

# Kim's Game

By Caliboy1991

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## Chapter 1

Closing his eyes, Kim imagined he was a demigod, standing on Mount Olympus. He held a bolt of lightning in his hand, feeling the electrical currents racing through his half-deity body.

A clanging forced him to open his eyes, images of Mount Olympus retreating into his imagination. He bent the page of the Percy Jackson novel and climbed to his feet. Padding over to the sliding glass door that opened on to what could only charitably be called a patio, he looked out the blinds and saw a moving truck.

Moving trucks were as common as door-knocking Jehovah's Witnesses in the apartment complex. Still, this one had backed up against the apartment building he and his father called home. He wanted to get up and tell them to keep it quiet. His dad had gotten in about ten that morning, and the last thing Kim wanted to do was wake up his dad when it was barely past noon.

He put on some sandals and opened the door. A couple of burly men, staggering under the weight of a large sofa, moved past the boy until they stopped and set their load on the concrete walkway at the apartment next door.

The taller of the two said, "Sancho, turn it on its side, and we'll take this heavy sum-bitch in that way."

A moment later, the two disappeared into the apartment next door.

Mrs. Walsh, who had lived there until the previous month, had been good friends with Kim's dad, despite the vast difference in their ages. In a lot of ways, she had been a grandmotherly figure to the boy, too. Always checking in on Kim when his dad was on the road. The boy bit his lower lip, thinking about how he'd been the one to find her dead in the apartment. The paramedic who'd calmed him down had told him that she'd died peacefully, from what he could tell. She had been almost eighty.

A soft voice startled Kim from looking toward the other apartment. "Oh, good. I'm glad there're other kids around."

Surprised, Kim pivoted around. Standing on the sidewalk just outside the Apartment building's open central walkway, stood a girl. Sunlight reflected from her hair, giving it a radiant golden hue. When she stepped under the shade of the open walkway, Kim could see why it had seemed golden. The girl's hair was the color of a wheat field.

She smiled at him as she approached, "Hi, I'm Arya. I guess you can see we're moving in next door."

Kim's cheeks flushed as he felt the girl's open gaze on him. She wore her hair in what Kim thought of as a page-boy cut, the back not quite touching the top of her yellow T-shirt. The boy wasn't very good at guessing girls' ages. She was very nearly as tall as him. But that wasn't saying much. He'd been one of the shortest boys in the seventh grade. Girls grew up faster, he knew. A quick glance at Arya's chest and Kim decided she was younger than his own thirteen years.

"Arya? Like from the Game of Thrones?" he finally managed.

She giggled, her straight, white teeth drawing his attention. "Yeah. Mom loves the Game of Thrones show. Did you watch it?"

Kim shook his head. Dad paid for basic cable and internet. "No, but I've been reading the series. I just got A Dance with Dragons from the library a few days ago."

Arya leaned against the wall as the burly movers hurried back toward the moving van. "I'd rather watch the series, but Mom won't let me."

She made a silly face, "She says its too adult."

Kim nodded. He recalled how shocked he'd been in book one when Bran had seen Cersei and Jaime fucking in the tower. He' just turned twelve when he read the first book. It had opened his eyes to the complexities of human nature.

Still, he nodded at the girl, "Yeah. I can see why she'd say that."

"Arya," an exasperated voice from behind them said, "I leave you alone for one second, and you're already making friends."

Another girl, no, Kim corrected himself, a young woman came up the sidewalk, carrying a couple of boxes.

Arya beamed at the new arrival. "Yeah. This is..." she blushed and then stammered, "Uh. You never said your name."

The girl had penetrated the boy's normal taciturn nature, and he found himself smiling, "Hi, I'm Kim."

Arya smirked, "That's a girl's name."

The boy shrugged. If he had a dollar every time someone said that, he'd be a millionaire. "It's short for Kimball."

Arya nodded, "Kimball? That's a nice name."

Kim flushed. "You're not the only one named for a character from a book. My mom picked my name from a novel by Rudyard Kipling."

Thinking about his mom made Kim glance at the ground. Even though she'd been gone for more than a year, it still hurt when he thought of her.

"Oh, that's cool!" Kim wasn't sure if Arya was being serious or making fun of him.

The other young woman said, "Nice to meet you, Kim. I'm glad Arya's already made a friend." Then she turned to the young girl, "There are more boxes in the car, you want to help?"

A moment later, she disappeared into the open door with her boxes. Arya leaned over and nudged the boy, "You wanna help?"

Kim rolled his shoulders, "I guess so."

Boxes jammed the backseat of the car; clothes, towels, kitchen utensils, and much more. As Arya stacked several boxes in Kim's arms, the boy realized he hadn't made any friends since moving into the apartment complex the previous year. Having one might be nice, he decided. He said, "I'm glad you and your sister are going to be our neighbors."

Arya picked up a couple of boxes and giggled, "Sister? Oh..."

Confused by the girl's mirth, Kim followed her into the open apartment. The young woman took the boxes from the boy's arms. When Arya had deposited her boxes on the floor, still giggling, she said, "Kim thinks you're my sister."

The young woman put a hand over her face as she leaned against one of the cardboard boxes. She smiled at Kim, "How old do you think I am?"

Kim cocked his head to one side and took some time to really look at the older girl. Her hair, the same flaxen color as Arya's, was worn only slightly longer, not quite reaching her shoulder. She wore a pink T-shirt with Hello Kitty emblazoned across it.

Kim glanced toward the floor when he realized he'd been staring at the young woman's chest. Her T-shirt bent around an unobtrusive pair of breasts.

Feeling color in his cheeks, Kim said, "Dunno, maybe sixteen or seventeen."

Arya fell to the floor, in a peal of laughter, while the young woman shook her head, "That's sweet of you. Keep telling the women you meet the same thing, and you'll be swatting them away like flies."

When Arya stopped laughing, she said, "Come on, Mom, tell him!"

Kim's eyes grew wide at the girl's remark. The young woman sighed, "You see, Kim, this is what I have to put up with. I'm twenty-four."

The boy was even more confused as he glanced between a girl only slightly smaller than him and her... mother?

As she began unpacking a box in the kitchen, Arya's mom said, "I was just a teenager when I had Arya."

Kim helped Arya bring in more boxes from their car, all the while listening to the girl prattle on. He didn't catch everything, but he enjoyed the sound of her voice. It was a nice change from the silence of his own apartment.

By the time the car was empty of boxes, Kim felt sweat running down his face. His shirt was damp from perspiration, too. The hot sun of South Texas in June was enough to wilt anyone. Except for Arya. The girl seemed as fresh as before, although her hair was plastered to her head from sweat.

Kim followed behind Arya as they headed into the apartment with boxes from the moving van. The boy's father stepped out into the open walkway and waved him over. Kim could see the tiredness in his dad's eyes. But the strain from driving all night was gone.

"New neighbors?" his father, John said.

Before Kim could reply, Arya grinned and said, "Hi. I'm Arya Tyler. Me and my mom are your new neighbors."

His dad's eyes softened. He said, "Been helping these ladies, Kim?"

The boy nodded. Kim loved his dad. Always had. But they'd never been close. John O'Hara had been a truck driver the boy's entire life, and until his mom's passing, Kim had been close to her, while his dad had been distant, at best.

"That's good. You should get out of the apartment more. Have you shown, ah, Arya around the complex? The playground? The pool?"

The boy shook my head.

His dad stretched his hand out, and Kim felt awkward getting his hair tousled.

Andrea Tyler stepped out of her apartment, followed by the movers. She signed a clipboard, and after the men left, she leaned against the door, "God, I hope we don't have to do this again for a while. I hate moving."

Arya pulled on her mom's hand, "Mom, this is Mr. O'Hara, Kim's dad."

His dad seemed his distant self as he shook Andrea's hand.

He managed, "Call me John. I guess my boy has already welcomed you ladies to the neighborhood, but it's nice to get decent neighbors. Never know who the complex will rent to."

His eyes drifted toward the parking lot. Kim repressed a sigh. After sleeping most of the day when he got back home, his dad liked to spend a few hours in the evening at a local bar, eating, having a few beers, and watching whatever game playing on the big screens.

Putting a hand on Kim, the boy's father said, "I hope Kim was more help than a hindrance."

Andrea nodded, "Absolutely. He helped Arya get the car emptied. He's been a great helper. As a matter of fact, we were about to order some pizza, and if the two of you would like to stay around, we'd enjoy the company."

Kim saw his dad glance again toward his pickup truck. Kim inherited his own shy nature from his dad. "Ah, I've got to get going. Plans already."

Kim looked up at his dad, pleading in his eyes.

Perhaps Andrea saw the look as she said, "Sorry to hear that, John. If you're okay with it, Kim's welcome to stay."

Kim felt confused at the look of relief in his dad's eyes. Sometimes his dad made an effort to spend time with him, even if they had very little in common. More often than not, like now, his dad seemed to want nothing more than to get away.

John was leaving. He stopped long enough to say, "That's fine. Just send him home when you get tired of him."

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Kim picked the olive off the slice of pizza, adding it to the small pile of olives and onions on the paper towel.

Andrea reached over and took the abandoned toppings and piled them on her pizza. "Didn't think to ask what you like on your pizza. Next time I'll be sure to ask."

Kim wolfed down another bite and through a mouthful of food, said, "No problem. I don't mind."

When Andrea finished, she crumpled the paper towel and threw it in the empty pizza box. "I'd like to get some more of this unboxed today. Arya, maybe if you ask nicely, Kim will show you around the area."

Kim smiled as the younger girl bounced on her knees, "That'd be awesome. Did you know there's a pool here? Can we go and check it out?"



Andrea's brow furrowed as she pursed her lips, "I dunno."

The idea of taking Arya swimming sounded good. Since the pool had opened back up in the spring, Kim had tried to get over there a few times a week, either early in the morning or later in the evening, to swim. He piped up, "I'm a good swimmer, Ms. Tyler."

Andrea's gaze fell on Kim. "Please, Kim, call me Andrea. I can't do Ms. Tyler."

Kim felt awkward as Andrea's eyes felt like they were penetrating him. "How old are you, Kim?"

The boy worked to ignore his feelings. "I, uh, I turned thirteen right before Memorial Day."

Dumbfounded, Andrea said, "Really? I thought you were younger."

Arya chimed in, "Yeah. I thought you were ten or eleven. You're really thirteen?"

Kim blushed. "Well, I thought your mom was your sister. We all make mistakes, right?"

Arya giggled, "Yeah. You really messed up on that one."

Andrea smiled, "Alright. I guess you can go swimming with Kim. Your swimsuit is in one of those boxes on the sofa."

Kim got up, "Cool. I'm going to change. I'll be right back."

Back in his bedroom, Kim dug out his swimsuit. It was in the bottom of a drawer stuffed with shorts and underwear.

He stripped down, trying to ignore his undeveloped body. In addition to being one of the shortest boys in the seventh grade, he was also among the least developed. He ran his fingers down his stomach, over his smooth abdomen and pubic area. Even the vellus hairs on his arms hadn't graced his pubic area with their presence.

His nutsack hung down barely at all, and his tiny balls were a source of endless frustration. His friends at school called them the baby-makers, but so far, the only thing they'd made was him embarrassed. Especially in the

shower at school. After seeing other boys' naked bodies over the past couple of years, Kim realized that there was no one perfect size. All the boys were different down there in one way or another. Some, like his friend Jeff, was hung like a horse. His dick was more than four inches long soft. He liked to brag that when he got hard, he's six inches. Then there was the class nerd, Benny. His penis pointed almost straight out from his body, too short even to droop. Kim doubted the boy was even an inch long.

Kim was closer to Benny in size than Jeff. Flaccid, Kim's penis was just under two inches. Erect, it didn't quite grow to four. Like it was getting now. He was thinking about Arya's mom. Her beautiful face was easy to recall. And he couldn't stop himself from wrapping his thumb and first couple of fingers around himself and pumping his wrist up and down.

Kim lay down on his bed and closed his eyes. He imagined seeing Andrea naked, pulling off her shirt and revealing... what exactly? Most of the time, when Kim masturbated to the image of a pretty girl or woman, he saw her tits as the central part of her features. D, DD, yeah, he loved fapping to large breasted women. But Andrea wasn't like that. The way her T-shirt clung to her chest, her tits weren't a central feature at all. Still, her face played across his imagination as the tension in his dick grew. The familiar sense of needing to pee approached, and Kim simply kept pumping his fist until the tingling exploded from within his dick, which twitched and spasmed with his dry cum.

He lay there for a few minutes, letting his orgasm fade. Then the guilt came. "Shit," he thought, "I shouldn't have thought about Andrea. She's my freakin' neighbor."

Still, it wasn't that bad, he rationalized. He'd fantasized about several girls in his class and even the new seventh-grade science teacher. Nothing had ever come of those fantasies, and nothing would come from this one either.

There was a knock at the door. Kim glanced at the alarm clock on his nightstand. Twenty minutes had passed since he came back home to get dressed. He rolled off the bed and pulled up the red swimsuit from last

year. As he tied the string, the waist wasn't as loose as last summer. Although it still fit, it was snugger.

Kim pushed his penis down and smoothed the material until his erection was barely noticeable and went and opened the door. Arya stood in the doorway. Her smile widened at the sight of his swimsuit, "Oh, good. I was afraid you'd changed your mind. Are you ready?"

The girl's yellow swimsuit, like his own, was from last year. Unlike Kim, Arya must have grown quite a bit over the past year. The yellow fabric of the one-piece was taut across her body. If she hadn't been as flat as Kim, then her nipples would have shown through. The material was even tighter the lower it went, and Kim glanced away as soon as he saw the camel-toe stretched between her legs.

"Uh, yeah, just had to change into my swimsuit."

Arya twirled around, "Me, too. Mom said she'd take me to get a new swimsuit for my birthday. I can hardly wait. This one doesn't fit very good anymore."

Kim closed the door and said, "Come on, I'll show you the pool."

Thirty apartment buildings made up the complex. In addition, there was a large clubhouse that was available for parties. A swimming pool was behind the clubhouse and was open from Spring Break in March, all the way until Halloween in the fall.

As he led Arya across the parking lot, Kim felt sweat bead up on his forehead. "The pool's open most of the year," he said, "Unfortunately, you'll half-dead from the heat before you get to the pool half that time."

Arya giggled as she followed behind.

Once Kim keyed in the passcode on the entrance to the pool, he glanced around. A few leaves were floating in the water. No doubt, the maintenance man hadn't skimmed pool since first thing in the morning.

There was nobody else here at the moment. Sometimes, the pool was crowded, especially on a Saturday. But it was almost eight in the evening,

and even though the pool was open until ten, most of the families that used the pool were already back in their apartments.

Kim dropped his towel on one of the lounge chairs and jumped into the water. A second later, he was covered in a big splash as Arya pulled herself into a cannonball and landed a couple of feet away from the boy.

The young girl came up laughing, splashing at Kim. Normally, when Kim came to the pool, he liked to swim laps, although it was only about half the length of an Olympic sized pool. And usually, he wanted to come when there was a lesser chance of sharing the pool. But Arya's infectious spirit had the boy splashing back at her.

Arya swam around and climbed on his back, forcing Kim under the water. Her hands, slightly smaller than his own, gripped his shoulders until his head submerged. The boy pulled his feet up and sank, pulling away from the girl. He swam underwater until he circled back around and grabbed her legs and pulled.

After a bit, the girl was out of breath and waded over to the steps where she sat, her torso above the water. Kim came over to her, standing on his knees in the shallow water. He said, "You've seen the pool. Whatcha think?"

The girl got a wistful expression, "It's fun. I wish Mom would let me come over by myself, but she thinks I'm a little kid."

The boy had already noticed that there was perhaps an inch in height separating Arya from him. "How old are you?"

The girl sighed, "I'll be nine in two weeks."

Kim's eyes bulged, "No way. You're almost as tall as me, and I'm thirteen!"

Arya gave him a disarming smile, "Really? You look younger."

Kim laughed, "Well, you look older."

The girl giggled, "Thanks. I think. I was the tallest girl in my third-grade class. A lot of the boys were jealous."

Kim shook his head, "I was one of the shortest boys in my seventh-grade class, and I was the one who was jealous."

Arya said, "I'm four feet and eight inches tall. How tall are you?"

Kim shrugged. Being the shortest, getting measured had been demoralizing over the past couple of years as his junior high friends had outpaced him by several inches.

"I dunno. Been a while since I measured."

The girl rose to her feet and waded over to him. "Stand up and let's see."

Despite the girl's winsome and outgoing personality, Kim dreaded what she might say if she was, as he feared, as tall as him. Still, Arya was insistent, taking his hand and pulling him to his feet.

She stepped up to him, face to face until Kim felt her toes brush against his.

Her eyes, only a few inches from his face, were just below his eyes. Barely. Arya put a hand on her own head and moved it across, bumping against the top of his head.

She flashed a smile, "I think you're an inch taller than me."

It felt weird to stand so close to the girl, their faces so close together. Kim glanced down. Her swimsuit was inches from his chest. His swimsuit was just inches from where the girl's swimsuit ran between her legs. Kim had never been as close to a girl as he was right then. Of course, he reminded himself, the girl was four years younger than him. But Arya's happy smile radiated from her eyes, and those locked into his, almost precisely at his own eye-level. It didn't feel like she was that much younger.

The boy blinked and lowered himself back into the water and swam back toward the middle of the pool. Confusion filled his mind as he looked at the girl who swam after him. She was, he reminded himself, just a kid, four years his junior. But he didn't feel that way, not when they were standing toe-to-toe.

When the girl caught up with him, she flashed him that smile of hers, "Thanks for bringing me over to the pool, Kim."

Kim shrugged, "No problem. I had fun."

The girl caught him by surprise when she reached out and hugged him. Her arms were around his neck as she said, "Thanks for being my friend."

She let him go. The boy felt even more confused than before. In the back of his mind, he reminded himself that she was a lot younger, no matter that she could nearly look him straight in the eye. Another part latched itself onto the girl's words. Kim wasn't close to his friends at school. Really, they were more like acquaintances. Arya wanted to be his friend, and even if he doubted he'd have much in common with the almost-nine-year-old, he liked the idea of having a friend.

The last thing he'd felt was the girl's body against his own, if only for a brief moment. As he swam over to the ladder to get out, Kim felt something stirring within his swimsuit.

## Chapter 2

The flat-screen TV was smaller than the one in Kim's living room, but Arya had the latest Play Station and some games that the boy had wanted to play. The boy unfolded his feet, hanging them off the side of the sleeper sofa's mattress. He stretched when he realized he and Arya had spent the last couple of hours in front of the TV. That's when Andrea came into the living room and said, "Arya, your brains are going to fall out if you keep playing that."

The girl groaned then said, "I'm kicking Kim's butt."

Chuckling, Kim said, "Hey, I haven't played this before."

Andrea grabbed her purse, "You guys seen my keys? I can't find them, and I'm supposed to be at work in thirty minutes. I don't want to be late."

Arya paused the game and said, "Did you leave them on the nightstand?"

As Andrea headed back into the apartment's bedroom, Kim couldn't help looking at her. She wore a knee-length skirt and a white button-down blouse.

She came back from the bedroom with the keys jingling in her fingers when there was a knock at the door. Before Kim or Arya could get up, the young woman navigated around the sleeper sofa that filled up most of the living room when it was unfolded, like now, and opened the door. Kim was startled to see his dad at the door. The boy glanced at his watch and realized he'd lost track of time.

His dad waved, "I thought I might find you over here."

Andrea opened the door all the way, "Oh, hi, Mr. O'Hara. Come on in."

His dad nodded at Andrea, "Please, call me John. I just need to borrow Kim for a quick moment."

Kim climbed to his feet and joined his dad and Andrea at the door, "Sorry, didn't realize it was time for you to go."

His dad said, "It's okay. I'd rather you be playing games than cooped up at our place, reading books all day long. I got all the perishables in the fridge."

Make sure you get the rest of the groceries put away before you go to bed, alright?”

Kim bobbed his head, “Alright. This your four-day week?”

“Yeah. They’re running me up to Oklahoma City tonight.”

Andrea’s sharp inhalation caught Kim’s attention. She said, “You’ll be gone until Friday, uh, John?”

John’s cheeks grew red, “Yeah. Over the road trucking. Kim’s pretty mature for his age, and he’s been doing this for a year now.”

Kim’s heard hurt, seeing the anguish in his dad’s eyes.

John added, “Mrs. Walsh, she’s the lady who lived here before you, she checked on Kim a couple of times a day, made sure he was fine. Didn’t burn down the building.”

Andrea looked embarrassed, “Oh, I didn’t mean anything by it. We’ve only been here three days now, and I can see he’s very responsible.”

Kim cleared his throat, “Uh, I’m right here, you know.”

His dad pulled him into a quick hug, “I know, kiddo. I was talking about you, not to you.”

Kim groaned. His dad usually didn’t have the time or the inclination for dad jokes. But usually didn’t mean never. His dad turned back to Andrea, “Um, could I talk with you for a quick moment?”

Kim watched the young mother glance at her watch, but she nodded and stepped out onto the landing, nearly closing the door all the way.

She had, however, left a sliver of a crack, and Kim leaned forward to listen.

“Miss, I mean, Andrea, I know you hardly know us at all, but If you have the time, would you mind checking in on Kim from time to time?”

Andrea’s voice was friendly, “It’s no imposition at all. What with just moving to San Antonio, we don’t know anyone. And the move was hard on Arya, so having a friend next door is a godsend, really.”



The sound of relief in John's voice was unmistakable. "Thanks. My cell is on the fridge in our place. Don't hesitate to call me if Kim is any problem. Don't let him overstay his welcome."

Andrea chuckled, "He's welcome over here anytime. I'm starting a new job at one of the local restaurants this evening, and as long as you don't mind, I'm more than happy for him to stay with Arya until I get home."

John said, "That sounds great. I'm sorry I can't stay and visit, but I'm due at the terminal soon. Please tell Kim bye for me."

Kim pulled back from the door, bumping into Arya, who stood right behind him. The two of them spilled onto the floor just as Andrea opened the front door.

From the look on her face, Kim could see Andrea guessed they'd been listening. She wagged a finger and said, "I'm going to pretend you didn't listen to us. There are left-overs in the fridge. Kim, there's plenty for you, too. You're welcome to stay here, play some games, watch Netflix, and hang out until I get home around eleven."

Andrea stopped at the door and looked back at Kim and Arya, "Y'all have fun and don't burn the place down."

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Kim growled, "Shoot!"

Arya laughed, "Don't tell me you want to go best five out of nine?"

"No. The way things are going, school will be back in session before then."

The girl set her controller down on the fold-out sofa's mattress, "Just admit it. I'm a better racer than you."

Kim lay back on the soft mattress, "Sparkling sports cars with unicorn horns?"

Still, he'd been having fun. The mechanics weren't very different than some of the other racing games he played before. He glanced at the digital clock on the DVD player on which the Play Station sat. It was still early. Andrea

wouldn't be home for hours yet. He leaned over, "Whatcha want to do? Play another game? Watch a movie?"

The girl grabbed the remote and turned the TV off, "Maybe later. I wan to go swimming again."

The idea appealed to Kim. "Sounds fun, but do you think your mom will mind?"

Arya climbed off the sleeper-sofa, "As long as you take me, it's fine. She never said anything about her having to be home."

Kim remained seated. "I know. Just wondering if she maybe intended it."

Arya shrugged, "Ask her tomorrow if you want. I'm going to get changed."

The girl closed the door to the bathroom and a few minutes later, appeared in her too-small yellow swimsuit. She grabbed Kim by the arm, "Come on! You coulda been changed by now."

It had been several years since the boy had any close friends. The disease that claimed his mom took a couple of years to kill her, and during that time, Kim had retreated from the world. He liked Arya's persistence and determination. Sure, she wasn't as mature as the girls in his grade, but kim found it easy to forget their age difference.

"Alright," he said as he got up and headed toward the door. He led the girl next door, where he left Arya in the living room while he closed the door to his room and put on his swimsuit. When he came out, the girl was holding one of the library books he'd been reading.

She said, "Oh, you're reading the Game of Thrones book. Is it any good?"

Kim shrugged, "I guess so. It seems like every chapter someone I like gets killed."

