



Story #10 in the Cutting School and Playing Games series.

# TOMMY LINARCOS

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# Costa

I was bare-ass naked in Silke's living room, caught halfway between the snoozing Mr. Ackerman on the sofa and escape up the stairs to her bedroom, while her little "brother and sister" were threatening to blast the TV's volume unless I got them a snack from the 'fridge.

How did I get into this?

It started the previous night, that Wednesday night. Me and Silke, my platinum-haired Belgian exchange student girlfriend, went for a walk downtown to get away from her host family for a time. If she stays home, she winds up having to play with the Ackermans' kids after her homework is finished. We just went out to Starbucks and had a drink and a bit of dessert, but it was nice to see her. When we got back, she didn't want to go right in, and I didn't want to go in at all, but I didn't want to just get a kiss and leave, either, so we sat on the porch and talked. We could see Mr. Ackerman through the front window, asleep on the couch, having dozed off watching TV.

Silke decided to give me a blowjob. Right then, right there.

They have a big porch, and we were sitting on the railing on the side furthest from the door, so no one in the family could see us, but the girl and two guys sitting on their porch across the street sure could!

Silke has gotten this dangerous streak, lately — an appetite for risky sex! And it was hidden there all along. When I first met her, she didn't even want to play Lyla's 'dare' game in front of me because she didn't know me very well. But now that we've been together for about a month-and-a-half, we fuck and suck wherever, whenever we can. I thought that making it in Milner Park was risky and daring when we did it in the wooden pirate ship in the playground, but her pulling my cock out on her front porch and sucking me off in full view of the public was a new one for me.

"I want to *pijp* you. Would you like that?" she asked me in her cute accent, rubbing her hands all over my crotch.

"Sure, go for it," I said, figuring she'd just keep teasing me, and I'd leave with blue balls and jack off in my room when I got home.

"Okay," she said, and popped the top button on my jeans.

I'm thinking, 'ha-ha, sure,' but then she pulls the zipper down. 'Okay, so she's going to mess with me and I'm going to have to put myself together before I leave,' I figure. But then she shoves my boxers down, and reaches inside and pulls out my cock.

She looks it over, gives it a few slow tugs. I was already a little hard from her hand running over my jeans, but now she wanted it suckable. She looks up at me, and I see that gleam in her eye, and that smile. She's going to do it.

And I'm not doing a thing to stop her.

Could those people across the way see us? They weren't paying attention, before. It was just me and my Silky making out a little, as usual. No biggie. But when Silke's head went inbetween my legs and bobbed up and down, with her long, platinum hair reflecting the streetlights, it was a movement that would attract a cat's attention. So, did those teens notice? They sure did. They tried shouting something at us, but I couldn't really make out what they said. I just sat there, thinking 'Ah, you're just jealous. I'm getting my dick sucked, and you're not!'

I did have to adjust how I was sitting. I didn't want to fall off the railing when I started to swoon. Silke can take me all the way inside, but she was bobbing short and fast, with her tongue snagging my sweet spot below my head, one hand inside my boxers cradling my balls. It was going to take a bit before I came, but I was up for it. Could they see my cock? Could they see it going in and out of her mouth? I hoped they could. Silke hoped they could, too, I knew.

The only thing I checked was if anyone had come to the window. My eyes were closed through most of it, but I opened 'em now and then to check the big window. No Mr. Ackerman. We were good.

"You like this?" Silke asked, taking a breath.

"Fuck, yeah..." I breathed. "You want me to *beffen* you next?" I'd see how far she was willing to go. But if she said 'yes,' was I brave enough to do it?

"I want you to. But then I'd want to fuck you, and those guys across the street don't deserve to see my little *kut*," she said with a shimmy. *Kut* is *pussy* — I'd learned that one first. The first time she said it, I thought she said cat, which is *kat*, but if a pussy is a cat, then *kut* works anyway, right?

I've been doing a lot of looking things up, trying to learn some words for her. Silke's English is great — it's her second language, and she knows a little French, too. But every now and then, she slips back into Dutch for a phrase or two and I have to ask. I got an app with voice entry for translation, and she'll say the phrase again, and then laughs at what it thinks she said. It's probably worse than Google Translate.

This one time when I first met her, sitting in Lyla's house, I told her I don't jerk off, and she tells me, "Maak dat de kat wijs." It means you have to 'convince the cat of it,' but it really means she didn't believe me. No shit, it was an obvious lie because I was embarrassed about doing this dinosaur jerk-off dare thing. Long story. But we talked some more and admitted some stuff, and then she says, "Nou komt de aap uit de mouw." And that means something like 'Aha - now the monkey comes out of the sleeve!" Seriously! Really, it's like 'Now I get the truth out of you!" but it's like Dutch is full of cats and monkeys and goats and stuff! So, I've been trying to learn a couple weird phrases ahead of time, just trying to find a good time to use one.

So, on the porch, I tell her, "Helaas, pindakaas," and shrugged. You'll love this one. It means "Oh, well. Peanut butter." It's really like 'That's a shame, but what're you gonna do?' Crazy stuff! But I do like peanut butter. And I like cats. And her kut.

And I liked her blowjob. I had to make myself relax a little more, being on display, but then, "Ah, I'm gonna cum, Silky..." and she pulled off of me and stroked me until I shot a spray all over my pants and belly. Just the first three shots were big, though, then the short ones, then it just oozed all over her hand.

"I like watching you cum," she said. "It was quite the free show we've given them tonight."

"So long as we didn't give a show to Mr. A and the kids," I said, putting myself back together. I couldn't really clean up, much, but I'd make it home fine. Silke licked her hand clean. That's my girl...

