

Empress of the World



By Caliboy1991

Empress of the World

By

Caliboy1991

Chapter 1

“Christ on a Unicycle!”

My eyes swung between my sister and my mom. The glare with which my mom shot Jackie made me glad it was my sister in her crosshairs.

“Jackie, really. If you can’t say anything nice…” Mom’s voice trailed off. It wasn’t like we hadn’t heard the familiar words before.

Jackie glared, “What’s wrong with that? Dad used to say it all the time.”

I turned away from them, knowing things were about to get ugly. As Mom responded, the vast ship riding at anchor on the other side of the thick plate-glass window captivated me. The Empress of the World was the largest ship I’d ever seen.

Unfortunately, I could hear Mom, “Maybe that’s why he and I never got married.”

Still focusing on the ship, I waited for the explosion. Jackie’s dad had passed away a couple of years ago and my sister’s wounds were still raw, even after all this time.

“Or maybe you didn’t get married to mine or Orion’s dads because you were still looking for your meal ticket.”

My head whipped around fast enough to get whiplash. Max hadn’t returned from parking the car in long-term parking yet. But Jackie had gone too far, struck too close to home. Of all the men Mom had been with, Max was in a class all his own. Before Jackie’s dad had died, he’d been an assistant manager at a grocery store. My dad had been a sheriff’s deputy, before he’d had one DUI too many, and found out what it was like on the other side of the bars. I haven’t seen him in a couple of years.

I scarcely understood what Max did. But I knew he made a ton of money doing it. He was always schmoozing politicians and high-ranking government employees in Austin. Of course, that was how he met Mom, who had been working at a Brazilian steakhouse a few blocks from the state capitol building. Though she's past thirty, even I could see she was still hot. Apparently Max thought so too. He came back after he'd been wining and dining some state senator and got Mom's phone number. The rest, as they say, is history. A year later, Mom's wearing an enormous diamond ring and they're going to get married before the end of the summer.

Of course, that's why we were waiting in the cruise terminal in Los Angeles. After Mom said yes, when Max popped the question, he talked her into a destination wedding in New Zealand. Mom has always been deathly afraid of flying, so she talked him into a cruise that would take them to New Zealand. In all the hubbub of them planning their cruise and wedding, somehow or another, they made the decision that me and Jackie would come along.

The cruise was not direct between Los Angeles and New Zealand. No, it would meander across the Pacific like a drunken sailor, taking us to a few different cities in Hawaii, before visiting ports like Tahiti and islands like Guam before taking us to New Zealand, where Max had already arranged for the wedding.

But that wasn't even the cruise's halfway point. I guess the rest of the trip would officially be Max's and Mom's honeymoon, as the ship would visit a dozen different ports across Australia before turning north, eventually reaching Taiwan over seventy days after leaving Los Angeles.

To me, a twelve-year-old boy, it was the adventure of a lifetime. But to my sixteen-year-old sister, it was hell on earth. She'd just received her driver's license a few months before and had been looking forward to pool parties with her friends. Instead, we were scheduled to return just a few days before school starts up in the fall.

And that's why Jackie was playing with fire with Mom, who shook her

head and said, “Don’t be such a bitch, Jackie. When you’re older, you’ll understand.”

My sister’s head snapped back. Mom seldom called her names. But then again, Jackie was doing her best to be as cruel as possible right then. Her mouth opened and closed, but nothing came out. Max chose that moment to return and whatever Jackie was trying to say died.

We had already dropped off our luggage as we headed through the terminal. Apart from the clothes on our backs, the only thing we carried were backpacks and carry-ons. Of course, I loaded mine down with my laptop, hand-held console and my swimming suit.

Before we could board the Empress of the World, we had to go through the registration process. Max leaned against the counter and handed over our passports. After a bit, the lady checking us in said, “Mr. Moreland, we were able give you a complimentary upgrade to a mini-suite with a balcony.”

Mom, who had been doing her best to ignore Jackie, leaned forward, “Just for one cabin? We were supposed to have adjoining balcony cabins.”

The clerk glanced down at her screen. “Hmm, let me check into that.”

Minutes passed by before she looked up, “I’m sorry, Ms. Dalton. The original reservation had adjoining cabins, but we emailed Mr. Moreland a couple of weeks ago when one of the cabins taken out of service.”

She pursed her lips as she looked at her screen. “The email said we would try to accommodate adjoining cabins. But regrettably that isn’t possible. It appears that’s why we upgraded your cabins to suites, ma’am.”

Mom looked back at me and Jackie, “Max, I’m not sure about this. The kids were supposed to be next door.”

Max smiled at my mom before turning to the clerk, "Is there anything you can do to accommodate us? My fiancé would prefer her children next door."

The clerk shrugged her shoulders, "I'm sorry, Mr. Moreland. The ship is nearly at capacity and cabin assignments are fixed. Once the Empress of the World is underway, you're welcome to go to guest services and see if there are any last-minute cancelations that would accommodate your needs."

I felt a thrill inside me at the prospect of being away from Mom and Max. Also, just a little fear. Still, Jackie would be there, and I'd long since resigned myself to having to share the cabin with her. With an air of indifference, Jackie said, "We'll be fine, Mom. We're not little kids anymore. We can take care of ourselves."

Mom wore her worried face even as Max nodded, "Maybe Jackie's right, Hon. She's less than two years from eighteen. Perhaps now is a good time to see how she handles a bit of independence. After all, we'll just be a couple of decks above them."

Mom still looked doubtful. Then the clerk weighed in, "Mr. Moreland, if your party will accept the cabin assignments, I'm authorized to provide a thousand-dollar credit to each room. I know this doesn't fix your inconvenience, but I hope it allows your party to start off your vacation by enjoying some of our amenities on us."

I could see Mom thinking about how many spa treatments a thousand dollars would get her as she slowly nodded, "Maybe you're right, Max."

She turned on me and Jackie, "I'm trusting you two to behave. I need you to show me my trust isn't misplaced. Alright?"

As I nodded, I snuck a sideways glance at my sister. The sullen look was gone, at least for now. She slowly bobbed her head in agreement. "Fine. But I still miss my friends."

With Mom's objections silenced, each of us received our boarding pass in the form of a wristwatch a few minutes later. The clerk told us we needed to keep it with us at all times. Jackie and I would need

them to access the Zone, which was part of the ship just for teens. Fortunately, as far as the Empress was concerned, twelve-year-olds are teens. I let out an audible sigh of relief when I found that out. It's not that I wanted to hang out with Jackie. Mom was right, she really was being a bitch. But I was too big for the younger kids' section. At an inch over five foot, most people thought I was already thirteen.

After that, we headed toward the boarding area and a few minutes later, we wended our way up an enclosed gangway onto the ship. To get past the screening station, we each had to let some very tough-looking men scan our wristwatches before they would let us pass. From there, we followed some other guests into the ship's interior.

A couple of elevator rides later, we ended up on deck 14, where they were serving up a buffet. Max grabbed a table for us while me, Jackie, and Mom spread out to fill up our plates. When I came back, I'd piled my plate with hot dogs, a hamburger, and a few slices of pizza. Mom, always the responsible eater, had loaded her plate with some gross looking salad and other green things. Jackie came back with some disgusting looking fish bits. I think she found the buffet's sushi bar.

We'd picked a table facing the ocean, and it was really cool looking at ships sailing into and out of Los Angeles' harbor while feeding my face pizza. Even Jackie seemed in better spirits by the time we had finished.

After sharing some kind of chocolate dessert with Max, Mom excused herself, leaving us with her fiancé. He was about ten years older than Mom, but he looked a bit younger, with short brown hair and a clean-shaven face. I knew he worked out a lot. He'd taken me to his gym to work out several times over the past year. More than that, I knew by the way he treated her he was head-over-heels in love with our mom.

He waited until Mom disappeared before leaning in, "Okay, Jackie, I know you want to be here like you want a visit to the dentist. But I really want your mom to enjoy this cruise and I need your guys help to make that happen."

Jackie's sullen expression returned. She didn't much care for Max. I'm not sure if it's because she thought Mom was a gold-digger or what. But despite Max's best efforts, Jackie had remained cold toward him.

Undeterred, Max said, "So, here's the deal. You guys work with me and I'll pay for internet package for your room for the entire trip. Two devices each." He looked at Jackie when he added, "That way you can stay in touch with your friends over the summer. Maybe they won't seem so far away if you can Facetime them."

Jackie's eyes softened a bit, "That wouldn't be too bad. So, what do you want from me and Orion?"

Max leaned back, "Get lost."

I can only imagine what my eyes must have looked like right then. Jackie's were wide in shock. Before either of us could muster a reply, he added, "Not literally, guys. You may not believe it yet, but there's a lot to do on this ship, and because it's summer, there should be quite a few other passengers who're your ages. Have fun. Make friends. Enjoy the ship's amenities. And let me have your mom's time."

I could feel my head nodding. I was already stoked for the cruise and knew I was going to have fun. Jackie was Max's only obstacle. Her eyes narrowed as she stared back at him. "I dunno Max. All the cool stuff costs extra. I'm afraid a thousand-dollar room credit won't go very far, not on a two-month cruise. Not if you want us to do our own thing all the time."

Max smirked, shaking his head slightly. "Your skills are wasted as a teenager, Jackie. Once you graduate from college, come see me about a job."

I worried Jackie had sunk the deal. And it was a freaking awesome deal as far as I was concerned. But Max sighed, "Fine. I'll call guest services this evening and put a hundred dollars a day room credit on

your cabin.”

Jackie wore an exultant expression as a shit-eating grin spread across her face. Max held up his hand and said, “Use it however you’d like. Spa treatments, specialty dining, shore excursions, shopping. Whatever. But,” he paused again, “I’m splitting that money between the two of you. Deal?”

Still smiling, Jackie nodded and extending her hand across the table, “You’ve got yourself a deal, Max.”

Once Max and Jackie shook on it, he extended his hand to me, “You’re part of this too, Orion. Deal?”

My grin spread from ear to ear as I shook on it, “Deal.”

Once we’d all shaken hands, Max smiled triumphantly as Mom returned. She took one look at us and said, “Uh-oh. I’m gone for five minutes and the three of you look all buddy-buddy. What’s up?”

Max stood and helped Mom back into her seat, “Nothing, Clarice. Jackie and Orion were telling me how they wanted to do their own thing at meal times and I was just agreeing with them.”

Mom gave Max a severe look, “I don’t know about that. Even though the wedding is still a few weeks away, Max, I want us to behave like a family. Do things together.”

Before Max could say anything, Jackie jumped in, “Come on, Mom. It’s bad enough I’m missing out on my summer with my friends, don’t make me and Orion sit next to you two at dinner, making googly eyes at each other. That’s cruel and unusual punishment.”

Max said, “Do we really give each other googly eyes?”

Both me and Jackie nodded.

He laughed, “Well, we don’t want to gross you two out.” He turned to Mom, “I think we’ll all enjoy the cruise more if we give these two

rapscallions their way on this.”

Still looking doubtful, Mom said, “I don’t know, Max. Maybe Jackie’s old enough to do her own thing, but Orion’s only twelve.”

My jaw fell open when Mom turned her attention onto me.

I squeaked, “I’m almost thirteen!”

My voice was still high-pitched. A lot of my friends, when they got excited or nervous, their voices would break. Some of them already sounded more adult and less like kids. Not me. Although I hated choir, my voice, when I sang, was still pure and soprano-like.

Max came to my rescue, “Orion’s mature for his age. How about we see how he handles a bit of freedom?”

I could see the skepticism written across Mom’s face.

Then Jackie said, “Why don’t you and Max start treating this like the honeymoon this cruise is supposed to be. I promise, I’ll keep an eye on Orion, make sure he’s eating his veggies at dinner, and you two do your thing.”

For the first time since Mom started dating Max, I watched Jackie and Mom’s fiancé work together toward a common goal. Even so, Mom was formidable. When everything was settled, Jackie and I would join Mom and Max two nights a week for dinner in the ship’s formal dining room, but not on the formal nights. The other five dinners were ours, as were all our breakfasts and lunches. And apart from the wedding in New Zealand, Jackie and I could do our own shore excursions-provided she and I were together. Anything else required Mom’s approval.

By the time we left the Buffet Court, all of us wore smiles. Even Mom. I knew she didn’t like the idea of Jackie and I not spending as much time with her as she had envisioned, but I think she was genuinely pleased about Jackie and Max working together, even if it was to overcome her objections.

From there, we checked into our emergency mustering station, after which Jackie and I headed to deck nine to find our cabin, while Mom and Max headed to deck twelve.

Our bags had yet to arrive when we reached our cabin. They'd told us it could take most of embarkation day to get thousands of suitcases and luggage distributed among a thousand cabins, and they weren't kidding.

Jackie went into our cabin first. "What the fuck!"

I came in behind her, curious about what she'd found to complain about now. It didn't take a brain surgeon to figure it out. There was a single large bed against one wall.

I mumbled, "I thought we'd have our own beds."

Jackie tossed her carry-on onto the bed, "No kidding. At least you don't still wet the bed anymore."

I set my backpack on the bed with care. Maybe Jackie didn't care about her stuff, but the idea of having something happen to my laptop sent chills down my spine. I had just about every game I wanted to play downloaded on it. I glared at my sister, "Fuck you. It's been years since I've had an accident."

She sat on the bed and flipped me the bird, "At least the bed's comfy. I call dibs on this side."

I didn't care which side I slept on. Still, I shared her distaste for our sleeping arrangement. The last couple of years Jackie had become hard to live with, and part of me dreaded spending more than two months in a cabin with her. I really hoped she would play ball with Max and not give Mom any reason to keep a close eye on us. Maybe then, sharing a cabin with her wouldn't be too bad.

After a few minutes, she grabbed her swimming suit from her backpack, "I want to check out the swimming pool. You want to come

with?”

I'd packed my swimsuit in my backpack just for that. As she headed toward the bathroom, I said, "Sure."

While she changed, I turned on the TV and used the remote control to navigate through the options. There half a dozen channels reserved just for the ship; things like shore excursions, shopping opportunities, and the ship's amenities.

When the bathroom door opened, I involuntarily sucked in my breath at the sight of Jackie. My sister wore a two-piece purple and pink bikini. Even though she was my sister and I knew that thinking about her in any way that could be considered sexy was wrong, I was twelve years old and on the cusp of puberty. I couldn't help thinking it; my sister was super-hot in that bikini.

Her raven-black hair brushed her shoulder straps. The padding on her cups made her naturally small tits look at least one size larger than she was. Her skin was already lightly tanned. Even though she'd bitched and moaned about coming on the cruise, that hadn't stopped Jackie from working on her tan the last few weeks before school let out.

"Hey, eyes up here, perv," Jackie said.

My face burned as I grabbed my swimming suit and tore my eyes off her body. "I wasn't looking," I muttered.

"Whatever."

The bathroom was toward the front of the cabin. It was big enough to be comfortable for one person-barely. Our mini-suite cabin had a full-length bathtub/shower, unlike the cabin we'd reserved, which was equipped with a walk-in shower. I didn't care about that kind of thing, but knew Jackie would enjoy the bathtub.

I pulled off my T-shirt and then shucked my pants and underwear. Before sliding my swimsuit on, I paused and looked at myself in the

mirror. I was tall for my age. Just an inch shorter than Jackie's five foot, two inches. That's why people thought I was thirteen. But staring at myself in the mirror, my height was the only part of me that was teen-agerish. Most of the guys in my gym class had hit puberty by the end of the seventh grade. Most of them had at least a few strands of hair over their dicks. Some of them had lots of it. My friend, Darrin, even had a few wisps of hair on his chin.

As I stared at myself, I wished I looked like the other boys in my gym class. Even though I was less than three months from thirteen, my balls, my dick and my pubic area were as smooth as they'd been when I was a little kid. Worse still, as far as I was concerned, I was a grower rather than a shower. After getting an eyeful of Jackie's body, my dick pointed at the ceiling, all four and a quarter inches. But when it deflated, it would shrink down to two inches.

I sighed in misery, hoping my body would get the chance to play catch-up over the summer. After I pulled on my swimsuit, my erection finally went down so that when I joined Jackie, things were back to normal.

The pool was on the same deck as the buffet court. And when we got there, it was half full of people, enjoying the warm June weather and listening to hip hop music from a DJ.

Jackie tossed her towel onto an open lounge chair. Without a backwards glance, she said, "Later."

I watched her as she went over to the side of the pool. The way the material on her bottoms gripped her ass was enough to make lie face-down on the lounge chair. I think I would die if someone saw me sporting a boner. Especially if they knew I was perverting my older sister.

A few minutes later, once things returned to normal, I headed into the water, too.

I was in a splashing fight with a couple of younger kids when

something hit me from behind. When I spun around, I faced a boy who looked a couple of years older. He held a Nerf football, “Oh, shit, dude, sorry about that. Nathan threw the ball too hard and when I jumped up, I bumped into you.”

The words that had been on my lips died. He really appeared apologetic. I tried to ignore the pain as I shrugged, “No big deal.”

I moved away from the kids and added, “You guys got room for me?”

He nodded, “Sure. I’m Gavin and you’ve already felt Nathan’s handiwork.”

Nathan waved. He looked a bit older than me, but was about the same height. Gavin’s wet blond hair brushed against his shoulders as he spiraled the ball to me. “You got a name?”

I moved away, and cocked my arm to throw the Nerf ball, “Orion. You guys from California?”

When Gavin caught the ball, he said, “Yep. You don’t sound like you’re from around here. Texas?”

I’d never noticed my accent. But I’ve been told before that it’s pretty strong. “Yeah. From Austin.”

As we tossed the ball between the three of us, Gavin said, “My grandmother’s had this cruise on her bucket list for years. So, my mom and me get a free cruise. What about you?”

I explained that Max and my mom were getting married in New Zealand. Both teens thought it was pretty cool. Nathan left first and took his ball with him, leaving me and Gavin sitting on the side of the pool.

About that time, I spied Jackie. She was sitting in one of the hot tubs that ringed the pool. She was hanging out with a couple of older boys. Well, probably men. They looked old enough to be in college. Gavin must have seen my gaze. He nudged me in my ribs, “Who’s

hotter? The dude with the tat on his arm or the girl with black hair?"

My eyes slid back to Gavin, uncertain how to take the question. I'd barely given the guys to whom Jackie was talking to a cursory look. But I couldn't tell him I was ogling my older sister. Stuck between a rock and a hard place, I took the chicken's way out. "Um, he's got a lot of muscles. I bet he works out a lot."

Gavin had already surprised me with his question. But he left me speechless when he replied, "Yeah, he's freaking hot. I wonder how big his dick is."

My jaw must have been hanging open when Gavin laughed, "Come on, Orion, there's nothing wrong checking out other guys."

Then he got up and knelt next to me. In a voice only I could hear, he said, "You know, I didn't bump into you on accident."

He stood and said, "See you around, Orion."

I watched him as he threaded his way through the maze of lounge chairs. I hadn't noticed until then his speedos. But as retreated, my eyes stayed focused on how the stretchy fabric molded itself to his ass. Just before he disappeared into the elevators, I glanced down and saw my own reaction. I slid back into the pool.

