

**The Esses**  
**By**  
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## Part one

It was the third of September, the memorable day this all started. After I changed into something more comfortable, I headed upstairs toward the pool deck. I couldn't immediately find the girls. And since I had been downstairs for almost an hour, they could have been anywhere. I had to remind myself that I wasn't their camp counselor and didn't need to watch them every minute. That's when I heard their voices outside on the pool deck. Relieved that they were making themselves at home, I went to check on them. They had been swimming and were now emerging from the pool, their bodies dripping wet.

"Fuck me..." I mumbled under my breath.

The two bikini-clad preteens, with their glistening bodies, struck a nerve inside I never knew I had. But I didn't want to have this particular nerve! These girls were about to turn thirteen, damn it! And they were family.

Sarah was wearing a red bikini, which matched her blonde hair perfectly. It hid everything nicely from view and was decent enough for a girl her age, but it did manage to accentuate her curves nicely. Sandra's bikini was denim blue with a bit of purple around its edges. It was a bit skimpier than Sara's, but she could still go to a public pool with it without gathering too much attention.

I acted like it was the most normal thing in the world for me to be around two scantily dressed preteen girls, and I did my best not to stare. I liked looking at women. I enjoyed beautiful women! But these two weren't women yet; they were girls. They were probably oblivious to how they looked and what their effect on men could be. I didn't need to gawk over them. No! I needed to help them and learn how to deal with their maturing bodies.

"Hi, Uncle Ronald!" Sarah said with a smile, "Your pool is amazing!"

"Yeah..." Sandra added, "But I'm so wet..."

Wait... what? What did she just say? I cleared my throat and rubbed the back of my head as I was looking for words.



“That’s the whole meaning of a pool, you dummy,” Sarah giggled.

“Uhm... yeah...” I tried, “water *is* wet, you know?”

“Jeez! I was just kidding,” Sandra said with mock annoyance as she wrung out her hair. “I’m looking for a towel.”

I breathed a sigh of relief and tossed her a freakin’ towel. Both girls dried themselves as I did my best not to look at their young breasts that were hidden by the small bikini tops. Their low-riding bottoms hugged their developing curves magnificently, and their bronzed skin showed no signs of any tan line either. I quickly needed to find something to do. Otherwise, I’d be busted looking at their bodies, and my life would be over. Okay, maybe not over, but I’d have a lot of explaining to do. So, I started checking on one of the umbrellas and made sure it was... well... still an umbrella...

“Uncle Ronald?” Sandra asked innocently behind me.

I turned around and saw that she was holding out a bottle of sunscreen in her hand. Yikes! They wanted me to apply that all over them? While a growing part of me was all in favor of that idea, a wiser part wasn’t sure about how good of an idea it was. I mean, I’ve done that for leggy models in this very spot, but for these two....? I tried distracting them by saying, “Please! Call me Ronald or Ron! That whole ‘Uncle’ stuff makes me feel old and saggy.”

“Okay, Un- Ronald. Would you mind helping us with our backs?”

“Yeah, please...” Sarah added as she lay down on her belly on one of the chaise lounges, “But you don’t look saggy to us, Ron!”

“No, not at all,” Sandra said as she handed me the sunscreen and lay down herself. “You’re quite handsome, actually.”

I didn’t know what to say or do. If I didn’t know any better, these two girls were hitting on me pretty heavily. But this was probably me, reading into something that wasn’t there, combined with the fact that I hadn’t gotten laid in almost a month. And there was no harm in applying sunscreen, was there?

“Alright! Who’s first?” I asked, trying to be as casual as possible.

“Do me,” Sandra said.

Oh, fuck... I had to stop hearing these things in my adult mind...

She was lying closest to me, so I knelt beside her chair and squeezed some of the milky-white sunscreen onto my hand. Rubbing them together, I glanced down at her. She had turned her head towards me, wearing a warm yet mischievous smile.

As I reached out to apply the sunscreen to her shoulders, my hands trembled slightly. It felt a bit ridiculous—I was simply assisting her with something practical, nothing remotely intimate. Parents do this for their kids all the time. Nevertheless, I continued without dwelling on it, making sure to keep my touches purely platonic.

As I worked the sunscreen into her shoulders and back, I avoided any accidental brushes near sensitive areas. I wouldn't accidentally want to touch some side boob or anything even remotely close. When I reached the top of her bikini bottom, she remarked with a playful tone, “You've got strong hands, Unc- Ronald!”

“Thanks,” I replied, feeling stupid for getting nervous about this. I grabbed the bottle of sunscreen, moved over to Sarah, and said as confidently as I could, “Your turn.”

It was the same routine with Sarah. But when I was at her lower back, she surprised me by untying her top and pulling the back strings out of the way.

“Can you please do that bit again? I don't wanna get sunburned there.”

I swallowed when I looked at her bare back. It was really no different than it was a second ago, but with having that string untied... oh boy... I manned up and said, “Sure!” and rubbed her entire back again. I was trying to be as casual about this as I could, but my dick betrayed me when I felt it started to grow in my pants.

“There you go,” I said and oozed down on the spare chair next to Sarah.

“Why don't you take off your shirt and chill a bit with us?” Sarah asked as she fixed her top and tied it back together again.

She was spot on. I really needed to unwind. I was currently wearing a white, short-sleeved shirt and loose-fitting khaki shorts, casual enough for me to chill with the girls. I knew I wasn't bad to look at. Several other women had complimented me on my abs and pecs. I was far from buff but maybe even further from a typical dad-bod. This might have something to do with the fact that I wasn't a dad and actually had time to work out. So I casually shrugged, slipped off my shirt, kicked off my boat shoes, and settled down beside my nieces on one of the chaise lounges. We engaged in some light conversation, and with each passing moment, I found myself sinking deeper into relaxation, basking in the warmth of the sun and the joy of my nieces' company. I started thinking about how I had gotten into this unusual situation.

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I had just wrapped up a Teams meeting with my financial advisors when my phone buzzed. Glancing at the screen, I let out a deep sigh. It was my sister calling, and history told me it wasn't going to be good news.

"Hey, Laura," I greeted with forced cheerfulness, attempting to conceal my annoyance.

"Hi, Ronald."

Uh-oh. When she went for the full name, trouble was brewing. Judging by her tone, it was trouble with a capital T.

"I just got a call from Lisa. And believe it or not, she just announced her divorce too!" Laura said, a hint of amusement in her voice.

"Really..."

Not exactly breaking news. I didn't see my sisters that much, but each time I did, I was amazed at how cold their marital relationships seemed. Lisa's marriage had been on life support for ages, and Laura's own divorce last month had practically telegraphed her twin's imminent split.

Ever since I was a boy, my younger twin sisters have always copied each other's actions. As identical twins, they considered it their prerogative. From the moment I first laid my eyes on them, I knew I was in trouble. They were four years younger than me, infinitely annoying, and had gotten

themselves in trouble more than I can remember. I had to pull them out of a couple of tight spots numerous times.

“Yeah...” Laura continued, “She finally had the guts to tell that douchebag to go fuck himself.”

“Okay...”

I kept my responses short, a strategy I’d learned over the years to avoid putting my foot in it. Laura was clearly on a roll, and I had no desire to interrupt her venting session.

“So, as we were talking about that shitty husband of hers, we decided that we deserved a break.”

In typical drama queen fashion, she paused for effect. I simply said, “A break...”

“A break, yes! We were both married for thirteen years, and we think it’s time for us to party!”

“To party... Right. You do realize you’re thirty-six, and it’s a bit sad when divorced women your age start hitting the clubs?”

“We don’t care, Ron. We need to let off some steam, period.”

“Why are you telling me this?” I asked. It was obvious that something was up. She never calls me just to complain. She does that with Lisa. No, she wanted something.

After another dramatic pause, she dropped the bomb, “Because Lisa and I think it’s a good idea that you look after the girls for a while...”

“What!?! No way! I’m swamped over here, and—”

“Bullshit! And you know it! We all think it’s good for Sarah and Sandra to see how a normal male role model behaves. And I know it’s a bit unsettling, but we think you’re the closest thing to a normal male for them.”

“But... I don’t have a clue how to babysit two eight-year-olds!”

“They’re twelve, almost thirteen, Ron...” Lisa corrected me. “They practically look after themselves. You’re just there to make sure they eat

and won't accidentally set the house on fire. I... we... well... We think it's good if you guys reconnect. It's good for you, too, you know?"

I sighed audibly, but after another short break, Laura dropped another bomb, "And it's only going to be for a week."

"A whole week?" I exclaimed.

"Don't be a pussy, Ronald. It'll be over before you know it. Trust me."

I knew I was cornered, but I wasn't about to surrender without a fight. "I... I can't! I've got—"

My sister cut through my feeble protests, "We'll drop the Esses off tomorrow morning so we can catch our flight in time. Make sure you're ready."

I paused for a second, feeling deflated, and said, "I'll ask Maria to prepare two bedrooms."

"You're the best, Ron! See you tomorrow!"

"Whatever."

I hung up, feeling defeated. Why did my sisters still have this much power over me? Sure, I liked my nieces, but babysitting was not on my agenda. Yet, as I contemplated the impending chaos to my life, Laura's words stuck, and a small part of me looked forward to actually reconnecting with the girls. And I did feel a bit guilty for keeping them at a distance. Granted, their husbands had something to do with that. Actually, quite a lot, if I was honest. But they were still my sisters, and I was the one who always blew them off with some lame excuse. Maybe this was the start of reconnecting with them. Who knows.

My sisters did everything together. When Lisa had her first real boyfriend at fourteen, Laura had one a week later. Laura announced her marriage about a decade later, so Lisa announced hers six weeks after that. When Laura was pregnant, it only took Lisa a month to proudly announce her own pregnancy. As a result of this, my nieces were born four and a half weeks apart from each other. When the kids were together, which was nearly all of the time, people always asked if they were twins since they looked and

dressed almost identically. And since both their names started with an S, the nickname 'The Esses' was born soon enough.

But the last time I saw them, they were about to turn nine, and now they were almost thirteen. I knew I wasn't the best uncle in the world, and I felt a bit guilty for not seeing them as much as I wanted, as I didn't have any children myself. So, the idea of looking after them now wasn't as bad as I wanted Laura to believe. I actually looked forward to spending some time with them, but I didn't want Laura or Lisa to know this.

However, my life had changed significantly since I last saw them. I had developed an early AI and ML model that caught the attention of big tech. When one of them came knocking to buy this tech, I initially refused their offer – and it was a generous offer! But I just knew I could do better. So, after almost another year of tweaking and tinkering, I had the feeling it was done and ready to conquer the world.

I realized I couldn't market this alone. And I knew this would be a difficult task. As I was talking to a friend about this, by some miracle, the planets aligned, and I received the most important phone call of my life.

Another big tech company had been following me for a while and was highly interested in my project. And they made me an offer I just couldn't refuse. I'd be filthy rich overnight, and I'd also get a decent percentage of stocks from that firm. Best of all, I could keep using my tech to further develop stuff I'd find interesting, and we'd renegotiate the terms if I would produce something interesting enough.

After I received the payment, I bought a vast piece of land near the ocean. On this land, there was an old, abandoned bomb shelter, lots of woods, but also a small, private beach. Steep cliffs surrounded my private beach, so I could work on my laptop while lounging in the sun and looking at the ocean without being disturbed by anyone. I hired an architect to build me a house on the cliff with lots of windows and natural light so I could see both the sea and the woods from up there.

This house turned out even better than I'd envisioned. It had a massive basement carved into the rocks, which I'd transformed into my workshop, seamlessly connected to the bomb shelter through a series of tunnels. It

had a cozy movie theater that could fit a small group of people. A spacious outdoor and indoor pool that appeared to blend into the cliff, creating the illusion of diving straight into the ocean. And, of course, a generous living room, a fully equipped kitchen, and an oversized garage for my other passion: sports cars. I'd automated everything with AI and smart tools, but I'd also brought on some staff to lend a hand. Being a forty-year-old single man in a house this big was both liberating and suffocating.



My hair had recently turned more into a salt-and-pepper-colored bush. Thankfully, it was still a full and lush bush of hair. Despite working mainly behind a desk, I've always had the intrinsic motivation to stay fit. Before I struck it big with my software, I used to hit the gym at least three times a week. Now, with my own gym at home, I worked out almost daily. Good genes helped, but I never aimed to be buff. I didn't want a dad-bod, but I wasn't aiming for huge muscles either. I was fit, especially for my age, and proud of the shape I was in.

Enter Maria, my housekeeper. She was a pretty woman, and despite my attempts at flirting, she politely turned me down, revealing she was a

lesbian. Initially disappointed, I considered letting her go, but our dynamic turned out to be perfect. We share a more roommate-like relationship than the typical boss-employee setup, with no underlying tension. It's a powerful bond that transcends the professional.

But I liked to be alone. My sisters always teased me for being a hermit, but living alone in this spacious mansion feels like paradise to me. Sure, there was a brief stint when I lived the playboy life, cruising into town in my flashy sports cars, picking up one or two beautiful women to indulge in a night of passion at my mansion. Threesomes and foursomes weren't uncommon, but every departure left me feeling like a sleaze and downright miserable.

Maria was always frank with me, and after another night of endless sex where she'd find me on the couch in my underwear looking like shit, she confronted me and asked, "Why do you put yourself through this, Ron?"

"Do what?"

"You're pretending to be someone you're not."

"I'm not trying..."

"Yes, you are. Admit it. You're a loner. You don't need people. Just embrace it and keep a small circle of friends. That's all you need!"

"I... I don't..."

"Think about it," Maria advised before walking away.

Maria was something else. Despite not being on my payroll for that long, she could read me like an open book and never shied away from telling it like it was. The more I reflected on it, the more I had to admit it. She was right! I loved being alone! Society had this misguided notion that solitude was a sad state and that people should pity those labeled as loners. But truth be told, I could go for weeks without a soul around, and I'd still be in high spirits.

Once I fully embraced this realization, my life settled back into a comfortable routine. Sure, I'd venture out occasionally, but the days of bringing a woman home were now more like a once-a-month thing rather than the nightly extravaganzas of the past. And you know what? I loved it!



Maria's company was enjoyable, and Hank, my groundskeeper, was a hilarious guy who always found a way to have fun with me. So, yeah, life was good.

And then, there was this impending disruption. Two young girls about to turn my peaceful haven into a playground. I gave Maria a mission: go out and stock up on board games, coloring books, and anything else that might entertain little kids. She gave me a curious look and shrugged but ultimately went ahead and did as I asked.

When she returned, I knew we needed to have a difficult conversation. Maria had requested a two-week vacation to Hawaii with her girlfriend Anna, and Maria was planning to propose to her during the trip. But I couldn't manage the girls on my own; I needed Maria's help. My heart sank when I heard her open the front door.

"What's up, Ron?" Maria asked, noticing my expression.

"Can you sit down, please?"

"Did I do something wrong?"

"No! No... it's just that..." I sighed deeply, "I can't manage the girls on my own for a whole week. I know it's short notice, but my sisters..."

"So... I can't go on vacation?" Maria interrupted.

"It's... uhm... I don't think so, no. I'm really sorry, Maria, but I just can't."

"Well... fuck," she muttered, leaning back in her chair, looking defeated.

"I promise I'll make it up to you, and I'll cover all the cancellation costs. But I really need your help right now."

After a moment of silence, Maria stared into the distance, then stood up and looked me in the eyes. "Okay. But you have to promise to listen to me and not be stubborn. I practically raised my sister and little brother, so I know what I'm doing."

"Deal!" I said, feeling immensely relieved.

I chuckled at how she stood with her hand on her hip, like a true diva. I stood up to give Maria a firm hug.

She quickly broke the hug and said, "I'll go and call Anna. Not sure how she's going to take this."

"Good luck! I'll call the travel agency and cancel everything. If you need anything, just let me know!"

Maria grabbed her purse and handed me all the information I needed to cancel everything. It was the least I could do, and I felt grateful and relieved that she was willing to stay and help me out.

"But don't think I'll forget this," Maria said, her eyes flashing with intensity. "I'm helping you because you're a nice guy, and I don't want to lose this job. But I'm *furioso* about all this."

"I understand," I replied, knowing her well enough not to push back at that moment.

"It's always me," she continued angrily. "You don't ask Hank to come back from his vacation."

"That's different, and you know it," I said carefully.

Her anger seemed to simmer down a bit. The fire in her eyes softened as she looked at me and said, "I know. But it's just..."

"I get it. And you have every right to be angry with me. But I promise I will make it up to you!"

"I know you will."

With that, she turned and walked away from me. I had never seen her so upset before, and for a moment, I feared she might resign. Thankfully, her fiery Mexican temperament didn't completely take over at that moment.



## Part two

"Your guests have arrived," Maria warned, tucking her phone away. My AI app had also sent a push notification to my phone, confirming their arrival. I gave her a timid but nervous nod in response.

I was currently dressed in my 'businessy-informal clothes' as Maria called it. Usually, when it would be just me lounging alone, I would wear sweatpants and a shirt. But this time, I wore jeans and a button-down shirt that my personal stylist had chosen for me. I didn't want to feed into my sister's image of me being a hermit, and it wouldn't hurt to make a good first impression with my nieces.

"Let's go and welcome them, then," I suggested, trying to muster some excitement. While I was genuinely looking forward to spending a week with my nieces, meeting my sisters always seemed to be awkward and uncomfortable. As they emerged from the car, that familiar sense of unease settled in, and this time was no different—especially when Laura's Prius rolled into view, its questionable paint job catching my attention.