I walked Silke back to the door just as Mrs. Ackerman opened it up. My thoughts ran to 'Hey, I forgot about her! Did she see...?' But no, she just told us the time and that Silke had to respect the rules about a school night. I got to kiss Silke goodnight and bounded down the steps.

I caught some cat-calls from the kids across the street, but I just waved. Fuckin' I just got a blowjob on the front fuckin' porch!

## Silke

Hello. I am Silke De Vos. I come from the city of Gent in Belgium. It is a lovely city with a lively arts scene and I will be happy to return home, soon. It is not that I have not had a very well time here in the United States, but I will must admit that I have a little of the homesickness.

I joined the exchange student program to experience the real United States, and not just the visuals we see on the television programs shared by the American networks. The US always looked so glamorous and exciting, though I was afraid that everyone would be carrying a gun. Thankfully, I have found that such is not so.

I am living with a fine family called the Ackermans. The father, Mr. Ackerman, believes he is Belgian, though this is not so. I don't understand how Americans can say they "are" Belgian, or "are" Irish, or "are" Italian — they are not! They are Americans! I am Belgian. I have met girls from Ireland — they are Irish. Regardless, Mr. Ackerman is no more Belgian than my friend Mia Radziwiłł is Polish. Perhaps Mr. Ackerman's grandparents were Belgian, but he is not. And he doesn't know two words of Dutch. He keeps calling my language Flemish — that would be as such as if you lived in Texas, then your language would be Texan. Perhaps there is some dialect difference, I will allow, like your New York people speak English different than your Alabama people.

I have made many friends here in America, and I suppose I should say that Constantine has become my boyfriend. I call him Costa. I have had sex with several others here in America,

but with Costa most often. When I met him, Costa was very friendly and charming. The girls here say he has "rizz." (I hope I am using that correctly, and not being made a fool of.) I must say that I find that to be true. He answered many questions I had about the way boys and girls interact here. It is not so different, but there are certain local customs that are easy to understand if you are an American, but difficult if you come from another country. Costa was open and honest enough to tell me the truth about many things, whereas some others have giggled or hidden the truth, or told me to ask my host family, who also do not wish to answer such questions. That day, Costa and I soon found our attraction and kissed. By the end of our afternoon, we had fucked several times.

Many people here think I am very proper, and I do behave myself as I am a representative of my country and do not wish to cause trouble, but I had been without sex since the summer, when I left home and arrived in this town. There were several boys I had considered, but some were too obnoxious. I admit I looked that word up and find it appropriate. Or they are just silly. They make jokes about wanting to have sex, but are honestly terrified when it came time to do so. Then the football players — American football, that is — were all hands but no brains. I think they are also terrified when it comes to sex; they like to talk as if they are sex gods, but the one I encountered turned out to be a virgin and kept to his camaraderie with the other players when I agreed to go on a date with him.

My friend Mia suggested I attend a real football game — soccer — and see those players. A very nice boy in our Physical Education class, Rory, played soccer, and Mia has now been dating him and having wonderful sex for several months, now. Another boy from that class, Conor, was also on the team, and has been dating my friend Lyla for several months, as well. We share Conor, sexually. I fucked him that day we played games, and three times since then. Conor is a funny boy, and he makes me laugh. He can be insane sometimes, and when I call him a name, he just laughs and makes a badge for himself of the name! He does not have the best body I have ever held, but his cock is always hard and ready, and he is full of constant energy. Also, he has no inhibitions. If I tell him to take off his clothes and fuck me on this couch, he will strip immediately and fuck me until I allow him to cum inside me. We have even done this in his home while his siblings were present.

But Costa is a boy I could fall in love with. I am not going to, but if I were staying here in America, I would consider him my boyfriend and perhaps date him exclusively. In our time together, I believe he has been exclusive with me, though I do not ask him to. I certainly have had several lovers since I became more comfortable in my secondary school surroundings.

I joined the Theater Arts program because I love to sing and dance. Back home, I take dance classes and have been in many recitals. I would love to do more here in America with dance, but my time is short, so I applied to be in the school's musical play *Oklahoma!* and I was cast as "Dream Laurie," as well as a chorus member. I had three lines of dialogue! And I helped with the general choreography. I made a great friend in the girl who plays "Ado Annie" — a girl named Junie, who also likes to have sex with girls as well as boys. We have had sex several times together at her home. She has small breasts, but a very pretty pussy! And there is a god of a boy named Albert who is playing her boyfriend "Will" in the play, and I would love to see and experience his body naked as he also does gymnastics. Perhaps there is still time.

The thing about Costa — see? I am always coming back to him! — is that he is a very creative and patient lover. He has a fine body, and always brushes his teeth. His cock is a good length and it pleases me to suck and fuck him as often as I can.

I must admit, I will miss him.

I will celebrate Kerstmis with my host family, but will leave for home shortly thereafter, during the New Year holiday. There are several friends I will miss, but Costa and Junie, most of all.

I will not miss the Ackerman children, Isaac and Emma. That is certain. Though, I suppose they have grown in my affection since I arrived.

# Costa

So, I was at Silke's host family's house. Not for the first time — the Ackermans knew me well, by then. But on Thursday, Mrs. Ackerman went out with her friends to play bingo, and Mr. A was watching some show on Hulu about someone getting killed in Iceland. After a long day at work and a full belly, the man falls asleep in front of the TV, and Silke and I can get in a little somethin'-somethin' in her bedroom. Usually just making out or a blowjob for a school night. A couple times we chanced taking her pants off down in her basement, but there's always the kids.

When both parents were out, Silke was left in charge of the two little'uns, Isaac and Emma. At first, back in September, I was all like, "Can they do that to you? *Make* you babysit?"

And Silke told me, "The rules of the exchange program are that I have to follow the rules and do chores of the house like any other family member. But I think they thought I would be an *au pair*, in addition." Yeah, I had to look that up — it's like a nanny who's trying to get a green card.

