made-up beds. I direct my attention to Audrey, who is already on her feet. "Grab the coconut oil we used last night and bring it into them. They may need it. I'm getting my camera bag from our room."

We dash about to retrieve our items, and then I follow Audrey into the twins' room. We find the boys on their knees on one of the beds, facing one another, each one with his left hand on his brother's hip and his right hand already busy carefully exploring his brother's stiff penis. They're not wasting time!

"Your hand feels... just like mine," one of the boys breathes as he watches his cock being fondled. The lack of a birthmark on his groin tells me it's Owen.

Evan is also staring down, his jaw slack. "Yours too," he mutters. "But not knowing... exactly how you're gonna touch it..."

"... makes it feel even better," Owen moans quietly.

I have my camera raised to my face now. "Is it okay if I take pictures, like yesterday?" I ask them gently. They turn briefly to me, full of trust, and as expected from these little exhibitionists, they smirk and nod. I begin snapping away rapidly as they concentrate on each other again. I feel and hear Audrey beside me, maneuvering to see all she can see.

Evan drops a bit of spit onto his cock and Owen's thumb, Owen follows suit, and they start handling their respective shafts a bit harder. Without a word, Audrey leans forward and presents the can of oil to them. The boys pause for an instant, then they both tentatively dip their fingertips in and go back to grasping their brothers with more lubrication, pulling themselves a little closer as their hands begin stroking in earnest. They get into matched rhythms, beginning to pant with their foreheads resting together and their hips and wrists thrusting faster and harder. It hasn't even been a couple of minutes, and they are both wanking hard and breathing heavier. I suspect that this first experience isn't going to last long.

But then they both stop, seemingly on the same page that they don't want to finish quite like this.

“Sure you wanna do this?” Owen gasps.

“Yeah!” Evan rasps in reply.

They gesture back to Audrey for the oil. Then they mildly surprise me when they bend over and spread their knees, hurriedly reaching behind themselves and starting to push greased-up fingers into their own rectums the same way I had done for them last night. They’re going to fuck each other already? Well, they’re quick studies, I’ll give them that! I snap a bunch of photos while they work on their task. They have their holes relaxed and lubed in no time while their cocks remain erect and ready.

“Who’s up first?” asks Evan. Then, without hesitation, they launch into a rapid-fire game of “rock paper scissors”, matching their throws at least six times before Evan’s paper finally covers Owen’s rock. The whole decision-making process is done in a matter of seconds. Evan grins in victory. “I’ll start behind you, then?”

“Okay!” replies Owen with apparently no hard feelings at all, getting on his hands and knees and presenting his ass to his brother like they did to me. Evan positions himself on his knees behind Owen on the bed. Audrey is leaning in on one side of the boys while I frame the action on my camera screen from the other side. We watch as a shaking Evan presses the tip of his cock to Owen’s partially-open asshole.

“Ready, Dude?” Evan asks with nervous excitement in his voice.

Owen sounds equally excited. “Yeah, do it, Dude!”

Evan grips Owen’s hips firmly, and then all three kids make aroused noises as Evan’s preteen penis is swallowed shockingly quickly and smoothly by his brother’s ass. Evan holds himself still for a moment but quickly pumps in and out with accelerating speed. The twins are both grunting in time with the clapping of Evan’s pelvis against Owen’s butt. Damn, this is hot!

“This is SO hot!” murmurs Audrey. Horny minds think alike, I guess. I continue to snap photos.

The boys have only been at it for perhaps thirty seconds when Evan stops, panting hard. “Dude, I’m too close! Wanna switch?”

“Fuck yeah!” is Owen’s enthusiastic reply. Evan pulls out and turns around, dropping to his hands while Owen scrambles to assume his new position. Again, they both moan out with intense pleasure as one boy penetrates his sibling’s anus. Owen immediately starts thrusting. “Holy shit, Dude... you’re so... tight!” he mutters between grunts of exertion. Evan just moans in response.

I’m getting pretty aroused as I crawl down to the floor to try to get a new angle between Owen’s legs, hoping for some shots of his balls slapping against Evan’s. But before I can get the camera up to my eye, Owen has also stopped short. “Shit, I’m close to cumming, too! Switch places again!” With that, he pulls out and waits for Evan to straighten up.

I realize that the boys have only ever experienced doing it doggie-style as Owen starts to turn around to assume the position again. “Wait,” I interject. “Owen, just lay back and pull your knees up and wide.” Owen doesn’t hesitate to flip over, landing on his back, and in a moment, he is wide open for Evan, peering wildly up at his brother past his straining erection. “And now... just go for it,” I instruct Evan, pointing him to his target.

Evan scoots up to Owen as fast as he can and positions the glans of his member into the distended opening, letting out a shuddering groan as he fills his twin’s hole again. This time there is no hesitation. Evan starts fucking Owen hard immediately, driving himself into Owen with repeated loud claps of skin on skin, accompanied by moans of young adolescent pleasure and incoherent curses from Evan. The way they are looking at one another now is going to make the photos I’m taking even better than the ones a minute ago.

Once more, Evan is at the precipice but is unwilling for it to end just yet. “Your turn again!” he cries as he pulls out again and falls back onto the mattress behind him. Audrey is vigorously rubbing away on her clit as Owen climbs quickly between Evan’s legs. I capture the moment perfectly with my camera as Owen thrusts deep back into Evan, letting his torso fall lower and hover over his brother. The intimacy between them is palpable.

And then, Owen really goes for it, fucking Evan’s ass for all he’s worth. Both boys’ lewd noises are louder and more intense than ever now. It’s

pretty obvious neither of them can last much longer. I really wish I was recording the audio, but great erotic pics will have to do.

It's again only a matter of a dozen or so seconds before their gasps get deeper and harder, signaling the approach of the point of no return. Only this time, it appears Owen has no interest in holding back as Evan did moments ago. Owen lunges forward over and over as hard as he can, grunting louder and higher, then quivers and whimpers through what looks like an absolutely tremendous orgasm. I record a look of complete bliss that explodes onto his face as he starts gasping desperately for sufficient air in his lungs.

"Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit! Dude, c'mon!" mutters Evan tightly, trembling in arousal with Owen's cock still twitching in his butt. Owen continues struggling for breath, for a moment not acknowledging his twin. Evan is desperate now, as well. "DUDE! OWEN!" he cries louder. "I'm gonna blow! We gotta switch again NOW!"

"Sorry!" Owen gasps. He sags backward, his cock popping out with a squelch, followed by his back hitting the mattress. His rock-hard rod bounces off his stomach and produces one last glob of semen, which runs down the length of his cock to his crotch. In a frenzy, Evan leaps up and pins Owen's legs open by the back of his knees. He buries himself heavily into Owen's ass, wincing urgently. He takes just four hard and fast thrusts, accompanied by a loud, high-pitched cry with each thrust, and then he falls forward into his brother's arms, yelling out in ecstasy as his huge orgasm overtakes him. I zoom in with my camera lens from behind them. It is incredible to watch incestuous cum leaking out of Evan's butthole and running down over his hairless ballsack. Not to mention watching those cute balls jump a little with each shot of semen he fires into his brother's bowels. This is so fucking sexy, and I'm overjoyed to be here to witness this.

When the height of Evan's cum has passed, he pulls his cock free from Owen and collapses in exhaustion to the bed beside his equally tired twin. Facing one another, their arms and legs wrap around each other's bodies naturally. As they share a close embrace while panting for breath, they find themselves nose to nose, staring directly into one another's eyes. I cannot believe my luck as I press the shutter on my camera at the exact moment that their eyes flutter closed and their lips touch, their first kiss since they were probably toddlers. One light kiss is followed by

another, and then more kisses that are much deeper and more passionate. Between photos, I glance up at Audrey, and I chuckle at the look of wonder and happiness on her face. She might as well have hearts for pupils in her eyes. She's so delighted.

Finally, after an intense tongue-lashing session that probably lasts longer than their lovemaking, the twins gently back off. Again, they share a deep gaze that seems to convey more to each other than words could. I snap a final photo of this intimate embrace, then motion to Audrey that we should back off.

I don't know if they intend Audrey and me to hear it, but we do regardless. "Love you, Dude," they both murmur quietly. Audrey makes a tiny "aw" sound while I smile at the cuteness. It is adorable. I'm pretty sure I get what the boys are feeling. I don't think they've "fallen in love" with each other, but rather they've deepened their existing tight bond to a whole new level. No matter who they meet in life, boys or girls, men or women, these two will always have a unique connection to each other that will live on, no matter what. They just love each other! No other statement can describe how they feel. That's awesome! I've never really been "into" incest as a kink, but now I can see why so many are drawn to it.

Audrey and I leave them to snuggle for a bit while we return to the kitchen. Her cereal is a soggy mush by now, so she dumps it out and prepares a fresh bowl. I flip through a sampling of the camera's images, thrilled at the pictures on the small screen. They're even better than I thought! I pull out the memory card and bring my laptop to the kitchen table so that I can back up the files before anything can happen to them.

By the time Audrey finishes off her breakfast, and my file transfers are complete, the twins emerge, somehow looking at once both embarrassed and proud of themselves. "You two were INCREDIBLE!" says Audrey. "Thanks for letting me watch!"

The boys blush again. "You're welcome, I guess," mumbles one of them with a cute smirk. I glance down at his semi-chubbed cock. Birthmark. Evan. Jeez, I need to hang name tags around their necks.

Owen is also a bit bashful now that his hormones have calmed down. "Glad you... enjoyed the show?"

Audrey most certainly did enjoy it. "It was so beautiful! And HOT! I almost had a cum just watching!" This comment does nothing to reduce the color of the boys' cheeks.

My little girl then leans forward and lowers her voice. "So... what's it feel like to do, you know... bum stuff?" she asks scandalously. She's funny, acting like she's being all confidential, but I'm the only other person around, and I'm sitting at the same table not three feet away. She could yell at the top of her lungs, and the amount of privacy in her question wouldn't change.

The twins exchange shy grins. "It feels, I don't know... pretty nice, I guess?" Owen answers.

"Yeah," adds Evan. "I mean, it feels a little weird at first. Like, having a great big shit, but in reverse. If that makes sense?"

The boys are getting less embarrassed by the second. "But like, there's a spot in there that feels all buzzy when it's rubbed in and out." Owen turns to Evan. "You know?" he asks.

"Oh, yeah, for sure!" exclaims Evan. "Up in here, right?" as he presses his finger up underneath his ballsack.

Owen nods and pokes his finger to the same spot. "Right, exactly! I almost came last night just from that. Audrey hardly had to touch my cock at all!" Evan nods enthusiastically in agreement. I feel my ego gets inflated a little more at this testimony. My dick also grows a little more, if I'm honest.

Audrey interrupts at the mention of my name. "What was the difference between how Scott's... thingy... felt in your bum, compared to yours? I mean..." she smiles apologetically, "... he IS bigger down there than either of you. Did it, you know... hurt? Compared to with each other?"

The twins shoot a questioning look at me. I spread my hands in invitation. "It's all right, guys. Please, everyone! Be honest and open here with each other. We should all tell the truth about what we like, what we want, and what we DON'T want. If not, that's when someone gets hurt."

Both of them smile in understanding and turn their attention back to Audrey and each other. "So yeah... his cock is longer, for sure. I felt it way further inside than yours," Owen tells Evan.

“For sure,” Evan repeats. “But I don’t think that’s what hurt, though.”

“No,” agrees Owen. “But what DID hurt was-”

“- how THICK his cock is!” both of them say in unison, reverently nodding together with a glance towards my robe-covered groin.

I roll my eyes, thinking about how these kids are impressed with my average-at-best six-inch cock, and I feel the need to inform them that I am not hung like the proverbial horse. “Just so you know, my dick is pretty normal for an adult, both in length and thickness. I’m nothing special.”

“Yeah, but compared to us, you’re HUGE!” says Evan.

“And you stretched us pretty wide last night!” adds Owen. “I wasn’t sure at first if I could take it.”

“Me neither,” inserts Evan. “Even after the fingers... that was pretty uncomfortable at first.”

“Really?” Audrey asks, worried and almost upset. “It HURT that bad?”

There’s another quick glance between the twins for verification and a pause as they look for the right words. Evan tries first. “It hurt, yeah, but...”

“... kinda in a GOOD way, you know?” Owen offers.

“Yeah,” agrees Evan. “Same as when you scratch an itch. Only... different!” He smiles lopsidedly.

“And by the end, way better!” chimes in Owen.

“WAY better!” agrees Evan.

This is all interesting, and Audrey is very curious, but time is slipping by. I clear my throat and look at the twins. “You know, guys, I don’t mind if we all have some more fun before we get back to work this afternoon. But if you two want to play, we have to follow some hygiene rules. I know you had fun, but you just finished cumming up in each other’s butts, and that means you’ve got a mix of at least a couple of kinds of fluids on you that should be cleaned up. You need to shower. Thoroughly!” I chuckle at the sheepish grins that they share. “Go on, give each other a good scrub, as clean as you can. Inside and out. Audrey and I will figure out what we’re doing for the rest of the morning.”

After the boys have hustled into the bathroom, I start picking up dishes and carrying them over to the sink. Audrey is sitting at the table, looking pensive. Beautiful and stark naked, but pensive. "What're you thinking about, Lil' Bit?" I say to her. As much as I desire her perfect little body and want her to feel every pleasure her body can give her, I'm also the closest thing to a parent she has. I want her to talk to me. "I probably should have asked you first. Are you okay with some more exploration this morning, like I suggested to the boys?"

"Oh yeah!" she replies without hesitation. "Definitely! I'm just..." she bites her lower lip, "... I'm just wondering about what we should try to do next."

I sit down in the chair next to her. "Is there something you want to try?" I ask though I suspect I already know what's on her mind.

She fidgets a little, psyching herself up. "I think I want you... and me... to try bum stuff. Like Evan and Owen did, and like you did with them last night." She lifts her chin and thrusts out her small breasts, attempting to look either brave or seductive. I'm not sure which. Either way, I love it. She takes a deep breath and looks at me squarely through narrowed eyelids. "I want you to fuck my ass, Scott!" she purrs, trying to sound serious and mature. But she can't quite pull it off, and she breaks down giggling and belatedly covers her mouth because of her cursing, causing me to laugh as well. After the moment of levity, she pulls herself together and looks up at me earnestly. "But honest, I really do want to try it. So... can we?"

How can I refuse an invitation like that, especially given all the sexy stuff she and the boys have been talking about and doing this morning? I growl playfully and pounce at her, grabbing her easily around her waist and under her ass and then sweeping her up over my shoulder like a sack of potatoes. She squeals joyfully as I also snatch up the can of coconut oil from the counter and quickly haul her off to our bedroom. I make an obnoxious belly laugh of victory and drop her to the mattress, where I get to admire her body bounce in front of me before she relaxes on her back, spreading her legs wide for me. I was already worked up by the morning's activities around me, but roughhousing with my naked Lil' Bit has my Johnson and me at full attention. I smirk down at her as I loosen the knot and pull open my robe, dropping it on the floor and showing her the evidence of how much she has turned me on.

Nevertheless, we both know I'm not going to just jump on her and force my cock into her ass, just like that. As I did with the boys, I'm going to work at her rear hole with the oil and my fingers first so that this can happen as pleasurably as possible. I sit on the edge of the bed below her, dipping my middle finger into the can of oil, and smiling supportively at her. "Okay, you saw what I did with Owen and Evan last night. Your turn, now." She pulls her knees up and to the sides with no further prompting, exposing her buttocks to me.

But then, with an ease that can only come from her gymnastics experience, Audrey casually hooks her elbows under her knees and pulls her legs up further, opening her up to me even more! Holy shit! She titters with delight at the way I'm open-mouthed at this display of lewd flexibility. "Is this good?" she asks with sweet innocence. I can only nod in awe of the wonderful view in front of me. Not just her puckered backdoor, but that beautiful pussy above it, which is splayed wide open, just for me. My mouth is watering for another taste, and my cock aches to nestle inside her wet velvet sleeve again.

First things first, though, I have work to do here. So I scootch up closer to her butt, hovering my head above her body so I can see both her face and my target, and I press my oily finger to her tight brown eye. Despite how wide she has spread open her crotch and how her pussy is gaping, her asshole is tightly closed. I talk to her gently, my feigned caveman-act forgotten for now. "Alright, now you remember how I told Evan and Owen to 'push', as if you need to poop?" Audrey nods. "Do that for me now, okay?"

I feel her sphincter open a bit, enough that I can insert just the tip of my finger into the orifice. Audrey gasps at the intrusion, and the ring of muscle clamps back around my finger tightly. "It's okay, just relax," I tell her soothingly. Her breathing quickly returns to normal. "Now, try pushing again." She gently flexes her abdomen, and slowly the pressure on my finger is released. "That's good. Now ... I'm going to push in a little deeper, okay?" Audrey bites her lower lip again and nods. With that, I push my finger, sinking it in slowly but smoothly, penetrating as far as the knuckles of my other fingers will allow. The strong muscle ring grips briefly again, but Audrey learns to open it up. "All right, that's good, my finger is in as far as it can go. Now I'm going to move it in and out. You ready?"

“Yeah!” she whispers.

With great care, I start pumping her buttocks with my finger. As a female of the species, she lacks a prostate, and as such, she can't experience the wonder of having that gland massaged within her anus. I've heard of a mythical “A-spot” that girls are supposed to have, though, and I make an effort to find it. Audrey's breathing is deep but steady as I gradually explore the inside of her ass. Although the tunnel within is spacious enough, her sphincter continues to be quite tight. It's looser than a few minutes ago when I started, but not relaxing as much as either of the twins yesterday. “Are you okay? Does it feel good?” I ask her.

“I... think so...” she replies haltingly.

I decide she needs more lube: my finger has spread out all of its oil and needs a refresh. “I'm going to dip my finger in the can again,” I tell her while continuing to pump in and out. “When I push back in, it should be easier this time.”

“O- okay!” Audrey says to me. I can't tell if she's really enjoying this yet, but I'll continue for now.

In a swift motion, I pull my finger out, re-lube with a liberal dollop of oil, then press back in. I'm concerned at how quickly her ring mostly closed back up, requiring me to begin work at loosening it again. I was thinking of adding my index finger soon, but clearly, that's not happening yet. I don't think she's trying to resist. She's just got a really tight hole. And it's going to take a lot of time and attention to stretch it out enough to accommodate my cock, that's for certain.

Maybe she needs a more pleasant distraction to help her with her stretching, I think to myself. And I believe I know just the thing!

Without changing the steady rhythm of my pistoning finger, I back away a bit lower down the bed, turning and sliding my knees down to the floor. Audrey cranes her neck, looking down, wondering what I'm doing. “I'm going to help you out, okay?” I reassure her with a smile. Now, as I bend forward at the waist, my face falls perfectly into her nether regions between her legs, just as I had hoped. I can keep up the stimulation of her butt just below my chin, while my lips and tongue can be used for... other things! Such as licking up the juices that are currently building up in her lovely pussy.

Audrey sucks in a breath, and her head falls back to the mattress as my tongue goes to work. I've loved everything about eating her out the few times I've done this to her before, but her taste this morning is absolutely exquisite! I lap up every drop of her nectar, probing my tongue deep down into her pussy, hungrily slurping away. Then I travel a little higher, kissing and nibbling and licking that perfect little clit that is being presented for me so invitingly. My finger and my mouth work together so that her anal and clitoral stimulation is synchronized, and I smile to myself as I can feel the rocking of her body and hear her groans amplify to the same rhythm. I also notice that my efforts down below seem to be working, as her butt's grip on the knuckles of my middle finger is slackening. Not a lot yet, but it's noticeable.

Then I hear movement in the doorway behind me. And the joint exclamations of "Holy shit!" from two preteen boys.

I grin and turn to look behind me. Fresh from the shower and not having bothered to dry themselves off, Evan and Owen are dripping wet and standing naked there side-by-side, staring with mouths agape at how Audrey has folded herself up to offer her pussy and ass to me. Whether it is as a result of their activities in the shower or Audrey's sexy contortions, or perhaps both, their young cocks are back to full attention again. I suppose that's no surprise.

"Scott!" gasps Audrey, still staring at the ceiling. "Don't stop! Please!"

"Just one sec, Lil' Bit," I reply calmly, causing her to groan in frustration. I very deliberately continue fingering her ass slowly as a quick plan formulates in my mind. "Owen," I say to the birthmark-less boy still standing immobile behind me, "come on up here on this side," motioning to the bed on Audrey's left. "Evan, take the other side," I tell his brother. Both boys hop up on the mattress to either side of Audrey and me, beside her upturned thighs, eager for direction. "Kneel down, guys," I instruct. "Now, I'm working on her butthole with my finger, but I'm also using my mouth on her pussy to make her feel good. Why don't you guys help her out with your mouths, too?" I smile and nod at Audrey's flattened chest and her small little nipples that are proudly standing on either side. The twins smile broadly and immediately crawl up to Audrey's chest on either side of her, latching on to her tiny tits with their mouths while I resume feasting on her clit.

Audrey makes a strangled noise of arousal, then starts panting urgently and loudly as we labor together on her. I work my mouth everywhere, down to her taint, deep into her warm tunnel, over her plump little lips, and back up to her clit. I love how delicate her hairless pussy is, how there's nothing to get between me and her smooth private parts. Just perfect! Fuck, there is NOTHING like young pussy! I could eat this for three meals a day as long as I live!

It doesn't take much longer for the twins and me to get her where we want her. Her panting soon turns into full-on wails of pleasure, her muscles seize, and my tongue and chin are rewarded with a renewed flow of delicious juices. She cums hard and long as the three of us continue to lavish attention to her erogenous zones. When she finally flops back limply, I give her pussy one last kiss and, breathing heavily, I pull my head up. "I think she's had enough, guys," I suggest wryly to the boys, and they reluctantly release their mouths from Audrey's breasts and sit back up. Finally, I pull my tired middle finger from her anus with a quiet wet squelch.

Unhooking her legs from her elbows, Audrey lets her legs flop back down to either side of me. She's exhausted, as limp as a rag doll as she breathes hard. She reaches up to the twins' heads and pulls them both down to her face, giving each of them a warm kiss on the lips. "That was... amazing!... You guys... are GOOD at that!" she mutters. Again, the boys blush. God, that is so cute!

Audrey reaches a hand down between her legs to me, so I pull her up to a sitting position. Then she takes my head in both hands, pulls herself close, and kisses me deeply. Oh, fucking yes! I effortlessly pull her light body into my arms and return the kiss with vigor. She moans sexily as she gets a taste of her own juices from my face, and her tongue works in my mouth harder. She's still all worked up, ready for more, and I'm more than willing to oblige. One of my hands grips her little butt cheeks firmly, and then the other is wrapped all the way around her back so that I'm fingering her nipple from the other side, holding her skinny torso securely to my chest and my flexing pelvis. My cock is a rod of steel, sawing back and forth under her pussy, as we try to inhale each other's mouths. All of this morning's crazy preteen sex has me unbelievably on edge. I am SO horny right now and only a hair's breadth away from just

pinning her back down on the mattress and impaling myself into that tight, wet snatch!

But only a split-second before I act on that impulse, Audrey breaks the kiss. "So! How'd I do?" she asks brightly, innocently unaware of just how close I am to ravaging her. "Are we gonna do butt-stuff now?"

Ahhhh... shit! I was trying to forget about that for a little while. But now that this particular subject is top of mind for Audrey, we have to deal with it.

I let out a small sigh, lessen the strength of my hold on her, and I sit down on the end of the bed, letting her kneel on my lap. "So yeah... through all that, your bum did relax, it did get easier for my finger to move in and out..." I look at her apologetically, "... but your butt is still very tight! A fair bit tighter than either Owen or Evan were last night, and I spent less time with each of them. It's not your fault, but you're not ready. I can't do that with you. I WON'T do it, at least not yet. It would be very, very painful for you. I would almost certainly injure you!!"

She looks so crestfallen, compared to the enthusiasm she was showing just moments ago. "I'm sorry, Lil' Bit!" I tell her, kissing her tenderly on the lips. I then hold her in my arms again, a warm, loving embrace, unlike the ultra-excited clutch of a minute ago. It's funny how a loving hug can appear so similar to a lustful hug but feel so different. I'm still aroused as hell, my cock as hard as ever, but I'm not tempted to use this as an opportunity to fuck her anymore. Sometimes we need moments to just feel close.

Apparently, the twins feel the same way. They had both remained kneeling higher up on the bed as this was going on. But now, feeling sorry for Audrey, they have crawled to either side of us and have joined in to make it a group hug for Audrey. The boys really are nice, good kids! Horny kids, to be sure, but good kids. Audrey is still disappointed, but the boys are helping to lift her spirits. I feel her muscles relax, and she sighs in contentment with the feel of nude male bodies pressed against her from all sides. I also notice, with some amusement, that all three cocks attached to those bodies are poking her as well, and she seems to really like it. One bigger one at her front, and smaller ones to either side of her. Smaller cocks? Hmmm...

I put a finger under Audrey's chin and lift it so that she's looking at me. "Why did you want me to try anal with you?" I ask, smiling.

"I just... wanted to try it," she replies simply. "It looked like fun."

I smile a little wider. "No, I'm asking why you wanted ME to try anal with you?"

"Oh!" she says. "Well, you taught Owen and Evan how to do bum stuff. I thought you'd teach me too. You've taught me everything else about sex so far!"

"I didn't teach you everything about sex. At least not for your first time. Remember, you did it with both of the twins yesterday before you did it with me."

"Okay," says Audrey carefully, looking like she's understanding where I'm going. I glance at the boys, who are staring at me in a most interesting way.

"How's this for an idea?" I ask expansively. "Evan and Owen's cocks are the perfect size to try anal with you. And since they are now experienced in performing it from both ends, I'm sure either one would be a great partner for you to try it with." I look at the boys back and forth. "How about you boys? Would you be okay with this if Audrey wants to?"

"FUCK, yeah!" comes the instant stereo reply. I snort softly at their obvious response.

I pull my arms free from around Audrey's body and wrap them around the boys, below their tight butts, and I squeeze all three of them together. "What do you say, Lil' Bit? I'll still be here to help."

Audrey is looking down, examining their erect penises that are at proud attention between her stomach and mine, sizing them up. She pulls one of her hands out from behind my back and proceeds to idly caress one adolescent cock, then the other, drawing aroused hisses from the owner of each. "I was kinda wanting it to be you," she mumbles to me, taking the opportunity to also fondle the third erect dick within her reach. I hum quietly and smile. "But I get it. You don't want to hurt me. I love you for that." She pulls her other arm free and returns to grasping preteen penises, one per hand, much to the boys' pleasure.

Finally, she smiles. "Okay. I'll do it!" she agrees. Then her smile fades a little. "But... which one of you?" she asks, looking back and forth uncertainly between the twins' faces. Clearly, she doesn't want there to be any bruised feelings.

There's a brief pause as the twins do their ESP communication thing with each other. Seriously, scientists need to study these two to determine how they are doing it! Then, a moment later, the boy on my left (who turns out to be Evan) speaks up. "Owen really should be the one," he says to Audrey graciously. "Me and you did it first yesterday, and then I also did it first with Owen this morning." He grins goofily at his brother. "It's your turn to be first, Dude!"

"Thanks, Dude," Owen replies with an identical goofy grin. He looks to Audrey. "Is that okay?" he asks politely.

"Yeah!" she replies sweetly, hugging them both. "I love the way you guys work things out together. You guys are awesome!"

The twins hug her back, and I take the opportunity to hug them all. Hey, naked twelve-year-olds are hugging on my lap. I'm not going to pass up the chance to join them!

Then I hear Owen clear his throat. "Soooo... are we doing this..." he looks at Audrey hopefully, "... NOW?"

I laugh out loud at his directness, and the kids also giggle. You've got to love boys, always thinking with their pricks.

But actually, I have the beginnings of another plan forming in my head. "Can I make a suggestion?" I ask Owen and Audrey. "I'm thinking of something that could be a lot more fun and exciting than just plain 'doing it' here in the cabin or even out on the beach. Something," I add, nodding to Evan, "that doesn't leave anyone out. Something that I think will make everyone very, very happy, including myself!" I raise my eyebrows and look from face to face. "You with me?"

All three kids agree emphatically. "Great! I think you're all going to love what I'm dreaming up right now. Let me get up." Audrey and the twins scramble off of me and the bed, and I get to my feet. "I'm thinking of doing this as a proper photoshoot, one of the nude photo stories we've made before for Pyntar. But this will be a private shoot, just for the four of us! No one else ever sees this series of pictures."

Audrey and Owen smile widely, eager to help me create something special that is only for ourselves. Evan is smiling as well, but half raises his hand. "Um, we were just wondering, what with all the pictures... I mean, they're cool and all, we like being in them and seeing them after, but..." He and his brother exchange a look.

"... but do you ever think about shooting VIDEO instead?" finishes Owen. "Cause that'd be REALLY cool!" Audrey raises her eyebrows, clearly interested.

I incline my head. "I suppose it's possible since my cameras can record hi-def video clips. But they're really not designed for it as much as they are for stills, not like an actual video camera. And honestly, I'm just not a videographer. I'm a traditional photographer. It's what I enjoy, and it's what I'm good at."

The kids make remarkably similar expressions of disappointed acceptance. Ahhh, nuts! Maybe I am too stuck in my ways. "That said," I concede, "I might try to remember to shoot some video if you guys really want." The kids' faces beam with my change of heart.

"Regardless, I'm going to need to get my cameras ready with fresh batteries and empty memory cards, both my primary and backup, just in case. I also have to make a quick trip out to scout the locations I'm thinking of, to see what the light is and where the shadows are," I tell them as I gather my equipment. Then I gesture to Audrey. "While I'm doing all that, you should take a shower and clean up. You look beautiful, but you also look like you just finished having sex, which isn't far from the truth!" Audrey giggles again while I turn to the twins. "And you two, please comb out your hair and brush your teeth, make yourselves look like you're going out. Then you'll need sexy bathing suits. I know you brought matching Speedos. They'll be perfect." Back to Audrey. "And I'd love to see you wearing that little white bikini we bought. None of you have to put them on just yet, but have them ready. Also, you'll all need all the normal beach stuff. Towels, sunscreen, a beach ball, stuff like that. I want to take some extraordinary pictures, and I need your help to make it all happen as best as we can! Okay?"