As they headed out the door, the girl said, "Who's your favorite character?"

Kim said, "Oh, that's easy. Arya."

The girl skipped and ran on ahead. Kim found her waiting impatiently for him to enter the access code. Like before, the pool area was deserted.

There were fewer leaves in the pool, but Kim doubted the maintenance guys skimmed the water more than once a day.

The girl was already in the water by the time Kim jumped in. She swam behind him and grabbed around the neck, climbing onto his back. He could tell she was trying to dunk him. The boy sank a bit, letting the water take almost all the load. Arya said, "I think it's cool you like Arya. Mom says I remind her of Arya."

Kim sank to the bottom of the pool and waited until the girl let go of his neck before floating back to the surface. The girl was spitting out a stream of water and pushing a few strands of hair out of her face. The girl was certainly feisty enough, he thought.

Arya took a step toward him and used her hand to splash him with water. "So, do you think I'm like her?"

Kim splashed her back, "Arya? I thought so, but then you kinda gave up trying to tackle me, so I'm not sure."

With a howl of mock rage, the girl charged through the water, splashing as she came. Kim dodged aside as Arya charged through where he'd just been. Giggling through clenched teeth, she said, "I'll show you I'm just like Arya Stark!"

The next time Kim tried dodging, Arya guessed right and pulled him under the water. He kicked away, realizing he only outweighed the girl by a few pounds at most. And she was a lot more energetic, too. They were very nearly evenly matched.

Kim wasn't sure how he felt about that. He should have been able to dunk the almost-nine-year-old girl easily. Diving under the water, he swam around Arya's splashing legs and hands until he could get her by the legs and pulled her under.

In turn, she twisted around until she grabbed him by the waist and sank to the bottom, dragging him with her. Kim felt a bit flustered, as that was his thing. Arya wasn't as strong a swimmer and had mostly preferred to keep her head above the water. And the fact that she was strong enough to grab

and hold him was just another reminder that he wasn't like all the other thirteen-year-old boys he knew.

When Arya floated to the surface, Kim swam over to the side of the pool, upset. It wasn't fair. He should've been able to dunk Arya as much and as often as he wanted. Only letting her get the best of him when he wanted.

Behind him, Arya said, "Um, are you okay, Kim?"

He mumbled, "Yeah. I guess."

He felt her hand on his shoulder as she came up beside him, "Did I do something wrong? I'm sorry. I thought we were playing tag and dunking and stuff."

Kim felt his eyes burning with tears. It wasn't the girl's fault. And as he looked at her through blurred eyes, any anger he felt at her evaporated. He shook his head, "No, you didn't do anything wrong. It's just me being stupid."

Arya leaned her back against the side of the pool. Kim could feel her concerned eyes on him, "You're not stupid. You're not upset that I tackled you underwater are you?"

Kim started to shake his head. The girl was partly right. He hated that she'd been able to do it, not because of her, but because he wasn't bigger and stronger like most thirteen-year-olds. He sighed, "Not you, Arya. I think it's cool that you're a fighter and that you're so determined. I just hate being so small. Sometimes it sucks."

The girl's arm was still on Kim's shoulder. "Before we moved here, Mom moved us around several times. When I start the fourth grade in the fall, this'll be my fifth school. Even though I like being around people, I've never stayed long enough to keep a friend. Now that I actually have a friend, I like how it feels. When I saw you outside your apartment, I hoped we could be friends. If you'd looked all teenagery, I would've been too afraid to have come up to you."

Kim wiped at his eyes. "You know we're kind of really messed up, Arya. You talked to me because you thought I was younger, and I talked to you because I thought you were older."

The girl squeezed his shoulder, "I'm glad we did."

Kim nodded, "Yeah. Me, too. And, uh, I'm sorry about getting upset about earlier. I really think it's cool you're like Arya in the books."

The girl pushed away from the edge of the pool and held her arm out, like it was a sword, "Dance with me, or feel the point of my needle."

Kim laughed. Apparently, the girl had caught at least a little bit of the HBO series. Still, he lunged for her, grabbing her arm with one hand while trying to get the other around her neck. Arya slipped away from him and splashed water into his face. The boy laughed, relieved that Arya wasn't upset with him for being dumb.

They dodged back and forth. One would dunk the other, and then, a few minutes later, their fortunes would reverse.

The sun had sunk behind one of the apartment buildings, and the sky remained a riot of reds, oranges, and yellows. But it wouldn't be long before twilight fell. Kim wanted one more good dunk on Arya before they got out. As she was splashing around, he dove down, close to the bottom, and swam over to her, intent on grabbing her around the waist and pulling her under.

Arya twisted around, and before Kim knew it, he'd gone from hunter to hunted, as the girl's hands grabbed at his legs. The girl lunged forward and grabbed the hem of his swimsuit. Kim kicked at the water, trying to dislodge the girl, and while he was successful, Arya didn't let go until his swimsuit was down to his knees.

Kim shot up out of the water, grabbing at his trunks and pulling them up. Arya surfaced and said, "Oh, God, Kim, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were gonna throw me. I'm so sorry."

The boy was flustered. He could feel the red in his face. "What the heck, Arya. You grabbed my shorts."

The girl's face was as red as his own. She stammered, "I was trying to climb up to your back. It was an accident. I didn't mean to."

Kim could hear the terror in the girl's voice. After telling him how much his friendship meant to her, he knew Arya wouldn't do anything deliberately to hurt him.

He still felt embarrassed as he said, "I guess you didn't see anything, so it's alright."

Arya shook her head, "It happened so fast."

Kim swam over to the shallow end and sat on the last step. He made sure his swimsuit was where it was supposed to be before Arya joined him on the step. She was still rattled by the unexpected turn of events.

With a shaking voice, Arya said, "I don't think I saw anything, but if I had, would you be mad?"

Kim glanced at her out of the corner of his eye. He'd only known the girl for three days, and already, he felt like he'd found a long-lost friend. He liked Arya and her mom, and he didn't want to do anything to jeopardize the friendship, even if it felt weird to think she might have caught a glimpse of his dick.

Finally, he shook his head, "No, I guess not. But don't make a habit of it, okay? It's not like I can return the favor and pull your swimsuit down."

Arya ran her fingers along the tight straps of her suit let out a nervous giggle, "No, I guess not. But if I had a two piece swimsuit, we could play keep-away like that, right?"

The thought of pulling Arya's swimsuit down made something stir inside the boy, and he crossed his arms and rested them on his legs. "Good thing you don't have a swimsuit like that."

Arya stood and stepped out of the pool, "Mom said I'll be getting a new swimsuit for my birthday. Maybe I'll get a bikini."

## Chapter 3

Kim sat back down in the booth, sliding in next to Arya, with his plate piled high with pizza slices. Seeing the incredulous looks from the Tyler women made him grin.

“I’m a growing boy,” Kim said as he adjusted the ridiculous birthday hat and took a huge bite of pizza.

Andrea shook her head, “Good thing we came to a buffet.”

Arya took a slice of pizza from Kim’s plate and shoved it into her mouth.

With a slightly scandalized look, Kim said, “That was mine!”

The girl grinned at him with a mouthful of pizza. After swallowing, she said, “Birthday girl’s rules. You have’ta pay the pizza tax.”

Kim grinned at the girl and moved his plate between the two of them. Over the past couple of weeks, he’d spent more time over at the Tyler’s than he had at his own. There was something about Arya’s infectious spirit that made the boy feel better when he was around her.

He had even fallen asleep over there once. Smiling at Arya, his mind thought back to the previous night.

Kim had been destroying Arya at Mortal Kombat when the girl had finally thrown up her hands and said, “You win.”

Kim had chuckled, feeling good there was at least one game the girl owned at which he was better. The girl bounced off the sleeper sofa and said, “Come on, let’s go swimming.”

In her enthusiasm, Arya hadn’t entirely closed the bathroom door, and when Kim glanced in that direction, he could see the girl’s back as she pulled her clothes off. He felt a fluttering in his belly as he watched the girl pull her too-small yellow swimsuit over her thin frame. By the time Arya was changed, Kim had turned around and was sorting through the console games, unable to shake the image in his mind or get rid of the bulge in his pants.

Lately, his fantasies had focused on Andrea. Even though she didn't have big tits, actually knowing Arya's mom made the fantasies more personal and better, he thought. Kim blinked, trying to get the image of the girl out of his mind. Masturbating to an adult was one thing. Arya would be something altogether different.

With the girl on his heels, Kim went next door. When he got to his room and flicked on the light, he felt the girl's presence behind him. She said, "Just curious about your room."

Kim led her in and said, "Not much to it..."

There was a big bookshelf against one wall. It was loaded down with all sorts of books. Most of which he'd read. Next to the bookshelf was his desk. A laptop his parents had given him a couple of years earlier rested on the desk. Over the desk was a picture of the Einstein bobbleheads from one of the Night at the Museum movies. Against another wall was a chest of drawers with a vanity mirror over it. A couple of posters covered part of that wall, too. Opposite the dresser was his bed. Unlike Arya's large sleeper sofa bed that took up most of the one-bedroom apartment's living room, Kim slept in a twin bed. The bedspread was a stylized image of the Milky Way.

He grabbed his swimsuit off the floor and glanced at Arya. She was looking at the disorganized mess of books on the bookshelf. Kim couldn't quite repress a smile as he pulled his shirt off.

That got the girl's attention, and she flushed, "Oh, I guess you want me to step out."

Kim held his trunks up, "Unless you want to see me naked again."

Kim didn't think Arya could turn any redder, but she did. She mumbled, "I don't think I really saw anything."

She'd moved closer to the door, when she stopped, "Would you let ..."

The words didn't leave her lips, but Kim could see a look of curiosity in Arya's eyes. After seeing her bare butt only a few minutes earlier, the boy would have felt like a complete hypocrite to have said no. Instead, he turned away from her and said, "Maybe my butt."



With that, he pulled his shorts and underwear down before stepping into his trunks. Once the elastic slapped his waist, he turned and said, "Now we're even."

He was out the bedroom door when Arya squawked, "Even, what does that mean?"

With his hand on the front door, Kim flashed the girl a grin, "You didn't close the bathroom door all the way."

After they changed, they had played in the pool for a bit, and Arya was even more aggressive than usual, but Kim tried to give as good as he got. At one point, after swimming hard after the girl, Kim had stopped to rest against the side of the pool. His arms rested on the concrete ribbon when he felt a tug.

Before he could react, Arya had pulled his swimsuit down to his ankles. Kim had fallen back into the water and grabbed at the girl when she removed his swimsuit off his feet and twisted away. He pushed off the side of the pool, thrusting through the water after Arya. She was most of the way across the pool when Kim managed to grab her ankle. He pulled at her until he wrapped his arms around her waist and tried to grab the trunks she held in the air, just out of reach.

Feeling the girl's body pressed against his made the fluttering in his belly return. Worse, he knew, he felt something twitch between his legs and knew if he didn't get his swimsuit back soon, he'd really embarrass himself.

It was when he brushed against Arya's backside that Kim finally let go. The feeling in his dick at touching, even accidentally, Arya's exposed butt was too much, and he swam away. When the girl turned back around, Kim's hands were strategically placed as he said, "Please, Arya. I need my shorts. Now."

Kim knew Arya loved the chase. Loved being the aggressor in their friendship. But the plaintive tone must have touched her because she looked down and tossed him the swimwear.

After the boy had put them back on, Arya swam over and said, "Sorry again."

Kim didn't know what to think or say. Over the past couple of weeks, the girl had become his very best friend, despite their four years' difference in age. The more he got to know her, the more he wanted to be around her. And somewhere in the thirteen-year-old boy's mind, he realized, at least some small part of him liked the girl's attention.

Still, he didn't want anyone else complaining to Andrea or his dad. He came over to the girl and said, "You'll get us kicked out of the pool if anyone complains."

Arya glanced around, "Who's going to complain? If someone else had been here, I wouldn't have done it, I promise."

Kim fumed. She wasn't understanding. "Why do you keep pantsing me? Are you trying to see me naked?"

Arya stared into the water before she said, "I dunno. Maybe. I've never seen a boy before."

Flustered, Kim swam over to the ladder and climbed out, "Your mom would be pissed if I let you see me. And I like both of you way too much to do something that would get her mad. Okay?"

The rest of the evening had been uneventful, just watching a couple of episodes of Stranger Things on Netflix. He hadn't even realized he'd fallen asleep on the sleeper sofa until the next morning when Andrea woke him up.

Kim blinked at the memory, then grabbed another slice of pizza from the rapidly diminishing pile he shared with Arya.

Andrea tossed her napkin on her plate, "I can't eat another bite." She brought a few colorful gift bags from the seat next to hers. "Ready to open presents?"

Arya dropped a half-eaten slice of pizza on her plate and pushed it away, "Yeah!"

Andrea slid one of the bags across the table, and Arya reached in and pulled out a nail and makeup set. Arya's eyes grew round as her mom said,

"I know I said you had to be ten before I was going to let you put makeup on, but I'm allowed to change my mind."

Arya held it up and said, "Thank you, thank you, thank you. Will you show me how to put it on?"

Andrea nodded as she slid another bag across the table. Arya pulled a collection of books from the bag. Across the back of the collection were the words, "Nancy Drew Mysteries."

Arya wore a confused look. Andrea said, "I see Kim sometimes reading when he's over at our place, and I thought you might enjoy reading some good old fashion girl-power books."

Arya nodded, "Okay, thanks."

Kim couldn't help smiling. He'd be surprised if the girl ever cracked a single book. It was way too slow-paced for her, he thought.

Kim could see Andrea running her finger over the bow on the last bag. She had a hesitant look as she slowly pushed it across the table. Wondering what was in the bag, Kim leaned over Arya's shoulder. He wasn't sure what to expect. From the look on Andrea's face, he'd almost expected a switchblade. Instead, Arya gasped, "Finally!"

In her hand, she held a baby-blue swimsuit. She separated the top and bottom and said, "Thanks! The other one was too tight."

Kim's eyes were glued to the two-piece suit. The top was a strip of material about five inches wide, designed to give a pre-teen girl ample room to be modest. It had one set of ties around the back and another set around the neck. The bottoms were securely tied at the hips with knots that Gordian couldn't untangle.

Kim felt Andrea's eyes on him, and he cut his eyes away from the swimsuit. When he glanced back at Arya's mom, she gave him a little half-smile before telling the girl, "I know you've wanted this one for a while now. Not sure I'd have gotten it if the pool was crowded with a bunch of testosterone-fueled teenage boys. I don't want a bunch of boys gawking at you."

Arya held the two pieces in front of Kim, "Whatcha think? You gonna gawk?"

Kim's face turned beet red as he stammered, "Uh, it's really pretty, Arya. I think you'll look nice in it."

Flashing a grin at her mother, Arya said, "Well, is it okay if one boy gawks?"

Kim stared at his friend, stunned she had the guts to say something like that.

Andrea only made the situation worse, in Kim's opinion. "Anyone in particular?"

Arya leaned against Kim, patting him playfully on the back. "Just this doofus."

Kim just closed his eyes and shook his head. He knew Arya was having fun with him, and some small part of him was enjoying it. But the rest of him was too embarrassed even to speak.

Andrea cocked her head, "If he's a doofus, then you can let him gawk all you want."

Then she reached across the table and took Kim's hand. He opened his eyes and saw Arya's mom wink at him as she asked, "You know we're just playing with you, right."

Kim couldn't do anything about his red cheeks. "Yeah, I'm an easy target."

Andrea closed her hands over Kim's. "No, doofus, it's because we like you."

Arya's hand was still on Kim's back as she leaned in closer, "Yeah. I've never had a friend as close as you, Kim. Sure, teasing you is fun, but it's only because..."

The girl grew quiet, her fingers playing with the material on the swimsuit. Her normally rosy cheeks grew flushed.

Kim felt flustered. He wasn't happy that the Tyler girls were making jokes about him staring at Arya. Some of what he felt was because he had stared at her in the bathroom the day before. He felt guilty for liking it, too. When they talked about him gawking, he felt the vast gulf that separated thirteen

from nine. And thirteen-year-old boys aren't supposed to stare at nine-year-old girls. Even ones that are their best friends.

He glanced again at Arya, who was furiously examining the swimsuit and the table. Anything but looking him in the eye. He sighed; he didn't like making the girl uncomfortable. "Why is it so fun teasing me?"

When Arya looked up, Kim could see her eyes were misty, "I was teasing you because I like you... And you're a doofus."

She giggled, and that led to Kim laughing, too. "Fine," he replied, "I'm a doofus. I just wish this doofus had brought you a gift."

Andrea said, "It wasn't necessary, Kim. Just having you here is gift enough, right, Arya."

The girl nodded, "You bet. It wouldn't be much of a party if it were just Mom and me. Who'd go and fetch the pizza?"

Kim gave the girl a lopsided smile, "Happy birthday, Arya."

She smiled, "Thanks."

They collected the gifts and headed toward the parking lot. They had just reached the car when Arya jumped up in the air, "Oh, if you really wanted to give me a birthday present, I know what I want!"

Kim patted his pockets. He didn't have any money on him.

The girl shook her head, "Nope, don't need any money."

"What is it?" Kim asked.

Andrea had already slid into the driver's seat as she said, "It's getting late, Arya, what are you getting at?"

Still grinning at Kim, Arya said, "You could give me a birthday kiss."

Kim's mouth fell open, and Andrea said, "Arya Tyler! What are you thinking?"

Arya set her gifts in the back seat, "I don't see why not? Kim's my best friend. It's not like it's wrong or anything."

Andrea shook her head and said, "See what I have to put up with, Kim? Feel free to ignore Arya. I think she's lost her mind."

Arya fumed as she got in the car. Kim was silent, still absorbing the girl's latest bombshell. Then things fell into place for Kim. The playful attempts to pull his swimsuit down, wanting to watch him change, and playfully telling him that she wanted him to gawk at her. Arya really liked him a lot. And the truth was, he liked her, too. Even enough to try something he'd never done before. Kiss a girl.

He stammered, "A-Andrea, I d-don't mind. After all, it's Arya's birthday."

Arya would have bounced around the car had she not been buckled in. But Kim could see Andrea looking at him through the rear-view mirror. "That's sweet of you, Kim. But you don't need to do this."

Having decided that he wanted to give Arya her birthday gift, Kim said, "I know, but I'd like to. Are you okay with it?"

Andrea stared ahead for a long moment before her eyes came back to the rear-view mirror. "We'll see when we get home."

The rest of the drive was in silence. Arya kept smiling at Kim. It was the same winsome smile she'd given him two weeks before. Andrea kept looking in the rearview mirror.

When they finally got home, Arya grabbed all her presents and started toward their apartment. Andrea said, "Kim and I are going to talk for a few, Arya. Go on in, and we'll be in shortly."

She sat on the edge of the sidewalk that bordered the parking lot and patted the spot beside her. When Kim sat, he wasn't sure what to expect from Andrea. The silence of the drive home had been unnerving for the boy.

He nearly jumped when Andrea put an arm around him. She said, "Arya can be really pushy, Kim. Birthday or not, I don't want you to feel like she pressured you into something like a kiss. You tell her no, and she'll bounce back."

The warmth of the hug was so different from the drive home. "I know, Andrea. And if you don't want me to kiss Arya, then I won't. But I'd like to if you'll let me."

Andrea leaned in and chuckled, "Putting this on me? Thanks, Kim."

Kim shook his head. It was weird talking to Andrea about kissing her daughter. He felt so close, almost a kinship with the twenty-four-year-old woman. And it wasn't just that her arm was around his shoulders or that their shorts were touching. There was a familiarity to her that he figured came from the fact that she was Arya's mom. He decided right then that Andrea was his second favorite person, even ahead of his dad. He felt close enough to put his arm around her back.

After a long moment, the young woman added, "You know, she's got a huge crush on you."

Kim glanced up at Andrea. He knew that Arya liked him, maybe even a lot. But a crush? "Really?"

Andrea's one-arm hug tightened, "Yeah. How do you feel about that?"

Kim let his head rest against the young woman's shoulder. When he thought about the age difference, it made him feel uneasy. "Are you asking because I'm thirteen and Arya's nine?"

Andrea shook her head, "Don't be a doofus. Maybe we've only known you for a couple of weeks, but in that short time, I've come to like you as much as Arya does, and I trust the two of you together. No, your age difference doesn't matter to me, and I hope it doesn't matter to you. I'm asking because I want to know how you feel."

Kim stared across the poorly lit parking lot. Hearing Andrea tell him that she liked him too pleased him to no end. That was nice, but he turned his thoughts to Arya. Her easygoing nature had changed who he was when he was with her. She made him laugh at her antics and keen sense of humor. And, when they had played tag in the pool, he enjoyed it when they touched. Enough so, thinking back to that moment the day before when he saw her naked backside, he enjoyed it because it was Arya.

Kim sighed as though something squeezed at his heart. He had no experience with it, but at thirteen, he knew enough to suspect what love felt like. He glanced up at Andrea, "I really like her, too. I want to kiss her if it won't make you mad."

Andrea climbed to her feet and offered Kim her hand. When she pulled him to his feet, she pulled him into a full embrace, his face against her chest. "No, Kim. Maybe a little envious. After all, you're a pretty cute guy."

Kim looked up into Andrea's face, her beautiful eyes twinkling under a broad smile. She gave him a wink before she said, "Ready to give Arya your birthday gift?"

Kim was about to nod when something he'd worried about from the moment Arya had asked for the kiss came back to him. "Uh, Andrea. I've never kissed a girl before. What am I supposed to do?"

Andrea shook her head, "And this is one reason I think you're so cute."

She added, "Well, you'll want to hold her, sort of like I'm holding you."

Kim focused on how the young woman's arms wrapped around his back.

"Then, you'll just lean in and kiss her."

The realization he would be soon kiss Arya made Kim's hands clammy and he said, "But how do I do it?"

Andrea let go of his back with one hand and used it to tilt his head up to face hers, and then she leaned in and kissed him.

For a moment, Kim was stunned as the young woman's warm lips pushed against his. Then he adjusted his lips and felt a spark touch his mouth, warming it. It even made his tummy flutter and something twitch between his legs.

Then it was over and Andrea blushed, "Maybe shouldn't have done that, Kim. But that's how it's done."

She took his hand and headed back to the apartment. Kim let himself be led, as his mind reeled from the feel of Andrea's lips against his own.



When they came through the door, Arya called from the bathroom, "Took you long enough."

Andrea said, "Well, it's not every day a girl gets a birthday kiss."

Arya called back, "Awesome." Then a moment later, she said, "Uh, how am I supposed to put my swimsuit top on? I don't have hands on my back."

"Come on out and we'll get you squared away," Andrea said.

The girl's head poked out from the bathroom. When she saw Kim sitting on the end of the sleeper sofa, her cheeks flared, and she said, "Um, Mom, are you okay with Kim seeing me without my top. You've always said..."

Kim thought he saw Andrea blush as she interjected, "Yes, sweetie. It's easier for someone else to tie the strings to the top. And if Kim knows how to do that, then he can help."

Arya stepped out of the bathroom. She held the swimsuit top over her chest as she came over to Andrea. Even though she was clearly embarrassed about the problem she was having with the swimsuit top, she grinned at Kim and said, "What do you think of my new suit?"

The baby-blue fabric clung to her narrow hips. The new suit showed so much more of the girl, Kim felt another twinge in his pants. He took a deep breath, trying to steady his nerves. The last thing he needed to do when he kissed Arya was get a boner. That would be mortifying.

He nodded, "You look really pretty in it."

Andrea guided Arya over to Kim, "Turn away and I'll show him how to tie the strings."

With that, Andrea pulled the strings back, securing the broad swath of material across Arya's chest and said, "Take the two ends and tie a knot, just like you're tying your shoes."

Kim's fingers shook as he took hold of the two ends that he needed to tie around Arya's back. It took him three tries, but he eventually managed a respectable bow. Then, he managed the tie around the girls' neck in one attempt.

Andrea patted him on the back and said, "You'll be an expert in no time."

Arya turned around and still flushed, said, "Thanks, Kim. Now, what about my birthday kiss?"

Kim thought about the kiss he'd shared with Andrea a few minutes earlier, and he stepped up to the nine-year-old and put his arms around her back and pulled her against his chest. Unlike with Andrea, though, he and Arya were almost even with each other, and all he needed to do was lean forward and kiss.