Anyway, back to that bingo night. We were watching the little'uns. They're not bad. Emma idolizes Silke as the big sister she never had, and Isaac has a big crush on her and will do whatever she says. But that doesn't mean they can't be sneaky — they're like eleven and twelve years old, and up to no good like I used to be. Of course, their parents think they're little angels. It would easier to hate them if they were ugly, but they're good-looking kids, I have to admit. Both have brown hair and brown eyes; Isaac's hair is cut short on the sides but messy up top, and Emma's is nice and long. They're both gonna be heartbreakers when they get to high school.

Silke and me were playing a game of *Don't Wake Daddy* with the kids when the mom left for bingo. It's simple and kind of fun. You have to get your player from the bedroom starting point to the refrigerator for a late-night snack without stepping on a bunch of noisy things or the mechanical sleeping "daddy" will wake up and yell at you.

"You're so bad at this game," Emma said as I yet again woke up "daddy" and got sent back to start. I lost both times we played, but only a jerk wins against a kid.

"I would win in a *real* game," I told Emma. "I'm quiet and stealthy like a cat." Then I looked at Silke, pointed at a cat on the game board, and said in Dutch, "*Een kat!*" She fake-applauded me.

"You guys aren't quiet," Isaac laughed, moving his player past a tricycle.

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"We can always hear you two when you're over," he told me, shaking his head.

"You do sex stuff," Emma nodded, like she knew everything about the world.

I looked to Silke and she broke into a laugh. I love it when she laughs — her eyes sparkle and she has such a nice smile. She asked Emma, "And what do you know about 'sex stuff'?"

I saw Isaac give Emma a quick look, with a "shut up" in his eyes. I know that look.

"We know," Emma said, shutting down the conversation. She moved her piece onto some noisy pots and pans and then had to push the "daddy" button four times. Daddy did not wake up. Emma was going to win.

"I guess we must be quieter, or perhaps we will wake Daddy from his TV viewing some night!" Silke joked.

"No, you have to make more noise," Isaac informed us. "When we're too quiet, that's when they check on us, think we're up to something. Then they find out we're reading or doing homework, then they leave us alone. You have to watch out for them. But the noises *you guys* make... it's sex stuff."

Well, the kids had us, and Emma did win the game, which pleased her.

With Mrs. A gone, we were in-charge. Silke and the kids already had dinner before I came over, and Mr. A's dinner was in the microwave waiting for him to come home. So, we let Isaac and Emma go watch whatever they wanted on Netflix and have dessert, while we shut the bedroom door and had some real alone time, making noise.

# Silke

One evening recently, the Ackermans were both out, leaving me to mind the children. We gave to Isaac a box of Ding Dong cakes and to Emma the control of the television (a trick our friend Conor does to his brother and sister, too), while Costa and I had sex. It would be almost two hours before Mr. Ackerman returned from his place of employment — not the usual for him, but he was working on a project with his co-workers.

I closed the door. "We are safe in my kot for the next hour," I said to Costa.

"Is that another *cat* phrase?" he asked me. I was going to tell him it means a *dorm room* when he stopped me. "Or wait — does that mean *pussy*? I'll be safe in your pussy!"

"Yes," I lied to him just to get on with it. "I want you inside my pussy." As I moved across the room to him, I slowly took off my sweater. Costa could not take his eyes off of me, or my breasts when I revealed them. He has seen them many times, now, but they are his favorite part of me, I think. I do enjoy when he spends a great deal of time licking and sucking on them instead of just pawing at them like the other boys I met when I first arrived.

Costa was quite swift in removing his clothing, taking advantage of our free time. He has a very nice cock. (I no longer say penis. That is so clinical.) It is about seventeen and a half centimeters and makes me very happy. His pubic hair was a little wild when I'd met him, kind of like the wavy brown curls that hang over his eye, but we had a fun evening once and I trimmed him to a good thickness. By being nude first, he was able to remove my clothing, something else he enjoys, as do I.

We relaxed on my bed, and Costa went down on me, licking my pussy until I had an orgasm. He was going to "go for two," when I stopped him and begged him to "vooruit met de geit," — to "get on with it." Costa enjoys it when I use phrases with animals in them. Then he mounted me.

## Costa

God, I love Silke's tits! I could just spend an hour working those babies. We could just be lying there, just finished fucking or whatever, and I could just stroke those things for the rest of the night. Sitting on my couch, watching TV, my hands automatically go there, like petting a cat, shirt on or off. They are so nice, big, and soft, and warm, and friendly — and her nipples are so red, like cherries on vanilla ice cream!

We actually had some time, that evening. With the parents gone and the kids occupied, we could actually fuck. I pulled myself away from Silke's boobs and went down on her and licked that pussy until she came all over my face. Pussy. *Kut*. Sometimes, she calls it her *foef*, but that's such a funny name. I like to think her little white fuzzball of pubes right above her slit is her *foef* because it's all foofy. It's like this little ball of fur and I can just yank on it while I'm eating her and it pulls her hood back and her little clit pops out and it says *'Lik me, zuig me, Costa!'* and I do.

And Silke is a screamer, let me tell you! Trying to be quiet, she'll put a pillow over her face if we're in her room so she can let go but muffle the sound. We'll play music, but like the kids said, it can't hide all of it. But now that the kids flat-out told us they know, Silke let it out that time!

When she recovered from her cum, Silke gave me that 'forward with the goat' phrase to let me know to get going and fuck her blue! So, I stuck my cock in her and just slammed it home — she was so wet — and that's when she started screaming, "Neuk me! Ah, Costa, neuk me!"

I'm like, fuck it, we're going to bounce the bed. The kids think they know 'sex stuff'? Then listen to this! I got her ankles tied around my neck, and just pile-drived down into her pussy. Her *kut*. And yeah, the headboard slammed back into the wall with each thrust. Things probably fell off the wall in the washroom or down in the kitchen.