"Okay, Mister H!" reply the twins, heading to their bags in the other bedroom.

“Please don’t be too long!” calls out Audrey as she dashes for the bathroom.

I go about getting ready as quickly as I can, checking the battery levels and available file storage for my primary camera. Then I repeat the process with my backup, as I want to be ready in case my main rig breaks. Next is the location check, so I pull on my board shorts. My cock has been mostly erect all morning, so I’ve got a pretty obvious bulge in front, but that can’t be helped right now as I slip on my sandals and head out the door into the bright light for the first time today. It’s past 10am, and the temperature is already quite warm. Out on the beach, the conditions are perfect: a steady wind and a mix of brilliant sunshine and clouds make for spectacular outdoor photographs in natural conditions. There are a number of other tourists swimming in the ocean or relaxing on the beach, but they are all a hundred meters or more away, so we will be able to safely ignore them while using this area.

Lastly, I need to check that our secret beach through the ferns and trees is actually still our secret. Thankfully, I find it just as empty today as it was yesterday. I decide on the exact spot in the sand where I want this morning’s photo sequence to conclude, looking for the location with the right ocean background, angle to the trees, and predicting what will be the perfect combination of sunlight and shade once the sun moves a little further overhead. As I think about what is going to happen here shortly, my semi-chubbed dick grows back to full attention. God damn, the kids have got me horny! I turn to head back, hoping that this will be as good as I imagine it.

Re-entering the cabin, I see the kids have been busy with their tasks. They are still as naked as ever, but their very skimpy bathing suits are laid out on the table by the door, and the beach supplies are stuffed in a bag. The boys have done an excellent job of making themselves ready. With their long, sun-bleached hair having been nicely combed around their photogenic faces, they look exceptionally handsome. Matched to their fit young bodies, all-over bronzed skin, and ever-prominent erect dicks, it seems so unfair to all the rest of the boys their age that these two have managed to monopolize so much of the available boy sex appeal for themselves. And then there’s Audrey, fresh from the shower, blow-drying and brushing her thick, dark hair, which stands out in contrast to her lightly tanned skin. I am struck by how incredible she looks. With her

perky not-yet-mature figure and her very cute face, she is simply gorgeous! These kids are the very definition of young beauty and forbidden sexuality. And then to also know that these three all happen to be kind-hearted, hard-working, and funny kids. On top of that, it really drives home to me how lucky I am to be able to help guide this adventure of discovery for them.

"Are you finished getting ready?" Audrey complains with a grin. "We're all set here!"

"Not quite," I tell her. "First, if you're going to try anal with Owen, you're going to need the oil again to help him slide in. We're going to put a fair amount up your bum now so that you'll be ready and slick when the time comes."

"Is this how I can help?" Evan pipes in eagerly. "I mean, I can help with that... if you want!"

Poor Evan, I haven't told him what his role here is yet. "Actually, no," I reply. "Audrey and I can handle it. But you and Owen have a much more fun task before we're ready to go."

"What's that?" the twins inquire.

I smirk and nod towards their straining members. "For this special photoshoot, I want you boys to start off not looking quite so, shall we say... 'excited'. Also, I think you're both going to need some staying power later on. So..." my smile widens as I make a jerking motion with my fist, "... go ahead! Have at it!" They blush again as they comprehend their job.

"Ooooo! Can I watch again?" Audrey cries excitedly. "Scott, you can help me with the oil while we watch, can't you?" She spins back to the twins. "I wanna see you cum again! I love it when you do that!"

Evan and Owen look to me to verify if this fits my mysterious plan. I shrug. "Works for me. I figure you'll probably get the job done even faster if you have an audience," I say with a wink. "Let's all go back into the boys' room for this."

After we all scurry into the room with the two double beds, the twins sit down right beside each other on the edge of one bed, facing the second bed. "I'm going to watch on my hands and knees," proclaims Audrey, and she proceeds to offer her butt to me behind her. Each of the boys is already caressing themselves slowly.

I settle onto the second bed with Audrey, grudgingly aware that I'm back to being the only one even partially dressed in this cabin again with sexy shit going on. I scoop up a finger-full of oil from the can, examining her asshole. It's completely closed up, which is good as she's not going to 'leak' once we get a lot of lubrication up there. I put my other hand on one of her cheeks gently. "Can you try to push now, Lil' Bit?" I ask her, and I'm rewarded by her hole quickly opening up. Again, not all that wide, but enough for now. I press my slick digit in, and Audrey makes a tiny moan. "Now, let it close around my finger," I instruct, and I feel her sphincter tighten. Then I pull out, allowing her ring of muscle to squeeze much of the oil off and keep it inside. "Good," I tell her. "We're going to do that a few more times to make sure you're ready." I carefully repeat the process several times until I feel that her rectum is nice and slick. As long as she can open the muscle ring enough for Owen's cock, everything should go smoothly. For now, her hole has closed back up again.

Meanwhile, the boys have been trying to watch this action instead of taking their matters into their own hands, so to speak. I recall them saying they like to take their time when they masturbate. Well, boys, the clock is running, it's time to milk those snakes, and I know how to expedite things.

"Audrey?" I murmur craftily. "Would you say Owen and Evan are holding us up here?"

"I was kinda thinking the same thing!" she replies, grinning at the boys. They smile back nervously.

I give her a pat on her ass. "You think you know how to speed things up?"

Audrey tries to make her voice sound sultry. "I think sooooo!" she purrs. With that, she crawls forward off the bed we're on and kneels on the floor between the beds. She's directly in front of the twins, who are looking slack-jawed down at her, hands still loosely draped over their hard shafts. She reaches in and deftly replaces each of their hands with her own and begins lightly pumping them. The boys' breathing quickens as her small palms rub up and down over the boys' exposed glans. "Hmmm... needs some lube, I think," she mutters suavely.

I reach behind me to the can of coconut oil. "Here you go," I say, holding it behind Audrey's head.

But she doesn't even turn around. "No thanks!" she growls, her gaze locked on the boy to her right, shifting her look from his face to his cock and back again. The base of his cock tells me it's Owen. Then, without releasing either penis from her grip, she shuffles between Owen's knees, locks eyes with the boy, says, "I think this'll make it wet enough," and lowers her mouth over his dick.

I know this isn't her first time giving a blow job. She did this once for the boys yesterday, and she has managed (with some difficulty) to take me in her mouth a few times before that. But right now, I'm amazed at how much of a pro she looks to be! Owen's size seems to be just right for her sweet mouth as she bobs up and down, using lots of tongue and spit, and using her hand to twist up and down on the base with each withdrawal. Owen's head has fallen back, and he's making a loud groan. She is going to be a very talented cocksucker!

Before Owen can get any closer, Audrey pulls off him with a loud smack, backing away and crawling over to kneel between Evan's legs. With no preliminaries, she dives down onto his identical cock, and proceeds to suck on it in an identical manner. Her right hand continues to pump and twist along the spit-covered entirety of Owen's length, while her mouth and left hand now service Evan's. Damn, she's good! The noise Evan makes suggests he agrees.

Audrey pulls off, looking to switch again, but then she just backs up on her knees and glares up at their faces. "Stand up!" she orders the twins, her small breasts heaving. They obey, and she grunts, pulling the boys by their peters so that they are tight to one another hip-to-hip, slightly facing each other, their cocks now in very close proximity and directly in front of Audrey's face. The twins put an arm around each other's backs to hold themselves steady, then rest their other hands on top of and behind Audrey's head. She sighs in satisfaction as she tries to swallow Owen whole, almost managing to bury her nose into where his sparse pubes used to be and causing him to cry out softly. She blows him for a minute or so while jacking his brother, then switches swiftly to Evan to repeat the performance in reverse.

"I'm... getting kinda... close!" stammers Evan after Audrey has worked on him with her mouth for another minute.

She switches back to Owen in a flash, her head bobbing even faster now. "Uggggnnnn... me... me too!" gasps Owen after only a few seconds.

Audrey backs off Owen and pulls on their cocks even more than before, causing the boys to make startling noises of arousal. "Get even closer!" she barks at them. "I wanna try something!" The twins get almost chest to chest with their bodies, their pelvises thrust out, Audrey pressing their dicks directly together shaft-on-shaft and pointing in her direction. Then, without any further warning, she opens wide and stuffs both cocks into her mouth while wrapping her arms securely around each of their asses to hold them there! Shit, do I wish I had thought to bring in my camera! It's too bad because I'm not missing a second of this to go get it!

Although I'm sure it's awkward to thrust when your dick is pointed to one side and basically glued to your sibling's dick, the twins manage the feat just fine. Guiding Audrey's head with their hands and moving their hips in a coordinated action, Evan and Owen begin face-fucking Audrey with urgency. I can barely hear Audrey's moans and the wet slurping of her sucking mouth over the twins' pubescent groans rising rapidly in pitch and volume.

Barely thirty seconds go by before Owen climaxes, announced by a loud, high-pitched wince of ecstatic, almost painful exertion. Then, less than a second and exactly one additional pelvic thrust later, an identical noise erupts from Evan.

I suspect that one twelve-year-old boy's ejaculation into a mouth, even if it's the mouth of another twelve-year-old, would generally be a manageable event. But doubling the quantity of cum, and trying to deposit it all into a small mouth that is absolutely filled with two cocks, is a guaranteed recipe for a messy ending. Audrey valiantly tries to swallow the first double-barreled shots of sperm, but she immediately chokes on it. Gobs of runny white spooge fly back out her nostrils, and more sprays out of her mouth through the small gaps between her lips and the two twitching shafts. The boys thankfully let go of her head at this point, and she stumbles back a step, retching and sputtering. At the same time, the still-orgasming twins watch in helpless horror as their dicks continue to paint spurt after spurt of slimy semen onto Audrey's face.

I see this, and part of me finds the image of Audrey splattered by the twins' cum to be outrageously arousing. But then my protective side, the

part that needs to make sure she's all right, kicks into gear as I see she is struggling for breath. I leap off the bed towards her, easily lift her off the floor and hold her under her butt on one arm. "I got you, Lil' Bit," I tell her calmly, grabbing a face towel from the dresser with my other hand. I wipe gently but swiftly. "Spit out in the towel, and blow your nose," I say, pressing the towel lightly into her lower face. A few undignified snorts, hocks, and coughs later, Audrey still has a bit of spunk to clear out of her nose and mouth but is obviously no longer in any danger of suffocating.

"Holy... shit! We're... sorry!..." cries one of the boys, gasping for breath. He has apparently regained a portion of his brainpower after producing his half of that load.

His brother, also struggling to compose himself, is crowding up to Audrey and me from the other side and is equally remorseful. "Yeah... we're really... sorry! Are... you okay?"

By now, Audrey is holding the towel to her nose and blowing wetly and loudly. After gulping a big lungful of air, she waves her arms. "I'm okay! Guys, I'm fine! It's alright!" She swallows down most of the remnants of saliva and semen still in her mouth, resulting in a "blayh" noise and another small cough. She waves her arms again. "Scott, I can't see! I think it's in my eyes!" she cries out, actually choking off a laugh. I chuckle and find a dry corner of the towel and put it in her hands so that she can wipe at her eyelids. With vision restored, she motions for me to put her down. To her credit, Audrey isn't upset with the boys at all as they hover near her. "Guys, it wasn't your fault. It was mine! I..." she stifles a giggle, "... I wasn't thinking about how that would end up!"

I'm impressed at how she's handling this. Semen is still all over her cheeks and is dripping off her chin and nose. What an epic facial! But she took it like a champ!

I grin and put my hand on her back, steering her to the bathroom. "Let's clean you up, okay?" I tell her. Once in front of the mirror, I'm amazed that I can find no sticky fluid at all in her hair. All she needs is a quick sponge-bath cleanup, mostly for her face, but also for the globs that fell to her torso and legs. I help her with that, plus I direct her to brush her teeth again. In no time, Audrey is back to her bubbly self and looking none the worse for wear, despite minutes ago looking more like a cheap cumslut.

Time is passing, and we have to get the show on the road. I've thoroughly enjoyed having the kids prancing around nude all morning, but it's time to cover up. At least a little. "Alright, everyone, now that all that has been taken care of, we're heading out to the beach in a minute. Time to put on your swimsuits!" Since I'm already in my shorts, I can afford to watch them 'dress'.

Audrey starts pulling on her criminally tiny bikini. Starting with the top, it's less of a bra and more like two little triangles of white fabric that barely conceal the tips of her breasts, connected by strings. Then she ties the knots on the thong bottoms, which covers the minimum amount of her pubic area, none of her ass at all, and they ride so low on her slender hips it's amazing they stay up! The material isn't sheer, but by the same token, it doesn't completely obscure her little areolas or her beautiful camel toe. She might actually look sexier in this bikini than she looks naked!

Evan and Owen step into their suits, which encase the smallest part of their groins and asses. Fuck, they both look good in a Speedo! Combined with the way Audrey is dressed, I'm having trouble remembering my cock being harder than right now. For the boys, in contrast, there's little sign of their packages, as their dicks are shriveled up and recovering from their second cum in barely half an hour. This is exactly what I want. But I'm counting on their young libidos to get them revved up again in short order.

At the moment, though, that's not looking likely. The boys are still seeming to be a bit upset over how they and their wayward cocks might have treated Audrey disrespectfully. But she's having none of it. "Guys, it's okay! Really! As a matter of fact, it was... pretty HOT!" she confesses with a coquettish tilt of her head. "I LIKED having you squirt your stuff in my mouth and all over me!" She looks up at me with one of her little smirks, "I liked how naughty it felt!" She steps forward and pulls the twins into a big hug, one in each arm, then kisses them to prove that she holds no grudges. "So forget about it!" she exclaims. "I'm fine, you don't have to worry!"

Owen (at least I think it's Owen) beams happily. "Thanks, Dude!" he replies reflexively, followed by screwing up his face and rolling his eyes to the ceiling. "Why did I say 'Dude'?" he repeats.

“Dude! She’s not a Dude!” his brother unhelpfully adds.

“Wait, why can’t I be a Dude?” cries Audrey.

“‘Cause Dudes are guys! Duh!” reply both the boys in unison and in complete agreement.

The other twin (presumably Evan) looks thoughtful. “But maybe she can be a... Dudette!” he suggests.

“Oooh!” his brother agrees excitedly. He turns to Audrey. “You wanna be a Dudette?”

“Okay!” she giggles. I think she’s just happy to have convinced the boys that she’s not hurt by what happened. And the boys appear very enthusiastic and relieved.

For my part, “relieved” isn’t a word I’d use for how I’m feeling at the moment as the kids continue their silly conversation. I’ve done nothing all morning but be up close and personal with three naked and incredibly sexy children, all of whom have helped one another get off (twice in the case of the twins). But I haven’t been able to! I’ve been erect this entire morning, and my balls are actually aching a bit. And now, we’re about to go outside and do a photoshoot that, if all goes according to the plan in my head, might just be about the most arousing thing I’ve ever photographed. I suppose I could spank it for a minute and blow my load, but for some reason, I want to keep this going, blue balls and all. I must have a streak of masochism in my personality.

“All right, let’s go,” I say, slinging my camera equipment over my shoulder. “Let’s get out there and do the best shoot we’ve ever done!” One of the boys grabs the bag of beach supplies, Audrey flings open the door, and we head out into the warm and breezy sunshine.

* * *

As we make our way out onto the sand, I explain only an outline of my simple plan for this photoshoot to the kids. Through photographs, we will tell the story of a girl who meets up with twin brothers who are playing on the beach. They will get to know each other and then sexually explore together. I will direct them on who is to do what, but I tell the

kids to try to immerse themselves in the roles. I tell them that if they feel like Audrey is meeting up with Evan and Owen for the first time, can they imagine what it would feel like to be so comfortable and intimate together so quickly? Imagine the spark they could experience if only they had the freedom to just act on their feelings and not be held back by fear or uncertainty in such a situation? All three are excited to do this.

I get started with some establishing shots of Owen and Evan playing together. They had been clever to have included a football and volleyball in the beach bag, so I get the boys to pass the football back and forth. They naturally get into it, increasing the distance between them for the throws and running simple passing routes. Not surprisingly, the boys are athletic as hell for their age, and I get some great shots of their small but tight musculature and graceful movements on display.

Then I turn my attention to Audrey. Her medium-length hair is tied back in a ponytail, which looks great on her out in the sun. I have her stroll up the beach towards the twins, towel around her waist and sunscreen lotion in hand. By concealing the thong from view, the eye is drawn to the tiny top, precariously covering only a small part of the modest swells on her chest. Unprompted, she casts a glance at the boys that is friendly and inviting. I smile as I remind myself that she seems to have been born to do this.

The next step is to capture the kids 'getting to know one 'another'. We all agree that it will look and feel more realistic if the kids act the part, so Audrey and the boys introduce themselves as if they're meeting for the first time. I snap away as they start talking. Their subtle flirting, the little smiles and eye contact, the glances at each other's bodies are all perfect. As I had hoped, their actual genuine openness and comfort with each other is making the act very alluring.

One of the boys suggests they play volleyball, and the volleyball is brought out. I snicker at the over-the-top expressions on the faces of Evan and Owen when Audrey removes the towel around her waist, and her thong is revealed. As much as they like acting, I think that was a little much, but I'm sure they'll all get a laugh out of the photos later. They make a show of an impromptu practice of bumping and setting the ball around, trying not to let it touch the sand. One of the twins dives for a ball and sprawls on the beach. Although it made for an excellent photo, I make the suggestion that they all attempt to avoid landing on the ground

like that, as we don't want to get sand into any of their suits. Sand doesn't mix with what's to come 'later'. They all grin and agree, and then they return to their characters.

I direct Audrey to offer to help the twins out with her sunscreen. She gets the boys to lay face down side-by-side on the big beach blanket, spreading the lotion first on their shoulders and backs, then down the backs of their legs. After rubbing right up to the tight waistband and leg openings of the Speedos, she feigns embarrassment in lifting the edges of the stretchy fabric and running her finger just under the suit. The closeup shots of the boys' faces, grinning at each other while having Audrey's hands all over them, are priceless. After telling the twins to flip over, Audrey then works on their feet, up their thighs, and then their stomachs and chests. She is fast and energetic, a mood I manage to capture effectively. I grin to myself as I notice there's now a bit more 'definition' to the fronts of the twins' snug swimsuits. Lord knows what kind of an outline is being displayed by the front of my baggier shorts right now. I don't need to look down to know that it's prominent, to say the least.

Next, it's Audrey's turn to have her lotion applied, and she also starts out laying on her stomach. I intend to tell the boys to go at their task much more deliberately, but they're already on the same page. In fact, I'm surprised to see that they actually seem to know what they're doing as they start to massage Audrey slowly, one of the twins starting at her shoulders while the other works on her feet. I get them to tell us where they learned this as I frame and capture shot after shot of their hands stroking and prodding Audrey's skin. They explain that their parents have always practiced massaging with each other and have given the twins massages since they were infants, longer than they can remember. It's always made them feel nice, and for the last couple of years, their parents have, in turn, been teaching them. As they tell us this, Audrey's breathing is becoming deeper with the twins' hands converging at the center of her body, one pair of hands rubbing her lower back, the other pair on her upper thighs. She asks them, a bit breathlessly if they've done all this on their mom and dad. They confess that their parents have always draped towels over their privates, so there are places they haven't touched, and with that, all four of their hands start kneading on her naked butt cheeks and between her legs just below her crotch.

Audrey lets out a soft moan, and my cock pushes even harder against the constraints of my shorts.

Things get even hotter when they ask Audrey to turn over and lay on her back. The twins switch places, again starting at either end with her feet and face, and work toward the middle. The look of arousal on her face is fantastic as she experiences four immature but well-practiced hands stroking the outer perimeters of her breasts, her inner thighs, and her lower abdomen and hips, dodging beneath the slender strings that hold the tiny patches of fabric together. In due time, every square inch of her exposed skin, and a bit that is covered, has lovingly had sunscreen lotion applied, and I have the photographic evidence to prove it.

I don't have to provide any prompting for the boys to both get up and extend an arm down. Audrey takes both hands and allows them to pull her to her feet. After a dramatic pause with their faces all close together, Audrey looking down ever-so-slightly due to her small height advantage, she lets go of their hands and runs her fingers through the hair on the backs of the heads of the twins. Stepping forward a half-step, she gently pulls their heads to either side of her face, their bodies lightly brushing against hers, their outside hands coming to rest on her hips. She murmurs thank you into their ears and places a very light kiss on each cheek. I ask the 'actors' to hold the pose for a few moments and just look at one another intently while I shoot wide shots of their entire bodies and closeups of their faces. All three kids closely hold on to each other, their cheeks getting flushed and their breathing shaky. Jesus fuck, I am so hard watching this! I glance down lower, and the bulges inside the boys' swimsuits are unmistakable now.

"I think it might be time to head to the other beach," I suggest quietly.

Audrey casts a smoky gaze from one twin's face to another. "Yeah," she murmurs simply.

"Okay," the twins mumble in reply with sly grins.

The kids separate to gather up their things into the bag, and Evan (as I learn from his brother calling his name) puts the bag over his shoulder. Audrey takes his free hand then holds out her other hand to take Owen's. Together, they stroll in silence down to the end of the beach while I snap pics along the way from in front of them, behind them, and many angles between. They look perfect together, with just the right combination of

young, friendly innocence and simmering sexual tension. Once we run out of sand, we retrace our steps from yesterday, tip-toeing through the dense tropical foliage, before emerging into the secluded beach area. I jog forward, and sure enough, the shadows cast by the overhang of the surrounding trees have moved just enough to put my target location into a nice mix of sun and shade. I kick off my sandals and note with satisfaction that the sand feels comfortable, not at all hot on my skin. The stiff breeze coming in off the water is perfect: it will keep the kids cool in the warm air temperature and will dry the sweat that they're probably going to be working up.

Now that we're here, the metaphorical temperature amongst the kids is clearly starting to rise higher. While I load a fresh battery pack and memory card into my main camera and unpack my backup equipment to have them ready, they are forced to stand there, still holding hands, waiting and imagining what will happen. Audrey's lips are parted, and her chest rises and falls with deep, slow breaths. The twins are looking antsy, eyes darting around the little oasis and then back to each other and Audrey, with an occasional quick glance at me, their director. I can imagine that some of that tension comes from the uncertainty: they know Owen will be having anal sex with Audrey, but that's it. No other details. I know the kids trust me, but naturally, they are curious, and not knowing is putting them a little on edge. Which is precisely how I want them. I'm betting the added excitement of submitting to my control will add to their pleasure together.

I'm finally ready and decide that the kids have also had to wait long enough. "Okay!" I call out from a distance. I zoom in and poise my finger on the shutter release. "Let's go! Evan, you can get rid of the beach bag, then all three of you make your way over here. Only maybe start letting your hands wander."

Evan drops the bag off his shoulder, and the three kids start strolling towards me. I can see Owen brushing a finger from his joined hand with Audrey along the outside of her leg, causing her to smile in his direction. Evan releases her hand and sidles up closer to her side, Audrey turning to him with interest as he slips his arm behind her waist and rests his palm on her hip. I hear Owen snort, and, not to be outdone, he duplicates his brother's maneuver on Audrey's other side. I see her draw a breath and look down, and I zoom and focus in to see that Owen has inserted his

fingers under the slender cord that wraps around her hip, holding up Audrey's thong. Cheeky bugger!

The trio has reached the location now, and Audrey decides it's her turn. "I want to feel you guys," she tells them. She gracefully pirouettes out of the boys' loose grasps and faces them, raises her hands up to their hairless chests, and delicately places her fingertips to their skin. Evan and Owen start to reach for her breasts. "Let me just do it to you right now," she quietly admonishes them, which I agree is the right call. The twins keep their arms lowered as she begins tracing her fingers up to their shoulders, down their arms, and then returning to start down to their tight abdomens, all over their skin and lean muscles. She steps a little closer to them, their bodies almost touching, as her fingers travel lower still, crossing over the snug waistbands of the tiny swimsuits. I ease my way closer, kneeling down to one side of Audrey's essentially naked bum, and focus in on Evan's barely-encased groin, as she continues to reach lower, turns her wrist, and then lightly grasps his entire cock and balls through the thin polyester barrier. Owen inhales at the same time as Evan, letting me know the action is the same in her other hand. She makes a suave-sounding hum while she manipulates their engorged meat. "All set to go again, I see!" she murmurs. I hear the smirk in her voice as she grips a little harder. The boy's body twitches slightly as Audrey raises and lowers her hand slowly.

I stand back up and move around to the side, wanting another angle. I see that as Audrey continues to feel up the boys, the twins' arms remain resolutely at their sides, as ordered, even as they squirm. I grin as I snap away. "When are they allowed to start touching you again?" I ask Audrey with amusement.

"Hmmm ... I guess they can nowwww ..." she answers, gazing invitingly at Evan and then at Owen.

The twins accept the invitation. Immediately Audrey has hands all over her body, sliding all over her skin and squeezing her breasts, ass, and crotch. She doesn't let go of the stiff prizes in her grasp, though. The three kids are making noises of arousal as they grope each other liberally. Even as the forbidden body parts are being fondled through minimal material, thus far, the swimsuits, small as they are, have been keeping those parts concealed from view.

I figure it's about time for that to change. "One of you boys, untie Audrey's top behind her back," I instruct quietly, still snapping away. Owen pulls the knot free, followed by Evan lifting the tiny garment from behind her neck and discarding it. She moans a little louder as her small mounds are now being squeezed, and her nipples are being tweaked unimpeded. This continues for a minute, Audrey arching her back, pushing her breasts forward towards the boys.

"Use your mouths too, guys," I suggest. I don't have to ask twice. In an instant, both boys have leaned down and latched onto the tit closest to them and proceed to begin nursing enthusiastically. "Ugnnnnnnnnn!" groans Audrey, clearly enjoying the new attention. The boys are obviously getting very worked up, very quickly. Their slim hips humping against Audrey's grip on their equipment. Ah, to be that young again! Even if they've got very little left in the tank, they're eager to squirt out whatever they've got as soon as possible.

Too eager, in fact. I want those little peckers hard for some time yet. "Slow it down a bit, guys," I tell the twins. "We're not in a hurry. if we take our time, it'll be even better!"

Evan releases Audrey's nipple from his mouth with a smack. "Tell HER that!" he gasps, grinning up at my girl. Owen's laugh is stifled by the preteen breast he is continuing to suckle on. Audrey giggles, squeezing and lifting their junk again, causing both boys to moan out loud.

I snort. "You too, Lil' Bit. Take it easy on them," I say, my voice dripping with faux sympathy for the twins' plight.

"But it's not fair!" Audrey whines sarcastically, continuing to grope the boys. "They're ganging up on me, two against one!" She gasps as Evan attacks her breast again.

Now it's Owen's turn to pull his mouth off of her chest. "Yeah, right! Like you don't enjoy it!" he fires back with an enormous smirk. She giggles again, and then he's back on her. Audrey produces a loud and passionate exclamation and thrusts her chest into their faces as they work their mouths over her small mounds.

The boys are getting grabbier and more forceful. Evan firmly grasps Audrey by a small ass cheek while Owen puts his arm around her waist, and together they pull her into the twins' bodies. Their other hands are trying to get to her pussy. Audrey isn't letting up, either, throwing her

head back and coercing moans of increasing volume from the boys with every tug of their packages.

All three kids are getting carried away by their hormones, similar to what happened here on the beach yesterday. It's natural, and I know they're excited, but they're going 'off script' here. And it's not just that I have an alluring photo story I want to create. It's also that I know this will be a better and more memorable experience for the kids this time if they are patient and let me coach them through this. I need them to focus!

"Okay, guys. Hold on a sec," I tell them, trying to get their attention. The escalation of the grabbing, suckling, moaning and squirming doesn't slow in the slightest. They don't appear to have heard me, or they just aren't listening to me.

I raise my voice a little. "All right, you three. I'm telling you, you should slow down!"

"Sco-o-o-o-tt!" Audrey complains, eyes squeezed shut, head still craned skyward. "Not nowwww!" Emboldened by Audrey's little display of defiance, the boys also don't back down. Owen straightens to his full height, latches his mouth onto Audrey's neck, and plunges his fingers down into the front of her thong. Meanwhile, Evan is using his mouth and hands to maul her tits and ass with even greater effort. Audrey groans out loudly in appreciation.

A sudden flash of annoyance fills my head. At this rate, the boys are going to cum soon in their swimsuits. They might be young, but if I let them nut for a third time this morning, they really won't be able to get it up again to do anything more. But, c'mon, I'm trying to help them! They're going to love my plan if they could just try to follow my directions. They did it their way yesterday, but today they are damn well going to listen to me!

"HEY!" I say, almost shouting. "Would you all please just STOP for a sec! NOW!!"

This outburst finally gets through to them. My history in the military probably gives my voice an authoritative and intimidating tone. Instantly all three of them are immobile, staring at me warily and frozen by my sharp command.

I feel immediate regret: I didn't want to scare them. "I'm sorry," I say, more gently this time. But I am genuinely still a bit irritated with them. "I just... I know you're doing a lot of stuff that feels great. But this is also still a photoshoot! I direct you guys, and you follow my directions, same as any other shoot. You got it?"

"Okay," all three reply quietly in unison, awkwardly withdrawing their hands off of each other and stepping a bit apart, awaiting my instructions timidly. I'm reminded of my Grade 6 teacher in school who would slam a yardstick on her desk to restore order when we got too rowdy. I figured out much later that parents, teachers, coaches, and other adults sometimes have to demonstrate authority if they want to keep control. Children often just need to be startled into compliance if they aren't behaving. Now, at this moment, I have to remember that even though Audrey and the twins are doing things that are usually thought of as for adults, these kids are... well... still just kids!

"Good," I tell them, completely calm now. "Remember, I know you guys are going to really love this, but we're going to work our way up to it, gradually. It's called 'foreplay', and it makes everything even better when you're patient. You just have to trust that I know what I'm doing." I look at the twins one at a time. "Do you trust me?"

"Yes, Mister H," they answer obediently.

I glance at Audrey. "And you? You still trust me, Lil' Bit?"

"Yeah, yeah," she answers, sounding grumpy. But I also see her give me a tiny grin, letting me know she holds no hard feelings.