Chapter 2

Jackie

“Where’d you say you went to school?”

I hadn’t told the beefcake anything about myself. Not yet, anyway. But as I drank in his gaze, I was tempted to spin a story. And why not? His wavy brown hair and emerald eyes were enough to make me weak at the knees. Even the barbed wire tattoo wrapped around his arm made him more alluring.

Jake was way more alluring than his friend. When I smelled the familiar hint of weed on Allen, I lost interest in him pretty fast. I knew Jake probably liked his weed too, but he was smart enough that he didn’t reek of it.

I considered lying about where I went to school. Jake obviously thought I went to college somewhere. What difference would a little lie make? I’d watched my mom’s relationship with Orion’s dad fall apart from a series of lies.

Thinking of my brother, I turned and saw him sitting on the side of the pool with another boy. He looked a bit older than Orion. Maybe fourteen. But he was hot, wearing nothing but a form fitting red speedo. I like guys with short, styled hair and the boy’s long, golden locks were a bit of a turnoff. But only a bit. Take Jake, his hair was spiked, with the tips frosted almost a grayish blond.

Or, I realized with a shock, Orion’s. My brother’s light brown hair was short. He didn’t spike it, but combed it to one side. But it was short enough on top that it was naturally spikey. That’s when I noticed Orion’s shoulders were slightly wider than his narrow hips. That was new. Last year, he was all skin and bones. But now...

I shut the thought away. I flashed Jake a wide smile, “I’m at the University of Texas. Well, I will be in the fall. What about you?”

“UCLA. Well, for another year. Then, it’s on to the cold harsh reality of the job market.”

Hearing Jake talk about the job market, I realized maybe I was lucky having this summer to enjoy myself. I wasn’t willing to forgive my mom, not yet. But as I listened to Jake, I felt a lot better about being on this cruise.

After a bit, Jake stood and said, “It was nice visiting with you. I’m just about boiled. Me and Allen are meeting up with our folks for dinner. Later tonight there’s a bar on deck seven. Maybe we’ll see you then.”

Once they left, I realized I was hot. And most of it wasn’t from talking with Jake, although there was a bit of that. My skin felt cool against the Southern California breeze as I climbed out. I made a note to myself to not stay in the hot tub for over thirty minutes at a time.

Orion was back in the pool when I came to collect him. The ship had let loose with an ear-splitting blast. That was the signal that the ship was about to leave port. It also meant we were only a couple of hours away from needing to meet Mom and Max for dinner. Mom had put her foot down and the first night at sea would be with the entire family.

When Orion swam over to the side, I raised my voice to be heard over a ship’s announcement, “Hey, you want to watch the ship leave out?”

He nodded, “Yeah. Sure.”

He used his arms to push himself out of the pool. Water sluiced off his swimming suit, which clung to his hips in ways that reminded me a bit of Jake climbing out of the hot tub. I closed my eyes for a moment, wondering where in the hell were these thoughts coming from about my brother. When I opened them again, Orion was getting to his feet. As his hands brushed the fabric of his suit down, I swear I think he was smoothing out an erection. What the fuck?

I turned and hurried over to the lounge chair where we’d dropped our towels. I wrapped one around my torso and tossed him the other

one. A few moments later, we leaned against a railing as the *Empress of the World* slowly slid away from the dockside. Feeling the slight rumble of the ship's engines under my feet reminded me that this was it. For better or worse, my next two months would be on board this ship. I wasn't sure I was willing to let Mom forget that she'd ruined my summer, but thinking about Jake and that kid I'd seen Orion talking to, maybe this summer wouldn't be so bad after all.

Orion and I watched until the dockside fell far behind. I chanced a look at my phone. "Oh, shit. We're supposed to meet Mom and Max in an hour."

We hurried back to our cabin on deck nine, where I headed directly into the bathroom. While I looked forward to enjoying the bath that our mini-suite provided. This wasn't the evening for that. I stood in the shower, letting the water cascade over me. Thoughts of Jake and that boy Orion had been with crept into my thoughts and before long, it wasn't only the water making me wet down there. Even though we had little time, my fingers worked their way down my stomach and across my shaved pubic mound until my index finger slid beneath my clitoral hood.

I leaned against the side of the shower as my body tingled at my touch. My other hand moved away from my small breasts and joined in pleasuring me; one hand rubbing and massaging my clit, the other's fingers shoved up my pussy, until my knees buckled and I fell to the floor of the shower.

I was still trying to clear my head when there was a loud knock at the bathroom door, "Jackie! You okay? What was that noise?"

My pussy clenched the two fingers buried to the hilt while my other hand rested against the wall. My body shook as another orgasm hit me.

The door shook, but I had locked it when I came in. Still collapsed on the bottom of the tub, I managed to call out, "I'm fine, Orion. I dropped a bar of soap."

My brother's voice was still boyishly high, "Alright. You almost done?"

On their own volition, my fingers were moving in and out of my pussy as I felt myself about to give way to another orgasmic wave. I stopped moving my fingers long enough to call out, "All-almost. Just a few minutes more."

I closed my eyes, thinking about the teenage boy I'd seen talking with Orion earlier. The way the speedo stretched over his body was enough to bring me to another orgasm, helped along by my busy fingers. Then, clenching my eyes, my mind grabbed onto another image. Orion was climbing out of the pool, his swimsuit clinging suggestively to his thin frame. But in his front, a protrusion confirmed a boyish erection.

I came again, and this time I pulled my fingers from between my legs. Oh, fuck. I'd done it again. What the hell is wrong with me for my thoughts to return to my little brother?

I turned off the water and climbed out of the shower. I dried myself off before realizing I'd left my clothes in the room. Before I realized what I was doing, I smirked and wrapped the bath towel around my torso. I looked in the mirror. At least all my parts were hidden as I unlocked the door and stepped back into our cabin.

While I had been in the shower, our luggage had arrived and now my bags were at the foot of the bed. My brother had already changed into a pair of khaki slacks and a knitted collared shirt. And as I came over to my bags, I felt his eyes on me. I nearly yelled at him to stop perving me, but before I could open my mouth, my thoughts returned to that moment in the shower when I came to an image of his erection hidden only by the thin, wet fabric of his swimsuit.

I found one of my nicer blouses and a matching skirt and set them on the bed. In a different bag I found a matching pair of pink panties and bra. Then I looked up and watched Orion's face turn scarlet as we locked eyes. I scooped up my clothes and hurried back to the

bathroom. I paused at the door long enough to look back at him and wink, “You wish, perv.”

Orion

Jackie and I met Mom and Max outside the dining room a few minutes before eight. Mom looked radiant; her face was aglow as we stepped into the opulent dining room. I figured she had been in the spa, working hard to spend some of that onboard credit. Who was I to begrudge her? I had my own plans on my part of our onboard credit. On our way down to the dining room, we had passed a store that sold expensive chocolates.

The dining room was enormous, with seating for hundreds of passengers. But they amazed me at the speed with which the wait staff took newly arrived guests to their assigned tables. Our waiter, a young man from the Philippines, whisked us to a table for four, where he held out the chairs for Mom and Jackie before deftly depositing menus into each of our hands.

My heart sank as I looked over the menu. I scanned it and saw nothing that looked like a hamburger or fries. Most of the items sounded foreign. Before Max came along and swept Mom off her feet, I'd never eaten at any place nicer than an Applebee's. Even over the past year, whenever Max took the family out, we hadn't gone to places with unfamiliar things on the menu.

I glanced around the table. Mom's eyebrows were knitted together in concentration while Jackie wore a surprised look. It would be just like her to know what some of those items were. Finally, I leaned across the table and asked Max, “What do you think I'd like? I don't know what most of the menu items are.”

Max's lips turned up at the corners, “Can't find the hamburgers?”

I felt a smile tug at my lips too as I shook my head.

My mom's fiancé said, "Any dinner you eat in the dining room will typically have four courses. An appetizer, soup or salad, then an entrée, and then your favorite part, dessert. Why don't you try to tiger shrimp for your appetizer and a Caesar salad for your salad? You can't go wrong with those."

Then he glanced back at his menu before adding, "Do you like steaks? They have a New York Strip."

What red-blooded Texas boy doesn't like steaks? I nodded at that.

"See, that wasn't too hard, was it?" Max asked.

When the waiter came and took our order, after I had asked for the steak, he asked, "How would you like that cooked?"

I had no idea there were choices in how they could fix your steak. The few times Mom had grilled steaks on the grill, we took it however they turned out. I shot Max another look, and he came to my rescue again. "Why don't you try it medium rare? It's easier to cook a steak a bit more than to undo an overcooked one."

That was one of the best meals I'd eaten in all my twelve years. Before the cruise, my idea of fine dining was the Olive Garden.

It was pushing ten by the time dinner was over. We had taken Amtrak from Austin to Los Angeles, so at least I wasn't suffering from jetlag, but it had been a long day and I was ready to find out if the bed was as comfortable as Jackie had said.

Mom stopped me and Jackie just outside the dining room and gave us both hugs, "If you two need me for anything, don't hesitate to let me know. Don't stay up too late. There'll be plenty of time to discover things."

By the time Jackie and I got back to the room, I was barely keeping my eyes open. I brushed my teeth and then pulled my shirt and pants off, letting them fall where they may on the floor, before crawling under the covers.

The last thing I recall before falling asleep on that first night was an indignant Jackie, “What the fuck? You can’t just sleep in your underwear.”

Jackie

I was still feeling stuffed after dinner when we got back to our cabin. My thoughts ran to Jake. He had mentioned that he was going to be in one of the bars down on deck seven. And it was tempting to leave Orion in the cabin while I went out for my own fun. Before I could decide what to do, my little brother had brushed and then stripped down to his underwear before crawling under the covers.

Some boys wear colorful boxers, others wear those boxer-brief combos with long form-fitting legs. Not Orion. Mom’s idea of underwear for us kids is Hanes or Fruit of the Loom. Tightly whities for my brother and white cotton panties for me. I’d been spending my allowance on prettier things the last couple of years. But as I saw him in his form fitting white briefs, it was clear Orion’s priorities were different.

I was a bit miffed when he didn’t respond to my reasoned complaint that he couldn’t wear just his underwear to bed. The least he could have done is put on a pair of shorts or pajama bottoms. But he was asleep almost as soon as his head hit the pillow.

His soft snores made it easier to decide what to do. A moment later, the cabin door closed behind me and I headed toward the elevators.

The stores on deck seven were closed, but the bar was open. This wasn’t like some kind of seedy bar filled with smoke, like what I imaged all bars are supposed to look like. No, this bar was different. There were thick, comfortable chairs set up in sets of four that surrounded a grand piano. Some guy was playing and singing a Garth Brooks song while the people closest sang along. There were

even a couple of families sitting in the bar area. I guess I didn't have to worry about being ID'd here.

I found Jake and his pothead friend, Allen, sitting in a couple of chairs. Across from them was a girl who looked to be with them. A half-dozen beer bottles sat on the table between the chairs, and the college students looked like they were having a good time listening to the music.

Jake saw me as I edged my way past some barstools near the piano. He waved me over and when I was close enough to hear him over the piano man singing about friends in low places, he nearly shouted, "Hey Jaqueline, get you a beer?"

I found myself nodding, even though the last time I'd had a sip of beer I spat it out. Of course, that was last year and at one of my girlfriend's sleep-overs.

When I took the empty chair, Jake nodded toward the girl sitting next to Allen, "That's Liz. She's this bozo's fuck buddy for the cruise."

I was shocked at the apparent bluntness, but Liz just flipped Jake the bird, "You're just jealous because I won't suck your little cock."

Jake flashed a nervous smile at me as his cheeks turned scarlet. Then he returned Liz's bird, "Your loss. It's not the size of the boat but the motion of the ocean."

Liz leaned forward and pinched Jake's cheek, "You keep telling yourself that, Jake. But it's hard to cross the ocean in a rowboat."

Jake stuck his tongue out at Liz before turning to me, "Better make that two beers. After the roasting Liz is giving out, I need another one."

A moment later, a waitress came over and took his order and after a bit, she swapped out the empty bottles with two full ones.

Jake had half emptied his before I could put the bottle to my lips. The taste was sour, just like before. But I wasn't about to stop. The last

thing I wanted right then was for Jake, his pot-head friend, or the razor-tongued Liz to think I wasn't a college girl.

By the time the piano man played some Billy Joel, my bottle was still three-quarters full, but Jake had downed another beer. While Allen and Liz had their heads together singing about some guy making love to his tonic and gin, Jake leaned over and said, "Come on, Jaqueline. Let's get out of here."

I left my bottle on the table and let him take me by the hand. A handful of steps later, he pulled me onto the promenade. We could hear the waves lapping against the side of the ships as we leaned against the railing. Jake still held my hand as I watched the moon's reflection on the water. Between the brilliance on the moon and all the lights on the ship, only a few stars were visible. Nevertheless, it was an amazing sight. I relished the idea of having another seventy to which to look forward. It would be a cold day in hell before I'd admit it to my mom, but what she doesn't know won't hurt her.

"What you think of the *Empress of the World* so far?" Jake said.

I glanced up at him. His blond locks looked almost black against the shadows of the promenade. "Not as bad as I thought it would be. Of course, knowing there's people my age helps. A cruise for most of the summer? I thought for sure it would be a bunch of old, wrinkly ladies."

Jake chuckled as he leaned against the railing, "Don't discount the geriatric brigade. I bet a majority of the twenty-two hundred passengers are retired. If we try to take over the ship, they could kill off every guest under twenty-five with just their prescription meds."

I laughed, but then wondered if Jake had a point. There were a lot of old folks on the cruise. It made me wonder about why he and his friends were aboard. "So, how'd you end up on this old tub?"

Leaning against the railing, Jake shifted to face me, "You mean you weren't just dying to leave all your friends, maybe a job, or summer school to take a trip into the Pacific Ocean?"

The smile on his face showed that someone had paid a lot of money for those straight, pearly whites. I chuckled, "That's my story. What about you?"

Still holding my hand, he said, "It was Allen's idea. He just graduated, and this is his last fling before taking a job in San Jose in the fall. Me, I've still got a year to go. But the idea of spending the summer drinking all I want, seeing some beautiful sights, and hanging out with gorgeous girls, how could I say no."

Hearing him talk about hanging out with beautiful girls made me wonder if maybe Jake was more like my last boyfriend after all. But as he smiled down at me, I decided I had time to figure that out. And even if he was like that asshole, I was away from home and more or less free of Mom's interference, the idea of a casual fling didn't sound so bad.

I flashed him a smile, "I bet you say that to all the girls."

Jake laughed and turned to face the water, "All the girls equals you. So, are your parents really getting married in New Zealand?"

I nodded. "Well, my mom is getting married to her fiancé. They dragged me and my kid brother on this cruise so we could celebrate with them."

Nodding, Jake said, "I was wondering who the kid was you kept checking out when we were in the hot tub."

My thoughts were flooded with an image of Orion climbing out of the pool. I couldn't shake the vision of the soaking material of his swimsuit clinging to his little erection. Why the hell couldn't I get rid of that image?

"Checking on him, not checking him out. We're from Texas. Not Arkansas."

Jake's bark of laughter caused several other couples who were leaning against the railing to glance our way. "Touché. I guess going back to your room is out of the question then."

Fuck! Jake sounded more and more like my ex. Still, he was handsome. And we're going to be at sea for a while. Casual sex sounded better and better.

"Yeah. Fraid not. But this party is barely getting started, Jake. Maybe I'll see you at the pool tomorrow."

With that, I caught him by surprise when I let go his hand and headed back toward the elevator without a backward glance. The whoosh of the doors sliding closed brought with it exhaustion. The day had been very long and a glance at my phone showed it was nearly midnight.

Back in the cabin, Orion was asleep on his side of the bed. Since falling asleep, he had pushed the top of the bedspread down until it exposed his chest. I can't recall the last time he and I had shared a bed. Maybe never. But his soft snores were almost sonorous, drawing at my exhaustion.

Ignoring the luggage resting at the base of the bed, I kicked my shoes off. Next, I pulled my blouse off and lay it across one of my suitcases. Then my skirt, until I stood next to my side of the bed in just my underwear. Reaching behind me, I unclasped my bra and lay it next to my shirt. I felt weird, almost dirty, standing over my sleeping twelve-year-old brother in nothing but my panties. At that moment, that memory of Orion's erection framed in his swimsuit's soaking wet material gave way to wondering what he would look like naked. I wanted to push that thought away. Technically, we're half-siblings, but as far as I was concerned, Orion was my brother, and my dirty thoughts had no outlet.

I hurried to the suitcase containing my underwear. I found a white sports bra and pulled it on and then climbed into bed and pulled the covers over me. A few minutes later, thoughts of Orion and Jake fled as I slipped into an exhausted sleep.

Chapter 3

Orion

I felt enveloped in warmth when light from the sliding doors of our balcony played across my eyes and woke me. During the night I pushed the covers down to my stomach and my mind grappled with how warm I felt until I realized Jackie had flung her arm across my chest while sleeping. I hadn't known she was an active sleeper. During the night, she had rolled over and now her body pressed against my side.

A light and feminine snore told me she was still asleep as I felt her bare leg against my own. She had teased me the day before when she was getting into the shower and even though Jackie's my sister, I couldn't help but be a bit curious about her. After all, I'm twelve, not eight or nine. I reached into my underwear and pushed my stiffy down before slowly shifting around to see my sister.

If I hadn't needed to pee, my dick wouldn't have twinged in pain when it got even harder at the sight of her white sports bra. I've separated my clothes from hers in the wash and knew the difference between padded bras, which Jackie liked when going out, versus the unpadded pullover bra she was sleeping in. There were two slight protrusions on her chest and at that moment I wished she had flashed me when she got out of the shower the previous night. I was powerfully curious about what her boobs looked like, especially the small nipples barely protruding from her breasts.

From there, I let my eyes trail down her torso to below her belly. The same pure white bedspread covering my underwear also covered hers. As I listened to Jackie's rhythmic soft snores, I reached out and grabbed the bedspread and lifted it so I could see her panties. The light from the balcony was just right, and after lifting the covers a bit, my sister's white panties came into view.

The sheer white fabric began maybe a half-dozen inches below her belly button. And the skin I could see was copper toned and silky smooth. I was smooth like that, but just because I was a bit behind the curve despite being tall for my age. My eyes roved across Jackie's panties and as I lifted the bed covers higher, I saw the outline of what I thought of as puffy lips. My dick strained against my underwear as I realized I gazed upon Jackie's sacred place. Even covered, it sang to my hormones.

Before I knew what I was doing, my left hand slid into my underwear and wrapped around my stiffy. I slid my fist up and down, letting the tingling feeling wash over me. My eyes were zeroed in on Jackie's shielded pussy and I imagined what it would feel like to rub my hand over her bare skin. The fabric lay perfectly smooth against her flesh. Even my boyish and terribly inexperienced mind wondered if she shaved down there.

There was a shift in Jackie's breathing, and I dropped the covers. But I couldn't pull my hand away from my own stiffy, and I kept pulling on it even as my sister's breathing became deep and regular. My other hand reached for the covers again, but paused before I could grab them. Jackie would kill me if she found me jacking off to her. Or at least make me wish I were dead.