She was squeezing my neck with her ankles, and that can be cool in some ways (like choking yourself with a tie when you're jerking off? Yes/no?), but I needed to breathe. I slapped her ass and gave her the signal to turn over. She got on her knees but I pushed her down so I could fuck her sideways and grab her tits with my left. And I do this with a twist — a literal twist of my hips, give it some motion.

And that's when she growled, "Naai me!" Yeah. Screw me, she means. I know when she wants it dirty. It's my pleasure to give it to her that way. "Sneller! Sneller!" Sometimes she just slips entirely back into Dutch, but I can go faster in any language.

Finally, she wanted some control, so I let her up and I got on my back, letting her mount me. And that's when the bed bounced and moved, the foot of the bed angling out. She's stopped using words, English and Dutch, and was just doing that "Uh-hah! Uh-hah!" — her little squeaks when she drops down and her breath gets pushed up out of her.

I was so ready to cum, before, so as soon as I saw her starting to faint, she fell forward onto me and started cumming, started shaking, I flipped her back over and just pounded her *kut* and went for it. I'm growling, too, and shot everything I've been saving for her inside that pussy. Her pussy cat. Her *kut kat*. I breathed. I fell into her. I rolled off of her. Silke curled up into me, and I stroked her breasts, as usual. And her *foef*.

Time goes by.

"It seems odd now that the play is over," Silke told the ceiling. I woke up. We'd done *Oklahoma!* as the Fall Musical and she played "Dream Laurie." I was on Stage Crew because she got me to join, and I have to say that I really enjoyed it. "I have a *gevoel van...* ontwenning... Something is over and I don't want it to be."

"Withdrawal," I explained, stretching. "People coming off of drugs have that, too. A feeling of withdrawal." Though I love that I don't have to withdraw when fucking Silke, thanks to whatever miracle birth control from Belgium she uses. "But you were fantastic in the play. You had that amazing dance duet scene, but I wish they gave you a song of your own."

"It was enough that I was with the group," she said with a smile. "If I were to still be here in the spring, then perhaps I would get a song in the next big play, because they would know me and what I can do well."

"It's not fair. That you're leaving," I said to her hair and breasts.

"You've said so," Silke reminded me. I guess I've said it before. Probably twenty-five times before. "You know not to fall in love with me. There will be many friends I will miss from the theater program. June and Cindy, especially. That boy Leo was nice. And Albert is so *very* nice. He I would not mind seeing naked!"

Silke hung around backstage quite a bit. I think she fucked Junie a couple times. But Albert?

"Trying to make me jealous? I'm pretty sure Al is gay," I said.

"That's not how he acted when we were alone in the costume room," Silke told me, to my surprise. "He said he'd like to take me back to California with him when he attends university, there, next year. I have not been there, yet. I would like to try surfing, and to see Disneyland, and Hollywood."

"Country's a big place," I told her. I knew she'd been with a couple other people — guys and girls — since I'd met her. Even with Conor, again, though I wish it weren't him. But I can't contain Silke. She told me from the day I'd met her that she wanted to taste as much of America as she could while she was here. I'm glad I've been with her more than anyone else, though. Especially the day-to-day stuff; just hanging out together is nice. I am going to seriously miss her when she leaves. I've got her for another month, though. "Maybe I can take you, if you ever come back."

"Even though I miss my friends in Gent, I feel that as soon as I get home, I'm going to be homesick for everything here," she admitted and kissed me. Our kiss turned into a make-out and I rolled on top of her, again. She tugged at my cock to make sure I was hard, but I guarantee you I was. It doesn't take much.

It was when I moved up into position that I saw that the bedroom door wasn't quite closed. Had it ever been? Did the house A/C blow it open or something?

#### Silke

We had an audience. Isaac and Emma had, at some point in the last several minutes, snuck into the room. Had they watched me fuck Costa, or had they only come in since we were lying in each other's arms?

They thought they were hiding by my study desk and closet, but the room is not large enough to truly hide. I was not concerned that they were seeing me naked — that had happened several times already, much to Isaac's delight. And I am certain that all the Ackermans know of my being sexual. They were a little disappointed when I chose not to worship at their church with them, but they do not try and tell me of the sins I am committing.

As much as I was enjoying our fun, I stopped Costa. "We have an audience," I told him.

He looked around, then spotted the kids behind him. He panicked a little and pulled out of me and stood off of the bed. "Hey!" he called at them. "What are you guys doing in here?"

"Oh, my gosh, Isaac, his thing is bigger than yours!" Emma gasped. Though they both had seen me naked, it was the first time either of them had seen Costa's cock, and it was big and hard and red and wet — very "angry."

Costa was not angry, though. He is a very nice person, very even-tempered, and able to think with a crisis. He was more concerned with giving the kids an "education" they were not prepared for.

"C'mon, you guys. Out!" Costa demanded. He grabbed one of my pillows and covered his cock; I did not bother covering up.

"You're gonna be in trou-ble...!" Emma sang.

Costa set them straight. "Trouble? From who? Your folks? What's the worst that happens? They kick Silke out, she lives at my house for a month, instead. Or she goes home to her friends and family. They can't punish me, except to not let me come over, anymore, so Silke just comes to my house. And you guys have to get a real baby sitter. Some evil battle-ax named Marge, or something..."

"It is you who will be in trouble when I tell them that you were spying on us," I told them. I could see that register on their faces.

"So, why are you here?" Costa asked.

"We wanted to see," Isaac said.

"Of course, you did," I said. "You always want to see me. You spy on me in the shower, you spy on me getting dried. You make up a reason to come in my room and watch me getting dressed..."