"All right," I say, "remember that the story is that the girl has just met the boys for the first time. Yes, we're showing them to be open to exploring one another, but we don't want them to just be all over each other right away, like porn actors." The kids all snicker at the idea of them being porn stars as I turn my attention back to the twins. "I want you two to go back to Audrey, same as before, only this time not so fast. Touch her gently, give her nice kisses, lavish her with attention." Then I look at Audrey. "You do the same. Be more... shy. Act like yesterday didn't actually happen."

I start photographing again as the kids tentatively come back together again. They take things easier this time. The boys take turns locking lips with Audrey while the other kisses her neck. They lightly caress her body,

fingers running all over her skin. Their hands detour to her breasts for brief pinches and squeezes, but they don't linger. Audrey's hands also wander, cupping the twins' asses and cocks briefly through their swimsuits, then retreating. Their breathing is heavier now. Audrey has a fire in her eyes, and the twins look horny as hell. Yet they're still in control. I think they're getting the hang of how foreplay works!

"I want to see you all from the front," I tell them, getting in closer. The boys back away to either side of Audrey, kind of forming a tight semi-circle around me. Without me needing to prompt her, Audrey pulls Owen to her and kisses him quite passionately. He returns the kiss while Evan runs his experienced fingers over her shoulders and back, reaching around to her sides and front. About a minute (and dozens of photos) later, Audrey switches brothers. As she necks with Evan and is felt up by Owen, her chest is noticeably heaving now. I smile to myself. There's a long way to go here, and even taking it slow, she's already all worked up.

I look up from my camera. "Lil' Bit," I call out softly. Audrey breaks her kiss with Evan and pants as they both look back at me. "Crane your neck back and up." She does so, forcing her preteen mounds forward, which look fabulous as they rise and fall with each breath. From behind her, Owen is cupping underneath one of her little tits. Evan almost looks like he's going to drool. "Go ahead with your mouth," I tell him. "Gently and carefully this time."

"Okay," Evan mutters, lowering his face and delicately taking one of her nipples between his lips. Audrey groans, and her body shudders. I wish the photo I just took could capture that sound and movement.

"Tilt your head away from me a bit, Audrey," I instruct. I snap several closeups of her neck as Owen leans forward and starts kissing her there, pressing his body into her from behind. I zoom out a touch to capture both boys sweetly nursing on Audrey's sensitive skin. Her eyes are closed, and her jaw is slack. Beautiful!

We're going to keep things slow, but it's time to move this forward. I can't torture the poor kids forever, here! I back away a few feet. "All right, don't worry about facing me now. Just stand in a line, one boy facing Audrey in front and the other behind." The boys don't stop their oral pleasure as they shuffle around a little, and now the three kids are

more tightly packed together. "Now, Audrey. Reach behind you with both hands, run your palms up and down Owen's hips. When yo-"

There is a sudden smack sound as the mouth on Audrey's neck is pulled off. "Um-" the boy behind Audrey says with a grin. "Actually... I'm Evan!"

His brother's lips withdraw from Audrey's breast. "Yeah, I'm Owen," he adds, smirking.

"Seriously?" I say. I thought I knew which was which. Are they just fucking with me now?

The boy behind Audrey grins even wider. He turns a little toward me and pulls down the front of his Speedo a couple of inches, exposing not just the hairless base of his cock, but also his birthmark. The three kids get a laugh at my expense.

"Ah, shit!" I grumble good-naturedly. "Okay then, you assholes, switch places! I want Owen behind Audrey!" The twins giggle again as they take up their new positions.

I give them a minute to warm back up to what they were doing, with the real Evan now feasting on Audrey's small tits. Owen is working on her neck from behind, his pelvis pressed into her butt. "Okay," I tell Audrey while she's at the center of the boys' attention, "like I started to say before, rub up and down on Owen's hips behind you. When you find the waistband of his swimsuit, push them down as far as you can reach. And..." I wink and smile at her, "... take your time!"

"Got it!" Audrey gasps in reply, then moans softly as her head lolls further over from Owen's ministrations under her ear, her ponytail billowing to the side from a stiff gust of wind. Reaching behind her arched back, she slides her palms over his ribs, causing a muffled snort of ticklishness from the boy. Her hands move down over the tight swimsuit to his hairless legs, then back up to his waist. Teasingly, she repeats the motion a few times, her thumbs catching the waistband just a little on each try before the stretchy fabric snaps back. Owen groans and pulls her body tighter to himself, switching sides to start putting hickeys on the other side of her neck. Evan takes the opportunity to switch nipples.

The added arousal makes it difficult for Audrey to resist temptation. With the next stroke of her hands on Owen's body, her thumbs successfully gain purchase on the suit, and she starts pushing it down over his hips. I

focus the camera's lens on Owen's groin, and I trigger the shutter just as his stiff little adolescent cock launches up out of its confines and smacks Audrey on her naked butt cheek. Owen gasps happily, wiggling his lower body to assist Audrey's hands, and his bathing suit plops to the sand around his feet, where he kicks it away. Then his arms wrap around Audrey's body more securely, pulling himself tightly into Audrey's back, his penis finding space between her upper thighs. They both exhale and gasp heavily as their bodies mold together.

One kid successfully naked, two to go. God damn, this is so hot! "Evan, Audrey, can you two kiss each other again now?" I ask them, my voice a little shaky. Audrey lowers her head, and Evan raises his, they meet in the middle and thrust their tongues in each other's mouths passionately while holding each other close. "Now, do the same job with Evan's swimsuit as you did with Owen's. Okay?"

Audrey mumbles acknowledgment without breaking the kiss and starts moving her palms sensuously up and down the sides of Evan's body. Like with his brother, Evan is teased with several "failed attempts" by Audrey to grab sufficient hold of the tight swimsuit's waistband. She moans into his mouth with every deliberate movement of the twins. Inevitably, though, she manages to peel the suit down over Evan's hips, revealing the second half of the gorgeous matching pair of cocks and asses. Like Owen, Evan wriggles the Speedo down to his ankles and then flicks the garment away with his toe. Then his cock is gone from my view as he pulls tightly and presses as much of his totally naked skin as he can up against Audrey.

I circle around to the other side, partly to use the tropical foliage as a different background for the writhing children and partly because I hope that by moving, I'll shift the position of my cock against the front of my shorts and relieve some of the pressure that's building up. I'm not succeeding with my second rationale, unfortunately. Ah well!

"All right, boys," I murmur. "See what you can do with those knots." It only takes seconds for them to show what they can do because it's pretty simple. I take some great close-up images of Owen pulling the knot free on Audrey's hip that I can see, followed by the slender strings falling away from her bare hip, and finally, the tiny thong is pulled away and flung clear by Evan.

All three kids make really happy noises as the twins and Audrey sandwich their fully nude bodies securely together. Evan and Audrey's mouths only separate long enough for brief coos and groans of pleasure, and Owen is lovingly attacking the nape of Audrey's neck. The boys are thrusting their hips at a measured pace, humping out of a biological need that I can understand, regardless of my desire for them to take things slow. Their thrusts are coordinated, lunging forward at the same time.

I crouch all the way down to the sand and shoot from an upward camera angle beside Owen. With each hump of the boy, I can briefly see the knobs of the twins' boy dicks sliding beside each other between Audrey's legs, the tops of their shafts glistening with lubrication provided by rubbing on her excited pussy. Oh fuck, this is nice! The pressure from my shorts on my cock is almost unbearable, and the ache in my balls rises up another notch. I keep taking photos with my right hand while I fumble with the drawstring of my shorts with my left. Finally, I find the correct end and pull out the knot, loosening the waistband, allowing me to push them down over my hips and ass. I gasp in momentary relief as my cock forcefully springs free. After extricating myself fully from my shorts, I instinctively give the shaft a quick tug. It is so engorged, more than any time I can remember! Hard as a rock, twitching slightly with each beat of my heart and almost red in color.

But I've got no time to do anything about that. I have to guide the kids to the next phase of my informal script. "All right, guys!" I call out, still crouched down. They look over at me, smirking widely at me as they notice my naked condition for the first time. "Lower yourselves down to your knees, but keep hold of each other."

The kids snicker as they awkwardly fumble through the task, trying to coordinate their movements without having to pull their bodies apart. Owen stumbles as he and Audrey trip over each other's feet and drop to their knees in the sand, bumping into Evan. "Ouff!" Audrey cries out, laughing. "You two are squashing me!"

"Sorry!" they apologize, grinning and taking the opportunity to 'help' her by holding and groping her body with their hands all over as they pull apart for a moment. Audrey takes hold of the opportunity as well, reaching down in front of and behind herself to grab hold of two erect cocks. She pumps them both slowly, enjoying the power and control she has over the boys. They're enjoying it, as well, moaning with pleasure

with every stroke of Audrey's fists. She continues this for a minute or so. Then she looks at me, stops jerking her flesh toys, and lets go. I nod in approval, satisfied that she understands that it's time to move on. She and I share a devious smile as the boys complain pitifully at the interruption of their handjobs.

This part will be a little more complicated, and I lower my camera. "Owen, back up a bit," I say next. Owen reluctantly releases Audrey and back walks on his knees. "You two," I say to Evan and Audrey, "spread your knees apart." The kids maneuver around, still holding onto each other's waists, their bodies pressed together from thighs to foreheads. Satisfied that they have opened their knees wide enough, I look back to Owen. "Okay. Now sit down and put your feet in between their legs."

"Like, with no towel?" Owen asks. "Just sit down right on the sand?"

"Yup! You don't need a towel," I reply, smiling. "Just keep your junk out of the sand. It'll be fine."

Gingerly, Owen sets his bare butt down on the beach behind Audrey, and I motion for him to scooch forward until her ass is directly in front of his face. He gets an evil grin on his face and plants a big smooch on each cheek. Audrey shrieks with delight, and I chuckle. "Now lay down," I tell Owen, "right down on your back." He complies, fully reclining in the soft sand, his hands resting on Audrey's calves as she straddles him. He wiggles to even out the sand beneath him, his erect penis wagging along with his body.

Next, I address Audrey. "You were feeling awfully flexible earlier back in the cabin," I tell her softly. "Want to try something like that again?" She smiles broadly and nods. "Okay then. Recline back." Her eyes light up as she understands what I'm thinking of. Evan understands as well, and he lets go of his hold on Audrey's body.

I touch my hand lightly behind her back to give her support if she needs it. But she doesn't. Putting all her weight on her knees and ankles, her well-exercised stomach and leg muscles are easily strong enough to lower herself gracefully backward, her body coming to rest atop Owen's chest in a 'reclining hero' yoga pose. His cock catches briefly under her butt but then is free and sticking straight up, between her legs and bumping up against her pussy. Then Audrey relaxes, both children exhaling heavily as Owen's arms wrap comfortingly across her abdomen

and chest, cupping one of her breasts. I'm taking pictures again now, and it's such a beautiful image. Then they are squirming again, pelvises flexing as Owen's length saws slowly up and down, rubbing up against her sex.

Evan watches, straddling Owen's shins, with his cock protruding straight out. He looks awestruck at the way Audrey is splayed open and how Owen's penis is pumping up and down between her legs, seeking a hole to sink into. Their cute noises of arousal are starting to get louder again. I nudge Evan on his shoulder. "You ready to help your brother?" I ask him.

"Help him how?" he asks, still staring intently down at the crotches of the other two kids.

I remember I haven't yet told Evan his part in this plan. "You're going to help Owen to make Audrey feel good," I tell him. "Keep touching her, using your hands on her. Once he's inside her, you keep working on her tits and pussy. Then you can jerk off on them when they're done or try to cum at the same time."

"Oh! Okay!" Evan exclaims agreeably as I refocus my camera. He grins and leans forward, firmly squeezes one hand onto Audrey's unoccupied breast, and starts thumbing her clit vigorously with his other hand.

"Oooooaaaaahhhh!" Audrey moans loudly. "Not so fast, not so fast, not so fast!"

Evan stops short. Owen also freezes his mouth right beside her ear. "Are you okay?" he asks softly, with genuine concern.

"Yeah!" she gasps. "I just... want things to last... want you guys to... have fun, too!"

"Smart girl!" I murmur, gliding around the trio, capturing images as fast as my camera can take them.

The boys get back to lightly caressing and fingering Audrey's erogenous zones while she reaches between her legs to rub Owen's cock between her pussy lips with one hand and gently tugging on Evan's cock with her other. No one says anything for the next couple of minutes. At least, no articulable words are spoken. But there are plenty of unintelligible grunts and heaving breaths to harmonize with the sounds of smooth skin sliding against skin and moist sounds of fingers manipulating genitals.

“Audrey,” I announce, “we’re going to see how tight your bum is now, all right?”

“Okay,” she replies with confidence. I can tell she is resolute in her decision to do this.

I put a hand on Evan’s back. “See if you can slide your finger in, okay?”

“Okay, Mister H,” Evan responds seriously. With his left hand, he guides Audrey’s hand (and Owen’s cock with it) down and away from between her legs. With his right, he feels to find her puckered asshole. “Can you try to open up now?” he asks Audrey politely.

Audrey giggles, then through the camera’s small screen, I see her flex the muscles below her digestive tract. Immediately, Evan’s index finger disappears into her rectum, making her gasp. Evan carefully moves his finger in and out, twisting the angle of his finger as he goes. “Are you okay, Lil’ Bit?” I ask. Audrey groans in the affirmative. I grin and glance at Evan. “How’s she feel?”

“Good, I think. It’s really slippery in there!” he replies, grinning back at me. “You must have put a lot of that oil in!”

“Always better to have too much than not enough,” I tell him, setting the camera down for a moment. “Remember, the inside of your butt isn’t naturally slippery, and if you don’t have lube, it can be really painful for both people. Also, make sure her opening has plenty of oil all the way around it.” Evan works the tip of his finger around the inside surface of the ring of muscle, making Audrey squirm. I look closely at his work, and I’m pretty sure that Owen’s slim-ish tool will be a snug but perfect fit for Audrey’s virgin asshole.

While he’s doing this, I retrieve the can of oil from the beach bag. After taking off the lid, I touch the open can to Audrey’s hand, still wrapped around Owen’s prick between her thighs. “All right,” I tell Audrey, knowing she can’t see from her position laying back on the boy’s chest, “feel into the can and scoop up a little oil, then rub it on Owen’s cock. That’ll help, as well.” Audrey dutifully follows my instructions, thoroughly enjoying the way Owen writhes and moans beneath her as she slathers his penis in the natural lubricant.

I think they’re more than ready now, and I motion to Evan to remove his greasy finger from Audrey. Fascinated, I watch the hole wink closed

again, although I know it will open again easily. I prepare myself and my camera and clear my dry throat. "Okay, guys. I think it's time!"

"I can't see down there," Owen notes, his voice cracking from the excitement. "How... what do I...?"

"It's okay," I assure him. "Evan will aim you." Evan nods and grasps Owen's slick cock away from Audrey, squeezing and jerking it lightly. I lock eyes with my girl. "You ready?"

Her eyes are twinkling with a mix of determination and lust. "Uh-huh!" she pants, holding a fist up to me.

I chuckle and return the fist bump. "Good!" I tell her, restabilizing the camera. "Lift your bum up off of Owen, and slide your shoulders down his chest, just an inch or so."

She arches her back and butt up and wiggles into position, her back now directly over the base of Owen's cock. I'm in position as well, ready to capture this moment. "Okay. Evan, aim Owen towards her butthole." Evan peers through Audrey's thighs and carefully positions Owen's shaft straight up, the circumcised head pushing apart her cheeks and slotting against her closed anus. She gasps in anticipation. "And now, Audrey, open yourself up. And let your butt come down. Slowly."

Audrey is using a lot of different muscles to hold herself up in such an unusual position. Her stomach is tense in order to hold the arch in her back. Now I've asked her to open her sphincter as well. I had been unaware that controlling so many muscle groups within her abdomen in unfamiliar combinations at once could turn out to be challenging. Just as she's flexing her anal opening, her ability to hold the arch suddenly disappears, and her torso drops down heavily.

With only one direction open for it to go, Owen's cock is driven straight into Audrey's rectum, bending upwards to follow the channel back toward her colon. In the blink of an eye, Owen is balls deep in her! Oh shit!

Both kids cry out urgently at the sudden deep penetration. Audrey's eyes are huge, and her mouth hangs open as she pants hard and groans loudly with each exhale. "Audrey!" I almost shout. "Are you okay?"

Audrey manages to nod her head up and down as she continues to pant and moan, gazing in a wide-eyed and slack-jawed vacant stare, straight

up to the sky. She's overwhelmed by new sensations, but I'm glad she's apparently not feeling too much discomfort. I check out Owen as well, but I guess I need not worry about him: it's obvious he's pretty happy with his lot in life at the moment. He's panting as well, but in an extremely cute little high-pitched note, and his smiling face is a mask of pure ecstasy. His arms are wrapped around Audrey supportively, and he's giving her small kisses on her neck.

"How's it feel?" Evan asks, surprising me with how earnestly he's taking his role as coach and caretaker. His palms rest on Audrey's thighs, his cock rigid and sticking straight out.

Both of the other kids answer at the same time. "Full!" mutters Audrey, while Owen gasps, "Tight!". All three find that funny, Audrey managing to gasp out a giggle and Owen a stunted guffaw. Owen gives his hips a little thrust, probably out of instinct. Audrey groans loudly again. "Wait!" she cries out. "Just give me... a minute... okay?" she stammers through her heavy breaths.

"Okay," whispers Owen, tense but still. His breathing is ragged, undoubtedly feeling tremendous pleasure with his dick buried deep in Audrey's hot tunnel.

Satisfied that Audrey is handling the intrusion as well as could be expected, I return to my photography. Owen has found himself so far inside Audrey that his pubescent ballsack is pressed directly up to her taint, leaving no visible sign at all of his cock. Good lord, this is getting me very bothered!

I glance at Evan, who is staring enraptured at where his brother's dick disappears into their friend's ass. I think he's at least as turned on by this as I am. "Evan," I murmur, "why don't you try touching Audrey again? Lightly. Caress her, like a light massage. I bet that would help."

"Right," he murmurs back, forcing himself to tear his eyes away. He starts sliding his fingers and palms over Audrey's skin, not grabbing or pinching, just gentle petting and stroking. I notice a difference right away as Audrey's heaving breaths begin to settle down. Within a minute or so, she's still breathing deeply, but her noises sound much less anxious. "Are you okay now?" Evan asks.

"Yeah!" Audrey sighs, still gazing skyward. "It feels... weird, I guess, but... good, too!"

“You feel incredible!” Owen adds dreamily, squeezing Audrey’s body a little harder. “I love the way we... we FIT together!” His hips spasm again, pushing up against her, forcing his cock to twitch within her.

“Aaaaaahhh!!” Audrey moans. “That feels soooooooo... can you... please do that... agaaaain!”

Owen obliges. He pulls back gently, his cock withdrawing no more than an inch, then eases it back in, continuing to push for a second after hitting bottom. And then, he repeats the process very carefully and slowly. A cute little grunt escapes his throat with each small thrust, in time with groans from Audrey. “Oh my god...” she gasps haltingly, “... your thing... is way bigger... than your finger...” She pauses to whimper through several small pelvic lunges, pushes her head back over to one of Owen’s shoulders, and turns to bring their faces close together. “But also feels... WAY... more awesome!” With that, she mashes a deep kiss onto Owen, humming slow staccato noises of pleasure directly into his mouth. Dutifully encouraged, Owen kisses back while increasing the tempo of his humping slightly, pulling out a bit further with each deliberate thrust.

Meanwhile, Evan is working his light massage higher on Audrey’s body, working over her breasts. He coaxes her legs apart a little further so he can kneel on the sand in between her knees and Owen’s thighs. Then he leans forward so he can reach higher on Audrey’s body. His butt is now blocking my ability to snap more images of the base of Owen’s dick bobbing in and out of Audrey’s bum hole, but I probably have enough shots of that already. Lowering his head, Evan takes one of Audrey’s nipples into his mouth once again, sucking and squirming in rhythm with his brother’s thrusts while running his palms up and down the sides of her body from her face down to her legs and back again.

Audrey’s moans convey her appreciation of Evan’s efforts. Panting, she breaks off her kiss with Owen and smiles broadly at him. “Mind if your... brother gets... a kiss too?” she rasps.

Owen grins. “Uh... Uh... Go... ahead! ... Uh... Uh... Uh...” he replies, his pace of fucking continuing unabated.

I love the way these kids don’t show any jealousy towards one another, even in the middle of brand new sexual experiences. Their genuine affection is obvious to see through my camera’s lens. Audrey takes Evan’s face in her hands, where he is suckling on her nipple. She pulls gently,

and Evan crawls higher up on top of her body so that they can energetically share their tongues and lips with each other. Owen latches his mouth back onto Audrey's neck. All three of their bodies are in synchronized squirming now.

With their faces now all so close together, I have to get some close-up shots so we can preserve what these emotions look like. Audrey twists her face back to Owen, and they engage in another sloppy kiss. Then the twins exchange a look, and they also lean together, stretching their necks to lock lips in a passionate smooch of brotherly love. Audrey doesn't want to be left out, and she inserts herself from the side as best she can, tittering lightly through her rhythmic grunts as they engage in a three-way French kiss. There's a child-like silliness to all this, but also an aura of intense sexuality that just exudes from these preteen children. The combination is so potent! And it makes the images of their faces as they share this so fucking sexy!

And then, the expressions on their faces all simultaneously transform to surprise, even shock! Their bodies cease their coordinated humping. "What happened? What's wrong?" I immediately ask.

Audrey's eyes are wide again, and her mouth has formed a small 'O'. she is beginning to take short, rapid breaths. Evan's jaw is slack, his eyes unfocused. Only Owen seems to have some of his wits about him. "What the fuck, Dude!" he whispers, awe in his voice. "Did you... did you just..."

And then I start to suspect what has just happened! I look at the bodies in front of me and instantly note that Evan has laid down on top of Audrey to participate in all the kissing from moments ago. He's directly on top of her, his pelvis resting on her crotch between her spread knees, where a moment ago, his body was practically thrashing atop hers. I spring to my feet and crouch back down close to the boys' feet, peering down between Evan's legs. Christ almighty, it DID happen! I swallow hard as I examine two young scrotums resting together, Evan's laying on top of Owen's. More significant than that, however, is that the penises that accompany those two sets of testicles are both now planted deep within Audrey. Owen's is still in her butt, while Evan has buried his in her pussy. When he was humping on her, he must have been sliding his cock overtop of her gash, where the tip of his dick inadvertently lodged into her vagina on his last lunge, and he sank into her to the hilt in one stroke. The twins have accidentally double penetrated her!

I didn't intend this to happen or even think of the possibility. But now that it has... oh my fucking god, how outrageously HOT is this?!? I feel an involuntary twitching in my stiff, neglected member. Jesus, I need to make myself cum so bad! But I can't, I can't miss any of what is happening! I remember I'm holding a camera in my hands, and I use it to commit the insanely arousing images to its flash memory card.

But before I let myself get any further carried away, I lean over to check on Audrey to make sure this all isn't too much for her. She's taking in large gulps of air but at a measured pace, such that I don't think she's in any danger of hyperventilating. "Holy crap, Lil' Bit! Are you all right?"

"I'm... not... sure... yet!" she manages to reply between deep breaths.

Evan turns his head cautiously toward me. "Mister H," he asks in a quivering murmur. "I'm inside her... right?" I nod in the affirmative. He whispers a quick "fuck" to himself.

Owen speaks to me next. "Is this... I don't know..." he pauses, searching for the right word, "... ALLOWED?"

I force myself to not chuckle at his question since he's completely serious. I'm sure the twins have never considered that two boys could ever fuck one girl at the same time. "Anything's allowed, as long as everyone's okay with it," I answer him. "But we have to ask Audrey, too." Then I lean into Audrey once more. "Hey, I didn't plan on this happening," I tell her gently. "You don't have to do this. What are you feeling now?" I fully expect her to ask Evan to get off of her.

"I feel... REALLY full..." she says haltingly. A brave smile grows at the edges of her mouth. "... but... I don't... wanna stop!" I actually feel my eyes widen. Are you serious, Lil' Bit?

"Really?" asks Owen, almost incredulous.

"You sure, Dudette?" adds a gobsmacked Evan.

Audrey closes her eyes, takes in another big lungful of air, and exhales heavily. She smiles to herself, looking content in herself and her decision. She turns her head and meets Owen's eyes. "I want you..." she looks back up to Evan, "... AND you..." then she closes her eyes again, almost serenely "... to BOTH fuck me!"

Oh, fuck me, indeed! I can't believe my girl is so freaky! My poor, lonely, super-hard cock twitches again. I glance down to see beads of precum collecting at the tip of my glans before dripping down to the sand. I'm not sure Audrey is truly ready to be double-teamed like this, but a hard, throbbing part of me certainly is excited to see her try.

For their part, the boys don't pause to contemplate the wisdom of Audrey's choice. Immediately, both of them pull back their hips and then push themselves back in. "Fuuuuuuuuuuuck!" they both groan in unison.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!" wails Audrey. She takes another big breath as the twins withdraw, then lets loose again when they carefully slide into her again. "Oh yeeeeeeeah!..." she cries out again. "... It's SO... muuuuuch!!!" she cries out as she is filled a third time.

And with that, just as she asked them to, Evan and Owen both start fucking her, albeit pretty gently and slowly to start with. Being such close twins, I'm not surprised that they establish the same rhythm, flexing their hips at the same time, thrusting into Audrey together. The twins' faces are masks of concentration, wincing a little with each slow, coordinated push. "Fuck..." Evan mutters, grimacing. "... So... tight!"

"Yeah... tighter than... before!" Owen grunts through his clenched jaw.

With each deep invasion of both her orifices, Audrey groans loudly. It sounds kind of painful, actually, and with her eyes squeezed shut tightly, her facial expression doesn't exactly convey pleasure. I snap a few awfully hot pictures, but I'm concerned for her. "Hold up, guys," I tell the boys. They moan through another thrust and stop moving when they are fully inside their respective holes. Audrey bellows out another intense cry.

I lean in closer to their faces. "This is hurting you," I murmur to Audrey bluntly, setting aside any pretense of playing along to sexy role-playing.

She huffs several breaths, eyes still shut tight. "It doesn't really hurt," she grumbles. "I can do it!"

I sigh at her stubbornness. "Lil' Bit, sex isn't supposed to be something you... ENDURE, just because you can take it. It should be pleasurable! And it doesn't look to me like this is very fun!"

"I don't want you to do it if it hurts you," whispers Owen, his mouth right next to Audrey's ear.

"Me neither," adds Evan softly, his compassionate expression the same as his brother's.

"But I said it doesn't hurt!" she fires back at me, still gasping. "Well, not... not really! I'm just so... STUFFED! Like everything up there is... getting squished up when... they're inside me like this!"

"So it IS uncomfortable, then!" I confirm, leading to a reluctant nod. In my mind, that settles it. "Then, we need to sto-"

"Wait!" Evan says suddenly, looking down at his brother. "If it's, like, both of us at the same time, that's the problem..."

"Yeah ... oh YEAH!!" chimes in Owen excitedly, instantly understanding his twin's thoughts. "Dudette, can you let us try one more thing? Please?"

"Okay..." mutters Audrey, unsure of what the boys are talking about. But, frankly, I'm curious too.

Evan puts his hands on the sand to either side of Owen's chest, pushing himself up and taking his weight off of Audrey, his cock still firmly planted inside her pussy. "Alright, I'll start," he murmurs to Owen, who nods back.

With careful, controlled effort, Evan pulls his hips back, his young penis coming close to falling out of Audrey's vagina, though he keeps the tip lodged in the mouth of the slick tunnel. Audrey noticeably relaxes. Then, just as he begins easing back in, Owen is pulling his hard dick out of her hot ass, leaving just the knob of his shaft inside the tight outer ring as Evan bottoms out gently. The boys gasp. Audrey inhales sharply and moans, but it's a happy-sounding moan.

After a few seconds, the boys start to reverse their positions again, with Owen sliding deeper back into Audrey's ass and Evan withdrawing from her pussy. I get what the boys are doing now! They're trying to make sure that their timing is synchronized now so that they're not fully inside her at the same time, hoping that will make things less 'compressed' for Audrey. This is really good thinking!

And it looks like it might be working! Whether it's Evan's weight no longer pushing down on her or not being filled up completely at once, Audrey clearly is not feeling the need to fight it any longer. After Owen's cock completes its maximum penetration and begins pulling back, Audrey emits a new kind of sound as Evan pushes forward again.

"OOOOooooooooaaaaaAAAAOHHHHHH!" she moans, repeating a similar noise after the pistoning actions reverse directions once more. Her mouth is agape. And her eyes are so huge, I swear they might pop out of her skull. I think it's safe to say she is completely enjoying this now!

It's also a sure bet that the boys are very happy at this point. "Holy fuck!" mutters Evan as they gradually increase their pace.

"Dude!" moans Owen. "I can feel your dick... rubbing on mine!"

"Yeah, me too!" grunts Evan. "You're like... back and forth... right there under me..."

"Oh fucki-... UUAAAGH!!" cries out Owen as he lets his head fall back to the sand while his hips keep flexing.

I think I might have lost myself for a moment in all their incredible reactions. Owen's sexy grunt snaps me out of my reverie. I raise my camera and press down on the shutter against its stop, panning and zooming across their faces and bodies as it records dozens of full-resolution images per second. I don't want to miss ANY of this!

But after several seconds, the camera beeps that its internal memory is temporarily full, and it has to pause to write the data to the memory card. Shit! Why can't I just... and then I remember my promise to the kids back at the cabin to shoot some of this in video. Both of my cameras can record video continuously, to the maximum capacity of their memory cards without pausing. I can even pull still images from the video afterward. Sure, they won't have the same resolution as any of my proper stills, and that does stick in my craw. But I swallow down my disdain for video files for the sake of capturing all this. It doesn't all have to be of the best quality. I'm not selling any of this, after all. This is just for us! Mind you, if I record in the highest-res video mode, it'll require a lot of storage: I'd better use my backup camera with the empty card. So as fast as I can, six inches of uncomfortably-engorged cock bouncing up and down in front of me, I dash over to grab my bag, and I switch cameras as I hurry back into a crouch near the kids. Then, preparing to

channel my inner videographer, I power it on, flip the mode to hi-def video capture, raise it up to eye level, and hit the record button.