Desperately attempting to distract myself, I observed the car's back doors opening. Two young women stepped out, and for a moment, I found myself wondering where my nieces were. It took me a couple of moments to realize that the young women were, in fact, The Esses: Sarah and Sandra!

"Good thing I grabbed those coloring books," Maria remarked, playfully nudging me in the ribs.

"Shut up!" I chuckled.

"Hi, Ron!" Lisa greeted me excitedly, running up and giving me an awkward hug.

"Hi, Lisa. Good to see you. How are you doing?"

"I'm okay... glad it's finally over."

After Laura and I said our hellos, the two young women walked up to me. Holy shit! I didn't expect this. At almost thirteen, they had started to fill out

in some of the good places but still had that innocence and youthful charm over them.

Both were wearing yoga pants that hugged their lower body snugly and showed off their shapely legs and boyish but extremely tight asses. Each of them wore a short shirt that hugged their young, developing breasts and showed off the better part of their tanned bellies.

I must've looked dumbstruck because Laura asked, "They've grown a bit since you last saw them, haven't they?" I tore my eyes away and glanced at my sister's massive grin. I nodded and said, "They sure have. Are you sure they want to stay with their boring old uncle?"

"Hi, Uncle Ronald," they chirped in unison.

"Ask them yourself," Laura laughed. They each gave me a tight hug, clearly excited to be here.

"You probably hate hearing old people say how much you've grown, but I barely recognized you two. You've turned into beautiful young ladies," I said, making sure to look them in the eyes.

They smiled broadly at me and then exchanged a grin I couldn't quite place. They grabbed each other's waists, and Sarah said, "Yeah... we hear that a lot. And... thanks for having us over."

"Of course! No problem! Glad to have you here," I answered, avoiding Lisa's eyes. "Hey, this is Maria. Go on in with her, and she'll show you your rooms. I need to speak to your moms for a bit."

Maria took them upstairs to show them their rooms, and my sisters and I headed inside for some coffee.

"You've really got an amazing place here, Ron!" Lisa said, and for the first time, I could hear that she genuinely meant the compliment about my house.

"Thanks."

"Bill was always so jealous about you, and when- "

"Never mention your soon-to-be ex-husband again during this trip!" Laura interrupted her.

“You’re right. I’m sorry. But I should’ve been more supportive of you, Ronald. And I’m sorry things went the way they did,” Lisa said, and I could see in her eyes she was getting a bit emotional.

“Yeah... me, too. I hope you can forgive us, Ronald,” Laura said, looking guiltily at the floor.

This was totally unexpected. I always thought it was just my sisters being envious of me. Perhaps it was an easy way out for them by using their ex-husbands, but the fact that they apologized and that it sounded and looked sincere was more than I ever expected.

“It’s okay, I guess,” I answered timidly.

“No, it’s not. But from now on, we’re going to be there for you whenever you need us.”

And with that, my twin sisters got up and gave me a tight hug. This hug felt genuine, and the knot in my stomach was untying itself rapidly now.

During our coffee, I got all sorts of dos and don’ts regarding the girls. Sarah could be rebellious at times, and I should stand my ground when that happened. Other times, she might turn quiet. A little TLC could help then, but it would usually pass on its own. My sisters kept talking about what the girls liked and disliked. Laura also warned me about Sandra’s peanut allergy and handed me an Epi-pen with a brief instruction on how to use it. Her allergy wasn’t severe enough for a hospital visit, but she’d feel a bit sick and out of it when it happened.

“Ronald, can I ask you something?” Lisa asked once their parental worries were addressed.

I shrugged with amusement, “Of course! As long as it isn’t money. I’m almost out.”

“Yeah, sure!” Laura snorted with a chuckle.

“Do you know any good lawyers? You know... divorce lawyers?”

I gave her the number of the law firm that represented me and promised I’d cover her costs. They weren’t cheap, but they had one of the best teams in

the field. So far, I'd only needed them for my business, but I knew they had a fantastic family law department.

When Maria walked by with my nieces during the grand tour, I noticed the yoga pants and short, tight shirts again. I knew I shouldn't be looking, but they looked mighty fine in them, and given that they were turning into young women, my instincts seemed to take over.

"They've grown a lot, haven't they?" Laura asked with a proud smile on her face.

"They sure did! I had Maria go out and buy some coloring books, but that seems like ages ago now."

My sisters laughed at my apparent ignorance about the girls and reassured me that they still behaved like little girls at times. However, in the blink of an eye, they would transition into acting all grown up.

"You're in for a treat, big brother," Lisa laughed.

"I guess. But... what's with the yoga pants? Do I need to hire a fitness instructor?"

"No, silly!" Laura chuckled as she playfully slapped me on my arm. "Sarah started wearing them the moment Rick left me. He was kinda... strict on what she was allowed to wear, you know?"

"Yeah... Sandra did the same thing when Bill left us. Heck! If it was up to the Esses, they'd be running around naked!"

My sisters started laughing, and I laughed nervously with them. But I was troubled by a little voice in the back of my mind that found the idea of naked girls running around extremely interesting. I pushed the thoughts immediately away, but it was undeniably there for a brief moment. I wasn't a perv! I've had sex with so many beautiful women, sometimes with three of them together. I was as normal as normal goes! Right?

"But don't worry, Ron. I don't think you've got to worry about that. They're probably too self-conscious at this age that they'll lock their doors if there's anything they don't want you to see."

"Thank god!" I sighed exaggeratedly.

After pouring another round of coffee, I asked, “Why did you guys come to me, anyway?”

My sisters exchanged glances, and Laura said, “It was the girls’ idea. We’d been talking about you and... They wanted to see you and wanted to reconnect. I guess hearing their fathers complain about this beautiful place has something to do with that, too!”

“The few times they did stuff with Rick and Bill, it almost always ended in disappointment,” Lisa confessed. “They thought they were all rough and tough guys and wanted boys instead of girls. This always rubbed off on the girls.”

I nodded, starting to grasp the difficulties my sisters had to deal with more and more. By the time we finished our second coffee, Maria had come in with the girls. They walked over excitedly and sat down on the couch.

“This place is amazing!” Sarah excitedly said, tightening her blonde ponytail and exposing more of her tight belly as she did so.

The girls looked almost like identical twins. The main difference between them was that Sarah had blonde hair that hung just below her shoulders, whereas Sandra was a brunette with equally long hair. Other than that, they were the same. Small, A, maybe B-cup breasts, a nice tan, slightly muscular and soft bellies, and asses so tight that they could crush a walnut between the cheeks.

“Yeah!” Sandra chimed in, “And it’s huge! There’s even a big sauna downstairs.”

“And a private beach, a swimming pool, a big...” Sarah added but was interrupted by her mother.

“I know, hon! You won’t be bored over here. Don’t forget there’s also your uncle who needs some attention,” Laura said, smiling.

“But we made that pact...” Sarah said secretively.

“Oh, right! *The pact*. Almost forgot.” Laura said and looked at me, “They both agreed to only use their phones as little as possible. They won’t have



to turn it in or anything, but they promised to keep the phone time as limited as possible.”

“Wow. Really?” I asked, surprised. Kids these days hardly seem to be able to leave their phones alone, so I was a bit skeptical. I wanted to give them the benefit of the doubt, so I tried to look impressed and said, “That’s cool!”

“Yeah,” Lisa added with a smile, “more time to bond…”

Sarah and Sandra exchanged another glance. I assumed they didn’t really want to be here with me, no matter what my sisters said. I thought maybe they had been more or less forced to come. They were excited about all the cool stuff my house had, so I guessed that’s where that glance came from. Despite this, I was sure we’d figure it out together. Besides, if we really wanted to, we could go through the week hardly seeing each other.

Everyone got to their feet. I figured this was the cue they were leaving. After tight hugs, some stern words to their daughters, and a couple of tears, they drove off. We waved at the car, and I was alone with two preteens for the first time in my life. I knew Maria was also still around somewhere, but she was professional enough to give us some space.

There was an awkward silence, and I knew I somehow had to break it. So I asked, “How are your rooms?”

“It’s great! But we decided we’d bunk together, so Maria helped us move the bed,” Sarah said with an adorable smile.

“Can we go swimming?” Sandra asked into the silence that followed, looking all hyped.

“Yeah! Can we?” Sarah added.

“I don’t see why not. I’ll go and slip into something more comfortable myself. Maybe I’ll join you outside.”

“So cool!” Sarah said as both girls raced upstairs.

My AI app told me Maria was downstairs in the laundry room, so I headed downstairs to find her. I wanted to hear her take on all this. I opened the door to the laundry room and saw she was ironing some of my shirts.

“What do you think?” I asked, noticing a smile on her face.

She placed another shirt on the ironing board and replied, "They're clearly not eight-year-olds. Looks like they can handle themselves."

"Yeah," I said, rubbing the back of my head, "now I feel awful for canceling your vacation."

"Don't worry about that," she said, though I sensed something in her voice. Was it anger? I wasn't great at picking up subtle cues in people's voices or body language, but there was definitely something there.

"I, uhm... I think I can handle them myself," I said tentatively, watching her reaction.

She peered at me from under her black hair that hung in front of her face and said, "I think so too. I talked with them a lot during the tour, and they're pretty mature for their age."

An awkward silence settled in the room. After a moment's hesitation, I made up my mind. I knew I could manage, and if I needed advice or anything, I could always call my mother. That call was long overdue, anyway. When it came to her granddaughters, I knew she'd help if I reached out.

"Come on. We'll call my travel agent and book you that vacation. You'll only miss a day, but there will be first-class flights and a five-star hotel to make up for it. What do you think?"

Maria looked at me, her expression stunned, but I could see her starting to nod. I smiled at her and asked, "Well?"

"Yes! That would be awesome, Ron! I'll call my contact at the island so he can try to undo all the cancellations for the proposal I planned."

"Great! Let's do this!"

After a hug from Maria, we began making arrangements. A quick call to my travel agent secured the best flights and hotel before we knew it. It wasn't cheap, but that didn't matter one bit. Maria was helping me out, so I was glad to make it up with this vacation. It felt good to give her this after everything she'd done for me.

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“Isn’t that right, Ron?” Sarah asked, snapping me back to reality.

The girls were still lying on their bellies next to me, looking expectantly at me. When they noticed my confused look, they started giggling. I glanced at the pool and toward the ocean to see if I’d missed something.

“Your basement is connected to an old bomb shelter, isn’t it?”

“Uhm... I said, “Yes. Yes, it is. Why?”

Before they could respond, I heard the living room door slide open. We glanced over, hearing footsteps coming our way. I stood up straight and smiled as Maria approached us, wearing a massive grin. I knew I was the cause of that grin, and it made me feel warm inside.

“Thanks, Ron! I really appreciate you doing this for me!” Maria said and gave me a tight hug.

“Don’t mention it. There’s no better time than today, right?” I replied with a smile.

“Guess not,” she agreed, flashing a smile before making her way to the door to say farewell to the girls.

“Goodbye, Maria! And good luck,” the girls chimed in unison.

“Goodbye, girls. Hope to see you soon. Take care of your uncle, okay?”

I wished Maria the best of luck and insisted she’d keep me updated on her girlfriend’s response. As we exchanged goodbyes, I couldn’t shake off a faint feeling that maybe this wasn’t my brightest idea ever, but it was so fleeting that I brushed it aside.

I quickly changed into my swimming trunks and grabbed drinks and a small snack. When I came back outside, the girls weren’t lying on their bellies anymore but had turned to their backs and were rubbing sunscreen on their arms and legs. My eyes quickly glanced over their lithe, healthy bodies, and I couldn’t help but admire their beauty. My sisters had done a perfect job putting these kids on earth. This wasn’t sexual at all; I was genuinely proud of how nice they looked.

As I set down the tray with drinks on the table between the chairs, Sarah and Sandra scooted forward. Before I could stand up straight, they got to

their feet and had pushed me backward into the pool. When I resurfaced, two young cannonballs landed right next to me, marking the start of some good old-fashioned roughhousing.

The girls teamed up, attempting to dunk me, and I found it challenging to stay upright. There was a lot of back-and-forth groping around as we attempted to get some grip. I grabbed a couple of boobs and asses, but the girls grabbed my ass a lot too, and there were more occasions of a hand on my dick than I could count.

“Oh, no, you don’t!” I shouted when Sarah dove under and grabbed my ankles. I managed to break free just in time.

Sandra then jumped on my back and yelled, “Nipple squeeze!” as her fingers gripped my left nipple.

“Be careful what you wish for,” I chuckled, grabbed her by her upper leg, and pulled her from my back. As she got free, I grabbed her ass to keep her afloat, but when I realized what I was holding, I quickly let go.

Both girls were underwater now, and I was constantly scanning the water to check where they were. I swam away just in time when I felt four pairs of fingers on my legs.

“Hey! Not fair!” Sarah exclaimed.

“Yeah! We almost had you!” Sandra added.

“Well... you’ll have to be quicker than that,” I said as I swam back to them.

“Oh, don’t worry. We’ll get you, alright,” Sarah said with her eyes down to narrow slits as if we were at some spaghetti western-style shootout.

“Not before I get you!” I screamed and lurched at them, both girls yelping excitedly as they barely managed to get out of my way.

But I made a stupid mistake here. I lurched too far, and the moment I got to my feet, I felt two young bodies clinging to mine. I tried everything I could to get them off of me, grabbing some ass and accidental pussy as I did this. But since it was during this roughhousing, I didn’t pay too much attention to it, and neither did they.

Eventually, I had to give in. One of them started pulling down my trunks, and the moment I felt my dick pop free, I pulled it back up. But this mistake cost me dearly. Before I could even react, both girls launched themselves at me. Two pairs of boobs were pressed against my face, and the momentum of their launch put me off balance, and I got dunked back in.

As I looked up from under the water, I saw one of the bikini tops had shifted. Sarah's red top no longer covered her breasts. My eyes were wide as saucers as I looked at her young, cone-shaped bare breasts. Two small but extremely hard nipples completed the spectacle in front of me. I could see they gave each other a high-five, and I tried to stay underwater a little longer to give her the chance to fix her wardrobe malfunction. At least, that's what I told myself. I could hold my breath for this forbidden view.

Moments later, she corrected her problem, and I came up, exaggeratedly coughing and gasping for air. Both girls were giggling loudly, and I noticed Sarah didn't even blush. I guessed she didn't realize I saw her bare boobs.

"High five!" Sarah said, and Sandra responded immediately.

"Yeah, yeah..." I sighed in mock anger.

"Let's face it. You can never beat us!"

"You two play dirty..."

They gave each other a look and excitedly nodded simultaneously. "Yup! That's what we do. But we won, didn't we?"

I didn't want to make too big of a point of them seeing my dick and figured we'd leave it at this. So, I nodded and played along, letting them have their victory while silently plotting my eventual revenge.



We tossed a ball around and simply enjoyed each other's company. Hanging out with them was effortless, and their positive energy made me feel they enjoyed my company, too. Yet, there was an indescribable tension I couldn't quite understand. It had been a long time since I enjoyed being around others like this. I appreciated Sarah's spirited nature. She wasn't a tomboy, but she definitely knew what she wanted. Sandra, on the other hand, was a bit more timid but showed genuine affection towards me. Maybe I'm not such a hermit after all. Perhaps it all depends on the company.

As the sun began its descent, I suggested it might be a good time to wrap up our swimming session and head indoors. I hoisted myself out of the pool, grabbed my towel, and proposed, "How about I whip up my famous lasagna for dinner tonight?"

"Sounds perfect," Sandra agreed, starting to dry off alongside me.

“I’ll lend a hand,” Sarah chimed in from the pool, casting a glance at Sandra. “You can hop in the shower in the meantime.”

“I wanna take a bath. Is that okay?” Sandra said.

“Sure! I’m making this lasagna from an old Italian recipe. This might take a while, so take your time!” I said as I wrapped the towel around my waist.

“Yes! I’ve never been in a bubble bath this big! Later,” she said and almost ran upstairs.

I followed her upstairs and showed her where everything was and how to operate the tub. And after a quick change back into my khakis and shirt, I headed back down to the kitchen. Sarah had already started working on cutting some of the vegetables. She’d tied the towel around her waist but seemed to push her chest a bit forward every time I peeked at her bikini-clad breasts.

“Smells good,” Sarah said as the sauce started to boil.

“Yeah. The trick is to let the water evaporate. It takes some time, but that’s what makes a good sauce. So, um... how’s it going?”

I knew it was a bit awkward to ask, but good conversations just weren’t my thing. I was good in bed and smarter than most people, but making small talk wasn’t my strong suit.

“Okay, I guess...”

“And the divorce?”

Sarah shrugged, stirred the sauce, and said, “Not too bad. It’s better for all of us, I think.”

I started buttering the dish and asked, “How come?”

“Well... Mom and Dad used to fight a lot. That’s over, so it’s more peaceful at home now. And Dad and I...” she sighed deeply, “He’ll never admit it, but I’m pretty sure he wanted a boy. And I’m... well... not a boy.”

She pressed her chest forward to emphasize her point, and I smiled emphatically at her. I knew I should say something reassuring about how he

loved her no matter what, but like I said... I wasn't that good at talking to people.

"Good thing you've got your mom."

Her face lit up as I said this. "Yeah. She's cool! A bit crazy, but cool!"