Isaac turned very red. "I know. You're very pretty," he said, and his eyes never left my breasts.

"Well, take a good look, then," I invited him, with some tease, I admit. I had not covered my breasts, but did sit forward some further.

"I, um..." was all Isaac could say while he stared at my breasts with permission.

"Would you like to touch them?" I asked. For the first time since being found out, Isaac looked at my eyes. They were very large, his eyes. He needed to confirm that I was being serious. "You may," I told him.

He moved forward slowly, hesitating. He looked at Costa for his reaction, a bit cautious in case Costa would try to stop him or punch him, perhaps. And Isaac continued to look at my eyes, certain I would decide not to let him do this. When at the edge of the bed, Isaac brought his hand up, but still did not make contact. To make things happen, I took his wrist and put his hand on my left breast.

He drew in his breath like he had just been cut, or taken a bad scare. And then his face eased. And his hand moved slowly and gently as he felt my breast.

When Costa saw this, he relaxed a bit, and sat back down on the bed, though he yet kept his cock covered with the pillow. "It's nice, isn't it?" he asked Isaac.

"I'll say," Isaac finally said. And that made him finally breathe, as well.

"Don't forget the other one," Costa reminded him.

Isaac looked at me to see if the offer was genuine. I just smiled and nodded and, one second after, his left hand was on my right breast. "They're..."

"Soft and warm and big and friendly," Costa grinned, running his fingers along my back. "These the first tits you've seen?"

"Well, internet," Isaac told him. "And..." Isaac looked briefly at his sister, but then looked like he realized that he should not have done that.

"Relax," I told him. "Of course, you have seen your sister's body. You live together. And Emma has already stated that she has seen your cock." Isaac seemed to consider this, perhaps recalling Emma stating that Costa's cock was bigger than his.

"I have," said Emma, still by my study desk.

"Come here," I told her. "Would you like to touch my breasts, too? You may." Emma came forward and put out her hand. Isaac did not give up one of my breasts for her, just made room for her hand on my right breast.

"Isaac," Costa called. "Pinch her nipples. She likes that."

Isaac looked up at me, thinking this was a joke. But I told him, "Yes, I do. But not hard. Just a tease." Isaac pinched and pulled at my nipples like they were part of a toy, and I gave a little yelp. "Not hard, I said. Just pinch while you are..."

"Caressing them," Costa gave me the word.

"Have you had a good look at my *foef*? My pussy?" I asked, and spread my legs. I know the boy had seen me in the shower, but I don't know how good a view he had.

Isaac's — and Emma's — eyes were drawn to my pussy, and their hands froze on my breasts. I could sense Isaac breathing harder, and one of his hands left my breast to rub the front of his pants. I could not be sure if he was pleasuring himself or just adjusting his "junk."

"You have hair," he noticed. "I couldn't see that before."

"It is very light. Does your sister not have hair on hers?" I asked them both.

Isaac answered me. "A little."

This was getting quite interesting. "What about your brother?" I asked Emma.

"Yeah. Not a lot," she said, still caressing my breast, but staring at my foef.

"So far," Isaac said, defiantly. "More's coming in."

"Costa has a lot," Emma said.

"I know. I saw," Isaac said, like he was behind in a competition.

"Can we...?" Emma started to ask, but didn't finish.

"You want to see Costa's cock again, yes?" I asked, and Emma nodded. "Costa, show them your cock."

#### Costa

Now, this is something I don't normally do, go around showing my cock to eleven-year-old girls. I want you to know that. But this seemed like a... unique... situation. Since Silke asked, I removed the pillow.

"It's not big, anymore," Emma said.

And that's what I get for doing what Silke asks.

"It's still big," Silke defended me, "it's just not hard. Make it hard for her."

Now I was being asked to stroke my junk. I didn't know which way to turn. "Silke, I get what we're doing, but I would need some help." What I meant was I would need Silke to blow me or give me a handjob. What Silke said, though, flipped the script on me.

"He's right. He needs some... inspiration," she said. "We are naked. You should be naked, too."

Isaac looked really conflicted. He was still focused on Silke's pussy, but his brow got all furrowed. He'd be naked with Silke, which he probably wouldn't mind, and he's already been naked with Emma, I guess, but then he'd also be naked in front of me. Taking your clothes off is a loss of protection. "I don't know..." he said.

"That's what you told me, remember?" Emma told Isaac.

"He told that to you?" I asked Emma. "How'd that happen?"

Emma tore her eyes away from my cock and looked to Isaac with a growing grin. "I snuck in his bedroom when he was playing with his dick. He told me to get out, but I wanted to watch him. That's why I came in there. I knew he was doing it. I can always hear him, and I wanted to see it. He said okay, but I had to get naked, too. He didn't want to be the only one naked. I figured that was kind of fair, so I did."

"See? Everything would be fair, then," Silke reasoned. "Then we would all be naked together. Unless you want me to get dressed right now..."

"No!" Isaac almost exploded. "I mean, no, you don't have to do that. I can... yeah... we can do that. I guess. All together." Still, he didn't move. He was hypnotized by Silke's pussy.

Silke took his hand and moved it onto her pubes, then pushed it so his fingers split her labia, then she pressed his middle finger in at her hole. He had one hand on her tit and one in her cunt. The kid was actually shaking.

"Isaac?" she intoned.

"Yeah?" he said to her pussy. To her foef. Her kut.

"Isaac, take off your clothes, please."

He nodded and pulled his t-shirt over his head, using the hand from her tit, but he had to let go of her pussy, too, to take the shirt off completely. Once his hand was out of her hole, out of her wetness, he seemed to get some senses back and worked quickly on his button and zipper. But then he stopped. He looked up at me, suddenly unsure, a little wary, a little embarrassed.