Immediately, I'm aware of how my perception changes when I'm videoing something, as opposed to still photography. This is going to be my first time making an erotic video, and I'm aiming to do the best job I can for this special moment, so I have to adapt quickly. With stills, all of my concentration goes into the visual composition alone, looking for that brief moment in time where perfection is captured.

With video, on the other hand, I'm going to have to consider everything from start to finish, the way my subjects move, and the way I move around to compose the scene. I take my time and capture Owen's head, nodding with his body thrusts, face twitching as he pants, a bead of sweat as it runs down over his earlobe and to the sand. Panning up slightly, I follow the trail of untidy feminine hair that falls from Audrey's head, which is bobbing gently on Owen's shoulder. I focus on Audrey's face, her mouth opening and closing slightly as she stares into the sky with a rapturous expression. I record Audrey's small breasts, how Owen's fingers are caressing and pinching her nipples, the way the small mounds shake and jiggle each time the boys plunge into her. I document Evan's little butt, his perfect round cheeks clenching and unclenching, slowly panning down to where he pumps his cock steadily in and out of Audrey's pussy. I try to see everything.

And I'm also far more aware of sound, something that doesn't normally enter the equation for me. The high-pitched whine of cicadas emanating from all around us. The muffled crashes of waves breaking against the shore not far away. The whooshing of the stiff breeze that is ruffling the kids' hair. The adorably cute grunts, gasps, and groans of arousal the kids are making. The rhythmic claps and smacks of smooth, hairless skin impacting together over and over. The obscene squelches of immature cocks sliding in and out of slick and tight orifices. Fucking hell, I never really appreciated how sounds can make a scene so much more erotic than imagery alone.

Evan and Owen are both being careful to not be thrusting when the other is inside Audrey. Keeping up their syncopated beat. But the beat's tempo is steadily rising, ever so gradually. And with the increase in speed, the ecstatic noises the kids make increase as well.

“Uh!... Uh!... Dude!” gasps Owen up to his brother, “You gonna... Uh!... cum... anytime soon?... Uh!...”

“Uh!... Not... Uh!... just yet!” Evan gasps back between little grunts. He looks down at Audrey, whose eyes are half-closed, her mouth open, constantly moaning. “You... Uh!... okay... Dudette?”

“Ughnn! Ughnn! Ughnn! UH HUH!!” Audrey groans back. “Ughnn! Ughnn!” she gasps, and her eyes squeeze shut even tighter. “Ughnnn!! Ughnnn!! UGHNN!! UGHNN!! UUGHNNN!!! UUGHNNN!!!”

From the increasing pitch and volume of Audrey’s grunts, it sounds to me like she’s getting close to popping off. From underneath her, Owen appears to have reached the same conclusion. “Dude... she’s about... to cum!... Keep going!...” While Evan moans and keeps thrusting from his push-up position, Owen feels down to diddle Audrey’s clit while also continuing to pound into her ass.

For a few seconds, Audrey’s groans accelerate even more. She falls silent for a moment, her entire body quivering before she starts wailing with the onset of an enormous orgasm. A visceral

“UgggghhhnnnnnaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!” comes from her throat, followed by a very fast series of loud yelping “AGHH!” noises that accompany the boys’ continuing efforts to prolong her climax. Her cries grow shorter and become choked off as she has trouble pulling a good breath under all this stimulation. This continues for under thirty seconds, but to Audrey, I imagine it must feel like a heavenly eternity. All of this makes for amazing footage! As well as making for a delightfully torturous pressure buildup in my junk! Godamnit, these kids are making me so fucking horny! I’m not sure how long I can keep this up!

Finally, Audrey has to wave her arms, flailing at the twins to get them to stop fucking her. Panting and sweating, they pause and grin as she resumes gulping for breath. “Oh... my... GOD!...” she manages to exclaim. “... I’ve... NEVER... felt... like... this... before!” Owen hugs her around her stomach and chest and kisses her neck.

Meanwhile, Evan carefully lowers himself down to kiss her mouth, his cock sliding all the way back inside her while Owen gently withdraws. Even now, their coordination is perfect, and I shake my head at their uncanny connection. Audrey moans in satisfaction.

Then she breaks the kiss with a smack, her chest heaving and a pout on her face. "Why haven't... you guys... cum yet?" she asks plaintively as Evan pushes himself back up above her and locks his elbows straight again.

I hit pause on the recording and answer for the twins. "Boys usually can't orgasm as often as girls," I tell her. "They've already cum twice this morning, so they have to work quite a bit harder for their next one!" Evan and Owen both sheepishly nod, a little embarrassed. Still breathing heavily, Audrey saucily smirks at the twins' discomfort.

But then a flash of pain crosses her face as her eyes squeeze shut and her mouth flattens into a thin line. Evan instantly notices. "Are we hurting you again?" he asks, concerned, as he pulls back his hips an inch.

"No!" Audrey cries back, her hands flying to grab Evan by the ass, preventing him from pulling out of her. But she grimaces again, biting her lower lip and lowering her gaze. "I don't want... to be a wimp... but I guess..." her hands fall to her ankles, "... the way I'm laying..." then she slides her palms down to her knees, back up the sides of her thighs, and to her abdomen and ribs, "... my legs and stomach... are really starting to..." she blinks hard, clearly getting emotional, "... kind of... ache, you know?"

Given the position she's in, I'm impressed she's been okay as long as she has. "You need to stop to rest your muscles, don't you, Lil' Bit?" I say.

Reluctantly, she nods her head. With no hesitation, Evan pulls himself out, accompanied by a squelching noise from Audrey's pussy and a disappointed sigh from her mouth. After Evan straightens up to his knees, he offers his hand to Audrey, who takes it and groans in discomfort as he helps her rise to a kneeling position. Owen's hard cock slips free from her ass with a moist pop. Still straddling Owen's hips, she pushes herself up to her feet and exhales heavily in relief as she straightens her knees. "I'm sorry about this, guys," she mutters, proceeding to stretch her legs and stomach muscles.

Owen has sat up, eyes level with Audrey's butt, and is caressing her thighs as she bends her joints and flexes and relaxes her leg muscles. "It's okay. You couldn't help it," he replies sincerely.

"Yeah," agrees Evan, looking up at her from his knees and lightly holding her onto her hips. "It's not like it's your fault."

“But I wanna keep going!” Audrey assures them, hurriedly trying to work the kinks out of her lower body. “You still want to do it too, don’t you?” The two young boys can’t nod fast enough. She smiles enthusiastically. “Good! Just give me a second, I’ll come back down, get in position, and we’ll start again!”

My directorial instinct intervenes, though. Since we’ve interrupted the scene, I want to change things up if I can. “You know, you don’t have to keep the exact same positions, guys,” I say. “You could keep going but change things up.”

“Yeah?” the boys reply, intrigued.

Audrey looks interested, as well. “And do what?” she asks.

I grin conspiratorially back at her. “Maybe you want the boys to try swapping? So they both know how it feels each way?”

Looking down at Evan and then behind her at Owen, Audrey raises her eyebrows and shrugs happily, indicating it’s fine with her. The twins grin as well, and they both make movements to start getting up, but I stop them with a raised hand. “Just a sec, boys,” I say, reaching into my camera bag. “First things first, we need to take care of something.” I pull a wet wipe out of its package and toss it at Owen. “Your dick was in Audrey’s butt. Before you stick it anywhere else, wipe it down as best you can, all right?” Owen blushes, lays all the way back down again, and begins wiping off his cock with the moist towelette. “Second, I’m not sure you boys need to move at all.” I look at Audrey and point downward in a circular pattern. “Just turn around!” I suggest, smiling, as I aim my camera again and hit the record button.

“Okay?” Audrey mutters uncertainly, looking adorably cute as the sun shines onto her naked skin, and she pushes aside a strand of hair that the wind has blown across her face. She steps off to the side and then re-straddles Owen’s waist, except this time facing him. Evan is still on his knees, now directly behind her. And then her face lights up brightly. “Oh! I get it!” she exclaims. Squatting back down, she giggles as she hunches down over Owen, who quickly tosses his wipe away as far as he can. I had wondered if he or Evan might not be able to stay hard, but I observe that I need not have worried: both boys are as erect as ever. Wasting no time, Audrey falls to her knees, lowers herself down to kiss Owen deeply with a content hum, and reaches down between her legs to grasp the

boy's rigid cock and point it at her pussy. With Owen's arms wrapping around the back of Audrey's head and her lower back, both children moan happily into each other's mouths as she pushes her knees out into the sand and sinks all the way down onto his erection in one long, fluid motion. Jesus, that's fucking hot!

After a long moment, Audrey languidly breaks her kiss with Owen and turns her head to make a suggestive gaze back at Evan. He appears to not require any coaching. He shuffles forward, straddling his brother's thighs and between Audrey's splayed knees. Hurriedly, he wiggles his knees to burrow them down a little into the sand to attain the correct position, and he presses the flared head of his cock onto the opening of her butt hole. I have a great vantage point to record this. As I zoom in and Audrey grunts softly to open herself up to Evan, it seems to me that her back door looks wider and that it opened up with less effort from her. She's loosening up a bit, which is undoubtedly a good thing. Evan glides his palms around and over Audrey's butt cheeks and up to her waist, where he grips her lightly and pushes forward with his hips. With little effort, his glans pop through her sphincter, drawing out a gasp from both kids.

Sweat is beading on my forehead, and I swallow hard, willing myself to not dare touch my throbbing and twitching dick, as I watch through my camera's screen how Evan's young cock sinks all the way into Audrey's ass. Owen is withdrawing from her pussy at the same time, and all three preteens are making the cutest little noises of lust I can imagine. Audrey closes her eyes and straightens her neck, her face hovering close to Owen's, but clearly focused only on the pleasures occurring between her legs.

And then, as if they had this all planned out ahead of time, the kids start fucking in earnest.

Evan and Owen begin working their hips vigorously and in a coordinated fashion, ensuring that Audrey is constantly filled by a penis but still careful to not have both thrusting forward at the same time. Audrey writhes back, her body starting to twitch from the pistoning cocks in her orifices. Evan's palms grip Audrey's hips, his fingers sliding into the crevice in front of her pelvis, pulling each time he plunges his cock into her asshole. Owen's hands reach up over Evan's wrists, grabbing Audrey's ass cheeks, pulling her down with each of his upward thrusts into her pussy. Soft, high-pitched moans emanate non-stop from Audrey's throat.

The twins make little grunts and groans as well, gradually increasing in volume.

After a couple of minutes of this, Evan and Owen both pause at the same time, panting and staring at one another. Audrey whines pitifully.

“Ooohhh... don’t stop... please!!” she complains.

The twins quickly nod at each other, their twinstincts perfectly in tune.

“Want to... try something!” gasps Owen, raising the back of his head off the sand.

“Yeah...” adds Evan, gulping for air as he leans forward a bit. “...

C’mere...” His hands slide up and under Audrey’s body, one grasping the nearest small tit, the other onto her upper chest under her neck, then he pulls gently. Audrey groans loudly as she allows her back to arch, and Evan pulls her up and back towards himself. “Are you... okay?” he stammers softly, his lips right behind her ear.

Audrey is unable to speak articulately, but she nods her head vigorously and mumbles agreeable noises. Noises that increase in urgency as Owen cranes his head a bit higher and latches his mouth onto a nipple. The noises get even louder when Evan starts to pinch and manipulate her other breast while nuzzling the side and back of her neck with his lips, teeth, and tongue.

And then she hollers out uncontrollably as the boys start pummeling her vagina and anus again. Audrey’s ass and hips jiggle rapidly as Owen and Evan’s hips go to work, driving two straining cocks into and out of her with increasing abandon. The boys growl and grunt louder now, trying really hard to get to their climaxes, their immature balls churning in an attempt to produce a third load of sperm in barely more than an hour. They’re less in control now, seemingly unconcerned with keeping their thrusts in opposite sync or simply unable to. But for now, it also seems Audrey isn’t suffering discomfort any longer. She shows nothing but increasing arousal, even as she is double penetrated by the twins as deeply as they can.

The three kids are locked together in a joint effort, Evan’s and Owen’s bronzed bodies thrashing on top of and below Audrey’s, the boys’ dark skin an exotic contrast to Audrey’s much lighter tan. They’re all sweating profusely now, their slim young bodies flailing and grinding and thrusting hard, gasping and crying out, desperately using every part of themselves

they can to chase their need to achieve completion. My breath is getting short, and my groin is deliciously, uncomfortably tight. I can't properly put into words how amazing this is, but fortunately for the kids and me, I'm making a digital record of it.

Suddenly Audrey starts quivering uncontrollably under all this activity. As the boys keep pounding and sucking urgently, her eyes bulge, and her mouth opens wide. And then she screeches. Loudly! It's the most intense but unmistakably happy noise I've ever heard. And she doesn't stop! She screams and yells over and over as the boys continue, tripping her climax to go on and on, one long continuous stream of the most pleasurable torture she's ever experienced.

Finally, I think Audrey actually passes out for a moment, as her body simply shuts down from overstimulation and insufficient oxygen. The boys stop short, crazed arousal warring with concern as she falls limp in their arms. My heart also skips a beat. "Audrey!" I call out to her.

But then she immediately comes to, heaving and gulping for air. She flails her arms wildly. "No!... Don't stop!!" she cries out, almost in hysterics. "I need... you guys... to cum... in... MEEEEEEEE!!!"

Instantly motivated again, the twins resume their pelvic assault with even more urgency, causing Audrey to cry out again. Evan's arms wrap securely around Audrey's torso, pulling her to him. Owen lunges to Audrey's other tit and sucks on it lustily for a moment. Then he whines, almost pitifully, lets his head fall back, and reaches down to grab his brother by the ass. He pulls hard, trying to crush all three of their groins closer together, and jackhammers Audrey's pussy. Evan squeals and redoubles his own efforts into her ass. The boys' faces are strained masks of passion, as they rabbit thrust into my girl as hard and fast as they can, over and over again. The noises of intense preteen pleasure and the constant fleshy clapping together of adolescent skin dominate all other sounds on our private beach.

At this point, following her brief burst of energy, Audrey has allowed herself to become not much more than a rag doll. Her mouth is hanging open and her eyes half-lidded, her arms and head flopping around. Still, she manages to encourage the twins to keep going.

"OhhhhhhhhhhhAAAAA... AAAAaaaaaaa!..."

YeeaaaaaahhhhhAAAAAAH!!..." she moans constantly.

Evan's hand flies up off of Audrey's chest up to her chin, cupping it and turning her face back towards him. He looks back and forth between her and his brother as he continues his frenetic humping. My camera lens is right there with them. "Enngh!! Enngh!! Enngh!! I'm so-... Enngh! So fu-... ENNGH!!... fucking... CLOSE, Dudes!!... ENNNNGH!!" he gasps.

"Enngh!! Enngh!! Me... Enngh!! ENNGH!!... M- ME TOO!!" Owen exclaims frantically, one of his hands reaching up to grab his twin by the back of the neck. Not slowing down his pelvis in the slightest, he then lunges up once again to inhale one of Audrey's small tits. "MMFFF!! MMFFF!! MMFFF!!" I hear from him, his shrill grunts muffled by her chest.

I'm certain the boys are both about to experience absolutely earth-shattering orgasms, the sort that blows one's mind, the kind guys don't get to experience often enough in a lifetime. Lucky little bastards! Seeing and hearing how close they are has me remembering the intensity of that kind of cum, and I gasp as everything around my dick tightens up even more. Mother of fuck! I grit my teeth and try desperately to concentrate on my photography, to capture the kids' wildly thrashing bodies, instead of thinking about how I could so easily relieve the excruciating tingling that is radiating all through my groin.

"Oh GOD! AAAAHHHH!!" cries Audrey. "DO it!!... AAAHHH... I'm... uurrgh... I'm, I'm... cumminnnnnNNGGGHNNNAAA NOWWWWWW!!!!" she screams out.

"MMMFFF!! MMMFFF!!! MMMFFF!!!" cries Owen, his mouth around Audrey's breast, his cock stabbing into her pussy violently, his pelvis slapping hers loudly.

"ENNGH!! ENNNNGH!! ENNNNGH!!" howls Evan in concert with his twin, his hips and prick slamming with resounding extra hard smacks into Audrey's ass.

Audrey screeches again. "EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!"

"MMMMMGHGHGRRRRRRRR!!!!!" growls Owen fiercely into her tit.

Evan roars at the same time. "AAAUUUUGGGGHHHHHAAAAA!!!!!"

And finally, the twins can take no more. Perfectly in step with one another, both of them completely lock-up, their bodies visibly shaking, wincing very loudly from the searing exertion they're experiencing. They have shoved their cocks inside of Audrey as deep as they possibly can

and are using every bit of their strength to somehow bury themselves even further.

“RRRRRRRRRGHGHGHGH!!” Through clenched teeth, something like a predatory snarl pours out forcefully from Audrey’s throat, followed by a lightning-fast gulp of breath and a powerful exclamation of “YyyyyyyyyeeeeessssssaaaaaAAAAAGGHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!”. An enormous orgasmic reaction no doubt from the twins’ quivering bodies clutching her tightly and from feeling those identical dicks kicking and twitching and jumping inside her. I picture those magnificent, rock-hard preteen cocks, spraying and filling Audrey’s young womb and bowels with every bit of potent juvenile sperm both of the boys can muster, filling her up exactly like she needs to be filled, like she **DESERVES** to be filled, right here in front of me! I cannot fucking imagine **ANYTHING** more erotic than this! My fucking **GOD**!

And this is the moment that I realize I’m done for. My vision loses focus, and my heart is pounding in my ears, but I’m barely aware of it because **EVERYTHING** is happening down below. It doesn’t matter if I want this or not. The ‘point of no return’ just blew through me with no warning. My brain can’t process anything clearly except for the sudden absolute certainty that I’m going to blow my load, and I can’t do anything about it except let it happen! And god damn, after all this, what a load this is going to be! I can tell it’s going to be a really, **REALLY** good one!

Some tiny bit of rational thought instructs my left hand to try to hold the camera body steady, and my right thumb to press the button on the camera that fully widens the zoom lens, and I hope that’s good enough to capture everything that these wonderful kids are experiencing as they ride out their orgasms. Because it looks like it’s my turn right now! I’m vaguely aware of the rough and guttural groan that is coming from my chest. After an entire morning of helping these beautiful children have better sex than they could have ever imagined, the pressure in my balls builds to an indescribable high.

And then the first fantastic involuntary muscle contraction hits, and it’s like time slows down. The first blast of semen is squeezed out of my ejaculatory duct, and I swear I can feel every exquisite millimeter as spunk is launched up inside the length of my achingly hard cock. The experience forces a delirious cry from my lungs just as the first blast of cum rockets out. For a split second, the muscles just beneath my dick

relax enough to allow the duct to be packed full of semen again, and then again, they squeeze tight and catapult it out. I'm positive this payload is even larger, as the pressure within my cock all the way to the tip is even more intense. Third contraction. Just as amazing a feeling. But the fourth blast is the BIG one! I don't know how much cum was squeezed from my body for this offering, but being forced to experience it being fired out is catastrophically pleasurable. I hear myself yell out in pain, a truncated "UNGH!!!!", probably as loud as I can. FUCK, this feels unbelievably awesome! After this, I lose count of the number of spurts: I know there are several more that slowly decrease in force but are superb nonetheless. With no hand being available to point it, my cock has been lurching uncontrollably with the flexing muscles, but I absolutely could not care less where my cum is landing. Jesus Christ, I can't have been much older than these kids since the last time I orgasmed without touching myself! And I'm positive it never felt this good!

My other senses start to come back to me with the final small pumps of cum from my dick. I have indeed managed to keep the camera pointed at the kids. They have collapsed into a pile, Evan laying on Audrey, Audrey laying on Owen, all of them making cute gasping noises, breathing heavily, fighting for breath. My balls tingle, and my dick flexes with one last, slow contraction, and I sigh with happiness at the feeling and the beautiful sight before me. I'd like to just fall to the sand and bask in the afterglow of that incredible cum, but I have work to do. I struggle to get my legs muscles to work and shift to a crouch, still recording, and I will myself to overcome the wobbliness in my knees and begin to slowly circle the pile of preteen bodies.

I move past their heads, faces resting together as they struggle for enough air, seemingly oblivious to my presence. Then I pan down their sweat-covered, heaving bodies. They look like a delicious and sexy sandwich, Audrey as the 'meat' between the darker 'bread' of the boys. As I reach their feet, I zoom into their crotches, and the image on the camera screen is incredible. I quickly hit "stop" on the video recording, flip the camera mode to still photos, and snap away at images of both of Audrey's holes, still stuffed balls deep. Wet globs of sticky fluids are seeping out from around the boys' cocks, running down over their drained nutsacks and finally dribbling down to the sand between Owen's legs. Amazing!

Completing my circle back to where I started, I note with amusement the lines of cum painted randomly across their bodies. My cum, obviously, and I take more photos of the evidence of the way I anointed their tripling. The kids either didn't notice I jizzed all over them or simply didn't care. I think they look spectacular this way, and I wish I could have hosed them down properly with a much heavier torrent of semen.

Soon Owen is groaning from the bottom of the pile. "You guys..." he complains tightly, "... you're too... heavy on my chest... I can't really breathe!"

"Fuck, sorry, Dude," gasps Evan. Pushing up with his hands and knees on the sand, he and Audrey both groan reluctantly as his softening cock slips out from her ass. I take a great photo of a string of cum that stretches out from Evan's dick to Audrey's anus. The string snaps before Evan collapses to his butt on the sand on the opposite side from me.

Half the weight is gone, but I can tell Owen needs to be fully unburdened so he can get his breath back. "C'mon, Lil' Bit. You need to get off him," I tell her.

"Noooooooooooo!" whines Audrey, still heaving, deadweight and her face cheek-to-cheek on Owen. "Don't... wanna move!" Her eyes are closed, but the big smile on her face betrays any actual resistance. She moans as she lifts her face, turns her head lazily downward, and hums as her mouth comfortably melds with Owen's. Then, after a long moment, she gently breaks the kiss, and her eyes flutter open a little. "Sure you want... me to move?" she asks at length, smirking.

Owen gives her a small apologetic grin. "Yeah, Dudette... you kinda have to," he grunts, laboring. "I need... I can't take... a deep breath..."

Understanding now that Owen is in legitimate discomfort, Audrey mumbles "sorry" and immediately pushes her chest up off of the boy. "Better?" she asks, watching as he finally draws a full lungful of air and exhales heavily. He smiles and gives her a wary nod.

Still straddling him, she groans out loud and gradually works herself the rest of the way up to a sitting position, letting the ocean breeze cool and dry off her sweaty skin. "Holy moly, you guys!" she exclaims tiredly, staring up into the sky. "That was so... so..." Her face splits into an enormous smile, "... so AWESOME! I've never felt anything so gooooooooood! EVER!" She looks down again at Owen, then over to Evan,

extending a relaxed hand to each of them. "You guys were both amazing!" she sighs happily.

The twins respond with identical shy smiles as they each take Audrey's hands in one of theirs. "So were you," they reply together. Then they give each other a look, smile shrewdly, and exchange a fast high-five, a fist bump, and a 'bro' shake, clearly a secret handshake routine they've shared for a long time. Audrey titters in delight as the boys chuckle, their arms relaxing but their hands remaining clasped comfortably together. It is very sweet to see the kids all holding hands in a circle like this, and I make sure to snap a few photos. They stay like this in silence for over a minute, exhausted and basking in the euphoric feelings in the aftermath of their lovemaking, appearing to be completely content. As they should be.

Glancing over at Evan beside her, Audrey grins as she notices the withered state of his penis. She releases his hand, and he hisses when she playfully reaches down and grasps the slimy, shriveled appendage. "Got you!" she giggles, refusing to let go as Evan writhes awkwardly with the ticklish sensations. Then she looks down at Owen and flexes her pelvic muscles, drawing an embarrassed noise from Owen. "And I squeezed you out!" she observes, stifling a laugh.

"Yeah, I know," groans Owen, rolling his eyes. Then he gets a glint in his eye, lets go of Audrey's hand, thrusts his thumb down between her legs, and starts rubbing her clit rapidly.

Audrey squeals loudly. "AHHH! Too sensitive! STOP!!" she shrieks, grappling with Owen's wrist and laughing at their shared silliness.

"I think all of you have had enough for now. You're pretty worn out," I chuckle, enjoying taking a jab at the kids' expense.

Evan snorts. "We're not the only ones, Mister H!" he says while pointing at my lap.

I look down, and even though a long strand of cum remains suspended dripping from the tip, I have to admit that my own deflated cock is far from standing proud. I acknowledge the point with a sheepish shrug, and the kids all laugh.

When the laughter settles down, I quickly wipe my dick off, then I examine the screen of the camera in my hand. As I suspected, the video footage consumed almost all of the memory available on the card, so it's a good thing I exchanged cameras before I started shooting. I reach over to my nearby bag to switch back to my primary and note that it's only about half full. I start thinking about the clothing shoot we still have to complete today. There might be enough space left on it for the entire shoot, but probably not. I'll empty it back at the cabin when we get lunch in a bit.

Still, there's plenty of space for a bunch more still photos right now, and I get a new idea. I look over at the kids, who are just now helping each other get to their feet, and I see Evan and Owen have gone completely flaccid, their dicks now just soft little worms hanging off their fit young bodies. Now that they're all fucked out, I ask them if they're in the mood to change things up and do some 'innocent' nude photos suitable for my Pyntar clients, and I'm overjoyed that all three of them are enthusiastic about it.

I have them go for a swim in the ocean before we start, if for no other reason than to wash away the sticky fluids all over them. Once they're cleaned off, I give them some direction, but mostly I just suggest they improvise and have normal fun together. And it works beautifully! Having satiated their lust (at least for the time being), they just have a blast on the beach. I get amazing relaxed and active shots of the kids in all their naked splendor, both in the water and on the beach. I ask them to strike a few specific poses together, but mostly I just capture various candid moments that happen naturally between them. Whether they are chasing each other around on land, splashing and dunking each other in the waves, standing arm in arm while dripping wet on shore, or caked in sand from head to toe after a spontaneous three-way wrestling match, the children look fantastic! I shoot hundreds upon hundreds of photos, and nearly an hour goes by like it's nothing. The impression I want the images to show is that they are close young nudist friends, having no reason to be ashamed for simply having fun at the beach. And that is exactly how they are in this moment, now that their sexual energy isn't so high. The twins' cocks do stiffen again somewhat after a time, but following three orgasms in one brief morning, their bodies tell them they've had enough hanky-panky for now, so Evan and Owen don't start acting naughty. Still, the partial erections make the photos even more

alluring. I can't wait to see what the images look like printed! All four of us are thoroughly enjoying ourselves, and we only stop because my camera alerts me that there is no storage left. We agree we need to head back to the cabin to get something to eat, regardless.

After spending the better part of two hours so free and open on our secluded beach, I'm not looking forward to having to venture back into public space again. I find the tiny pieces of Audrey's bikini, both the boys' Speedos and my baggy swimsuit, and shake out the sand. I join them for one last dip in the ocean to wash ourselves off and allow the sun and wind to dry our skin for a few minutes before I yell to everyone to come and get dressed. The boys suggest we wait until the last minute, that we can all pull on our suits when we get to the edge of the trees at the main beach, and Audrey agrees. I chuckle at my little nudist convert, but I see no harm in staying naked a couple of minutes longer, so for the time being, I toss the bathing suits into the large bag with the beach toys and towels. Picking through the foliage without anything protecting my bits feels a tad odd, and the kids plow through ahead of me. Only it seems they had ulterior motives because when they get to where the trees part, they don't stop. Instead, they give each other conspiratorial glances, grin over their shoulders at me, then giggle hysterically as they break into the open at a dead run, streaking naked down the main beach back to our cabin. I call out to them to stop, but they ignore me. Oh, for god's sake! Before stepping out and exposing myself as well, I search the large beach, and thankfully I don't see anyone between us and our cabin. Still, there are some beachgoers beyond who might notice the three nude preteen children that are running in their direction. I decide that it wouldn't be wise if they also saw a naked adult man chasing them, so I stop to fish out my shorts and pull them on before I jog after the kids. I chuckle when I catch up to them at the door, as they had forgotten that the cabin is locked, and they are now trying to look inconspicuous, hanging around outside without any clothes on. I make a show of not being able to find the key in the bag, and they're in the process of squealing at me to hurry when I take pity on them, produce the key, and we all dash inside.

I tell them to relax while I look to see what we have to eat, and naturally, they don't bother getting dressed. Of course not. And I'm certainly not complaining, as I get to continue drinking in the sight of their perfect pubescent bodies while I make some sandwiches. As we eat, I remind

them that we still have work to do. We have to get back to photographing the catalog clothes as soon as we finish lunch. The kids half-heartedly whine about it, but they know the work is the 'real' reason we're all here, and they begrudgingly accept it. And their attitudes improve when I explain that the sooner we can get through the shoot, the more time we'll have for fun before the twins' parents return.

After the kids take quick showers and tidy up their hair, we sit back outside with the boxes of clothing and get to work. The amazing explorations of the morning seem to have no distraction on them for the rest of the afternoon. We spend four productive hours modeling and photographing clothes out on the beach and beneath the canopy of nearby tropical trees. Being so comfortable with their bodies means they waste very little time. They don't even blink as they change outfits down to their underwear without hesitation right out in the open. As a result, we finish three entire lines of clothing just before I lose the light. I proudly tell all three of them that thanks to their focus and work ethic, we got more accomplished today than I expected. We'll only have a short schedule tomorrow, and then we'll have a bunch more spare time. I'm impressed by how mature and professional they can be when the situation calls for it.

As darkness falls, we take a local cab into the nearby town to eat at a seaside cafe, followed by a stroll on the town's boardwalk to see what there is to see. I'm amazed at how the kids are handling their new circumstances. None of them seem jealous or possessive of any of the others, nor are they pawing at each other in a huge public display of age-inappropriate affection. They just seem like happy preteen best friends, laughing and making jokes, recalling funny Internet memes, and making sassy comments about people and things around them on the Caribbean island. The only outward sign of their intimacy is the ease with which they comfortably touch each other, but even then, they aren't being overly flirty. I see the occasional local or tourist glance at the kids and me, some clearly curious about why these three precocious and attractive kids, one of whom is obviously not related to the other two, are all in the care of a young guy who doesn't really look like he could be a father to any of them. I smile to myself, figuring that even the most perverted guess from any of these passersby still likely wouldn't come close to the reality.