Arya's lips took a few seconds to respond, but when she did, she returned the kiss and put her arms around Kim's neck. The longer the kiss lingered, the more out of breath Kim became. Finally, he pulled his lips back as he sucked in a big breath of air.

Andrea leaned in and drew both Kim and Arya into a hug. "Next time, Kim, remember to breathe through your nose."

Kim smiled at the advice, but his eyes still focused on Arya. As the girl drew in a deep breath, the boy said, "How was it?"

With very rosy cheeks, Arya nodded, "It was nice. Better than I expected."

The magic of the moment ended, and she added, "So, go get your swimsuit on, and let's go swimming."

Kim smiled at her and how quickly she was ready to move on to the next activity. "Okay. I'll be right back."

On his way out the door, he heard Andrea say, "I think I'll join you kids this evening."

Once changed, Kim made sure that nothing poked out from his swimsuit. Between the kisses and seeing Arya in her new swimsuit, he hoped he'd not get a boner. As he came over to the Tyler apartment, the door opened, and Arya and her mother came out. Andrea's suit was the same baby-blue color, but her top was different than Arya's. Instead of a wide band of material running around her chest, Andrea's top consisted of a couple of triangles covering her breasts, and strings to keep everything in place.

Kim was startled at Arya's voice as he was staring at Andrea's top. "Mom said that she'd let me get one like that once I get older."

Arya seemed oblivious to the fact that Kim had been gawking at her mother. Andrea, on the other hand, smiled at Kim, knowingly.

The sun was already down by the time they got to the pool. A couple of lights on opposite corners of the pool area cast a weak light over fenced-in pool. Before he could run and jump in first, Kim felt Arya's hand grab his, "Come on, let's both do cannonballs, I bet we can get Mom wet!"

Before Kim could respond, he was jerked toward the side of the pool, and the only thing he could do is curl into a ball and hit right next to where Arya had just landed. And then they were off. Arya started by lunging at Kim, dunking him before splashing away.

Andrea sat on the lowest step at the shallow end of the pool, just soaking and enjoying the warm night air. Arya, on the other hand, was getting more daring. When she lunged at Kim, her fingers grazed his shorts, and he could feel her fingers trying to grasp it.

Kim pivoted and managed just to get his arm around her neck. And before he dunked her, he whispered, "Your mom's watching!"

It was a few dunks later when Kim let his defense down for a bare moment. Arya swam below him and pulled his feet out from under him, and in the process, also tugged on the bottom of his swimsuit, pulling it down past his knees.

She was halfway across the pool when Kim surfaced, tugging his swimsuit back into place. He glanced over at Andrea, and she didn't seem to have seen the incident. Growling, Kim threw himself after Arya and caught her. He grabbed her around the waist. As he pulled her under, he couldn't help feeling how different it felt than the old one-piece suit she'd worn as recently as the day before. Her skin was smooth to the touch.

Kim was so focused on Arya's smooth skin that he was caught flat-footed when she wriggled out from his grasp long enough to sink down in front of him and then pull his swimsuit down. He jerked to the right, trying to get away from Arya. But when he grabbed for his trunks, all he got was his

skin. And before he could react, the girl was swimming away with his swimsuit in one hand.

The commotion had drawn Andrea's attention. She stood and said, "Is that what I think it is?"

Arya was near her mother when she laughed and said, "Yeah. Kim let his guard down, and I won!"

Kim swam until the water was about three feet deep and covered his penis as he said, "That's not fair. Like I told you last time you tried this, I can't do that to you."

Arya wiggled her body at the boy and said, "Maybe that was true with my old swimsuit. But now, you're just too slow."

Andrea shook her head and said, "Well, seems to me that turn-about is fair play."

With what sounded like permission to him, Kim lunged forward. It wasn't easy, staying low enough and covering himself with at least one hand, but as he showed he was willing to come into the shallow water, Arya was forced into the deeper water, where Kim didn't feel as self-conscious about his nakedness.

Kim cornered the girl in the deep end, and as she dived into swimming around him, Kim managed to grab her around the chest. As he pulled her down, he saw that Arya looked at him with a grin. When he realized where her eyes were focused, he moved his own hands down and grabbed her bikini bottoms. In his fastest move of the night, Kim fled with the baby-blue bottoms in his hands, first to the bottom and then toward the shallow end. He came up well short of Andrea and said, "You did say turn-about's fair play, right?"

When Arya's mother nodded, Kim tossed her the girl's bottoms. By now, Arya swam up to him and cried, "No fair. The water was too deep!"

Before Kim could find a suitable comeback, Andrea said, "Alright. You kids get your suits back on. Now that I know what you guys do when y'all come over here, I can see I'm going to have to come over and supervise."

Kim studied Andrea as Arya threw his swimsuit at him. She was laughing as she'd said it. Plus, she didn't bat an eye when both kids pantsed each other.

When they got back to the apartment, Andrea said, "Kim, you spend more time over here than you do at your own place. Why don't you keep your swimsuit over here? We can hang it to dry next to mine and Arya's.

Kim's hand rested on the front door, "Where would I change?"

Andrea pointed toward the bathroom, "If you want a little privacy, you can change in the bathroom or my room."

Kim nodded. It was getting old running back and forth between the two apartments every time he and Arya went swimming.

Andrea pointed to the bathroom and said, "Alright, Ms. Birthday girl, head on into the bathroom. It's bath time."

Arya arched her eyebrows, "Tonight?"

Kim's ears perked up. Kim liked baths and showers the way mafia dons like the IRS, which meant he took one once or twice a week. Before now, he hadn't heard Andrea tell the girl to get a bath, so he'd figured Arya felt similarly.

Before Andrea could reply, there was a knock on the door, and Kim, who was closest, opened it. His dad was standing there. "Hey, kiddo."

There was a slight smell of cigarette smoke on his dad's clothes. He'd just come from the bar. But there was no smell of alcohol. Kim was familiar enough with his dad's weekend routine to know his dad enjoyed grabbing a bite to eat, watching whatever game was on the big-screen, and drinking a couple of beers.

"Hi," Kim said.

Andrea came over and opened the door wider. "OH, hey John, how are you this evening? Coming to pick up Kim?"

Kim's dad shook his head, "No, uh, actually, I want to tell you how grateful I am that you let him stay over with you gals as much as you do."

The young woman put an arm around Kim's chest, "It's no problem at all," she said, "He's a joy to have around."

John reached out and tousled Kim's wet hair. "He's a good kid. Anyway, um, I was just about to head back out, and I wanted to see if you wanted to join me. I thought I could buy you a late dinner as a small thanks."

Andrea's eyes grew round, "Oh, that's nice of you."

She glanced back into the living room and pursed her lips. After a short moment, she gave a nearly imperceptible nod and turned around to John and said, "Thank you. I'd like that. Let me get changed, and I'll be right out."

She left Kim at the door as she hurried back to her bedroom. The boy looked up at his dad, trying to figure out what was going on. Since his mom's passing, John O'Hara hadn't, to the best of his knowledge, gone out with anybody. He'd taken his wife's death even harder than Kim had.

The boy felt conflicted about his dad asking Andrea out. Kim felt like he wanted to protect the young woman, who stirred inside him feelings he didn't understand, and at the same time that his dad should still be faithful to his mom's memory. He cocked his head, the confusion plain to see, "What's going on?"

"Nothing, Kim. I meant what I said. I appreciate her help." He pulled his shirt to his nose and wrinkled it. "God, this smells of cigarettes. I need to change. Come on home later if you want."

Kim closed the door, perplexed. The last thing he'd expected of his dad was to ask Andrea out.

The young woman poked her head from the bedroom and said, "What was that about?"

Her shoulders were bare as Kim tried not to stare, "No idea."

Her head disappeared for a second, then her voice called out, "Come on back. I'm not naked now."

Kim and Arya came over to Andrea's doorway. The young woman was rifling through her closet, wearing a pink pair of underwear and a matching

bra. Kim couldn't help staring. It was no more revealing than her swimsuit, but still, Kim felt something flutter in his stomach as he watched her. It somehow felt more intimate.

"You don't think your dad likes me, do you?" Andrea said as she pulled a pair of blue jeans off a hanger.

The boy shook his head, "He's never said anything."

Andrea said, "I like him well enough, but..."

Arya finished, "You're not interested in him?"

"I don't know," Andrea said. Once she pulled on a nice blouse, she turned to the kids, "What do you think?"

Kim nodded, "You look nice."

Arya said, "You going to put makeup on?"

Andrea glanced into her vanity mirror and shook her head, "No. It's not a date." Then she pointed toward the bathroom and added, "Arya, bath!"

Arya folded her arms, "But you always give me my baths."

Andrea moved her arms like she was parting the Red Sea, and Kim and the young girl moved out of her way as she went into the bathroom and combed her hair. She sighed as she used the brush to work out a knot. "See what you're getting yourself into, Kim. Arya can be very pig-headed."

Kim laughed as the girl sputtered, "I'm not pig headed, Mom."

Arya's eyes slid over to Kim, and she flushed as she added, "You know why I don't like being alone in the tub."

Andrea's shoulders slumped, "I didn't realize you haven't gotten over that, sweetie. I'm sorry."

Confused, Kim looked back and forth. "I don't understand."

Andrea's head drooped, embarrassed. The flush in Arya's face spread down her neck when she said, "I nearly drowned in the tub when I was little. I haven't..."

Andrea said, "It was my fault. I was only eighteen. And I got distracted while Arya was in the bathtub. When I realized that she wasn't still splashing, I found her face down in the tub. It took the paramedics to revive her."

Arya lowered her head, and in the quietest voice Kim had heard yet, she finished, "That's why I don't want to be alone."

Kim's heart twisted at the agony in Arya's voice. He'd never once guessed that the boisterous young girl with whom he loved playing video games, swimming, and simply being around, had been traumatized by something as terrible as a near-drowning.

When he heard the girl sniffing, Kim realized he cared too much to stand by and let Arya feel this way alone. He stepped over and hugged her. He didn't know what to say. His mind and emotions were too jumbled for that.

Arya threw her arms around his neck as another sob escaped her lips.

Kim felt another arm slide around him as Andrea stepped over and pulled both him and Arya into her embrace. She said, "Oh, sweetie, I'm so, so sorry."

Arya, her tear-streaked face pressed against Kim's neck, said, "You've always bathed me or let me join you in the shower, so I didn't want to bother you with how I still felt."

Andrea heaved a sigh, "I'm sorry, I should have asked about it. I'll tell John that I'll need to take a raincheck."

As his thoughts twisted around in the maelstrom of his mind, the one thing Kim knew was he wanted to be there for Arya and her mom. "I can sit right outside the bathroom door, Andrea, you don't have to stay. I won't let anything happen to Arya, I promise."

Arya shook her head against Kim's tear-soaked neck and added, "No, Mom. You hardly ever get to go out and have fun. You should go."

Andrea let go and said, "You guys sure? I can cancel."

Kim nodded. Arya pulled her head up and gave him a watery smile as she said, "Can Kim stay in the bathroom instead of outside it?"



Andrea had picked up her purse from the dining table and said, "Sweetie, are you sure? I mean, he'd see you without any clothes on. I know you two have become best friends, but that might make both of you uncomfortable."

Arya shook her head, "I don't mind. Kim did pull my bikini bottom off earlier."

Kim was still trying to wrap his mind around Arya's suggestion. Still, he couldn't help but defend himself, "That was after you stole my shorts."

Andrea set the purse down and came back over to Kim. She put a hand on his shoulder and said, "It's up to you, Kim. If you're okay being in the bathroom with Arya, then I trust you completely. If you don't, then we'll deal with the bath tomorrow."

She glanced at her daughter, "How does that sound?"

The girl nodded, "That's good. Now go and have fun."

A moment later, Andrea was gone, the front door closing behind her. That's when Kim realized he was still hugging his best friend. He let go when he felt a twinge inside his swimsuit. He prayed the girl hadn't noticed anything and stammered, "Uh, so, are you going to wait until tomorrow, or..."

The girl's flush was still present as she bit her lower lip. "Um, I don't know. Can I ask..." her voice trailed off.

Kim nodded, "What?"

"Would it bother you to see me..." Arya paused, turning even a deeper red, "Um, naked?"

Kim thought back to when he'd caught up with Arya in the swimming pool. When he'd returned the favor and pulled her bikini bottom off, he hadn't glimpsed what the bikini had been covering. Still, he had seen the girl's backside earlier, and he really liked the way seeing her had made him feel.

The thought about their differences in age flicked across his mind, but that didn't bother him anymore. What he felt for the girl left him agreeing with Andrea's earlier comment that their ages didn't matter. And the truth was, if Arya was okay with it, he wanted to see her, too.

Kim's mouth was dry when he said, "N-no. If you're okay with it, then I am too."

Arya turned around. She whispered, "Please untie me."

With hands trembling even more than when he'd tied the strings earlier, Kim fumbled until he untied them. Unlike before, when the girl had used her arms to hold the top in place against her chest, now the material fluttered to the floor.

Then Arya took him by the hand and led him into the bathroom. The mirror over the sink was big, covering the wall from the countertop to the ceiling. They stopped and looked. Kim thought he and Arya looked a lot alike, despite different hair color. Arya's pageboy haircut was only slightly longer than his. She had also lost some of the paleness she had at the start of the summer. And the inch difference in height was scarcely noticeable, standing side by side. Even their chests were almost identical. Kim's nipples were nearly the same shade as his tan, while Arya's were slightly darker than the rest of her skin. To his untrained eye, though, their nipples looked to be the same size, shape, and color.

Like her chest, Arya's body didn't have any of the subtle curves Kim had noticed with Andrea. The girl's hips looked like his own, although she showed more skin in her bikini bottom than he did in his swimsuit.

He pointed to their reflection, "we look a lot alike, don't you think?"

Arya's eyes looked lower on the mirror, "I don't know. I saw your, um, dinky when I pulled your swimsuit off."

She giggled as she added, "It didn't look anything like mine."

Kim wanted to be embarrassed that the girl had caught a glimpse, but he couldn't help giggling, too. "A dinky? What do you call, um, yours?"

Still giggling, Arya said, "My kitty."

Kim shook his head, chuckling, "A dinky and a kitty. Oh, man."

Arya stuck her tongue out, "I know they have other names, but they sound, um, kinda dirty and stupid."

Kim felt himself twitch, and he faced away from the mirror and turned on the water, filling the tub up. As the water level rose, he said, "Is it okay for me to stand by the sink?"

The girl shrugged, "If you want to. But, um, Mom washes me."

Kim felt another twinge between his legs and felt it push against his swimsuit. He sat down on the edge of the tub and drew his legs together. The idea of touching Arya sent a thrill up his spine as his tummy fluttered. But it scared him, too. Before Arya's birthday, he'd never kissed a girl and certainly hadn't seen one naked. And now, she wanted him to give her a bath!

"Are you sure? That would mean touching you."

Arya pointed to the tub, "That's high enough. When Mom washes me, she washes me all over. But, you wouldn't have to wash my, um, kitty if you didn't want to."

Kim turned the water off as Arya came around him. She pulled her bikini bottom down and tossed them into the sink, on top of Andrea's swimsuit. She bit her lower lip as the red returned to her cheeks. Still facing the tub, she whispered, "Kim?"

Kim's eyes were studying the wallpaper on the other wall. Knowing his best friend was naked next to him made him twitch again. The strain on his shorts would have been only too noticeable if his legs weren't closed. "Yeah?"

Flushed, Arya turned and faced him. She stammered, "D-do y-you think I'm p-pretty?"

Unable to ignore the plaintive tone in the girl's voice, he turned his head and looked at the girl. Her feet were shoulder-width apart. Sitting on the ledge of the tub, his eyes were just above Arya's belly button, and he could see more than an inch of her puffy slit between her legs. The girl didn't look much like the pictures of naked women Kim had looked at online. Some had hair, and others were smooth, but all of them looked older, more mature.

Kim's heart pounded in his chest as he nodded. He'd never felt this way about any other girl, and no girl had ever looked at him like Arya did. "Yeah. Very."

He tried to ignore the pressure in his swimsuit. Even so, Kim felt a kindred spirit in Arya. Though he trembled at the thought of touching her, he would happily do so if it meant making her happy.

Arya stepped into the tub and sank into the water with a contented sigh. After a moment, she said, "Will you wash me, please?"

Kim found he liked the plaintive note in the girl's voice. It felt like she was saying she needed him. He picked up a pink loofah floating atop the water and poured some body wash onto it.

Arya hunched over, and Kim scrubbed her back until it was covered with suds. Then he soaked the sponge and squeezed it, sending water cascading down her back. He did that a couple of more times until the girl's back glistened under the overhead light.

The girl's back felt soft under the loofah. Kim dropped it in the water and put his hands on her back. They tingled at the touch as he ran them along her upper back.

Arya trembled and said, "That's your hand."

"Uh-huh. Is it okay?"

She sighed, "Yeah. Feels nice. Do you mind washing the rest of me with your hands?"

Kim felt another twinge in his swimsuit. He was glad the way he sat kept the girl from seeing how excited she'd made him. "Sure. How do you want me to get your front?"

Arya slid her butt toward the front of the tub and lay her head in the water. She had a frightened look when she stopped moving, and her hand reached out and took his. In response to Kim's alarmed expression, she exhaled and said, "I'm okay. Just don't like it when the water sloshes around."

Kim slid off the side of the tub and leaned over until he could reach Arya's shoulders, careful to keep his swimsuit below the tub's ledge. He poured several dollops of bodywash across Arya's torso and then put his hands on the girl's shoulders. She gave him a quick nod, and he worked the wash into a lather, spreading it across her chest. His fingers ran over the bumps that were Arya's nipples a few times until his touch hardened the tiny nubs.

The girl's eyes were closed, and her lips were turned up into a smile. Kim worked the lather down her chest, to her belly. He worked his fingers down to her abdomen before moving to her feet. He repeated the process, dropping a few dollops of bodywash on her legs before working the lather into her skin. When he reached her upper thighs, he stopped.

"How was that?"

Arya opened her eyes, "Only one thing would make it better."

"What's that?" Kim asked.

The girl's face turned red, and she bit her lower lip, as she seemed to struggle with finishing her thought.

Finally, her voice took that plaintive tone that was music to Kim's ears.

"Will you wash my kitty?"

Kim had managed to keep his eyes roaming over the girl's body, but at that, his eyes went to the girl's vagina. His fingers longed to finish what they had started, but before he could say anything, he recalled Andrea saying that she trusted him. He had figured she wouldn't have let him stay with Arya in the bathroom if she had a problem with him helping with the girl's bath. But to touch the girl down there, he didn't see how Andrea had intended that.

"I'm not sure, Arya. I don't think your mom would want me to touch your... kitty."

The girl nearly whined, "Please. Mom always washes me down there, and she won't mind. I promise."

Kim wanted to believe Arya, so he grabbed the bottle of bodywash and poured a dab on her smooth pubic mound. When he touched her there,

the tingle in his fingers ran straight to his dick, which twitched and pushed against his swimsuit. As he worked the bodywash around, turning it into suds, his fingers worked closer and closer to Arya's slit. The closer he came, the more she spread her legs. He shifted his angle, and he could see all of the girl's puffy lips beneath her.

When he touched the top of her slit, Arya shuddered and said, "Oh, that feels better than when mom touches me. Lots."

Encouraged by Arya's voice, Kim ran his soapy fingers up and down the outside of the girl's slit. "Is this what your mom does?"

She shrugged even as she smiled up at him, "For the most part. She runs one of her fingers in my kitty to make sure I'm clean."

Kim's finger tremored as he pushed it through Arya's immature labia. He felt the warmth of her inner lips and moved down until he felt a hole.

Arya giggled, "That's my inner kitty. Mom won't clean in there."

Kim pulled back, tracing his finger back the way it came.

Arya reached down and grabbed his hand. Still smiling, she said, "But one day, I'll let you. If you want."

The girl let go, and Kim leaned back. His voice shook, "I, uh, guess we're done. All clean."

Arya sat up and said, "I'm really glad you stayed with me."

Kim wanted to hold the girl so much, his heart nearly ached. Even though his emotions were a wreck, he knew his feelings for Arya were way beyond best friends. He managed, "Me, too."

Arya's eyes roamed over Kim's face and torso, and she bit her lip before she rushed to say, "You don't have to, or anything, and I know we're best friends, and if that's all we ever are, then that would be awesome, but I really, really like you. And I think you like me, too. And I know I'm not making any sense, but would you kiss me again?"

The words poured out of the girl in a rapid stream. And Kim was trying to understand. Until she got to the last part. The boy's voice squeaked. "Kiss

you again?”

Kim wondered how she had managed to put her heart out there like that when his was such a mess. Still, she had summed up what he wanted, even if it was all jumbled. Finally, he nodded. He started to lean forward when Arya stood up, water sluicing off her in small torrents.

She said, “Can you hold me like before?”

Kim was still crouched on the floor, next to the tub. He wanted to stand up and hug and kiss Arya almost more than anything else. Except she would see him poking out against his swimsuit.

Arya’s tone was plaintive, “Stand up and kiss me, please!”

As much as Kim wanted to shield himself from the girl’s eyes, he felt powerless against her plea. Still, when he stood, he remained hunched over.

Arya said, “Oh, no. You’re not hurt or anything, are you?”

Feeling his face turn scarlet, Kim shook his head, “No. It’s nothing. Just can’t stand up all the way.”

Kim, naked in all her glory, crouched down and giggled, “Oh. Now I understand.”

She stood up and said, “Is your dinky stiff?”

As much as Kim hated the word ‘dinky,’ it sounded incredibly cute in Arya’s mouth. He nodded, “Yeah.”

Arya squatted next to him, “Why did it get stiff?”

Kim rested his knees on the floor, his hands covering his lap. “Has Andrea told you about boys and girls and, uh, stuff?”

Arya nodded, “Some. I know that boys have dinkies, and girls have kittens.”

Kim couldn’t resist, “Really?”

She stuck her tongue out, “Penises and vaginas. I think those names sound gross.”

Kim chuckled. "Fine. So, I've got a dinky, and you've got a kitty. What else?"

Arya flushed before saying, "Um, well, I've seen videos of, uh, stuff. If your dinky gets really stiff, then you can put it in my kitty. We'd move around a lot. And if we were older, we'd make a baby.

Kim's face was warm. He'd expected a somewhat less detailed and inaccurate explanation. He said, "Yeah. I guess that pretty much sums it up."

Still flushed, Arya pointed to his swimsuit, "Why are you stiff? You don't want to put it in my kitty, do you?"

Kim's jaw dropped; he was stunned. "What? In your... Um, that's not why it gets stiff, Arya."

He really liked Arya. More than he could have imagined even a few days before. But sex was the province of his fantasies, and even when he'd touched her kitty, no, dammit, her pussy, the thought of sticking his penis into her hadn't really crossed his mind at that moment.

Arya frowned a bit, "Then why'd you get a stiffy?"

Kim moved from his knees and sat Indian-style on the floor, with his hands still resting in his lap, "I'm thirteen. I get erections all the time. Sometimes they just happen."

"Oh," Arya said, "I thought maybe your dinky was stiff because of..."

Her eyes were still on his swimsuit, but her tongue seemed to be tied.

Kim felt himself twitch as his dick pushed against the fabric of his swimsuit. He was happy to sit and just gaze at Arya's naked body. Squatting down, he could see her puffy lips spread open, exposing a small hood just below the top of her slit. Even as red as he knew his face was, he still smiled at the girl, "You didn't let me finish. I also get stiff when I get excited. And bathing you was exciting."

Arya pointed to his shorts, "What's your dinky look like? Can I see it?"

Kim's eyes cut to the door even though his mind told him Andrea and his dad would be gone for a couple of hours. Arya's mom had told him she



trusted him. And it was hard to think that showing the girl his boyhood would square with him being trustworthy. But as he saw the expression on Arya's face, he didn't want to tell her no. What to do?

Arya said, "Me and Mom see each other naked all the time. And I did see your dinky in the pool earlier."

He pushed thoughts of what Andrea might think aside. After all, she had gone on a date with his dad. He climbed to his feet and said, "Alright."