I just made a kind of silent motion, kind of a shrug with a nod at my own bod and my open hands, all supposed to be meaning 'Hey, I'm naked. It's no big thing.' I guess he understood because he gave a slight nod and then pushed down his pants.

Emma was smiling, watching Isaac go at it. "You, too, Emma," Silke reminded her. Emma seemed confused, at first, and then her face read, 'Oh, yeah, all of us.' She pulled her shirt over her head. She had to fix her long brown hair afterwards, of course, and when she parted the strands in front of her face, she caught my eye and broke into a smile. I could only smile back.

I have never seen a naked little girl, before. I've been with naked girls, but always my age, starting when I was fourteen, a Freshman. There were girls in swim suits of all ages at the pool, of course, my whole life, so that was the closest. But I've never really seen a girl's naked flat chest before. Well, Emma's wasn't really flat. It was like a boy's, but there was some swelling, so her tits were coming in, I guess. I imagined that if I touched them, there'd be some give, some softness. But those nipples were pretty cute. A little puffy.

But then Emma's pants came off. She was down to her underwear, and hadn't been wearing socks. I'd seen her wearing shorts around the house and knew she has long legs, but now they seemed to have a... I don't know. She doesn't have much of a shape, yet, but she seemed kind of *slinky*, just then. Then she smiled really big at me, really silly, like a 'here it goes!' and there it went. Her butt was just a butt, she didn't have curves like Silke or Lyla, yet. Of course not. But I was now looking at a naked 6th Grader, an eleven-year-old's pussy.

Well, it was a pussy. Like if a teenage girl had shaved her pussy, that's what it would look like. But a very compact little package, no labia sticking out, just a mound and a slit, and that little bit of brown hair right at the top of her cleft — she had her own *foef*, just like Silke's. I was almost afraid to be looking at her. Yet I couldn't take my eyes off her. This wasn't something you saw every day.

"See? She barely has any hair," Isaac broke my concentration. I looked over at him. And there I saw a twelve-year-old's cock. A boycock. Now, I'd seen twelve-year-old cocks before, though I was twelve, too, when I did — 7th Grade, in the locker room at school, and after sports, and even this past summer at the pool when everyone's changing, though I'm not looking to see them. But I'd never seen one hard, except my own when I was twelve. The kid had an impressive cock for a twelve-year-old. I wasn't going to measure it, but it wasn't tiny. If I had to guess, I'd say it was about four inches, hard. A nice smattering of dark pubes growing out at the base all straight at this point, just starting to curl.

"It's four and one-eighth inches," Emma told me, reading my thoughts. "I measured it!"

I had to calm chatty Emma down and let Isaac know that me and Silke weren't going to judge him. "That's a good size," I told him. "Girls are going to love you when you get to high school!"

"Do I have to wait until high school?" he asked, still self-conscious. Hell, I was, too; even with two naked girls in the room, my dick wasn't growing.

"Well, you're in 7th Grade right now, right?" I considered. "Could happen. Middle school. Just got to find a girl that's open to adventure, that wants to play."

Silke poked me. I turned and saw that look in her eye. The look that led to me getting a blowjob on her front porch. The look that led to us fucking in Milner Park. The look that got me to lick her pussy backstage. Hell, I guess that look had been in her eye since the kids popped out from behind the desk, I just wasn't watching for it.

"Come up on the bed, Isaac, Emma," Silke invited. "You don't have to stand there like fashion mannequins. We'll all be more comfortable." She scooted back to the headboard and patted the bed in front of her. I took the hint and scooted back, too, and sat cross-legged. Emma climbed on right in front of me, noting my cock remained on full-display. Isaac crawled on in front of Silke, sitting to make sure she could see his hard cock.

"Isaac, may I?" Silke said, bending forward and reaching out her hand. "You got to touch me."

"Sure. That would, um, that would be fine," Isaac hiccuped.

"That would be fine," Emma said, making fun of him. "He loves it when I play with his dick."

Silke took ahold of Isaac's boycock with two fingers and her thumb, running it up and down his stalk. Silke's hand was delicate, but she knew not to cover his cock with her whole hand and make it look small. Isaac sat upright on his heels, eyes closed, breathing deep but steady, loving the sensation. And I knew exactly what he was feeling.

I turned to Emma. "How often you guys get a chance to do that?"

"Oh, mmm, when we go to bed. After we go to bed, if Dad's asleep on the couch and Mom's got her shows. Sometimes downstairs in the basement when they think we're playing," she

decided. "And when Silke's in charge of us and you come over and you guys aren't paying attention to us!"

I had to laugh. Turn that around, and that was my and Silke's m.o. when we had fun here!

Isaac had his hand on Silke's breast, again. His other one was making sure he didn't fall over.

Silke was being very dangerous. "Such a nice cock, Isaac. I love this cock. I think I wanted to see your body as much as you wanted to see mine."

"He's not going to last very long," Emma told me. "He's going to make the stuff shoot out. I can tell. Listen to him breathe."

"Have you helped him cum? Or... er, make the stuff shoot out?" I asked.

"Yeah," she reported, still kind of matter-of-fact. "But only when we have a way to clean up. So, like, not in *my* room."

"Has Isaac ever made you cum?" I asked.

"What d'you mean?" she asked me.

"Well, you don't shoot stuff like Isaac, but does he play with your little pussy?" I asked.

"Oh, sure."

"But does he do it until you can't take it anymore, and there's a little explosion inside you, and you start to shake, and it's the best feeling in the world?" I tried to clarify. Well, I thought that would give her the idea if she didn't know.

"He doesn't, but I almost get that way when I..." she said, thinking it over but stopping short of admitting to playing with herself. "Are you ever going to get all hard again?"

"Emma, why don't you help Costa, like I am for Isaac?" Silke asked.

Emma looked at me, like for permission.