But my dick ached and as experience over the past year had taught me, I knew what to do to satisfy that ache. Reluctantly, I slid away from my sister until I got to my feet and tiptoed to the bathroom where I pulled my underwear off, locked the door and turned on the shower.

I was so worked up that the shower's hot water almost felt cool on my skin. I ran my fingers down my torso, for once enjoying how smooth my skin felt, almost like I was running my hands over Jackie's smooth body. I grabbed my erection and closed my eyes against the intense tingling running from my dick through the rest of my body.

I added some bodywash to the experience, only intensifying the electrical shock rocking my body as I closed in on nirvana. Leaning against the shower wall, the tingling turned excruciatingly pleasurable as I slammed my eyes closed and felt my small balls constrict as my penis spasmed in my fist. A clear blast ejected, spattering against my chest. My dick kicked in my fist a few more times, as more clear goo ran over my knuckles.

Before I knew it, my ass was on the bottom of the tub as water sluiced cum from my hands and chest. I opened my eyes just in time to see a small bit of my watery semen disappear down the drain. Maybe this cruise was the best thing to ever happen to me. Even with one day down, there were over seventy more. As I climbed to my feet and starting washing my body in earnest, I hoped Jackie would loosen up and let me see her boobs and maybe even that delightful mystery between her legs.

Jackie

I awoke to the bathroom door opening. When I opened my eyes, I saw Orion coming out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. I don't really remember a time when Orion wasn't part of my life. Sure, I'm over three years older than him, but who the hell remembers stuff from back then? Most of my waking memories of my kid brother are of him being an annoying kid brother. In that moment, though, I realized he was nearly as tall as me. By the end of the summer, he might even eclipse my own five-two. Still, his naked torso, even though it was well tanned, had no real definition. His pecs were flat. Even his nipples had hardly any definition to them, just two flat circles of slightly darker skin. Yet, as I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes when Orion came around to his side of the bed, I couldn't ignore him. Boy he might be. Brother he certainly was. But

he was a male of our species, and I couldn't help wondering about the rest of him under the towel.

He glanced at me, "Morning. You wanna go eat at the breakfast buffet then maybe go swimming?"

It wasn't my eyes he'd looked at. That's when I realized the bed spread covered me only to my waist. My chest was covered only by my sports bra's flimsy fabric. The idea Orion might be as curious about me as I was about him hadn't really registered until that moment. And it left me confused. After all, he is my brother and there are some things I knew I shouldn't feel.

Still, I was hungry, and breakfast sounded great. "Yeah. That'd be cool."

After rummaging through his luggage, he set a plain gray T-shirt and a pair of blue shorts on the bed. After a moment, he glanced my direction, "Um, you going to the bathroom?"

Even though I didn't want them doing it, my lips curved upward as I realized he was waiting for me to leave him alone so he could get dressed. I don't know what I was thinking of, but I said, "In a few. Don't let me stop you."

Orion's cheeks turned crimson as he put his hands on his hips. "But you'd see me naked."

I shocked myself when I replied, "So? We're going to be sharing this little cabin for the next two months. Sooner or later, I'm going to walk in on you or you're going to walk in on me naked."

The wheels behind his eyes spun as Orion considered my words. Even though they were true, I still felt a little dirty as he played with the hem of the towel. Then he shrugged and tugged at the hem until the towel fell to the floor.

I wasn't sure what to expect. He would be thirteen by Labor Day and I've been around enough boys over the past few years to know a lot of them were well into puberty by the time they're Orion's age. But his penis was little. There wasn't even a hint of hair to be seen. I've

been with several boys over the past few years. My first boyfriend was Colin. We were both twelve when we took each other's virginity. And I still remember how full his five inches felt inside me as his patch of pubic hair rubbed against my nearly hairless mound.

There was a slow deliberateness in Orion's movement to grab his underwear. Imagine my surprise as I watched his small stub of two inches grow to over four inches. My eyes were round as saucers. My little brother was quite the grower. As he slid his underwear on, even though his face was still beet red, he smirked at me without saying a word.

A moment later, he was dressed, and I was still lying in bed in nothing but my underwear. I didn't know what to say or what to do. The last time I saw Orion naked had to be four or five years ago. Now, not only did I just see him naked, I saw him bone up. And for a boy his age, that little noddle turned into a respectable bit of wood.

Was I proud of him? Why the hell should I be? It's not like I'm drawn to him. Fuck no! Still, when my stomach growled, I threw the covers back, letting him gaze on my panties. I knew I owed him, but I wasn't ready to entirely return the favor. Not yet. I found my swimsuit laying on the counter in the bathroom and came back into the bedroom where I turned my back on Orion before sliding my panties down. I felt both dirty and a horny knowing that a twelve-year-old boy was staring at my bare ass. Not just any twelve-year-old boy. But my brother!

Once I pulled up my bikini bottoms, my horniness needed an outlet and even though I knew it was wrong, I faced Orion and I pulled my sports bra off.

His eyes bugged out as he stared at my chest. I've never been very proud of my tits. First, I was a late bloomer. When Colin and I fucked, my tits were no bigger than mosquito bites. And even now, four years later, they filled out an a-cup, barely. But at that moment, as my brother's hand reached down and adjusted his shorts, I'd never felt prouder of my tits.

I came to my senses when I realized I'd let Orion stare at me for at least ten seconds. I grabbed my bikini top and, in a moment, tied it on. A few moments more and I'd put on a pair of pink shorts and a yellow tank-top. "Alright, now we're even. Okay? Let's go to the buffet."

You'd think the first full sea-day would have the buffet packed, but there probably weren't a hundred people in the buffet court. It was easy for me and Orion to get our food and drinks and find a spot next to the window facing the front of the ship.

I wasn't to the point of forgiving mom completely for dragging me along on this cruise, but the view of the ocean was breathtaking as I looked across Pacific's wide expanse, chewing on my bagel. For a view like that, I could forgive quite a lot.

"Is this seat taken?"

The familiar voice startled me from my reverie. I jerked my view away from the view. Jake, gorgeous blond Jake, stood at the end of the table with a platter full of food. His smile warmed my insides as I stammered, "Uh, n-no."

When he sat down, Jake extended his hand to Orion, "Sup, dude? I'm Jake."

My brother swallowed a mouthful of bacon. Hesitantly, he shook Jake's hand, "Um, Orion. You're one of the guys at the hot tub yesterday?"

My body tingled to have this young man sitting next to me. Before biting into his own piece of bacon, Jake said, "Yup. One of the guys. So, what's it like being this one's brother?"

The warmth that had been spreading through me suddenly turned to ice. I hadn't told Orion about my little white lie. After all, what's the big deal about adding a couple of years to my age? I didn't dare try to give my brother a warning glance. All I could do is hope he didn't say anything stupid.

Orion shrugged, "You have any sisters?"

Jake shook his head as he chewed his food.

“You’re lucky. She hogs the bathroom, uses up all the hot water and wants to control the remote control.” Orion looked over at me and winked before continuing, “Other than that, she’s alright.”

I wasn’t sure if I wanted to hit Orion or kiss him. I guess he was right about me, but what good was it to be the oldest if there weren’t some benefits? It’s not like a twelve-year-old boy needs more than a few minutes in the bathroom or that much hot water.

Between bites, Jake nodded, “Sounds like my mom.”

Orion glanced my way, “I’m going swimming. See you later.”

Once my brother left, I leaned over and said, “What are you doing today?”

Orion

If that Jake fellow hadn’t come over, I wouldn’t have minded hanging out with Jackie for a bit that morning. After all, she’d just flashed me her titties, and I was happily replaying that image in my mind while we ate breakfast.

When she pulled her sports bra off, I got my first bona fide look at a girl’s boobs. After all, the stuff on the internet doesn’t count.

Compared to the huge jugs I’d seen online, Jackie’s boobs were small. Instead of boob tissue hanging down where her tits swelled from her chest, hers gently curved away from her body until they came to two small points. Her nipples might have been the size of the eraser on a number two pencil. The areolas surrounding those two little protrusions of flesh were between a nickel and a quarter in size.

I had spent most of breakfast wondering how long before I would get to see the rest of her. After all, sharing the same bed every night for

two months, I was realizing anything might happen. After all, here we were only on the second day of our cruise, and damned if she hadn't already seen my dick.

I had been hard, poking against my swimsuit, when Jake showed up. My stiffy died pretty quickly after that, and I decided I'd rather go swimming than watch him hit on my sister. I wasn't sure why I felt conflicted as I walked away. But by the time I reached the Lido pool, I forgot about it. The sun was warm against my skin and I could hardly wait to grab a towel from an available stack and get in the water.

"That deck chair next to you taken?"

I spun around, surprised, until I saw Gavin approach. He had a small backpack slung over one shoulder and a towel over the other.

Seeing a familiar face, even one I had only met the day before, felt good. I didn't know why he wanted to hang around with me, considering he was a couple of years older, but I had enjoyed his and Nathan's company.

I waved him over, "This deck chair?" I asked, pointing to the one next to mine. "Yeah, it's taken. I'm saving it for my buddy, Gavin."

Gavin dropped his towel on the deck chair. "Good, then I know he won't mind."

I pulled my shirt off, dropped it to the deck and pushed it under my deck chair with my foot, "Where's Nathan? I thought he was your shadow."

Already shirtless and wearing the same red speedos from yesterday, Gavin grinned, "You won't see that boy before noon. That's fine by me. More sun and fun for me."

He rummaged around in his backpack and pulled out a tube of sunscreen. He glanced over at me, facing growing pensive, "Um, Orion, do you mind putting this on my back? Until I tan up, I burn easily."

I took the offered tube. When we went swimming last summer, Mom, Jackie, and I would take turns smearing this stuff on each other's backs. I couldn't have told you why, but I wanted Gavin to like me. Back in school, having an older friend gave you street cred with other students and made it less likely you'd be picked on. I had no idea if the same would hold true in the Teen Center. But if it was, I really wanted Gavin as a friend.

We both sat down on the edge of his deck chair as he offered me his back. His shoulders were slightly red from the day before. I started there, smearing the white goop into his shoulders.

Gavin let his head fall forward, and I worked my fingers over his neck. Then I got some more of the sunblock from the tube and worked my way down his back, starting along his spine and working outward until I got to his lower back.

His speedos were low on his back, just barely above his butt. I stopped just above where the hem of my own swimsuit started. I pursed my lips as I stared at the red fabric that hid his white bubble butt. After a moment, Gavin said, "Can you get the rest? Then I'll put some on your back, okay?"

My belly fluttered as I rubbed more of the sunscreen along his lower back. That fluttering turned into somersaults in my stomach as my fingers brushed against his speedos. Eventually he said, "Thanks. My turn."

When I turned away from him, I felt his hands start along my shoulder blades. I lowered my chin to my chest so he could get my neck. And that's when I saw my dick was tenting in my swimsuit. I knew my face had to be deep red. Why the hell had my dick chosen that time to get hard? It couldn't have been because I was touching Gavin just above his butt. That just wasn't possible. Was it?

Gavin massaged the sunblock into my neck and then kneaded my shoulder blades. As he worked his way down my back, he said, "Give it a couple of weeks, and we won't need any sunblock."

Although between you and me, you're pretty good at putting sunscreen on."

My dick was still pushing against my swimsuit. Gavin was great at applying it, and his fingers were delightful on my back. I murmured, "Used to do it for my mom and sister last year."

Eventually, his fingers touched the hem of my shorts, telling me he was done. With people filling up the chairs around the pool, we finished smearing the sunscreen on our own bodies and then made a bee-line for the pool. As I hurried after Gavin, I was glad everything had returned to normal in my swimsuit by the time I finished putting sunscreen on my chest and legs.

The water was cool, but felt great as the mid-morning sun gently warmed us. We'd gotten into a splashing game with some younger kids. That turned into a dunking game, free-for-all. Gavin had just picked up and tossed a girl into the water when I came up behind him and jumped on his back, propelling him under.

He had to outweigh me by at least thirty pounds. When he twisted around and grabbed my shoulders, I couldn't get away as he pulled me under. As I sank under the surface, Gavin twisted around until he was behind me. He wrapped his arms around my waist and dragged me to the floor of the pool. My butt had barely touched the bottom when he loosened his arms. That's when his hand brushed against my crotch. I felt his fingers as they bumped into my dick. When I broke the surface, he was grinning at me.

Before I could think of anything to say, he was on me again. This time, he leapt into the air and landed on me, driving me below the water again. When he grabbed me this time, his arms were lower, wrapped around my swimsuit. His hands came together on top of my crotch. I could feel his closed hands against my dick. I struggled against the way he was holding me. The last thing I wanted was for him to feel me get an erection. That would be humiliating. I was certain he would hate me for that.

Maybe I was stronger than I thought. I broke loose and swam to the surface before my body could betray me. Gavin surfaced after me and spat a stream of pool water into the space between us. Part of me wanted to call him out on where his hands had gone. But if I had, I might have lost the only friend I had made so far. I let it go as we continued to grapple and wrestle in the pool.

Eventually the pool got crowded, and we decided we'd had enough. It was pushing noon when we grabbed some pizza from the Pizza Station next to the bar. While we were eating, waiters meandered through the sea of deck chairs. I had to sign a slip that billed my soda against our room tab, while Gavin just waved his watch in front of a tablet.

While waiting for our drinks, I said, "How's that work? You just waved your watch."

After gulping down a bite of pizza, Gavin said, "Drink package. We bought the drink package before the cruise. Mom and Dad can get fucked up drunk on theirs and I can drink as many cokes as I want."

I made a note to ask Jackie about it next time I saw her.

The Lido deck eventually got too crowded for us and Gavin said, "You wanna go hang out in the Teen Center?"

A baby's sharp cry pierced the air before I could say, "Hell yes."

We turned in our towels before he grabbed my arm, "I need to change into something other than my swimsuit. You wanna see my cabin? Maybe Nathan's awake by now."

Once dry, my swimsuit looked no different from a pair of shorts. But Gavin's tiny red speedos weren't allowed anywhere but the pool deck. I shrugged, "Sure."

We rode the elevator down to deck nine. When we got off, we headed down the hall in the opposite direction of our cabin. I liked the idea of Gavin staying on the same deck as me. We'd gone most of the way down the hallway when he stopped and opened a door.

Our cabin was bigger than his, even though both of them had balconies. Aside from a couch in ours, the biggest differences were the twin beds along one wall and a door against the other. Gavin nodded toward it, "Mom and Dad. They're doing a spa treatment this afternoon."

Gavin sat on the bed closest to the balcony, "Nathan's got the other bed. His parents are a few doors down next to a cabin both our grandmas share."

Nodding, I leaned against the wall, "Sounds like you and Nathan are really good friends."

A mischievous look passed over Gavin's face before he flashed a toothy grin, "Yeah. We're closer than brothers. When he came out to his parents a few months ago, I was right there by his side."

I felt my eyebrows arch, "Nathan's gay?"

Gavin nodded, "Not that you'd know it. But yeah."

Jackie had a couple of gay friends, but I didn't know of anyone in my junior high who was gay. Not that boys in my class didn't fool around with each other sometimes. But that's not the same thing. While it's true that me and my best friend, Clint had been fooling around a bit over the past year, we saw what we did as just fooling around and experimenting. Of course, we hadn't done that much. All we had done was stand toe to toe and put our dicks against one another. You know, to see whose was bigger. Well, and watched each other jack off. And then jacked each other off some. But that was all. Well, except for the time when we dared each other to suck the other one off. I was the luckier of the two. When Clint came in my mouth, he was still firing blanks. When I came in his mouth, he nearly choked on a little watery cum. But that was all. There wasn't anything gay about it. I swear.

Gavin telling me about Nathan made me think back to when we were swimming and horsing around. Even though he hadn't grabbed me,

his hand had touched my dick. I couldn't help wondering if maybe Nathan wasn't the only one who was gay.

I knew before I opened my mouth, I shouldn't say anything. After all, it wasn't my place. Still, my voice nearly faltered, "Um, what... what about you?"

Gavin looked down at the carpeted floor and bit at his lips before he glanced up at me. "Maybe. I'm still trying to figure out what I like. Does that bother you?"

My mind was a whirlwind of thoughts. The perfection of Jackie's boobs filled my mind, only to be replaced by my excitement when Clint and I had fooled around. I knew my feelings about my sister were wrong. But she was the only girl I knew well, and thinking about seeing more of her made me feel all tingly inside. But standing there looking at Gavin, I realized I had enjoyed fooling around with Clint. Perhaps it wasn't the same as what I felt thinking about Jackie, but I wasn't sure if I could say no if Gavin asked.

I slowly shook my head. His vulnerability touched me. He had shared something deeply personal with me, and I felt emboldened. "I worried about not finding any friends my age on the cruise. Worried the teens on the cruise would have their own cliques and that I would be left out. Kind of like school is for me. After meeting you yesterday, I was really hoping we could be friends, Gavin."

Gavin stood and crossed the room until he stood in front of me. He stood a couple of inches taller than me, but the way he stood, our eyes were almost on the level with one another. I had to strain to hear his voice, "Even if I were gay?"

With him standing only inches in front of me, I realized Gavin really liked me. I thought back to the time Clint and I fooled around; I didn't know if I would feel the same way about this fourteen-year-old boy. Especially when I considered my own thoughts for my sixteen-year-old sister. Still, the look from Gavin sent a tingle down my spine as I nodded, "Yeah. Even if you happened to be gay."

He moved closer. His head was only a few inches from mine, “What if I liked you like that?”

My stomach fluttered as I pushed the image of my bare-chested sister from my mind and gave a nearly imperceptible nod.

He leaned in and kissed me. His lips were warm and moist, tasting of pepperoni pizza. He lingered for a few seconds before pulling back a couple of inches. “Even like that?”

My body was a flood of emotions. As soon as Gavin’s lips touched mine, somewhere in the back of my mind, I imagined what it would feel like to kiss my sister. But most of me felt an electrical shock travel down my body, from my mouth to my neck; from my neck down my spine; from my spine to the tip of the erection straining against my swimsuit.

I strongly doubted I was gay. The thing was, I liked Gavin a lot, even though we had just met. And I wanted to hang out with him, even if he liked me like that. After all, if me and Clint could be best friends back in Austin and fool around a bit, why couldn’t Gavin be my best friend on the cruise? It wouldn’t make me gay to fool around with him.

I didn’t know how to show him I wanted his friendship as much as he wanted mine. But I knew I needed to let him know I liked him back. What I did surprised me. I leaned forward and kissed Gavin back. I had never kissed anyone before. Except for Mom; and she doesn’t count. I had no idea what I was doing, only that I wanted this boy to know I was okay with the way he liked me.

Gavin put his hands on both sides of my face as his lips responded to me. When the kiss ended, he whispered, “Holy fuck, Orion. That was incredible.”

His hands moved to my shoulders, “Do you like me like that, too?”

The prospect of Gavin’s friendship meant too much to me to be caught in a lie. I shrugged. “I don’t know. I know I like you and really

hope you'll be my friend. I think you're the coolest person I've met since getting on this ship."

Gavin gave me a small smile, "Even though I think you're sexy?"

I nodded.