We were making up the plates when Sandra joined us. Her damp, dark hair hung over her white t-shirt. Judging by the way her nipples tried to poke through her shirt, she wasn't wearing a bra. And apparently, she felt at home enough to wear a shirt that ended just above her purple panties, showing off a small stripe of skin.

She saw me looking at her panties and asked, "What? It's basically the same as a bikini! I forgot to pack my PJs."

This wasn't quite the same as a bikini, and she knew it, but I didn't want to ruin the bond we were building, so I shrugged and said, "It's okay. As long as you're comfortable in it, I don't mind."

I knew my sisters said they'd run around naked if they could. But I thought they were just joking when they said this. It just never occurred to me they would actually do this. Sarah glanced at her cousin and smiled. She smirked, grinned, and replied, "Didn't bring my PJs either. I guess you'd better get used to it."

I didn't want to make too big of an issue out of it, so I shrugged and exaggeratedly rolled my eyes, causing them to chuckle. Placing the plates on the kitchen table, I grabbed a bottle of Merlot that would complement the pasta nicely and sat at the head of the table. Both girls took their seats to my left and right, looking expectantly at me.

As I poured myself a glass, I sensed the tension in the air, two pairs of eyes regarding me questioningly, so I asked, "What?"

"Can we have a glass, too?" Sarah asked, catching me off guard.

"No!" I replied sternly, not expecting this question.

"But... Mom sometimes lets us have one," Sarah persisted.

"And we're almost thirteen, you know?" Sandra chimed in, adding her support.



“Exactly my point!” I retorted, then paused to consider. Suddenly, an idea struck me, and I couldn’t help but feel a bit clever. Suppressing a smile, I proposed, “I can text your mother and ask her...”

I anticipated the girls would back down, but to my surprise, they became even more enthusiastic. “Yes. Please do that!” they both answered eagerly. “She’ll let us. You’ll see!”

I shrugged, reached for my phone, and composed a message to Laura, asking if it was alright for the girls to have a glass of wine. Striving to maintain an open and non-judgmental tone, I reread the message twice before hitting send. I didn’t expect an immediate response, but almost instantly after sending it, my phone buzzed.

“NBD. R allowed to have 1. YOLO,” the text read.

Even though I didn’t entirely agree that it was no big deal regarding underage drinking, I also recognized that I wasn’t the parent in charge of making that decision. So, with a smile, I showed the girls the screen and quipped, “Guess I need to grab two more glasses.”

I took down two glasses with full round bowls but only gave each a half-pour. I handed them to the girls. We raised our glasses in unison, offering a simultaneous “cheers” as they clinked together.

I laughed at the face Sandra made. Sarah tried hard to pretend she liked it, but I could see the opposite was true.

“Never had a Merlot?” I chuckled.

“Well... No. We did have a... uhm... Mogen Davids?” Sandra said.

“Mogen David. That’s a sweet wine and not something I keep on hand, I’m afraid. This is a dry wine, more suitable for dinner like this.”

Sarah tried her best to keep up the pretense and questioningly said, “It’s... different?”

“It sure is. Shall I pour you another, sweeter wine?”

“Nah. This is fine,” Sarah said and took another sip.

After taking her first bite of the lasagna, Sarah said with surprise in her voice, "This is delicious!"

"Yeah! You're an amazing cook!" Sandra chimed in.

"Thanks!" I replied, feeling a sense of pride and flashing a proud smile. While I knew I could whip up a decent meal, I seldom did so since it was usually just for myself.

"So..." I said into the silence that followed, "How's school?"

"Oh boy..." Sarah said, rolling her eyes.

"Really? School?" Sandra asked in that typical schoolgirl tone.

"Uhm.. Sorry?" I said apologetically.

"Only old people want to talk about school. We don't. Unless we're talking about *High School Musical!*"

"Yeah... no matter how old that movie is, that Zac Efron sure is a hotty!" Sarah added.

"Okay. No school, then. Uhm... what movies do you like?"

Sarah thought for a second and said, "Nothing in particular. As long as it isn't horror or fantasy."

"Yeah. Me, too," Sandra added, "Although I can enjoy a good slasher movie."

"Nah... I hate the jump scares in those!" Sarah said as she shook her head.

"How about you?" Sandra asked as she looked at me.

"I hate to admit it, but I kind of like fantasy. I know it's a bit geeky, but I find stuff like *Lord of the Rings* and *Game of Thrones* amazing!"

"Isn't that the one with the brother and sister..." Sandra asked quizzically.

"Yup!"

"Wow... Really?" Sarah asked with disbelief on her face.

"I haven't seen it, but heard a lot about it," Sandra said.

“Well... the series is so much more than that. It’s got all sorts of layers in it. And politics, dragons, and knights...”

“And incest!” Sandra said, nodding to prove her point.

“And incest, yes,” I chuckled, “so we probably won’t be watching that one.”

Sandra and Sarah started talking about how much they enjoyed the *Maze Runner* movies. I was glad they did because I was running out of subjects to talk about. Apparently, the boys in those movies were hot. Almost without exception, judging by their excited conversation.

After clearing my plate and chatting with Sarah about the recipe, I noticed Sandra grumbling something beside me. Sarah’s eyes checked her out, and suddenly, they sparkled with excitement. Curious, I turned to Sandra and spotted a sizable glob of red lasagna sauce staining her white shirt right between her breasts. She looked at us sheepishly, prompting Sarah to burst into laughter.

“Now, that’s unfortunate,” I chuckled, trying not to laugh at her in her face. “I’ll toss it in the washing machine with some of Maria’s special soap, and hopefully, it’ll come out clean.”

“Oh, okay,” Sandra replied with a shrug, beginning to tug at the hem of her shirt, seemingly resigned to the situation.

It took me a second to realize what she was doing, but the moment the underside of her boobs came into view, I exclaimed, “What are you doing?!”

She stopped lifting her shirt, but there was still a hint of underboob showing. She looked expressionless at me and said, “You wanted to throw it in the washer, didn’t you?”

“Yes. But you can’t change in here! You’ll be topless.”

“Yeah. So?”

“I’m your uncle. You can’t just undress in front of me.”

“Why not? Haven’t you seen boobs before?” Sandra chuckled.

“I... well... yeah, I have, and I just have... but...” I started, feeling a bit awkward about having to explain myself.

“Then... what’s the problem?” Sarah interrupted, her tone curious.

“I... I think it’s inappropriate for us... You need to change in your room. I mean... I don’t want to get in trouble, and... it’s the right thing to do,” I managed to stammer, taken aback by this unexpected situation.

“Whatever,” Sandra sighed, clearly frustrated, and she got up, walking past me toward her room.

“At home, we walk around without clothes a lot,” Sarah said with a shrug, “We don’t really care that you see us, you know... like that...”

“I’m glad you trust me that way, but I... I just didn’t expect this. And I don’t want to be... it’s just that I... oh, I don’t know!” I said and sighed deeply, not knowing what to do about it.

“Don’t worry about it. It’s okay,” Sarah said, placing a hand on my arm, which was strangely comforting.

But the disturbing thing was that I found the idea of seeing their boobs strangely exciting. I still didn’t want to admit it, but the girls looked hot despite their age. But their age was precisely the problem. It was such a mental conflict for me, and then the girls started doing these things. If I hadn’t stopped her, Sandra would be sitting topless at the table.

“I dropped my shirt in the laundry chute,” I heard Sandra say behind me as she approached us again.

As she sat back down, she was still straightening her bright yellow tube top. I looked at her and noticed this was starting to get ridiculous! This tube top may have fitted her over a year ago, but now it was too short and too tight. And because of this, the fabric was stretched and basically showed her nipples as if there was no fabric there at all. The color of her small areolas was clearly showing, and her nipples tried poking through the fabric. The short top started under her armpits and ended about four inches above her belly button.

I contemplated saying something about it but ultimately decided against it, realizing it would only fuel her rebellious streak. So, I responded as casually as possible, “Fine. I’ll make sure to wash it later with anything else you two have.”

“I still think it’s stupid,” Sandra pouted, focusing on finishing the last bit of her lasagna.

I noticed Sarah shoot a glare at Sandra, and then an uncomfortable silence settled in. Sarah broke it with a nice suggestion, “Can we watch a movie in the theater later?”

This seemed to brighten Sandra’s mood considerably. She perked up and eagerly asked, “Yeah! Can we watch *Poor Things*?”

I hesitated for a brief moment. This was a movie with nudity and a liberal view about sex. I assumed that’s why they chose it. I briefly thought about texting my sister and asking for permission but figured she’d be clubbing by now and in no mood to answer me. And besides that, what was wrong with a bit of nudity, right? So, I replied with a casual, “Sure!” also relieved about the change of subject.

“Cool!” Sandra said with a smile, and I was glad to see the mood shift positively.

Sarah announced she wanted to take a quick shower, and I began clearing the table. As I reached for the last plate, I overheard the two of them whispering. I couldn’t catch everything, but two phrases caught my attention. When Sarah whispered, “Take it easy! Don’t push him,” Sandra muttered something I couldn’t quite make out. Although I lacked context for their conversation, it was the first time the notion that they might be hitting on me truly crossed my mind. I immediately dismissed this thought again because twelve-year-olds don’t do this, but the seed was planted and was here to linger in the background.

I’d just opened the dishwasher when Sandra walked over. My eyes were immediately drawn to her nipples, and I forced myself to look into her eyes. She smiled and said, “Lemme help you,” as she started putting the plates into the racks.

After we were done, she gave me a full-body hug and said, “I’m sorry, Unc-uhm, Ronald. I didn’t mean to offend you.”

“It’s okay. Just remember that I’m an old, single man who’s not used to having two beautiful girls walking around.”

She broke the hug and looked at me with a funny expression. “You think we’re beautiful?”

“Of course! You really look amazing! But this doesn’t mean you have to show it all to your old uncle,” I chuckled, “My poor heart isn’t ready for that.”

“You’re funny. But you’re not old!” Sandra smiled, playfully slapped me on my chest, and headed to the living room, my eyes glued to her magnificent panty-clad ass as she walked away.

After Sarah was done with her shower, we headed over to the theater room. Sarah was dressed in her blue panties and a gray shirt that ended on her hips. That way, her outfit was slightly less revealing than Sandra’s but still revealing enough to show off her assets nicely. I tried ignoring this, but it was more difficult than I would’ve hoped. I supposed I could just try to get used to it.

“This is flipping amazing!” Sandra said excitedly with delight as the projector flickered to life, illuminating the giant screen.

My theater room boasted a massive couch at the front with two rows of five theater seats behind it. Both the seats and the couch were covered with the traditional red plush, aligned stadium-style, just like those in a real movie theater. The girls opted to cozy up together on the expansive couch, which suited me just fine, considering it was arguably the best spot in the theater.

Taking my place at one end, Sarah and Sandra settled to my right near the other end. About halfway through the movie, after seeing a scene with a lot of skin and the hint of fucking between the main character and some random stranger, I paused it and casually asked, “Who wants some popcorn?”

Nods and cheers came my way, prompting me to switch on the popcorn machine and prepare three generous buckets. Upon my return, I found Sandra nestled up against Sarah, her back against her cousin’s side. Sarah had draped her arm over Sandra’s shoulder, her hand resting on her cousin’s belly. After passing out the popcorn, I resumed the movie with a press of the play button.

A couple of minutes later, I noticed movement in the corner of my eyes and glanced over. Sarah's hand was now fully cupping Sandra's right breast, and judging by the movement of her hand, it looked like she was massaging it. I turned my head back toward the screen, but I kept stealing glances.

They looked as if there was nothing out of the ordinary, but I did find it strangely erotic to see them act like this. Maybe it had something to do with the sexy movie we were watching, maybe because of seeing my nieces' hot bodies all day now, but I grew hard watching them, and there was nothing I could do to stop it. After I adjusted myself so my emerging tent wasn't too obvious anymore, I thought I saw them looking quickly away from what I was doing, but this was probably my imagination.

The way Sandra was lying with her knees pulled up, legs a bit apart, and with her ass toward me, I could see the obvious cameltoe between her legs clearly. And the moment I noticed the damp spot in her purple panties, I immediately popped a full-on boner.

Thankfully, they appeared oblivious to my prying eyes. When Sarah casually remarked, "That Harry guy is pretty hot, isn't he?" I figured it was probably safe to continue looking. We continued watching for a while longer, but the movie had completely lost my attention by now. Thankfully, my boner had mostly gone down by now, so I fetched us some drinks, and as I took a sip of my beer, I almost choked.

"You've got a pretty big penis," Sarah said out of the blue.

I continued to cough, struggling to regain my breath, flummoxed. They both stared back at me with innocent expressions as if they had just complimented me on my lovely eyes.

"I... I'm sorry!?" I stammered.

"Yeah. We noticed it in the pool when Sandra pulled down your trunks," Sarah replied casually, confirming my suspicion that they had indeed been discussing me earlier. By now, I wasn't that sure anymore if they weren't checking me out when I adjusted my boner.

"Right. We've only seen pictures of a penis so far, but yours looked pretty big to us."

Sarah's hand was still on Sandra's tit as they were talking to me. The damp spot appeared to be bigger, but I only saw it in my peripheral vision, and I didn't dare to glance down.

"I, uhm... it's... you weren't supposed..." I attempted to respond, but I was so taken aback that I couldn't form coherent sentences at that moment.

"Are you gay?" Sandra asked, her expression smug.

"You don't ask such a..." I croaked, cleared my throat, and let out a determined, "No! I'm not gay!"

"Our moms thought you might be gay but were still closeted," Sandra stated matter-of-factly.

"Well... I'm not."

"Okay," Sandra shrugged, and they both turned their attention back to the movie.

And that was that. I must have looked foolish sitting there, but apparently, the girls thought this was just normal conversation during a movie, and they didn't even spare me a second glance. But... they both saw my dick! This realization sent a wave of panic over me. What if they told my sisters what happened? What if...

As my blood pressure went down a little, so did my panic attack. First of all, *they* pulled down my trunks. As I reflected on the situation, I realized that their perspective was simply different from mine, and they didn't seem bothered by it at all. They viewed things in a way that I hadn't considered before, and it dawned on me that I needed to accept them as they were and refrain from trying to change them. It was on me to adapt, not on them. And would that be so bad?

Once this realization settled in, I found myself able to relax and simply enjoy their company. After the movie, we watched a silly series on Netflix called *Di4ries*, which wasn't exactly my cup of tea. Still, the shared comments and chuckles about its absurdity were enjoyable and helped relieve the tension I had felt earlier. And the cast was pretty cute, so it wasn't too bad to watch.



The rest of the evening passed without incident, and as the show concluded, we made our way upstairs together. Standing in front of my bedroom door, the girls approached me, and each planted a peck on my cheek simultaneously.

“Good night, Ronald,” they chirped.

“Good night, girls. Don’t let the bedbugs bite!” I smiled before retiring to my room.

After I disrobed and crawled into bed, I jerked myself to a quick orgasm, my head filled with images of hard nipples, underboobs, tight asses, and damp cameltoes.



## Part three

I awoke earlier than usual that morning. As I was lying in bed, I found myself looking at the ceiling, replaying the events of yesterday in my mind. The realization I had come to in the evening still lingered. Why should the girls be constrained by my own prudishness? Okay, I'm not exactly a prude, but why couldn't they act the way they wanted around me because I was held back by society's rules? I acknowledged to myself that I took some moral liberties here, and I wasn't entirely sure if my actions were driven by genuine concern or something else. However, one thing was sure: I regretted my behavior.

I didn't hear any movement from the room next door, but a quick glance at my alarm clock revealed that it was late enough to start the day. So, I got up, showered, forced myself to wear only my black Versace boxer briefs, and headed downstairs.

All the models I took back to my place and who stayed for breakfast were amazed by the omelets I made, so I decided to do the same for Sarah and Sandra. As I finished making the first of my famous omelets, I heard the patter of young, bare feet on the kitchen tile. Before I could react, with my hands full, I felt a kiss on my cheek from behind, and Sarah cheerfully wished me a good morning. Glancing around, I noticed she was dressed in the same outfit as last night, although her shirt was now inside-out, her blonde hair not yet brushed.

"Have a seat and prepare to be amazed," I said, grinning widely.

I placed the plate in front of her and observed as she took the first bite. As the flavors danced on her taste buds, her face lit up, and she said with a look of awe on her face, "This is wonderful! You really are an amazing cook!"

"Thanks!" I replied, turning around and hearing another pair of bare feet on the stairs.

Sarah's amused voice piped up, "Are you sure you're not gay?"

"Bite me!" I chuckled, turning to see Sandra's sleepy expression.

“Morning...” she grumbled, clearly not quite awake yet.

After finishing Sandra’s omelet and watching her take her first bite, her eyes widened, and she instantly perked up, showering me with more compliments. “Mom can’t make anything like this,” Sandra divulged.

Once breakfast was over and we were chatting away, an idea popped into my head. In the past, I took my dates to a famous and fancy restaurant called Claudio’s. It was renowned as the best restaurant within a two-hundred-mile radius, situated in a bustling hotspot in town, and it was not uncommon to spot one or two famous people dining there.

When I suggested this to Sarah and Sandra, they became instantly excited, chatting animatedly about all the celebrities they might see. I let them indulge in their excitement for a moment, chuckling at their eagerness.

“But... I didn’t bring anything nice to wear!” Sandra groaned, interrupting the excitement with a hint of concern.

Sarah’s face morphed into one of realization, and she nodded worriedly. Two pairs of puppy eyes were looking at me, and I had to laugh at how the brains of these girls worked.