Without waiting for Arya to climb to her feet, Kim yanked his swimsuit to his knees. His painful erection popped out and slapped against his abdomen.

Arya leaned forward until her face was less than a foot from his erection. "Oh, wow. I've never seen a real one before. It looks really nice, Kim."

As if he needed another reason to fall for the girl, the fact she thought his thin almost-four inches was nice was just icing on the cake. For the past year, Kim had dreaded even trying to ask a girl out, knowing that if she ever saw his small hairless package, he would have died of humiliation. And Arya thought it was 'really nice!'

After a moment, he pulled his swimsuit back up and said, "Are you ready to dry off now?"

Arya shook her head, "No, I still want that kiss."

Kim smiled, not worried about the tent in his swimsuit. He stepped forward and put his arms around her naked waist and pulled their bodies together. He leaned forward and kissed her for the second time. This time, he remembered to breathe through his nose.

Later, he patted his shorts. They were dry when he climbed onto the queen-sized sofa bed in the living room where Arya already stretched out, wearing just a pair of panties. She was streaming something from Netflix. He settled in next to her, and they watched the show until one after the other, they fell asleep.

## Chapter 4

"A Bud Lite for me," Andrea said as she settled into the plush booth seat.

"Heineken for me," John O'Hara said.

Once the waiter left, Andrea leaned forward on the tabletop as John said, "Thanks for joining me. I really owe you big for taking in Kimball like you have."

"You've got a good son, John. Arya simply adores him," Andrea said as she took a moment size the boy's dad up. He hadn't shaved in a couple of days, and his scruff was still more pepper than salt. He was, she realized, past forty.

His hair was a lighter shade of brown than Kim's, and just as thick, although going gray on the temples and the sideburns. He wore a flannel pattern shirt over a black T-shirt and looked every bit a truck driver.

He nodded, "Yeah. I'm not home much, but even I can see that your kid has made a big impact on my boy. Before you girls moved in, Kim was almost always home, with his head stuck in a book. If he weren't at home, then he'd ride his bike to the library to check out some other book. Frankly, I was getting kinda worried."

Curious, Andrea pushed him, "Why don't you run routes that let you be home at night and the weekends?"

John's eyes narrowed slightly, as though acknowledging a tough question. "I did while Maggie was sick. Hell, I was up at the hospital with her the last couple of weeks before she passed that I practically lived in her hospital room. But after she was gone..." his voice trailed off as his eyes stared beyond Andrea.

He shook his head, "Maggie doted on Kimball. Hell, she's the one who decided we should name him after some English poet or something. And he was her little man when I was on the road. Even before Maggie died, I didn't have a clue how to relate to my quiet, shy boy. And with her gone, we may live in the same apartment, but we live in different worlds."

Andrea couldn't imagine not feeling close to her daughter. Arya was what made her life worth living. She leaned her head to one side, "Kim reminds you of your wife."

John took the drinks from the waiter and said, "Fraid so. Sometimes it hurts to be around my boy, and I know it's not supposed to be like that. But I can't help it. That's why I went back onto the road. It's still hard, but I can manage a couple of days a week with Kim."

Andrea felt terrible for the sense of relief that washed over her. While she wanted to get to know Kim's dad a little more, she wasn't attracted to him in the least. And now, as John talked, it was clear he was still bogged down dealing with the death of his wife. She took a sip of her beer and said, "I know you're not asking for my advice, but I still think you should spend more time with Kim. He's a wonderful boy, and I am delighted that Arya and I have gotten to know him."

John raised his beer and said, "I figured I wouldn't get out of here without a sermon. I suppose I deserve it. But I'm grateful that you have kept an eye on him."

His eyes turned to a baseball game on one of the many large-screen TVs spread around the walls of the bar. He shook his head and looked at Andrea. "I guess that's why I wanted to visit with you. You girls are the only reason Kim's doing better. And it's not really fair of me to ignore how much time he's spending with you."

He reached into his pocket; Andrea could hear the rattle of his keys. He pulled his hand out and set a wad of cash on the table.

Andrea put her hand up, "John, really. You don't need to pay me to keep an eye on Kim. It's a pleasure."

He shook his head. "Maybe not. I've seen how much food is still in the pantry when I get home each week. You've got to be feeding him more than half his meals. It's been a long while, but I was thirteen once, too. And I ate like a pig. Look, Andrea, I really am grateful for all that you are doing. And I insist that you let me give you some money for the groceries each week," John's expression was unyielding.

Andrea eyed the money. She hadn't really thought about the extra food she'd been buying since Kim started spending more time at their place. But thinking about it, her grocery bill had climbed. She nodded and said, "I guess so. But not a dollar more, John. Arya and I are delighted at his company."

John twisted in his seat as he looked anywhere other than at her. Andrea had seen the look before, every time someone wanted something but were afraid to ask. He said, "Please don't feel obliged, but I can't help seeing how well he does when he's over there with you girls. I was hoping you and your daughter would be willing to spend more time with him, at least until school starts up again."

Andrea thought about finding Kim sleeping next to Arya a few days before, when they had fallen asleep watching a movie. She nodded, "You know, Kim and Arya fell asleep a few days ago watching some kids' movie on TV. I didn't realize it until I woke up the next morning."

"Really? I didn't know," John said. "But please don't feel obliged to do that. He's got his own bed in his own room."

Andrea said, "It was just once, and we didn't mind. But if you're not comfortable with that, then I'll make sure he goes home at night."

John shook his head, "If you girls don't mind, it doesn't bother me if he sleeps in his own bed or on a pallet at your place. I just didn't want to impose."

"It's no imposition, but thank you for checking," Andrea said.

John drained his glass. When he set it down, he said, "I'm glad we had a chance to talk. And after getting to know you better, I feel even more comfortable about this."

As she sat in the passenger seat of John's F-150, Andrea counted the money. Her eyes grew large. It was a hundred dollars. That would more than cover the added grocery bill. She slid the money into her pocket. She decided she would use whatever was left and spend it on Kim and Arya.

When they got back to the apartment complex, John walked her over to her door. On the whole, she was glad he never tried to make a move. But

some small part wondered if there was something wrong with her for him to not even try.

When she turned the key and opened the door, John said, "Do you want me to get Kim?"

The lights in the living room were off, but the TV was still on, casting a faint, flickering light over the room. Arya was asleep on top of the covers. Kim was sleeping on his side, snuggled up against her daughter's side.

She opened the door wide enough for John to see in. He smiled, "I guess not. Good night, Andrea, and thank you."

She tip-toed through the living room, unwilling to disturb the two sleeping children. A few minutes later, she was asleep, too.

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Kim stretched and opened his eyes. He blinked the sleep away and looked around. Arya's leg was thrown over his own, and she was facing him, sound asleep. As he woke up, he remembered watching some streaming show, and that was it.

He glanced down and saw he was still in his swimsuit. But Arya was in nothing more than the pair of panties she'd worn after her bath. He wanted to pull the bedspread up and cover her near-nakedness. But she was on top of the covers.

The light was on in the kitchen, and he could smell coffee. Andrea brewed a pot every day. Casting a look around, he didn't see her. She must be back in her bedroom, he figured. Kim wiggled away from Arya until the leg she'd put across him was lying on the bed. When he stood, his bladder decided for him his first action of the day.

After he finished peeing, Kim pushed down on his morning wood and made sure it wasn't too obvious beneath his swimsuit. He came out of the bathroom as Andrea left her bedroom. She smiled and whispered, "How'd you guys do last night? Y'all have a good time?"

Kim nodded, "Yeah. Arya did good, and we had fun watching Netflix. How about you and Dad?"

Andrea bobbed her head, "It was good. Let me get some coffee, and I'll tell you about it. How does that sound?"

Hearing that Andrea was going to tell him about her date with his dad left Kim wondering what had happened that she'd want to share it with him.

Still, he slipped out of the front door behind her, once she'd fortified herself with a mug of coffee. Andrea led the way, and he found himself admiring the short red shorts she wore even more than the green tank-top.

Andrea stopped when she reached the playground. She sat on one of the swings and took a long sip of her coffee. She smacked her lips, "I saw you managed to get Arya to take a bath. I hope it wasn't too difficult."

Kim sat in the swing next to Andrea's. On the way behind her, he couldn't get rid of how she'd told him that she trusted him, and after touching every part of the girl's body and then letting her touch him, he felt guilty about failing Andrea. His feelings were still too jumbled to know how much to share, but he felt like sharing some of it would help him feel better, even if Andrea decided he wasn't welcome anymore.

He shrugged, "I guess not. She asked me to give her a bath. I hope that was okay."

Andrea chuckled, "That sounds like Arya. I hope she didn't embarrass you too much."

His stomach knotted. "I dunno. I've never seen a girl's, um, privates before."

Andrea took another sip, "Really? Not even online? I find it hard to believe a thirteen-year-old boy has never seen porn."

Even Kim's ears turned scarlet, "Not the same thing. That stuff's fake. Arya isn't."

Andrea nodded, "She's about as real as a girl can be. Knowing Arya, she probably made sure you saw her, um, kitty."

Kim laughed. He felt a sense of relief as he kicked his feet, moving his swing back and forth. "Yeah. Was it okay that she showed me?"

Andrea set her empty mug on the ground and started moving back and forth on her swing. “She probably shouldn’t make a habit of showing her, um, kitty to every boy she meets. That’s not the kind of note I want to get from the school.”

Going a bit higher, Kim felt a little better, less guilty. “I can understand that. Maybe I shouldn’t give her a bath again.”

The young woman matched how high he was swinging. “I told you yesterday, Kim, I trust you with Arya. And frankly, someone else for her to direct her energy at has been a relief.”

Kim wasn’t sure how to take Andrea’s comment. Still trying to go higher in the swing, he changed the subject, “How was your date with my dad?”

Andrea pulled even with him, and they swung back and forth together, “It wasn’t really a date. He took me out to thank me for keeping an eye on you.”

“Oh. I thought maybe he was trying to hit on you.”

Andrea laughed, “Not gonna lie, Kim. I wondered about that when I agreed. But, no. He likes that you and Arya have become such good friends so quickly.”

Kim’s legs were growing tired, and he started to slow down. “I’m really glad you moved in next door. I like Arya a lot. I’ve never had a friend like her.”

Andrea’s pace matched his own as she slowed, too. “She hasn’t said so, but she positively adores you. Come to think of it, so do I.”

Kim slowed to a stop, “You do?”

Andrea lept off, landing a few feet out. “Sure. You make Arya happy, and that makes me happy. Of course, it doesn’t hurt that we both think you’re absolutely adorable.”

Kim saw her exaggerated wink, and he laughed, “Now you’re just jerking my chain.”

She shook her head as they started back toward the apartment, “Nope, that might get me in trouble. Arya, on the other hand...”

It took Kim a moment to catch Andrea's meaning, and by the time he looked scandalized, she was laughing. She stopped outside the apartment building and said, "Kidding aside, Kim. We've really enjoyed the time you've spent over at our place these last couple of weeks and well, after talking with your dad..."

Kim felt his stomach lurch, "He doesn't want me bothering you anymore?"

Andrea shook her head, "No, nothing like that. Quite the opposite. Once he saw that a lot of groceries he's been getting for you have gone uneaten, he realized Arya and I have been feeding you some of the time."

Kim wasn't sure how this was going to end well, "He wasn't upset about it, was he?"

"No," Andrea said, "in fact, he actually paid me for the groceries and asked if we minded you staying over for the rest of the summer."

Kim's eyebrows arched up, "Really? All summer?"

"Yep. Unless you don't want to, plan on eating over at our place all the time. You can always go over to your apartment anytime you want, especially if you need some downtime from Arya. But otherwise, we'd love it if you stayed over with us."

Kim shook his head in amazement. "Even like last night, when I slept over?"

Andrea patted him on the back as she headed up the sidewalk, "Yes. He even saw you and Arya sleeping on top of the covers last night, and he thought you two were so cute, snuggled next to each other."

When they got to the front door, Kim said, "Wow, that's a lot to take in."

He knew his dad wasn't comfortable around him, and that discomfort cut both ways. It was hard to relate to his dad. Arya and Andrea, on the other hand, were so easy to be around, even when the girl was super exuberant. "What should I do?"

She reached around his shoulder with an arm and gave him a little hug, "If you're okay with it, why don't you bring over a few things. A couple of books, a few changes of clothing. Maybe your toothbrush, too. We'll make



some space next to Arya's stuff in the living room. We'll see how it goes. If it's too difficult at night or Arya shows you just how active a sleeper she is, your bed is next door. How does that sound?"

Nodding his head, Kim said, "That sounds good." He headed over to the apartment he shared with his dad to get a few things.

## Chapter 5

“Hey, share some of those fries, Mister!” Andrea said as she jabbed a plastic fork in Kim’s direction. He had a small mountain of French fries in the Styrofoam box in front of him.

Kim grabbed a couple and shoved him in his mouth, “Nopth goith to hathphen” he said around a mouthful of food.

Arya giggled, “Doofus.”

Kim swallowed and laughed at Andrea. Then he pushed his box toward her and let her skewer a few fries. Staying with the Tylers was the most fun he’d ever had.

Before his dad had gone back on the road Sunday afternoon, he’d confirmed what Andrea had told Kim the previous day. Kim could stay with the Tylers as much as he’d like. Kim knew that Andrea’s job as a waitress meant that she’d work four or five days a week, anywhere from four to eight hours at a time. And that he was expected to ride herd on the girl during those times. Today had been an eight hour day, but she’d come home with boxed dinners from the restaurant, and Kim really enjoyed the bacon cheeseburger.

Andrea finished a bite and said, “What’d you guys do all day? You make it over to the pool?”

Before Kim could say a word, Arya lept up, almost overturning her drink cup, and said, “I kicked Kim’s butt at Team Sonic. Girls rule and boys...”

“Hey now,” Kim almost shouted, “There’s a boy at the table if you hadn’t noticed.”

Arya stuck her tongue out, “Drool. Doofus.”

Kim couldn’t be mad at the girl. It’s not that he minded getting beat by a girl, but being around Arya almost made losing bearable.

He knew it was immature, but he stuck his tongue out, too. “You’ve been playing it longer.”

Arya shrugged, "Like I said, Mom. Drools. After I beat Kim like a rented mule, he gave up and started reading a book."

Andrea laughed. "A rented mule? Where'd you come up with that one?"

Kim pointed toward the sleeper sofa. There was a book turned face down. "It was in the book I was reading. I guess without a punching bag to take out her aggression, Arya asked if I'd read to her. That's the longest I've ever seen her stay still. Except when she's asleep. Nope, not even then."

Andrea arched her eyebrows, "Really? That was sweet of you, Kim."

He'd enjoyed it. And Arya had been a more active listener than he had admitted to Andrea. They spent nearly as much time discussing each chapter as Kim did reading. It was, he had to admit, better than getting his ass handed to him by his best friend.

He shrugged, "I had fun."

Andrea collected the empty boxes and threw them away, "I could get used to cleanups this easy. You kids want to go over to the pool before it gets too late?"

While the quiet familiarity of spending an afternoon with his head in a book had been nice, especially with Arya hanging on his every word, the idea of going swimming with her was even better.

The girl hopped up and raced into the bathroom, "Yeah! Swimming sounds fun."

Andrea gave a tired smile at Kim, "You keeping up with her?"

He smiled back, "It's easy."

The young woman headed toward her bedroom, "I'll be back in a moment."

When Andrea's door closed, Arya came back from the bathroom with Kim's swimsuit in one hand and hers in the other. Without batting an eye at the boy, she pulled her shirt off and then slipped out of her shorts and panties. She slid her eyes over to Kim, who was just staring, slack-jawed at the girl's easy familiarity with him.

As she slid her bottoms on, her voice was low, "Well, it's not like you haven't seen me before, right?"

Kim flushed and nodded as he pulled his shirt off. Even his shorts were easy enough. But when he saw Arya eying him in just his underwear, he spun around and slid them down before stepping into his swimsuit and pulling them up. Arya had seen him once, but with Andrea in the bedroom, it was just too risky that she might see him waving his dick in front of her daughter.

Arya grumbled, "Fine. Can you at least help me with my top?"

Kim nodded and came around behind the girl. As he was tying the string into a nice secure bow around Arya's neck, Andrea's door opened, and she came out. She was wearing the same swimsuit Kim had seen before. She looked sexy, Kim thought as his fingers fumbled with the strings he needed to tie together around Arya's back. Kim started counting backward from one hundred to himself, willing the stirring between his legs to go away.

The weak lights over the swimming area were already trying to illuminate things by the time Kim and the Tyler girls arrived. And as was usual, there was nobody around. Kim had barely hit the water when Arya landed right behind him and jumped onto his back.

And that started their game of tag. Despite Arya's earlier acceptance of Kim's reticence when they were changing, she was aggressive, reaching for his swimsuit almost every time she managed to dunk or pull Kim under.

At the shallow end, there were concrete steps, and Andrea sat on the lowest one, laughing and enjoying their antics. And that's why Kim, when he pulled Arya under the water, didn't try to grab at her bikini. He didn't think she would approve, especially since she told him she trusted Kim with her daughter.

Kim had just surfaced after dragging the girl by her foot when Arya landed on his shoulders, driving him below the water. Kim twisted and wiggled, trying to get free. The girl was doing everything in her power to wrap her hands around Kim's chest, but by the time she'd managed it, the boy was turned around, and Arya's face pushed against his chest.

She grinned at him, showing him her teeth, and then she dropped down and in one swoop, pulled his shorts down to his knees. Kim could see her face below the water. Arya's eyes focused on what Kim had between his legs. He knew he should be faster, but he paused before he grabbed the hem of his swimsuit and pulled it back up.

When Arya surfaced, her voice didn't carry, "Nice."

From the other end of the pool, Andrea called out, "One of these days, you're going to do that to him, and he's going to get you back even better. And you won't have anyone to blame but yourself, Arya. You guys finished grab-assing?"

They were drying off when Arya leaned over, "You're not mad, are you?"

Part of Kim had enjoyed Arya finally getting his swimsuit down. But he didn't want to let Andrea down. Certainly not where she could see him.

"No, just your mom," he whispered as they followed behind Andrea a few paces.

Andrea unlocked the door and led the way into the apartment. Kim paused as Arya adjusted her sandal. When she finished, she let him go ahead.

Kim hadn't taken two steps into the apartment when he heard Arya close the door and then felt her fingers grab his waistband and yank. Before the boy could react, his swimsuit was around his ankles, and then Arya pushed him, knocking him onto the bed. No sooner had his feet left the ground than his swimsuit was off his legs.

The gales of laughter from Arya he was getting used to. But when Kim saw Andrea staring at his nakedness, he turned beat red as he shouted, "What the heck, Arya?"

Still looking at him, Andrea said, "Oh my." She blinked a couple of times, "Don't let her get away with that, Kim. If Arya's so intent on taking your swimsuit, then steal hers."

Kim couldn't tell how he felt that Andrea had seen him. But as he rolled off the bed and lunged for Kim, he decided that if the young woman wasn't

going to say a word if he pulled Arya's bikini off, then that was exactly what he would do.

Arya dropped his swimsuit by the door and raced around the end of the sleeper sofa. Kim barely managed to grab the girl around the waist and threw her onto the bed. Arya's squeals were mixed with peals of laughter. The girl landed face down, and Kim landed on top of her as he tugged at the bows that held the top on.

The girl squirmed, trying to get away from Kim. But fueled with Andrea's explicit permission, he held on, working one hand down her body until he grabbed the fabric on her narrow hips. He'd been kicked in the shins and knees and had barely avoided Arya's foot in his crotch, but after a long struggle, punctuated with plenty of giggles and laughter, Kim kicked Arya's bikini bottom to the floor.

When the girl eventually stopped struggling, she lay flat on the bed, her chest rising and falling as she caught her breath. The way she smiled up at Kim told him all he needed to know that she had loved the game they'd played.

Kim was resting, his legs straddling Arya's, his butt was on her abdomen. He drew in a deep breath, just as worn by their wrestling as the girl. At that moment, it was only Kim and Arya. Nothing more. Sometimes she exasperated him, but he loved her rambunctiousness and vibrance.

Arya giggled, her eyes focused between the two of them. Kim's eyes followed hers. His eyes widened as he realized his dick wasn't the small two inches. All the roughhousing with Arya, their bodies rubbing against each other in his attempt to pay her back, had turned it into four inches, pointed toward the girl's face.

Kim drew in a breath. Arya had already seen him like this, nothing to worry about. Then he heard a sharp breath and looked up. He'd forgotten about Andrea. The girl's mom stood near the foot of the bed, her eyes transfixing his erection.

With a speed that surprised even himself, Kim rolled off Arya and grabbed a pillow from the head of the bed, thrusting it over himself as he sat cross-

legged, his face a deep scarlet hue. He felt Andrea's eyes, still staring at him.

He stammered, "I, uh, mm, I'm s-sorry."

He couldn't stand that he'd failed Andrea. She'd told Kim she trusted him. And he'd messed up bigtime. He blinked back a tear, hating himself at that moment for ruining things between him and Arya.

In a soft voice, he said, "I'll get my stuff and head back to my place. I'm sorry for messing up."

Arya jolted up, her face etched with shock. Andrea sat on the bed, only a few inches between her and Kim, "Hold up, Kim. Why do you think you messed up?"

When he blinked this time, Kim felt a scalding tear slide down his face. "You told me you trusted me. And I screwed up."

Andrea took his hands that were pressing on the pillow and pulled. "Come here, Kim."

She kept tugging at him until he let her pull him onto her lap. Sitting there, his legs in front of him, with the pillow still strategically placed, the boy felt confused. Andrea was wearing just her swimsuit, and he could feel the fabric under his bottom and against his back.

Andrea put her arms around him and said, "You didn't screw up. And I'm not upset with you. Goodness, In some ways, Kim, you remind me of my first boyfriend. He was twelve, and many of my memories are of him trying to hide his stiffy in his shorts. Well, when he wasn't showing it to me, anyway."

Kim didn't know what to say or even how to feel. When he first realized Arya had seen his dick, the feeling had been one of delight. But that had turned into his personal hell when he realized Andrea saw it, too.

He didn't understand how to behave or what to do. "I don't know what to do. You told me you trusted Arya with me, and I thought that meant you wanted me to be good around her and make sure she's safe with me. And

that meant not doing things that could, um, make this happen. You know, because of, um, stuff.” he nodded toward his pillow covered erection.

“Ah,” Andrea sighed, “I see. I guess my chickens are coming home to roost.”

She beckoned her daughter to her, and Arya snuggled up to her right side as she grew silent.

The silence was loud in Kim’s ears. What chickens roosting had to do with his hard-on was a mystery. He was about to say something, anything to break the awkward silence when Andrea said, “I still trust you, Kim. Just as much as I trust Arya. But I don’t know if I can explain exactly what that trust looks like. And I’m probably the wrong person to ask, anyway. Because when I was your age, Kim, I had already been with Arya’s father.”

Kim craned his neck until he could see the young woman’s face. She wore a far-off expression. Arya said, “You never talk about him, Mom.”

Andrea shook her head, “No, I haven’t. I guess the reason is that he and I had sex for the first time when I was twelve, and he got me pregnant when I was fourteen, and he was...” her voice faded.

Kim realized he was older now than Andrea was when she had first had sex. The idea rocked his perception.

Then Andrea finished, “Twelve.”

Arya was the first to speak, “That means you and my father did, uh, sex stuff when he was ten?”

Andrea nodded, “And I was twelve.” She squeezed Kim’s chest in a hug, “So, I know what you guys are feeling because I’ve been there before.”

Kim had always liked Arya’s mom. And at that moment, as she bared a past she preferred to keep private, he felt incredibly close to Andrea. And understood her a little better, too. But it didn’t help him understand how to handle the trust she placed in him. He loved being with Arya and everything about the younger girl. From the intimacy of bathing her to the thrill and excitement of wrestling, and everything in between.

However, feeling the young woman’s arms wrapped around him, Kim felt a love from Andrea that made him want to be worthy of the trust she put in



him regarding Arya.

Andrea added, “Kim, I can tell that you want to know what my trust means. Because of my own experiences, it’s hard to explain. But you deserve an answer. I trust you to be Arya’s friend. I trust you to look after her. I trust you to be there for her. And because I trust you with Arya, I want the two of you to discover how you feel about each other. I’m not going to be shocked if I walk in on the two of you kissing. That’s part of discovering each other.”