It's getting late, though. and we need to head back. So I corral the kids into another cab, and we're back at the cabin in short order.

"Listen up, guys," I say as we enter through the front door. "I think the colors of the next set of clothes will really pop if they're lit by a morning sunrise. To do that, we need to get up early tomorrow morning, so we should start getting ready now to go to bed early tonight." I look around at all three of the kids. "Are we good?"

Audrey looks disappointed for a moment, then covers it up and looks at the twins. The boys shrug. "Okay, Mister H," they reply obediently in unison.

"Good," I say. "Who's getting ready for bed first?"

Audrey half-heartedly waves. "I'll go," she volunteers, heading to the bathroom.

Evan and Owen help me tidy up the kitchen from lunch while we wait. When Audrey calls out that she's done, one of the twins says he'll take his turn, and he leaves the room. Several minutes later, the other twin with me (which one is this?) is informed by his brother that the facilities are available. The boy excuses himself and bolts, leaving me alone to finish washing the dishes.

I'm just finished hanging up the dish towel and heading towards the bedrooms when the bathroom door swings open beside me. Evan steps out. I know it's Evan because he's naked again, and his birthmark gives him away. "S'cuse me, Mister H," he says casually, stepping past me with his clothes in his arm and nonchalantly pads back toward the bedroom he shares with his brother. I silently admire his ass again for a moment before he disappears through the bedroom door, then I figure I'd better use the bathroom while it's free.

After I've brushed my teeth and am taking care of my other business, it occurs to me that it would be dumb to pull up my clothes again so soon before bed and when I obviously have nothing left to hide from the kids, so I finish undressing entirely while I sit on the toilet. After I finish, I wash my hands and bundle up all my clothes under my arm, as Evan had just done. As I'm reaching for the door handle, I stifle a yawn. It's been a long day. If I'm tired, I have to assume the kids are even more so. I'll check in with the boys in their room, and then Audrey and I will settle in. We'll probably all get to sleep pretty quickly.

But when I go to peek into the boys' room to say goodnight, it's empty. Well, not quite empty, as I do see two piles of clothes that have been recently dumped on the nearest bed. Hmmm...

Back to my room, and as expected, the bed is littered with three naked children who are grinning at me expectantly. Audrey is in the middle, relaxed and stretched out on her back, arms behind her head and her ankles crossed. While one of the twins is lying on his stomach facing me, the other is sitting cross-legged, making it easy for me to identify him as Owen. It's also easy to identify that he's hard. I try to put on a stern face. "What happened to everyone agreeing on going to sleep?" I demand.

"Actually," Evan says sarcastically, raising his hand like a little smartass, "you didn't say anything about sleep! You just said we needed to go to bed!"

Owen duplicates his brother's cocky attitude. "And you didn't say WHOSE bed to go to!"

My attempt at stoicism crumbles, and I shake my head chuckling. "So I'm guessing you three horndogs want to fuck around a little before sleeping?"

The boys grin and blush at my directness. Audrey tries to be suave. She uncrosses her ankles and spreads her legs. "Don't you?" she murmurs suggestively as she runs a finger up her hairless vulva. Damn! She bites her lower lip to try to continue the seductive routine, even as I see her struggle to not start giggling.

I make a show of sighing in exasperation, but of course, I give in. It would look pretty stupid if I didn't because I can tell without looking that I'm pretty much fully erect at this point. But I still have a 'responsible' side. I sit down on the side of the bed. "All right, but we're not staying up nearly as late as last night. I'll let you get your rocks off, then you get to sleep. We still have to get up early. Okay?"

The kids all enthusiastically nod. "What are we gonna do?" asks Owen to the other two, then looking at me.

"Whatever you want, as long as it's quick," I reply.

"Don't think that'll be a problem," mumbles Evan, reaching underneath to straighten himself and triggering a deep intake of breath. Owen shifts

a little, a hand gripping at the inside of his thigh, close to but not touching his stiff dick.

"I have an idea!" cries Audrey. "Let's make a race out of this tonight! Winner between us three gets to decide what we do in our spare time tomorrow." She looks at me for approval. I raise my eyebrows and shrug. Sounds fine to me!

Evan rolls over to his side. "What kind of race?"

"Fastest to cum wins!" shouts Owen, drawing a laugh from Evan.

"No fair!" retorts Audrey. "You guys could cum way faster right now than I can!"

"Okay then," says Evan, warming to the idea. "How about the winner is the one who can make someone ELSE cum the fastest!" Owen's eyes get big, liking this suggestion.

Audrey smirks knowingly at the boys. "Can you guys REALLY hold off cumming, if you wanted to?"

Evan can't quite hide a sheepish expression and turns to Owen, who smiles guiltily. "We can TRY, can't we?" Owen snickers.

Then Audrey's face lights up. "Wait! I know a perfect way to even things up! So that we're all doing the same thing! We have..." She pauses for effect before continuing. What a drama queen! "... a BLOWJOB CONTEST!"

Both boys' eyes get real big. "Blowjob contest?" they repeat, looking at each other.

"Yeah!" replies Audrey excitedly. "You guys do each other..." she says as she waggles her finger back and forth between the boys, then she turns to point triumphantly at me, "... and I do YOU!"

As flattered as I am to be included in this contest, I'm more curious about what's going on with the twins. Neither one of them looks scared or upset. It's more like they're terribly uncertain. "You guys okay with that?" I ask them.

"Uhhhhh... yeah!" says Evan awkwardly, glancing briefly at his brother. "It's just... like, we've... we've never..."

"... sucked each other's dick before!" completes Owen, blushing again.

“Or ANY dick before,” adds Evan.

Audrey smiles broadly. “That’s why this is perfect! If you wanna win this, both of you guys have gotta get real good at it, real fast, while also trying not to cum! You’ll both last longer.”

The boys look at each other, their attention drawn down to each other’s hard cocks, each one imagining what their brother’s tool will feel like inside their mouth. Then their eyes lock again. Owen gulps, Evan shrugs questioningly, and Owen turns to Audrey. “You want us to... you know...”

“... swallow?” finishes Evan.

“Oh yeah!” she exclaims. “You never tasted your own before?” Both boys shake their heads. She grins. “I bet you’re gonna like it! But yeah, if you wanna win, you gotta swallow it all!” Evan and Owen look at each other again, raise their eyebrows in silent negotiation, then finally nod in agreement. Looks like they’re in! Audrey squeals in delight.

I clear my throat. “All right, you!” I tell Audrey. “Just because you want to win doesn’t mean you’re not going to have to win fair and square. I’m not going to cum for you, just like that!”

Audrey attempts to give me a sexy smile. “You sure?” she growls playfully, patting the mattress up by the headboard for me. I climb onto the bed, rolling my eyes, and she titters.

While I make myself comfortable sitting with my back up against the head of the bed and my knees spread wide, the twins are trying to situate themselves. “Who gets to be on top?” Owen mutters as he lays down across the foot of the mattress, his head facing the opposite direction to his brother.

“Or is it better to be on the bottom?” muses Evan.

“No cheating! Both of you need to be the same!” cries Audrey over her shoulder as she tries to squeeze in between my lap and the twins. “You both have to lay on your sides. Okay?”

“Okay,” they reply. The mattress squeaks as the kids rub against each other, trying to find enough room to get in position. Audrey is crouched tight in front of me, her feet and butt bumping up on the lower back of one of the twins, who are sideways and right at the bottom edge. I mean, if it were up to me, I’d have just had the boys take the left side of the

bed, and Audrey and I could take the right, but I guess that's just me. I chuckle to myself as I wonder how long it'll take for the kids to come to the same conclusion.

As Audrey grasps the base of my (alert and ready) cock with her thumb and index finger, I look over her butt to the boys. Facing one another's crotches, they've both moved their left legs forward, each providing his brother a pillow for his head as they stare at the erect columns of flesh in front of their faces. Their right knees are raised in the air, opening themselves up completely for each other. Their arms are wrapped around each other's waists and thighs, ready to grip a butt cheek in each hand. I see them breathing pretty hard already, and they look damn excited about this. They may not quite know what they're doing yet, but they're very eager to keep learning! "You two ready?" I ask.

"Yeah!" they say back in unison, their voices a little shaky.

"I'm ready, too!" Audrey says sweetly. I feel her breath on my cock, her lips hovering a fraction of an inch from the tip.

I don't think we need to wait any longer. "Okay then! Go!" I tell them. About four inches of my dick is instantly engulfed by Audrey's small, warm mouth. And a few feet further away, the young twins try to inhale each other's cocks. Both of these events make me very happy, indeed!

Audrey, as I noted this morning, is pretty good at the art of fellatio already, although naturally, she struggles a bit more with my adult member when compared to how she handled the twins. But this isn't her first rodeo with mine, and she knows how to compensate with her fist, stroking and twisting her hand up to her lips and right down to the base in rhythm with her mouth. Fuck! I make a concerted effort to not flex the muscles in my pelvis. As much as I would love to just feed her all my cum as fast as possible, that's not the game the kids are playing here. I have to try to hold off.

Looking away from Audrey to the boys isn't helping much in my effort to hold back. Both of them are going at it, hard! The boy closer to Audrey and me, with his back to us (I don't know which one is which any longer), has his arms wrapped tightly around his brother's ass. He is bobbing his head quite quickly and is showing an impressive ability to take the entire length of the hard cock into his mouth. With every lunge of his neck forward, his nose bumps against his brother's ballsack. Jesus, that's hot! I

mean, it's not like the dick is huge, but the tip has to be thrusting past his tonsils. He must not have a very strong gag reflex. Looking to the other side, I can't see as much because of the closer twin's butt, but it appears that both brothers are equally adept at and enthusiastic about this. But then... of course, they are!

They look to be doing so well at sucking dick that I think they've forgotten the purpose of this contest, which is to be first to coerce an orgasm, not to have one. Instead, I note with amusement that both of their pelvises are thrusting vigorously and their bodies are squirming in time with their brother's head bobbing and that they are moaning and grunting with rapidly accelerating arousal. I'm not sure they care at all about the game any longer.

And it seems Audrey has figured this out, as well. Even if she can't see what's going on behind her, their movements and noises give it away. She pulls her mouth off my cock with a wet 'pop', scrambles up closer to me, turns around, and plops her butt down between my legs. "I'm not gonna win anymore, anyways. Now I just wanna watch!" she gasps, leaning back and pinning my dick back against my stomach and practically sitting on my balls. As much as I agree with the sentiment of watching the twins, she's not going to just abuse my junk like this. She makes a high-pitched yelp as I lift her up by under her armpits, let my penis drop down below her, mostly close up my thighs, then set her back down on my lap. I don't have quite enough space in front of me to fully straighten my legs, so Audrey gets comfortable with her slim legs straddled outside my knees. She wiggles in place, and the top of my shaft nestles wonderfully against her wet sex. I hug her close with my hands on her little tits and her stomach, then I hook my chin over her shoulder and nuzzle her ear, settling in to watch the show with her.

This show is not going to have a very long runtime, I'm afraid to say. In the moments since I was distracted by Audrey, I notice that both of the boys have started prodding into their brother's butt hole with a finger. Judging by the increase in volume and tempo of their sucking and groaning, I'd say they both like this a lot! There's no pretense any longer to trying to hold back, as each boy is now robustly fucking his brother's mouth. I really should've had my camera for this!

God, these boys are hot! If the naked girl in my arms wasn't enough to get me horny, young twin boys in an aggressive sixty-nine certainly will!

My hips flex in sympathetic rhythm with Evan and Owen, my dick sawing forward and backward along Audrey's dripping pussy lips. She's gasping and squirming in my arms, with both of her hands diving down between her legs, using one to fondle the tip of my pumping cock and the other to start rubbing her clit rapidly. I push that hand aside and take over diddling duty, and pinch her sensitive nipples with my other hand. We moan and squirm together, neither of us taking our eyes off the identical writhing bodies in front of us.

Only a few moments later, the twins' staccato moans become urgent muffled squeals, longer and higher pitched. Their hips jerk harder than ever. And then, there are two short and loud shrieks. I can see the boys both gamely and lustfully continuing to suck, interrupted only by choked gasps for breath and hurried swallowing. Leave it to the twins to finish off in each other's mouths at pretty much the same instant. God damn, they are so lucky to have each other, and I'm fortunate to be here to help them along! All too quickly, the boys let each other's cocks slip from their mouths, panting heavily while holding on to one another in a sweaty heap.

That appears to be Audrey's cue. Pulling up against my embrace, she leans to her left and swings her right foot backward, then does the same on the opposite side so that now she is straight up on her knees, straddling over my thighs. Turning her head back toward me, I see her excited and aroused expression as she pushes her ass back into my stomach and leans forward. With no more preliminaries, she peers down between her legs, grasps my stiff member, and lines herself up. I feel my cock head split her pussy open, and she moans sexily, slowly impaling herself all the way down in one smooth motion. Jesus, this may only be the second time I've ever been inside her, but I'm never going to tire of the way her pussy hugs my dick so tight, like a hot and slick velvet sleeve! SO good!

As soon as she bottoms herself out, she melts back into my embrace, cranes her neck back and to the side, and kisses me, releasing a deeply satisfied moan into my mouth. I kiss her back passionately. I really am in love with this wonderful girl, and I'm so lucky that she loves me back. Part of us loving each other is that we get to explore all this pleasure together, and I figure it's time we do some more exploring! I tighten my hold around her torso, break the kiss, and look deeply into her eyes as I

lift her body up about five inches. With just the tip of my cock still lodged in her pussy, I hold her gaze for a moment before I let her drop back down while I thrust my hips up. She grunts with a loud “OOOAAHH!” as I penetrate deep inside her, my pelvis impacting on her butt with a solid clap. Another lift, another drop, another loud groan. The expression on her face, the noises she’s making, there is no doubt she is loving this. It all feels pretty fucking nice for me, as well! I speed up and get into a steady rhythm, using my arms to pump her entire body up and down onto my thrusting cock. She lets her head fall back, panting as the perfect skin on her cheek rubs up against the stubbly side of my face. Her hands fall down to grab onto my hips, and she starts helping me, pulling herself down even harder with each upward drive of my pelvis. I feel her pussy muscles squeezing me each time my balls smack up between her smooth inner thighs. Holy christ! This beautiful, wonderful girl of mine only lost her virginity just yesterday and is already such a great little fuck!

She’s so good, in fact, that I feel at this pace I’m already pretty damn close to nutting inside her. As much as my animal instinct propels me to keep going to that sweet release as soon as possible, I can’t do that, not yet anyway. Yeah, I said this was all going to be quick so the kids can get to sleep, but Audrey needs to get off first before I blow my load. I stop flexing my hips and slow my arms down, lifting her up and down onto my cock at a more leisurely pace for now. She allows me to lovingly manhandle her, moaning, “Ohhaahhh!!” with each downward plunge.

I smile contentedly, happy to be bringing her all these pleasures and resolving to bring her even more. I shift my grip on her body, lifting my palm on my higher hand to squeeze the nipple on one of her small tits and sliding my lower hand down to rub my pinky finger into her moist slit and over her little clit. Audrey’s whole body stiffens, and she cries out loudly with the attack of my fingertips. Her eyes are closed, and her mouth hangs open, moaning and gasping with growing passion in time with me raising and lowering her on my pole. I increase the pressure on the button between her legs and squeeze her nipple just a little harder, causing her to twitch almost violently. “HNNNNNNGGGGGHHH!!!!” she growls, followed by desperate-sounding panting of “Hwoaah! Hwoaaah! HwoaaAHH! HWOAAHH!!”. Oh yeah, she’s close now! I increase my fuck and finger tempo a bit to help her along.

It only takes a few more seconds before she gets there. Her body quivers so hard I have to embrace her even more securely to myself as I continue fucking her. The feel of her perfectly smooth, sweaty skin rubbing on my chest and thighs, the smell of her, is driving me crazy.

“AwwwwwwaaaaAAAAAAAAGGHHH!!” she cries out in ecstasy. Her orgasmic groans can’t drown out the wet noises of my straining penis, pistoning in and out of her. I feel her preteen pussy bathe my shaft with her warm juices as it clamps down hard, making each thrust into her slicker, hotter, and tighter than ever on my hypersensitive dick. Oh fucking Jesus, this is the best feeling ever! No need to hold back now. I start plunging into her with long, powerful strokes of my cock. As she continues to moan out loudly through her prolonged climax, I sprint toward my own finish line, making guttural grunts and slamming her body down onto my pounding pole over and over, absolutely NEEDING to pack her little womb with my seed.

Just as I’m starting to get really close, suddenly Audrey pushes up with her legs, like she’s trying to get up off of me. My caveman brain isn’t very interested in interrupting my journey to orgasm, so without thinking, I squeeze her chest and stomach harder and shove her back down, impaling her again. I hold her there and thrust into her several more times, the tickle in my balls really stirring, before I finally clue in that she’s calling out, trying to tell me something. “Scott!” she cries out. “Stop! Please!”

Oh shit! I freeze, my dick fully penetrated into her. For a split second, I recoil in terror with the thought that I’m forcing myself on her against her will! Am I... raping her?

But thankfully, Audrey immediately lets me know that there is a much less terrible reason for wanting me to stop at this moment. She turns her head to me, gasping and sweating. “Do it... in my bum now, Scott!” she tells me breathlessly. “I’m ready!”

I’m seriously unprepared for the wild swings of my internal emotions. In just a few seconds, I went from super-horny to bitter self-loathing and now insanely horny again. “What?!” I reply incredulously.

“Owen and Evan... they helped me push... a bunch of that oil... up my bum! While you... were in the bathroom before!” Audrey pants hard, the aftermath of her cum still leaving her short of breath. I quickly glance at

the boys, having almost forgotten they were there. They're grinning and nodding while sitting at the foot of the bed, breathing hard, and pressed together side by side while idly jerking each other off as they watch us. "And since they fucked me... up the bum this morning... I know I can take you now... I KNOW it!" Audrey babbles hurriedly. "I wanna try it!... PLEASE, Scott!"

I won't lie. I'm probably not thinking entirely straight right now. Because the voice of that caveman inside me is completely convinced that fucking Audrey in the ass right now is a goddamn EXCELLENT idea! What the hell... let's do this!

I loosen my hold, and Audrey pushes herself up, my turgid cock covered with her juices as it pops free with a faint slurp from her snug pussy. She doesn't hesitate, not for an instant. She straightens her back and reclines completely into my chest and stomach, rolling her hips forward to line herself up and press the glans of my dick onto her rear entrance. My hands around her body feel her lower abdominal muscles flex, and through the tip of my circumcised cock I feel her asshole opening up.

A tiny measure of concern swells up within me, worried about Audrey's ability to take my dick. "Take it slow," I murmur unsteadily into her ear.

"Uh-huh!" she whispers back. Then she takes a deep breath, braces herself, and bears down. The next thing I know, Audrey's body drops about an inch, and at the same time, my cock signals to me that its head just squeezed through her sphincter. Jesus, she's tight! Both of us flinch, and for the first time, I think to consider if this actually was a good idea. Is she really stretched out enough? Did she and the boys prepare her hole with enough lube?

Audrey isn't giving me any more time to mull this over.

"UUUUUUUHGHHGH!!" she groans as she pushes her knees out further away from my legs, the weight of her body forcing her to slide down over my shaft. I feel the intense pinch of the tight ring of muscle traveling down toward the base of my cock, as well as the steaming and slippery heat of her anus enveloping it. My GOD! Incredibly, she doesn't stop until her soft butt cheeks squish into my pelvis, and there is no more of me left that can invade her. I'm repeating myself, but JESUS, she's TIGHT! But all kidding aside, she also feels phenomenal!

“WHHHHHHHHHOOAA!!” she blurts out as she empties her lungs. “It’s SOOOO big!”

Never in my life have my hips wanted to thrust more than this moment, but I have to hold off. “You okay, Lil’ Bit?” I mutter shakily into the nape of her neck, my eyes closed, holding her comfortingly.

“I... think so!” Audrey gasps back. “But I think... I might need some help... like this morning!”

Help? What kind of help is she talking about? But before I can ask, I sense the mattress springs shift and feel movement at my feet and shins. I peer around Audrey’s head, and I’m amused to see that she has hurriedly gestured for the twins to come closer. They instantly oblige her, with Evan (thank you, birthmark!) immediately straddling my left thigh while Owen perches on my right, arms around each others’ backs for balance. Both of them are erect again and eager to assist. Audrey shoves her palms under her small underdeveloped breasts and pushes them up. “Suck on them again?” she whines to the boys. “Please?”

“Sure thing!” replies Owen enthusiastically, grinning wider and leaning forward.

Evan is equally happy to please. “No problem, Dudette!” he adds cheekily as he dives in.

Each of the boys latches onto a nipple and goes straight to work.

“AwwwwwwWWWWW!!” Audrey wails, taking hold of both of their heads and holding them tight to her chest. Each of them wraps their free arm around her in return, snaking between her back and my stomach as they suckle away, humming happily. My arms are still folded around Audrey’s midsection, so I might as well ‘help’ her as well. I slide my hand back down to her crotch and immediately start rubbing side-to-side vigorously on her sopping clit with the pads of my index and middle fingers, which only amps up Audrey more. She groans out louder, her body shudders, and the muscles in her rectum clamp down on my cock.

You’ll forgive my hips at this point if they’ve given up on remaining inactive. I use my arms to keep her down and flex up into her, then relax for a split second before pushing again. Hard! With the boys on my legs and leaning heavily onto us, I don’t have the free range of motion I had before in her pussy, but that’s okay. I hammer Audrey with short thrusts

as fast as I can hit her with. “AHH AHH AHH AHH!” she cries out deliriously as I bounce her on my lap rapidly.

My leg muscles are spasming quickly, having the same effect of bouncing the twins on my thighs. All three kids are being given a wild ride. Evan and Owen are moaning “Mmmph! Mmmph!” into Audrey’s chest with increasing intensity, humping on my legs at the same speed that I pound away into Audrey’s ass.

It doesn’t take long to again feel the eruption approaching. Every piece of my anatomy anywhere close to my balls is getting deliciously tight. I free my arms from around Audrey and wrap them around all three kids, hold them securely, and really let my hips go to town. My cock saws rapidly in and out of Audrey’s tight ass, and it’s being squeezed perfectly. Oh yeah, that’s it! I grit my teeth and keep going. Here it comes, no stopping it now!

Another half dozen hard, longer thrusts, and I’m there! I can’t breathe for several seconds as the suspense builds to a dizzying climax. And then the air bursts from my lungs as I feel the first volley of semen explode from my cock. It’s all I can do to clutch tight to all of the smooth, squirming naked flesh in my arms as I empty my balls into my little Audrey, shot after shot filling up her hot ass. Oh my fucking GOD, THIS IS SO GOOD!

My head is swimming as the intensity of the orgasm inevitably starts to diminish. I’m luxuriating in the last few throbs of my dick inside Audrey’s tight sleeve as I become aware that the boy on my left thigh has stopped his frantic humping. Evan’s body is shivering, and he’s pressing his pelvis hard toward Audrey, his disjointed gasps for breath turning into a squeal. “HNNNNNNNNHHGG!!!!” Holy shit, the kid is cumming again! And now so is Owen, as he duplicates his brother’s quivers and noises. Jeez, that was quick!

I don’t feel anything new splattering on my skin, so whatever sperm the boys have got left in the tank must be hitting Audrey right on her pussy. “Ahhhhhuuugh Gahahahhhd!” she cries, and I can tell she’s oh so close to another peak and needs a hand. I pull back one of my arms and thrust it back down between the kids to Audrey’s crotch. Sure enough, a light coating of warm and slimy fluid is being squirted onto her smooth mound and lips. I smear my fingers through it and cram them into her

slit, resuming my rough fingering on her clit aided by the additional slipperiness of the boys' jizz.

Audrey makes a wincing noise louder than I've ever heard.

"EEENNNNNNNNGHGHGHGH!!" Her body trembles, and her back arches severely, jamming the back of her head into the crook of my neck.

Oh yeah, there you go, girl! Using the twins' spunk on my fingers to massage her pussy through another huge orgasm is the perfect way to end this. It makes me feel so good that she can experience so much pleasure. "I love it so much that we can do this to you," I murmur into her ear. I think she growls and shakes even harder when I tell her this!

After prolonging her ecstasy for several more seconds with my fingers, I pull my hand back out and allow her to come down. She collapses back down onto my chest, heaving for breath like she was drowning. The twins are panting heavily as well, having pushed themselves hard to cum again so quickly after finishing blowing each other only about ten minutes ago.

I feel myself smiling as a euphoria of contentment washes over me. Here I am, with three naked kids on my lap, all of them exhausted but extremely happy and satisfied. The boys are incredibly endearing, and I'm very lucky they've come into my life. And my freshly-drained cock is still embedded deep in the butt of the best girl in the world! How could I NOT feel content at this moment? The feeling of gratification is overwhelming and makes me just want to hug the kids close to me and go to sleep. They must be feeling the same.

"So..." I finally sigh, "... you guys HAVE to be ready to go to sleep now, right?"

"Uh-huh!" Audrey grunts back weakly, eyes still closed and a faint smile on her face. The twins nod tiredly in sheepish agreement.

I gently wrap my arms around Audrey's skinny torso. Now that she's completely relaxed, I lift her easily off of me, my softening dick slipping out of her well-used butthole. I immediately feel my cum dribbling out of her onto my lap. It reminds me of the slimy mess that must also be on and in her pussy right now. I reluctantly think about how sticky it's going to be if we don't wipe ourselves. "We're a bit of a mess here," I mutter to Audrey. "You want to clean up?"

“Noooooooooooo,” she moans back, eyes closed and her body completely limp in my arms. “I don’t caaaaaare!”

I don’t really care either. Good enough for me, then! I motion wearily with a tilt of my head to the twins toward the right side of the bed. “If you guys want to sleep here, take that side.”

“Okay,” they mumble agreeably. Owen and Evan slide themselves clumsily off my thighs, allowing me to keep Audrey in my lap and scootch over the other way, making room for all of us. It’s a little cooler than last night in the cabin, so the boys and I manage to pull the light blanket out from under our butts so that we can push it down.

I position myself near the outside edge of the mattress and carefully lay Audrey’s flaccid body down beside me, between myself and the boys. Before I can reach down to pull the blanket back up over us, the twins both lean over Audrey to hug me, their chins resting on my shoulders on either side of my head. “G’night, Mister H,” they mutter happily.

“Goodnight, guys,” I say softly, smiling as I hug them back. I can’t help but continue smiling as they take turns leaning down to hug and sweetly kiss Audrey goodnight. She hums drowsily as she returns the cute pecks on the lips. Then the twins settle in and cover themselves up, snuggling in with each other. I hear a soft smack of a kiss on the lips, a muffled “Love you, Dude,” followed by a slurred “Love you too. Night, Dude.” And then silence. I think they fell asleep just like that. I chuckle softly.

Switching off the lamp beside the bed plunges the room into darkness. I pull the other half of the blanket up, this time over myself and Audrey. I ease my arm under her head, and she sleepily nestles into my chest as I tuck us in. She’s so adorable and beautiful! Her naked skin feels wonderful against me, even if we’re a bit sticky, and as I pull her gently to my body, she makes tiny cute noises. I kiss the top of her head. “I love you, Lil’ Bit,” I mutter into her hair.

“Love you, too,” she hums back, so faint I barely can make out the words. “G’night.”

“Night,” I whisper. Like the boys, she’s basically out like a light a few seconds later.

For a long moment, I lay perfectly still. I feel the light puffs of Audrey’s breath on my pecs, the smoothness of her leg draped over my thigh. I

listen to the light snores from the boys next to us. My eyes are adjusting to the dim light, the reflections of moonlight off the water letting me examine the faces of Audrey and the twins. My heart lurches a little as I think about how much all of them mean to me. Everything about these kids is so perfect!

I know that virtually everyone in the world would condemn me for what I'm doing here with these children. And I get that. If I were on the outside, just looking at what I've done and have allowed to happen here, I'm sure I'd be just as judgemental. But despite this, I know in my heart that for us, this isn't wrong. Audrey, Evan, and Owen may be young, but they have been completely consenting participants in what we've done together, and they aren't doing anything they don't want to be doing. These children definitely don't have to be eighteen to explore and enjoy their sexuality. I know I never felt 'abused' by what Glenn and I did together back in my own childhood, and I honestly don't see any reason why the twins or Audrey will feel any different.

And I'd never hurt them. Particularly Audrey. I mean, I love the boys too, but the love I feel for her is different. Audrey is... MINE! I really do love her!

I gently kiss her head again, content in knowing that I'm in the most wonderful situation I can possibly imagine. I've never felt so lucky and content. I produce an enormous yawn, as the events of this perfect day have taken a fantastic toll on me. That orgasm fired off the sleepy hormones, and now I don't want to fight the fatigue. I am happy and satisfied. And though I want to see what is in store for us tomorrow and the days to come, for now, I'm going to thoroughly enjoy this sleep!

Best... day... ever...



Chapter 18 – Booty Call

“Nervous?” Glenn asked as he parked the car on Michelle’s driveway.

“Yeah... but also... you know?” I timidly replied.

“Don’t worry, Bud. Just remember what we talked about.”

“I know. But Becky is... she’s hot! And now I...”

“She’s probably way more nervous than you are. Remember that. And when you do that tongue thing I showed you, you’ll be in her heart forever. And I’m there too if you’ve got questions.”

“Thanks. I just hope I won’t let her down. It’s only my second time, you know?”

“It’ll be your third time,” Glenn chuckled, “that’s more than her. And it’s Michelle’s idea, so don’t beat yourself up over it. You’ll be fine! Really!”

Glenn’s words put me at ease a little bit. I thought back to the lessons about the female anatomy he gave me. He took a few of his pictures and showed me some techniques that, according to him, every woman loved.