“Well... then we’ll just have to go shopping, won’t we?”

“YES!” they simultaneously shouted and started jumping around excitedly, each of them giving me a hug.

We agreed that they’d quickly take their morning shower as I cleaned up and made sure we were ready to go. The girls practically raced upstairs, and I cleared the table and put everything in the dishwasher.

As I headed upstairs to get dressed, I could hear the shower running, and the girls were giggling. My room, with its own shower *en suite*, was further down the hall. The girls were using the guest bathroom here at the top of the stairs.

But the steam coming into the hallway indicated that they had left the door open. At least a crack. I stood for a moment, contemplating my options. If I passed by quickly, no one would notice. But then again, they didn’t seem to mind one bit, either. I was so confused at the moment that I thought I was

going mad. But since I decided this morning that I was the one that needed to change, I gathered myself and took a look.

It was as if I was moving in slow motion. The bathroom door wasn't just ajar. It was completely open, and the moment I could see inside, my eyes almost popped out of their sockets.

Under the big, dual-headed shower, the girls were standing with their backs toward me. Their glistening young bodies on full display. They were talking to each other, seemingly oblivious to the open door. I watched as the soap ran down their backs, over their tight, hot asses, where it accumulated between their cheeks and disappeared between their legs.

Watching their wet bodies like this in the indirect bathroom lighting made me pop a boner almost instantly. I knew I didn't want to get hard over them, but my body had a different opinion. I lingered as long as I could get away with and absorbed every inch of their young bodies, hoping to etch this image into my brain.



The moment Sarah turned sideways, and I saw her silhouette with her hard nipple sticking out from her small breast, I snapped out of it. I tore my eyes from her chest and looked at her face. The steam in the shower made me unsure of what I saw, but I thought I caught her looking with a hint of amusement in her eyes. Surely, she would've said something if she had

caught me looking. Right? Not wanting to risk any longer, I hurried to my room.

Once inside, I hesitated a moment if I should open up my surveillance app. This could show me the camera footage from both the shower and their bedroom, but despite my throbbing cock needing urgent relief, I decided against it. It would be more than a little unethical to use the hidden cameras used for my AI, right? Not wanting to dwell any longer over this internal ethical battle, I whipped out my rock-hard dick and jerked myself to an intense orgasm within ten strokes, the images of my naked nieces filling my head.

I was barely clear enough to aim my spraying cock toward the damp towel that was still lying on the floor after my morning shower, but thankfully, I managed. After I regained my senses, looked at the mess on the towel, and the realization of what just had happened kicked in, I mumbled, “What the fuck is wrong with me?”

I couldn't shake the images of their naked bodies from my head. I only saw their backsides and one sideboob. But somehow, these young girls struck a chord with me. Their developing bodies, youthful innocence, and near-perfect figures, combined with the sexy insinuations they made, were just too much for me. I couldn't help it.

The bad thing was that I didn't feel any guilt or remorse now. I jerked myself to one of the quickest orgasms ever by just thinking about them, and it was hot as fuck. Even the thought of doing more with them wasn't that scary anymore. I realized I was tumbling down a slippery moral slope, and I didn't really care that I did. Where was this going to end?

Of course, I knew I shouldn't and couldn't do more than look and that it was on me to maintain a proper distance, but there was no harm in fantasizing, right? Despite some of the things they said and did, they sure as hell wouldn't want to have anything to do with their old uncle like that. Not *physically*. They were just too green and innocent to realize the effect their actions had on me.

I chose an outfit that was both stylish and casual, got dressed, and just as I opened the door to head downstairs, the girls stepped out of the bathroom

wrapped in towels. The fluffy towels covered them modestly, but their long, shapely legs and bare shoulders were still a delightful sight.

“I’ll be in the garage. Meet you guys there,” I said as I reached the top of the stairs.

“Just be a minute,” they chimed in unison and walked over toward their closet.

Later, it dawned on me that they didn’t close the bedroom door behind them. But since I didn’t have a plausible reason to be upstairs, I had to leave it at that.

“Nice rides, Ronald!” Sandra said as she checked out my collection of cars.

“Which car should we take, girls?”

They didn’t respond but rushed over to my convertible. It wasn’t a huge surprise they chose that one. It’s flashy and always attracts looks and praises from people who see me in that car. Seeing those two all hyped up brought a smile to my face.

“I guess it’s the Maserati...”

“Yeah! This one’s awesome!” Sarah cheered as she sat down in the passenger seat.

“Thanks!” I said, getting in and bringing the V6 to life. I revved the engine, causing both Sandra and Sarah to giggle and look at me in awe. “This is a Maserati GranCabrio Trofeo. It’s actually the closest thing to a regular car I own. But it’s got a twin-turbo V6 engine and almost six hundred brake horsepower, so it’s basically a supercar that can sit four.”

“Cool,” she replied.

The girls obviously weren’t that impressed by the numbers or interested in cars in general. They couldn’t care less what was under the hood but were too polite to say it to me. So, I figured I might as well stop talking about it and let the engine do the talking. After I exited the garage and drove all the way to my front gate, revving the engine every now and then, I turned onto the public road. Making sure no one was in front or behind me, I pressed down hard on the gas pedal, and we were pushed firmly into our seats. The



girl's impressed reactions were enough for me. Everyone likes a fast car! About twenty minutes later, we arrived at the salon where the girls would try new dresses. They were expecting us, and as the valet drove off in my car, we were greeted by Carmen, the owner of this exclusive shop.

"Ronald!!" Carmen said with her fake accent, walked over to me, and greeted me with open arms.

She gave me two fake pecks on my cheeks and made a show of checking me out. After an approving 'hmm' and nod from her, I knew I did well in front of my closet this morning.

"Carmen, I'm taking these two girls to Claudio's tonight. I need you to make sure they look like they belong there and not in the chorus of *Annie*."

"Of course, Ronnie."

Carmen snapped her fingers and gestured to one of her employees that the girls should be taken to the dressing rooms. When they were out of earshot, I looked at Carmen and said, "Let them try on three apiece. Keep it classic: black, blue, red, white, nothing *avant-garde*. Tell me which one is their favorite so it can be my choice, as well."

"Of course, darling! Nothing but the best for my cutest customer!" she said and winked seductively at me.

It wasn't uncommon for us to flirt. Carmen was a good-looking woman in her early fifties. Not exactly in my hunting grounds, but a friendly woman who'd earned her place with the rich and famous by working hard and staying strong. I winked back at her, and after flashing a broad smile, she headed over to the dressing rooms.

As she walked off, she asked one of the other women who worked there to bring me a coffee. Carmen's shop was known for brewing one of the finest cappuccinos one could find in the entire Bay Area. I sat down on a white chair near the dressing rooms, and when she gave me the cappuccino, I got a good, long look down her shirt. I didn't see any nipples, but her small braless tits looked mighty fine on her. And when she walked away, I couldn't take my eyes off her swaying hips and tight ass.

Good! I still liked adult women. This was more than mildly comforting, and the fear of becoming a pervert ebbed away little by little. Unfortunately, this didn't last long. After about an hour of patiently reading magazines and working through some emails on my phone, the door opened. Carmen walked out, gesturing for Sarah to come out of the dressing room. And when she did, I felt a stir in my pants.

Sarah was wearing a skintight black dress with glitters woven into the fabric. The bottom of the dress was halfway down her upper legs and was modest enough for a girl her age. But the top was strapless, and the heart-shaped fabric followed the curves of her breasts, making them look bigger. When she turned to show her back, I saw a vertical, oval-shaped gap, about an inch wide at the widest point, running from the top to just above her ass. It was small at the top and bottom and wide in the middle, almost onion-shaped. This dress looked amazing on her, and it gave it an expensive look and feel. By looking at the gap, it was clear she wasn't wearing a bra, and when I saw the top of her panties, I knew we'd have to look into that.

"Oh wow! You look amazing!" I exclaimed.

"Really? Isn't it... too much?"

"Absolutely not! This dress is made for you!"

"It is, isn't it?" Carmen said with her thick, fake French accent as she walked up to us. "Here, darling. Try these on. I think they will fit perfectly."

Carmen gave Sarah a pair of black shoes. They looked very fancy, and because she had no experience with high heels, they were strappy flats. But because of her long legs, you'd have to look twice to notice they didn't have heels. Next, Carmen handed Sarah a little black purse with a golden chain, and she hung it over her shoulder. I looked her over and smiled at this gorgeous young woman standing there in front of me.

"You look like a million bucks!"

Carmen smiled and said, "Wait till you see the bill..."

I shook my head as I noticed the twinkling in her eyes. I knew this wasn't going to be cheap, but it was all worth it.

“You sure I can have this!?” Sarah asked with disbelief all over her face.

“We need to be dressed for the occasion, don’t we?”

“Yeah... but...”

“No buts! It’s my chance to spoil you, so I don’t want to hear about it!”

Sarah smiled and gave me a tight hug. As she stood back straight, Carmen called Sandra out.

Sandra almost glided out, wearing a tight, red dress that ended halfway down her lower legs. But the split in it ended almost at her hip and looked sexy as fuck! The top had a small turtleneck, but the fabric went in a triangular form from the front of the turtleneck to halfway up her chest. This meant she showed a hint of sideboob, but it was still very classy and nowhere near trashy.

After she spun on her feet to show me her back, I saw it was completely bare. Her ass was covered nicely, and the problem Sarah had with her panties showing wasn’t going to be an issue for Sandra. The only thing was that the fabric was tight and silk-like, causing her panty line to show through the fabric. Nothing a thong couldn’t fix, and I assumed she had one with her because of how I remembered how the girls looked while wearing their yoga pants. But other than that, she looked equally fine as her cousin.

Carmen also handed shoes and a matching purse to Sandra, and as I stood there, admiring my nieces, I couldn’t believe how fast they were growing up. I asked them to pose and took a picture, which I sent to my sisters. They immediately responded with how great they both looked and how I shouldn’t spoil them this much. I didn’t care. I wanted to share my wealth with them.

The girls went back into the dressing rooms, and I walked over to the counter with Carmen, where I’d pay for everything. Carmen complimented me on how well-behaved and good-looking my nieces were. She knew exactly how to play me, and since I had taken most of my dates here to shop in the past, I couldn’t blame her. As she took my credit card, I asked, “Can you... advise them on makeup? Keep it simple, not clownish? I don’t want to have to tell...”

I was feeling uncomfortable and stupid, and Carmen cocked an eyebrow as she sized me up. Her lips curled into a smile, and she said, “Of course, Darling. I’ll go to them in a minute and give them a crash course on it.”

“And, uhm... while you’re there... Can you...” I felt my face go red. I cleared my throat, “can you help them with proper... underwear?”

She nodded. I felt a sense of relief wash over me as she said, “I’ve got just the right lingerie for them.”

My payment was done, and Carmen was heading over to the dressing room. It took me a moment to digest what she just said. I didn’t want them to be wearing fancy lingerie. They couldn’t even wear a bra! They just needed a pair of panties. Or thongs. Or... whatever! But I also knew Carmen a little bit. After I let it all sink in, I knew she’d give them the proper undies. And when I checked the bill, it only showed the line ‘underwear,’ so I was getting more at ease with this uncomfortable situation.

As we exited the store, the girl’s hands full with bags, Carmen waved us goodbye. I gave her a hug and thanked her for all the help. Her hands roamed all over my back as we hugged, something she always did and had turned into a routine.

“Of course, Darling! You’re welcome. See you next time!” she said and patted my butt.

When I turned around, I saw Sarah looking at us, and her smile appeared to be gone. As I approached them to open the trunk, she threw her arms around me, kissed me on my cheek, and pressed her body against mine. I smiled at her and helped them place the bags in the trunk.

During the ride home, they couldn’t stop talking about their expensive new clothes. We agreed that we’d chill for the rest of the day, so after we got home, I grabbed my laptop, took the elevator down to the beach, and worked through my emails. Sarah came down with me and read her book on the chair beside me. At the bottom of the elevator, I had a cabana containing a fridge, towels, a shower, and a small dressing room. I grabbed two Cokes from the big fridge, handed Sarah one, sat down in the shade, and opened my laptop.

We sat next to each other on the beach, overlooking the ocean, a warm breeze caressing our faces. We didn't talk much and were comfortable just keeping each other company. Apparently, Sandra had decided to lounge by the pool and work on her tan, something Sarah didn't feel like doing today. I was engrossed in a piece of code that expanded the artificial assistant I was building when Sarah asked out of the blue, "What does sex feel like?"

"Uh... what's that?" I asked, afraid I heard it correctly.

"Sex. People always make such a big fuss about it, but is it really that big of a deal?"

"It's uhm... it's..." I stammered, thought about it for a second, watched the ocean waves come in once, twice, three times, and cleared my throat, "When you really like someone, sex is the best way to express those feelings."

"Well... Yesterday evening, in bed, Sandra and I found some articles online. According to those, you've had sex with a different woman practically every night. Did you 'really like' them too?" she asked, a bit snarky and with the emphasis on 'really like them.'

Shit! Those articles. I forgot about the downside of being a playboy. How did I talk myself out of this one? I thought about it for a second and realized this girl wasn't stupid and couldn't be fooled. So I decided to just spit it out.

"You're right. The best way to express your feelings for someone is by having sex together. Or better yet, make love. But just the sex is also a lot of fun! Heck! If they invent something better than sex, I'd still keep having sex because it's simply amazing!"

Sarah chuckled at that and said, "Then why is everyone so uptight about it? Why can't I have sex?"

"Well... first off, you need to be careful. There are a lot of people out there who might hurt you, so you have to trust that person. And second... pregnancy."

"Mom said I was... some word... preco... precoco...?" she said, looking thoughtfully as she searched for the correct word.

“Precocious?” I asked.

“Yeah! That’s the one.”

I nodded and said, “I would certainly agree with that.”

“She said I was precocious and should be prepared for ‘it’ before it’s too late. So that’s why she took me to the doctor for this. And then Sandra followed... of course.”

“Okay. That’s good. Then you just need to find a person who’s willing and who you trust.”

“I know someone...” Sarah purred.

“Good! Then I’d say it’s a matter of explaining to him what you want when you’re back home. There’s nothing wrong with girls taking the lead. Just make sure to talk together about what you both want and, more importantly, what you don’t want.”

“Cool.”

“Don’t get me wrong, though! I’m not giving you permission or anything. It’s not up to me to give you that. I’m not your parent, you see. All I’m saying is that *if* you want to do this, keep my advice in mind.”

“I know. And thanks.”

I looked at her, and she had a smile on her face that made me all mushy inside. “It’s one lucky boy, though, you know that?”

“Who is?”

“The boy you want to have sex with.”

“Thanks,” and a blush spread across her face.

Before it could get any more awkward, I pretended to be busy on my laptop again. I noticed in the corner of my eye that she hadn’t opened her book again. I guessed that she was thinking about what I just said and decided to let her chew on it for a while.

“Thanks for being so honest, Ronald. It’s just that... I read this chapter in my book that talked a lot about sex, and Sandra and I talked this morning about

what it would be like having real sex. So, I was curious... you're actually the first adult who's being open about it."

I was flattered by her honesty and said, "Well... you're going to do it someday anyway, so you might as well know how things work, right?"

"I know. But not everyone thinks like that," she said, and there was that smile again.

She picked up her book again, and we went back to doing our own thing. After the sun dropped a couple inches, we realized we needed to get freshened up, get dressed, and be ready to head into the city. We cleaned up at the beach, put our stuff back where it belonged, and we got into the elevator.

"This was nice," Sarah said, placing her head on my shoulder.

"It sure was. We... oh..." I said as the elevator doors opened.

There, right in front of us, lay Sandra on her belly on a chaise lounge. I've seen that before, obviously, but now she was topless, and she'd pulled the bikini bottoms a little between her cheeks to mimic a thong.

"Hi!" Sarah chirped and walked past her to get inside, not giving her cousin a second look.

"Hi, Ronald. Had fun downstairs?" Sandra asked.

"Uhm. Yeah. I've actually got some work done," I said, hearing my voice tremble as my eyes roamed over her body.

Sandra saw me looking and asked, "You don't mind, do you?"

"Nah. We talked about this. Just do whatever you feel comfortable doing."

Thankfully, she kept lying on her belly. But despite my lack of body language reading skills, I got the impression she wasn't as confident as she wanted me to believe. And I was somehow glad she wasn't. This saved us from an awkward situation. But she had been calling my bluff a couple of times now, and maybe now that we were alone, it was time to turn the tables.



I set my laptop down on a table, which made it look like I was going to do a little more work. “It’s going to take you two a little longer to clean up and get ready for tonight, so I think it’s better if you get upstairs too,” I said, waiting to see what she’d do.

I could see the internal struggle on her face. I was right! She wasn’t as confident as she thought she was, and now it showed. This was going to be fun. She either backed off, and we wouldn’t be having those standoffs like we had at dinner anymore, or she’d get up and show me her boobs. Either way, I won.

It took her a couple of moments, but eventually, she sat up straight and looked timidly at me. I knew she didn’t want to appear shy, so I tried to act all casual and didn’t want to make her feel insecure in any way.

So I looked at her exposed chest, not feeling the need to be shy about it, and smiled. Her breasts seemed almost identical to Sarah’s. They were



probably A or small B cup with hard nipples and boyishly small areolas. They looked so invitingly sexy on her that I had to restrain myself from putting my mouth over one of those stiff nipples. After a brief moment, Sandra tentatively got to her feet, grabbed her stuff, and just looked at me, the insecurity dripping from her face.