Kim felt a weight lifting off his chest. There was still a lot of gray in understanding what Andrea meant by discovering more about how Arya made him feel, but she hadn’t been upset with him wrestling Arya’s swimsuit off.

Arya asked, “You’ve never talked about my daddy. Why?”

Andrea bit her lower lip as she glanced away. “I kind of wish you’d have waited to ask that one, Arya.”

The young girl kept looking up at her mom until Andrea said, “I was eleven when his mom asked me to babysit him and his younger sister. They were neighbors, and their mom and my mom were good friends. Anyway, his mom never thought he was responsible enough to stay home and babysit his little sister, so I kept babysitting them even while he and I were having sex. I had just learned I was pregnant when his dad got a job out of state, and they moved. When I finally told your grandma that I was pregnant, I never did tell her who your father was.”

Arya’s face was as serious as Kim had ever seen. “Oh. What did you like about him? Did he make you laugh?”

“Sometimes, Cory was sweet. He was thoughtful toward me and made me feel special. He was also good in school, and even though he was a couple of grades behind me, he even helped me with some of the math problems I was struggling with.”

Kim felt a kinship with Andrea’s first boyfriend. He saw himself in some of what she described and wondered if some of what Arya felt for him was

similar to Andrea's feelings for her first boyfriend. He asked, "How did it start between you?"

Andrea chuckled and shook her head, "We had been wrestling, and I let him climb on top of me. Then he kissed me and well, then stuff happened. But enough for now."

There was a hitch in her sigh before she said, "It's getting late. Arya, why don't you go first. I'll be in shortly to help. Then Kim can get his bath or shower after you."

Arya slid over to the end of the bed and said, "Is it okay if Kim gives me a bath?"

A ghost of a smile graced Andrea's lips as she nodded, "If he wants to, that's fine. I don't mind a break."

Kim's erection had subsided until the girl stood up. The top of her slit was visible, and his body responded with a twinge as it pushed against the pillow.

Arya was halfway toward the bathroom when she stopped and turned around, "If Kim wants, can we take our bath at the same time?"

The boy felt another twinge against the pillow. With everything Andrea had shared, he knew if she allowed it, he would agree.

Andrea glanced between the girl and Kim a few times before she said, "Let me talk to Kim for a couple of minutes. Why don't you go ahead and run the water?"

Once the door was closed, Andrea chuckled, "God, she's persistent. Don't let her pressure you, Kim."

Kim couldn't sort all of his emotions, but he found the younger girl's aggressiveness endearing. Still, he felt something between him and the twenty-four-year-old in whose lap he sat, and he desperately wanted her approval for what he felt for Arya. "I really like how Arya makes me feel, Andrea. I wouldn't mind taking a bath with her. But I like you and think the world of you and don't want to do anything that would make you not trust me."

Andrea pulled him into a hug and kissed the back of his neck, "You don't realize just how special you are, Kim. You're even more sensitive than Cory was. Arya is blessed to have you. I guess I am, too."

She sighed, "If things were different..."

Her voice drifted off, leaving Kim to wonder about how Andrea felt about him.

Before he could dwell more about her last comment, Andrea added wistfully, "I'm fine with the two of you bathing and showering together. I really do trust you, Kim."

Kim leaned back against Andrea, feeling a kinship for the young woman. It wasn't the same as he felt for Arya, but it was close. And there was a glimmer of understanding about the nature of her trust. Feeling the warmth of her covered chest against his back, Kim said, "Even though I'll probably have a lot of these?"

He lifted the pillow just enough to hint at his meaning.

Andrea dropped a hand to the pillow and pulled it away from his erection. Kim's dick twitched, exposed to her view. Part of him was terrified he had been wrong and that Andrea would be upset. But she held up the pillow for a while, just looking down at him. Finally, she lowered it back into place and said, "If Arya doesn't mind, then neither do I."

Hearing something in Andrea's voice, Kim, his heart racing at the implications of what the young woman had implied, stammered, "If it was just y-you?"

Andrea squeezed his chest before letting go, "Go on, Arya's waiting for you."

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Kim opened the door and saw Arya sitting on the toilet. She looked up at him pensively. "She said it was okay, right?"

The boy glanced back into the living room. Andrea grinned back at him and waved for him to close the door. He felt weird about what had just

happened, but as he closed the door and nodded, that mostly went away as he realized he was alone with Arya, and they were both naked.

The girl got up and said, "Does your dinky ever go down?"

Kim chuckled, "It was soft before we started wrestling."

Arya climbed into the tub and slid to the back, giving him plenty of room to join her. "You got excited because of me?"

It wasn't a question as much as a statement. He nodded. "Yeah. I hope it's okay. I can't really stop it from happening."

She gestured for him to sit in the tub. As he settled into the nearly-hot water, Arya said, "I think it's cute. Last time, you washed me, so now it's my turn."

Arya grabbed the loofah and motioned for Kim to turn around. He swiveled his butt around until he faced the front of the tub. The girl said, "Can you slide back? You're up too far."

He slid back until he felt Arya's legs sliding outside of his. Her toes brushed against his knee when he stopped. He felt the soft sponginess of the loofah as the girl scrubbed his shoulder blades. After a minute, he heard the loofah land in the water as Arya's fingers touched his back. "you used your fingers," she said. "I liked how it felt. What do you think?"

The girl's fingers were like tiny electrodes on his skin. Kim just nodded, "Um-hmm." Nothing else was necessary.

Arya's fingers went all the way to his pale butt cheeks, where they met the bottom of the tub. Then she slid forward and ran her hands around Kim's torso until he felt her smooth chest on his back. Now, Arya's hands, still slick with bodywash, rubbed across his chest. When she'd turned it into a field of white suds, her fingers drifted down, working on his belly.

The girl paused when her finger had barely brushed the base of Kim's dick. In the most hesitant voice he had yet to hear from Arya, she said, "You, um, you washed my kitty. Can I wash your dinky?"

Kim's body quivered with excitement. His dick twitched as it bobbed about in the air. Nodding, he said, "Okay."

Arya's fingers moved slowly downward, running down his smooth pubic area until she gently wrapped her fist around his erection. His dick felt alive as it tingled everywhere the girl's fingers touched.

After a moment, Arya whispered, "I've never touched a boy's dinky before. Am I doing it okay?"

Kim wanted her to move her hand up and down, and jack him off. He was close, so close to that special feeling he got every time he played with himself. But he didn't want to push Arya into doing anything else. Despite how new their friendship was, something told him that she would be the aggressor soon enough.

Of course, Arya's was the first hand to touch his dick that wasn't his own, and when he replied, his voice quivered, "Y-yeah. Super good. Do you think your mom will let us keep taking baths together?"

Arya squeezed his shaft a little, "Yeah. I think so. Do you want to wash me now?"

In a flurry of splashes and shifting around, Kim's legs now lay alongside Arya's as her back was to him. He ignored the loofah and drizzled bodywash over the girl's back. Her skin beneath his touch was smooth and perfect. And when he got to her butt, he ran his soapy fingers around her orbs, going so far as to slide a finger between the bottom of the tub and her butt cheek.

Once the girl's back was soapy, Kim mimicked Arya and slid his arms around her chest. He pulled her to him, closing a gap between their bodies. Now, her back pressed against his chest. More than that, though, Kim's dick lay flat against Arya's lower back and his pubic bone.

He felt a moment of pure delight when the girl gave a loud, happy sigh. And then he drizzled more of the bodywash on her chest. He couldn't help himself as he washed her. He played with and tweaked Arya's nipples, wondering how long it would be before her nipples, now no larger than his own, would eventually grow. One year? Two? He didn't know but fervently hoped he would get to see it happen.

The tingling Kim felt led him to rush past Arya's taut belly muscles. He didn't pause until the tip of his index finger touched the top of the girl's slit. When he heard her sharp intake, he felt horny. Even though he knew he should stop, he asked, "Can I play with your kitty?"

Arya giggled as she spread her legs a bit, "Please!"

Kim's finger slipped between the girl's immature puffy outer lips. Under his touch, he felt a little indentation and rubbed his finger there.

Arya went rigid and gasped. Worried about going too far, Kim pulled back, "Are you okay? Did I hurt you?"

The girl released a long, slow breath of air. "Uh, whatever you did, it felt really good. Can you do it again?"

Kim's finger slipped between Arya's lips and found that little indentation. Even though Arya gasped, she nodded for him to continue. His finger circled and pressed against it until Arya shuddered. Still worried, Kim pulled back, "Let's finish up. Okay?"

Arya's voice sounded sad as she agreed. Then as she stood up, her voice was earnest, "I do want to try that again next time, though."

## Chapter 6

The light from the kitchen was the first sign of morning as Kim cracked his eyes open. Andrea was drinking coffee. She wore the white blouse she usually wore to work. She faced the living room as she took a deep drink from the mug.

Kim didn't think he had moved, but her eyes found his, and she smiled. Coming around the bar that separated the kitchen from the living room, she whispered, "Going in to work the breakfast shift in a bit."

Kim, only slightly more awake than before, mumbled, "What time is it?"

Andrea leaned in, "About five thirty."

Kim bit back a groan. It was way too early for a Tuesday morning in the summer. A glance at Arya showed that she was still asleep. She had kicked off the covers at some point during the night. A hand was stuck into the panties, pulling them down a bit. The image of her sleeping, with her hand down the front of her underwear, made something stir inside the boy.

She snored lightly and shifted, turning her head away from Kim and Andrea. Before Kim knew what he was doing, his hand nearly touched the girl. When Andrea sat down beside him, Kim realized where his hand was, and pulled it back.

The young woman said, "I need to leave in a bit, but I saw the two of you sleeping in here. You looked so cute in here with the covers kicked off."

Kim had been so focused first on Andrea and then on Arya that he didn't realize he'd pushed the covers down past his knees, and his own white briefs were on display for the young woman. Worse, his morning wood made a tent at the front.

His first inclination was to cover his embarrassment. Then he glanced at Andrea's face and saw her staring at his underwear. The strange feeling from the night before came back, and he held off covering himself.

After a moment, Andrea's eyes drifted toward his face, "How was your bath last night?"

Kim felt himself flushing as his eyes drifted to his tented erection. "Um, it was nice, like you said."

Andrea put her hand onto the boy's chest, and Kim was certain she could feel the rapid beat of his heart. The young woman said, "Looks like you're going to be taking over the job of Arya's baths. I think you'll both enjoy it more than I did."

Although he loved the feel of Andrea's hand on his chest, it still left him wondering if she had feelings toward him. Part of him found the idea very intriguing. The rest of him only wanted to make Arya happy. He asked, "I'd like that. And you're really okay with Arya and me taking baths and showers together? I mean..." His eyes returned to his erection.

He could see more color in Andrea's cheeks as she nodded. Her hand slid to his belly and rubbed it there for a moment before running a finger along the hem of his underwear; in a pensive voice, she said, "I think you already know that both of us like your penis, Kim."

Andrea sat up as though she'd said too much. Flushing scarlet, she got to her feet and looked down at him, her eyes still lingering on his dick. Then, in a move that left him breathless, she leaned down and kissed him on the lips.

Before he could decide how he felt about Andrea's kiss, she was out the door.

Baffled by Andrea's behavior, Kim lay back down. He rolled onto his side, and as he closed his eyes, Arya murmured, "She likes you, too."

Kim moved over next to the girl and whispered, "What's that?"

A soft snore was the only reply Kim received. Uncertain what to make things, Kim closed his eyes. A moment later, he didn't care. He was asleep.

Something tickled, although what it was, the boy didn't know. It was still dark in the living room when he felt the same thing again. He batted his eyes open. The room was still bathed in darkness. He felt a tickle, and now he saw Arya's back was inches away from his chest, and he realized her backside had grazed his underwear.



Kim craned his neck and looked at the DVD player. The digital display showed 6:58. He didn't really want to get up, not when Arya was so close to him. After a moment, he realized he wasn't going to fall back asleep, so he thought it might be fun to hold the girl while she slept on. When his hand touched her shoulder, Arya mumbled, "Hmmm, hold me."

The boy inched his body forward until his chest rested against Arya's back. He slid his arm across her chest. And tried to ignore his dick, which was still hard, but now pressing against Arya's backside. Although sleep eluded him, the boy enjoyed the tingling on his chest, where their bodies met.

He wasn't sure how long he'd held Arya when she snuggled up even closer to him. "Hug me, Kim," she murmured.

Glad to hear the girl's voice, the boy slid his other arm under her and wrapped his arms around her in a tight hug. It also had the effect of pushing, even more, his dick against her backside.

Arya wiggled her backside, which made Kim's dick feel even better. The girl said, "Your dinky's stiff."

Kim murmured, "I can move it, if you want."

The girl wiggled again, "Only if you move it closer."

Kim wiggled against her, "I'm about as close as I can get."

Arya stopped wiggling and said, "Can I see it again?"

"My dick?"

Arya giggled, "That's a gross name. But yeah, your dinky."

Kim let go of the girl and lay on his back while Arya propped herself up on an elbow with a smile on her face. He pulled his underwear down below his knees when he realized he hadn't grown nervous exposing himself to the girl. He kicked the underwear off and said, "Whatcha think?"

Arya's fingers touched his erection, "I like how hard it gets."

Kim grinned at her, "I like how it feels when you touch it."

The girl traced her finger around his glans, "I saw something online where a man moved his, um, dinky until some white stuff came out. Can you do that?"

"I can't make the white stuff come out, not yet."

Arya said, "Oh, the video made it seem like its something that you could do."

Kim didn't know why he felt embarrassed. After all, Arya liked him just the way he was. But it still grated that he was so far behind other boys his own age. But the innocent look the girl gave him made his frustration seep away. He said, "Once I hit puberty, it'll happen."

Arya touched his ballsack, "When will that happen?"

The tingling in Kim's balls made him feel good. "I don't know. Most boys my age have already had it happen. I hope it happens soon."

Arya circled the base of his shaft with a finger and thumb, "Me too. That man in the video looked like he liked it a lot."

Kim laughed, "I bet. I can still have just as much fun, Arya. I just don't make a mess yet."

Arya leaned against him, "Oh, can I see?"

When Kim grabbed his dick in his hand, the girl let go. She stared at him as he stroked up and down on his thin four-inch dick. The tingling in his dick was powerful. Spending as much time as he had over at the Tylers', Kim hadn't masturbated in several days.

His fist was sliding up and down, again and again, as the pleasant tingling increased. Then it happened. His butt cheeks clenched as his dick spasmed in his hand. Euphoria washed over him as he kept pumping. His dick jerked in his hand a few more times as he felt his orgasm start to fade.

When he let go, he said, "I guess there's not much to see, but that felt really good."

Arya's hand reached out, and her touch almost hurt at the intense feeling. "Ah, it's sensitive. Give it a few minutes."

The girl's eyes were wide, "Wow, I saw your dinky bouncing all around. Was that your good feeling?"

He dipped his head, "Yep. That's what it looks like when a boy has an orgasm."

"Orgasm," Arya repeated. Then she added, "And when you are older, that white stuff comes out when you, uh, orgasm?"

"Yeah. But it still feels good now."

Arya said, "Did you know that girls also have good feelings?"

Kim sat up. He hadn't thought that Arya, at nine, would know anything about how girls masturbated. He said, "You know how to do it?"

A deep red settled across her cheeks as she bit her lower lip and nodded. "I caught Mom doing it in her bed one night. Then I figured it out for myself. Do you want to see?"

Kim nodded and then watched the girl as she pulled her panties down and tossed them on the floor. Arya spread her legs, wider than Kim had seen before, and she put her finger into her puffy slit.

Her eyes slid closed as the girl's finger pushed into her small pussy hole. Although Kim had watched a couple of videos online, he'd never seen a girl fingering herself before, not in real life. After a couple of minutes of steady fingering, Arya's breathing became ragged, and then she pulled her finger out. Kim wasn't sure if she'd actually orgasmed, but she was smiling as she held up a slick finger.

Either way, Kim was still as hard as he'd been earlier. He was even playing with his dick again, enjoying the slight tingling he felt along his shaft.

Arya said, "Next time, if you want, I'll let you play with my kitty and give me good feelings."

Kim stopped playing with himself and said, "I want you to play with my dick, er, dinky, too."

The girl rolled off the bed, "I gotta pee. After breakfast, do you want to play my PS four?"

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Kim dropped the controller and said, "I give up."

Arya laughed, "Girls rule, boys drool!"

The boy leaned over the bed, his body resting against Arya's, and rooted around for a different game. "What about Onrush? We haven't played that yet?"

Before he could eject one game cartridge and insert another, Andrea looked up from the table. A laptop was open, and she had a harried look. She had told them earlier to let her alone while she paid some bills. Now, she said, "No more games until you guys get cleaned up."

Arya groaned, "Aww, Mom. I was kicking butt!"

Kim stuck out his tongue at Arya. In fact, he was relieved. The game he'd just suggested was another racing game, and the girl had an uncanny ability to kick his ass on most games like that. Even though only a week had passed since he'd practically moved in with Andrea and Arya, he wasn't looking forward to his dad's return the next day.

The boy pulled his shirt off and said, "Andrea, can I stay over tomorrow night, too?"

The young woman almost looked relieved to get her nose out of the numbers on her screen, "But your dad's going to be home. You know he'd like to spend some time with you?"

Kim gave her a baleful eye as he pulled his shorts down, "Really? Fine. If he says it's okay, can I?"

Andrea got up and came over. She sat on the end of the bed and pulled him onto her lap. "There are two things you should know. First, you are your dad's son. If he wants to spend time with you, then that's what you need to do."

Kim sighed; it's about what he expected.

Then Andrea wrapped her arms around his chest and hugged him close, "And two, you don't have to ask to stay over here. Right Arya?"

Arya was pulling her shorts down when she looked up and said, "Right. You're the best thing to happen to us."

Andrea nodded, "If you want to stay over here every night throughout the rest of the summer and your dad's okay with it, then that's what you'll do."

She glanced over at Arya, who had just shimmied out of her underwear. "Why don't you two go ahead and get cleaned up. I've got a bit more to do before I'm done."

Kim slid off her lap. It still felt weird to get undressed in front of the young woman, not least because of the way she looked at him when he was naked. He pulled his underwear down, feeling Andrea's eyes on him as he led Arya into the bathroom.

Once the door was shut, he turned to Arya and said, "You've taken showers with your mom, right?"

She nodded, "Yeah. You wanna shower?"

Kim's head bobbed up and down, "Yeah."

Standing next to a naked Arya, long before the water was the right temperature, his dick grew out to its four thin inches. She glanced down and grinned, "I really make your dinky stiff?"

The boy grinned back, "Yeah, you do."

Once they were in the tub with the shower blasting warm water down on them, Kim pushed Arya under the spray, "You get wet first, and I'll wash you."

A moment later, Arya stepped out from the direct blast of water, and Kim squeezed out dribbles of bodywash on the girl's back and front. He completely ignored the loofah, letting his fingers touch her back, rubbing the wash into her skin, turning it into a sudsy lather.

When he got to the girl's butt, he was able to glide his slick fingers over both of her small globes of flesh. Arya said, "Oh, that's nice."

He finished her back by quickly lathering her legs and then turned Arya around to work on her front. By now, the bodywash had streaked down her

body. Kim enjoyed starting on her chest, playing with her tiny nipples until they protruded a bit. And then he hurried through the rest of her torso. Kneeling before Arya, Kim pushed a solitary finger through her puffy lips.

He hadn't been able to shake the image he still had in his mind when he had watched her finger herself. The more he replayed the image, the more he doubted that she'd managed an orgasm. With that thought in his mind, his soapy finger slid under the tiny clitoral hood and touched her sensitive, immature clit.

Much to Kim's delight, Arya pushed her pelvis forward as she gave a nearly imperceptible moan. With his other hand, Kim slipped another finger between her inner lips. He felt his dick twinge as he found her tiny hole. Sliding around, his finger was almost instantly slick with the girl's juices, and he slid the digit up to the first knuckle into her pussy. Arya's moan was a bit louder, but still only something he could hear.

Twisting around and moving it in and out a bit, Kim managed to slide his index finger all the way into Arya up to the third knuckle. He glanced up and saw a dreamy grin on the girl's face. He pulled the finger almost all the way out before pushing it as far in as it would go. The next time he did it, he used his finger on his other hand to slide over the girl's clit.

Both hands were wet with the girl's juices as Arya's moans grew a bit louder. When she said, "This feels different. My tummy is tingling, and I feel... oh, wow. That felt..."

Her voice trailed off as she leaned against the tile wall. All the while, Kim's fingers either plunged in and out of her pussy or rubbed her clit. Then it happened. Arya bit her lower lip and shuddered. Through clenched teeth, she moaned loud enough that Kim worried Andrea might hear.

The boy pulled his hands out of Arya's pussy as she slid down into the bathtub. After a long moment listening for Andrea, Kim breathed a sigh of relief and sat down beside Arya. He leaned in, putting an arm around her, "Are you okay?"

She dragged in a ragged breath and nodded. She smiled up at him, "I've been doing it wrong, haven't I?"

Kim shrugged, "I don't know. But that was an orgasm."

Arya nodded, "That was fun. I wanna do it again."

"Me, too. I liked watching your face, and how you were feeling."

Arya got to her feet, "I think you liked playing with my kitty even more. My turn to wash you now."

The girl's efforts to wash Kim were similar to his own. When she got to his dick, the girl gripped it and said, "Let me see if I've got it right."

Kim felt himself lean against the tile, just like Arya before. His knees were weak as the tingling grew throughout the length of his erection. Even though Arya's strokes were inexperienced and uneven, the feeling growing in his dick was better than anything he'd felt using his own hand. And before he knew it, his knees buckled as his hips thrust forward. The intensity of the pleasurable wave washed over him, making his dick spasm in Arya's hand.

She leaned over him and said with a huge grin, "That one, I think I did right."

Chuckling, Kim nodded, "Yeah. You made me feel really good."

By now, the water coming from the shower was getting cool, and Kim cut the water off. Arya leaned into him and said, "That was a lot of fun."

She glanced down at the water draining out of the tub before she looked back up contemplatively. "Um, would I need to do something different for you to, mmm, be my boyfriend?"

Kim's eyes scanned the girl's face. Gone were any traces of humor. Kim was stunned. Even though he was learning so much about Arya and her mom, because of how badly delayed his development was, he'd just assumed that he wouldn't get the joy of a girlfriend until his body caught up with the other boys in his grade.

He heard the hesitation in his own voice, "You want more than being my best friend?"

Arya nodded, "Don't you? The way you touched me. How I touched you. If I'm your girlfriend, then we can do even more stuff together, right?"

Kim wasn't sure the girl's logic was on target. But he didn't care. The idea of having a girlfriend touched something deep inside the boy. Instead of answering, he leaned forward until his lips found Arya's. The kiss was awkward, as Arya was still trying to get the hang of what to do with her lips. When their lips parted, Kim said, "You don't need to do anything different to be my girlfriend. It'll just like being best friends, except we can kiss and hold hands even when your mom sees it."

Arya leaned in and kissed the boy before saying, "Okay, but I want to do more than just kiss. I want that feeling again."

They dried off, and before Kim could open the door, Arya grabbed his arm and pulled him into another hug. He loved the feel of their chests touching. And even better, his dick pushed upward against the girl's smooth pubic mound. More kisses meant more hugging. And more hugging meant he got to touch Arya's body even more.

When Kim followed Arya back into the living room, Andrea was still at the small dining table. He felt the young woman's eyes on him as he crossed over to the bed. Kim was still trying to figure out what he could get away with in Andrea's presence, so he climbed on the bed, still naked and stretched out.

Arya sidled up next to him and lay down, just as naked as he was. At this point, Andrea closed the notebook and said, "You kids have any idea how distracting you are?"

Arya shrugged, "You've seen me naked plenty of times."

Chuckling, Andrea got up from the table, "True. I was mostly looking at Mr. Erector next to you."

Kim glanced down. He knew Andrea was right, and for reasons he was still sorting through, he didn't particularly care anymore if she saw his erection.

Arya said, "You need a break, Mom. You should take a bath."