"I'll let you," I told her.

She smiled and went after my cock.

I'll tell you, I wasn't sure I'd do anything here other than be naked, let the kids have their joke, then we'd get dressed and whatever. I was kind of scared, to be honest. My dick didn't shrivel up or anything, but I didn't think this was going to happen. But when Emma used both of her little hands to pick up my dick and started to stroke me, she jump-started it. I was hard instantly.

"Oh, there it goes," she said, all happy she'd done a good job. Still, she knew what she did with Isaac, so she kept stroking me. I put my hand on her shoulder, and caught a little charge

with our contact. I suppose I'd touched her shoulder before — when we played some game, passing behind her chair, who knows? But it was different touching the naked Emma. I let my hand roam to her chest and felt the small rise of her breast and lightly tweaked her nipple. That got a smile from her.

She was more fascinated by my pubes, though, a nice thick nest from my Mediterranean ancestors. She stroked my cock with one hand, and grabbed my pubes with the other and gently pulled my hair through her fingers, then did it again, combing them.

"You'll get more soon," I reminded her.

She leaned back and pushed her pelvis forward. "I know. They're coming in right along here, too. You can see right here." She let go of my pubes and ran her finger along her slit. Yes, they were starting. Right there. Little dark brown sprouts of silk growing out of the sides of her slit leading up to the patch at the top of her cleft. She took my finger and guided it up her slit, making sure I could feel her hair. When we reached the top, I couldn't help but take ahold of the longer hairs between my finger and thumb and give them a little tug, feeling their softness. Her own *foef*.

"Hyai... hmff..." Isaac seemed to say, if those are words. He was getting ready to blow. He actually took his hand off of Silke's tit to steady himself on her shoulder and her head.

"Oh, what a cock. I think I want to suck this cock, Isaac..." Silke teased him. She bent forward, stuck her tongue out, and licked that kid's dick from bottom to top. And that was all he could take. She never even got a chance to suck him.

He was like, "Oh!... Oh!" and he shot his spooge all over Silke. She was able to get away enough to not have it all over her face, though with Isaac holding her head, he got it on her throat and tits. But hell, I've done that to her, too!

He was on his knees, shaking. The only reason he hadn't fallen back was the death grip he had on Silke's shoulder. And man, I have to say, once again I knew exactly what he was feeling. It's weird watching another guy cum. It's a little funny watching the ropes or bullets shoot out of him, but there's also that feeling of, oh, let's call it *brotherhood*. You know the feeling of electricity running up from his balls along his spine up to his head and then swirling in a cloud of static. The tensing of all your muscles, even the ones in your face as your breath comes out in a gasp or a word like, "Gah!" or "Oh!" And then the final build-up of pressure in your body explodes like a balloon. And the ecstasy. Oh, the ecstasy. And the floodgates open and everything that you are comes gushing out of the center of your body. And then again. And again. And again. And probably a few more times, but it starts to ease up, and you can breathe again. Your spine gives out and your muscles relax, and you have to find stability or collapse. And you smile at the first person you see because how can you not share the sheer joy of what you just experienced. And if someone is there to kiss you, so much the better.

I was the first person Isaac saw after he came. He started to make that smile, but caught himself. Like with his pants, he was suddenly embarrassed that I was there to see him, to watch him cum. He was still vulnerable, as are we all at that point. I gave him the nod of brotherhood, and the smile. And then his smile came back, and he was okay.

Silke wasn't going to let the moment go. She pulled Isaac to her and gave him the kiss he needed. And I swear I saw that kid go electric, again, and his cock actually shot out one more spurt, even after it had just been dribbling!

Emma noted it, too. "It was a good one!"

# Silke

"Oh, what a cock. I think I want to suck this cock, Isaac..." I told the boy. I bent my head down and licked his hard little pik. I kept eye contact, and licked him from bottom to top. I was going to take him inside and suck him when he shook.

"Oh, oh!" he barely squealed when he shot his semen up and out at me. I just got my head out of the way, but he accurately shot onto my breasts, the way some boys like to do. It was a good cum. Not thick, yet, but a solid stream in four jets. It made me smile. He opened his eyes and saw how he had shot onto me, and seeing my smile, he smiled back. Then he put his hands on my shoulders for support.

Then I kissed him. I had to. How could one make a boy cum and not celebrate it with a kiss? *Klaarkomen* is one of the most intimate things a boy can share, and it needs to be rewarded with a kiss.

Other than a greeting kiss on the cheek, it was the first time I had kissed Isaac. And seeing the reaction in his eyes, I wondered then if we would ever repeat it, or how often. Just like with Costa. A kiss is the simplest thing, but it means so much.

I helped him to sit back on the bed, but curled him in my arms with his legs across over mine. His *klaarkomen* was very intense. I knew he would need me to help him recover.

I looked over at Emma and Costa. She liked having control of my boyfriend — now her boyfriend, it seemed. "Are you going to shoot the stuff, too?" she asked Costa.

"Maybe," he answered. "Depends. Do you want to see me do that? Or do you want to see me fuck Silke? I was just about to when you two popped out of the wall."

Emma had to consider that. I think she was going to automatically tell Costa to shoot his semen in the air for her, but watching us fuck was a good option, it seemed. I had to ask her, "Emma, when did you two come in the bedroom? Did you watch us fuck, already, or...?"

"No, we crawled in when you were quiet. I think you were sleeping. We were worried," she said.

"Worried? Because of our noise?" Costa asked her. She nodded.

"We were setting up a game downstairs for you, and we heard you scream," Isaac said. "We wanted to see why you screamed."

"We know you were doing sex," Emma said, looking at Costa's cock in her hands. "But what does 'nook ma' mean? You yelled it -a lot." Emma had a very concerned look on her face.