“You look nice,” I said softly.

“Thanks.... I’m not as big...” she whispered, looking at her chest.

“Don’t worry! You look great, and you should own it!” I interrupted her and tried to give her a confidence boost.

I managed to keep from ogling her boobs and looked her in the face as I said this. Her self-doubt washed away immediately, and her face was all smiles all of a sudden. Judging by her coy smile, this was precisely what she needed. But I didn’t want to make this any bigger than it should be, so I said, “Now... get inside and get changed, okay?”

As she walked past me toward the door, I let my eyes drink in this bikini-bottom-clad body as she almost floated toward the house. She really did look sexy as fuck!

\* \* \*

I was tapping my foot impatiently at the bottom of the stairs. I had ordered a stretch limo, and it was about to arrive any moment now. I was wearing my tuxedo and looking forward to spending the evening with the girls.

As I checked my watch for the fourth time in five seconds, I heard footsteps above me and looked up. My eyes widened as the girls came down the stairs. They’d done their hair and makeup and simply looked gorgeous! It was obvious Carmen gave them good advice on the fresh look, and they’d done quite nicely helping each other with their hair.

“Oh, wow!” I said, amazed, lighting up their faces as they saw me looking.

“This is weird...” Sandra said insecurely as she walked up next to me.

I stepped back to admire them properly. Now that their hair and makeup were done, they looked like young adults.

“Turn around,” I instructed.

Both girls playfully spun around to show me their complete outfits. I immediately noticed that Sandra's red dress now lacked the panty line it had earlier. I assumed the thong did its job. And apparently, Sandra had helped Sarah with her low-cut dress at the back because only skin was showing now! The fabric probably ended barely above her crack, but nothing was showing, and it was still a very classy dress.

As I nodded approvingly at them, my phone buzzed. After I checked the message, I smiled and put it back in my pocket. I grabbed my wallet and said, "Our ride is here," opening the door to the hallway for them.

"Our ride?" Sarah asked as she walked past me.

"You ordered an Uber?" Sandra asked quizzically behind her.

Sarah was the first to get outside, and she excitedly shouted, "A LIMO!"

I had ordered a white, stretched Hummer for this evening. I knew someone who was the go-to guy for all the celebrities around here. He wasn't cheap but almost always available, high-quality, and discrete. That last bit wasn't that important to me, but before you knew it, word would spread that I was into young girls, and my social life would be demolished. So, a little discretion wouldn't hurt.

"This is awesome!" Sandra said as we sat down.

"Freakin' amazing!" Sarah added, "Why did you do this?"

"Well... I like to travel in style. And this way, I can drink some alcohol and, best of all, enjoy your company even better."

"So cool..." Sandra said absentmindedly as she fiddled with the sound system.

Before I knew it, loud music was coming out of the speakers, and disco lights were flashing around us. I smiled as I grabbed the bottle of champagne. Good, it was a bottle of Mumm. A sweet-ish Champagne the girls would probably like, too. I checked that the driver couldn't see us, grabbed three glasses and let the cork pop out of the bottle, collective cheers coming my way.

"Cheers!"

When we arrived at the restaurant, there was a short line of waiting people. But since I made reservations and knew the owner, I didn't worry about that. I helped the girls get out of the limo, and we walked toward the entrance, where we were warmly greeted by the maître d. We heard some excited chatter from the people waiting when we were escorted into the restaurant.

Dinner was fantastic. I helped the girls with their orders, and the food was excellent, as usual. They couldn't stop talking about the celebrities we spotted in the restaurant. It turns out there was a meeting in town this afternoon where a new series was pitched. Apparently, it attracted a few A-list actors and their managers, and it seemed like almost all of them ended up at Claudio's for dinner.

I had a weak spot for good champagne, and Claudio's served one of the best I knew. So, during dinner, I had my fair share of it, and the girls drank a couple of virgin cocktails. As we left the restaurant and were waiting for the limo to come back around, someone I knew but couldn't quite place stood next to me and said hello. It turned out to be Andrea Arru, the lead actor of that show we watched last night. I was hardly ever impressed by anyone, and starstruck wasn't in my vocabulary, but the girls acted all silly and giggly as he said hello to them, too.

We got comfortable in the limo, with the girls on the right bench and me sitting across. I opened another bottle of champagne and poured three glasses again. We touched glasses and toasted to a wonderful evening.

I wasn't drunk by any means, but the alcohol started to have an effect on me. I noticed Sandra's hard nipples trying to poke through the red, silky fabric, and Sarah's long, shapely legs just didn't seem to end. But the aversion I felt earlier and thinking of them in a certain way wasn't anywhere to be found now. I was simply admiring their bodies.

Sarah saw me looking and asked, "What is it?"

"I'm just admiring two beautiful women," I said, smiling warmly.

"You're silly," Sandra said, taking her shoes off and laying them down on the bench next to her.

Sarah followed suit, and now their shapely legs looked even longer. I wasn't a foot guy. Not even by a long shot, but seeing their bare feet under these fancy dresses made them look even hotter and more mature.

I whipped out my phone and fired up the camera app. Pointing it at them, they flashed broad smiles and looped their arms around each other's waists. I managed to capture two quick shots before a sudden jolt from a pothole sent my phone tumbling from my grasp.

"Ah, shit!" I muttered, scrambling to locate it.

Despite my efforts, I couldn't spot it right away. It must have slipped under one of the seats or something. So, I dropped to my knees and began scouring the floor, but I still couldn't see it.

"Here!" Sarah piped up, extending her phone toward me with the flashlight activated.

Grateful for her assistance, I accepted the phone and aimed the beam downward in search of mine. However, as the light swept downward, it inadvertently illuminated between her slightly spread legs. I knew I had to look. Every man glances between a girl's legs when he gets the chance. It's an involuntary reaction that has probably been genetically programmed since the dawn of man.

But when the light briefly illuminated the inside of her skirt, my eyes almost popped out, and I nearly choked. There, at the top of her shapely legs, I saw a small, dark pinkish, glistening little slit. Beside the slit, two small, bald globes of delicious-looking flesh completed the heaven between her legs.

My phone was almost forgotten, but I was still clear enough not to stare at a twelve-year-old girl between her legs. So I lingered for another second before I started looking for my phone again. It didn't take long, and after I grabbed it, I chanced one more look at the young sex between her legs.

I glanced up, and Sarah gave me a knowing smile. Ever so slightly, her right leg began moving away from me. As I leaned back against the seat and stashed my phone away, Sandra piped up, "You look flushed. What's wrong?"

"Oh, it's nothing. Just feeling a bit warm," I replied casually.

This brought smiles to both girls' faces, and Sarah eagerly interjected, "Can we go swimming in the ocean when we get back? I've never gone night swimming!"

"Yeah!" Sandra chimed in, adding, "Brenda from school said she did it once with her aunt, and she couldn't stop talking about it."

I hesitated, feeling a bit caught off guard. My mind was still filled with the image of young pussy, and I was more than a little excited about the prospect of going swimming in the ocean with the girls. There was something inherently magical and slightly forbidden about swimming in the sea at night. While technically, I could do as I pleased on my private beach, as a child, I had been taught to steer clear of the dangers of the ocean, especially after dark. However, I knew that my personal beach and the waters in front of it were perfectly safe for swimming, even at night. Mostly.

So, as I gazed into two pairs of pleading eyes with a hint of puppy-dog eagerness, I found myself unable to resist. With a smile, I replied, "Sure, it'll be fun! Just keep away from the sharks."

"YES!" they hissed in unison. Then, a second later, my words sunk in, and I loved the look on their faces as they wondered if I was serious about the sharks.

I poured myself another glass and topped off the girls' glasses as we continued to chat about our evening and the wonderful experiences we'd had. I was looking for a way to bring up the lack of underwear but couldn't find a way to do this without being creepy.

When we arrived back at my place, I assisted the girls in exiting the limo while engaging in a conversation with the driver about the luxurious features of the vehicle. As the girls walked away, their whispers carried in the air, piquing my curiosity. After expressing my gratitude to the driver, I made my way over to the deck where the girls were waiting.

We entered the elevator, and I noticed Sarah and Sandra giggling like schoolgirls, which immediately aroused my suspicion. They were holding their shoes in their hands, and it took me a moment to grasp this whole situation, likely due to the effects of the champagne. Mixed emotions flooded through me, causing my heart to race.

“Um... don’t we need to grab our swimsuits?” I interjected, attempting to decipher their behavior. Their response was another round of giggles and two flushed faces turning towards me. It became apparent that my suspicions were correct, although surprisingly, it didn’t unsettle me as much as I expected. I even looked forward to going skinny dipping with my nieces.

Sandra, displaying boldness and confidence, chimed in between her giggles, “We’re going night swimming. There’s only one way to do that... It’s a dark night, and we’re all alone.”

“But...” I began, although secretly feeling excited as hell to join them.

“We won’t tell,” Sarah added, “and besides...we’ve already seen your penis.”

I winced at that comment but couldn’t think of anything to say to that. I was going to go skinny dipping with two preteen girls, and there was nothing going to stop us from doing so.

As soon as the elevator doors slid open, the girls burst into giggles once more and flung their shoes at the sand. They moved off to the left while I instinctively drifted a bit to the right, giving us all some space. With one eye on them, I took off my jacket and began to unbutton my shirt.

They worked on each other’s zippers, and almost simultaneously, they dropped their dresses. It turned out I was right that both girls were naked under their dresses, and I saw their bodies glow in the moonlight, in stark contrast against the dark background of the sea and sky, almost like watching two angels float in mid-air.

“Come on, Ronald!” Sandra shouted to me over her shoulder as they sprinted toward the surf.

It must’ve been the alcohol because I didn’t feel any hesitation to fully undress and join the two naked preteens in the ocean. So, moments later, I threw my boxers on the pile of clothes and sprinted toward them. My dick was flopping from left to right as I ran, and I noticed both girls had turned to watch me, their eyes glued on my flopping dick.

But my eyes were having a feast of their own. Sarah and Sandra had turned to watch me run and were knee-deep in the water. This gave me all the

opportunities to check them out thoroughly, as much as the dim light would let me.

Their nubile bodies looked magnificent., and I immediately noticed both girl's boobs were roughly the same. Small, cone-shaped breasts with small, boyish nipples. Their bellies were tight, and their hips were showing just a hint of development. But the real prize was between their legs. Both slits were still bald and clearly visible. Above both slits were a couple of strands of silky pubes that indicated the start of their puberty but did nothing to hide the magical place between their legs.

I noticed all this as I was running, and my dick thankfully remained soft as I watched these sexy teens unknowingly show off their perfect little bodies. As soon as I hit the water, I took three more steps and dove in head-first. The sudden serenity enveloping me, along with the cool ocean water, brought a sense of clarity. While I knew I wasn't drunk, there was enough alcohol in my system to slightly affect my judgment. However, the joy of being with these wonderful kids, engaging in forbidden activities together, was simply irresistible.

After I resurfaced, I looked back at the girls. I saw their feet disappear into the water as they also dove into a wave, following my example. The waves were pushing me off balance every time they hit me, so I waded through the water until the water level was just below my crotch. A naughty voice inside urged me to show my junk to the girls. I knew that at least a part of that voice was the alcohol talking, but hey! They wanted to go skinny dipping and openly checked me out as I ran toward them. So why not play along?

After they resurfaced and looked my way, two sets of eyes were immediately glued to my crotch. I liked the attention, and I absolutely loved looking at their firm, young boobs. Since all their attention was focused on my dick, I had all the opportunity to check them out.

Out here in the sea, I couldn't help but feel playful. Without much thought, I propelled myself toward the girls, who attempted to escape with surprised yet playful yelps. Being still fairly deep in the water, their movements were slowed enough for me to catch up. With my arms wrapped around their bellies, the three of us tumbled into the water together. As we tried to get

to our feet, hands and arms flew everywhere, and I felt a hard nipple poke against my right hand, and I grabbed a firm piece of ass with my left. And they tried everything to grope me, and I felt one hand on top of my dickhead, and another on my balls. We could've got to our feet sooner, but the three of us were just too busy groping around.

Coughing and laughing, we surfaced for air, exchanging smiles. The ocean's gentle current nudged us toward the shore, and amidst the laughter, Sarah playfully remarked, "Night swimming isn't supposed to be all about roughhousing, you know?"

As we made our way out of the water, I quipped, "I know, but this was my only chance to get back at you!"

"That's cheating!" Sandra chimed in, siding with her cousin.

"I don't care. I won, didn't I?"

They reluctantly conceded that I had indeed won this round. However, they also cautioned me to watch my back from now on. By now, the water was up to our knees, and I turned to face them. They either weren't told it isn't polite to stare at a man's junk or didn't seem to care they were openly checking me out. But unlike a couple of minutes before when I lunged at them, almost their entire bodies were on display, and I just had to check their young pussies out, too. I was close enough to see every detail now, and besides a small birthmark above Sandra's slit, they looked exactly the same and equally sexy.

I was about to ask to go back when Sandra asked, "Isn't your... penis supposed to be stiff?"

"Uhm... not necessarily, why?" I asked hesitantly.

"During biology, our teacher said that penises are usually stiff when they're near girls. But yours is... not stiff."

Sarah giggled as Sandra stated the obvious and nodded her head supportively, covering her mouth with her hand. Surprisingly, I only got a tiny stir but could easily steer clear from popping a boner in front of them.



“It only gets hard when I’m excited. You know... sexually excited,” I said, trying to focus on their eyes instead of the rest of their bodies. I didn’t mention the cold water or alcohol.

“Like when watching porn?” Sarah asked.

Sandra’s eyes lit up, and she added, “Yeah! Miss Henderson said men and boys liked porn.”

It seemed to me that their biology teacher was kind of a man-hater. Probably an old spinster who couldn’t find a man willing to fuck her properly. I felt the responsibility to educate these girls thoroughly and be straightforward about it.

I put my hands out and addressed the issue. “Sometimes I watch porn, yes. And then I get hard, yes. But I also get a boner when I’m just thinking about sexy stuff, like getting a blowjob or having real sex. And then there’s the erections I get during the night and morning. That way, my body is making sure I can have a boner when needed to have sex and make children. It’s all biologically programmed that way.”

“Oh wow... that’s not what she said,” Sarah said, a bit shocked.

After a moment of silence, Sandra asked, “A blowjob is where a girl takes a man’s... penis in her mouth, right? And that’s a good thing?”

“Oh yes!” I said, a bit too excited, chubbing up a little but still not even remotely close to an actual boner. “A woman’s mouth around my dick is an amazing feeling!”

“I’ve heard Brandy talk about it in school. She said she liked it,” Sandra said, looking at Sarah with a look I couldn’t quite place.

Sarah smiled mischievously and nodded, “She said she liked the taste of his c... sperm.”

This made me smile inwardly. These girls were obviously interested in everything that had something to do with sex. And I couldn’t blame them. They were going through puberty, and learning about sex was a natural part of that process. But I couldn’t shake the feeling they knew more than they let on.

“I heard that too,” Sandra said.

“You can call it cum,” I said smiling, “and dick and cock and every other word you’ve learned. As long as we keep it between us, I don’t see a problem.”

“Cool!”

“Let’s get dry, okay?” I said, turning around to get to the beach.

“Okay. I’m dripping wet now,” Sandra chuckled.

Oh boy! Did I cross a line here? I tried to ignore it, but I had to swallow down a lump in my throat, and my heart tried beating out of my chest. Was she referring to her pussy or to the ocean water? Why was I even questioning this? It felt ridiculous to doubt something as simple as being wet.

Sarah looked at me, rolled her eyes, and did a facepalm. I chuckled at that, but when both girls started giggling, and their giggles quickly turned into full-blown laughter, I had to laugh with them, and the awkwardness about the wetness was gone.

After I handed them each a towel and started drying my hair, Sarah asked, “It also needs to be stiff to fuck someone, right?”

I tried to be as casual as possible about it and simply nodded. I tried putting on a little show, so as I dried my back, I let my dick flop from left to right, causing them to giggle.

“It can’t go in when it’s soft, you know?”

“And your... cum?” Sarah continued.

“What about it?” I asked quizzically as I grabbed a two-glass bottle of champagne from the fridge and started opening it.

“Do you need to think about it when your balls are making sperm? Or do you have to do something to make it?”

With a pop, the cork flew off, and the champagne started coming out of the bottle. This caused all three of us to laugh at the symbolism of it, although I highly doubted if the girls had the same link as I did.

I'd hung my towel over my shoulders, not feeling any need to cover up. Being the center of attention of two curious preteens was quite an ego-boosting experience. The girls had wrapped the towels around their torsos, but they looked sexy as fuck with their damp hair, nevertheless.

I didn't have any clean glasses down here, so I took a big swig from the bottle and handed it to the girls. As each of them drank from it, I said, "No. It's just like... let's say... producing saliva. It's just there, and you don't have to think about it."

"Cool!" Sandra said.

Sarah smiled as she handed me the bottle. She said, "I feel a bit funny inside. All warm and tingly."

I finished the bottle and realized I might have overdone it a bit. Feeling a tad guilty, I stashed the bottle away and decided to call it a night. We gathered our clothes, hopped into the elevator, and made our way up and inside. After tidying up, turning off the lights, and securing the doors, I armed the alarm, and we headed upstairs. At the top of the stairs, just before I headed to my room, each of the girls gave me a tight hug. It felt a bit awkward being hugged while being naked, but they didn't seem to mind.