He leaned in until his lips were nearly touching mine, "Even though I want to kiss you again?"

When I nodded, his lips brushed against mine as his hands moved down until he slipped them around my waist. When our bodies touched, the first thing I realized is that we were both erect. I couldn't see his speedo, but I could feel his erection touch my own.

When the kiss ended, Gavin continued to hold me. "Even though I'd like to do stuff with you?"

My lips tingled from the kiss. I nodded, "Yeah. Me and my best friend back home, we sometimes do, um, you know, sexy stuff with one another."

Gavin let go of the hug and ran a hand between us. Unlike before, when his hand brushed my dick in the pool, this time, he took hold of me through the fabric of my swimsuit, "Stuff like this?"

I nodded, "Yeah."

He took me by the hand and pulled me toward his bed. He sat on the edge and looked up at me with an enormous smile. Then he took my shorts off and tossed them toward the floor.

My four and a quarter inches pointed toward the ceiling. I felt inadequate compared to Gavin. He was so much bigger, more developed than me. Now that he had seen me, I worried he would push me away and not want me anymore; that I wasn't enough.

His eyes were round as he swore, "Oh, shit, Orion. You're fucking beautiful."

Standing there naked before Gavin, I was shocked at his response. Then he surprised me even more. Gently, he wrapped his fingers

around my dick and said, "What about stuff like this?"

I couldn't help but smile at his praise as I said, "Yeah."

I nearly passed out when he leaned forward and kissed my erection. Then he stuck his tongue out and swirled it around my mushroom shaped head before taking me all the way inside his mouth. His tongue never rested as it ran up and down my stiffy. After a few seconds, he pulled back, his saliva glistening on my four inches, "What about stuff like this?"

Clint had never sucked me like that. I drew in a deep breath as I nodded, "Yeah."

Gavin smiled and said, "This is going to be an awesome summer, Orion. I'm so glad we met."

His watch beeped, and he glanced down at it. "Oh, fuck. That's Nathan. He's in the Teen Center wondering where I'm at. You want to head over there with me?"

"Sure," I said as I reached for my swimsuit.

Gavin stopped me, "Just a sec. We don't have to race out. Do you want to help me with my speedo?"

When I nodded, Gavin stood up and pushed his hips forward. With my dick still standing at attention, I reached out and took the narrow hem of his swimsuit and pulled them below his knees. I gasped as a small patch of dark blond hair appeared, followed a moment later by his dick. When it popped into view, he was sticking straight out; at a bit more than a ninety-degree angle. Gavin was fourteen, and he looked it. His penis was easily five inches long and at least an inch thick. At the base of his erection was a small patch of blond hair. My eyes were so close, I could see his pubes weren't thick, but actually kind of sparse, as they went from curly to silky straight as they spread away from his penis. I was so envious.

Gavin took me by the shoulders and moved us around until he pushed me onto the bed, "Your best friend back home, did you ever jack him off?"

I could see the game he wanted to play. I grinned as I reached out and wrapped my fingers around his stiffy. His boner was a lot thicker than mine. Still, my fingers reached all the way around. He was, I had to admit, a lot bigger than Clint. But at least two years separated Clint from Gavin.

Slowly, I slid my fist back and forth along his dick. Even though I still had visions of Jackie's boobs dancing around in my head, I enjoyed the feel of Gavin's erection in my hand.

After doing that for a few seconds, I stopped and said, "You're a lot bigger than me."

The fourteen-year-old just smiled at me, "I bet by the end of the summer, you'll be almost as big. Have you ever sucked your friend's cock?"

I nodded as he moved closer to me. Clint was smaller than me. Less than four inches, and hardly any thicker than a pencil. Gavin was nearly the size of one of those dry erase markers. Not the skinny ones, but the thicker ones. That didn't stop me from moving forward until my lips touched his flared head. I stuck out my tongue and touched his piss slit. It tasted like skin and chlorine. I opened my mouth and took his head in, letting my lips rest along his circumcision scar. He filled the front part of my mouth, but not too much. I could still lick at him.

Gavin took all of me into his mouth, so I moved forward, opening my mouth wide enough to take another few inches before my throat spasmed and I tried to gag. I pulled back until I felt the underside of his helmeted head. I sucked on him for a few more seconds before I pulled back.

Gavin had closed his eyes and as I looked up, I said, "How was that?"

"Really nice. Maybe when we have some more time, we can go back to one of our cabins and hang out some more."

Chapter 4

Jackie

Hanging out with Jake was a lot of fun. After breakfast, the two of us went up to Deck fifteen, which also went by the name of the sun deck. There were dozens, maybe even hundreds of the deck chairs arranged around the area that looked down onto the Lido deck on one side and down into the ocean on the other side.

We soaked in the sun after spraying each other's backs with sun screen. Jake loved to chat. He pried into my life. Fortunately, very little touched on my supposed college experience. No, he would ask me questions about the clothes I liked to wear, the music I enjoyed, even the food I liked.

I learned a lot about him, too. After the pandemic of 2020, he turned to Amazon for all of his clothes. He liked sushi and listened to old school Mac Miller.

After sunning for a while, we headed back down to the buffet where we grabbed some sandwiches. After that, we climbed into one of the hot tubs. After settling into the hot water, I spied Orion lounging on the other side of the pool next to one of the kids from yesterday. I instantly recognized him. It was the boy in the tight red speedos. We hadn't been in the hot tub long before the boys disappeared back into the ship. There was a moment, after they left, where I wondered what the boy in the red speedos looked like under that skin-tight swim suit.

Jake followed my eyes, "Your brother will be fine. There's not too much mischief they can get into on this ship. Too many closed-circuit cameras. Big Brother *is* watching."

The last thing I wanted was Jake knowing I was perving my kid brother. I shrugged, "Yeah. But Mom told me to keep an eye on him."

Jake nodded sagely. "I was an only child. Mom spent most of my life bribing me for her love. It was easier to do that than to attempt to attend my soccer and little league games when I was a kid. Still, it could have been worse."

I laughed, "Yeah, you could have had a younger sibling."

From his spot on the other side of the hot tub, Jake slid his way across the tub until he came to rest next to me. My stomach fluttered as he turned around and sat beside me.

Jake shrugged, "Maybe. But if I'd had a kid sister like you, it might not have been too bad."

I glanced up at him, "Why do you say that?"

"Well, she'd be smoking hot." Then his eyes fell, staring into the bubbling water, "But, yeah. It would suck. If I had a smoking hot sister, I wouldn't be able to do anything about it. She'd be my sister."

I couldn't help thinking about this morning. Even though I enjoyed every minute with Jake, I couldn't shake the image of Orion standing next to the bed with his penis pointing at me. Of course, that was followed a second later by the image of my brother's face while staring at my chest.

Maybe thinking about my brother messed with my mind. I heard myself say, "Well, even if you'd had a smoking hot sister, that doesn't mean you couldn't have some fun."

Jake's eyes bugged huge as he burst into laughter, "Maybe it's a good thing I didn't have a sister, after all."

He moved closer until his shoulder rested against mine. "One thing's for sure, Jackie. I'm glad you're not my sister."

Then, I got the shock of my life as his finger brushed against my bikini bottom. I couldn't help but to turn and look at him.

He just smiled and pretended he wasn't doing what he was doing. But all the while, he slid his finger inside my bikini, until I felt him touch my slit. For the time being, we were alone in the hot tub, so I

thought nothing of spreading my legs as his finger poked and prodded. It didn't take him long to slip a finger inside my pussy.

My body practically sang at the pleasure washing over me. Jake was hardly the first boy I'd let touch me, but we were out in public, in the middle of the Lido deck. I felt so incredibly naughty and horny.

I don't know how long we sat there while he finger-fucked me, but I was so close to cumming when Jake's finger slipped out, he left me hungry for more. He was sitting up straight when I saw what had caught his attention. Coming this way were his friends, Allen and Liz, the college chick.

Allen came into the hot tub first, waving at a passing bartender to bring him a drink. Liz followed right behind. I didn't care for the way her eyes slid between me and Jake. I had assumed when I was told she and Allen were fuck-buddies, that was all there was to it. But that look made me wonder if I wasn't the only one lying.

A bit later, I decided to spend some of that room credit and treat myself to an afternoon in the spa.

Orion

We found Nathan playing some racing game on a TV/console set up. When he saw me come in, he gave me a guarded dip of his head, "Sup?"

I waved, "Hi Nathan. They have any cool games?"

He shrugged, "A few. The console games are lame. They look like they were picked out by a priest."

Gavin laughed as he gave a faux punch on his friend's arm, "I saw a couple of Skee-ball lanes, let's go check them out."

I'd seen the same game at Chuck-E-Cheese. I played it when I was younger, but hadn't been very good at it. But Gavin's enthusiasm was hard to ignore as he grabbed one of the balls and rolled it toward the ramp. The ball hit, bounced around some before going into the twenty-point hole.

By the time Gavin played all nine balls, he hadn't broken two hundred points. I couldn't have imagined my heart could warm even more for him. But it did. He wasn't any better than me at the game, and there was something gratifying in that.

Nathan took his turn. He was slightly better, breaking two hundred when he got one of his balls in the forty-point slot.

When I got up there and rolled my nine balls, I tied Gavin, despite trying my best to aim my balls for the forty and fifty-point slots.

We played a few more rounds before Nathan glanced at his watch, "You eating dinner with our grandmas in the Grande Dining Room?"

Gavin winced at the prospect. "I begged off until Mom gave in."

Nathan glowered back, "That sucks. I'd try to get out from eating with them, except Gran caught me in the hallway this morning and told me how much she looked forward to seeing me at dinner."

Gavin chuckled, "Sucks to be you."

Nathan shot a look between me and Gavin, before shaking his head and trooping off. Once he left, Gavin said, "What're you doing for dinner?"

I shot a look toward the door Nathan had just passed through. "Um, Gavin, are you sure Nathan's okay with us being friends?"

Gavin shrugged, "I guess. It's not like he only likes just me. The two of us are best friends and sure, we fool around. But he had a boyfriend too at school."

Even though I was happy to have Gavin as my friend, I hadn't thought through his friendship with Nathan or how the thirteen-year-old might feel about Gavin and me spending time together.

Gavin nudged me, "What about dinner?"

I hadn't thought about it. Jackie and I didn't have to meet Mom and Max for dinner until Thursday. I had planned on going back to the cabin and waiting for Jackie to get back. "I don't know. Me and my sister were probably going to go back up to the Buffet Court. You can come with if you want."

When we got back to the cabin, it was still a few minutes before five. When I showed Gavin the suite he whistled in appreciation, "Damn, dude. This is nice. A lot bigger than ours."

"We got upgraded. We were supposed to have adjoining cabins with my mom and her fiancé. But the cruise line fucked up, so both cabins got upgraded to mini-suites. Just not on the same floor."

Gavin went into the bathroom before going over to the balcony. "Nice. I wish we had a cabin like this. You and your sister are lucky."

Then his eyes rested on the bed, "What the hell? You and your sister are sharing the bed? You know your room steward can convert it into a couple of twins, right?"

I hadn't known this. And even though I really liked Gavin, waking up next to Jackie in the morning had been awesome, even if I wasn't about to admit that to him. Or Jackie, come to think of it. I mumbled something about letting my sister know.

Gavin smirked, "Or not. Your sister is hot and I wouldn't blame you for leaving the bed the way it is."

My face turned scarlet as I mumbled, "Whatever," as I sat down on my side of the bed.

Gavin sat next to me and threw an arm around my shoulder, "Dude, it's cool. I'm a bit jealous. I wish me and Nathan could get away with a setup like this."

I smiled, "Well, Mom hasn't been down to check on us. Not sure how she would react to it. But even though she and Max are getting married when we get to New Zealand, this cruise really is their

honeymoon. Max is actually paying us a bit to stay clear of them so that Mom can enjoy the cruise.”

Gavin shook his head, “Damn, you’re so lucky.”

With one arm still wrapped around my shoulder, Gavin took my chin with his other and turned my face until our lips were just inches apart. He smiled as he breathed, “Did you know your sister has a sexy brother?”

His lips lingered on mine as he wrapped both arms around me. When we came up for air, he said, “You ever French anyone before?”

A giggle escaped my lips and my body grew warm as I shook my head, “I haven’t even kissed anyone before today.”

He leaned in again, his warm, moist lips parted as they pressed against mine. His tongue separated my lips as that strong current of electricity-like feelings surged through my body. His tongue ran along my teeth before I opened my mouth more and I felt him touch my own tongue. The current coursing through me had turned my soft tube into a painful erection, pushing against my shorts. But I liked what was going on in my mouth, a lot.

When Gavin’s tongue retreated, mine followed, and now it was my turn to explore his mouth. Our tongues twisted together as he played with mine in the close confines of his mouth. When I broke the kiss to suck in a deep breath, he gave me a fierce hug. “Wow, Orion, for someone who has never kissed, you frenched me like pro.”

My heart was still racing as I smiled, enjoying the look he gave me. I said, “What do you want to do? We can kiss some more.”

Gavin returned my smile, “I enjoy kissing you. But I want to do something else, too.”

“What’s that?”

He released the hug and took my shirt by the hem and pulled upward. I felt a thrill as I lifted my arms. He tossed the shirt across

the room where it landed on the sofa. Then he pushed me back until I lay on the bed.

“I want to see you again,” the fourteen-year-old said as his fingers took hold of the top of my swimsuit.

I raised my hips as he tugged on the material, feeling naughty as my erection sprang free. A few second later, my swimsuit sailed across the cabin, landing next to my shirt on the sofa.

Gavin traced his fingers along my chest, “Shit, Orion. You’re so fucking sexy.”

Hearing an older boy tell me I was sexy made me feel ten feet tall. His fingers traced down past my stomach until I felt their warmth on my smooth pubic area. Then he lightly touched my stiffy, tracing along my shaft until he grazed my ball sack. I groaned under his touch.

Gavin spread my legs as I lay down, feet hanging off the end of the bed, so that his face was level with my crotch and then, for the second time that day, I felt the warmth of his tongue on my little head. I nearly squealed in delight when the tip of his tongue pushed into my piss slit. Clint had never made me feel this good. Then, his mouth took me inch by inch, until his upper lip touched my bald pubic bone.

“Holy fuck,” I moaned as he slowly pulled up, until his lips trapped my little mushroom. Then he sank down again, sending shivers along my spine. My dick had never felt this good. It wasn’t that Gavin simply bobbed up and down. His tongue lavished attention on my pole with every plunge of his mouth.

I felt that familiar tingling. It started in my balls and traveled along my dick before radiating out. A moment later it was followed by the most powerful spasm my twelve-year-old dick had ever had. My balls constricted as my dick jolted in Gavin’s mouth. I felt my cum travel up my piss tube before coating the inside of my friend’s mouth.

My dick jolted a half dozen times, even though by the third spasm, I was dry. Gavin's throat contracted as he swallowed my little gift. And he didn't stop sucking until I had no choice but to push him away as the pleasure gave way to pain.

From his perch just above my crotch, he grinned, "So, what did you think of that?"

I licked my upper lip, tasting the salt from my sweat before saying, "That was amazing."

As I sat up, there was a part of me that wondered what it would feel like to do something like this with Jackie. But mostly, I just wanted Gavin to know how much I valued his friendship. Or perhaps it was simply the realization I wanted to experience everything Gavin wanted to give me and I wanted to give it back to him, too.

I grabbed his shoulders, and we twisted around until he lay where I had been. He helped me take off his shirt and then my fingers pushed his away as I grabbed at the button above his fly. I unfastened it and pulled at the zipper until his black briefs came into view.

Wanting to be as much like Gavin as I could, I sent his shirt and shorts soaring across the cabin to land on top of my clothes. Then I turned my attention back to his underwear. Gavin's stiffy stretched the material enough that it was a wonder it didn't rip. My fingers went to his hips where they gripped the thin material and pulled.

Even though I had already seen Gavin before, it was sexier and more arousing this time. Maybe because I knew what to do next. Once my friend's underwear joined the pile of clothes on the sofa, I turned my attention to his erection. Tiny blue veins ran under the velvety smooth skin. You wouldn't think one inch would make much of a difference, but to my inexperienced eyes, Gavin's five inches looked big. Sure, I had already put it in my mouth once, but because he had taken all of me, I wanted to return the favor, if I could.

My fingers played with his blond pubic hair. I especially liked how silky smooth the short, strait strands felt. Gavin moaned as my fingers danced around, touching him everywhere but on his dick. Finally, he said, "Come on, Orion. You're driving me crazy."

I gripped his shaft and saw a bit of clear fluid beading at his slit. I'd seen the same stuff on my dick before. Gavin hadn't had any on his dick the first time I sucked on him. I wondered if it would taste like mine, slightly sweet. My curiosity got the better of me and I lapped at it with my tongue. It tasted almost the same, although there was a slight hint of saltiness too.

I took more time on Gavin's flared head, as I discovered my tongue had a mind of its own as it darted and licked all over. Maybe he makes more pre-cum than me, because that sweet and salty taste stayed in my mouth even as I bobbed lower on his dick. I had about four inches in my mouth when I felt him tickle my tonsils. I could feel my gag reflex coming, so I pulled back just a bit and settled into a slow bobbing motion.

Gavin groaned as I sucked on him. I ignored the bit of pain in my jaws. I loved the older boy's sounds of pleasure. I'm not sure how much time passed, as my tongue swirled around his dick while my face went up and down on him, before his voice cut through my reverie, "Oh fuck, I'm about to cum!"

I hadn't been sure when I started if I wanted to taste Gavin's semen, even though he had taken all my little nuts could make. But by the time he warned me, I was too deep in my lust and I moved faster, trying to improve his orgasm.

I felt Gavin grow harder and slightly bigger just before his dick pulsed in my mouth. Then something hot and salty filled my mouth. His penis twitched a half dozen times, and every time before the last, I felt my mouth get fuller. Finally, as I felt some seep out between my lips, I swallowed.

As my friend lay on my side of the bed, basking in his own afterglow, I ran my tongue over my teeth, which still had a film of cum on them.

In that moment, I recalled overhearing Jackie's half of a conversation with one of her friends on the phone. I had stood outside her door listening:

"I don't know. We've only gone out on a few days, Penelope."

"None of your business!"

"Fine, yeah. I let him put his finger in me."

"No, he was a bit clumsy. But it still felt good."

"Sex? I'm not letting him near my pussy with that monster. He's nine fucking inches."

"Yeah. I went down on him. Well, his head. The rest was too big."

"Taste? It was gross. It was all bitter."

"Mandy's fucking crazy. I'm not going out with Demarcus again. She can have him."

"That's bullshit. Whoever said once you've had black you ain't going back hasn't met Demarcus. I'll take a pass."

That was a year ago. Sure, I had already discovered my dick by then, but I didn't have any swimmers yet. Now, tasting Gavin, I wondered if we all tasted a bit different. Gavin's pre-cum had tasted good, kind of like mine. And his cum had been salty, not bitter.

I climbed up Gavin's body until our lips could touch and we made out.

Jackie

I felt pretty chill after a few hours in the spa. The lady who had given me a massage opened my eyes to ways my body could feel that had nothing to do with sex but still felt amazing. Still, after signing the receipt, I knew I couldn't afford to do this every day, not on the

money Max was putting on our account each day. Maybe treat myself a couple of times a week.