Michelle had asked Glenn if I was willing to take Becky’s virginity and if he could document it. When Glenn asked me, I was instantly excited. But the closer we got to this day, the more nervous I got. Glenn noticed and did everything he could to help me, including that anatomy lesson. He also insisted on doing this right after Becky had her period, so pregnancy wasn’t an issue. Besides that, she was on the pill already, so that concern was out of the window.

“Hi, dear! Good to see you again!” Michelle exclaimed as she opened the door and gave me a tight hug, pressing her firm boobs against my cheek.

“Hi Michelle,” I replied timidly.

“Glenn! So great you’re helping me out here!”

“Glad to finally return a favor,” Glenn said as they hugged.

“Come in! Do you want a drink first?” Michelle asked. But when she looked at me, she said, “Maybe we better get going first. Right, dear?”

"I... uhm... yeah!" I stammered, feeling a bit less nervous due to Michelle's presence, but my mouth was still dry as a desert in the summertime.

"Of course, dear. I get it. I guess Becky wants to get started too. She's upstairs waiting for you," Michelle said warmly and gently squeezed my shoulder.

The three of us walked upstairs, and as we entered the master bedroom, Becky flipped off the tv and got to her feet. She looked amazing in her red and white short kimono and with her blonde hair loosely draped around her shoulders. No ponytail this time.

"Hi Scott," she smiled, obviously nervous as hell too.

"Is this room and lighting okay, Glenn? We can move to the living room too if that's better," Michelle asked, walking around, acting all hyped too.

"Listen up," Glenn said sternly. "Becky wants to lose her virginity in a controlled and safe way. You asked Scott to do this, and he's willing to help, which I think is an amazingly kind act. But we need to let these two kids do their thing at their own pace, Michelle."

"Sorry! You're absolutely right! I'm so excited that I can help her that I want to control everything. I'm so sorry, Rebecca!" Michelle blabbered.

"The room and lighting are fine! Don't worry. Just remember, we're no more than spectators here, and we need to make them feel like we're not here," Glenn pressed on as he unpacked his camera. "Right, Becky?"

Becky's face lit up, and she nodded furiously while seeking eye contact with me. "Yeah. I know Scott will be gentle, and I'm supposed to enjoy it. But it is my first time, so I want to focus on that."

"Thanks! It isn't my first time," I said, smiling at Michelle, "but I'm not exactly a pro either. So I have to ask. Why did you ask me to help you with this?"

"Well," Becky started, "I... I think you're very cute! And... uhm... since you're not an adult yet, mom said it won't hurt too much."

I knew exactly what she meant with that, and for the first time in my life, I was glad I didn't have a monster like Ron's between my legs. But I did grow in at least one department because we were exactly the same

height now. Of course, I'd probably grown downstairs a bit too, but I didn't see the need to mention that now.

We stood there looking at each other, and I felt myself sink into her pretty brown eyes. Then, a click from Glenn's camera brought me back to reality. I glanced over, and I could see Glenn was all set. Michelle sat down in the corner, clearly accepting her role of spectator.

"Why don't you two hug and kiss each other to get in the mood a little and break the ice?" Glenn softly said, bringing the camera to his face.

Becky looked me in my eyes, smiled, and stepped closer to me. I was surprised that my dick was still soft, but I blamed that on the whole situation.

As her arms wrapped around my neck and her face inched closer, I felt the tension flow out of my body. It was as if a cocoon formed around us and that we were the only two people in the world. When her lips touched mine, I melted in her arms. At that moment, I wanted nothing more than to give her the best feelings I could.

"Take off his shirt," Glenn whispered.

Her hands left my neck, and she started tugging at the bottom of my shirt, taking her time, but never breaking our kiss. As she lifted my shirt, we broke our kiss just long enough so she could pull it over my head. The moment I was topless, her hands started roaming over my chest.

"Your heart is beating fast," she whispered after a few moments, her face mere inches from mine.

"Yeah... I'm nervous. I mean... I want to do it. Especially with such a pretty girl like you, but I'm..." I stammered.

"That's sweet. And don't be nervous. You've done it before. I haven't," she giggled.

Hearing her say these words made me realize she needed me to help her. I needed to man up and stop being a wuss. So I let my hands caress her back and whispered, "Do you want to take off my pants, or should I do it myself?"

Without giving me an answer, her fingers immediately started working on my button and zipper. As she did this, I let my hands roam over her

neck and shoulders, slightly opening up her kimono, revealing the cleavage of her obviously naked breasts.

I was starting to chub up by now, but nowhere near hard, which still surprises me. So the moment my pants slid down over my skinny hips, I knew my package looked more than that of a little boy, which boosted my confidence.

“Oooh! Did you wear that especially for me?” Becky purred as I kicked my pants to the side.

“Uhm... yeah,” I blushed.

After Daniel stayed with us, I asked Gloria if she would buy me nice underwear too. She just smiled knowingly and came home with a pack of bright red and a pack of deep purple bikini briefs. Today I decided to wear the bright red ones, which Glenn thought was an excellent idea.

I looked down at my red briefs and was pleased with how I looked. And as Becky’s hands rested on my hips, I decided to really take the lead. So I started fumbling with the knot in front of Becky’s kimono, which came undone surprisingly easily. The moment the belt hit the floor, her kimono opened up. I could see the thin hairs on her pussy, and the slit beneath it looked extremely inviting.

At that moment, I noticed I didn’t have to worry anymore if I might have some mysterious, unknown dick disease or something. Because the moment her pussy came into view, I boned up within a few heartbeats. As I felt my dick stretch out the red cloth of my briefs, I moved my hands to Becky’s shoulders and, with only a tiny movement of my hands, slid the kimono from her body.

Looking at her sexy boobs, tight belly, and her small patch of pubes again made me feel like the luckiest boy in the world. I tuned out the clicking sound of Glenn’s camera and the presence of Michelle completely.

I didn’t waste any time and started licking from her earlobe down to the crook of her neck while massaging her left boob and softly pinching her nipple. Then, I felt her hands on my back move down, and once they reached my underwear, her hands slipped past the waistband, and she firmly squeezed my ass.

Soft moans escaped her lips as I nibbled her neck, which was a great motivation, and now I knew I was doing the right thing. So I gently

started pushing against her, and without stopping with what we were doing, we moved toward the bed. The moment her calves hit the side of the bed, I looked at her, and she simply sat down on the mattress.

This brought her face at eye level with my crotch, and my tented red briefs were inches away from her eyes. Her hands grabbed my underwear, pulled at it at the front, so my boner wouldn't be caught by it, and she slid them past my knees. I wiggled out of them and kicked them aside, causing my boner to wobble, which in turn caused Becky to giggle.

"It looks bigger than I expected," she whispered.

I didn't know how to respond to that, so I just gently pressed against her shoulders, causing her to lie down. Her eyes never left my hard-on as she eased back onto the bed. I lay my body partly down on hers and started sucking on her right nipple. She moaned and tilted her head back, pushing her chest forward.

"Hmmm..." she moaned softly and rubbed her fingers through my hair.

I kissed that fantastic spot right between her boobs and started kissing and licking down her belly. When I reached her belly button, I planted a gentle kiss right below it and spread her legs as I got to my knees.

I could hear Becky take a deep breath of anticipation as I moved my face close to her pussy. Glenn had taught me a few tricks and gave a lot of pointers, but seeing a pussy up close like this was a breathtaking sight. I knew the mechanics and what was what, but her sparse hairs, the glistening slit, and that intoxicating scent were a lot different from the pictures Glenn showed me.

I pursed my lips and gave a firm kiss on the place where her clit was. It was still mostly hidden between the folds of her pussy, but despite that, the effect was instant.

"Aaahhhh!" Becky moaned loudly and closed her legs, trapping my face between them.

I gently pushed against her legs, and Becky immediately got the idea, spreading her legs even wider than before. I let the tip of my tongue peek out of my lips and snuck it between her folds. When my tongue touched her clit, another moan came from her throat, and she pushed her pelvis against my face.

The texture of her clit reminded me a little of the tip of a dickhead. The same sponginess, the same soft but firm skin, only denser. I slowly applied more pressure with my tongue but refrained from licking it. According to Glenn, this teasing would build up the tension in her body and get her worked up pretty quickly. The taste of her juices hitting my tastebuds was overwhelming, and I had to stop myself from lapping away immediately.

When her hands started pressing down firmly on the back of my head, I knew it was time for more. So I snuck my tongue down between her folds, seeking her entrance. But, when the tip of my tongue had room to slide in, my entire tongue was coated with her juices, and I just had to lap it up. And when I moved my tongue back up, Becky's reaction was strong and sudden.

The overdose of her sweet girl nectar in my mouth seemed directly connected to my dick because the moment I swallowed, my dick started twitching, and sparks filled my eyes. Then, my tongue hit her clit again, and I feel her ass and legs tremble below me.

"Aaaahhh!! Ooohhhh! SCOTT!"

This was my cue to bring another one of Glenn's tips into practice. I focused my lapping over and around her sensitive clit, while moaning the alphabet. My lips moved with each letter I moaned, and with almost every letter, the level of intensity of Becky's moans and thrashing of her body increased.

After eating her out like this for a few minutes, I felt a sense of pride wash over me. I was able to give an older and extremely pretty girl such good feelings. My confidence grew with each passing second, and when Becky's moans became almost one long groan, I instinctively knew she was getting close.

That's when Glenn's words resonated in my head, "... and when you think she's getting close, Bud, slip one or two fingers inside her. She'll come instantly, and never forget how good you are at eating her out. Just don't do it too soon!"

I had no second thoughts. I just knew she was close enough for me to enter her with my fingers. The pictures were clear about where I needed to be. And I remembered Michelle's entrance was easy to find too. But now that I needed to find it on my own, I was afraid I'd miss it. But when

my fingers touched her between her legs and just below my chin, I knew I had it. So I pressed my index and middle finger against her opening and pushed. Glenn warned me not to push too hard because she'd be slippery as hell. But too little pressure would ruin the experience.

As I slid in and heard the loud "AAAAAAHHHHH!!" above me, combined with her legs slamming shut against my ears and the contracting pussy walls around my fingers, I knew I timed it perfectly and gave her a mind-blowing orgasm.

Glenn's last trick on eating out a girl was prolonging her orgasm. There apparently were several methods, but Glenn recommended trying to rub over her G-spot. So my index finger started searching for it, and only moments later, I found it. The texture of her insides was just a little different on that specific spot, and her reaction was almost instant.

The contractions around my fingers died down a bit, but the moment I rubbed over that spot, she contracted sharply again, and another moan came from deep inside her throat. I slowly but gently kept rubbing, and every now and then, her pussy clenched around my fingers, and a shiver went through her body. I kept doing this for a few minutes, and the heavy panting had died down a bit, but she kept moaning softly.

She opened her eyes and looked at me. We looked at each other, and I just knew this was it. So I got on my knees on the bed, causing her to move back so she'd lie on the bed with her whole body, including her legs. As I scooted forward, my throbbing erection bobbed up and down, causing both of us to giggle. We were clearly both nervous as hell from the anticipation.

Becky spread her legs to give me all the access I needed, and as I scooted forward one last time, I gripped my dick at the base, pointing it right at her opening. I saw Glenn approach in the corner of my eye, and he quickly took some close-up shots of my dick almost touching her pussy. But Glenn was gone before I knew it, and I looked Becky deep into her eyes.

"Ready?" I whispered.

Becky swallowed hard and nodded timidly, her eyes never leaving mine. I moved my hips forward so my dickhead slipped between the folds of her pussy. I wasn't aiming to penetrate her just yet. But, according to Glenn, it was important to let her get used to the feeling of a dick on her pussy.

So I slowly moved my dick up and down between her folds, a technique Glenn called 'the paintbrush'.

Becky's eyes turned almost backward in their sockets, and another shiver went through her body. I did this for a few moments until I couldn't hold back anymore. I knew this wasn't about me, but being a horny preteen boy, caused my head to be clouded with hormones. So delaying it much longer was no longer an option.

So when my dick rubbed over her entrance, I held it there. Next, I applied a little bit of pressure, and my dickhead slipped in with so much ease it surprised me big time. With Michelle, there was a little resistance, but with Becky, it was almost none. Glenn later told me that this was probably due to the extensive foreplay and that it was a good sign.

The moment I entered Becky, her eyes sought mine, and her mouth turned into a small "O". I moved my body forward and placed my hands next to her head while keeping my dick in the same place. This worked out great, and as I eased more and more of my body down on hers, her arms wrapped around me, and a deep sigh escaped her mouth.

"You okay?" I whispered in her ear.

"Oohhh... yeah! Do it, Scott. This feels amazing!"

Without further ado, I started sliding into the second pussy of my life. When more of my dick slid inside, I felt an ever better feeling around my dick than when I slid inside Michelle. This was warmer, softer, and most of all, tighter.

Becky moaned one long moan during my entering move. The moment I was completely inside her and had no more of my little over four inches to give, I couldn't hold back a moan anymore.

"Aaahhh! This is it. I'm in," I managed.

"Ooohhh! It feels amazing! Ohhh... Fuck me!" Becky moaned and kissed me all over my neck and ear, which was a huge turn-on.

Her hands firmly gripped my back, and her fingers dug themselves into my back. I started sliding out, and it was as if time slowed down. Her velvety love canal felt so amazing around my dick that tingles spread throughout my midsection. I tingled from my ass cheeks to the tip of my dick and from my balls to my belly button.

Right before I slipped out, I pushed back in. My practice with fucking Michelle's hot pussy and Glenn's and Daniel's asses paid off. I knew just when to stop and move back in. And judging by the thrashing below me and the moaning in my ear, I knew I was doing a more than decent job.

When I bottomed out again, I ground my pelvis against her clit more firmly, which was greatly appreciated. I did this each time I moved in. I wasn't aiming for a quick orgasm, just the most enjoyable fuck for Becky, although I felt my orgasm was already approaching.

"Oohhh, Scott! I'm... ooohhhh," Becky moaned, suddenly extremely loud compared to the whispers so far.

I was moving in when she suddenly gripped my back even firmer, and her whole body stiffened below me. Then, with another loud and low pitched "aaaahhhh!!! Aaaahhhh!!!" she came.

I thought she was tight, but now that her pussy muscles started milking my twelve-year-old boner, I knew the real definition of a tight fuck. And all the tingling I felt before accumulated in the tip of my dick. I pulled out and slammed back in hard. I was afraid it was too hard, but when my dick started kicking inside her and my pelvis slapped against hers, she hugged me even tighter, almost squeezing all the air out of my lungs.

I felt my balls move up inside my sack and my cum traveling up inside my kicking boner. It was an unusual long cum for me because even after my balls had no more juice to give, my dick kept twitching, and I was still riding my orgasmic high.

Meanwhile, Becky's body was still stiff and gripping me tightly. But when my orgasm started to die down a bit, she also came back down to earth and released her grip on me a bit. Then, after I moved my face up to gently kiss her, her hands cupped my ass, and her tongue filled my mouth, probing around furiously.

When I ran out of breath, I reluctantly broke the kiss and lifted my face. A lazy smile spread across her lips, and she mouthed a silent but grateful, "thank you." I still don't know why she didn't want Glenn and Michelle to hear this, but frankly, I didn't care.

I kissed her tenderly on her cheek and lifted my body. I slipped out of her and wanted to lie down on the bed next to her when Glenn quickly took

a shot of me, leaving her and a string of cum hanging from the tip of my dick ending inside Becky's pussy.

As we lay side by side, I turned my head to look at her. She looked lovely in this light, and when she turned her head to look at me and smiled, I marveled at her beauty. In the meantime, Glenn was snapping away, and I saw Michelle approach us.

"How was it, pumpkin? Did it hurt? Did you like it? Did you..." Michelle blabbered.

"Mom!" Becky exclaimed, immediately followed by, "I'm fine! It was awesome!"

Michelle let out a big sigh of relief and hugged Becky. After that, she looked at me and smiled while quickly glancing at my now soft dick.

"He's amazing, isn't he?" Michelle smiled at Becky and nodded her head toward me.

"The best. And you were right! He's sweet, and his uhm... dick feels awesome. It's only a little thicker than your dildo, But it's soft and hard at the same time. And he's just..."

"Yeah. Told ya. Flesh is always better than plastic!" Michelle chuckled.

"Hey! He's right there with you, you know?" Glenn giggled as he walked up to us.

"Yeah... stop treating me like a piece of meat," I laughed.

"I heard through the grapevine you did good," Glenn said, and we bumped fists.

"Thanks! I said blushing.

We chatted some more, and despite the fact that I was totally in for a second time, this option never came to the table. I was a bit sad, but not by much. After all, I just fucked a beautiful girl, and she was already discussing a second get-together with her mom. So I shouldn't complain.

After we got dressed, went downstairs, and sat at the table, Glenn said, "I'll make sure to develop the best pictures. I'll also add the negatives, so you guys are the only ones with access to it. The only thing I ask is for Scott to pick out one picture for himself as a memory of this moment. Is that okay with you?"

“Of course! He can select more if he wants,” Michelle said.

“Nope. Just one is enough. This was YOUR special moment,” he said to Becky, “so YOU decide what to do with it.”

As it was clear there was no room for debate, the matter was settled. After our drinks, we said our goodbyes. I hugged Michelle, and she patted my ass while thanking me for helping them out. Becky gave me an extremely tight hug and whispered another soft, “Thank you, Scott!” in my ear. We waved goodbye, walked to the car where Glenn and I bumped fists again, and went home. The next appointment was already made by Glenn and Michelle. This time we’d go to their cabin by the lake, but this wasn’t happening anytime soon. Glenn told me it was more than a month after my parents returned.

I was a bit sad that there was only one week left of my time living with Glenn and Gloria. But I was also looking forward to seeing my parents and hugging my mom again. So we spent almost the entire week planning for their welcome home party. I helped Gloria prepare the food the best I could, and I also helped Glenn with all the practical stuff that needed to be done in the garden. It wouldn’t be a big party, but neither of us wanted to just let the coming home of my parents pass by uneventfully.

Glenn and I had sex three times during that last week. The last time we had sex, we took a bit of a risk, but we were both just too horny and anxious to have sex that we decided to do it anyway. After a steamy sixty-nine, we both lay panting on my bed when we heard Gloria’s car in the driveway. We shot up, got dressed in record time, and were lucky Gloria took a little more time than usual to get into the house. When Gloria told us we looked flushed, Glenn and I glanced sheepishly at each other, and Glenn mumbled something about prepping for the party.

When the bell rang, I ran to the door to open it. I got an extremely tight hug from my mom, and even my dad hugged me and ruffled my hair. They were both saying how much I’ve grown and wanted to know everything I did this last year. Even though we had our weekly call over the past year, my mom hung on every word I told her. And when I showed my dad some of the pictures I took, he wasn’t giving me shit about it and even complimented me on how good they looked.

After the party, life took over. I moved back to the base with mom and dad but visited Glenn and Gloria as often as possible. And I spent every other weekend with them. Daniel and I got together frequently too, but after he found himself a lovely boyfriend, these get-togethers got less frequent.

After living with my parents again for about two months, mom got a call that Gloria was in the hospital. I just came home from school and noticed the anxious look on my mom's face. She quickly explained that Gloria was in labor, so we rushed to the hospital. After we got there, we were seated in the waiting room, where I bounced off the walls from anxiety. About an hour later, a nurse came to us and said that we were allowed to see her. As we walked through the hallway, the nurse pointed us to the room. I slowly opened the door and walked into a standard hospital room. Gloria was in bed and looked extremely tired. But the moment she saw me, she smiled weakly at me and nodded to my mom, who was right behind me. Glenn was almost beaming and smiling from ear to ear. He nodded and showed me the bundle he had in his arms. I got close, and the moment the small blanket was pulled away and that little baby came into view, I saw one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen in my life. That's when I saw Audrey for the very first time.



Chapter 19 – A Lil' Bit of trouble

I don't know exactly what woke me up. It's probably my army training, but the minute I hear the gunshots in the distance, I'm completely awake. I look around and notice the three naked preteen bodies around me. My brain quickly springs into action. I get up and start shaking all three kids. As I'm doing this, I hear footsteps at the front door. Moments later, someone bangs on the door and shouts, "Abrir la Puerta!"

"Wake up!" I whisper loudly as I shake their shoulders.

Audrey is the first to wake, immediately followed by Evan. Owen doesn't move yet, so I give him another shake.

"Wha... whazzup?" Audrey mumbles, still sleep drunk.

"Boys, get to your room and get dressed! Now!" I say sternly and start pulling up my boxers.

They must notice the urgency in my voice, and after another few bangs on the door, they realize it's serious. Evan and Owen immediately get up and quickly head over to their room. Audrey gets up too and starts searching for some clothes while I pull a t-shirt over my head and walk toward the door.

"Abrir!!" The voice on the other side of the door shouts more urgent now.

I look over at Audrey and see she's pulled up her panties, and I see her bra disappear behind the shirt she's quickly pulling down. As she reaches for her shorts, I open the door.

I'm pushed to the side as three armed men enter the cabin. They look like Nicaraguan freedom fighters, judging by the old AK-47s they're carrying. They check every room and yell at us while pointing toward the corner. Evan and Owen almost run out of their bedroom to join us in the corner. Audrey presses herself against me and hides behind my back for shelter. Thankfully, all kids are more or less dressed, except for me. I still need some shorts and shoes, but it's the least of my concerns at the moment.

The guy that seems to be the leader shouts something at me in Spanish. But despite the time I spent on the island, I never really mastered the

language. I was always the quiet guy in the back, keeping an eye out and letting the others talk. I can make out some bits and pieces, but when they talk this quickly, and I'm under this kind of pressure, I don't fully understand what they're saying.

"¿Hablas Inglés?" I stammer.

The leader looks at me and asks, "You alone?"

I nod my head and say, "Yes. Just the four of us."

He keeps looking at us and clearly tries to determine what our relationship is. Moments later, another guy walks up with our passports. He must've found these on the top shelf of the cupboard in the kitchen. Damn! So much for safe-keeping. After the man hands the leader the passports, he browses through them and asks, "You... el padre... father?"

"No. I'm her guardian," I say, pointing at Audrey. "And their parents are on a tour of the forest up north. We're just tourists."

"Come!" he shouts and pulls at one of the twin's arms to make his point. The boy makes an alarmed squeak.

"Owen!" his brother shouts immediately, stepping forward to help his brother as Owen starts pulling back. There's a lot of shouting and confusion. I need to take control, so I shout with my army voice, "STOP!" and everyone in the room looks at me.

"We're coming," I say calmly to the leader. And to the kids I say, "We don't have much of a choice here. We can't defend ourselves, and we just have to see where they take us."

"But..." Owen starts.

"No buts. We're going. Make sure to stay close to me, no matter what. I'll get us out of this mess, I promise."

Owen sizes me up and nods. I smile to let them know it's okay and ask the leader, "Pants and shoes?" as I point toward my shorts.

He nods, and I quickly pull them up. "Make sure to wear some shoes instead of your flip-flops," I say to Owen, who's currently the only one wearing those.

As I start tying my sneakers, Owen wants to go to his room for his shoes, but the men stop him. A new outburst of shouting and pushing, so I point

to his feet and say, "Shoes!"

"Are shoes!" the leader sternly says, and it's clear his patience has run out.

They start directing us out of the cabin. I managed to tie just one of my sneakers, but I figure I can tie it up later. First, we need to make sure to stay together. As I walk out, I notice the camera bag on the table. Thankfully, everything is stuffed inside, so the guys probably thought it was just regular luggage.

We're pushed forward on the beach. There's a lot of fighting going on in the distance, judging by all the gunfire I'm hearing. We're directed across the beach, and I see a big, former Russian personnel carrier in the distance. There are already some people inside, and they look like tourists too.

When we reach the truck, they start pointing and pushing, wanting us to get inside. I help the kids, and they get in thanks to the hands and support from the people inside. A poke from the barrel of an AK-47 in my back makes it clear I'm not getting in quick enough. I hold back my anger and get inside too.

Inside, there are about twenty other people, and seeing how they're dressed, there's no doubt they're tourists like us. I glance around, and as Audrey presses herself against me on one side, the boys sit close next to me.

"¿Hablas inglés?" I ask no one in particular.

"Yes. We're all Americans," a balding man in his mid-forties says.

"We're from the UK," a pale white elderly man sputters.

"Do you know where they're taking us?"

"No. But according to her," the balding man says as he nods toward a woman, "they're taking us to the Hilton."

"Yeah. I heard them talk about it. I speak a little Spanish," she says, clearly upset by all of this.

"Figures," I mumble and have to hold Audrey as we're almost thrown around the cabin due to the reckless driving.

"What do you mean?" the man asks.

"We're hostages now. They look like Nicaraguan separatists, and they probably think they need us to prevent the US from wiping them out."

"How do you know this?"

"I... uhm... studied this conflict in school," I reply, not wanting everyone to know the real reason and hoping the kids also keep their mouths shut.

"I see. I'm Nate," the man says, extending his hand for me to shake but quickly grabbing onto the bench as we fly over another big bump.

"Scott," I say, but my mind is doing overtime on the best strategy to keep us safe.

"Are these your kids?"

"She is," I say, pointing to Audrey, and as I nod toward the twins, I say, "Their parents are on a tour on the island's north side. I look after them."

"Oh," Nate simply says, and I'm glad he's keeping his thoughts to himself.

The truck comes to a sudden stop, and immediately someone outside shouts, "¡Fuera de aquí!"

"We need to get out," the woman says.

We get out, and I see we're indeed at the Hilton hotel on the boulevard. More armed men surround us, and I notice how poorly equipped they are.

"Phone!" a chubby man with an ancient carbine rifle hanging over his shoulder shouts.

He's holding out a bag in front of him, and we all need to put our phones inside. I briefly consider if I should just pretend to put it in there, but I can't risk losing the kids, so I go with the flow. I can always get my hands on another one if I need to.

We're directed toward the hotel lobby, where another group of people is waiting, guarded by a few men pointing machine guns at them. A big guy with a scar across his face and waving a golden Colt 45 around is waiting for us. I recognize him from pictures I saw on my last mission. This Carlos des Freitas. He's the lieutenant and right hand of the drug lord wanting to take over the island. I know I need to be careful around him and hope

he doesn't recognize me as one of the soldiers demolishing their poppy fields.

"Welcome!" Carlos says theatrically and looks around the crowd.

His eyes briefly meet mine, but thankfully, he doesn't seem to recognize me. He starts walking around, making sure everyone knows he's the boss.

"We are now in control of the island and are now working our way into the presidential palace. You are our guests, and we want to make sure you are all safe. That is why my men will escort you to your rooms, where you will stay until we say it is safe. You are not allowed to leave the room without our permission. Is that clear, Miss?" he asks a trembling woman close to him as he stands extremely close to her, looking her in her eyes.

The woman nods shyly, and I can hear a soft sniff coming from her. I know what he's doing. This is a textbook scare tactic he's playing out here in an attempt to keep us under his thumb. I need to play along to keep us all safe. I can always decide what to do when we get to the room.

"We will provide food three times a day. So no need to call for room service!" he laughs, and all his henchmen are laughing with him.

"We want to keep you safe, but we need your help doing so. If any of you decide to break these simple rules, there WILL be consequences! Is this clear?" he says, shouting the last sentence.

All of the hostages nod sheepishly, and Carlos smiles wickedly. He looks at one of the men and nods. "Take them to their rooms."

As we walk toward the stairs, Audrey slides her hand in mine, and I nod for the twins to walk in front of us so I can keep an eye on them. Behind us, an elderly lady is sobbing and whispering, "Are they gonna kill us, Bert?"

"No, Honey. This is just temporary," a man whispers back.

We take the stairs, and on the second floor, one of the armed men points at us when we stop at room 211 and opens the door.

"Entres," he calmly says, but it's clear there's no room for negotiations.

We enter the room, and the moment we're inside, the door is locked behind us, and we hear the muffled voices of more people walking by.

"Fuck! This is bad," Owen exclaims, and it's clear he's close to tears at the moment.

One look at his brother tells me the same, and judging by how Audrey is clinging to me, she's not in a good place either. So I know I need to step up as the responsible adult here, but there are just too many unanswered questions flying around in my head.

"The fact that we're here is actually a good sign," I start.

"A good sign? How?" Evan snaps.

"Look, guys. I know it's all a bit overwhelming now. But trust me. We're valuable to them at the moment. I'm sure they put us here, so they've got some leverage in their negotiations. They won't shoot us or harm us in any way. They just can't afford that. And judging by all the shooting that's going on in the distance, we're probably in the safest building on the island right now."

"Tell that to mom and dad!" Evan snaps again, and I can see a tear roll down his cheek.

I stand next to him and wrap an arm around his shoulders in an attempt to comfort him. I nod toward Owen and do the same to him

"Your parents are with a guy that knows the jungle like the back of his hand. I'm sure he took everyone on that tour with him to a safe place. He's one of the smartest guys I know, so I wouldn't worry too much about them. Honestly!"

"You sure?" Evan asks timidly.

"I swear! Tell you what. As soon as I get my hands on a phone, I'll try to contact him on his satellite phone, okay?"

This visibly puts the boys at ease, and I feel their shoulders relax under my hands. Moments later, Audrey comes in and makes it a genuine group hug.

After we break the hug, I look around in the room and see we've got one of the more luxurious rooms in the hotel. We've got a small coffee table with a two-person sofa and two comfortable chairs. There's a small

kitchenette in the corner and two king-sized beds to sleep in. This could've been way worse.

The boys check out the bed but keep the serious expressions on their faces. So does Audrey. I try to lighten the mood, and as I look out the window, I say, "At least we can still see the ocean from here."

"I need to take a shit," Owen mumbles and walks over to the bathroom.

I sit down on one of the chairs and stare outside. Everyone's clearly feeling a bit glum, and I figure I just need to give them some time to get used to the situation.

"It's damn hot in here. They must've turned off the air conditioning," Evan complains as he takes off his shirt and throws it on a bed.

As I'm looking out of the window, thinking about this whole situation, I feel worried about the stuff in our cabin. I realize I'm doomed if anyone finds the pictures on the camera or on my laptop. I'll probably be dragged around town, tied behind a car, and buried to my neck on the beach for me to drown or starve to death. Not a very lovely idea. And I'm still not sure if I'm out of the woods with Carlos, but I'll deal with that when we get there.