"Night, Ronald," Sandra said. "Thanks for being so honest with us!"

"Yeah! Now you're definitely our favorite uncle!" Sarah chimed in.

Their words made me blush, and I mumbled, "Thanks! Uh... thanks. Good night!"

"Night!" they chirped in unison before disappearing into their room.

Fucking hell! It was a miracle I didn't bone up during our swim. But I had to do something about it, or I'd do something I might regret. But first, I needed a shower to wash off the seawater. I figured I'd jack off in bed later.

I threw my towel in the corner and turned on the shower. As I stepped in and let the warm water caress my body, I felt the tension wash away. Images of the two naked preteen girls filled my head as I started rinsing the seawater from my hair. I was picturing the two almost bald pussies and felt my dick stir when I thought I heard something.

I quickly cleared the soap from my eyes to check what it was, but before I could see anything, two bodies joined me in my oversized walk-in shower. I looked at two smiling but determined faces and wondered what they were up to.

“Wh... what are you doing? You’ve got your own shower,” I tried.

“Yeah... but we decided we wanted to see your dick hard. So...”

And with that, both girls squatted in front of me, eyeing my dick. I was too flabbergasted to say or do anything, and before I could even react, a hand wrapped around my shaft. The feeling of this small hand was terrific, but I knew I should stop these girls! I was supposed to be the responsible adult here. But just the idea of these young, curious, and sexy-as-hell girls was just too overwhelming.

“You... you can’t...” I halfheartedly stammered.

Then I heard Sarah whisper, “Do it.”

My eyes widened as I saw Sandra open her mouth. The moment her lips wrapped themselves around my dickhead, I let out an involuntary moan. Sarah was inches away with her face, and I felt her breath on my balls and shaft.

My dick was filling itself rapidly with my blood, and within a couple of heartbeats, I was stiff as a board. Sandra bobbed her head up and down over my shaft as I grew to full mast, and Sarah was watching intensely at the action in front of her.

With a pop, Sandra released my dick from her mouth, and both girls looked in awe at my exposed and throbbing member.

“Mom was right! It IS big!” Sandra said, impressed.

“Yeah...” Sarah added but pushed Sandra’s hand away and said, “My turn!”

Before I knew it, another young mouth engulfed my hard cock. I knew I should stop them. I knew this perfectly well! But since they were examining my cock like some sort of scientific object, that evil voice in my head told me that I was actually doing them a favor. And this idea stuck! In the back of

my mind, I knew this was complete bullshit, but it did give me the much-needed peace of mind to approach it like this and let them do their thing.

“Oohhh...” I moaned as Sarah started using her tongue.

I looked down at the action between my legs, and two pairs of curious and exciting-looking eyes were looking up at me to see what was happening. Sandra immediately started smiling a knowing smile and moved her face closer to lick my balls. After a couple of moments like this, Sandra said, “I wanna do it again.”

Sarah nodded but didn’t pull off. Instead, she moved her mouth so it was sideways on my dick. Sandra immediately caught on and moved a bit, so she covered the other side. This was just too hot. Both girls were working my cock, their lips and tongues touching each other as they did. After feeling a small hand cup my balls, I knew I wasn’t going to last much longer.

“I wanna see it shoot its cum,” I heard Sarah whisper, barely loud enough to get over the noise of the cascading water.

“I’m... Oohh.... gonna cum... aahhh... soon,” I panted, “look... hmmm... out!”

I kept my eyes locked on the two inquisitive faces that were looking at my cock as if it was a rocket ship that was about to launch. These two young girls were giving me a clumsy and inexperienced blowjob, but their enthusiasm, combined with the fact that they were my twelve-year-old nieces, made it hotter than hell. Because of that, the cum inside my balls was already boiling and about to come out.

Sarah clearly didn’t know what to expect because her face was closest to my dickhead, and I felt my balls pull up. But being blown and fondled by these two beautiful girls got me close to the edge so quickly that I couldn’t warn her anymore. I grunted loudly as my orgasm washed over me. Through my blurry vision, I saw the first spurt land on Sarah’s face, followed by a surprised yelp and an approving “Oh, yes!”

During the next couple of shots, both hands kept fondling my spurting cock, and I was experiencing one of my best orgasms ever. Not because they were so skilled or because of some orgasm-amplifying drug I took. It was purely

the forbidden nature and the ego-boosting admiration they expressed for my dick.

As my orgasm died down and only a small dribble was left, I felt two pairs of lips and two tongues eagerly lapping and sucking away on my dick and dickhead. I'd expected them to be grossed out by my sperm, but the opposite seemed true. But the sensations were just too much for me, so I mumbled, "Take it easy, girls," and tried pulling my hips back, only to realize my ass was pressed against the shower tiles.

Thankfully, they caught on and pulled back. As I tried to regain my breath, the girls got to their feet, and I heard Sandra giggle coyly. I looked at Sarah and had to suppress a giggle myself. Her face had several globs of my cum on it, slowly sliding down her face.

I assumed she would be appalled by this, but instead of a disgusted face, she smiled hornily at her cousin. I glanced at Sandra, and my eyes widened as she leaned in and started licking my cum from Sarah's face. A moment later, they started Frenching pretty hardcore, and I saw their tongues wrestling as they moaned into each other's mouths.

Their hands roamed over their bodies, and it suddenly dawned on me that this wasn't the first time they had done this. After they stopped kissing, they looked at me, hands on each other's hips, and Sarah said, "Thanks for showing us!"

"Yeah," Sandra added, "Now we know we like the taste of your cum..."

"I... I uhm..." I stammered, "You... you know you can't..."

"Don't worry," Sarah interrupted, "this is our little secret."

"We're not stupid," Sandra snickered.

I sighed a sigh of relief, and for lack of anything else to say, I simply nodded. I was just so amazed by everything that happened in the last ten minutes that I wasn't able to speak a single coherent sentence. They turned their backs to me, showing off their magnificent backsides. They grabbed towels, wrapped them around themselves, and casually walked out, leaving me completely stunned.

“What the fuck...” I mumbled as my dick finally started to go soft.

I still couldn't believe what had just happened. But if I was honest with myself, it was the sexiest thing I ever experienced. Yeah... too young, and they were family, but maybe this was precisely what made it feel so fucking awesome.

After I finished my shower and dried myself, I hesitated a moment. Should I sneak over to the girl's room to see what they were up to, or just go to bed and see what the morning would bring? I opted for my bed. Getting my dick sucked by them was beyond hot, and I wouldn't mind seconds. But I also knew the alcohol was still messing with my head, so it was probably best to just walk away.

I tossed my towel next to the bed and climbed in. As the thin sheet settled over me and I rested my head on the pillow, curiosity got the better of me. Despite promising myself not to use the surveillance system, I couldn't resist any longer. I needed to know how the girls were doing and what they were talking about.

The system was fully autonomous and managed by one of my AI bots. It handled everything from checking for intruders to listening for distress signals. But I had built in some fail-safes and a manual override option.

Spying on them felt wrong, but my fingers moved on their own as I punched in the passwords and PIN numbers on my tablet. A few more clicks and the camera feeds from the girls' room popped up.

“Fuck!” I mumbled, and my free hand gripped my rapidly growing dick.

On one of the beds, Sandra was lying naked on her back with her spread legs facing one of the cameras. On top of her lay an equally naked Sarah with her face licking all around her cousin's cunt. Judging by their moaning and squirming, this steaming hot sixty-nine was reaching its peak.

I pinched my screen and zoomed in on Sandra's pussy where Sarah's tongue was lapping away. Her pussy lips were swollen, and everything was glistening with a mixture of cunt juices and saliva. Sarah's tongue was obviously no stranger down there because she was expertly licking all the good places.

I realized I had started stroking my rock-hard boner as I watched this spectacle in front of me. And despite the blowjob the girls had given me minutes ago, my balls were already boiling again.

Their moans increased in both pitch and volume, and it didn't take a genius to know what was about to happen next. But Sarah still managed to surprise me when she moved her hand closer and slid two fingers completely into her cousin's pussy, without any hesitation, friction, or pauses. A couple of heartbeats later, Sandra's legs straightened, and the deep groan, combined with her shaking body, were the clear indications she was coming.

But a second later, Sarah threw her head back. The look on her face was one of pure lust and ecstasy as she also came. She couldn't possibly know it was there and it was hidden from view perfectly, but somehow, she managed to look straight into the camera as she came.

It was as if she was looking directly at me while she came, and it was enough for me to pop off again. Big globs of my cum landed all over my belly and tablet as my balls unloaded themselves with a force I never knew I was capable of. The first spurt even managed to hit me on my chin.

The girls lay still on top of each other while they regained their breaths. Every now and then, Sarah licked over Sandra's pussy, and according to her giggling, this was also happening the other way around. But after a minute or so, Sarah lifted her body and lay down next to her cousin.

Both had satisfied looks on their faces and were getting comfortable under the thin sheet of their bed. Sandra looked at Sarah and asked, "Do you still think we can persuade Uncle Ronald to fuck us?"

Sarah smiled a broad smile and said, "Yeah... I do. Especially after what we did in the shower."

"I was afraid he'd get mad and send us away, but you were right!"

"Mom always says that men think with their dick. Guess she's right..." Sarah snickered.

Sandra giggled at that, and after a few moments, she said, "Maybe... but his dick looks amazing!"



“Yeah... It does. I didn’t expect it to be this big, though.”

“I don’t care. I want to know what it’s like to feel it inside me,” Sandra said, trying to sound all tough and determined.

“Then we’ll have to make sure to let him know what we want.”

“What do you mean?”

“We’ll stop being careful, shy, and subtle,” Sarah planned. “We’ve seen each other naked now, and he let us suck his cock. So, he’s either interested and he’ll help us out, or we can threaten him to tell someone. But I’m guessing it’ll be the first.”

Sandra looked offended and said, “I don’t wanna tell anyone! He’ll get into a lot of trouble if we do. He’s too nice, you know?”

“I know. And we won’t tell a soul, but he doesn’t have to know that, does he?”

“You’re such a wicked bitch sometimes, you know that?”

Sarah nodded and said, “But a bitch who sure knows how to lick your pussy!”

As they both started giggling and settled in for the night, I took that as my signal to switch off the tablet and tidy up the mess I'd created. After dropping my towel and pulling up the sheet, my head was spinning. What exactly was happening here? I was being seduced by two preteen girls who wanted me to fuck them. I knew I should be repulsed by this, but deep down, I had to admit that I felt proud and excited about this. Proud because they chose me to take their cherries, and excited because of their young age and the forbidden nature of it all.

I attempted to wrap my head around the situation, but no matter how much I pondered it, I couldn’t determine what course of action to take or how to interact with them at this point. Eventually, the alcohol began to take its toll, and I closed my eyes, resigning myself to see what tomorrow would bring.



## Part four

I awoke in that happy moment of oblivious amnesia everyone has after waking up. But this short moment passed by quickly, and I thought about last night's events. I felt a mixture of excitement and fear for a moment, but all too soon, fear was the dominant emotion.

I let out a deep sigh and tossed aside the bedsheet. Deciding it was time to get up, I headed over to my closet. Standing before it, I pondered what to wear. Should I dare to go downstairs au naturel? Or opt for fully clothed? What would the girls be wearing? After a prolonged inner debate, I settled on wearing nothing but my snug black boxers again. They were more or less like a pair of swim shorts, striking a balance between not signaling my interest and not shutting down these possibilities entirely. Plus, opting for black ensured a bit more discretion than white or gray would afford in that department.

As I neared the top of the stairs, I noticed the door to the girls' room was shut. I felt a wave of relief wash over me. This way, no immediate confrontation awaited downstairs. Or worse... that they would come storming out of their room to pin me down and fuck me. This last thought unsettled me a bit, so I shook my head and made my way downstairs to start preparing breakfast.

Standing at the kitchen counter, I hesitated. Not omelets, again. This is our third day together. I can do something different. After a few moments of contemplating my options, I decided to whip up my special pancakes today. Who was I kidding? I didn't often have anyone to make special pancakes for. But I was genuinely enjoying the girls' company. And they would be special today.

As I finished mixing the batter, the sound of footsteps on the stairs made my heart leap into my throat. My mouth went dry instantly, and that mix of joy at her arrival and a wave of panic swept over me. Again. This was it. How would the girls react after what had transpired last night?

"Morning!" Sarah chirped.

"G-good morning," I croaked.

She walked over to me, planted a peck on my cheek, and inquired, "What are you making?"

My heart rate eased a bit as she responded with her sunny personality, just like yesterday, as if nothing had changed. So, I mustered up some cheerfulness of my own and replied, "Pancakes today."

"Cool! I love pancakes!"

"Got some strawberry syrup for you, too," I said and winked.

"I love strawberry," Sarah said, eyes twinkling. "Sandra likes blueberry."

"I know," I said. I didn't really know that, but I liked being able to say it since Maria had that in the pantry, as well. "There's old maple, too, if you really want..."

"Uh, uh! Not when there's strawberry."

Sarah looked into my eyes, then looked away. I caught her checking me again, making sure I caught her inflection. It was hard not to, so I smiled back. She strolled over to the table and settled down with her back to it, facing me. She was dressed in an oversized white t-shirt that ended about two inches below her crotch. Her nipples were hard, and the shadow of them was visible through the thin fabric. I tried not to stare too obviously at her and focused on my batter instead.

My mind was racing, trying to figure out how to address the elephant in the room, and she must have picked up on it. She shifted uncomfortably in her chair and said, "What's wrong? You seem a bit quiet this morning."

"It's... it's nothing," I replied, instantly regretting that I had missed an opportunity.

She smiled quizzically and, after a moment, asked, "It's about last night, isn't it?"

I nodded and whispered, "I shouldn't have done that. I should've stopped... I mean... I shouldn't have..."

“Don’t be sorry!” Sarah interrupted, “We wanted to do this! Sandra and I both! And we were thrilled you let us. Now we know how things work with a guy, something we were both curious about.”

I could only nod and looked at the counter, too chicken to look at her. After a short pause, she secretively added, “And now we know what cum tastes like...”

“I... I can get in a lot of trouble because of this. You know that, right?”

“Yeah. And like we said last night, we won’t tell...”

“It was wrong to...”

“Didn’t you like it?” she asked, interrupting me again.

I tore my eyes from the bowl of batter to look at her. She had a naughty look in her eyes, and the corners of her mouth curled up. A heartbeat later, she started spreading her legs slowly, her eyes locked on mine. But I couldn’t help myself. I just had to look between her legs and immediately noticed she wasn’t wearing any underwear.

The moment her young, glistening slit came into view, crowned with those few willowy dark blonde strands, I swallowed audibly, and my dick grew to full mast almost instantly. She slowly moved her hand down, and it was like I was being hypnotized by her movements. With her fingers, she parted her pussy lips a little, and I could see a hint of her entrance. After this, she seductively ran a finger upward between her pussy lips and got to her feet.

I couldn’t move if I had to. My eyes roamed from top to bottom over her, mesmerized by her hard nipples and gracefully moving body. She walked up to me, stood extremely close, and whispered, “I just know you liked it,” and placed her finger under my nose.

Unable to resist, I inhaled the best aphrodisiac known to men: young girl pussy! As I sniffed, I felt her other hand slide over the fabric of my boxers, and she gripped my hard cock, squeezing it firmly.

“See?” she whispered and snaked her hand inside.

I was like wax in her hands. I knew I was being seduced and manipulated by this preteen girl, and I loved every second of it. She gave me a wicked smile,

making it clear she was enjoying the power she had over me tremendously. When her hand started stroking the length of my rock-hard cock, I let out a soft moan. Her stroke was a bit clumsy at first, but soon she found a rhythm, and as she squeezed my cockhead every now and then, I realized she wanted me to cum again.

She moved her body so she stood behind me but never let go of my throbbing member. With her free hand, she pulled down the front of my boxers, trapping them below my balls. I felt her hard nipples press into my back as my breathing shallowed and my heartbeat rose. She was picking up the pace, and when she whispered into my ear, "I want you to cum for me again," a shiver shot through me, and my balls tightened.

"Will you do that for me, please?"

I could only nod.

The pressure inside was building rapidly, and I heard myself moan every time her thumb rubbed over the back of my glans. But when I heard a door close upstairs, I froze. Sandra was about to come down, and I didn't want her to see us like this. I tried squirming away from Sarah's jacking hand, but when she realized what was happening, she even quickened her pace.

"If you don't want Sandra to see us like this, you'd better cum quickly," she panted, whispering in my ear.

This was it. My little niece, being this manipulative and bossy, was a turn-on I'd never experienced. But the fear of being caught added another layer of steam to this whole experience, and I could hardly think straight anymore.

"I... I'm..."

"Yess..." Sarah groaned.

Her other hand left my balls and grabbed the bowl of batter. At that moment, it hardly registered. I was tumbling, a snowball rolling down the hill of my impending orgasm, picking up speed, ready to crash int-

"Ooohh... I'm cummm..." I grunted through my teeth.

My whole body tingled as her small hand flew up and down my shaft for the last time. Right before the first spurt left my cock, she pointed it downward.

I didn't care. I had a mind-blowing orgasm, and this sexy preteen girl was the cause of it. Spurt after spurt left my dick, and I had trouble catching my breath. I had to grasp the counter to keep from falling over. I was still riding my orgasmic high as I heard footsteps at the top of the stairs. Sarah squeezed the last drop out of my dick, pulled up my boxers, and hurriedly moved over to her spot at the table again.