I hadn't seen Orion since leaving Jake and his friends at the spa. I wondered what he'd been up to all afternoon long. On my way down from the spa, I even swung by the Teen Center, but he wasn't there.

The lock on our cabin door clicked open as I put my hand on the handle. I heard hushed voices and as I opened the door, I saw my brother standing over the sofa, wearing just his swimsuit. When he looked my way, he had that look I've seen on his face where I knew he'd been up to no good.

Before I could ask about it, he said, "Uh, hi Jackie. Me and Gavin came over here to get ready for dinner. His parents were going down to the Grande, and I thought maybe he could go with us to the buffet."

When I came into the cabin, I saw the boy with long blond hair Orion had been hanging out with at the pool. Just like my brother, he was shirtless. His hair was mused, almost like the two of them had been wrestling. His upper lip had a bit of sweat on it. The last time I had seen him, the boy had been wearing some red speedos. Now though, he wore khaki board-shorts that boys Orion's age like to wear.

I nodded, "Hi Gavin."

That's when I noticed the button on Gavin's shorts was unbuttoned. Between that and the guilty look on Orion's face, I couldn't help wondering what I had interrupted. Still, as I looked over at my brother in just his swimsuit, that moment from the morning came back to me. Despite how much I enjoyed getting to know Jake, deep inside me, I wanted to see Orion naked again. I know that's wrong. After all, he's my freaking brother. Still, that didn't change how I felt.

"Yeah. He can come."

I went into the bathroom and gave my appearance a once-over. The Buffet Court's dress code was casual. While you couldn't wear a

swimsuit inside, well, not like Gavin's little red speedos, they didn't require nice shirts and slacks like the Grande Dining Room required. My shirt and shorts were certainly acceptable.

Back in the cabin, I said, "As soon as you guys are ready, we can go."

Gavin donned a white knit shirt and Orion dug out a similar one that was gray. As he pulled it over his skinny chest I said, "What about your swimsuit, Doofus. You need to change that."

My brother glanced back and forth between me and Gavin before grabbing a pair of white briefs. Then he stunned me. He turned around, facing the balcony, and pulled his swimsuit down. In front of me and his friend. He finished getting dressed before turning back around.

Gavin had a wide grin on his face and I must have looked shocked. Orion said, "What? You said I needed to change. I did."

The truth is, I thought his little ass was hot. But I wasn't about to admit that to anyone. Especially not my brother. Instead, I shook my head and said, "Fine. Let's go."

We were nearly done with dinner when Gavin came back from the desserts bar. He had found some cheesecake, and like lots of teenage boys, had piled his plate with a huge portion.

Orion, seeing the teenage enjoying the cheesecake, said, "That looks good, I'm going to get some too."

Before my brother could get up, Gavin said, "I got enough for both of us."

He cut off a gigantic piece of cake and said, "Here, open up,"

And he fed my kid brother some dessert. The look the older boy gave my brother was one of adoration. I had a pretty good idea maybe they'd been doing more than just wrestling when I interrupted them earlier.

As Gavin slid another bite into Orion's mouth, I puzzled over how I felt about that. My brother is almost thirteen. By the time I was his age, I'd already lost my virginity. Even if he and Gavin were fooling around, I didn't have any room to criticize him. Except I wanted to.

I had every reason to let it go. If Orion wanted to dip his pen into some other boy's inkwell, then who was I to stop him? That's when I realized I felt possessive of my kid brother. And not just like a sister is supposed to. I felt dirty when I realized I wanted Orion for myself. And hypocritical, especially given that I had plans for Jake to do a lot more than just finger me.

As we headed toward the elevators, I was miffed with myself. I know my hormones are messed up. Hell, I'm sixteen. That's normal. But the way my hormones were messing with me, what I felt was seriously fucked up. And I didn't know what to do about it.

We rode the elevator back to deck nine. Before turning to leave, Gavin reached out and hugged Orion. Boys their age don't hug. It's just not done. But not Gavin. Then he was gone, heading back toward his cabin. Orion's face was beet red, but he was also smiling as he watched the older boy walk away.

I nudged him, "Something you want to tell me about, bro?"

I don't know how he managed it, but Orion's face turned even redder as he stammered, "Um, n-no."

I chuckled at his reaction as we headed back to our cabin.

By the time we got back to our cabin, it was only a little after eight. I thought about changing and going out to find Jake. I suspected I'd find them in the piano bar later. Thinking about his finger inside me made me tingle and grow warm. I was tempted. But seeing Orion folding his clothes over by the sofa, I wanted to know what he'd been up to.

I grabbed one of my suitcases and hauled it onto the bed. As I pulled stuff out, I asked, "So, Gavin seems pretty cool."

Orion glanced over at me, “Yeah, he is. I was worried I might not find any friends, but I think him and me hit it off.”

As I carried some clothes over to a storage cabinet next to the bathroom, I said, “The way Gavin gave you a hug, I’d say you more than just hit it off. He really likes you.”

When I came back into the room, Orion had pulled one of his suitcases onto the bed and he was unpacking, “I like him too. So what?”

After hanging up a couple of blouses and dresses in the closet next to the bathroom, I came back over to the bed, “When I came in earlier, what were you guys doing?”

Orion went around me and put some of his underwear and socks in the storage area next to the bathroom before he mumbled, “Nothing. Just hanging around.”

I couldn’t explain why I needed to know, but I wanted to hear him tell me about what happened. Would he get hard, like that morning?

After emptying my first suitcase, I slid it under the bed and said, “Uh-huh. Right. Try again, bro.”

I loved how his cheeks changed colors, turning such a brilliant shade of scarlet. He hung some of his pants on the hangers before saying, “We were just hanging out and wrestling.”

I started in on my second suitcase, “Shirtless?”

“Yeah. It’s not against the rules, is it?”

I felt myself flush at his defense. As far as I was concerned, as long as Max kept Mom occupied, why did there have to be a bunch of stupid rules? After all, I wanted my brother for myself. How’s that for fucked up?

I chuckled as I carted my own panties and bras over to the place Orion had stored his underwear. He had left room for my stuff. When I came back over to the bed, he had finished unpacking. I went over

to him and said, “We don’t have any rules here, bro. We can do whatever we want.”

He sat on the bed as I emptied the rest of my luggage. It only took a few minutes to finish and I could see he was mulling over what I’d said.

When I joined him on the bed, Orion said, “What do you mean there are no rules?”

What I meant was I wanted to see him again. All of him. I wanted to show him things that no sister should show her brother. But I couldn’t bring myself to say that. Instead, I chose the safer comment, “I can see Gavin’s got a serious crush on you, bro. I don’t know if you’re gay or not, but if you guys want to hang out here and fool around, I don’t plan on hanging out here during the afternoon. You can do what you want.”

How’s that for magnanimous? Sure, I wanted Orion, but maybe sharing him was the way to get what I wanted.

Orion’s lips tugged upward. I could see his mind working. Oh, how I wish I could have been a fly on the wall of his imagination. Finally, he said, “I really do like Gavin. But I don’t think I’m gay.”

I rolled onto my side, resting my head on my pillow, “I thought the two of you were fooling around...”

He flushed red again as he rolled over and faced me. He was so easily embarrassed. He mumbled, “Fooling around with Gavin doesn’t mean I don’t like girls.”

Orion and I had never talked about stuff like this before. Oh, he knew a little bit about my boyfriends, but I hadn’t realized until now how incredibly interesting he could be. I wanted to press him more. Find out who it was he had a crush on. But the red still on his cheeks convinced me I should lay off teasing him. Instead, I turned on the TV and we watched some videos of the shore excursions available in Hawaii. There were several we both liked.

Even though the videos were interesting, every once in a while, I glanced at my brother, imagining another glimpse at his erection. Maybe it was the seventh or eighth time I stole a glance, but when I looked over at him, he was glancing at me. Then his eyes looked up and locked onto mine. He blinked first and gave a slight smile before turning back to the TV.

A few minutes later, Orion sat up and pulled his shirt off. Then he resumed his spot, watching the videos. When I glanced over at him, he said, "Was getting hot."

I knew bullshit when I heard it. The room was comfortable, almost cool. Still, I chanced another look. There was a slight hint of red on the top of his shoulders. The rest of his exposed chest and belly were white, with just the slightest hint of a tan starting to appear. Most of the guys I have dated have been into sports. They had wide shoulders and muscles across their body.

Orion's shoulders were still narrow. His chest was flat with barely a suggestion of definition. Even his boyfriend, Gavin had more muscle tone. And yet I found my brother to be terribly sexy.

After a bit, I said, "Some college guys I met are going to be in the piano bar soon. They asked me if I wanted to go hang out with them."

A look of unhappiness passed over my brother's face before he gave an indifferent shrug. "Whatever."

I added, "But I've had a long day and am getting a bit tired."

Orion's eyebrows arched as he turned his head in my direction.

I concluded, "If you want, we can hang out tonight."

Orion perked up, although I think he tried to hide it. "What do you to do? Watch a movie?"

I shrugged, "We can see what's on. But maybe we can talk."

Orion cocked his head, "Talk? About what?"

I know I was wrong to think it, but I wanted to lean over and kiss him. He looked adorable with his questioning expression. I said, "Well, for the next seventy days, we're going to living in the same room and sharing the same bed. I realized earlier today that I haven't been a very good sister."

Orion sat up, "You've been pretty cool since the cruise started. I mean, you ask me what I want to do. You haven't just told me to shut up and that we're just going to do things you want to do."

I hadn't realized it, but he was right. I didn't feel quite as bad about how I had treated him from before. "I hadn't realized it. You know my friend, Mandy?"

He nodded, "Yeah, with the red braces?"

"That's the one. She's four years younger than her older sister. They barely talk to each other and can hardly stand to be in the same room. Well, I don't want us to ever be like that."

Orion had pulled his knees up and wrapped his arms around his legs, and leaned his chin on his knees. "Jeez, that's messed up. I don't think we'd ever do that to each other. I mean, even though you're my sister and all, I feel like you're my friend too."

His admission warmed me from the inside out. I felt a big grin split my face, "I'm glad you feel that way. Even though we'll have other friends on the cruise, I don't want to just be brother and sister, but friends, too."

Orion surprised me. He unfolded himself and moved across the bed. Then he threw his arms around my neck and hugged me. "Thanks, sis. Hanging out, doing excursions and stuff together is going to be fun."

I was happy to return my brother's hug. I felt so good about him I kissed his cheek before letting go.

That crimson hue returned to his cheeks as he fought unsuccessfully to keep a grin from his face. After settling back against his pillow, he said, "Wow, that was nice. What was that for?"

I couldn't tell him I kissed him because I was falling for him. But I didn't really have a good cover either. I blurted out the only thing that came to mind, "Because I love you and you're pretty cute."

Oh shit! The words were scarcely out of my mouth when I saw Orion's jaw sag. What the hell had I done?

He stammered, "Y-you think I'm cute?"

My own cheeks had to be as crimson as his as I said "Cool. I said cool."

Still flushed, Orion said, "Uh-uh. You said I was cute. Do you really think so?"

I couldn't see a way to clean up my fuck-up. I nodded, "Yeah. But I also think you're pretty cool too."

Orion sat against his pillow and glowed. I was sure I had messed things up. Said too much. But the look on my brother's face left me feeling better. Maybe I hadn't screwed up too badly.

We settled for a movie neither of us had seen. Before it was half over, I could tell Orion had lost interest in it. I thought it sucked too. About that time, I yawned. Even though it was still early, I was ready for bed. I turned the TV off and said, "What do you say to getting ready for bed?"

Orion nodded, "God, that was the stupidest movie I've ever seen."

I rose from the bed and tugged off my T-shirt. When I let it fall to the floor, I felt Orion's eyes on me. This was way better than this morning. I smiled at him, "What? Don't you want to get ready for bed."

He found his voice, "Um, okay." But he didn't move as I unfastened my shorts and pulled them down, revealing a small pair of peach-colored panties.

I reveled in standing in front of my twelve-year-old brother in nothing more than my underwear, watching him try to decide what he was going to do. Eventually, his hands went to his waist, and he lifted his

butt enough to slide his shorts down, leaving him in nothing but his form fitting white cotton briefs.

I pulled the covers back and crawled back onto my side of the bed just as Orion pulled the covers over him. He giggled as we pulled the covers over our near nakedness. "I guess we're ready for bed, Jackie. What now?"

What now, indeed? Now that I was down to my underwear right next to Orion, my tiredness was gone. My stomach thrummed with anticipation. But anticipation of what? No matter what I felt for my brother, the idea of going further scared the shit out of me. I had no idea what to do next.

"I, I don't know."

Orion said, "We could talk or play a game."

A game! I lit up at the idea. "What about truth or dare?"

Chapter 5

Orion

Truth or Dare?!?

I hadn't expected Jackie to propose a game like that. I mean, when me and my friends played Truth or Dare at slumber parties, everyone ended up naked or worse. Still, Jackie was lying next to me and she was in just her underwear.

Despite what I felt growing for Gavin, I realized that night my love for my sister was the most real thing in my world. I knew the likelihood she felt anything at all toward me other than friendship and sibling love was remote. However, this could still be a fun game.

Still, there were few games more dangerous to a kid's dignity. "I guess so. What are the rules?"

Jackie's eyebrows scrunched up, showing she was in deep thought. When the brows relaxed, she said, "How about, we can't refuse to answer a truth. And any dare has to stay inside the cabin."

I could live with that. "Paper, rock, scissors to see who goes first?"

Jackie shook her head, "No, you can start."

When Jackie had told me earlier that she wanted to be my friend, I had wanted to believe her. Even though she had been terrific toward me so far on the cruise, I hadn't really forgotten about how badly she treated me before. But now, I felt she truly meant it.

"Okay," I said, "Truth or dare?"

"Truth."

There were so many different questions. Some were pretty tame, others were... not. I didn't want to start things off too crazy, "Have you ever used the boys' bathroom because the girls' bathroom was full, and did anyone ever find out?"

Jackie smirked, "That's two. But yeah. Once when I was in the eighth grade. Nobody found out because Mindy kept a lookout. What about you? Truth or dare?"

"Truth."

She said, "Have you ever kissed anyone?"

Before today, I would have said no. I nodded, "Yeah."

"Gavin?"

I felt myself blush as I nodded again.

"Was he a good kisser?"

I blurted out, "My turn. Truth or dare?"

Jackie flashed a wicked grin, enjoying my discomfiture. The funny thing was, even though I was uncomfortable answering, deep down, maybe really deep down, I didn't mind sharing this with her.

"Truth."

Time to make Jackie uncomfortable, "Who was the first boy you kissed?"

"Carlos Jones. My turn. Truth or dare?"

I fumed. Jackie didn't even blink. "Truth."

She said, "Do you like only boys or do you also like girls?"

My eyes shot up in surprise. I hadn't expected her to think that what I felt for Gavin was like gay or something. But as I thought about the feeling of his mouth on my dick and his dick in my mouth, I really wondered if I was just fooling around with him or if I felt something deeper. But there was one girl I was crazy about and she was lying next to me.

I pursed my lips, "Do you really think I like Gavin. I mean, like-like."

Jackie nodded, "Yeah. When he hugged you, you really enjoyed it."

Well, this *was* truth or dare. I couldn't lie. "I guess I like him like that. But there's a girl I like too. I guess it's kind of confusing."

Jackie reached over and rubbed her hand on my head, "Who would have pegged my cute, er, I mean cool brother as bisexual?"

I smiled at her intentional flub. "What's it mean to be bisexual?"

"It means you like sex with both boys and girls."

I nodded, "Okay. Maybe I'm bisexual. My turn. Truth or dare?"

"Truth."

Curious about my sister's experiences, I asked, "What about you? Do you like any girls or just boys?"

Jackie said, "I like boys. But me and Mindy fooled around a lot when we were in junior high. Truth or dare?"

I wasn't ready to go for a dare yet. "Truth."

Jackie was quick with her next question. "Tell me about this girl you like."

I replayed what I had said and realized my mistake. I had told Jackie that there was a girl I liked. But there was no way I could tell her she's that girl. I came so close to lying right then. But the thing was, one reason to play Truth or Dare is to say things you would never find the courage to say otherwise.

I couldn't look at her, choosing instead to stare at the white-as-snow bedspread. I mumbled, "It's you."

Despite how low my voice was, Jackie rocked back, surprise etched across her face. "Me?"

I looked up at her and nodded, "Yeah. It's Truth or Dare. I can't lie. It's you. You're not mad at me, are you?"

Jackie shook her head as she reached out and took my hand, "No. I'm not mad. I guess I'm just surprised. You really like me?"

“Yeah,” I said, “It started yesterday. But when we were teasing each other before dinner with Mom and Max, I realized I like you a lot. I know I’m not supposed to feel that way, but I can’t lie when playing Truth or Dare. Right?”

A ghost of a smile lit up my sister’s face, “No, Orion. You have to tell the truth. Whose turn is it now?”

“Mine. Truth or dare?”

After giving my sister such a huge shock, she returned the favor. “Dare.”

Normally, when me and my friends played, the first few dares were pretty tame. Go touch your tongue to the mirror. Run out to the mailbox in your underwear, things like that. The look in my sister’s eyes told me we wouldn’t be playing like that.

“I dare you to stay on top of the bedspread for the rest of the game.”

Jackie flashed me an encouraging grin as she shifted around until she sat on top of the bedspread. She looked gorgeous in her peach-colored panties and bra. She said, “Truth or dare?”

It was an unwritten rule that once someone takes a dare, everyone else has to as well. “Dare.”

Jackie grinned as she said, “I dare you to kiss me.”

I had already planted a kiss on her cheek earlier. I could do this. As I moved toward her, she said, “Not on the cheek this time, bro. On my lips.”

I gulped even as the fluttering in my belly got worse. I climbed onto my knees and moved over to her. When I was close enough, I leaned forward until my lips were nearly touching hers, “Are you sure?”

“Yeah, Orion. Please.”

I kissed Jackie. Her lips were softer and warmer than Gavin’s. But just like him, she responded to my kiss by kissing me back. She

hadn't set a time limit, so after a few seconds, I sat back on my haunches and said, "How was that?"

Jackie ran a finger over her lips, "I liked it. Apparently, Gavin's taught you a thing or two. Your turn. I'll take a dare."

Once you start kissing, there aren't that many things you can dare someone to do before things get really interesting. Still, what did it matter if things get interesting? Jackie actually liked my kiss. This game rocked. "I dare you to show me your boobs."

Jackie's smirk grew wider as her hands went behind her back. A few seconds later, she let her bra fall to the bed, revealing her small, perky boobs. Her eraser-like nipples were hard, pointing at me. "Whatcha think, bro?"

In a tone almost worshipful, I said, "They're beautiful, Jackie."

Her smile widened before she said, "Are you going to take any more Truths, or is it dares from here on?"

I said, "Just dares."

"Good," she said, "I want to see your dick. Take off your underwear for the rest of the game."