Andrea yawned, "I should, but you guys probably used all the hot water."

She came over and sat on the end of the bed. Kim could feel her gaze resting on him. Part of him that the boy was learning to ignore felt



uncomfortable with the look the twenty-four-year-old gave him. After all, she was Arya's mom. Another part felt guilty because the feelings he and Arya shared were real. The last part, the part he knew he needed to ignore, enjoyed knowing that Andrea liked his body. Every girl in the seventh grade had given him the cold shoulder for the past year. And now, in addition to Arya, this young woman found him desirable!

Kim didn't want to think about any of that right then. He said, "Get all the bills paid?"

Andrea ran her fingers through her hair and nodded, "Yeah. That extra money your dad gave for groceries really helped."

Arya said, "Oh, no. Not money stuff. Let's put something on TV, you can watch it with us, until there's more hot water."

Kim nodded and moved out of the center of the bed, "Yeah. We'll make space."

Andrea chuckled, "Watching TV with two beautiful, naked kids. I don't know about that."

Arya blew raspberries, "We used to watch them with me. My boyfriend bothering you?"

The silly way she dragged out boyfriend was a stark contrast to the girl's earnest request in the bathroom.

Andrea scooted onto the bed, into the space between the boy and girl. As she turned around and leaned against the sofa back, she drawled, "Ohhh, so Kim's your boyfriend now?"

Arya gave an exaggerated head-dip, "Of course, after all, we kissed!"

Kim didn't know what to make of the byplay.

Andrea said, "Oh, so that's all it takes is kissing a boy?"

Arya giggled and coyly said, "Well, kissing Kim."

Andrea reached her arm around Kim's shoulders and pulled him against her chest, "So, if I kissed Kim, wouldn't he be my boyfriend?"

Kim felt the cotton fabric of Andrea's shirt against his skin. Already erect, he felt a twinge between his legs at the contact.

Arya also reached her arm around Kim's back. Her voice bubbled, "Nope. He's mine. I call dibs."

The girl's soft skin, bare against his, nearly drove the boy to distraction, albeit an enjoyable one. He couldn't help wondering where Arya and Andrea's interaction would go. As long as Arya enjoyed herself, he was content to play a passive role.

Arya's eyes widened for a split second, and she leaned around Kim. Her voice was softly inquisitive, "Do you want to kiss Kim?"

Kim felt Andrea's body flinch. There was a long pause before she spoke. To Kim, the playful tone in her voice sounded forced. "Oh, sweetie, he's your boyfriend. After all, you did call dibs."

Arya smiled thoughtfully. "I never thought you might like him, too."

Andrea tensed up, "You think I like your boyfriend?" She stressed in the same whimsical tone as before.

Arya, though, to Kim's mind, was looking at her mom differently than before. She whispered, "I think so."

Kim felt the tension. He'd felt something with Andrea almost every time they shared a moment. While the smile on Arya's face had faded, the thoughtful expression remained.

Finally, Andrea said, "Maybe a bit. Kim's a very beautiful boy, especially when he's wearing his current attire."

Arya shook her head, "Attire?"

Kim interjected, "When I'm naked." Then his mind worked through the rest of the young woman's words, and he stuttered, "Y-you t-think I'm beautiful?"

The two Tyler women, one twenty-four, the other nine, chimed, "Yes."

Andrea and Arya both laughed, and the building tension defused like a balloon popping. Kim felt it; his laughter was filled with relief. Before, if

anyone had called him beautiful, he might have taken it as an insult. From Andrea, it didn't feel like it.

He looked at the young woman, "Why do you think I'm beautiful?"

He saw Arya staring at her mom, waiting for the young woman's response. "I guess you won't accept I just do, will you?"

Kim smiled as he saw Arya shake her head along with him. "You know I was fourteen when I got pregnant. Even though Cory was just twelve years old, the reason I was with him wasn't just because I was babysitting him and his sister. No, it was because he was kind to me. Always sweet and thoughtful. He practically worshiped the ground I walked on. And, Kim, you remind me of him in how you treat Arya. And like you, he also had brown hair and a smile that could melt my heart."

She sighed, a faraway look in her eye, "The two of you are so much alike it's almost painful to watch. The only difference, at twelve, he was just as tall as me at fourteen. That's where Arya gets her height. I've tried to recapture that in the guys I've dated over the years, but I concluded that Cory was one-of-a-kind. That is until I met you. And now it's my daughter, not me, that gets to discover a boy that is worth keeping."

The young woman wiped at her eyes, and Kim wasn't sure what to do. While he longed to reach out and kiss away Andrea's tears, her words galvanized within him the realization he wanted to be Arya's boyfriend. To be the boy who so captivated her heart that she would give herself to him the same way Andrea had to Cory a decade earlier.

A hand, nearly the same size as his own, squeezed Kim's. It was, in a way, Arya's permission to respond to Andrea's heart-wrenching declaration. Still uncertain, and out of his depth, Kim leaned against Andrea and kissed her cheek. He said, "I think you're beautiful, too."

Tears fell from Andrea's face as she said, "Thanks, Kim. A girl likes to know when a guy finds her beautiful."

His arm was already draped behind her back, and he gave her a one-armed hug, "I just hope I'm good enough for Arya."

"You are, Kim," Andrea said as she dabbed at her eyes.

“And,” Kim said with a note of hesitation, “If things were different, I’d hope that I would have been as good to you as Cory.”

Andrea gave him another hug, her scalding tears splashing on his shoulders. Even Arya reached around the boy, hugging both him and her mother.

After a bit, the young woman pulled her arm from around Kim and said, “I should get on to bed.” Then her eyes returned to Kim’s crotch, and she added, “Who would have known? It does get soft.”

Kim glanced down, and his dick was its normal flaccid size. When Arya laughed, his own taut emotions needed release, and he joined in the laughter.

A moment later, Andrea was off the bed, and after blowing a final good-night kiss at them, she closed the door to her bedroom. Kim felt a sense of loss when the door closed behind her as well as relief. He glanced at Arya, who was still staring at the door. He moved across the bed until he snuggled against the girl.

Kim heard Arya’s sigh of discontentment. He didn’t know how to help Andrea. Instead, he leaned in and planted a kiss on the younger girl.

After a moment, the girl’s eyes were on Kim as her lips responded. She threw her arms around his neck and said, “hold me, please!”

Kim’s arms slid around her waist, and he pulled her to him. Perhaps it wasn’t fair to Andrea, but he pushed thoughts of her aside and put everything into holding his nine-year-old girlfriend.

After a moment, Arya wiggled against him and his dick, erect again, slid between her legs. The girl gasped as the top of him pushed against her puffy lips. The boy felt a familiar tingling and pulled back with his hips until his erection smacked back into his belly, free from the narrow place between the girl’s legs.

Arya reached down and took hold of him, “Again, Kim. I want to feel that again.”

After everything he'd learned this evening, Kim felt something primal within him, and he needed Arya to know that he was hers, and only hers. He pushed his dick down until he felt her slit again. Instead of going below it, he slowly rocked forward, pushing between her puffy lips.

The girl's breath hitched as his erection slid across her clit. He slid forward, feeling the soft inner lips that were moist with Arya's juices. He stopped when he felt himself push against her small hole. He slid back, letting his glans drag along the inner lips until he almost pulled out from her slit.

Arya wrapped her legs around him and pushed her head against his neck as he pushed forward again until he reached her hole. Feeling the girl's heartbeat against his chest, he wanted her. To join with her. Kim pushed, and his slick, small mushroom of a head slid within the incredibly snug confines of her narrow walls.

Arya gasped, "Ahhh. You're in me!"

Kim slid in another inch, and the girl let slip a small moan as her arms gripped his neck, and her legs constricted around his backside. When Arya tightened her legs, she pushed him in the remaining inches, grinding her bare pubic mound against Kim's.

"Arrrgghhh," she moaned. Involuntarily, Kim's eyes swung over to Andrea's door.

Every little bit of his dick was trapped inside Arya's tiny pussy. Kim couldn't help wondering if he'd have been able to fit inside of her if he were much older. His penis wasn't anywhere close to an inch thick. Barely bigger than his middle finger.

The door to Andrea's room remained closed, and after letting himself adjust to Arya's tight confines, Kim gradually pulled his dick out until he felt his head about to pop out. Then, with more force than before, he pushed all the way back in.

Arya trembled against him, her lips pressed against his neck. The power of her leg muscles around his butt created resistance when he rocked back on his hips, and his dick didn't come close to popping out before her legs pushed on his butt, grinding his pubic bone against hers.

Kim's mind was overloaded. The girl's too-tight hole constricted on his dick. But her juices coated him completely, and the friction between them almost wasn't there. Except she was really tight. He pulled back, his dick tingling all over, the cool air felt good on his shaft. Then Arya's legs pulled at him, and he shot forward, slamming into her. The wetness on her mound made a slapping sound when their bodies came together.

He groaned, "Arggh." He felt that pressure building at the base of his dick and knew he wouldn't last much longer. That didn't stop him from sliding back out again. The pressure on his backside from the girl's legs was different than he'd thought sex would be. On the videos he'd watched, the man lay on top, pounding down on the woman. He and Arya clung to each other, on their sides. He'd never thought a girl could control things unless she were on top. He had seen those videos, too.

But Arya controlled his thrusts with her legs. Even though Kim started by penetrating her, the way she forced him back inside her with each thrust confirmed that she wanted him inside her just as much as he wanted to be there.

The tingling was almost unbearable when he rocked backward. Just at the right moment before his dick would have popped out, Arya squeezed her legs with so much force that the plopping sound of their bodies smacking together filling the quiet room. And pushed Kim over the edge. He shoved himself as deep as he could as his hips gyrated, and his dick spasmed inside Arya's tightness.

The shockwaves radiating into her from his spasming dick must have done something in her; Arya's entire body convulsed. Kim couldn't believe she could hold onto him any tighter, but she did as she wordlessly moaned into his shoulder, "AHHHHHH!"

Kim clung to Arya as his body came down off the most intense orgasm he'd had in all his thirteen years. He opened his eyes and looked into Arya's, just inches away from his. Her face was covered in sweat as her lips curved into a smile. She leaned forward and kissed him. This time, her lips were a bit less awkward, as they learned what to do when pressed against Kim's.

When she broke the kiss, her face went back against his neck. She whispered, "Oh, that's what it feels like."

Kim's face was set in a perpetual grin, "I didn't hurt you when I went inside you, did I?"

She shook her head, "No. You're bigger than my fingers, but not too big."

Still feeling the girl's indescribable tightness, Kim shifted his hips to pull out. Before he finished, Arya's legs clamped down on his butt, burying his erection inside her. "No, don't move. I feel like you and me are one when you're in me. I don't want that feeling to stop, not yet."

Kim's dick twinged. His erection didn't flag. He was every bit as hard now as he was when he first pushed into the girl's tightness.

After a moment, Arya pulled her head back far enough for Kim to see her eyes in the room's near darkness. She said, "I'm glad you're my boyfriend. I...um, I..."

Kim, feeling the girl's heart pounding in her chest, sensed what she was trying to say. The space between them was full of their emotions. Despite the confusion of earlier, when Andrea had joined them on the bed, Kim knew what he felt for Arya was real. He finished what she was trying to say, "I love you, too."

Arya blushed at the words and kissed him again. When the kiss ended, she said, "I wanna go again. Can we?"

Kim's dick twinged in reply. The boy nodded.

Arya pushed and said, "I want to try something I saw once. I want to be on top."

Kim rolled onto his back when the girl's legs finally unwound from around him. He propped himself up on a pillow as the girl climbed onto him. She must have been lucky. When she settled down on him, his dick slid back into her stretched opening.

When Arya was fully impaled on Kim, she leaned forward and kissed him again. "Hold me," she said.

Kim complied, his arms wrapped around her back as her chest pressed against his. Even though her hole had stretched, letting him enter her almost effortlessly, she was still incredibly tight, as she lay on his chest.

After a moment, she said, "When did you realize that Mom was in love with you?"

Kim was taken aback by the question. He had pushed aside his confusion about Andrea and being inside Arya, he wasn't sure he wanted to think about the girl's mom.

Arya prodded, "It's okay. I'm not mad or anything. I know you love me, and that's all that matters. It's just that I didn't realize she likes you, uh, you know, like this."

Kim shifted his hips just enough to feel his dick slide inside the girl. Still, the look on Arya's face wasn't to be denied. He shrugged, "I don't know. I should have guessed something was up on your birthday. When I told her I didn't know how to kiss a girl, well, she showed me how."

Arya's eyes grew round, "No way," there was no heat in her voice. Just surprise. "I really liked it when you kissed me. And Mom showed you how..." her voice trailed off.

Kim moved one hand from the girl's back to her hair, "She may have shown me how, but you're the one I wanted to kiss."

Proving it, the boy's lips brushed against the girl's. Arya moaned against his mouth when she slid up against Kim's body, letting the boy's dick move inside her. "I know. But she wants to kiss you some more. I could see it."

Kim moved his pelvis, sliding in and out. It was hard to think about anything other than the incredible feeling of being inside this marvelous young girl who loved him. Still, he managed, "I've given myself to you."

He rocked under her, "I'm giving myself to you, my love."

He pushed his pelvis up, grinding against her labia. "I'll give myself over and over, as long as you'll let me."

Arya sat up and used her knees and legs to move up and down on the boy. "I can't believe how lucky I am, Kim. I mean, your dad is on the road all the



time, and you're practically living with us, sleeping with me all the time."

She bottomed out on him, grinding herself against his pubic bone. When she quit moving, she said, "I feel guilty about Mom, though. I found you, and she's got...nothing."

Kim gyrated under the girl's body, feeling his dick move around in her tight space. "Maybe we can set her up with my dad."

Arya lay forward again and kissed his lips. "Doofus. Mom isn't interested in your dad. She's interested in you."

Kim sighed, lying still under the girl, "I don't know how we can fix that, Arya. I'm your boyfriend, not hers."

The girl kissed him again, "I like to hear you say that—a lot. I don't know. Maybe when we're watching a movie with her, you could, I don't know... kiss her."

Kim's dick twitched, "You want me to kiss your mom?"

Arya shrugged and sat back up and moved up and down. For a bit, thoughts about Andrea faded away as Kim focused on the feeling the girl gave him as she slid up and down. The tingling in his dick grew slowly. After all, he's just dry cummed less than fifteen minutes earlier. Arya began moaning within her throat, and before long, she shuddered as she pounded down on his pelvis. Kim could feel the rise of his own orgasm just a few beats away, and he reached up and grabbed the girl's hips and rocked under her, sliding in and out as fast as he could.

Arya threw her head back as a keening noise came from her throat. It was low, but in the quiet of the night, it sounded loud to the boy as his own orgasm washed over him. He arched his back, shoving every bit of his four inches into Arya as his hips shook, and his dick kicked around inside of her, firing off blanks.

When their orgasms faded for a second time, Arya, still straddling his middle, lay on his chest and, in a tired voice, said, "I don't want to see my mom unhappy. Not when I feel so wonderful. If kissing you will make her feel better, then, yeah. I want you to kiss her."

Kim felt his body relaxing. His dick finally slid out from Arya. He yawned, "Are you sure?"

She nodded, reacted to his yawn with one of her own, "Of course, I'll be there beside you..."

Kim waited for her to finish. After a moment, he said, "Arya?"

Her only response was a soft snore. It was a long time before sleep came to Kim. He couldn't shake the idea of kissing Andrea.

## Chapter 7

Andrea picked up her phone and pressed the icon on the screen, turning the alarm off. She was due at work by ten. Still, she wanted time to take a long, leisurely bath, drink a mug of coffee, and not feel rushed.

Swinging her legs out of bed, her conversation with Arya and Kim came back to her, and she groaned, “Oh, God, did I really say I wanted to kiss Kim?”

She stood up and then sat down, uncertain if she should go into the living room and tell the kids to forget about last night, that it was a mistake. Sure, she thought, just as soon as she could relieve the pressure on her bladder.

She opened her door and glanced into the living room. The thick, heavy curtains blocked out any sunlight, and the room was almost pitch-black. Padding across the short hall to the bathroom, Andrea closed the door and turned on the light. She thought about getting a bath first, but first things first. She pulled her panties down and sat on the toilet. The steady stream felt good as the pressure lessened and then disappeared.

She glanced at the bathtub. She wanted to soak, maybe think about some way to explain to Kim that she didn’t really want a kiss. It was all just a misunderstanding. She could tell him she understood his feelings for Arya and would give them their space. But, next on the list was coffee. She pulled up her panties and made sure her T-shirt covered her breasts and headed over to the kitchen.

She flipped on the light in the kitchen and grabbed one of the coffee-pods. The Keurig was always ready to satisfy her craving for coffee, and she set the coffee mug under the dispenser. All she needed to do was wait a couple of minutes, and she could satisfy at least one craving.

While her coffee brewed, the young woman came around the bar into the living room. The light from the kitchen reached the bed. Arya had never put any panties on and was asleep on her back, her legs open. Kim, just as naked as her daughter, was snuggled up next to her, on his side. An arm stretched protectively across the girl’s chest as the boy slept.

One of Kim's legs rested on top of Arya's right leg. Andrea nearly gasped when she saw his penis, erect and laying a couple of inches below the girl's waist. More than that, Andrea noticed. It was just a couple of inches away from Arya's slit.

While the kids looked peaceful in their sleep, there was a familiarity in how they snuggled that Andrea hadn't seen in the two weeks that Kim had slept over every night. Moving as quietly as she could, the young woman leaned over the sleeper sofa's mattress. Kim's erection has a splotchy white film on it in places. Had he cum during the night?

Even though Kim was thirteen, he had the development of a much younger boy, and Andrea honestly thought an emission was beyond his little balls' ability to produce. Then she saw Arya's puffy labia. It was red and inflamed. Andrea recalled the first time she had fucked Cory, how her vagina had ached for a couple of days afterward. Her pussy had looked just like Arya's.

Andrea gasped and retreated into the kitchen. Her emotions were a riot of confusion as she realized the whiteness on Kim's erection was something her daughter's body produced when sexually aroused. There was a quiet beep, alerting the young woman that her coffee was ready, and she grabbed it and turned out the light, throwing the whole of the living room back into near darkness.

Still, she leaned against the countertop, troubled. The mother in her knew she needed to stop this. Kids weren't supposed to do things like this. She had a duty to stop it. She took a sip of the near-scalding coffee and sighed. She had been deflowered by Cory when he was only ten. Just a year older than Arya. And Kim, even though he was thirteen, physically, he was less developed than Andrea had been at twelve.

She retreated back into the bathroom, where she turned on the water. She pulled her panties down and pulled off the T-shirt. Now she was just as naked as the two children in the next room. She waited until the water was full, steam rising from it. The water was hot, just how she liked it. And as she slid into it, she sighed as the heat seeped into her skin.

She closed her eyes, savoring the moment. She saw an image of Cory at twelve. He was on top of her, shoving his four-inches into her eager pussy.

Before she knew it, her fingers were running over the stubble of her bush. She'd shaved it when she started going to the pool with the kids a few weeks earlier. The idea of pubes poking out from her swimsuit hadn't appealed to her, and she'd only been too happy to watch her bush disappear down the bathtub drain.

She liked how there really wasn't any hair to get between her fingers and her clit, as she pushed a couple of fingers into her slit. She could see Cory's beautiful smile as he leaned over her. In Andrea's mind, he was making love to her the time he put his seed into her womb. He gently rested his torso on his elbows as he slid in and out of her, all the while telling her how much he loved her.

As the pressure between her legs increased, the image in her head shifted. Instead of Cory's face floating over her as he pushed his hard cock inside her, it morphed. Now, the image of Kim floated over her. Gone was her fourteen-year-old body getting fucked by her twelve-year-old lover. She was herself now. Twenty-four. And Kim lay between her legs, pounding away at her pussy with his slender four inches.

Andrea moaned, "Kim!" as her body shook, wave after wave of pleasure washing over her as her fingers pushed against her clit. She couldn't shake the image of the boy in the other room, leaning over her, thrusting himself into her.

She yanked her hands from between her legs and opened her eyes, pushing away the intimate image of Kim. In that horrible moment, she knew she had no moral authority to talk to Arya and Kim about what they'd done the previous night. How the hell could she? From the time she had been twelve until she became pregnant at fourteen, she had lost count of the number of times Cory fucked her.

Sometimes when Andrea masturbated, she felt the sexual high of her orgasm linger and make her day better. Today, though, there was no afterglow, only shame. Kim was perfect for Arya, even though four years separated them. But he was also everything Andrea had found in Cory. And it was wrong for her to feel these kinds of feelings for Kim.

She pulled the plug on the tub when the water became tepid. She was no closer to knowing how to handle the situation than when she'd stepped into the bathtub. What she would be, was late to work if she didn't get a move on.

She dressed and was heading toward the front door with a few minutes to spare. She paused and looked back. Light from the open door filtered into the room. A sliver fell on Kim, bathing the sleeping boy in a halo of light. She locked the front door and closed it, sighing unhappily. She had hoped the morning would bring clarity. A crystal-clear path forward. Instead, Andrea didn't know what she would do the next time there was an intimate moment with the boy.

## Chapter 8

The asphalt under his feet was still warm as Kim hurried across the parking lot, following Arya's shapely bikini-clad backside. When he reached the grass near the entrance to the pool, he turned. Andrea was slowly making her way across the parking lot.

As he reached Arya, he said, "She's been like that all week. Am I wrong to feel so good about stuff when your mom is unhappy?"

Arya's fingers intertwined with his. "I know. Every night you've made me feel really good and happy. Maybe tonight, when we finish playing, we can go over to her. Maybe you can, uh, you know..."

Kim shrugged. Having sex with Arya made everything between them more comfortable. Except for her mom. Trying to make Andrea feel better with a kiss seemed likely to create as many problems as it fixed, and Kim disliked problems. Even one that let him kiss Andrea with her daughter's blessing.

He hurried over to the gate to the pool area and keyed in the passcode. Almost nine in the evening, and they were alone, as was nearly always the case this late in the evening. Kim waited for Arya to drop her towel onto a lounge chair and dropped his next to hers.

The girl giggled as she looked into his eyes. Kim thought she might take his hand. Instead, she touched his chest and said, "You're it," before running to the edge of the pool and folding herself into a cannonball on her way into the water.

Her touch on his chest, though meant in jest, made Kim tingle below, and he wasted no time following her into the water. He did a shallow dive and swam underwater until he saw Arya's legs. Kicking his legs through the water, Kim grabbed Arya and pulled her under.

When the girl surfaced, she spat some water out of her mouth and said, "My turn now!"

Arya was on him like a lioness, climbing up his torso as Kim backpedaled. The girl's weight soon pushed him beneath the surface. But even as Kim let his weight take him toward the bottom of the pool, the girl hadn't let go.

Now, though, her arms were around his neck as her face was inches away from his own. She pressed her lips against his as his butt touched the concrete bottom.

Kim's arms reached around the girl, and he returned the kiss. It was over too soon, as his lungs protested the lack of oxygen.

He surfaced just after Arya's head bobbed above the water. She grinned, "I like this game even more now."

Sucking in air, Kim dipped his head in agreement. Just as he was about to lunge at his girlfriend, he glanced behind her; Andrea sat on the bottom step at the end of the shallow section. His eyes must have faltered, because Arya turned her head and then waved.

Then she said, "Hey, doofus, you're it."

Kim didn't like the feeling that looking at Andrea caused inside him. It conflicted with what he felt for Arya. Yet, seeing the young woman in just a small bikini, he couldn't ignore his feelings even though he knew he should.

Arya finally splashed him and grabbed him around the neck. She giggled and said, "About Mom, I've got an idea, but right now, you're going down."

Kim let her pull him under, trying not to feel guilty for eying Andrea. Over the past few weeks, Arya had become a much better swimmer. When he first introduced her to the swimming pool, the girl hadn't liked diving down near the bottom, but now, she was the one pulling him down until the surface was four feet above.

Arya let go of his neck and reached for his swimsuit. Kim could have moved away when her hands darted toward him, but feeling guilty, he let her pull them down and off. No sooner had Arya liberated his swimsuit than she pushed off the bottom. When she broke the surface, she held them aloft, "I won!"