I tried getting my act together quickly, and right before Sandra came into view, I straightened myself and smiled a weak smile. Sandra was wearing a pair of yellow panties, which, combined with her too-tight yellow tube top from yesterday, her nipples still clearly visible, looked smoldering hot on her. I looked her over and knew I was doomed and powerless against these girls.

"What's up with you?" Sandra grumbled, her usual morning sparkle dampened.

"I... I'm..." I stammered.

"He showed me the proper way to do burpees. Apparently, I've been doing them wrong," Sarah chimed in, assisting the conversation.

"Yeah..." I replied with little enthusiasm.

"And now he's going to whip up his special pancakes," Sarah added, emphasizing the word 'special.'

I looked at the bowl of pancake batter and saw globs of my cum lying on top of the batter. That little devil had planned this all along, or she's just that quick of a thinker! Sarah must've seen me looking because when we made eye contact, she saw my disturbed face, winked, and simply nodded.

The idea of the girls eating my cum was more of a turn-on than I liked to admit. So, I responded with a little nod back to her, started mixing my cum with the batter, and got busy making my pancakes very special. After Sandra took a first bite of the semen-infused pancake, her face lit up, and she excitedly announced that she really liked them.

"Yeah! They're delicious!" Sarah said, adding playfully, "I love the subtle hint of salt in the background."

"You're absolutely right," Sandra agreed after theatrically savoring another bite of her pancakes.

A smug grin stretched across Sarah's face as she gleefully asked, "Do you have special recipes for everything?"

I blushed. *Only you would know*, I thought as I neared completion of the second batch.

"They're delicious, aren't they?" Sandra said to her cousin as I placed another plate on the table.

"I know! It's a shame Ronald won't tell us his secret ingredients..."

"Oh, please?" Sandra pleaded, sporting her most convincing puppy-dog eyes.

"Don't bother. I already tried this morning, but he's not budging."

Seemingly, this was our little secret, so I decided to play along. I winked at Sarah and said, "A skilled cook never reveals his secrets."

After I finished the last batch, I sat down with the girls to eat my own pancakes, curious to see if I could detect the taste of my spunk in there. As expected, I didn't notice any difference in taste. It seemed more like a psychological effect than anything else. Meanwhile, the girls were engrossed in conversation, reminiscing about yesterday's dinner and the celebrities they had spotted.

Lost in my thoughts, I was jolted back to the present when Sandra asked, "Should we hang out at the beach today?"

"Uhm..." I hesitated, glancing outside.

The girls noticed my gaze and looked at me curiously. I shook my head and replied, "I don't think so. Judging by those clouds in the distance, there's a storm on the way."

"But the sun is shining!" Sarah noted, unconvinced.

"Did you check your app?"

A swift glance at Sandra's face as she checked her phone was confirmation enough for me. However, Sarah's muffled, "Oh..." after she checked her



own phone solidified it. Witnessing their disappointed expressions got me thinking. They wanted to chill naked and try to seduce me to do more. That much was clear, and I'd no longer try to resist. After what happened this morning, my mind was made up. I knew that, but they didn't. Since we had slept in and it was almost noon already, I figured we might as well enjoy a leisurely day downstairs.

"How about we unwind in the wellness area and hang out there for the rest of the day?" I suggested.

"Really!? That sounds awesome!" Sandra said enthusiastically.

"Yeah!" Sarah added, "I've never been in a sauna before. I heard it's really relaxing!"

We cleared the table together, and as I closed the dishwasher, Sandra chuckled. Sarah and I glanced at her, and I asked, "What's so funny?"

"Nothing... I just realized... now we won't have to nag you to get naked with us."

"Oh yeah, I didn't even consider that!" Sarah chimed in.

I tried to adopt a stern expression and said, "Well, I did! And I think it'll be fun. Just no..." I sighed, glanced between them, and continued as seriously as I could, "Just ask me if you want to do anything, okay? I mean... I liked what you did last night, and I've already stressed enough about the trouble I could get into for this. But... just... don't trick me again, okay?"

They both looked down guiltily and nodded. I felt a bit like a schoolmaster scolding them, which wasn't the vibe I wanted to give off, so I smiled and said, "Hey, I really like you two. These last few days have been a lot of fun," seeing their smiles return, I continued, "Good! Now, let's work up a sweat!"

"Ew, gross!" they said simultaneously, wrinkling their noses in unison.

When we made our way downstairs, I noticed my sauna was already heating up. Since my home was fully connected, the AI overheard our conversation and initiated the wellness program. As we approached the sauna's entrance, I made sure not to set the temperature too high. After all, the girls were still young, and this was their first time experiencing it.

After I turned around, both of them were already topless and sliding down their panties. They stood there unabashedly in front of me in all their young and naked glory. They trusted me completely, and I suddenly felt a surge of affection because of the deepening bond I shared with them.

"First, let's start with a warm shower. By the time we're done, the sauna should be ready," I explained.

"Do we need soap and shampoo?" Sarah inquired.

"Nah, it's just to prep our bodies for the sauna's warmth," I reassured.

The walk-in shower boasted four large showerheads protruding from the ceiling, and the entire wellness area exuded an unmistakably luxurious ambiance. When I built this house, I paid extra attention to the wellness section, and the effort was evident.

I pulled off my boxers, and we headed over to the big shower. The girls' eyes were locked on my swaying dick as I walked, and it was difficult for me to hide a proud smile. As I rinsed my hair and rubbed my hands through it, I looked away toward the ceiling. I just knew the girls were checking me out thoroughly, and I was letting them, almost wishing they would sink to their knees and start sucking me again. I knew my speech earlier made it clear they wouldn't, but the thought alone was enough for me to chub up a little.

"Can we suck your dick again?" Sarah asked out of the blue.

I looked at her, and her eyes were glued to between my legs. She was toying absentmindedly with her right nipple, and a quick glance at Sandra showed that she was also eyeing my dick hungrily, ready to suck it dry. It took me a lot of willpower, but I wanted to take it slow and also make the girls feel good and hopefully get a taste of young pussy. So I shook my head, smiled, and said, "Not right now. Maybe later, okay?"

Two disappointed faces looked at me, but I ignored them. I shut off the water and handed them a fluffy towel, took one myself, and dried off. I made sure to move my hips in such a way that my dick would sway exaggeratedly. After this, I opened the door to the sauna and checked out the two tight little asses as my preteen nieces walked in front of me. I

closed the door behind me, sat in the middle of the big bench, and patted the spots next to me. They got the hint and sat on either side of me.

“It sure is hot in here!” Sandra sighed.

“It’s usually a little bit warmer.”

“Really?” Sarah asked.

I nodded, and after a moment, we fell into a comfortable silence, allowing the warmth of the sauna to seep into our bones as we each retreated into our own contemplations. The silence enveloped us, punctuated only by the soft crackle of the sauna's heat. Then, almost as if they planned it, I became aware of two delicate hands, their touch light, settling gently atop my upper legs, offering an unexpected but comforting connection in this steamy ambiance.

“You really look good, you know?” Sarah said in a breathy voice.

“Yeah... Do you wanna know how we knew you’d have a fine-looking big dick?” Sandra asked.

I glanced at her, realizing I'd been curious about it from the moment they mentioned it. So, I simply nodded. But I also wanted to level the playing field, so I placed my hands on top of their legs.

Sandra bit her lower lip and said, “Mom and Aunt Laura talked about it a couple of weeks ago. Apparently, when they were our age, they had drilled two peepholes in their closet so they could watch you.”

“Yeah,” Sarah chimed in, “They had a bit too much wine the other night, and they spilled the whole story. But I doubt they even remember telling us.”

“No!” Sandra chuckled, “They were a bit tipsy and started giggling uncontrollably when Mom started spilling this secret. Especially when she talked about how high you could shoot your cum when you jacked off.”

Sarah looked thoughtfully at me and whispered in a conspiratorial tone, “That night, Sandra and I swore to each other that we’d get to see your dick and watch you shoot your cum.”

The idea of my sisters watching me as I was spanking my meat was more of a turn-on than I'd like to admit. Damn! That news opened up a whole new realm of masturbatory fantasies. I'd have to get them back for that, somehow!

I was boning up for real now, and there was no stopping in that. I also noticed that both the girls' hands were slowly creeping up my legs as they were talking. Their velvety skin felt electric under my fingers as I decided to mimic their movements.

"Will you show it to us again?" Sandra whispered as her hand moved higher and almost touched my sack.

I also shifted my hands upward, gently turning my fingers to rest against their velvety, smooth thighs. With a sense of purpose, I judged their reactions thus far and found no objections. It seemed they were comfortable with my actions. Almost as if on cue, two index fingers brushed against my balls simultaneously. I had anticipated this, and the moment their fingers touched, I moved my hands up to their pussies. My index and ring fingers were on both their outer lips, and my middle finger pressed on their slits lightly, not slipping between them but definitely signaling it was there.

The two loud hisses on either side and the slippery and soft flesh under my fingers were mind-boggling. A couple of days ago, I would've punched you on the nose if you told me I'd be fingering an adolescent girl. But here I was, sitting naked and hard with two pretty preteen girls on either side with their fingers on my balls and my hands between their spread legs, enjoying every second of it.

They spread their legs wider as I applied a little more pressure on their slits. My index and ring finger were caressing their outer lips while my middle finger sneaked between the folds into their slippery slits, the tip of my finger pressing lightly at their openings. I moved my fingers upward, and the moment I touched their clits, they both let out a deep moan. This moan sounded so sexy and hot and was like music to my soul. The acoustic of the cedar box we were in also added something to the sound of their moans, which made it even sexier. It turned me on immensely, especially after I felt their hands had lost their focus on my dick and balls. They clearly couldn't

handle the stimulation of my probing fingers and handling my cock at the same time.

After stimulating their clits for a while, causing them to moan louder and squirm on the bench, I moved my fingers down in search of their openings. I applied a little bit of pressure on it, eliciting another deep grunt, and without any warning or delay, I slipped my fingers inside, right up to my second knuckle. I knew they were wet enough, and the suddenness of this move always got the women going whom I tried this action with. My nieces were no exception. They arched their backs and let out something between a loud hiss and a deep groan. With the palm of my hand, I applied pressure on their clits, and I moved my finger slowly in and out, amazed by the tightness of their love canals. I've never had my finger inside a pussy this tight. My throbbing cock lurched at the idea of sliding into this tight wetness.

I looked over at Sarah, and her chest was heaving as I slowly kept fingering, her body covered in a thin layer of glistening sweat. A quick glance at Sandra showed me the same. But when a small drop of sweat appeared right below her neck and slowly slid down between the two small but firm tits, making its way toward her sopping wet cunt, I knew I was lost forever. There was no more denying. I just had to taste them.

So, just as suddenly as I had entered them, I pulled my fingers out and got to my knees. It was a good thing that the sauna was set to a mere hundred and ten degrees. Otherwise, we wouldn't be able to do all this in here.

"Move closer," I ordered after seeing their surprised and excited faces.

Their little asses scooted closer together, and when I placed my hands on Sandra's knees, she immediately got the idea, and with a wicked grin, she spread her legs wide. A close-up view of an almost bald pussy with a glistening, reddish slit, topped off by a swollen clit at the top, is something no one will ever forget. Not just the visual image but also the smell are now etched into my brain forever.

The silky soft, short dark hair above her clit, combined with an intoxicating smell, made me dive in like a thirsty man who spent weeks in the desert. My mouth fit perfectly around her lips, and the moment my tongue slid

between the folds and my tastebuds were triggered by the sweet, salty nectar between them, I went for it. I found her little love button at the top right away, and the effect on her was instant. I looked up at her, and her head was thrown back as Sarah moved in on her right boob.

As I was eating preteen pussy for the first time in my life, I was mesmerized by the way her cousin was enthusiastically licking her nipple. One of her hands moved in to work on the other boob, and I started lapping away for real now, swallowing every drop of her cunt juices she had to offer.

“Do you love it?” I didn’t think I was meant to hear it, but Sarah whispered just loud enough that I could.

“Mm-hmm...” Sandra moaned.

“Is this what you wanted?”

“Mm-hmm...”

“Is he better than me?” Sarah asked, moving even closer to her cousin’s ear.

“Mm-hmm...” she moaned, and after a few moments, a much louder, “Oohhh... you... you’re good... at... aahhh...” came from her throat.

My eyes were locked on the action on her chest, and when Sarah and I locked eyes, I saw the horniest and sexiest look I ever saw. She winked at me and exaggeratedly licked her cousin’s nipple, showing me all the tongue action that came with it.

Meanwhile, Sandra was taking shallow breaths and was clearly nearing her peak. Seeing how she reacted to the first time I entered her, I decided to do it again, only this time with my entire finger. After probing around a little to let her know what was about to happen, I heard whimpering through her moans and figured she was ready. I applied pressure and made sure to press my fingertip against her G-spot as I moved in. The effect was instant! With a whaling groan, she came. And she came hard.

My mouth was filled with copious amounts of the most delicious fluid known to men, her legs clamped shut around my face, and her pussy contracted sharply around my middle finger.

“Ohh! Ooh! Ooh!!” was all that came out of her throat as I lapped up the gushes that came out of her spasming cunt. Sarah purred approvingly as she kept working on her cousin's nipples and boobs.

I moved the tip of my finger back down a little in search of her G-spot, and the moment I rubbed firmly over it, she groaned loudly again, and the whole cycle started over once more. I didn't mind. I was drinking her most intimate fluids and just couldn't get enough of it. And the idea of another one waiting for me to suck dry almost put me over the top without touching myself.

I could've easily made Sandra cum a third time if I wanted to. But the day was still young, and we'd have plenty of opportunities to do that again, so I decided to leave her hanging as she was approaching another peak. She'd be satisfied because of her orgasms but still on edge enough to keep on going.

I sat up on my knees and smiled as I saw the happy but overwhelmed look on Sandra's face. Sarah and I looked at each other, and there was something in her eyes I couldn't quite place. But I couldn't be bothered because I wanted nothing more than to get my tongue between her legs, so I whispered, “Your turn.”

Sarah bit on her lower lip and timidly asked, “Uncle Ronald?”

“I told you. It's...”

“Will you please fuck me?”

My heart stopped beating for a moment as her words landed. I knew I wanted nothing more than to sink my throbbing cock to the hilt into her tight, young pussy. But hearing her ask this with that innocent voice of hers was all it took. Sandra was back with us the moment Sarah asked this, perked up, and excitedly said, “YEAH! Will you? She wanted this since the moment we first saw your dick. Please...”

Sarah looked sheepishly at me and nodded shyly. How could anybody say no to this? She was practically begging me to fuck her, and seeing her young, sweaty body with the taste of her cousin's cunt juices still lingering in my

mouth, was mind-blowing. Even the most self-disciplined man in the universe would find this overwhelming enough to crack.

"Okay," I heard myself say hoarsely, "but let's get out of here."

I gently took Sarah's hand and guided her out of the sauna. I could sense her nervousness, though she remained silent. Gesturing towards the comfortable lounge chairs nearby, I motioned for her to sit down. These chairs were designed for relaxation, resembling a cross between a bed and a chair, perfect for unwinding after a stint in the sauna. They sat slightly elevated from the floor, and I realized they were just the right size for us if I knelt down in front of one.

"Go ahead and lay down. Relax," I said in a soothing tone as I adjusted the bottom part of the chair to create some space. This makeshift setup formed a sort of island within the cluster of lounge chairs, allowing me to kneel while Sarah could still extend her legs onto the adjacent chairs. There was also enough space for Sandra to join us in this setup.

"Are you guys really going to do this!?" Sandra said excitedly. "Can I watch?"

Sandra had grabbed a towel and draped it around Sarah's shoulders. I was used to the little chill I usually felt coming out of the sauna, but to my nieces, this was the first time. And it was a touching gesture from Sandra to make her cousin's first fuck as comfortable as she could.

Sarah looked at Sandra and simply nodded, her face a mix of nerves and anticipation. It was a thrilling sight for me, but I wanted to ensure Sarah felt comfortable and safe. So, I replied to Sandra, "Of course you can watch. Sit next to her and toy with her boobs and... her clit to make her feel even better."

Sandra's face lit up, and she scooted closer. I looked down at Sarah and saw she was biting her lower lip as she looked between her legs and eyed my boner. I figured it was best to just start and take the tension away, so I grabbed my dick at its base and pointed it down toward her opening.

"Ready?" I asked, suddenly feeling nervous myself.

Sarah just nodded and kept her eyes on my dick. I pushed my hips forward a little bit and let my cock head gently touch her pussy lips, just to let her



know I was really there. The moment I touched her, she slammed her eyes shut and let out a moan.

My main concern was that she'd be too tight for me. The only thing that could help us there was to get her wetter than wet. A simple nod toward Sandra was enough for her to get going on sucking her cousin's nipples. Another moan from Sarah was my cue to make my next move. I pressed my dickhead a bit firmer against her lips and was amazed at how easily I slipped in between them. Her pussy was sopping wet and slippery as hell. There was no way she could get any wetter than she was now.

Sandra was lapping away on Sarah's tits, but her eyes were locked on my cock. Sarah looked expectantly at me, and at that moment, I knew this was it. I was about to fuck a twelve-year-old girl who was practically begging me to do this, while another twelve-year-old would be our audience. I could hardly even wrap my head around it all.

"Do it," Sarah hissed as I applied just a little more pressure.

I pushed forward, and when I felt the familiar popping sensation of my cockhead entering her, I expected her to wince in pain or something. But the exact opposite was true. A loud "Oh! YESSS!" from Sarah was followed by a soft "Wow!" from Sandra.