There wasn't any way that she hadn't already noticed my stiffy poking at my underwear. And now that she was topless, I didn't feel too embarrassed to let her see me. I climbed off the bed long enough to pull my underwear down. I know I should have made a show of it, but I was in too big of a hurry for that. I felt liberated as my dick popped out and slapped my tummy. I don't know why, but even though I was a good deal smaller than Gavin, my size didn't bother me now that I was naked in front of Jackie.

Once I had resumed my spot on the bed, I said, "I guess it's my turn to dare you. Take your panties off."

Jackie giggled, "We're not very original, are we?"

Still, she rolled onto her back and pulled at her panties until they landed on the floor. I had expected a thick, black patch of pubic hair

spreading away from her sexy parts. It stunned me to see her pubic area was as bare as my own. I could even see her slit.

Awestruck, I stammered, "Y-you shave?"

Jackie chuckled as she sat down in front of me with her legs crossed Indian style. "Yeah. Even teenaged boys like their girls smooth. And I like the way it feels."

I shook my head in wonderment, "Wow."

Jackie said, "It's my turn to dare you."

She splayed her legs, resting them on either side of me. "Stretch your legs out and put them on either side of my hips. I want you to scooch over to me. Once you've done that, I'll tell you the rest of the dare."

I was pretty sure that's not how Truth or Dare is supposed to be played, but I couldn't have cared less. I did as instructed, and scooted closer to her, until my butt was between her knees.

"Cool," Jackie said, "Now play with my tits. I'll tell you when to stop."

My stomach fluttered as I reached out with both hands and pressed them palm outward onto her chest. The soft, fleshy tissue gave way beneath my palms while the hardness of her nipples pushed back. I closed my fingers and cupped my hands over her boobs.

"Massage them, Orion."

I pushed and pulled, with and against her skin for several minutes. Jackie was vocal enough so that I knew what made her feel good and what didn't. When she finally said, "Time," I could see she had really enjoyed my hands.

It was my turn. What the hell was I supposed to do to top that? I thought about how close we were to each other. My dick poked out toward my sister's abdomen. "Um, if you want, you can play with my dick."

Jackie reached out, "Is that your dare?"

Nodding, I said, "Yeah, but the truth is, I don't really know what to ask for next."

Jackie smiled as her fingers wrapped around my shaft, "I guess we can forget the dares and just see what happens. How's that sound?"

Her hands moved up and down on my erection. Jackie was a pro, making the tingling in my balls spread to my dick. After too short a time, she stopped. "Do you cum yet?"

"Yeah, been doing it for a few months."

She pulled her hand away, "Cool. I don't want to make you do that just yet. How about this? I'm going to close my legs. And I want you to slide up to me and hug me. We can kiss some more."

Once on her legs, I inched forward until my dick touched Jackie's innie-facing belly button. With my butt resting on her lap, my head was taller than hers and her boob pressed against my torso. She had to tilt her head to kiss me; and kiss we did. I showed her what Gavin had taught me when my tongue darted into her mouth. The way she moaned told me I'd done the right thing.

I'm not sure how much time passed, but when Jackie broke the kiss, she said, "Wow, bro. You're a fucking pro. You need to give Gavin a good blowjob for teaching you how to kiss like that."

I preened at my sister's praise. "What now?"

"I want to see you cum," Jackie said as she pushed me back so she could reach between us and grab my dick. Her fingers, now wrapped around me, stroked up and down. The only feeling that could compete with what she did was Gavin's mouth on my dick.

With her fingers working their magic, the tingling, which started in my balls, came on me fast. And before I knew it, all four inches were tingling and then, like an explosion spreading out from my balls, I came. My dick twitched in Jackie's hands as my watery cum shot into the air and splattered against my chest. Another spasm, and another bit of cum slid down my sister's fingers. She didn't stop

jacking me until after my last spasm, even though the last few were dry.

I groaned, "Oh, wow, that was incredible, Jackie."

She looked stunned by what had just happened. I was hardly the first boy she had been with, so her slack expression confused me. Then she said, "Holy fuck, I just jacked you off, Orion. I can't believe I fucking jacked my brother off. Are you okay?"

Still feeling the effects of my orgasm, I said, "Fuck yes. God, Jackie, that felt great."

Then she looked down between us, at the mess on her hand, "You sure?"

I took my index finger and swiped at the slightly cloudy-but mostly clear semen on my chest and plopped it in my mouth, much to my sister's surprise.

I had been tasting my cum since the first watery drop came out of my dick six months before. At first, it was really sweet. But now, as it was getting a little thicker, the sweetness was still there, but there was a saltiness to it. But just like Gavin's I couldn't taste any bitterness, which I have heard is common among older teens and men.

Jackie said, "Ooh, that's gross."

I shook my head, "Not to me."

She recoiled, "I've tasted other guys' cum, and it tasted terrible."

I grabbed hold of her hand, where her fingers were still coated with my semen and said, "Okay, well, if you don't want to taste it, I'll clean you off."

Before I could pull her hand toward my face, she took it and said, "Fine, but if you're lying, you'll never get a blowjob from me," and slid her finger into her mouth.

Jackie's eyes grew round. "Not bad. I thought it would taste all gross."

Even as the high of my orgasm faded, I leaned forward and kissed her. When our lips parted, I said, "So, do I get a blow job?"

She quickly kissed me, "Not tonight. But seeing as I have hopelessly corrupted my kid brother, maybe you could help me out."

My sister moved away, spreading her legs open, "You got yours, now it's my turn."

Her fingers moved to her slit and spread her pussy lips open. Just below the start of her slit, her fingers massaged something, making her groan, "Oh, yeah."

After a few more moans, she spread her legs even wider, "Come over here. I want you to put your finger in my pussy."

I scrambled across the bed, laying my head toward her sexy parts, and gave her my hand. With her free hand, she guided my fingers into the fleshy folds, just below where her fingers were working on a spot. She was wet down there. I'd seen pictures online of women who were leaking pussy juices. This had to be like that. My fingers became slick with Jackie's wetness before they reached her hole. And when I pushed up into her, my finger slid in, almost like it belonged there.

Jackie pushed down as my index finger slid into her pussy. It felt like her walls were sucking me in, pulling me deeper until my finger was all the way to the last knuckle. I pulled out and then pushed back in, and my sister rewarded me with another moan of pleasure.

Jackie shuddered and my finger felt even wetter than before. Her fingers rubbed her spot just inside her slit even faster as she moaned again. "I'm cumming!"

She shuddered a couple of more times, each shudder another orgasm. By the time Jackie pulled my hand from her wet pussy, she sighed, "Now that's what I call a cum."

Jackie

When I awoke the next morning, it was to light filtering through the balcony's flimsy inner curtain. Neither I nor Orion had thought to close the blackout curtain last night. Hell, after he brought me to my earth-shattering orgasm, all I did was fall asleep.

Orion was gently snoring next to me. With the light of morning shining in, I knew what we had done we shouldn't have. But I didn't give a fuck. I should have regretted feeling Orion's young cock in my hands and his finger in my pussy. Instead, I regretted the years I had treated him like an unwanted pest. I guess I have always, in one way or another, loved my brother. But now our love had taken on a physical manifestation and I loved him all the more for it.

Don't misunderstand me. While I love my brother and am honestly looking forward to our cruise, for a change, I don't believe in true love or that there's only one person for me. I'm also looking forward to seeing where things with Jake go. And who knows? Maybe there's some other guy onboard who I have yet to meet that will make me wet. Yeah, maybe now I will forgive Mom for dragging me along on this fucking cruise.

I chuckled. Yeah. That's what the next seventy days are going to be, my fucking cruise.

I slid out of bed and took care of nature's call. When I came back to bed, Orion had shifted in his sleep, and the bedcovers had fallen away. Like me, he had fallen asleep naked. He had an erection, and it was pointing at the ceiling. It drew my attention like nothing else. In that moment of morning silence when nobody could judge me, I loved the sight of Orion's dick. My hand was halfway across the bed when I got a better idea.

Even though I've been with a few guys, one thing my previous experiences had taught me was that guys' cum was nasty and bitter. Unfortunately, the guys I dated wanted girls who would give head. But I learned quickly that just because I gave head didn't mean I had to be a swallower. Was last night enough to change my mind?

I pulled the rest of the covers off the bed even as Orion snored. The mattress was one of those memory foam mattresses that don't shake the entire bed when you move, so I could slip up next to him until I was only a few inches above my brother's cock. It was nowhere near the biggest I'd seen, but it wasn't the smallest either. But unlike most of the guys I've dated, I felt something for Orion that I haven't felt for most of them. As a girl, you're expected to give the guy pleasure and if you're lucky enough to find your own O, then that's fine. Finding my own O has never been a problem. I guess that's why I've enjoyed sex with my boyfriends. But bringing them to orgasm was just part of what they expected of me. With Orion, it was different. I wanted to make him orgasm.

And that's why I lowered my head until my lips wrapped around his glans. When I swiped my tongue across his little helmet, the snoring stopped. When I took a bit more of him in my mouth, I heard a gasped, "Oh, fuck!"

I took a bit more of him as he craned his head to see what I was doing. And then I slid all of him in my mouth, slathering his enclosed erection with my tongue.

When he found his voice again, Orion said, "Mmm, Sis, you don't have to if you don't want to."

I wanted to. I bobbed up and down, feeling his fleshy tube slide between my lips. A slight sweetness hit my taste buds as my brother's cock leaked a bit of pre-cum. Most of the time, guys' pre-cum is tasteless or just slightly sweet. Oh, how different for most of them once they fill your mouth with their jizz. I hoped and prayed I hadn't dreamed how good Orion had tasted on my fingers last night.

I had been going down on his cock for a few minutes when Orion groaned, “Nmm, Jackie! I’m real close.”

He had practically no experience with this. And yet he still wanted to warn me. God, if I had a dollar for every guy who warned me before cumming in my mouth, I’d have enough for my coffee at Starbucks.”

I felt Orion’s cock get harder and even a bit larger just before he spasmed. I clamped down and sucked on him like I my life depended on it. Jack-fucking-pot! His cum splashed against my tongue. I had steeled myself to have been wrong about last night, but there was still a bit of sweetness mixed in with a more familiar saltiness. But no gag-reflexing bitterness.

I swallowed two small blasts before my brother finished his orgasm with a few more blank spasms. When I finally let his cock slip from my lips, Orion murmured, “Can you wake me up like this every morning?”

He was smiling at me as his hand reached out and caressed my cheek. I said, “Your dick was stiff as a board when I woke up. You looked like you needed some help.”

He leaned forward and kissed where his hand had just touched before moving his lips onto mine. When our lips broke, he said, “Thanks, Jackie. I’ll always take help like that.”

My watch buzzed as I realized how wet I was. I glanced at it and saw that it was already ten in the morning. I had hoped to meet Jake and his friends sometime before lunch. I pulled myself away from Orion reluctantly. It’s not like I planned on sleeping anywhere else tonight. I gave my brother a quick kiss, “Alright, lover boy. Tonight, we’ll pick up where we left off. I want to catch some rays and hang out in the hot tub before the sun gets too hot.”

I heard an audible growl from Orion’s stomach. “Tonight? I’d like that. Right now, there’s a buffet that needs demolishing.”

Orion

I was on my second plate when Gavin and Nathan found me. They were both in board shorts and tank-tops. I plopped the syrup covered bite of pancakes into my mouth before saying through a mouthful of food, “What’s up?”

Well, that’s what it was supposed to sound like. It came out, “Whapf up?”

Gavin said, “There’s a basketball court up on deck fifteen. Me and Nathan are headed up there to shoot some hoops. Wanna come with?”

I pushed my chair away from the table, “Sure. Did you guys already eat?”

Nathan said, “Yeah. My grandma dragged us to breakfast in the Grande this morning. Boring. How’d you score breakfast without your ‘rents?”

As the three of us headed toward the stairs, I said, “Made a sweet deal with my mom’s fiancé. As long as we have dinner with them on Sundays and Thursdays, the rest of the week we get to do our own thing.”

Nathan shook his head, “That’s fucking sweet. My grandma paid for me and my parents’ cruise. Them as pays says.”

I worked the saying over and discovered it was almost always true. “Yeah. Max paid for our cruise. This is practically his and mom’s honeymoon. Would you want your wife’s kids underfoot if it was your honeymoon?”

Nathan blanched as we reached the top deck, “Wife? Fuck no. Never trust something that bleeds for several days and doesn’t die.”

His hand grazed Gavin’s, as though showing me what he preferred. Or was he subtly telling me Gavin was his?

The basketball court was empty when we arrived. It took a bit of searching, but Gavin found a gap in some green netting that enclosed the space. And within a couple of minutes, we ditched our shirts and were playing up and down the court, every boy for himself.

The ball had sailed out of bounds into the net when Nathan missed a shot. I grabbed it and dribbled back across the court toward the other goal and stopped to shoot the ball when a blur appeared in the corner of my eye, and slapped the ball, sending it against the net.

Nathan laughed, “Gotta run faster than a fucked-up duck to keep the ball, Orion.”

I don’t know why the words annoyed me, after all, I ran normally. Until that moment, I had thought Nathan was pretty cool. After all, Gavin and he were best friends. But that unfriendly leer and the way he’d attacked the ball left me unsettled. Even Gavin shook his head, mystified.

After Nathan sunk the shot, Gavin took the ball, “How about a game of PIG?”

Uncertain about the thirteen-year-old’s intentions if we kept on playing the court, I nodded, “Yeah. Sounds good.”

“I guess so,” Nathan conceded, although to my ears, he didn’t sound happy.

Gavin started us off. He shot from the free-throw line. The ball bounced against the rim, but still went in. His hands shot up in victory, “Don’t matter if it’s ugly, so long as it goes in.”

Nathan picked up a P, when the ball hit the backboard and traced around the rim before falling outside the goal.

He swore as he shot the ball my way. As one of the taller boys in the seventh grade, I’d played on the school team, although I spent more time sitting on the bench when Coach realized my hand-to-eye coordination meant I would never play in the NBA. Still, I put the ball through the hoop with no net.

It was my shot now, and I went back to the three-point line and knocked the ball into the goal off the back-board. Gavin barely missed, but nobody gets points for barely missing.

“Fuckity-fuck-fuck!” Nathan growled when his shot missed the goal altogether. I bit my tongue. But Gavin piped up, “P, I, dude. One more and you’re out.”

Nathan didn’t wear glasses, but he used his middle finger to pretend to push his imaginary glasses higher onto his nose.

Gavin dribbled up a layup that both Nathan and I easily replicated.

Now that it was Nathan’s turn again, he dribbled the ball out to the half court. I shook my head as he pounded the ball into the court’s rubbery surface. Shots like that for kids like us were one in a hundred.

But he made it. And Gavin and I picked up our P. I hate to admit it, but how Nathan was behaving, I hated to see him make a lucky shot. It wasn’t like Gavin was paying me any more attention than he was to Nathan.

Nathan must’ve been feeling cocky. His next shot was from the free throw line. But instead of just shooting at the basket, he bounced the ball, trying to get it to go in on from the bounce. He missed.

I don’t know why, but Nathan’s stupid shot must have shaken a screw loose in my head. I went over to just in front of the basket, turned around and then with both hands on the ball, threw it over my head. It hit the backboard and went in. I was jumping up and down as Gavin recovered the ball.

He picked up an I just before Nathan was knocked out, when he missed, earning him his G.

Nathan fumed, “God-damn, this is fucking stupid, Gav. There’s got to be something better to do.”

Gavin stretched and gave a theatric yawn, “You’re out. Once I finish pounding Orion’s ass into the deck, there’s pool at toward the front of

the ship, we can chill up there; soak up some rays and work on a tan.”

Nathan sent a withering glare Gavin’s way. “You didn’t complain last night when I pounded your ass.”

Gavin’s face turned a deep crimson as he said, “Orion, take your shot.”

Before the game, I had wanted to like Nathan. But the way he treated me, I was souring on him. I headed over to the three-point line and watched my ball bounce off the rim and right into Gavin’s hands.

He grinned, “My turn.”

I picked up my I and G in short order, when Gavin sank a shot from the three-point line twice and I missed both times. I didn’t mind losing to Gavin, but was glad I had beat Nathan.

When we grabbed our shirts, I noticed as Gavin picked his up that, just like me, he was hairless under his arms, while Nathan had a few strands of hair. Even as we pulled our shirts on, I felt something stir in my shorts, as I enjoyed seeing the fourteen-year-old’s body.

Once we hiked over to the bow of the ship, we found the wading pool empty. Even the dozen deck chairs were empty. Of course, you have to really want to get to this part of the ship. No elevators come this high, and most people stop exploring once they get to the Lido deck.

Gavin was the first to shuck his shirt and shimmy out of his board shorts, leaving him in just his tight, red speedos. Nathan wore a pair of black speedos, and I felt a bit awkward in my swimming trunks. There was a store on the ship that sells swimming gear. I vowed I would get down there within the next couple of days.

We had barely climbed into the pool when we realized why they called it a splash pool. The water was less than a foot deep. Even then, that didn’t stop us from sitting down and enjoying the water. Gavin splashed both me and Nathan until the three of us were all

splashing each other. I managed a lucky splash, catching Gavin in the face.

He retaliated by grabbing me by one leg and pulling me down until only my head was above the water, as he sat astride my waist.

Nathan pushed him off me, "I'm done up here. Catch me later, Gavin, when we can have some fun."

I watched the thirteen-year-old grab his clothes and disappear down the stairs. Gavin shook his head, "Fuck him."

Even though I was taken aback by Nathan's rudeness, I quipped, "Sounds like that's what he has in mind."

Despite what we'd done the previous day, Gavin blushed, "So what? I don't get why he's trying to be possessive. He may be my best friend, but that doesn't mean we're, like, dating. Hell, he's got a boyfriend back home."

Nathan hadn't been gone long when Gavin crawled back on top of me. He was astride my lap, and it only took a second or two for something to stir to life in my swimsuit.

A look of mischief spread across his face as Gavin said, "You know, maybe Nathan's half right. We *can* have some fun."

I jerked my head around. We were pretty exposed, "What? here?"

He shook his head as he slid off me, "Better not. They've got cameras up here. You think we can go hang out in your cabin?"

A bit later, when I closed the cabin door, Gavin barely waited until I locked the door before wrapping his arms around my waist and gently pushing me against the door. His lips pressed against mine as his tongue probed my mouth. He was hungry for my mouth, yet there was a hesitancy in his actions, as though waiting for a favorable response from me.

The fooling around between me and Jackie the night before awakened something inside me. Sure, I wanted her, but feeling Gavin's passion made me want him just as bad and I responded to

his kiss by using my tongue to force his back so I could explore his mouth, racing the tip of my tongue along the length of his.

He moaned and broke the kiss before swinging around and pulling me toward the bed. When his legs bumped against the end of the bed, Gavin stopped and tugged my still-damp swimsuit down until the material bunched at my feet. He pushed me and I fell down on the bed even as he yanked his speedos off.

My legs were splayed wide as he knelt between them. Gavin's voice was hoarse, "Can I suck you?"

I blinked in surprise. Suck me? Fuck yeah! It was in that moment that I realized whatever he and Nathan had, he felt different with me. He wanted me, but wanted me to want this just as badly.