Then she tossed them over by the lounge chair, laughing. Kim sputtered, "What the heck! Why'd you throw them?"

Andrea called out, "Arya, you're asking for trouble."



The girl waved at her mom and said, "It's just part of tag."

Shaking her head, Andrea said, "Don't say I didn't warn you."

With Arya standing between the boy and Andrea, the young woman couldn't see the girl's hand grab Kim's dick and pull on it until he was hard. Kim lost interest in the game as a wave of pleasure washed over him.

It was interrupted when Arya said, "You're still it. I'll let you figure out how to end the game."

With that, she swam away, splashing him as she went. Distracted by his erection, he let the girl get most of the way across the pool before he figured out what she meant. Then he kicked off and swam after her. He caught her halfway toward the deep end. The water was over both of their heads here, and when he managed to overtake her and pull her down by her waist, the girl went under.

And that made it easier for Kim's fingers to find the bows on the back of her bikini top and untie them. Arya twisted away, spinning around and flashing him a grin before swimming for the surface. The girl pointed toward his crumpled swimsuit and, in a low voice, said, "This is fun. Throw those over there."

Kim glanced toward Andrea, who was watching them with what looked like amusement. Then he tossed the girl's top over by his swimsuit, and then he turned and sprang for Arya. Between Arya's aggression and Andrea's amused expression, Kim realized that as long as they remained alone, there really was nothing to stop them from their fun.

He caught up with Arya and grabbed at her ankle. She contorted herself around until her head was near Kim's. Flashing her white teeth, she whispered, "My kitty needs to come out and play. What're you gonna do about it?"

How one sentence could sound at once so innocent and perverse was beyond Kim's understanding, but it didn't keep him from pulling on her bikini bottoms until she wiggled free. Instead of swimming away, the girl pushed herself into him and pressed her lips against his before drifting to the surface.

Kim surfaced behind the girl and wrapped one arm around her while using the other to toss her bottoms into the small pile the two of them created. Arya's backside pushed back against him, and he felt himself slip between her legs as she waved at her mom. Andrea was shaking her head. Her hand was in front of her mouth, as though she was trying to stifle a laugh.

Leaning against him, Arya said, "Pull me into the deep end."

Kim leaned backward and used the backstroke to take them toward the deeper end. The young girl rested against his chest, letting him pull her along. He stopped once he was even with the nine-foot marker on the side of the pool. Arya treaded water, too, as she turned around and put her arms around his neck.

She glanced at her mom, "Here's what I was thinking. In a few minutes, we'll swim back over to Mom and see if we can get her into the water. If we can, then we'll wrestle with her, and then when you get a chance, kiss her."

Kicking his legs to stay afloat, Kim was skeptical, "Are you sure about this? I, uh, well, I love you."

Arya leaned in and kissed him, "Doofus, I love you, too. You're not doing anything I'm not asking you to do."

Kim sighed, worried Arya would be wrong.

The girl reached between them and grabbed his dick, "But before we do that, my kitty wants to play with your dinky."

Kim's legs protested at the idea of trying to keep his head above the water while trying to put his dick in the girl's pussy, even while she wrapped her legs around his waist.

If kissing Andrea filled him with uncertainty, then the idea of feeling the inside of Arya should have filled him with delight. Even though it was late and the pool was supposed to be closing soon, someone could always come upon them. Worse, Andrea was sitting less than fifteen yards away, aware of their every move.

Arya kissed him again and said, "I bet I can hold my breath for at least ninety seconds. Can you?"

Seeing the glint in the girl's eyes, Kim took a big gulp of air, stopped kicking his legs, and let himself sink. Once his head dipped below the water, the boy grabbed his dick and pushed it into Arya's pussy. Looking into her eyes, he saw them widen as he entered her without the usual hesitancy. They were drifting above the bottom of the pool, Kim rocking his hips back and forth. His lungs protested about the same time as the tingling started at the base of his dick. He moved faster, sensing the urgency of the moment. Could he finish before his air ran out?

Kim was vaguely aware he was fucking Arya like a rabbit, shoving his pelvis back and forth as fast as possible as the pain in his chest grew. The tingling also grew, and he shut his eyes as his hips shuddered against Arya. His dick spasmed, once, twice, and a third time before he had no choice but to put his feet under him and push toward the surface, still holding Arya. As if there was any other choice; the girl's legs still entrapped his waist in their vicelike grip.

Kim's dick still trembled, trapped within Arya's tight walls, as he broke the surface of the water, sucking in a deep breath. Arya's gasp for air was even louder, although the boy wondered if she might have experienced her own orgasm on the way to the surface, given her rapturous expression.

They parted, only because Kim was too tired to keep both of them afloat. He swam to the edge and grabbed onto the concrete ribbon that ran around the pool and then reached out and pulled Arya to him.

She grabbed his neck, "Oh, man. That was ... awesome!"

Kim could only bob his head. If anything, the pain in his lungs when he'd cum had only intensified his orgasm.

After a moment, Arya said, "Let's go over to Mom. I really do want to make her feel better."

Kim glanced over to Andrea. The look on the young woman's face was opaque. Between the darkness of the evening, the low lighting on the deep end of the pool, and the fact that he and Arya had fucked at the bottom of

the pool, he wasn't sure if she could've seen what the two of them had been up to.

Even if she had, he reasoned, he was pretty sure she knew that he and Arya were having sex. After all, they had been sleeping naked on the sleeper sofa all week. Still, what the girl was proposing felt like she was giving him permission to cheat. And that bothered him, especially when he thought about how Andrea made him feel.

Without waiting to see if Kim was following, Arya swam toward her mother.

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When Kim and Arya's heads reappeared on the surface of the water, Andrea breathed a small sigh of relief. The lighting on that end was pretty shitty, she decided. The kids had been down at the bottom of the deep end for what felt like an eternity, although she reasoned it was probably closer to ninety seconds than two minutes.

She knew she should have told them to stop taking each other's clothes off when playing tag. Even though she'd never seen any of the other residents in the pool area after sunset, the risk was always present. But the truth was, she enjoyed the sight of Kim without clothes on. Since seeing him lying next to Arya at the beginning of the week after the two had clearly had sex, Andrea hadn't been able to keep herself from going into the living room each morning before they were awake and watching his sleeping form. Always naked, always erect. Sure, thirteen-year-old boys are often hard, but Kim seemed to be perpetually stiff when he was asleep.

Andrea hated herself for the way she felt. In the decade that had passed since Cory's family had moved away, she'd never stopped thinking about him. Intellectually, she knew he was twenty-two. But to her, he was forever twelve. Until Kim, she hadn't thought anything of it when she'd fantasized about the boy who had given her Arya. Even when she had tried dating and hadn't found anyone who made her feel like that boy had, she had always chalked it up to a hundred other reasons.

The sigh that escaped her lips was more of a groan than anything else. What was wrong with her that made her fixate on a prepubescent boy?

As if thinking of him would conjure him, Kim was swimming toward her, following behind Arya. She put a smile on her face, plastering it in place as if doing so would make the agony of what she felt go away. As Arya swam up, Andrea felt a pang of jealousy. However, fleeting it may be, she hated herself for feeling that way about the girl she loved more than oxygen.

If she were a good mother, she would have nipped the sex between the two kids when she found out about it. But she wasn't. Instead, she told herself she should be happy for Arya. Happy her daughter had found such a boy as Kim.

The water was three feet deep in the shallow end of the pool, and came up to Kim and Arya's belly buttons. But the lighting was better here, and Andrea could see the boy's penis pointing upward below the surface. Yes, Andrea thought, I really should have told them to keep their clothes on.

Arya broke the silence as she said, "Come on, Mom, play with us."

Although she felt a tug in her heart as she looked at Kim, Andrea shook her head, "I'm good. Why don't you kids play some more tag?"

Arya came up and grabbed one of her hands, "Please. Kim and I want you to play with us!" the girl's plaintive note didn't have the same effect on her mother as she seemed to have on the boy next to her. But hearing that Kim wanted her to join them stirred something inside Andrea. Still, she shook her head, afraid that she'd do or say something that would ruin things between her and Kim, or worse, with Arya.

The kids traded looks, and Kim took her other hand, and Andrea felt herself standing up, powerless against the touch of the small thirteen-year-old. Pulled away from the steps, the young woman soon found herself in water that reached just below her breasts. Arya, neck-deep in the four feet of water, splashed at her and said, "You've gotta stay on your feet, Mom. Our job is to knock you over."

Andrea's eyes were glued on Kim as he circled one way while Arya went the other. The boy feigned a couple of times, and then she felt her

daughter land on her back. The young woman reached around, trying to find the girl, her fingers grabbing at air. That's when Kim struck, going under the water until his arms wrapped around her legs, and he pulled her under.

Andrea spat a stream of water when she surfaced. Arya had joined the boy as they laughed, "See, Mom, I told you this was fun!"

It did feel good to be in the water, even if the object of her obsession was only a few feet away. So close, yet equally out of reach. That didn't mean she couldn't have some fun, though. Keeping a wary eye on the boy, Andrea turned her focus back on Arya. Two could play at this game.

She sprang at Arya, who wasn't quite quick enough to dodge out of her way, and she wrapped her arms around her daughter's chest as she pulled her under. As Arya struggled to break free, Andrea felt the girl's immature chest against her arm. Could it be Kim was obsessed with the girl's flat figure?

Andrea let go and watched the girl swim away like a fish. She should have been paying more attention. A heavy weight pressed against her back, and before she could react, Kim dunked her from behind, the boy's body pressing against her back. Just after Andrea went under, she thought she felt something brush against her lower back. Was that his penis?

Twisting around under the water, she watched the boy smiling back at her as he pushed backward. Her eyes should have stayed on his face, but she couldn't avoid looking at him if she tried. Her eyes zeroed in between his legs, and sure enough, his penis poked upwards. She tore her eyes away from him and pushed back to the surface.

And Arya was waiting. As soon as the twenty-four-year-old broke the surface, her daughter was on her back, laughing. "You're going down, Mom."

Andrea planted her feet and tried to get a hold on the girl, but she was elusive, staying on her back but moving from side to side to avoid her hands. Something around Andrea's neck felt loose, and when she managed

to grab Arya's arm and pull her away, the young woman realized, too late, that her daughter was holding the straps to her bikini top.

The next thing Andrea was aware of was Kim surfacing the water a couple of feet in front of her. The look of surprise on his face must have matched the stark terror on hers. For a long moment, she simply stood there, as the boy stared back. Then she came to her senses and crossed her arms over her chest.

Kim, for his part, cried, "Arya, give her back the top!"

Her daughter swam over to the boy and said, "I thought we were playing tag. Isn't this part of the game?"

Andrea was unable to take her eyes from Kim, although she knew she should. She didn't say anything as the boy took the top from Arya and waded through the water until he was inside arm's reach. His eyes were on her chest as he said, "You've kinda seemed bummed lately. We just wanted you to have some fun with us, Andrea."

She couldn't take her eyes off his face. His brows were wrinkled in concern, and his lips pouted, worried about how she felt. He really did care for her. When she finally found her voice, Andrea said, "Thanks for including me. I'm not sure you kids would want to see me naked. Old woman at twenty..."

Kim, bouncing on the balls of his feet, closed the distance until his face was just a few inches from hers. Before she could finish, he leaned forward and kissed her.

His lips were soft and warm, tasting of chlorine. He had closed his eyes when his lips touched hers. Stop it, a voice in Andrea's mind shouted. This is wrong. He's eleven years younger. What'll people think? What'll Arya think?

Against all of that, her lips responded and pushed against his. Every feeling she had repressed since she had taught him to kiss came rushing back. She wanted this kiss more than anything else. Seconds passed by until her daughter said, "Okay, are we still playing or what?"

Kim pulled back, and Andrea felt her longing grow. She wanted what Arya had, and that was just wrong on so many levels. A glance at her daughter showed the girl's impatience. Andrea had expected a furious scowl or righteous anger. Instead, she was impatient, ready to continue playing.

Kim handed over the top and rejoined Arya. His eyes were conflicted as he glanced between the Tyler women. Andrea felt his conflict. It seemed to match her own. One thing that confused the young woman was Arya's reaction. There wasn't any surprise on the girl's face, nor any disgust. Just impatience to move on. The confusion on Kim's face, the impatience on Arya's. It all made sense. And now that Andrea thought about it, she could see her daughter's fingerprints all over this.

Holding her top in her hand, Andrea wasn't sure what to do with that revelation or, really, about any of this. The smart thing would be to put her top back on and get the kids heading back to the apartment. But, and it pained her to admit it, even in the depth of her heart, she wanted more of Kim. To know some of what Arya experienced.

Even though a part of her mind told her this was a bad, horrible idea, she said, "Let's play. I wasn't ready before, Arya. You won't get the rest of my bikini as easily."

With that, her top sailed across the water, landing on top of the kids' clothes.

Arya laughed and threw herself across the water, meeting only space. Andrea had easily sidestepped the girl and then put her hand on her head and pushed the girl under. Even as Andrea ducked, weaved, and dodged, always keeping one step ahead of her daughter, she noticed Kim hanging back.

Andrea sidestepped Arya, letting the girl go into deeper water as she lunged past her. She found herself within arm's length of Kim and decided to dunk him as well. She reached for his head, but the boy slithered to the side, and all she grabbed was his shoulder, which she clamped down on to keep him from getting away. As fast as possible, she used her other arm, brought it around his shoulder, and pulled at him, trying to dunk him.



The boy's head was locked in her arm, and when she pulled him down, his face pressed against her right breast. The boy's effort to resist died, and she pulled him under. After he'd been down for a few seconds, Kim came back to life, the surprise of her boob in his face apparently fading as she refused to let him go. Kim wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled backward, knocking Andrea back with him, and breaking her hold.

As they both surfaced, Andrea saw that Arya was slowly making her way back over. The young woman grabbed at Kim's head and said, "Don't feel bad about the kiss. It was nice."

When Arya finally came back over, she launched herself into another flurry of attacks designed to grab Andrea's bottoms. The girl was tiring, and Andrea thought she'd won when she bumped into Kim, who had come up behind her. In one quick move, the boy sank under the water and pulled her bikini bottoms off.

Arya, sucking in gulps of air, saw the baby blue bottoms in Kim's hand and said, "We win!"

## Chapter 9

Kim closed the door as he followed the Tyler women into the living room. The image of what he'd seen when he pulled Andrea's bikini down was still burned in his mind. When he yanked on her bottoms, he felt a twitch between his legs as her pubic area came into view. Instead of a thick mess of dark blond pubes, he saw Arya. No, he thought, not really. Just smooth, like his girlfriend. Until that moment, the idea of shaving one's pubic region had never crossed his mind. Now, though, he thought it looked incredibly sexy.

Before Andrea's bottoms came off her legs, Kim also saw the slit between her legs. Her lips weren't puffy like Arya's. There was something more... he couldn't decide. Just different, he supposed.

He'd expected more protest from Andrea after he managed to pull her bottoms down. Instead, she simply held her hand out for them and smiled at him, even as Arya proved that it's hard work doing a victory dance when you're neck-deep in water.

And now that they were back in the living room, Kim could feel the tension as all three of them traded glances with each other. Arya kept looking at him with a mixture of impatience and lust. While Andrea's glance reminded him of what he felt like when he sat down at Thanksgiving dinner back when his mom was still alive. Hungry. The looks the Tyler women traded were inscrutable to the boy.

Perhaps kissing Arya's mother had been a mistake. To be fair, he thought, he had tried to talk Arya out of the idea, but maybe he should have tried harder. Try harder? With Arya? The girl was a force of nature, and she usually got what she wanted. Just the thought of trying to rein in his girlfriend made him chuckle, turning the girls' eyes on him.

Kim felt self-conscious, standing there next to the front door in his swimsuit with both Arya and Andrea staring at him. He cleared his throat, "Ah, what now?"

It was as close as Kim could come in acknowledging that their game with Arya's mom in the pool was the reason for the silent tension.

Arya turned around said, "Can you untie my top, Kim?"

Perhaps in any other household, a small teenage boy taking the top off a nine-year-old girl would have been out of place, even scandalous. Since Arya's birthday, in the Tyler household, it had become routine.

Kim obliged the girl. After all, he enjoyed touching every part of her. Nothing in the internal conflict about Andrea could change that. Once Arya was topless, she said, "We both noticed you were feeling kinda down and wanted to make you feel better, Mom. I thought if we played tag and if Kim kissed you, you'd go back to feeling better."

Andrea was leaning against the bar separating the kitchen from the living room as Kim set the strip of cloth from Arya's swimsuit on top of it. The young woman sighed, "It took a bit for me to figure out you were behind this. It was really sweet of you, even though I'm not sure it was a good idea."

Arya frowned as she folded up her towel and used it to sit on as she sat on the bed. "You didn't like it?"

Her eyes flicked to the boy, "No. I liked it a lot. Kim, your kiss was what I needed."

Kim blushed under Andrea's gaze. Arya spoke up, "If you liked it, then I don't understand why it was a bad idea."

Kim knew. Even at that first kiss a few weeks earlier, when Andrea taught him how to kiss so that he could give Arya a proper kiss, he had felt something between them. He had ignored it as he fell in love with Arya, even managed to pretend there was nothing there. After all, he was Arya's boyfriend, and that was that.

But the kiss lingered in his mind, and he realized that even though he loved the young girl and he was happy to be her boyfriend, he couldn't shut off the emotions he felt for Andrea.

The young woman said, "Because I want more than a single kiss."

Arya rocked back, and Kim could see realization dawning on her. He hadn't known how to explain to her why he'd been against the kiss, but now that

the genie was out of the bottle, Andrea had explained it so much better. Part of him wanted to kick himself for not explaining it better. But the rest of him wanted to kiss Andrea, to feel her boobs under his fingers, even find out how she differed from Arya down below.

Arya slowly shook her head as she looked at Kim, "This was what you were trying to tell me. Boy, I messed up, didn't I?"

Kim sat next to her and wrapped his arm around her shoulders, "Hey, I'm still your boyfriend. Nothing has changed about that."

He even leaned over and kissed her on the lips. But her lips didn't respond. Instead, tears flowed down her cheeks. She pulled back, "But I saw how you just looked at her, Kim. That's how you look at me! At me!"

She moved away from Kim, up to where the pillows were, and leaned against the sofa back. "God, I fouled this up. Dammit!"

The tears kept coming, and Kim felt helpless. When he tried to join her on the bed, she held up her hand and shook her head. After a few minutes, he said, "I'm sorry, Arya. Sorry I didn't say no about the kiss. Sorry I gave your mom that look. Sorry for everything. I'm going home tonight. Dad will be home tomorrow morning, and we'll... oh, hell, I don't know. I'm sorry, Arya."

Kim turned on his heels and left the apartment.

Back in his own room, Kim changed into a pair of underwear. After a week sleeping naked next to Arya, it almost felt weird. He collapsed on his bed, "Fuck, fuck, fuck!"

He blew it with Arya, and no matter what he felt for her mom, his heart ached to think of the girl hurting. He was older than her, and he should have put his foot down. Alone, there was nobody to hear the bitterness of his laughter. Older he might be, but Arya was a force of nature, and he couldn't have stopped her from orchestrating the kiss if he had wanted to.

And that was why he felt so confused. He loved the girl. Wanted to be with her. Wanted to kiss and have more great sex with her. And then there was that electrifying kiss with Andrea. Even though he didn't want to hurt Arya, there was a growing realization that what he had with Arya, he also

wanted with Andrea. He shook his head, no clearer on what to do than right after the kiss in the pool.

He went to brush his teeth and remembered all his toiletries were on the counter in the Tylers' bathroom. Kim lay on his bed and stared at the ceiling fan rotating overhead. The steady rotation eventually helped him to stop torturing himself. He was almost asleep when he heard a knock.

His eyes flew open, and he shot out of bed. Maybe Arya was there; maybe she was ready to be with him. He hurried down the hallway and into the living room. When he opened the door, Andrea was standing there, still in her swimsuit. Her eyes were puffy. She had been crying, too.

Kim opened the door and let her in. "Is Arya okay?"

Andrea shrugged, "She's asleep."

"I feel like such an asshole."

The young woman shook her head, "It's not your fault, and you know it. She loves you, and that won't change, but she blames herself for all of this, and when she's ready, she'll bounce back. Until then...I don't know. I just couldn't go to bed without seeing you first."

Kim flushed as Andrea's eyes fell to his underwear. "I, you..." his voice faltered. His mind was a wreck, and even the love he felt for Arya wasn't enough to stop himself from enjoying the look the young woman gave him.

Andrea crossed the short distance between them and put her arms around his neck, and before he could form even one coherent word, her lips pressed against his. The tiny voice of reason telling him to back away, to not respond to the young woman, died when Andrea's tongue pressed against his lips.

Kim responded to the kiss by opening his mouth and letting her tongue touch his. The electrical shockwave that rocked his body at the touch destroyed every ounce of reason and resistance in him. His arms reached around her back as he let her tongue invade his mouth.

The kiss lasted longer than any before it. When it ended, and they parted, her bikini top fell to the floor between them. Apart from that brief moment

in the swimming pool, Kim had never seen a grown set of breasts. The secretly watched porn videos excepted. Andrea's were perky, her nipples pointing at him. The swells below her nipples were gentle, the soft tissue was such that there was very little extra to sag.

Andrea grabbed Kim's hands and placed them on her breasts as she exhaled noisily. "God, how I need this."

As though they had minds of their own, Kim's fingers massaged the soft tissue, pushing and rubbing as Andrea looked on. His face has been pressed against her right boob when she'd grabbed him in the pool, but this was better. Now his fingers rubbed at her nipples, which were no larger than an eraser-head on one of his pencils. They felt rubbery yet hard under his touch.

The young woman stopped him long enough to grab his hand and say, "Show me your room, Kim."

The boy felt himself stir as he led Andrea into a place that Arya had only seen once before. A bit of light filtered through the curtains, and he could better see the untanned and unblemished breasts. The young woman pushed him onto the bed and then straddled him before her lips found his again. The urgency was still there, but there was a tenderness to her kiss that warmed the boy and made his stomach flutter.

Kim was nearly breathless when Andrea lifted her face. He thought about all the times he and Arya had kissed, but nothing had prepared him for what the twenty-four-year-old did to his mouth. Even as he drew in a deep breath, Andrea kissed his neck and then his chest. Her lips found and teased his flat nipples. It had never dawned on him to ask Arya to do this, but it felt like liquid electricity running from his chest down to his groin.

Andrea went lower, kissing his abdomen and belly. Then her fingers traced along the elastic band on his swimsuit. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he knew he shouldn't. He loved Arya, and this was a betrayal of her trust, even if it was something the girl had put into motion. He stammered, "B-but Arya..."

The young woman gripped his waistband, "We'll figure it out, the three of us. But right now, I need you."

She pulled his underwear down his legs until they were off. Then she kissed his smooth pubic area as one of her hands cupped his ballsack. Kim felt a powerful twinge when the young woman touched the tip of his dick with her tongue. The same tongue that a few minutes earlier had pleased itself in his mouth.

He felt hot breath on his erection, "You feel so much like Cory, it's uncanny."

Then she took his glans in her mouth, her tongue pressing against his pee slit. Kim leaned his head back, the feelings racing through him too powerful to ignore. He'd never thought to ask Arya to do anything like this.

Andrea lowered her face, taking all of his erection inside her mouth. At four inches, he felt his little helmet brush the soft tissue in front of her tonsils as her tongue worked around his shaft. The tingling was intense, and before long, that pressure at the base of his dick pushed up. Andrea's tongue touched his glans, and white lightning exploded inside his closed eyes as his hips bucked into the woman's face and his dick jerked in her mouth, kicking about several times until his hips fell back onto the mattress and the orgasm subsided.

Kim kept his eyes closed, feeling the effects of his orgasm ebb away slowly. Andrea opened her mouth and let his still-erect dick slip out. He opened his eyes when he felt her lips against his. It was a short, satisfying kiss. She said, "How was that?"

The boy opened his eyes and saw the smile on Andrea's face, only inches from his own. He nodded, "Wow. That was fucking incredible."

She chuckled, "Yeah. It was. I had forgotten how nice it is to suck a boy before he can cum. The feel of your dick jerking around as you orgasmed was intense."