As I was thinking of a way to get everyone's mind off the situation, Audrey said, "Hey! I found a deck of cards! Who wants to play?"

Evan and Owen reluctantly agree, but after a few minutes of 'Go Fish,' they're really getting into it, and I'm glad to see the frowns on their faces vanish before my eyes. After we play a few games, Evan offers to fill the bottle and some glasses with water for us, and when he comes out of the bathroom, he's coughing loudly and tries to hold his arm in front of his face.

"Jesus! Something died in there!" and he makes exaggerated moves with his hands to catch his breath as he stares at his brother accusingly.

I'm glad to see the kids laugh at this, and I can't hold back a giggle myself. I need to keep reminding myself that the here and now is way more important than worrying about stuff I can't control.

"Listen up," I say after the laughter dies down, "you know I used to do army stuff in the past here, right?"

"Yeah..." Owen replies tentatively.

“During one of these missions, we rocked this guys’ boat. One of them was the guy with the big scar on his face.”

“The one with the golden gun?” Audrey asks.

“That’s the one. I don’t think he recognized me, but I’m not sure. But if he does, he’ll probably take me away from you guys.”

“But...” Audrey starts.

“Don’t worry about that. I can handle myself. But if he does, I can’t help you anymore. So just try to stay as safe as you can, and I promise I’ll come looking for you. But if I can’t reach you, there’s a fail-safe. So take this,” I say as I tear one of the playing cards into three small pieces and write a number on it, “and hide it on your body somewhere.”

“What is it?” Evan asks seriously.

“It’s the number of the satellite phone from one of the guys from my team. I trust him completely, and when you tell him I told you to call him, he’ll come and help you immediately.”

“I’ll memorize it,” Owen says with a lot of confidence.

“That’s great, Owen, but I’ll feel a lot better if you hide it inside your underwear, next to your balls,” I chuckle.

“We’ll do both,” Audrey chips in.

“Great! And remember. Tell him I told...”

I’m interrupted by a knock on the door. I Motion to them to hide the card as I get up. They turn their backs to the door and quickly hide the piece of paper.

“Room service!” a dark voice says with an unmistakable laugh in his voice.

Moments later, the door opens, and Carlos walks in with three armed men behind him and a big smile across his face. He looks around and starts smiling as he sees the cards and looks at Evan’s bare chest.

“Playing strip poker?” he laughs, and the men around him start laughing too.

“Something like that,” I reply evasively but feel the tension of the situation build inside.

He looks intensely at me, and if you didn't know any better, you'd think we're having a staring contest. After a few moments, he smiles again and says, "I think I know you..." as he keeps looking deep into my eyes.

"I don't think..." I start, but I'm immediately interrupted.

"You took something very valuable from me," he continues.

"I think you're mist-"

"SHUT UP!!" he shouts and hits me on my head with the butt of his gun.

I feel a sting throughout my head, and I see flashes in front of my eyes. But I keep a straight face and don't give him the pleasure of hitting me. Through the flashes, I see the concerned faces of the kids, but I feel powerless to do something about that now.

"Passaportes!" he snaps and holds out his hand.

One of the men behind him hands him four passports. He opens them one by one and holds the photo in it next to the face belonging to the passport.

"Only the two of you are family," Carlos says, pointing to the twins, "but even a blind man can see this."

He grabs Owen's face around his chin to make his point as he says this. Owen immediately pulls his head back and looks at Carlos with an angry face. Then, Carlos starts laughing loudly and looks at me.

"So why are these kids with you?"

"I..." another smack against my head shuts me up.

"One of my men told me what you told him," he says quietly and glances at Audrey.

I look at Audrey and see the fear on her face. Carlos extends his hand and brushes Audrey's cheek. The moment he touches her, Evan moves and slaps his hand away. Immediately, one of the men steps forward and punches Evan in his stomach, causing the poor kid to fall back in his chair.

"Stop it, guys!" I shout as I step forward, immediately presented with the barrel of a rifle pointed at my face. "This is between him and me!"

"Thank you," he says overly politely. " So... this pretty girl is more or less your daughter?"

“I’m her guardian, yes,” I say with my heart in my throat.

“So she is very valuable to you, no?”

I don’t respond to that, but the look on my face probably gives it away because Carlos starts smiling.

“You know you took something valuable from me, so...”

“I swear to God! If you...”

Before I can finish my sentence, two men grab Audrey from behind and drag her away toward the door. At that moment, everything happens really fast. Both Evan and Owen jump to their feet but are immediately pushed back down again. Their loud screams of “Audrey!” are cut short, and I can see Owen being hit on his head with a fist by one of the men.

In the meantime, I jump up and aim straight for Carlos. But he anticipated this and elbows me in my face. I try to avoid it, but I trip over the chair and almost fall down. Thankfully, I manage to avoid the elbow in my face by that, but the second I make a move to go for it again, Carlos fires a shot.

For a second, I fear he killed Audrey. But when I see the gun is pointed toward the ceiling and Carlos quickly moves it down to aim it at my face, I feel an enormous sense of relief.

“Shut the fuck up! All of you! I take the girl, and then we are even. For now,” he says, fire shooting from his eyes as he says this to me.

In the corner of my eye, I see the twins standing there, frozen and with a look of fear in their eyes. Blood is seeping from Owen’s left eyebrow, covering the side of his face. I turn to look at Audrey, and I see her open her mouth, but before she can say anything, I’m struck hard against my head, and everything turns black.

* * *

“Mr. H...” I hear in the distance. And a moment later, “I think he’s coming back.”

I open my eyes, and it takes me a few moments to focus. I see two similar-looking faces above me, and I’m afraid I’m seeing double for a

moment. But when both expressions change, and I see one of their faces is partly covered in blood, I realize I'm looking at the twins.

"Wha..." I hear myself mumble in the distance.

But then I realize I haven't seen Audrey yet. At that moment, the adrenaline shoots through my body, and I'm instantly alert. I ignore the pain shooting through my head and look at Owen's bleeding eyebrow. It seems like it's stopped bleeding and just needs some cleaning.

"Where's Audrey?"

"Those guys took her. He said..." Evan starts, and I can see the tears forming in his eyes.

"How long ago?" I interrupt him.

"What?" he asks, clearly still upset, but I need to control this situation quickly.

"How long ago did they leave the room?"

"I... uhm..." Evan stammers.

"A little under two minutes ago, I guess," Owen says.

"That's good. We've still got time then. Evan, look out the window and check the main entrance. If they take her elsewhere, they'll have to use the main entrance."

"Okay," Evan responds, clearly glad to see me taking the lead.

"We need to clean you up," I say to Owen while I open the bathroom door to get some toilet paper.

I hold the crumpled paper under the tap to make it wet and carefully start cleaning up the mess on Owen's face. As I'm cleaning him, I ask Evan, "Still no action outside?"

"Nothing. No one in or out."

"Great. Keep your eyes on that entrance. We're gonna get Audrey," I say, determined, and I see Owen's lips curve into a sly smile.

I look in the mirror and wash away some of my own blood. Now that we're presentable and I feel the blow to my head didn't do that much damage, a plan forms in my head.

“Listen up...” I say to the boys as we gather around near the window.

A few minutes later, I’m on the outside of the building, shimmying my way over a small strip of concrete to the next room. As I approach the window, I quickly glance inside to make sure there’s no one in there that can ruin the plan. I only see the two elderly people that were right behind us when we walked to our rooms, and I softly knock on their window.

After another soft knock, the man’s face appears near the window, and his worried look changes into a smile the moment he recognizes me. I can see him saying something to his wife, and he opens the window. I gesture toward our room, and a few seconds later, I see Owen’s legs step out and come over to us.

I enter the room, and as the man helps me get inside, I hold my index finger in front of my lips. They simply nod, and we help Owen get inside. After a few more minutes, we’re greeted by Evan. This time, Owen takes over the lookout task and keeps his eyes focused on the front entrance. I nod for Evan, the man and woman, to follow me into the bathroom. The moment we’re in, I turn on the shower and close the door, leaving Owen in the room, but he just nods understandably. The moment we’re in, I turn on the shower and close the door.

“We have to be quiet. But I need your help. My daughter was taken by these men.”

The woman holds her hand in front of her mouth, and her eyes grow wide.

“I’m sorry to hear that,” the man says sympathetically.

“Yeah. Me too. But I need your help to rescue her.”

“But you said we were valuable to them?” the woman says with a bit of disbelief.

“I know what I said. And right now, this is true. But the moment they realize they’re not getting outside support from another country, they’ll start using us to force these countries to do something,” I say, looking both of them directly into their eyes to emphasize my point.

“Using us how?” the woman asks. The man looks at her meaningfully, and then she understands. “Oh...”

“How do you know this?” the man asks me and wraps his arm around his wife’s shoulder.

“I used to do... well... Army stuff with Special Forces on this island. Can’t say too much about it, but let’s just say I know how it all works over here pretty well.”

“Oh. Okay, that makes sense. I’m Bert, and this is my wife, Annabel.”

“Nice to meet you. I’m Scott, and this is Evan. His brother Owen is in the next room, keeping an eye on the hotel’s exit. But we need to hurry. I don’t know how long they’ll keep Audrey in here.”

“How can we help?” Bert says, ignoring his wife’s look of fear.

“I don’t know how many men are guarding the hallways, so we need to find a way to lure one of them into a room. Since they know I’m in the room next door, they’ll probably come with more than one guard. That’s why we’re in here. They’ll never suspect anything. Not this quickly anyway.”

“But how do we lure them in here?” Bert asks, and I can see a twinkle of excitement in his eyes.

“You’ll have to call for help. You or Annabel need to lie down near the window or something, so the guard has to come in.”

“Lie down?” Annabel asks.

“Yeah. Fake a heart attack or something. It doesn’t have to be an Oscar performance because I’ll be hiding behind the door, and I’ll quickly take him out.”

“Won’t the other guards be alarmed?” Evan asks, and I have to hand it to him that it’s a good question.

“Good one, Evan. I’m guessing they don’t have enough men to thoroughly guard this hotel and assume we will behave. Besides that, I didn’t see any advanced comms on them, so that’ll buy us some time too. The only risk is if two guards are close together and one sees the other one go inside. But I honestly doubt they’ve got enough men to do that, so it’s pretty much a calculated risk.”

“You sure you can take him out?” Bert asks, and I see his wife looking at me with a questioning look.

“Trust me. I’ve handled worse guys than these. I can do it with one hand tied behind my back if I have to. And after I’m done interrogating him, I’ll put him in our room, so you guys are safe. Okay?”

“Let’s do this!” Bert says.

I take my place behind the door. Thankfully, there’s more than enough space, so the door will open and won’t bump against me. Evan and Owen hide in the bathroom and close the door. Annabel lies on the ground near the window, taking a believable position as if she fell over. Bert kneels near Annabel's head, looks at me, and we nod simultaneously.

“HELP! HELP ME!” he shouts.

Moments later, he does it again, and I can hear footsteps in the hallway. I nod again toward Bert, and he holds his hands under his wife’s head.

The moment I hear the key enter the lock and the loud click unlock the door, Annabel starts shaking. Then, the door opens, and through the crack, I can see the guard is alone. He stops for a second to assess the situation, but Bert acts quickly.

“Help me! I think she’s having a heart attack!” he says, giving the guard no time to think it through.

The moment the guard rushes over to Annabel, I sneak up behind him. Once I’m close enough, I wrap my right arm around his throat, place my left hand over his mouth, and my right leg locks his lower legs. Then, in the corner of my eye, I see Owen quickly get out of the bathroom to softly close the door.

The guard tries to wrestle himself free, but he doesn’t stand a chance. I choke him until he passes out. When he’s on the ground, I tie his hands and feet behind his back with the rope that hangs from the curtain rail and can be used to close the curtains. Usually totally useless, but very handy in this sort of situation.

Evan started cutting pieces from the bedsheets. Owen puts one of these pieces in the man’s mouth, but not before putting it inside his underwear, rubbing it over his dick and balls first. If the situation wasn’t this tight, I would’ve laughed, but now I just focus on controlling the situation, and I use the other cloth pieces to cover the guard's mouth and eyes. After he’s secured, I take his AK47 and search his body. I find a spare mag and a big knife, which I place on me.

"You know some Spanish, right?" I ask Annabel, and she nods. "Will you translate, please?"

After another nod, I see the man regain consciousness, and he starts shouting. But because of the cloth both outside and inside his mouth, only the five of us can hear it. I kneel down beside him and place the knife against his throat. I look at Annabel, and I say, "I'm gonna ask you some questions. A simple nod or shake of your head is enough. Is that clear?"

Annabel translates, and the man nods. I can see the tension on Owen and Evan's faces, but I can only hope they know there's nothing else I can do.

"Do you know where they took the girl?"

He nods.

"Is she still alive?"

Another nod. He was a bit more convincing this time to make his point.

"If I remove the gag, will you start screaming?"

He moves his head vigorously from left to right and mumbles something inaudible.

"Good. Because the moment I think you're going to make noise, I'll slit your throat. Is that perfectly clear?" I say as I press the knife firmly against his throat.

I nod toward Owen, who slowly pulls down the cloth around his mouth. The guard spits out the fabric in his mouth and inhales deeply. I'm on edge here, and the moment he makes a sound, I'll cut it off with my knife. But the man just needed fresh air, and he doesn't scream or say anything.

"How many guards are there?"

"Viente," he whispers, followed by Annabel's equally soft "Twenty."

"How many on each floor?"

He explains that the floors only have one guard and that there are four men who alternate between three or four floors. So my suspicion of them being hugely underpowered seems to be correct.

“And where is the girl?”

“El sótano... Basement,” he says.

I do quick math and conclude that they need sixteen men to guard the floors. So that leaves four or five in the basement or maybe outside.

“How many men are in the basement?”

Annabel says he doesn’t know. And judging by his pleading, I think he’s telling the truth. I know enough by now, and I put back the gag, lift the man over my shoulder and look at Bert and Annabel.

“Thank you! I’ll drop this scumbag in our room. I’ll make sure you guys will be rescued the moment I get the chance. Stay inside your room until then, and act like you don’t know anything about this. This guy never saw you, remember?”

“Good luck, Scott! Go and save that little girl!” Bert says as he slaps me on my shoulder.

“Thanks! We will. Come on, guys!”

Once we get into our room, I look at the twins. At first, I wanted them to stay here until I rescued Audrey. But now that I know the numbers, I’m pretty positive I can get the four of us out of here. And not having to go back upstairs gives me a considerable time advantage. But I have to check what they want first.

“Do you wanna wait in here while I go and get Audrey?” I ask. And their response is instant.

“Hell no!” Owen says sternly, immediately followed by his brother’s, “No way!”

“I thought so. As long as you promise to do exactly as I say, and I mean EXACTLY, you can come. But it won’t be pretty!”

“I know...” Evan says, “But we need to help Audrey!”

“Yeah!” Owen adds.

“Alright. Let’s get him in the bathtub,” I say.

Evan opens the door, and I drop the guard in the tub. I look at the boys and nod for them to leave the bathroom. They go without asking or saying anything. I look at the blindfolded and gagged man in the tub and

feel sorry for him. I was planning on cutting his throat in order to buy us some more time. But seeing him like this, looking back at how terrified he was when I captured him, and especially how helpless he looks, makes me rethink my initial plan. I'm not on a job now with clear directives. I need to rescue Audrey, not kill every hostile I make contact with.

So I move my face close to his ear and whisper, "Do you understand English?" After a short pause, he nods. I doubt he's fluent, but he knows enough. "Okay then. I've decided to let you live for now. But if I find out you alerted the guards, I promise I'll make sure that I, or my friends, will find you, your family, and your friends, and we'll make sure all of you will die the most excruciating death known to men. Is that clear?"

He nods vigorously again, and I think he understood exactly what I said, despite the language barrier between us. His nods and accompanying body language are all the confirmation I need. I check the knots in the ropes again, fasten the gag again, and pat him on his head.

"Take care," I whisper as I leave the bathroom.

Both boys look at me with worried looks on their faces but don't say anything. I decide to leave it like this and explain later. Them thinking of me as a ruthless killing machine can always come in handy, so I figure it's better to leave it at that. I grab the floor plan from the door with the fire escapes clearly marked. These plans aren't at scale but are usually pretty accurate when it comes to stairs and doors. I examine the plan, look at the boys and say, "To the right, there's the stairway. It's close to the elevators. Keep your head down and stay behind me."

I slowly open the door, check the hallway and move to the right. Behind me, I hear the unmistakable sound of Owen's flip-flops. So I pause by a big concrete pillar and crouch down. When the boys join me, I point toward Owen's feet.

"Take those off. Put them in your pants at your back."

Owen looks questioning at me but takes off his flip-flops and hands them to me. I turn him around, pull back the elastic band of his shorts, put the flip-flops there next to each other, and secure them with the elastic waistband of his shorts.

"There. A deaf man can hear you in these things," I whisper.

“Told ya!” Evan whispers too and shoots a stern look at his brother.

I ignore them and move toward the stairs. The door to the stairwell doesn't have a window in it, so I put my ear to the door. After listening intensely for a few moments, I think it's clear.

“I think we're good,” I whisper, “I'm not sure, so stay here for a moment.”

I grab my knife firmly in my hand and slowly open the door. But I know it's wrong the moment I do this. I hear footsteps, and a moment later, a deep voice says, “¿Qué.”

I feel movement beside me, and before I can react, Owen stands up, grabs his dick through his shorts, and starts bouncing on his feet. As the door opens, I hide behind it the best I can, and the man coming out of it only has eyes for Owen.

“I need to pee! Where's the toilet?” Owen says very convincingly.

“Esta...” the guard stammers, but before he can finish his sentence, I grab him from behind and take him in a neck lock.

I feel him struggling, but I know it'll only take a minute or two for him to die. As his life flows out of him and his body collapses, I gently lay him down. I choke him for a few more moments. After I check his heartbeat and am confident he's dead, I place him against the pillar we stopped earlier and make it look like he's sleeping.

All the while, the boys keep an eye and an ear out in the stairwell to make sure we're still alone. I grab the man's handgun and knife and move over to Owen and Evan. I hand Owen the knife and say, “That was some quick thinking! Had he started calling out for his mates, this would've become messy. Thanks!”

Owen blushes and says, “I figured he wasn't expecting to see a kid out here. If I had the time, I would've taken off my clothes. That way, the shock would be even bigger!”

“It sure would! He would've laughed his ass off when he saw your tiny... oh, wait,” Evan whispers.

“We need to move,” I whisper, needing them to focus. “Here,” I say as I hand Evan the gun. “You know how to use it?”

Evan's eyes get huge for a moment, then he manages to collect himself as he takes the gun from me. "Yeah. Dad took us to a shooting range last month."

I quickly explain to both the boys how the safety works and how to reload the gun, and we move down the stairs. When we reach the ground floor, I open the door and feel relieved to see we're good. We quietly and quickly head over to the reception desk and hide behind it. I search the drawers and find a more detailed map of the hotel floors.

"There," I whisper as I point to a spot on the map and then at the door a few yards away where it looks like the stairs to the basement must be. We hear footsteps approaching, and I hold my finger in front of my mouth. Both boys nod, and as the steps get louder, I see the fear spread over Evan's face. I seek eye contact with him and try to keep him calm. The moment we hear the steps moving away, he lets out a soft sigh.

"We can't kill them all," I whisper. "Our first priority is Audrey."

Both of them nod, and we crouch over to the door. I open it, and I can hear talking and laughter at the bottom of the stairs. I carefully start walking down the stairs, and at a corner, I stop and quickly look around it and immediately pull back my head. No one there.

So I move down further, and at the bottom of the stairs, there's a long corridor. There's an opening to the right a few feet in front of me. It's a doorway without a door. I tiptoe over to it, signaling the boys to wait. I need to see inside the room, so I crouch down, put my head around the corner quickly and pull back. In that half a second, I count four people, and in the far left corner, there's something on the ground that I can't place yet.

So I glance around again and focus on that part. I see it's a small person crawled up into a ball. This must be Audrey. But in the back of the room, there's another doorway. There must be a whole system of corridors down here. This means I have to move quickly and make sure no one escapes through that door. I need to check one more time, but it seems that Carlos is close to both the door and Audrey.

"Fuck!" I whisper softly as I move back to the boys.

We move up the stairs a bit, and I softly explain to them what I've just seen.

“Is there something we can do?” Evan asks.

“Yes. I think there’s a way. I’ll enter the room, and you guys try to find that back entrance to the room. I hope I can buy you enough time so you can free Audrey.”

“What about you?” Owen asks worriedly.

“Don’t worry about that. You need to make sure to free Audrey and run for the harbor. There, you need to call the number I gave you, and you’ll be safe. You just need to make sure to get off this island safely and only worry about yourselves. I’ve been in situations way tighter than this one, so don’t worry. I will find you guys. Promise you won’t wait for me!”

Evan nods, and Owen whispers a soft, “Promise.”

“Thank you! This means a lot to me. Now, let’s get these sons of bitches, shall we?”

I get back to the door with the boys right behind me. I check my AK47 and place the spare magazine against the gun so that I can change it quickly, but I still can aim properly. I quickly glance around one last time to make a mental picture of the positions of the men in the room. I take a deep breath, take my close-quarters–combat position to enter a building shooting, and step into the light coming from the room. I hear soft footsteps behind me, indicating the boys are at it too.

My first targets are the two guys to the left of me. They’re talking to each other, and their shoulders are aimed at the door. They’ll be the first with a clear shot at me, so they have to go first.

BANG! BANG!

Two precise headshots, and as the bodies crumble to the floor, I hear panicked voices. The guy to my right reacts quicker than I anticipated. He steps to his right and hides behind the book closet next to him. But I see it’s a wooden closet, and I know exactly where his head is, so I take another shot and hit him through the closet and see him fall down. Three down, one to go.

I take two steps forward, aiming for Carlos, the last living hostile in the room. He’s ducked behind a desk, but I decide to approach him carefully since Audrey’s in that corner too, and considering it’s an old metal desk Carlos is hiding behind.

“Show yourself!” I shout as I approach the desk.

On the desk, I see two syringes and a bent spoon. Are these guys doing drugs in here? The syringes are filled, so I guess I interrupted them. I hear stumbling, and a second later, Carlos stands up, holding Audrey in front of him. I recognize her only by her clothes because a black bag is pulled over her head. Carlos’s golden colt is pressed against Audrey’s head, and he’s looking at me with fire shooting out of his eyes.

I aim at his head, but it’s hidden halfway behind Audrey’s, so I need a better opportunity to shoot without the chance of hurting her.

“Try me!” he says with poison in his voice. “I will not hesitate to kill her!”

I see him moving backward toward the door opening in the back of the room. I keep my gun pointed at him and say, “What a big guy you are! A grown man needing little girls to protect his safety. Your mother must be really proud!”

“DO NOT dare to talk about my mother!” he snaps.

Good! This is working. I’ve got him distracted, and I can see him loosening his grip on Audrey. Just a few more inches...

“She told me to say hi to you last night...”

“Fuck you!”

In the corner of my eye, I see Owen’s shadow. Next, I see him looking around the opening, then back over his shoulder, and a slight nod is all it takes. He quickly gets behind Carlos, with Evan on his heels. Owen lifts the knife, and the moment he moves it down, Evan reaches for the arm holding the gun. Owen plants the blade deep into Carlos’s leg while Evan yanks his arm away.

BANG!

The gunshot sounds loud, but when I see concrete falling from the ceiling, I know we’re good, and I move over toward them. I immediately plant my foot on Carlos’s throat and point the gun at his face. The sounds of him trying to catch his breath fill the room, but no one seems to care.

“Take Audrey and get to the stairs,” I say to the boys

They pull the bag from Audrey’s head, and I try to make eye contact with her. Her eyes need some adjusting to the light, but after a few seconds,

she starts scanning the room. The moment her eyes find mine, the worried look on her face morphs into a relieved one. I feel like we're communicating on a more spiritual level because somehow, I can feel she's fine and wants to know how I'm doing. Without saying anything, Audrey smiles knowingly and nods. The boys witness this, and the moment they see Audrey nod, each boy grabs one arm, helps her to her feet, and they start waking out of the room. The moment they leave, I look at Carlos.

"I hope you burn in hell," I whisper.

Carlos opens his mouth, but before he can say anything, I pull the trigger. Blood and brain matter splash against the floor and wall. I feel absolutely nothing when I look at his half-open head. I just turn around, quickly grab the phone lying on the desk, and run toward the kids. I catch up with them halfway up the stairs. I look at Audrey, and thankfully, she doesn't seem harmed.

"Are you okay, Lil' Bit?"

"Yeah. Just a little dizzy."

"Do you think you can run?" I ask.

"Yeah. I think so," she says and tries to look tough.

"You need your flip-flops, or are you faster without them?" I ask looking at Owen.

"Without," is all he says.

"Thanks, guys! You did great in there!" I whisper and give them a quick pat on their backs. "But now we need to move fast. The guards upstairs must've heard the shots. So we go for the exit, and when we're at the street, we turn right and run toward the harbor. You run, and I'll cover you. Don't look back. I'm right behind you. Is this clear?"

"Yeah," Owen whispers back, then looks at his brother. "Ready, Dude?"

Evan returns the look and then turns to Audrey. "Ready Dudette?" Evan asks, and she nods with a very determined look on her face.

"Three, two, one," I say and open the door at the top of the stairs.

We're back in the hotel lobby, and it's surprisingly quiet. I wave to the kids to run, which they immediately do. When they reach the door, I hear

footsteps running toward us in the distance. I hide behind a couch near the exit, and the moment the guy shouts, "HEY!" I get up and point my rifle at him.

Three well-aimed shots later, he falls to the ground and stops moving. I listen for a moment and don't hear any more footsteps. So I get up and run toward the door too. In the distance, I see the three of them round the corner toward the docks. After a short run, I'm there too, with the sound of gunfire and explosions still clearly audible in the distance.

As I'm approaching the docks, I see them standing to the side, trying to hide a bit in the bushes. When they see me, they step forward and look expectantly at me. I look around and see a lot of boats. They vary from small fishing boats to big, luxury yachts. After a quick look around, my eye lands on a white Jeep Desperado standing close to us. At that moment, my mind is in overdrive, trying to figure out what to do next. I need to get the cameras and laptop I left in our cabin. But I also need to make sure the kids are safe. But then again... they're not really safe until I get these pictures. This internal struggle lasts a few moments, and I make up my mind after one more glance at the four-by-four.

"Can you find us a boat?" I say, looking at all of them. "It needs to be at least thirty feet. I don't care about anything else. If it's that size, we can make it to the US in it. Of course, it's nice if there are some supplies on board, but we can manage a day without food."

"What about you?" Audrey asks with a bit of panic in her voice.

"I take this thing," I say, pointing toward the Jeep, "and drive back to our condo to grab my cameras and laptop. Trust me, we don't want anyone else to see these pictures. It'll take me fifteen minutes tops."

"Right," Owen says and looks at the boy and girl next to him. "We're looking for a boat, guys. Do we need keys or something?"

"Sometimes. But most of the time, people just leave it in there, especially on this island. Oh! And check for fuel," I say as I climb into the Jeep, "and try to stay out of sight, okay?"

"We've got it covered," Evan assures me, and he pulls the gun from the back of his waistband and shows it to me to make his point.

"Be careful," I say as I turn the key, and the engine comes to life with a loud roar.

"You too. Come on, guys," Owen says, and both Evan and Audrey start running after him.

I place the AK47 on the passenger's seat, and I see one of the army hats the guards in the hotel are wearing lying there. I put it on my head, put the Jeep into gear, and drive off. It takes me a few minutes to find the beach entrance. Mainly because I want to avoid driving past the hotel's entrance.

I manage to avoid two small groups of fighters. Since I don't know if they're friendlies or not, I take the longer route. Once I get to the beach, I immediately shift the Jeep into a lower gear and steer to the left, going straight for the last cabin. As I drive by the other cabins, I notice some doors are open. I feel my chest tighten, and my stomach does a backflip when I think about losing these pictures. Then, as I'm rapidly approaching our cabin, I see someone entering it.

"Goddamit!" I whisper under my breath and put the pedal to the metal.

When I'm at the cabin, I hit the brakes hard, grab my rifle, and jump out of the Jeep. I leave the engine running, just in case. I take my usual position with the AK47 pressed against my shoulder and shout, "Come out with your hands in the air!"

"¿Qué Quieres?" I hear from inside the cabin.

After a few moments, the man steps out of the front door and onto the porch with a big smile on his face. He's holding Audrey's tiny, sexy-as-fuck white bikini in one hand and the can of coconut oil in the other. He has an AK47 hanging by its shoulder strap over his shoulder, and on his head is the same hat as the one I'm wearing. It's clear he's one of Carlos's men.

"You Mr. Harris, no?" he says with an even broader grin and continues, "Looks like someone had some fun in here..."

"Give me my stuff," I reply with my rifle aimed at his head.

"Can't do that. My boss asked me to get all the stuff from your cabin."

"Carlos is dead. I killed him," I reply, stepping closer.

"That's... unfortunate," the man answers but doesn't seem impressed.

"Drop the stuff and leave before I kill you too," I say without reacting to him.

"I'm afraid I cannot do that. El Capitan asked me to search the cabins on the beach. ALL cabins..." he says, and the smile on his face gets even wider.

"Suelta el arma," I hear behind me, and at the same time, something metal is pressed against the left side of my head, which I can only assume is a gun.

"It means you need to drop your weapon," the guy on the porch says with a very smug face.

I hesitate about what to do next. If there are more men around, I'm doomed. Especially since I confessed to killing Carlos. But I need to neutralize the man behind me first. Otherwise, I won't stand a chance.

"The weapon," the guy says politely but clearly agitated that I don't do it right away.

"Okay. Just don't shoot me, please."

I loosen the grip on my rifle, take it by the barrel, and place the back of it on the ground, where it falls into the sand altogether. The moment I let go of it, I feel a slight decrease in the pressure of the gun against my head. It isn't much, but enough for me to notice. The guy on the porch clearly feels like he's in control completely since his rifle still hangs over his shoulder.

I trained in this situation enough to entirely rely on my instincts and experience. So I move my head back a little and quickly pivot to my right. The moment I've turned and my left shoulder is toward his body, my left hand grabs the top of the gun. I immediately place my right hand under the gun, slamming it upward, causing the man's wrist and index finger to break.