If more of my blood had remained in my brain, instead of flooding my rigid four inches, I might have been more conflicted. I loved Jackie and looked forward to what the summer would hold. Yet, in that moment, as that blue eyed fourteen-year-old gazed down on me, I realized I wanted to be with him too. I stammered, "Y-yeah."

With more reverence than the previous day, Gavin's head lowered, until his shaggy locks masked my middle. I felt the wetness of his tongue on my little head, causing a loud gasp of pleasure escaped from my mouth. That wetness slid down, over the loose skin of my circumcision and down my shaft's taut skin, along the little ridge created by the tube that carried my piss or cum up and out.

I shuddered when his tongue licked the crinkled skin of my nut sack. And moaned as he opened his mouth and sucked one of my marble-size testicles into the heat of his mouth. The tingling in my balls felt magnificent as he switched between each nut before his tongue worked its way back to my mushroom shaped head. Then he engulfed it, taking the tip of my stiffy into his mouth, but never relenting with his tongue.

The tingling never stopped in my balls. In fact, with each inch of me Gavin took into his mouth, it only grew. I didn't want to cum too

quick, but the way his tongue swiped across my stiffy's skin, I didn't know how long I could last.

When his upper lip touched the bare skin above the base of my shaft, Gavin stopped with his tongue, content to just hold all of me in his mouth. He brushed his hair from in front of his eyes as he peered up at me. He couldn't smile, but that didn't stop the twinkle in his eyes. He looked like he was in heaven and I felt the same way as the ticking resumed as his tongue went back to work.

Now that he had taken all of me into his mouth, Gavin began bobbing up and down, still stimulating me with his tongue, making the tingling grow in intensity. I lost track of time as the wave of pleasure built, radiating from my dick, outward.

"I'm cumming!" I groaned.

Gavin's lips locked against the base of my stiffy as his tongue slid along my shaft. I felt an explosive shudder, starting in my balls, traveling up my dick. I nearly passed out when I spasmed and my release coated the fourteen-year-old's tongue. He sucked on me like a lollipop, even after my last few empty spasms.

When Gavin came up for air, he licked his lips, "Fuck, Orion, you're good to the last drop."

I still felt weak from the intensity of my orgasm, but I managed, "You're just saying that so I'll suck you off too."

He leaned forward and kissed me. When he thrust his tongue into my mouth, I tasted the sweet and salty taste of my cum. Maybe it's kind of gross, but I liked the taste. When he broke the kiss, Gavin said, "It's true, but I want you to blow me too."

After catching my breath, I nodded.

Instead of rolling to the side so I could get between his legs, Gavin scooted forward until his butt rested on my chest and his dick was almost touching my mouth. When he shifted forward, I opened my mouth until his helmeted head was inside. I clamped my lips closed

and used my tongue to get some of his pre-cum from inside his piss-slit.

“Aaah, damn, that feels good.”

Encouraged by his vocalization, I reached around and grabbed his ass cheeks and pulled him a bit closer, letting in another couple of inches. Gavin was an excellent teacher, and what he had just done to me, I now did to him, running my tongue from the tip of his dick, over the wrinkles of his circumcision, and down another inch of his shaft.

Even though Gavin felt a bit heavy on my chest, the heat of his dick felt good and I started moving my head back and forth, letting his dick slide almost all the way to my throat, just short of making me gag, and back out until his head nearly slipped out. And I tried to remember to use my tongue too. But with his every moan, I'd pick up my tempo and forget about my tongue for a few seconds.

He pushed deeper as I felt his dick thicken. As soon as I felt a twitch in my mouth, I swallowed. And that's when he went deeper, his blonde pubes brushing against my lips. On the second jolt of cum splattering the back of my throat, I gagged as Gavin's cum ran down my chin.

Thankfully, he pulled back where the rest of his semen dribbled from my chin to my neck. When I could get a lungful of air, I said, “G-get up. Gotta breathe!”

Gavin was off me in a flash, kneeling beside the bed, “Oh, Fuck! Orion, are you alright? Damn, I shouldn't have tried to put it down your throat. Not yet.”

I wasn't upset. I just didn't have any idea about how to take Gavin's five inches all the way into my mouth. He was a bit bigger than me and fourteen.

Once I had caught my breath and cleaned his cum off, I told Gavin, “I want to take you all the way in, but you're a lot bigger than me and when it touches my throat, I gag.”

The fourteen-year-old sat beside me on the bed, “You really think I’m big? I saw Nathan’s ex-boyfriend a couple of times, and when he was still thirteen, he was already six inches.”

My eyes grew round, “Six inches? Holy shit. Did Nathan suck him off much?”

“All the time.”

I shook my head, “How?”

Gavin’s fingers played with my chest, “It’s the gag reflex. Almost all of us have it. The first time Nathan tried to take Wes’s monster cock down his throat, he threw up. But after that, he practiced with bananas, hot dog wienies, even on me. Although I’ve grown some since then. One thing you can do is to try swallowing when something touches the back of your throat. Now, when he takes me in his mouth, Nathan’s a pro and doesn’t miss a beat when my dick goes down his throat.”

For a moment, I felt something jealous-like in the pit of my stomach at the image of Nathan sucking Gavin. But it passed. While I really liked Gavin and hoped he and I would be fantastic friends for the rest of the cruise, I wanted to be with Jackie just as much. If I had no intention of being exclusive, how the hell could I expect it of him?

Gavin’s hands trailed down my belly until he wrapped my stiffening dick in his fist. “When do you turn thirteen?”

“The day we reach Manilla.”

“Oh, that’s cool. Maybe with that much time to plan, I can figure out how to talk Grandma into letting us do a shore excursion that day.”

I liked that. “That’d be awesome. What about you? When do you turn fifteen?”

Gavin’s hand never stopped sliding up and down on me, “I turned fourteen just before Memorial Day. It’ll be awhile yet.”

Gavin’s fingers sped up and the familiar tingling spread along my dick and before long, my balls were bouncing against his fist when I

threw my head back, “Ahh!”

My dick spasmed in his hands, as a single blast of watery semen shot into the air, before landing on Gavin’s hand. He kept stroking me through the remaining empty spasms. Then, he put his hand to his mouth and cleaned my spunk with his tongue.

“Mmm, delish.”

I chuckled as I came off my orgasmic high, “You’re just saying that. I bet Nathan doesn’t taste any different.”

Gavin looked down toward the floor as his face colored, “Don’t tell him, Orion. You’re more sweet and salty. He’s more salty and bitter. I don’t really know why we all taste a bit different, but I could eat your cum for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.”

As if to prove his point, Gavin licked some imaginary semen from his fingers.

We both jumped when there was a knock at the door followed by a muffled, “Gavin? Why’s the door locked?”

“Oh, shit!” we said in unison before I rolled off the bed and looked for my swimsuit.

“Come on, I gotta use the restroom!” came Jackie’s muffled voice.

I scanned the floor where I thought we had taken our swim trunks off, but all I saw were Gavin’s red speedos. I tossed them to him and ran over to where our clothes were kept and grabbed a pair of my underwear as Jackie knocked again. I shimmied into them before unlocking the door.

My sister glared at me when the door opened, “What the fuck, Orion?”

Then her eyes lit on Gavin and her eyebrows shot up and her mouth fell open as I think she realized we had been fooling around.

She brushed past me, wearing just her pink and purple bikini, and before closing the door to the bathroom, said, “When I’m done, we

should talk.”

I found my swimsuit while Jackie was using the restroom. Apparently one of us had kicked it under the bed. When she came out, she sent me a disapproving glare before turning it on Gavin. I can only imagine what went through my sister’s mind as I stood there, looking guilty, in just my white briefs and Gavin, looking equally guilty in his speedos.

After an uncomfortably long silence, Jackie said, “Gavin, right?”

He nodded, “Um, yeah.”

Jackie came over and put an arm around my shoulders, “I’m rather fond of my brother, Gavin. What’s an older kid like you see in him?”

After the previous night and what had happened between me and my sister, I was a bit miffed she was insinuating Gavin was taking advantage of me. I blurted, “Gavin’s only fifteen months older than me, Jackie. It’s not like he’s, um, four years older or something.”

When I saw the look in her eyes at my barb, I added, “Not that I’d care if he was. He’s my friend.”

I’m pretty sure Gavin missed the meaningful glance I sent Jackie’s way. He said, “Yeah. Orion’s my friend and I really like him.”

Jackie glanced between my underwear and Gavin’s speedos and gave us a grudging nod, “Yeah, I guess I can see that. So, I guess you’re into other guys?”

My friend flushed as he glanced at the floor, “I, uh, I guess so. I like Orion a lot more than any of the girls I went to school with last year.”

Jackie gave my shoulder a gentle squeeze, “My brother’s a pretty good judge of other people, so if he likes you, I guess you’re okay with me.”

Then, she asked me, “Uh, bro, I thought you told me there was a girl you liked. Do you like boys and girls?”

Whenever I'm around Gavin, I try not to think about Jackie. And the previous night, when me and Jackie fooled around, Gavin barely came to mind. But standing next to the girl I loved and only a couple of feet away from the boy I was fast falling for, I didn't really know. Was what I felt for Jackie something I felt because she was a hot teenage girl or was it something more intimate because we were brother and sister? That thing in my heart growing for Gavin—was it because he was a good-looking boy? Or was it because I wanted his friendship and this was the way to receive it?

I didn't know. I shrugged. "I dunno, Jackie. I know there's one girl who I really like. And then there's Gavin. I really like him too. Does that make me, um, bisexual? I don't know."

With an arm already around my shoulder, Jackie gave me hug, "You don't have to figure it out, bro."

She let go of me and turned back toward the door, "There's a tag you can insert into the card reader on the door so the room steward won't bother you. It'll also tell me if the two of you are in here. But if I need in, it would be nice if you'd not throw the deadbolt."

"But what about Mom?"

She shook her head, "When they gave us our cards, they're each configured for our own rooms. Plus, I think Max is keeping up his end of the bargain. We won't see them until Thursday dinner."

When she got to the door, she looked back at me and Gavin and smiled, "Have fun, but don't forget about your girlfriend, Orion."

Then she was gone. Gavin turned to me, "You've got a girlfriend?"

Chapter 6

Jackie

I had never felt more conflicted than when I closed the door, leaving my brother and his friend alone again in our cabin. Orion looked so sexy in his tighty whities. Hell, even his friend Gavin looked hot in his red speedos. As I walked back toward the elevators, I wondered if he was really gay or just going through a phase. Then I wondered what I had interrupted.

My thoughts returned to my brother. I know it's weird, but I want to be his first and I hoped that whatever he and Gavin were doing wouldn't take that away from me. I know that's selfish, given that I've been with several boys. Hell, even as I rode the elevator back to the Lido Deck, I was devising a way to get Jake to plow my furrow. But since the start of the cruise, I couldn't deny the attraction I felt for Orion. I knew it should scare me. After all, incest was taboo for a reason. Still, I wasn't worried Orion would knock me up. I've been on the pill since the eighth grade.

I ate lunch with Jake and his friends in the Buffet Court and let him rub my back, arms and legs with sunscreen before lying down in a lounge chair next to him. We talked, and I learned more about him and what he was like. I shared as much as I was comfortable sharing, given the glaring lie I'd told when we met on the first day of the cruise. One thing I've learned in my battle of wills with my mom is that lies are hard to maintain, so they need to stay as close to the truth as possible. So, aside from my lie about college, I stayed with the facts.

By the time dinner rolled around, I found Orion and his friend back in the pool. As things transpired, Jake, Allen and Liz joined me, Orion, and Gavin at one of the big, round tables in the Buffet Court. I was as nervous as a cat in a rocking chair factory for most of dinner; afraid Orion would say something that would give away my actual age. But I needn't have worried.

We hung around the swimming pool until Movies Under the Stars came on a bit after twilight. There was a gigantic movie screen at the back of the Lido deck where they projected first-run movies most nights, weather permitting. And after that, it was almost ten, and I was ready to head back to our cabin. Orion fell in beside me as we made our way back to our room.

Once we were inside, he said, "I'm sorry about earlier. I didn't mean to lock you out, it's just..."

He trailed off. What would he have said? *Sorry sis, I was fucking Gavin up the ass and didn't want you to interrupt.*

I sat down on the bed and sighed at the comfort, "You really like Gavin, don't you?"

Orion flushed as he nodded, "Yeah. He's really cool."

I could see how he would find the other boy attractive. I certainly did. Even though it wasn't right and it was completely irrational, I had to know. "So, did he take your virginity?"

Orion blushed bright red as he sat down on his side of the bed and removed his sneakers. "You mean, like have him put his dick up my ass?"

I nodded, "Or you put yours up his ass."

Mercifully, he shook his head. "Gavin's fooled around with his friend Nathan like that. But we haven't done anything like that."

I murmured, "Yet."

He flushed some more. Still beet red, he said, "Putting a dick up your ass sounds like it would hurt."

It was my turn to feel the heat in my cheeks, "If he's huge, probably. Is he?"

Orion gave me a ghost of a smile and shook his head, "Bigger than me, but not huge. Not like Demarcus."

I turned more red. How my brother had learned about Demarcus was a mystery to me. But that football player wasn't my finest moment. Cringing at the admission, I said, "Yeah, I wouldn't let him fuck me. He would have split me in two."

Orion's face grew serious, "Um, Jackie, how big is too big?"

I did not know. I've always heard a girl's vagina stretches a lot more than a boy's ass. My eyes glanced toward Orion. He wore a pair of jeans shorts and a T-shirt. Even though the cruise was barely underway, his arms and legs had a light but healthy tan. I wanted to kiss him. As to his question, I shrugged, "I don't know. Maybe Gavin wouldn't be too big. But..."

I lost my train of thought as I imagined my brother taking the fourteen-year-old's cock doggy style. Now, I was wet, thinking about Gavin deflowering my brother. I murmured, "If Gavin doesn't mind, maybe I could watch the two of you. You know, make sure he's not too big."

I couldn't believe my mouth. Orion's jaw fell open, "You'd want to watch us, um, you know, fool around?"

Listening to Orion, all of twelve-years-old, try to avoid calling it sex or fucking was adorable. I leaned over and pulled him into a hug, "Nope, I want to watch the two of you fuck each other senseless."

He giggled even as my lips found his. When the kiss ended, I crawled across his lap before leaning in and kissing him again. We were both gasping for air when the kiss ended. Part of me wanted to ask him if he wanted to go further, but my needs burned bright and I just reached down and tugged at his shirt until I pulled it off. His belly and chest were lightly tanned, just like his arms. I ran my hands over his chest, trailing upwards until I held his cheeks in my hands. And kissed him again.

Then, as my tongue explored Orion's mouth, I felt his hands slip under my T-shirt until they bumped against the soft fabric of my bra. I was wet, I was horny. I broke the kiss long enough to pull my shirt off

and throw it on the floor. A moment later, my bra joined it. And I moaned as Orion's hands cupped my tits.

Once Orion's tongue pushed mine back into my mouth, I knew he was as horny as me. My hands snaked down his torso until I found his zipper. I unbuttoned and then unzipped him before reaching in and gripped his erection through the fabric of his underwear.

Not to be outdone, my brother forgot about my tits long enough to unfasten my shorts. The problem we both discovered is that I was sitting on his lap. Neither of us could pull down the other's shorts or underwear in that position. Orion didn't seem to mind. His hands returned to massaging my boobs.

I was the first to grow frustrated by our clothing. I got onto my knees and scooted back far enough to expose all of Orion. Then I pulled his shorts down until they were below his knees. His four inches strained against the flimsy cotton fabric. A moment later I pulled his underwear down to his knees, liberating my brother's delightful erection.

Orion said, "Come on, Sis. Let me see!"

His voice was pleasantly high pitched and convincing. I slid off him and stood next to the bed and stripped the rest of my clothing off. Once we were both naked, I moved between Orion's legs. While I wanted to feel my brother's cock inside me, I knew most boys had hair-triggers and I planned on enjoying myself for as long as possible. With that in mind, my lips found his hard-on, and I licked his little bit of pre-cum before taking his glans in my mouth.

Orion's warbling moan was music to me and before long, my upper lip touched his bald pubic area. And from there, I was bobbing up and down as fast as I could manage. I figured he'd already cum at least once earlier with Gavin. If that were so, maybe this time in my mouth might take longer.

Orion's hands gripped my hair as his moaning intensified. After a bit, he squealed, "I'm cumming!"

He barely spoke the words before my mouth tasted his sweet and salty semen as Orion's cock spasmed between my lips.

When I pulled back, Orion grinned at me with a silly grin he hardly used anymore. But it was one he used all the time when he was little. I figured it was a way of saying what we have is special. Then I moved his legs together again and resumed my earlier position, sitting just below his lap, and leaned forward to kiss him again.

I wasn't blind to the pressure of Orion's still-erect penis pressed against my pubic mound as our lips touched.

The remnants of his grin still on his face, when the kiss ended my brother said, "Yummy, I taste pretty good."

"Mm-hmm. One day soon, I'm going to get your opinion on how I taste," I said as I felt my wetness between my legs.

Orion leaned up, "You want me to lick your pussy?"

I pushed him against his pillow, "Not now, lover-boy. The way you and Gavin are going at it, if we don't have sex tonight, he'll be the one to take your virginity, and I can't have that."

The priceless look on Orion's face warmed my heart. It was a mixture of innocence and lust. "W-we're going to do it?"

I nodded, "Say it, bro. Say 'we're going to fuck each other,'"

That silly grin returned, "We're going to fuck each other!"

Even though Orion had cum just a couple of minutes before, he was still hard as a rock and when I scooted forward just a few inches, his erection slid against my labia. When I reached between us, his four inches were already coated in my juices. I lifted myself up high enough for him to poke against my vagina, and then I slowly sank down. His glans pierced me first, and I shivered at the feeling.

My brother wasn't big, and I didn't feel the painful stretching that came when the dick was bigger than my hole. Still, his glans made me tingle. That pleasurable tingle grew more pronounced as I sank

lower, taking all of him inside me, until I rested on his smooth pubic area.

Orion's mouth was shaped like an O, "Wow, I'm all the way inside you, Sis."

I gasped at the implication. I was fucking my brother. My twelve-year-old brother! I should have felt dirty. Instead, I felt more complete than I had since Mom first told us about the cruise. I know it's fucking weird, but Orion in me made me feel more whole and better than I can even begin to explain. As I lifted myself enough to feel him slide against my inner walls, I even contemplated stopping my birth control. I pushed back down and the tingling grew exponentially. Yeah, I thought, there couldn't be anything sexier than carrying my younger brother's child.

I glanced down between us as I moved up and down and I shuddered a little orgasm, watching my brother's thin erection sliding in and out of me. Orion proved he wasn't just going to lie there and be fucked. He reached up and pulled my face toward his even as my hips worked to keep his erection moving inside me. I let him kiss me and even had another small orgasm when he invaded my mouth with his tongue.

The feeling of my tits pressed against his thin, boyish chest, our lips crushing against each other, and me rocking back and forth, I felt more alive than I can ever recall before. I kept rocking forward, as I lay on top of him, letting him have his way with my mouth while I had my way with his cock. I felt a familiar pressure building inside me. It felt like an itch and Orion's dick was scratching it, making it feel good. The pressure grew, expanding within me until it was the only thing in my world. Well, except for my brother's dick.