Kim moved over and let the young woman snuggle in against him on his twin bed. Her arms snaked around him, pulling him against her. His dick lay hard and flat between his pubic bone and her abdomen. Now, as they

kissed, Kim didn't feel the same urgency as before. In its place was a simple passion to hold and be held by Andrea.

After a while, the young woman's hand drifted down and took hold of his dick. She giggled, "Oh, fuck, I bet you stay hard all the time!"

Kim couldn't help but laugh, "Well, you're touching it. So, yeah."

The boy knew what he wanted next. He'd already done it once, so this time he didn't hesitate as his fingers grabbed the baby-blue cloth of Andrea's bikini and pulled on it until her swimsuit joined his on the floor.

He had blocked out thoughts of Arya. And all Kim could think of is the naked twenty-four-year-old in his bed. He wanted her as much as he wanted anything else.

His dick was still in the young woman's hand, so he moved his body enough to line up with her. Andrea didn't let go of him. Instead, she held the base of his dick as she slid it into the folds of her pussy. She was even wetter than Arya as if that were even possible. After a moment, with one hand still wrapped around him, Andrea wiggled around until she lay on her back and Kim lay on top of her. His dick still in the folds of her sex.

"Fuck me, Kim. I want to feel you inside me!"

The filthy words were enough, and Kim felt Andrea guide his dick to her hole. As soon as he felt the opening, he shifted his pelvis forward, sliding into the young woman's warm enclosure. It was tight, gripping his erection, but not "cut-off-the-circulation" tight of Arya. Still, he knew what to do, and he rocked his hips back and forth, feeling the tightness and slickness making his dick tingle. Still, he'd cum just ten minutes earlier, and the tingling built very slowly.

Andrea's arms pulled him onto her chest as she groaned, "Ahhhhh, fuuuuck!"

Even her pussy shook under his thrusts as she orgasmed. When he slowed, the young woman shook her head, "Keep fucking me! Need...feel...you...cum!"



Her eyes rolled back as her head craned backward as Kim slid in and out, again and again. There was something magical and familiar as the boy slid in and out, that slow buildup spreading from the base of his dick, flowing toward his little helmet and also upwards to his chest.

Against Andrea's groans, he sped up, rocking back and forth. His mind was barely working as he felt the connection between the two of them. Back and forth, growing in intensity. His world had shrunk to nothing more than his dick in Andrea's pussy. He felt as though he was right where he was supposed to be, making the young woman under him happy was all that mattered right then.

Andrea reminded him that she was still riding her own orgasm as her legs wrapped around him and helped him push deep. Then his eyes went wide, and he groaned wordlessly as he collapsed against the young woman, even as his dick spasmed so hard that she yelped as another orgasm hit her.

Spent, Kim's face pressed against Andrea's boobs. His dick softened and slid out from between her legs. Closing his eyes, exhaustion overcame him, and he slept.

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Kim felt warm, despite the cool air from the air conditioning circulating with the aid of the ceiling fan. He was on his side, his arm resting across Arya's stomach. He stretched, feeling his morning wood poke the girl's thigh, as his arm moved upward until it cupped the girl's breasts.

Kim's eyes shot open, the events of last night crashing down on him. He spooned against Andrea, who was lying on her back. His fingers lingered on her breast as he thought back to their frantic kissing, followed by the boy's first blowjob and then mind-blowing sex.

His dick twinged at the thought. But something else niggled his mind. Arya! The boy groaned, "Holy shit!"

It was enough to disturb the twenty-four-year-old who had shared his narrow bed all night? Was it? He ratcheted his head around and saw the alarm clock. Six-fifty-five. Might as well be all night.

Andrea rolled onto her side toward Kim. His dick slid between her legs as the young woman mumbled, "I want you again, Kim. Take me!"

Almost more than anything else in the world, Kim wanted to fuck the young woman in his bed. But he couldn't get Arya out of his mind. How he had failed her.

He groaned, "Arya! We gotta check on her."

Andrea swore, "Oh, fuck! I can't believe I fell asleep over here."

She rolled away from Kim and onto the floor where she swore again. As the girl's mom put on her swimsuit, Kim dressed as fast as possible.

Kim pulled on a T-shirt as Andrea said, "Can you help with the top?"

She held out the blue top. Kim's eyes were drawn her tits. Her small, perky tits.

While concern for Arya was at the top of the boy's mind, he knew he wanted to explore what he and Andrea had shared last night. He took the top and, with her help, managed to tie the ends together.

When they reached the front door, the young woman said, "Please, your dad can't know... about last night."

Kim opened the door and shook his head, "He won't know, but we should check on Arya."

When they entered the Tylers' one-bedroom apartment, the curtains were drawn, leaving the living room in darkness. When Andrea turned on the light in the kitchen, Kim swore when he saw the empty bed.

Andrea raced into the bathroom before hurrying into her bedroom. When she came out, she said, "We've got to find her, Kim. This is all my fault."

Kim said, "Right. I'll check the playground and the pool. And it's not your fault, Andrea. I love Arya, and I fucked up, too. This isn't just on you, no way, no how."

As Kim ran across the parking lot, he was livid with himself. And, if he were honest with himself, Arya. None of this would have happened if she'd just

left well enough alone. Insisting that he kiss Andrea had started the whole fucking mess.

The playground was empty, and he raced over to the clubhouse and punched in the passcode to the pool. There was an old lady swimming laps, but that was it. When he got back to the apartment, Andrea had dressed in shorts and a T-shirt. "Any luck?"

Kim shook his head. "No. Maybe she hasn't gone far."

Minutes later, the boy was buckled into the passenger's side bucket seat in the older model import as Andrea turned out of the apartment complex's parking lot.

The young woman's fingers drummed on the steering wheel. "I fucking blew it," she muttered as her eyes scanned the side of the road.

Kim was staring out the window, his eyes peeled. Even though he felt terrible about Arya's disappearance, hearing the young woman beating herself up over everything grated on his nerves. "Stop it. I'm the one who kissed you."

Andrea turned at an intersection after waiting for the stoplight to change from red to green. "Maybe. But who's the dumb bitch who knocked on your door, Kim?"

Kim shook his head, "I opened the door. And you know what?"

Andrea's eyes left the road for a moment and looked over at him. "What?"

"I really hate betraying Arya. I'm a really shitty boyfriend. But I loved being with you. How's that for fucked up? What's worse. Even though I would beat myself up over it, if I got another chance to... fuck you, I'd still take it. So, stop telling yourself you fucked up. You're no worse than me."

At the next intersection, there was a sign pointing to the left, telling motorists the local Greyhound station was four blocks away. Andrea's grip on the wheel turned her knuckles white, "Yeah, but I'm the adult. I'm supposed to know better."

Kim scoffed, "Oh, please! When my mom died, Dad climbed inside his pity hole, and I haven't known him since. You think being an adult all of a

sudden makes you responsible? I'm grateful Dad gives me a place to sleep and make sure I don't go hungry, but that's about all he does for me. You love Arya. Hell, you love me, too. I don't get that from anyone else."

Kim could see the bus station. The parking lot was mostly empty. He fumed, feeling he wasn't being understood, "So what if you're not perfect? None of us are."

Andrea pulled into the parking lot. There was what looked like a homeless man sleeping on a wooden bench outside the terminal. A bag-lady, with a broken-down grocery cart, was going through a dumpster on the side of the bus station. Andrea parked the car and shifted in her seat, "I know I don't have to be perfect, Kim, but I seduced you and failed my daughter."

Kim was fuming. Why couldn't Andrea understand it wasn't her fault. He unclasped the seat belt and leaned across the console between the seat and kissed her. It was both quick and forceful. When he sat back, Andrea's eyes were uncrossing, and he said, "Enough. We can figure out things together once we find Arya. The only thing I regret is hurting Arya."

Walking a couple of steps ahead of the young woman, Kim felt overwhelmed. Love was a lot more complicated than he'd ever imagined. In the midst of his internal turmoil, the boy felt powerfully toward Arya. The problem was, he also felt powerfully toward Andrea, too. But before he could untangle the wreck of his heart, they had to find his girlfriend.

He grabbed the handle on the old plate-glass door to the bus terminal's waiting area. To one side, he saw a counter where a gray-haired clerk returned his gaze. Several rows of rickety chairs were on the other side of the room. As Andrea came in behind him, he moved into the too-hot room.

His heart pounded against his chest as he spied a head with blond hair facing away from the door, toward the far wall, which had once been white but was now a dingy gray. Andrea brushed past Kim as she rushed toward the row of chairs. Ignoring the trepidation in his heart, Kim ran after her.

Arya may have been the tallest girl in her class, but sitting in the adult-sized chair, Kim thought she seemed smaller than she really was. She was

hunched over, her eyes staring at the floor when Andrea reached her and pulled her into a fierce embrace.

The girl's face was red and puffy with tears still streaming down her face. Her arms were in her lap as her mom clung to her. She blubbered, "H-he w-wouldn't s-sell me a t-ticket!"

Kim sat down next to the girl as Andrea said, "I'm so sorry, sweetie. I'm here for you. So's Kim."

Arya finally lifted her head, a spark rekindled in her eye, "I hate you both! How could you?"

She turned toward Kim, "I thought you were my boyfriend. I thought you loved me!"

Kim tried putting a hand on her shoulder, but the girl shrugged it off, "I do love you, and I'm sorry, too."

Kim felt a presence behind them and turned and saw the gray-haired clerk. "Excuse me. But are you this little lady's family?"

Andrea stood, wiped at her eyes, and said, "Yes. I'm her mother."

"I'm supposed to report runaways to the police, and I just got off the phone with them before y'all came in."

Kim's heart seized at the idea of police butting into their business. He glanced up at Andrea and saw fear there, too. She knelt back in front of Arya and glanced back at the clerk, "Thanks. We don't want to be a bother to you or the cops. You mind if we go?"

The grizzled clerk stepped aside, "No. Place like this ain't really a place for kids anyway. Don't worry about the five-oh. I'll just tell them her family came and collected her."

With that, he turned and shuffled back toward the ticket counter.

"Arya, we should go," Andrea said.

The girl crossed her arms, "Go on, what's stopping you?"

Andrea glanced out the windows. They could see their car in the parking lot. She begged, "Please, Arya. Before anyone bothers us."

More tears streamed down the girl's face as she shook her head.

Kim leaned over, even as Arya edged away. His voice low and urgent, "You can hate me all you want. But, please, let's just go. Do you really want to cops talking to you about, um, our stuff?"

A glimmer of fear appeared in the girl's eyes. She stood and said, "I still hate you, though."

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Andrea sagged into one of the chairs at the kitchen table after Kim closed the front door. She pinched her nose, wincing as Arya threw herself onto the sleeper sofa. While she was grateful they had left before the police got around to responding to the ticket clerk's call, she was frazzled, aware of how much worse things could have gone.

Arya moved to the sofa's seatback and was alternating staring daggers between her and Kim. The boy leaned against the bar, his brown hair still disheveled, the remnants of his bedhead. He was biting down on his lower lip, a pensive look on his face.

Andrea wanted to come around the bar and take him in her arms and kiss away his fears. She wanted to take her daughter and comfort her, too. It was all just too fucked up.

She sighed, unable to stand the lengthening silence. "I never meant to hurt you, Arya. I wish I could make you feel better, but..."

Her voice trailed off. What could she say? She had bedded her nine-year-old daughter's thirteen-year-old boyfriend.

Arya's eyes misted as she said, "Why, Mom? Kim's my boyfriend."

Kim looked up from the floor and dabbed at one of his eyes, "It wasn't just her, Arya. When I kissed Andrea in the pool, something happened. I don't know what or why, but it did."

Tears were streaming down the girl's face again. She shook her head, "You told me you didn't want to kiss her. Why didn't I listen?"

Arya lowered her head, resting it between her knees as she sobbed. Kim climbed onto the bed and sat next to her, putting an arm around the girl. For once, she didn't push him away.

The boy leaned in, "I'm so sorry. I hate seeing you hurt."

In between sobs, the girl said, "Why would you care? You...you...let my mom sleep with you."

Kim looked pained. Still holding her daughter, he said, "I care because I love you."

Arya looked up with an accusatory glare, "But she slept with you!"

Kim sighed, "God, this is confusing. I know we slept together, just like you and me slept together. And I don't know why I feel this way, but I've fallen in love with two of the most incredible girls in the world, and the pain is killing me."

"But you slept with her!" she cried.

The boy rubbed at his eyes, and Andrea felt his anguish. She should, she thought, it matched her own. After a moment, Kim said, "I know you hurt, but for a moment, if you weren't hurting so much, would you tell me that you love your mom?"

Arya sniffled, "I guess so."

"And if you weren't so angry at me, would you say you love me?"

Arya shrugged, "Yeah. That's why it hurts so much."

Andrea could see the connection Kim was making. It wasn't the one that she would make. The love between a mother and daughter wasn't the same kind of love between lovers. But she was drowning just much as the kids on the bed, and if it made any sense at all to Arya, then Andrea would grab onto it like a life preserver.

Kim said, "I don't love you any less just because I found out that I love Andrea, too."

Andrea found herself nodding as she added, "That goes doubly for me. I love you more than you can possibly imagine, and nothing that I feel for Kim would ever change that."

Arya shot a venomous look across the room, "But why feel like that at all with Kim? He was supposed to be my boyfriend. Not yours!"

Andrea moved from the kitchen table to the foot of the bed, "You love Kim, right?"

Arya cast a sideways glance at the boy next to her, "I just told him so. But right now I want to kick his butt. I'm so angry."

Kim took the girl's hand and put it up to his face, "You can hit or kick me if it'll make things better between us. I get it if you don't want to, but I still want to be your boyfriend once you're finished kicking my ass."

Arya tapped her hand on his face. A giggle slipped in between a couple of sobs. Then she leaned into his hug, "I'm not done being mad, but I really need a hug right now."

Andrea felt wetness on her face as the boy wrapped his arms around Arya's torso, holding her. She moved up and sat next to her daughter, praying they were past the worst of it.

A bit later, Kim lowered his head and pushed it against her daughter's neck. Arya muttered, "I ought to punch your lights out. If you weren't still my boyfriend, I might just do it, too."

Kim squeezed her, "I'm still your boyfriend? After all of this?"

Arya grabbed his upper leg and pinched on it, "Yes. I'm still angry, some of it at you and some of it at Mom. But I'm the one who started all of this. Maybe it's even more my fault than either of yours. I just know I don't want to lose you."

Andrea felt her daughter's gaze on her, "I don't know how I feel about what happened between you and Kim. I know I can't stay angry, and that means I gotta figure out how I feel about you messing around with my boyfriend."

Kim surprised both Tyler women by letting go of Arya and swinging around and straddling the girl's legs. Before the girl could even react, the boy



leaned forward and kissed her. Andrea felt her heart pounding against her chest as her daughter's mouth responded. The boy's mouth opened; Arya gasped as his tongue touched hers. Then Kim pushed his tongue into the girl's mouth, where he explored her tongue, lips, and teeth.

When Kim broke the kiss, Arya's puffy eyes were glazed over. "Wow," she managed.

The boy said, "I love you, Arya Tyler. I want to bathe with you, to sleep with you and..." his face flushed as he glanced at Andrea, before returning his focus on the nine-year-old. "Make love to you."

Andrea nearly shook at his touch when Kim grabbed part of her shirt and pulled her to him. He kissed her. It wasn't as passionate as the one he gave Arya, but there was still some heat in his lips that made the young woman's stomach flutter.

He said, "I know it's crazy. I love you, too. Both you and Arya should probably dump me, because I want to be with you, too."

The fluttering in Andrea's stomach only grew in intensity. From the first time she taught the boy to kiss, part of her had wondered what it would be like to share Kim with her daughter. It wasn't something she had seriously entertained until she had knocked on his door the night before. Now, though, she would give anything to share the boy. Half, even a quarter of Kim would be heaven.

She glanced at her daughter from the corner of her eye. Arya's eyebrows knitted together. Andrea had seen that look before when the girl had faced tough choices before. Of course, back then, it had been which barbie doll to decorate or which movie to see. Andrea felt her sense of dread growing as time seemed to stretch out. Finally, Arya said, "Even if you and Mom do stuff, you promise me that you're still my boyfriend?"

Kim nodded, "I swear to God, yes!"

Arya's arms snaked around the boy's neck, "Prove it."

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Kim's eyes grew round as Arya's arms pulled him toward her face. Sure, her eyes were red and puffy, but there was something fierce and primordial, too. And when her lips touched his, the girl wasted no time in showing him that she'd paid attention to his last kiss. Her tongue pushed against his lips, harder than he'd expected, but as relief washed over him, he didn't care.

Even as the girl's inexperienced tongue probed his mouth, Kim knew he needed to make her understand his love was real. Both for her and for Andrea. His hands found her waist and slipped up onto her chest, rubbing her diminutive, boyish nipples under his fingers.

When Arya moaned in his mouth, Kim tugged at her shirt. He managed to pull it off when the girl ended the kiss when she ran out of breath. The girl tugged at his shirt, and he held his hands up, letting her pull it off.

As Arya's fingers found his zipper, Kim was keenly aware that Andrea was sitting next to her daughter, watching all of this. It was strangely surreal. He was embarrassed that Arya's mom was watching the two of them making out. And he loved that Andrea would be part of this cleansing, healing moment.

When the girl had pulled his zipper down, Kim stood up on the bed and pulled his shorts and underwear down in one quick action. He returned to straddling Arya's upper legs as the girl reached out and took his dick in her hand. She murmured, "I really like your dinky."

He smiled. He caught a glimpse of Andrea covering her mouth as she grinned at her daughter's choice of words. With his twenty-four-year-old lover watching, he couldn't resist, "Well, my dinky is looking forward to playing with your kitty."

At that point, Andrea snickered. Arya turned and frowned, "Those are prettier names than dick or pussy."

Kim barely contained his laughter, even though he was used to Arya's silly pet names. Even as Andrea laughed, the boy reached down and pulled on the elastic of the girl's shorts. He rose onto his knees as Arya helped pull her shorts and underwear off.

Once she had shed her clothes, the girl shifted down, her eyes hungry for Kim. As the boy moved, lining up his dick between Arya's legs, Andrea said, "Sweetie, if you want to make your boyfriend really happy, there's something else you can do before he puts it into you."

Kim's mind went back to the previous night when the twenty-four-year-old gave him his first blowjob. He smiled as the girl stopped and said, "Better than getting my kitty petted?"

Her mother said, "Well, for Kim it would be. But I think you'd enjoy it almost as much."

Arya glanced between her boyfriend and her mom before she finally nodded, "Okay. What do I do?"

Andrea leaned forward and said, "Watch me, and learn, Arya."

Kim gasped, as the young woman's tongue touched his glans. It was what he thought electricity should feel like if it felt good. Then, her lips kissed his nascent balls before her tongue licked the bottom of his four inches. He moaned when she slipped his little helmet between her lips. Then she slid down his shaft until he felt her lips brush his smooth pubic bone.

After bobbing up and down a few times, Andrea pulled off. Arya stared at Kim's dick, "That felt good?"

The boy nodded, "Oh, yeah. Really good."

Arya shifted around until her face was inches over Kim's erection. Her hot breath sent shivers through him, then she took his glans in her mouth, trapping in behind her lips.

Andrea said, "Remember, no teeth." Kim loved the little bob of the girl's head. His dick slid further in when she nodded. After she moved up and down a few times awkwardly, the girl fell into a rhythm that made his stomach flutter. While this was his first blowjob from his girlfriend, it was hardly their first intimate moment. But having his girlfriend fellating him while Andrea watched was an entirely new experience.

The tingling along his shaft built up fast, and after a couple of minutes, his dick spasmed in the young girl's mouth as Kim's entire body shook from the

intense orgasm. He threw his head back and screwed his eyes closed as the pleasurable wave crashed over him. Even though he had sex the night before, the tension and fear of the morning had left him in a brittle emotional state, and the power of the orgasm was in response to the morning's emotional rollercoaster.

Kim's eyes fluttered open, "Oh, fuck! That felt really good!"

Still coming down from the high of the orgasm, the boy couldn't say if he enjoyed that more than the sex he and Arya had shared. For the briefest of moments, he tried to compare Arya's blowjob with the one Andrea gave him the night before, and all he could decide is that they were simply different from one another.

Andrea pulled Kim back into a sitting position, "Would you like to return the favor?"

Kim nodded and started to his knees when she stopped him, "No, sweetie. I'm talking about something else. Something that I think your girlfriend would really enjoy if you learned how to do it."

Cocking his head, Kim said, "Uh, okay. What do I do?"

Andrea traded places with him and then had Arya lean back with her legs splayed, displaying her puffy lips. The young woman flashed him a smile as she lowered her face toward her daughter's pussy, "Watch and learn, Kim."

The boy leaned to the side, watching as Andrea kissed Arya's kitten. No, Kim thought, her pussy. Kissed her pussy.

The girl gasped, surprise etched across her face, feeling Andrea kiss her. The young woman's tongue slid into the girl's puffy pussy lips, making Arya arch her back and noisily moan. Kim watched in fascination as the girl's moaning grew even louder, and Andrea's mouth grew slick. With her own saliva or the girl's juices, he didn't know.

Arya's fingers grabbed the bedspread, "Ahhh!"

Andrea pulled back, "I've got her warmed up, Kim. Let's see if you learned your lesson."

A moment later, Kim pressed his face between Arya's legs. The girl nodded, "I wanna feel like that again!"

Kim's tongue found the girl's tiny clitoral hood and pushed under it, eliciting another moan, "Mmm, yeah."

Even during their first fuck, a couple of weeks earlier, the girl's pussy produced enough to provide all the lube that he wasn't yet able to help with. There was even more now. It tasted like nothing he'd ever tasted. Almost tasteless, in fact, with just a hint of saltiness and something else he couldn't identify.

He slid his tongue into her inner lips, lapping at the fluid even as his tongue worked toward her hole. Her hole was slick, and even though the entrance was still tight, Kim felt his tongue push into the tightness. There was even more of the moisture of her juices, trickling across his taste buds.

Arya moaned, "Ahh, pet...my...kitty!"

Instinctively, the boy figured she wanted his tongue back on her little clit. As he pleasured her tiny button with his mouth, he slid one of his fingers back into the girl. He barely managed to work his index finger into the hilt when Arya pushed down as another groan escaped her lips. Her head shook back and forth as her entire body shook. Kim stopped sucking on her little clit, and she collapsed against the bed, her eyes unfocused, in a daze. The boy moved up next to her. Her eyes finally closed as a warm smile spread across her features.

Andrea nudged Kim. "I need some attention, too, kiddo. Can you help me out of these clothes?"

The boy's eyes darted back to Arya, "Are you sure? We just got her calmed down about us."

The young woman nodded, "I know there's a risk, but goddamn, I want you, too."

Kim helped her strip down. When he got to her underwear, her crotch was already soaked. When he threw them on the ground, he moved to put his face between her legs. Andrea shook her head and pulled him forward, "We can do other stuff later. Right now, fuck me, please!"

Who was he to argue with the beautiful young woman? Although he had only been in Andrea once, his dick seemed to find its way back to where it needed to go. He slid right in, as wet as she was. With her body moving under him, Kim felt Andrea's urgency, and it became his own, as he rocked back and forth, pushing his wet dick in and out of her adult pussy.

Kim loved the incredibly tight fit of Arya. There was nothing like it. But Andrea's experience and maturity was an entirely different experience, and the boy knew both of the Tyler women had their hooks in him. Even though he worried about Arya's volatility, he wanted both of them equally.

Andrea's hand gripped his backside, pulling him against her. She pulled so hard, his pubic bone ground into hers as she bit her lips, only letting a low, growling moan escape. She was close. Kim sped up, rocking back and forth, feeling the tension in his own dick growing by the second. Andrea shook, pushing herself against the boy. That was enough, and a moment later, Kim felt like something exploded inside him as his dick kicked and spasmed inside his twenty-four-year-old lover.

He collapsed against her breasts, his face resting in her cleavage. He was covered with sweat, even as the last vestiges of his orgasm seeped out of his body, leaving him a rag of a boy, draped across Andrea.

He lifted his head just enough to see Andrea's face, "I love you."

In stereo, he heard two voices, "I love you, too."

**The End.**