"You okay?" I asked, knowing the answer already.

Sarah nodded, still biting her lip, and spread her legs even wider. A gentle push with my hips made me gasp myself. Damn! This girl was tight! I've fucked my fair share of women over the years. Some were tight, some were plain worn-out sluts. But I've never had one *this* tight. I had some trouble containing myself and not start pounding away. And these two excited and horned-up faces urging me on didn't help much either. But this wasn't about me. I wanted Sarah to have the best first fuck possible because she'd remember it for the rest of her life.

"This bit might hurt a little," I said, "Your pussy is going to be stretched and this might feel uncomfortable."

Sandra lifted her face and said, "We tried this with my mom's dildo a couple of months ago. Just to make sure our first time wouldn't hurt."

Now, I had run out of excuses. I locked eyes with Sarah, and all I could see was determination and lust in there. Just the tiniest nod from her was all it took. I pushed forward and felt my rock-hard cock being engulfed by the tightest, warmest, and slipperiest pussy I've ever fucked up until then. I had expected at least some resistance, but I slid in all the way with ease, only pushing my hips to break through the friction of her tightness. All the while, I kept a close look on her face. Her eyes had gotten an unfocused look, and her mouth was open. She was breathing rapidly in short bursts, and Sandra had forgotten to help her out. All she did was watch how our genitals were merging into one.

"Oohhh... you're big..." Sarah groaned, but her huge grin told me she loved the way it felt.

I half expected I'd have to pull back and call it quits because I simply wouldn't fit in there. But when my balls rested against her ass, and I had nothing more to slide into her, I was amazed at how easy this all was going. But the tightness around my cock was something else! Sandra moved in to get a closer look. Her hoarse, "Fuck! This is hot!" was followed by a lick over her cousin's clit and the small strip at the base of my cock that didn't fit inside. Yet.

"Ahhhh.. fuck... fuck me... FUCK ME!" Sarah groaned, her unfocused expression giving her an almost possessed look.

But I wasn't one to argue. Her slick, tight cunt was firmly gripping my throbbing cock, and my balls pulled up each time her pussy rippled over my shaft. So, I slowly started pulling out, eliciting another loud hiss, followed by a deep grunt from her. But I heard myself groan too. This was by far the best pussy I ever fucked!

After I almost pulled out, I immediately slid back in again. It took a lot of willpower not to slam into her but to keep it slow and steady. All too soon, I bottomed out again, and our pubes merged once more. The only word I recognized between her incoherent words was a high-pitched "FSTRR!" as Sarah kept on moaning and groaning.

I picked up the pace and saw Sandra had lain down on her side, lips around one of Sarah's nipples, and eyes focused on my cock. Her legs obscenely

spread as she was fingering herself, showing off her insides to me. How much stimulation can a man handle?

So... she wanted me to go faster? Sure. I could do that! I'd give her faster, damn it. Each thrust increased in speed and force. When we started this, I was afraid I'd hurt this precious preteen girl, but she liked it hard, and I'd let her determine the best way to fuck her virginity away. My cockhead slid a little bit into her cervix each time I slammed into her. Another first for me.

Lewd noises of flesh on flesh filled the room, combined with loud groans and moans from the three of us. I usually didn't like a screamer, and I was pretty quiet myself. But hearing her loud moans and muffled screams was another layer on this already hotter-than-hot fuck. By now, I couldn't care less how much she screamed. As long as I could keep on pounding that tight pussy of hers. Her slippery tightness. Her loud moans. The way she looked possessed each time I entered her firmer and slipped deeper into her cervix. All of this was accumulating into a roaring thunderstorm that was building inside. And when she practically screamed my name and her whole body stiffened, this thunderstorm erupted. I came. And oh boy, did I cum!

Her already tight snatch gripped me so firmly that I thought she'd squeeze my dick off. I could hardly slam into her for that crucial final time as my balls pulled up, but I knew I had to. And when I felt the first spurt shoot up my shaft, and my cockhead being covered by that underdeveloped cervix, her pussy rippled over the entire length of my twitching cock, and another spurt already flew up, while the first hadn't even coated the insides of my preteen niece, yet. I've never experienced such a strong and forceful cum in my life. I heard myself groan in the distance as spurt after spurt left my cock. White flashes were all around me as I pushed firmly into this adolescent girl. Into Sarah.

After a couple of moments, I slowly regained my focus and saw Sarah lying limp on the cushion below me, with Sandra tenderly stroking her cheek. "Is she okay?" I asked worriedly, but when her cunt contracted and firmly gripped my cock again, I had to briefly close my eyes.

"You did it."

Sarah smiled and whispered a soft, "Yeah..."

“You really lost it,” Sandra whispered and gave her cousin a peck on her cheek.

“Yeah...”

“First.”

“Mm-hmm,” Sarah nodded and flashed a thankful smile.

Sarah’s eyes fluttered, and a massive grin spread across her face. She squeezed her pussy again, and when my cock gave a violent twitch, she started giggling.

“Was it as good as it looked?” Sandra asked with amusement in her voice.

Sarah looked at her cousin, and with her eyes wide as saucers, she breathed, “A gazillion times better! You’ve gotta try this, too!”

I was afraid she’d say that. Right now, I was still remarkably hard, and the idea of sinking myself into a tight young pussy again would probably keep me going. But I knew I needed help, and as a leftover from my playboy days, I still had several ‘helpful’ stashes around the house. I gently placed my hand on Sarah’s lower belly, right above her silky pubes, and started pulling out. She sucked in a breath as my dick left her.

“Wow! Some cum is leaking out!” Sandra noticed with her usual enthusiasm.

I got to my feet, reached over to a nearby drawer, and pulled out a small bottle. I grabbed one of the blue pills and swallowed down the Viaglis quickly, so it wasn’t that noticeable. The girls were too busy watching how my cum seeped out of Sarah’s cunt, so I didn’t have to explain myself. This pill worked perfectly on me, and I’d be hard for hours after about twenty minutes. I knew these twenty minutes were going to be filled with steaming hot sex with a preteen girl, and after that, the Viaglis would do its job, so I’d be good until after dinner. These two insatiable young girls wouldn’t know what hit them.

This thought put a smile on my face, and as I got back on my knees at the lounge chairs, the girls were engaged in a steaming-hot Frenching session. I moved my hand up Sandra’s leg and rubbed my fingers over her dripping

wet pussy. This caused her to giggle, break their kiss, and look at me. I grabbed the base of my cock and wiggled it to show her I was still hard.

“I thought boys couldn’t do it twice in a row?” she replied, surprised but with a horny grin on her face.

“With beautiful girls like the two of you, I couldn’t get soft if I wanted to. Trust me!”

“You gotta try it! Here,” Sarah said and moved out of the way.

Sandra took her spot on the chair and suddenly looked nervous. Her whole ‘I know what I want, and I’m in complete control’ attitude was gone again. She looked at Sarah and timidly asked, “You sure it won’t hurt? He’s bigger than Mom’s dildo...”

“Shut up, Doofus. You’ll love it. Trust me!”

That was apparently all the encouragement Sandra needed. She scooted her ass over to the edge and spread her legs wide. The scent that came from between her legs immediately made my cock lurch and my balls tingle. Just as I did with her cousin, I started by rubbing my dick all around her pussy. And sure enough, this got her going right away. It was also clear that she was definitely wet enough. Maybe even wetter and slipperier than Sarah, although that was hardly possible.

Sarah had already started working on Sandra’s tits. Her eyes focused on my rubbing cock as she licked, nibbled, and sucked. I gave a slight push with my hips, and the added pressure made my dickhead slide right into Sandra’s hole. I wanted to warn her first and didn’t expect this to happen, so I felt a little sorry that it had. But seeing her instant reaction as I entered her took away my fear of being too rough. Her mouth was open, eyes crossed, and a grunting “oooohhhh...” came from deep within her. Sarah’s eyes were wide, and she had stopped her task of stimulating her cousin.

My dickhead tingled as it was gently being squeezed by Sandra’s pussy. As her eyes started to seek mine but obviously had trouble doing so, I waited. But this waiting did something to her. Her face turned into a mix of determination and longing, and the moment her eyes locked on mine, the

urgency of her look couldn't be missed. She didn't have to nod, ask me, or anything else for that matter. She wanted me.

So, for the second time, I started sinking into a tight, slippery virgin pussy. The tightness of it surprised me again, and once my balls hit her ass, the tip of my dick touched her cervix. I was basically fucking the same pussy, only this one belonged to another adolescent girl. I assumed I would last longer this second time. But apparently, fucking virgin pussy does something to a man. And I wasn't an exception to that. After about five minutes of fucking my little niece, she started bucking and thrashing around and moaning incoherent sentences. It was almost like a rodeo as I tried to stay inside her.

Right after Sandra came violently, I shot my load into her. Visualizing how my swimmers would enter her womb since they were shot almost straight into it was absolutely mind-blowing. During my cum, Sandra came again, which boosted my ego significantly.

"You did it," Sarah whispered as she caringly wiped some hairs from Sandra's face.

"Wow..."

"You're a woman, now."

"Yeah..."

"Didn't I tell you?"

"You did..." Sandra exhaled deeply, and I thought I could hear the word "Amazing..." as she did this.

"You guys looked really hot doing that!" Sarah said excitedly as I regained my breath, "Can we..."

There was a loud 'bang' and all the lights went out. Both girls let out a yelp, and Sarah's pussy squeezed my dick as she did this. I slowly pulled out and noticed the Viaglis was doing its work. I hadn't lost any of my stiffness.

"It's probably the storm. I guess the lighting hit some powerline inland. Nothing to worry about. I've got emergency power that can last weeks. It's just restricted to the living part of the house, so let's head upstairs."

There was a little bit of light streaming in through the open door. I could make out their silhouettes and gave them a hand to lead them out of there. The moment I grabbed Sarah's hand, her other went searching for my boner, which it found moments later. She gave it a few gentle strokes, and after she squeezed it, she asked, "Still in the mood? 'Cause I'd like to go for seconds..."

We didn't just go for seconds. There were thirds, fourths, fifths and sixths. I actually lost count at some point. We fucked and sucked all day. I had to take two more pills and never felt more drained in my life than after that day. I've had my fair share of fucking frenzies, but never one like this. These girls just didn't know how to stop. Didn't *want* to stop.

I was glad I was still in decent shape and worked out on a regular basis. Otherwise, my heart would've definitely stopped beating that day. We fucked in the living room, in the girl's room, and even on the pool deck once the storm passed. After eating a quick dinner, I cleaned up the kitchen so the girls had time to freshen up in their room. But when I returned to the couch, they were lying on top of each other, Frenching and groping away, their pussies pressed together and their legs widely spread.

"Pick one," Sarah giggled as she looked back at me over her shoulder.

Looking back, I wish I had taken a picture of that moment. Two young cunts, ready to be pounded, pressed close together as one and presented to me as a five-star desert. But I didn't choose. I alternated between them, which turned out to be the longest fuck of the day. Because of the back-and-forth switching, both girls got down from their peaks each time I switched, and since I had come over six times already that day, I wasn't coming again any time soon, anyway.

I insisted on catching a break after that fuck in the living room. We cuddled up on the couch with the girls on either side of me. We watched some softcore movie with loads of forbidden flesh, but without the penetration overly visible and exaggerating actresses screaming away, and it was still incredibly sexy and hot. Especially since the girls kept toying with my cock and balls the entire time.

After the movie was over, the girls shot up as if stung by a bee. They ran upstairs, giggling like schoolgirls, which they had every right to do since they were actual schoolgirls. I smiled inwardly and knew I was in for yet another treat. And sure enough, when I entered my bedroom, I was treated to the sight of two young bottoms next to each other, hip to hip, sticking up invitingly into the air. Their faces were away from me, hidden by the covers, and their chests were on the bed. Both were sitting on their knees, tiny asses stuck up in the air.

“You have to guess who’s who,” they chuckled.

I didn’t waste any time. I sank into the first pussy, and immediately knew it was Sarah. She was a little tighter than her cousin. But I kept up the pretense of trying to figure it out by switching between them. By the time they both came again, I shot yet another load into Sarah. I was amazed that there wasn’t any of my cum coming out of her ears by now, considering the amount of jizz I had shot into her already.

After this, we called it a day. There wasn’t any question where the girls would sleep. They were crawling under the sheets before I could say anything. I didn’t mind. There wasn’t any reason left to not let them sleep with me.

That night, I woke up twice. The first time, Sandra was sucking away on my stiffening cock. I was actually amazed I could still get it hard after a day like that. And in the early morning, as the first light got in through the windows, I was awakened by Sarah straddling my waist while Sandra jacked me to the final bit of hardness and aimed my cock toward Sarah’s opening. We fucked a little, but neither of us came. It was just a nice, slow fuck without any urgency in it. But it was an indescribable feeling falling asleep with her body on top of mine, and my cock buried deep inside her tight pussy.

The sunlight flooded the room as my phone buzzed. I carefully shifted the nude twelve-year-old to the side and reached for my phone. It was a text from Maria, announcing that her girlfriend had said yes. I replied, extending congratulations from all three of us. As I locked my phone, I realized it was already noon. So, I gently woke the girls, sharing the exciting news with them.



The days after this morphed into one. We didn't bother with clothes anymore, and we fucked a *lot*. Not as much as that first day, but it was still a lot. I felt like a thirteen-year-old again, still getting hard whenever I needed to. But the pills helped.

Sandra, Sarah, and I had tried every possible threesome position we could think of and could find online. We tackled even the toughest ones. There was this one in particular where I was convinced I couldn't do it. They playfully teased me, saying I shouldn't complain so much. Luckily, we managed, and I actually enjoyed it very much. My experience with previous three and foursomes did help me out here. I didn't talk about this with the girls, of course, but the experience did prevent an awkward situation a couple of times.

Whenever we weren't having sex, we were constantly goofing around. Having these two high-spirited youngsters around was refreshing and eye-opening. Having the right people in my life made it better and more meaningful. The interchangeable, long-legged models were a great lay, and sex with them was terrific, but they didn't affect me on a personal level. What I truly cherished was the personal connection I had with Sandra and Sarah. Sure! The sex was fantastic, but if I was being honest, having a real-life uncle/niece relationship with them was even better.

By the time my sisters rang my doorbell, the Esses and I were acting like a real family. Okay, I wasn't their actual father, but I've never felt this close to other people as I did at that moment. We knew what the other wanted before they had to say it. We were connecting on so many levels that it felt frightening and suffocating in the beginning. But they taught me, by just being around, that this was okay. It wasn't scary or suffocating, and I shouldn't be scared about letting other people get close to me. That was, more than the sex, the best thing that happened during this past week.

"Did it go well?" Laura inquired as I passed her a coffee.

"We had a blast!" I replied enthusiastically.

"So, they weren't too much trouble for a single man, swamped in work, after all?" Lisa said with a hint of amusement in her voice.

"I... uhm..."

“What’s up?” Laura asked. She always saw right through me.

“Well... You guys always tease me about being a hermit. And... let’s face it... I *am* a hermit most of the time.”

“Uh huh...” Lisa said, casting a quick and confused glance at her sister.

“Now that I had this company for a week, I actually liked it. I mean... I *really* liked it! I know I will miss the girls. I’ll miss the life they brought to the house, the sound of voices not coming from the television or the AI but from actual people. People who were here because of me and not because of my money.”

My sisters looked at each other questioningly. I guess this was their twin telepathy because a moment later, Lisa said, “That’s... a bit unexpected... But I’m glad this has happened.”

“What do you mean?”

“Lisa and I had talked about this,” Laura said, “but we never knew how we could help you. Honestly, we kind of gave up. Sending the Esses over was exactly what we said it was. They wanted to come here to have some fun and to take their minds off the divorce. Most of all, they wanted to reconnect with you. That’s really all there was to it.”

“Well... I’m glad they took the initiative. And...” I paused for a moment, not used to feeling this vulnerable, “maybe the three of us can hang out together a bit more?”

“Of course. I’d love that!”

“Me, too,” came from my other side.

And with that, they got on either side of me on the couch and hugged me tightly. I loved feeling the warmth of my sisters. Not just the physical warmth but also the spiritual warmth. After this little family gathering, I heard my nieces come into the living room, and they sat down near us.

Lisa broke the hug, turned to Sandra, and asked, “And how about you? Did you enjoy yourself?”

“It was amazing!” Sandra excitedly said. “He’s such a cool uncle, and this place is awesome! I do get wet lots of times here, but I think we’ve got that

covered now."

Both Lisa and Laura cocked an eyebrow and looked at me. Behind my sisters, Sarah shot a glare at Sandra, indicating she should watch her words.

"It's, uhm... it's a running gag about the ocean and the swimming pool," I quickly said, not wanting to go into too much detail, of course.

"I'm glad you've had fun and enjoyed yourself," Laura said thoughtfully.

"Because, uhm... we're considering booking a cruise. It would mean being away for almost a month. We've already spoken to the girls about this before we left, and they said they were okay with it as long as this week was okay. And judging by their reaction, it was. We've also arranged things with their school, so also no problem there. But... uhm... would you be willing to look after them again?"

I attempted to look thoughtful, and after a second, I said, "I don't know... A month is a long time. You'd have to bring a couple more books to read!"

I gave the girls a knowing wink, and they both licked their lips seductively while grinning back cheekily. I doubted if my body would survive another month of countless sex, but I was more than willing to try.

**The end**