Then, it happened. The pressure grew, like water rising against a dam, until it crested and overflowed the barrier. I shook as I came. I cried out my brother's name even as I kept riding his cock. Every jolt of my body slapping against Orion's pelvis kept my orgasm alive. His reaction showed he was finally getting close, as his hips bucked

under me. I came down as he thrust up, grinding our sex organs against each other. It only made me cum all the harder, as I couldn't stop myself from moaning.

Then Orion grabbed my hips as he thrust upwards even harder than before and I felt him shudder inside me. Even though I knew he was putting his baby-makers in me, all I felt were the spasms of his erection as he came. And those shuddering spasms were enough for me to start on another orgasm, just as powerful as the one that had rocked me for the better part of a minute.

When Orion stopped thrusting, I collapsed on him. My legs were sore. My hips were sore. Hell, even my pussy was sore. And I had never felt better in all my sixteen years.

With his silly, loopy smile, Orion looks up at me, "Why'd we wait so long to do this?"

I had just taken my twelve-year-old brother's virginity. And I loved every bit of it. I knew I should have felt guilty, but I just couldn't. The only thing I regretted is that we didn't have sex sooner. I kissed him and said, "We've got the rest of the cruise to make up for lost time, bro."

He squeezed me in a hug before I slid off and lay beside him. A few minutes later, I heard Orion's soft snores. I closed my eyes and rested my head against his chest as I fell asleep.

Orion

My fingers still dripped from the hand sanitizer as I waved at Gavin and Nathan. I could see the outline of their speedos underneath their board shorts as they approached the entry to the Buffet Court. I smiled. After breakfast, the three of us would hit the swimming pool.

Nathan bobbed his head as he led the way into the Buffet Court. He was trying to be nice for Gavin's sake. Even though Gavin wasn't *his* boyfriend, Nathan was still jealous of our friendship. I guess I could understand it. Even though I knew Jackie was angling to get into that college dude's pants, I felt jealous of that too. God, I was such a hypocrite.

We were digging into our plates when Gavin said, "Tomorrow, when we reach Hilo, me and Nathan are doing the mountain bike adventure with his dad, while our moms are going shopping with our grandmas. Do you wanna come with?"

"Sure," I blurted. But then I thought about Mom's command that any excursion had to be either with her and Max or with Jackie. I back-peddled, "Well, I need to check with Jackie. If she wants, can she come?"

Gavin shrugged, "I don't see why not. Nathan?"

The thirteen-year-old shrugged, "It's a free country."

On the way to the pool, I spotted Jackie lying on one of the lounge chairs close by the pool. Her chair was inches away from that college guy's chair. When I reached her, I knelt, "Tomorrow, when we get to Hilo, Gavin and Nathan asked if I could go with them on a shore excursion. You have plans? You can come too."

Jackie slid her eyes over to the college dude, "What're you all doing?"

He said, "We're taking a helicopter ride to see a volcano. If we had an open spot, you could come with us, but we had it booked before the cruise."

Jackie shrugged, "What's the excursion?"

Gavin knelt beside me. His bare legs brushed against mine, "Mountain bike adventure. Supposed to be fun, see some waterfalls."

Jackie sighed, "Fine, but when we get to Honolulu, we're going shopping, Orion. Got it?"

Elated, Gavin and I joined Nathan in the pool, after we liberally helped one another spray on some sun screen. Although after a week at sea, my tan was coming along nicely. Nathan was splashing water at another boy around my age by the time we were in the water, and as soon as Gavin and I joined in the fun, Nathan turned on us and splashed us, crying, "Come on, Carlos, these two pussies deserve a good dunking."

The second time I'd gone under, it was pretty clear to me Nathan was seriously hitting on the black-haired boy. Of course, the kid seemed to like it. As I came up sputtering water, Carlos had casually tossed an arm around Nathan's shoulders, "We showed your *cabrones* who's the boss."

They climbed onto the side of the pool and while I spoke with Gavin about our counter-attack, Nathan said, "I've got a PS five set up in my room, you wanna check it out, Carlos?"

And before either me or Gavin could respond, Nathan got up, gave Gavin a sultry wink and led his object of desire back toward the elevators. Once the two teens disappeared, I burst out laughing, "God, I hope that kid knows what he's in for."

Gavin eased himself deeper into the pool, "Carlos grabbed my ass a couple of times. Maybe it's Nathan who doesn't know. Either way, with that sweet cabin of yours, do you guys get free room service? We could eat lunch back there."

He glanced away and lowered his voice, "I mean, if you want to."

And that's how fifteen minutes later, I found myself inserting the do not disturb card into the cabin door's card reader. Once the door was closed, Gavin pushed me against the wall, and pressed his mouth against mine. His tongue slipped through my lips and I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him back. At just a few inches taller than me, I felt Gavin's erection poking me just above my own stiffy and I pushed away from the wall, and guided us toward the bed, where the two of us collapsed on the unmade bed.

I reached between us and slid my fingers between his abdomen and speedos, past his curly pubes until I wrapped them around his hardening dick. Gavin let slip a low moan as he yanked his speedos down and let them fall on the floor next to the bed. I slid my hand up and down on his five inches even as he tugged my swimming suit down below my knees. I shifted just enough to get them off the rest of the way and settled in next to him as we masturbated each other.

We hadn't been at it long when Gavin leaned over me. His warm, wet lips kissed me with as much passion as when we entered the room. He didn't stop with that, but worked his mouth down my neck, planting light kisses on me until he reached my chest. His tongue flicked against my nipples, causing them to grow hard under his touch. From there, he practically ignored my belly button as he made his way down my bare pubic area.

I gasped when, starting from the base of my stiffy, he licked me all the way to the tip. Then he took my little helmet of a head in his mouth and lavished it with his tongue. I loved the way I felt in his mouth. I loved it even more as his lips slid down my stiffy until he had taken all of me in. That tingling I loved so much didn't take long to start inside the base of my stiffy, especially as Gavin worked his tongue all over me. I closed my eyes as he bobbed up and down, bringing me closer.

Gavin's log hair was easy to grab and even with my eyes closed, I enjoyed the rapidly building pressure. My fingers clamped onto his blond locks as I felt myself arrive, "Ahh, I'm cumming!"

It was like the fourth of July behind my eyelids as it felt like fireworks going off inside my body. My stiffy jerked in Gavin's mouth as I came. He didn't bat an eye as he worked his mouth and swallowed my jizz. When I stopped spasming, Gavin released me and my dick slipped from his mouth.

"Ah-hem," came a voice that caught me and Gavin by surprise.

My eyes shot open. Jackie leaned against the wall separating the bathroom from the rest of the cabin. She wore a smirk, "You might

want to check the door to the bathroom before fooling around.”

Gavin’s hands flew to his midsection, too little and too late to cover his crotch. “What the fuck!”

Jackie’s smirk turned into a toothy grin, “Oh, did I miss that part? I thought that was what you two were planning next. How does it work? Do you get to put your dick up my little brother’s virgin asshole?”

I should have been livid. After all, Jackie had violated our privacy, catching Gavin sucking me off. Of course, that’s what she’d done the previous few nights. But my dick, which hadn’t really gone down after Gavin’s blowjob, was pointing toward my chest as I lay against my pillow. It twitched at the sight of my sister. She must have just woken up before going into the bathroom. She wore a pair of black panties and a white cami. Of course, when the two of us had fallen asleep the night before, she’d been wearing nothing.

As Gavin’s jaw worked in silence, I stretched my arms and rested them behind my head, “What if he was? Do you want to watch?”

Jackie sat on the edge of her side of the bed, “I don’t think you boys have the balls to fuck in front of me.”

That’s when I suspected the game she played. She wanted to watch me and Gavin do more stuff. And in truth, I liked the idea of the two of us fooling around in front of Jackie, although the idea of Gavin sticking his dick up my ass sounded painful. I gave a bored shrug and said, “Fine by me.”

With that, I bent over Gavin’s middle and took his five inches in my hand as my head centered above his erection. My tongue barely tasted his pre-cum when Jackie leaned forward and pulled my head away, “No. Not that. I already saw your boyfriend give you a blowjob. I want to see him fuck you, just like…”

Her voice faded away as I filled in the missing words. “Just like we were lovers?”

Gavin's dick twitched between my fingers as he said, "Um, do you want me to, Orion. If not, I'd let you do me."

The only thing I'd ever had up my ass before was my finger once in the shower. And that hurt like hell. Not because my butt was too tight for my little finger, but the shampoo made my ass feel like it was on fire. Still, the sultry look on Jackie's face and the hesitant anticipation on Gavin's overcame my fear of pain and I nodded.

Gavin, still hard as a rock, got onto his knees and climbed between my legs as Jackie said, "Orion, pull your knees to your chest."

Then, as I felt Gavin's dick brush against my ass, my sister said, "Just a sec, lover boys. I've got something that'll make it easier."

A moment later, she returned with a little pink tube, which she gave to Gavin, "Smear some of this in Orion's ass and use some on yourself too."

After a moment, I felt something cool touch my butt. Gavin's finger was slick with whatever my sister had given him and without too much effort, he pierced the tight muscles of my sphincter, slickening my poop chute a few inches in. I liked the feel of his little digit in my backside. When I felt his last knuckle press against my hole, I gasped as a jolt of pleasure radiated out from inside my ass.

When Gavin pulled his finger out, I felt as though something needful had been taken from me. Until I felt something else pressing at my butthole. Gavin leaned forward and kissed me. Then he said, "When I push in, pretend like you're taking a dump and push with the same muscles. It'll help you take me in."

I felt a sharp bit of pain when Gavin pushed, and my sphincter muscles reluctantly gave way. Then I remembered what he said, and I pushed back. The pain eased as I felt his flared head penetrate me. He was right. By pushing my muscles like I was trying to take a dump, Gavin felt only somewhat more uncomfortable than when I took a shit. And he kept on sinking into me. Then his dick rubbed

against that spot his finger had touched, and the same intense pleasure washed over me like a wave.

My insides felt all mushy and weird when Gavin's dark blond pubes tickled my balls. He had bottomed out inside me. His eyes were round as he murmured, "You okay, O?"

As he pulled back, Gavin's dick slid over that magical place. It felt like an electrical current running from inside my rectum all the way to the tip of my stiffy. I think my eyes rolled back in my head as I let loose a loud moan.

Jackie giggled before she shushed me. Gavin sank back into me, eliciting another moan of pleasure. This time I grabbed one of the pillows and covered my mouth, muffling my bliss. Even though I pulled my legs up against my chest, every time Gavin moved in and out, I felt as though I was melting into the bed, my body a receptacle for his lust.

After a minute or two, Jackie patted Gavin on the back, "Faster, sweetie."

Then, she surprised both me and my fourteen-year-old lover. She shoved the pillows off the bed and moved to the head of the bed, next to me and leaned over my head and chest until she took my aching stiffy into her mouth.

Gavin swore, "Holy fuck! Your sister!"

Me? I just groaned even louder as the electrical current in my ass connected perfectly with the sharp, tingling sensation Jackie caused.

Gavin arched his back, shoving himself even deeper into me. He grunted, "I'm c-cumming!"

He grew even harder inside me, hitting that special spot that drove me wild with passion. His dick kicked and spasmed and my insides grew even hotter as he emptied his cum deep inside me.

The thing about getting a blow job from Gavin before we realized Jackie was in the bathroom, the tingling in my dick was growing and

the feelings were the best in my life. But I wasn't quite there yet. I pulled the pillow from over my face, "Don't stop. Keep fucking me!"

Although not intended for her, Jackie doubled down on licking and sucking me even as Gavin resumed pounding my ass. The fapping sound of his balls slamming into my ass was louder than the moans erupting from my throat.

Then it happened. Gavin's dick pushed hard against that spot inside me and I felt a pop, a release inside me and my vision swam in front of me as stars filled it. Like an atomic bomb of lust-fueled energy going off inside me, every inch of my body convulsed as I came. This orgasm didn't start in my balls, like the others. No. It came from deep inside me. In fact, my dick was slightly behind the rest of my body. I was already shaking when my stiffy twitched and erupted, sending my couple of watery bursts down Jackie's throat.

Gavin kept pumping and Jackie continued to suck until I faded into oblivion. When I came to, something felt wrong. I felt empty inside. I opened my eyes and saw Gavin kneeling over me next to Jackie. My sister's grin filled my vision as she said, "Damn, bro. You were out for five minutes. That was some orgasm."

Leaning on my elbows, I sat up a bit. It surprised me to see my dick was still semi-hard. Gavin's had returned to what I presumed was his normal size. Although it was, I think, the first time I had seen him soft. Still smiling, Jackie leaned over my face and gave me a kiss before turning to Gavin and shocking him with one too. Then, smiling, she said, "That was incredible. I'm so damned horny. So, who wants to fuck me first?"

Epilogue

Jackie

That summer of my sixteenth year had started out so terribly. The plans I'd made had come to nothing because of that summer-long cruise. But what had started with so much anger, bitterness and resentment ended on a much higher note.

The time I spent aboard the *Empress of the World* was the best time of my life until that point. A couple of days after I watched my brother's boyfriend plow his virgin ass, I finally had sex with Jake. It wasn't bad, but it wasn't as good as what I discovered with my brother. And, yes. Liz was right. Jake was small, barely any larger than Gavin. Still, Jake and I hooked up a few times over the course of the cruise.

I called it fucking. But what I discovered over the seventy-two days at sea, sharing that cabin with Orion, is that what started out as mind-numbing sex grew into mind-numbing love making. The only thing that came close to rivaling those incredible moments of intimacy between me and my brother at the end or beginning of each day at sea, were those moments in the day when Gavin joined us.

Although he said he was gay, Gavin never showed any revulsion or flagged in his performance with me, and I could see the look in his eyes that he loved every minute he spent inside me. Maybe not as much as when he was inside Orion, but it was close. I'm sure of it.

Before that summer, sex had been something to do to feel that powerful orgasm that I could never get on my own. My boyfriends had just been a means to an end. I learned to love on that cruise, and that's something that can never be taken away.

Even Mom noticed. It was the day before the *Empress* was due in Christchurch, New Zealand. The four of us, me, Orion, Mom and Max were dining in the main dining room. Mom had been looking

between me and my brother when she said, “Have you changed your mind about the cruise yet, Jackie?”

I shrugged. I wasn’t ready to admit to Mom that I had completely changed my mind or that I was having the best time ever.

Mom continued, “I’m really glad to see you getting along better with your brother. One day you’ll realize that friends come and go, but family is forever.”

Orion and I both blushed. Mom really had no idea how close we’d grown. She continued, “As you get older, the few years’ difference becomes unnoticeable. I really hope the two of you can become best friends.”

Still feeling the heat in my face, I leaned over to the chair next to mine and reached an arm around my brother’s shoulders and gave him a hug, “Yeah. I was kind of crappy to him before the cruise. And I am sorry for the way I behaved toward him over the past couple of years. If I have to be stuck on a ship away from my friends, I’m glad it’s with Orion.”

With that, I leaned in and gave his cheek a quick peck, which turned Orion’s face an even deeper shade of red. Mom and Max laughed at my brother’s apparent discomfort.

Everything I said to Mom was true. By the end of the cruise, my best friend in the world was my then thirteen-year-old brother. When school started up again in the fall, even though we did our own things, I made sure that at least every couple of weeks, we would have our own date night, where we’d go out to eat, catch a movie and just hang out. Of course, living in Max’s large house, our bedrooms were on one side of it, while his and Mom’s was on the other. The only thing between our rooms was a shared bathroom. We made love to one another as often as possible, at least until I graduated and went away to college.

But that didn’t change how I felt about Orion, even as our lives sent us in different directions. And still now, even to this day, when I need

a break from my husband or my kids, I know Orion is just a text message away.

Orion

The summer I turned thirteen was the best summer of my life. I discovered love for the first time. Also discovered, I could love more than one person the same way. Gavin got a reprieve from Nathan as his friend pursued and caught that Hispanic kid, Carlos. Even now, with the perspective that comes with years, I can't say if I enjoyed more those moments of intimacy with Jackie each morning and night, or those moments when it was just me and Gavin, or those moments when it was all three of us. I suppose all were special in their own way.

I learned also that sometimes, love is an action verb, not an emotion. If you don't work on it, you'll lose it. Even though Gavin and I promised we'd stay in touch and try to get together the next summer, our best intentions weren't enough. Sure, we facetedimed and texted for a couple of months, but life happened and those text messages and facetime calls happened less often until they finally stopped. Gavin and I just grew apart.

I had a few sleepovers with friends and fooled around with a couple of the boys from school, but none of them held my attention like Gavin had. No, throughout the next couple of years, my one constant companion and friend was Jackie.

It was the summer before she went to College Station to attend A&M. I had just turned fifteen. Even though Mom seldom came over to our side of the house after bedtime, out of habit, I still locked my door. And as I made my way through the connecting bathroom, I locked the door to the hall in it too. Jackie's lamp was still on as I opened the bathroom door to her bedroom. She closed the book in

her lap and smiled at me. “I was wondering if you were going to come.”

I was wearing some red bikini briefs. With some help from Max, after the cruise, I had finally got Mom to stop buying those embarrassing white briefs. Jackie’s eyes lit up when she saw the bulge in the red fabric. The intervening two years had been good to me. I was five or six inches taller than her by then. I was still a grower rather than a shower, but Jackie knew how to make me feel good about my body even when I was a soft three inches. But at that moment, my erection pushed the fabric out, leaving a nice gap between my ripped abdomen and the front of my briefs, and once I reached her, she pulled the material down, freeing my five and a half-inches.

Over the previous years, we’d experimented with just about every position we could imagine. But that night, her last in the house before college, she wanted to ride me, and I was happy to oblige. I liked this position. Once she sank down on my shaft, she leaned forward, pressing her petite tits against my chest and kissed me. She shifted above me and I rocked my hips up and down and we settled into our comfortable and familiar lovemaking.

When you’re not-quite fifteen and horny as hell, you’ve got the stamina of Hercules. When I felt my balls start to bubble and I came inside Jackie, neither of us were satiated. Within a couple of minutes, I took her from behind. Before we fell asleep in each other’s arms, I lay on top of her and made love to her one last time.

The next morning, her alarm went off at five. That was part of our routine. Slip into her room, fuck like bunnies for a while, fall asleep next to each other, have the alarm go off, and slip back into my own bed where my alarm would eventually go off, officially starting a new day.

The next morning, she left for college and we didn’t have sex again.

Until she came home at Christmas. By the time I graduated from high school, I had been with a few boys. But only one girl—Jackie.

Going to UT during the mid-twenties was fun. Perhaps it was just the circles I ran in, but it seemed like there were more gay men than straight at college. But I didn't find anyone. I was just settling into my first job after college, with a job Max had set up for me when my phone buzzed. I had a friend request on one of my social media apps. My heart pounded when I saw the image from the alert. Sure, it had been nearly ten years, and even though he had a blond mustache and goatee, I would recognize Gavin anywhere.

The End

*Copyright 2021 – Caliboy1991
All rights reserved*

Chapter 2