I simultaneously punch against his body with the full force of my shoulder, causing the man to stumble backward. Because of his broken finger and wrist, he has to let go of the gun, which I take in my hands, point it at the guy on the porch, and fire three times. Two of the bullets hit him in his chest near his heart, and the other one lands dead center on his forehead. He started saying something, but the bullets cut his words off, and he crumples to the ground. The moment I see him go

down, I turn around and fire two shots at the guy behind me. Then, when I'm sure they're both not a threat anymore, I pick up the AK47 and hide behind the Jeep to check if someone else is coming or not. About a minute later, I'm confident I'm alone, so I run to the cabin, take the camera bag and stop for a second.

I notice Audrey's backpack lying around, so I grab it, take some food and drinks from the cabinet and fridge, and throw it in the bag. There are a lot of clothes lying around, but I don't see anything more that's worth taking with us, and since time is our enemy, I grab both bags, run outside, jump into the Jeep and start driving.

The gunfire in the distance seems to grow louder, so I figure I might as well take the shortest route. I place the rifle in my lap and hold the handgun in my hand to react quickly when necessary. As I drive by the hotel, I'm extra alert but am surprised to see no one moving around in the lobby. It worries me they might have followed the kids to the docks. But when I round the corner, it's empty too, and Owen is the only one I see, hidden behind a big trash can. When he sees me, he jumps up and points toward a big boat, of about forty feet, that looks very luxurious and has a big sail.

"They're over there. The key is still in it, and according to Evan, it has some advanced computer-aided steering system and a full tank of gas."

"Sounds awesome! Great job! Here," I say as I hand Owen the backpack with the food and drinks.

Evan's head pops out of the cabin when we approach the yacht. His worried look immediately turns into a smile when he sees me.

"Look what we found!" he exclaims.

"It's an awesome-looking yacht! We definitely can make it back to The States in this. Are we ready to set off?"

"Scott!" Audrey shouts as she exits the cabin.

Before I know it, she flies around my neck and gives me an extremely tight hug. I hug her back, kiss her on her cheek, and whisper in her ear, "I was SO worried about you back there! I love you!"

She pulls her head back and smiles warmly at me, mouthing, "Love you too." Next, she looks at the three of us. "Thanks for rescuing me, guys! I

never doubted you'd come for me, but I was SO scared down there!" she says and kisses all of us tenderly on our cheeks.

"Of course!" Owen beams proudly as if he rescued her himself.

I know we have to talk about this at a later moment, but right now, we need to get the hell out of here. So I get behind the wheel and look at the dashboard. Thankfully, this doesn't seem too complicated, so I wave at the twins. They're both near one of the two hawsers, which they pull from the dock and throw on deck.

The moment we're no longer connected to the shore, I start the engine. It's way quieter than I anticipated, which is pretty good news. I push the throttle forward and begin steering the ship away from the dock and toward the harbor exit. Audrey and Owen each look at one side if I don't hit anything, while Evan is at the back of the ship on the lookout for more of Carlos's men.

When we're almost out of the harbor, I hear a big explosion nearby. Moments later, a giant plume of smoke can be seen, and judging by its distance, they've reached the edge of the city. I turn the wheel one last time to point the bow toward the open sea and then push the throttle hard forward, surprised by how fast the ship accelerates. Owen and Audrey join me at the wheel, and I notice Owen's worried face. Evan also leaves his post since we're at a safe distance from the island. I see he's worried too, so I slow the ship down.

"They're getting into the city now," Owen says.

"Yeah. What about Mom and Dad? Can't we pick 'em up on the north side?" Evan adds.

"Just a few more miles. Then I'll drop the anchor, and I'll call Jack. He'll have all the intel we need," I reply calmly, but feeling stressed inside.

I know deep down that they're probably safe. Jorge, the tour operator, knows the jungle like the back of his hand. And I know for a fact that Jack and my former crew are active in that area too. So the chance of them being killed and me needing to take care of three preteen kids is exceptionally slim.

I stop the boat and look for the button to drop the anchor. Audrey points it out, and I see she's worried too. So I pull the phone I took from Carlos's desk out of my pocket.

“Fuck! It requires a PIN!” I whisper.

“Try the easy ones,” Owen replies, and I feel the tension oozing from him.

So I try 0000 and 1234. Both fail.

“Fuck! Just one try left,” Owen says, looking at his brother.

“You’ve got your laptop with you, right?” Evan says, clearly calmer than his brother.

“Right?” I say, questioning.

“I know a trick to resetting the failure count. Try 9876. If it doesn’t work, we’ll use your laptop.”

“Okay. Here goes,” I say as I press the numbers on the screen.

The phone unlocks, and I’m greeted by a background picture of Carlos, holding his golden gun and with two bikini-clad young girls next to him. These girls are probably no older than eight or nine years old and look scared at the camera.

I decide to ignore it, open the phone app, and dial the satellite phone number.

“Hello?” I hear after a minute or so.

“Jack? It’s Scott.”

Jack and I talk for a while, and I quickly learn that they indeed rescued a group of tourists and took them back to their camp for safety. I describe Luke and Miranda, and he’s positive they’re also with that group.

I also learn that the group trying to take over the island is small. A little too small, according to Jack. We agree that that’s probably the main reason why the hotel is so badly guarded. He assures me that they’ll also liberate these people after the Colombian army joins them on the island.

“Can we help? We’re on a small boat, so maybe we can help evacuate?”

“Nah. No need. Way too many people here. The army will start evacuating them as soon as they’re up to speed here. I guess that in a day or three, maybe four, they’ll airlift people off the island and bring them to The States.”

“Then we’ll go there too. Please tell the parents that we’re heading for the Keys, okay?”

“Of course!”

“Thanks, man! We’ll talk when we get there. You know you’re the best, Jack!”

“No problem. Just throw us the next barbecue, and we’ll call it even,” he laughs.

“Deal!”

“Later,” he says, laughing loudly.

I hang up the phone and look at the boys. The look on their faces is terrible. Owen has tears in his eyes, and it’s clear that Evan is trying to act all tough, but his whole body language tells me something else.

I smile at them and say, “Your parents are safe. They’ll probably get to the US in about four days.”

I barely get the chance to finish my sentence as I’m getting tight hugs from both similar-looking sexy boys. Moments later, Audrey joins the hug, and I feel all of the last day's events flow out of me.

* * *

It’s late in the afternoon as I look through the manual of this ship. I had already lifted the anchor and started the engine. The dashboard of this ship is pretty complex, but there has to be some sort of autopilot on it. I just can’t find how to activate it. I start feeling a bit frustrated, but when I look at the deck, I’m greeted by three magnificent-looking preteens coming out of the hull to chill. They’re carrying some food, two bottles, and four glasses, and they walk toward the lounge area on deck. I’m delighted to see them all relax after this exciting and dangerous day.

When I find the part about the autopilot, I feel a bit embarrassed about how easy it is. Just three buttons, the destination coordinates, and the option to use the engine or sails. I choose sails, so we preserve fuel, and after a few more minutes of checking everything and the sails opening up, I’m confident we’re on our way home. Of course, I feel a bit of

sadness about how I left my beloved island wash over me, but when I look at the lovely kids with me now, I know I did the right thing.

I glance over and see the three of them lounging on the white, half-circle-shaped couch on the deck. The way they act around each other brings a smile to my face.

"We're on autopilot now, so it'll take us around four days to get to Key West. The autopilot will keep us going all night if we want to. We'll decide what to do once we approach the mainland, okay?"

"Sounds good! Why don't you join us?" Audrey asks, gesturing toward the couch.

I look at the table and see they've also taken the backpack. I'm not sure if we're good on food yet, so I just have to ask.

"Is this all the food we've got?"

"No. Not at all! There's LOTS of food down there. We can last weeks if we have to!" Owen smiles broadly.

"And we've got champagne," Evan smiles, holding up the bottle.

"Yeah. Apparently, we took some old rich dude's boat," Owen chuckles.

"I'll make sure he gets it back. All's fair in love and war, so I'm sure I won't get in trouble for it! And if I do, I'll cross that bridge when we get there."

With a loud 'pop,' Evan opens the champagne bottle, which surprises me. And the moment the champagne starts oozing out of the bottle and onto the deck, we hear a big explosion behind us. I look around, and another big, black cloud of smoke rises up from the island.

"Oh," Evan says timidly. "I thought we'd celebrate Audrey's and Mom and Dad's rescue. But..."

"I know," I say a bit glumly, "But I'm sure the island will be freed from these assholes. Jack told me the Colombian army is on its way. I just hope there's something left for them to liberate."

"I'm sure it'll all be fine," Audrey says reassuringly and puts her arm around my shoulder.

“Let’s hope so,” I reply, already feeling a bit less glum about it, and say, “Well, there’s nothing we can do now to help the islanders. We’ll just have to make sure to get back to The States. So let’s toast to being free,” I say as I pick up my glass, holding it toward Evan.

He fills my glass, and the others follow my example, also holding up their glasses. Finally, after Evan fills his own, I raise my glass and say, “Here’s to getting off the island safely!”

Moments later, our glasses touch, and Evan adds, “And to the safe return of mom and dad!”

We all approvingly mumble something in response to that and drink some champagne. I can feel myself relax as I feel it slide down my throat and look around me. In the distance to my left, there’s the island, where all evidence of explosions and such is gone, and to my right, the sun starts setting but is still high enough in the sky to be comfortably warm for at least an hour or so.

“So...” Owen starts with the tone in his voice which usually means some smart-ass remark is coming my way. “It’ll be three to four days before we see other people, right?”

“Something like that, yeah,” I reply hesitantly.

“That means I can get rid of these, doesn’t it?” he asks as he pulls on the fabric of his shorts to prove a point.

That little bugger! I know he’s right, but this is the absolute last thing I’m thinking about at the moment. But knowing how much of a pair of nudists they are, I can’t blame them. So I start laughing and say, “I don’t see why not! It’s just the four of us for the coming three days, so why don’t we work on those tan lines. Right, Lil’ Bit?”

Owen starts wiggling out of his clothes, and moments later, his brother follows suit. I assume it takes Audrey a moment for this all to land because there’s no action on her part for a few heartbeats. But when it does, she doesn’t waste any time and is standing there in just her panties, looking expectantly at me. When I look over at the boys and quickly glance at their flaccid dicks hanging over their tight ballsacks, I notice they’re looking at me too.

“What!?” I ask as if I don’t have a clue why they’re looking at me.

As Audrey matter-of-factly slides her panties down her legs, she says to no one in particular, "We've got a party pooper on the ship. I repeat... party pooper on board!"

Both boys start giggling, and their little dicks wobble with each movement of their bodies. I guess they don't want to be a part of this thing between Audrey and me, as they let themselves fall back onto the couch and look at us with obvious amusement.

"Party pooper, you say?" I say with mock surprise.

"Yeah. That's what I think you are," she says, looking at me like a true diva with her hand on her hip.

As I once more drink in the sight of her perky, hot, and nubile young body, I softly say, "Guess you need to do something about that, don't you?"

Audrey's eyes light up, and I see the twins start to move in the corner of my eye. I willingly am helped to my feet, both boys chuckling and giggling. Before I know it, six small hands are tugging at my shorts and t-shirt. Moments later, I'm as naked as the kids, and their hands are roaming all over my body.

Because of all the groping and rubbing, I fall back on the bench, where Audrey quickly climbs on my lap, kissing me deeply and rubbing her pelvis against mine.

"Slow down, Lil' Bit! We've got all evening, night, AND three days after that. So let's enjoy it, okay?"

She nods shyly, and as the boys take their spot on the bench and Evan refills our glasses, she whispers, "I put a lot of oil up my bum. I want your thing in it again," into my ear.

After hearing that, my hard cock twitches violently against her pussy, causing her to smile wickedly before she leaps off my lap and cuddles up next to me on the bench, grabbing her glass.

We make some small talk, but I can feel the sexual tension between us rise quickly. My dick has gone soft by now, and I start to feel more and more relaxed as I lounge around naked with these kids. But the movement in Owen's lap grabs my attention. With each heartbeat, his dick rises, and he seems oblivious to it.

“Dude!” Evan chuckles as he looks at his brother.

“What?” Owen asks innocently but with a wicked smile.

Audrey and I are looking at each other as she talks about something funny that happened at school a few weeks back, but when she hears the boys talk, she glances over and asks with a twinkle in her eyes, “Need some help with that?”

Owen smiles sheepishly and simply nods. Audrey gets up and crawls onto the table on her hands and knees toward the other side like a cat, reaching out for Owen’s boner. Owen immediately gets the idea and gets to his feet.

Before he can say or do anything, Audrey latches her mouth onto his dick, and a soft moan escapes his throat as she slides her lips down his shaft. Evan immediately gets to his feet too, not wanting to be left out.

“I’m taking turns this time,” she giggles as she looks at the boys, who sheepishly nod again.

She starts alternating between the two hard, adolescent dicks in front of her face. Seeing her working these dicks like an experienced cocksucker makes me vaguely proud about how quickly this girl picks up on this stuff.

I’m watching this spectacle from right behind Audrey’s butt, which sticks invitingly into the air and moves seductively from left to right as she’s sucking the twin’s cocks. I love the look on the boy’s faces, and as I’m watching them and contemplating if I should do something with Audrey, she lifts her head from one of the dicks barely long enough to look back at me over her shoulder, asking, “What are you waiting for?”

I feel a bit silly for still doubting if I should participate. Especially when the boys start urging me on too. They WANT me to join them in their sex play. I have to keep reminding myself about that.

“The oil is next to the couch,” Evan points to me.

Currently, Audrey is working his brother’s hard cock, so Evan is observant enough to notice. I look on the floor, and there’s the can of oil. I don’t know how or when Audrey prepared all this, but there’s no doubt in my mind that she wants my hard cock up her butt and fuck her brains out. My caveman instinct is taking over again. This time, I know she can

handle me, so I make very little effort to push him back to let the voice of reason take over.

No. I need to lube up and stick it inside that little girl's ass. I need to slide it in, fuck her hard, and coat her insides with every drop of cum my balls have to offer. And she's going to take it like a pro. I just know it! As I open the can of oil and generously coat my dick with it, I see her rosebud open and close in front of me. She's clearly been practicing how to use these muscles, and it turns me on immensely.

Since I'm all lubed up and horny as fuck, I get to my feet and step forward. My legs are a bit shaky, but as I'm closing in on her backside, I notice how this table is almost at the perfect height. I push my dick down a bit, so it's practically horizontal, and all I have to do now is take another small step, and I'm pressed against her entrance.

The moment my dickhead touches her anus, I hear her moan loudly. Both boys look at me, and I hear one of them say, "Go for it, Mr. H!" followed by a moan as Audrey switches dicks.

I don't say anything. Instead, I place my hands on her hips, and I apply just a little bit of pressure to let her know I'm ready for it. When she realizes what I'm about to do, she relaxes her sphincter, and my slippery dickhead pops in with ease. Damn! This girl is a quick learner!

Her ass muscles clamp tightly around my dick, but she isn't as tight as before. It's still extremely tight, but now it just feels more... relaxed. My caveman brain is still in full swing, and I start sliding in without worrying too much about Audrey. But according to the deep grunts and moans coming from her, she likes what I'm doing.

As I'm over halfway inside of her, the ship hits a wave, and I slightly lose my balance, causing me to slide that last bit in at once.

"Aahhhh!" she moans loudly, but it doesn't sound as painful as I expected.

"You okay, Lil' Bit?" I worriedly ask, my hands firmly on her hips and my hard cock buried to the hilt in her ass.

"Ooohhh... yeah... it's just... I need a sec."

My right hand reaches around her, and as I move it down over her lower abdomen in search of that sweet spot, she moans again. The moment my

index finger finds her swollen and slippery clit, she instinctively pushes her butt back and starts grunting. I rub over and around her slick button, and as I start moving my cock in and out of her ass, she starts squirming.

I suddenly have an incredible urge to feel her body against mine, and my caveman brain figures there's an easy way to fix this. So I let go of her clit and wrap my arms around her slim body. My left hand firmly grabs her right boob, and when I feel I've got a strong enough grip on her, I pull her up against my chest, making sure to keep my dick buried deep inside her back door.

She squeals as I lift her, but it's a squeal of delight. Her hands search for support, and after grabbing just air, they land on my hips. But I have no intention of keeping a standing position, so I step back and ease myself slowly down onto the couch as smoothly as possible. As my butt hits the cushion, her ass slides down even further down my cock, and I let out a loud moan. Audrey plants her feet at the front of the couch and pushes herself up a bit before sliding down again. To me, it feels like she's testing the position we're in, but I fully understand her need of testing the water.

Her back is still firmly pressed against my chest, and as my left hand keeps kneading her right tit, I savor the feeling of her lovely body against mine. We are slowly starting to fuck again, and we're getting into a slow rhythm together before long. I sense we're on the same page here and not aiming for a quick orgasm but a nice, long and intense fucking session. There's less urgency in our movement but more focus on the things we like. I guess the experience they've gained up until now is the cause of that.

Audrey moans something inaudible, and in my peripheral vision, I see some movement. I look at the boys, and as they're getting over to us, their bobbing boners lead the way, and they've got some shit-eating grins on their faces. They kneel down in front of us and between our spread legs. Their faces dip between our legs, and when Audrey lets out a loud, primal grunt, it's clear what's the cause of that.

But, moments later, the feeling of a mouth sucking in one of my balls surprises me, and I instinctively push hard into that tight little girl's ass I'm pounding at the moment. Then, when I get used to the feeling of the lapping tongue and mouth all over my balls, I slow down my thrusts a

little. I don't want to cum yet. I need this moment to last. But the squirming body against my chest has different plans.

"Aaahh... aaahh... aaahh..." Audrey moans, followed by a high-pitched, "cummmmmiiiiinnngggg..."

Her body stiffens, and her ass muscles clamp around my pumping dick. This isn't one of the earth-shattering orgasms she had before, and she'll probably have about half a dozen more before I'm done with her, but I absolutely love the feeling of her shaking body in my arms.

She lets go of my hips and reaches down for the boy who ate her out. The mouth on my balls lets go, and I can see one of the boy's faces appear, and he lip-locks with Audrey after he gets up completely. He presses his body firmly against hers, and I just love the feeling of this extra pressure on me. I notice his humping motion and feel the tip of his dick rub against my bald balls a few times. His instinct is to aim for a pussy to sink his dick into, take over, and I feel the need to help him.

So I reach around, grab both his ass cheeks and pull him up and toward us. Less than a second later, I feel the underside of our dicks touch, with only the soft, thin flesh of Audrey's insides separating us. Wanting to keep it as comfortable for Audrey as possible and learning from past experiences, I pull back the moment the boy slides in.

"Aaaahhhhh!!! YESSSS!!!" Audrey practically screams, slams her head back, and lays it on my shoulder.

The boy looks at me with the horniest look I've ever seen. Then, without needing to talk, I feel I need to push back in, and he starts sliding out.

"Owen?" I ask hoarsely, guessing the boy's name.

He just nods, leans in, and starts Frenching me violently. I close my eyes as I'm overwhelmed by all the stimulation my body is receiving. There's this preteen cock sliding over mine. The hot, tight, and slippery inside of this sexy girl pressed against my chest. The tight ass I'm holding of this sexy Adonis, who's Frenching me with everything he has inside of him.

I just have to open my eyes again. I want to see everything that's happening in front of me and memorize as much as possible. I then notice Evan placing the can of oil back next to me on the couch. Moments later, Owen stops kissing me, his eyes fly open, and a loud moan comes from deep within his throat. When I feel Evan's hips press

against my hands, I realize that at that moment, almost every available hole is filled with a cock.

Owen moves his face over in search of Audrey's, and as Evan picks up the pace, so are Owen's moans. I need to stay focused because Evan is determining Owen's pace of fucking Audrey now. I need to match it in the opposite way, which is quite challenging initially.

Evan reaches his face over his brother's shoulder in search of mine, and we start kissing furiously while picking up the pace. Audrey's body feels like a ragdoll against my chest, and the primary grunts coming from her are sexy as fuck and extremely encouraging. I also realize that Owen and I are pistoning in and out at the same time now, filling her up as we enter her. There are no groans of discomfort or winching of her body. Nothing like that, just encouraging moans and grunts to fuck her as hard and deep as possible.

Of course, this can't last forever. I feel Audrey having a few 'little orgasms,' as she calls them, but because of all the action, they're pushed back right away, all accumulating to that one big explosion. As Evan moans into my mouth getting louder and more intense, I hear Owen's now-familiar high-pitch grunts. He's close to cumming, but has to match his brother's rhythm, which is clearly not fast enough, judging by his pleading moans.

And that's when Audrey sets off a chain event. A big, loud, bellowing scream from deep inside her triggers my point of no return. I slap hard into her with all the force I can master in this position. Her body starts shaking on my chest, and I'm surprised by what happens next. One second, she's shaking, the other, she's completely limp.

I know she's fine, judging by her deep breaths. And since she's experienced these intense orgasms before and almost acted the same during these, I focus on one of my most intense orgasms ever. As Audrey's shaking continues, I feel Owen's ass muscles tighten under my kneading hands. The moment his dick starts kicking against mine and his cute, high-pitched grunts fill my ears, I lose it. The dam breaks, and I slam in one last time, as deep and hard as I can. I feel my balls pull up, touching Owen's, and the stream of cum fills my ejaculatory tunnel. A heartbeat later. I start coating the insides of my little lover.

I don't know how many spurts filled her up. All I know is that I almost passed out from the sheer pleasure. Owen's kicking dick keeps rubbing over mine, and I realize Evan is still pumping his brother's ass. I'm still spurting too, and the moment Owen's dick rubs over mine one last time, I feel like I'm coming again. I had never felt this before. I had an orgasm during an orgasm. That's the only and best way to describe it. Evan's hips shake against my hands, and the same grunts his brother grunted moments before are filling the air.

All the while, Audrey is still cumming. This lasts a few more minutes, which I find both impressive and highly erotic. But I don't have any more to give her at this moment. So we lay there in a panting heap of sweaty bodies, all trying to come down from our orgasmic highs. My dick stays hard for a while but eventually slips out with a squishy sound, and cum dribbles out over my dick and balls.

"I can do this all day," Audrey mumbles between Owen and me, and we all start laughing at that.

* * *

But it turned out we almost did it all day long, for four days straight. I had never felt this sexually drained in all my life. We tried every possible position we could think of, even one Owen came up with, where Audrey had to bend forward and had her head between her knees.

Audrey's favorite was the airlock. We did that one several times, and she just loved having every hole filled with a cock. We also learned that Audrey loved to be covered in cum. And in the end, she wouldn't let us cum inside her anymore. Instead, she'd lay down on the deck, and the three of us had to spurt over her, hosing her down and covering her in cum.

I'm reminiscing all this as I'm standing at the wheel after disabling the autopilot. I remember the look on the kid's faces after telling them they need to wear some clothes again. Key West is approaching, and so is the chance of sailing past another boat filled with people. I tell them I can't explain to these people why there's a grown man on board with three naked kids. And when I drop the word 'prison' again, they all reluctantly go down and put on their clothes.

“This is the US coastguard. Identify yourself,” I hear over the radio the moment we enter the US territorial waters.

“This is Scott Harris bringing back refugees from La Isla de Aquinas. We’re US citizens, requesting to dock in Key West.”

“We were told you were coming. Welcome home, Mr. Harris.”

I look relieved at the kids, who all have broad smiles of relief across their faces. As I glance at Audrey and how amazing she looks in her tank top with her hair dancing in the wind, this brings me back to the hospital right after she was born.

* * *

Glenn and I stood there looking at the little baby, lying there under a blanket, peacefully asleep. Glenn wrapped his arm around my shoulder and pulled me close. I could even feel he was emotional, and I felt all mushy inside too.

“She’s absolutely amazing, isn’t she?” he asked.

“She’s wonderful! I’ve never seen anything more beautiful.”

“I think she even looks a bit like you,” he chuckled.

“No way! Really?” I replied, feeling flattered.

“Yeah, she does. A Lil’ Bit...”

The End.



Epilogue

After we docked at Key West, we were picked up by the coast guard. It turned out that Jack informed them, and we were brought to an exclusive hotel to relax. The kind lady behind the desk handed me the key to the executive suite, which was a big, four-person, extremely luxurious room. When we entered the room, we were all hyped and excited to be back. The little worries we had about the people left on the island were quickly taken away, as we were told they were all safe and sound and would be flown back over here as soon as possible.

I got debriefed about everything I experienced there. I learned that 'El Capitain' was told the Nicaraguan army was going to help him, so he launched the attack. But thanks to some back-room diplomacy, the Nicaraguans decided to drop the support and stay neutral. Because of that, El Capitain was hugely undermanned and eventually didn't stand a chance. Eventually, fifty-five of El Capitain's men were killed, and three citizens gave their lives during the 'One-day war' as it came to be known on the island. Some US elite forces joined the Columbians in their actions to throw out the freedom fighters, now called terrorists, to take back the island and reinstate the governor.

When I returned to the hotel room after the debrief, I found the three kids together in the big bathtub, having fun. I quickly shed my clothes and joined them in a hot pile of anal sex with both boys, ending in another airlock session with Audrey. Unfortunately, this proved to be the last time we had sex together that week. The following day, Luke and Miranda returned, as did Bert and Annabel. We all had dinner together and talked about what happened on the island. We stayed in touch after we all went home. Bert's funeral was sad, but Annabel said that Bert never felt more alive than when he helped us save Audrey. He'd tell the story to everyone who wanted to hear it, exaggerating it a little more each time he told it.

We also learned that we 'borrowed' the yacht of a retired tech CEO. When he learned how it saved our lives, he was glad to be able to help us and didn't press charges or anything. He even offered us to borrow it again whenever we wanted to.

Two days after hanging out at the hotel, we received our new passports, and we were glad to return to Seattle. Three weeks later, I threw a big bbq for the guys as promised. We all drank, ate, and had a lot of fun. Audrey, Miranda, and Luke all thanked everyone individually, giving each of them a personal present. The guys all insisted on it being their job and that this all wasn't necessary, but I knew how much they enjoyed being praised like this. I stayed in touch with the guys, but I knew I was never going back to that life.

Despite losing all his clothes, Mr. Lieberman was thrilled about the pictures we made. It turned out to become one of the best marketing campaigns his company ever had, and sales shot through the roof. This put both B-Wyze and Aquinas pictures on the map for a long time to come.

After the B-Wyze gig, the assignments rolled in, and I had to pick the best ones because I simply lacked time to do them all. I became the go-to guy for photoshoots with kids overnight and never ran out of work anymore. And on top of that, I got to do what I love best; shooting kids, ranges ten to sixteen, in various stages of undress.

I even landed an exposition as my Pyntar alter-ego at a renowned gallery in New York. This didn't pay the bills, which was fine because I had my regular work for that. But this exposition really boosted my ego as an art photographer, which I kept doing because of the acknowledgment from the scene and the fact I got to take pics of naked kids. But most of all, because this was what I excelled in and was my last connection with Glenn's lessons in life.

The day Audrey turned eighteen, we got married. This raised a few eyebrows, but the people closest to us understood. And even if they didn't, we couldn't care less. We loved each other and wanted to grow old together, so we wanted to get married. And since I wasn't her caretaker anymore, there weren't any legal complications either.

Evan and Owen's careers got a huge boost too. After landing some more shoots, they eventually ended up as actors. During their younger years, we had a few sleep-overs at my place, but our sexual get-togethers eventually came to an end. This wasn't anything deliberate, but it sort of happened. We still visited each other once in a while, but because of

their looks and sex appeal, they quickly became hot-shot actors, and time together became scarce.

Owen did thank me in his Oscar acceptance speech as he promised, which Audrey and I found extremely funny. I thanked Owen for it during the after-party. After the party, the four of us headed off to their hotel room. During the ride to the hotel in the back of the limousine, I handed both boys a book. Each book contained the best pictures of each of them, combined with the hottest pics I could find exploring their bodies together. I cut out the outline of a USB thumb drive on several pages in the back of the album, so it fitted in there perfectly. There were all sorts of pics, videos, and montages of the good times we had together on the drive. The excited looks on their faces and bulges in their pants confirmed to me that they experienced their development in about the same way as I do with Glenn.

When we arrived at the hotel, we were naked within ten seconds, and hands, tongues, and dicks, roamed all over our bodies with an urgency that reminded me of the moment we started doing these things together. The youthful eagerness was back as if it had never left. After the initial urgency wore off, we watched some of the clips. Less than half the clip was enough motivation to start again. It turned out we had sex the entire night, and after Owen's P.A. softly knocked on the door, telling him it was almost time for his first appointment, we stopped. I was exhausted but satisfied beyond belief.

This turned out to be the last night we ever had sex together. Even with their mature bodies and tons of experience, we had the time of our lives. But deep down, we probably all knew this wasn't going to happen again. Nobody said it out loud, but Audrey cried, and sadness was in the air when we parted. We stayed in touch, but our schedules were too difficult to match. However, the fond memories of helping them during their sexual development still make me all warm and fuzzy inside until today.

Audrey and I were in an extremely happy place, with Audrey graduating from college and going to a local university. She wanted to stay close to me, and despite my pressing on to get into the best possible university, she figured that in the end, the university itself doesn't matter that much. It's all about the diploma, which she acknowledged by graduating cum laude and landing a decent job she actually liked. It wasn't a hot-

shot VP executive job or anything, but she really enjoyed working there, and in the end, that's all that really matters.

We wanted to try bringing other people into our sex life. We tried several online ads, which were all horrible. But Audrey knew a guy from work that wanted to try new stuff, and the three of us had sex together on a few occasions. When he got himself a steady girlfriend, we even tried a foursome, but this wasn't really working for either myself or Audrey. Audrey and I talked about this a lot, and we came to realize that we were trying to re-create something magical that just wasn't possible to re-create. So we eventually settled for a traditional, monogamous relationship. We were extremely happy with what we had and maybe even more with what we ended up with.

The day Audrey gave birth to our little girl, and I looked at the little bundle of joy lying there in my arms, I was stunned to see how much she looked like Glenn and Gloria. She looked like them way, way more than just a Lil' Bit.