"Did it hurt?" Isaac asked, looking back and forth at Costa and then my breasts. "Because it sounded like you want him to drop a bomb on you — 'nuke me'!" He gave a little laugh.

"Or put you in the microwave!" Emma laughed nervously. She knew it was silly, but she wanted to know.

Costa and I looked at each other and laughed, too. "That's me telling him to *fuck me*, in my language. And it doesn't hurt. He makes me feel wonderful. So wonderful I need to scream it to the sky."

"There is no greater feeling," Costa said. He pulled me to him and kissed me.

Again, I have told Costa several times not to fall in love with me, and I know I will miss him. But I had a sense that the great feeling he was talking about was from kissing me, not from our sex. See what I mean?

Our passion from the kissing boiled over. Costa rolled into me, caressing my breast and, beetje bij beetje, pushed me down onto the pillow until he just had to take my hips and pull me flat full onto the bed. Isaac and Emma moved as he did, onto beside of us, but did not get down or off of the bed. They were not going to deny themselves the viewing.

"I really need to fuck you," Costa whispered to me. "If I don't fuck you, I'm gonna fuck Emma, and I can't fuck a little girl."

"You can fuck me, but let them see," I told him. I have made sex-play in a group before, but never with such an audience. It is... Het is echt geil!

"You want me to beffen you first?" he asked me. "I think you're wet enough, but I will."

"I am most certainly wet enough. *Ik zweer het je!*" I pulled Costa into position over me, but making sure he was not lying atop me. I wanted Isaac and Emma to see him enter me. But I need not have worried. As soon as Costa was in position, the two of them moved closer to my shoulder to make sure they saw. And they saw Costa's cock enter me with ease.

"You see?" Isaac said to Emma. "It goes in easy. You don't have to worry."

I think Costa liked having the audience. He did not talk through it all, did not try to narrate our *vrijsessie*, or teach them about how parts fit into other parts. The kids are not stupid, just without experience.

"Ahhh, neuk me, Costa! Neuk me!" I cried. Although I was certainly enjoying Costa pounding me, again and again, my cry was rather more acting for my audience, showing Emma how and when I would yell that through the house.

I flipped Costa onto his back and mounted him, making sure Emma knew there was more than one way to do this. I suppose we could have done many more positions, but that was not the point. The kids wanted to see sex. And from what I could gather of their conversation, they wanted to know that it did not hurt.

Before we could reach orgasm, Costa flipped me back over, then whispered something to me. He had an idea and it was one I liked. Really liked! I had just been trying to figure out how to implement it.

#### Costa

Though it killed me to do so, I pulled out of Silke and sat up. I looked Isaac in the eye and held up my palm. "Tag in, buddy!"

The two kids were sitting so close, one leg over each other's. They probably had been touching the other's bits, but were playing with their own when I pulled out. Isaac was startled when I called to him, and didn't move. Emma's eyes were back on my big, wet, shiny cock.

"Come on, take over," I said again, this time moving away from Silke, leaving a space for him. I took Isaac's elbow and gave him a gentle tug, and he floated away from his sister and found the space I had left. He had some hesitation. No, he probably had a lot of hesitation! I remember my first time and he had to be wondering a bit of 'I know where things go but how do I actually do this? Is this real? Oh, shit, this is really happening!'

Silke gently drew him to her. "Isaac, I need you. I need you to fuck me, Isaac. I need your cock inside me..." She helped him scoot in-between her legs and line his cock up with her pussy.

Isaac was breathing heavy. Emma and I caught a quiet, "Ohgodohgodohgod," come out of him. Silke eased him forward. And he was in. Then we all heard him say, "Hyeerum...!" or something that sounded like that. Silke wrapped her arms around him and pulled him down onto her. And I know Isaac had the enjoyment of finally feeling a girl's breasts on his chest while he fucked her. Of course, he wasn't fucking, yet, but Silke put her hand on his butt and encouraged him to start. He did one thrust and draw and fell out of her. He never moved so fast in his life as when he went to put his cock back in! And then Silke helped him find a rhythm. He fell out two more times, but eventually he got to start going fast, becoming a piston. It was fun to watch!

Emma had made room for me when Isaac and I swapped, and she sat half-in my lap. She was curious about my wet cock. She touched it like she was going to stroke me again but came away with some of the wetness which she brought to her face to smell.

"That's Silke," I told her. "Are you wet, too? From watching?" I asked.

Emma nodded.

"Can I check?" I asked. After having the adrenaline rushing through me from fucking Silke, I wasn't so unsure of touching this girl, anymore. I ran my hand down her body to her mound and slipped my middle finger along her slit, then pushed to open her, dragging my finger up, freeing her labia and flicking her hood. She flinched when I did and that made me smile inside. I ran my finger back down and found her hole, this time, and began dabbing at the entrance, drawing from her little pool of fluid, pushing my finger inside little by little. It was tight going, but I got past the first knuckle and didn't feel any barrier.

What I did feel was Emma's body tensing up in my arms, right down to her leg muscles. "You okay?" I asked. She just nodded quickly. "Has Isaac done this much to you?"

"Yes," she said, this time.

I pushed in a little further, seeing how far I could go, which was past the second knuckle. My finger was in her pussy. I ran it in and out slowly a couple times, but I could feel how tense she was, and not from an impending orgasm. I took my finger out and just played along her labia, then, and flicked at her clit, and I could feel her breathe.

"She's his first," Emma said.

She'd been watching her brother lose his virginity, and not to herself.

Immediately, I knew maybe I hadn't done such a wonderful thing in handing Silke off to Isaac. I couldn't take it back, but maybe I could fix it.

"It's different for boys," I told her as she still watched. "The first time is something you just have to do, and it never goes right. It's the next one that means something. He'll be so much better when you two do it," I said, hoping I was saying this right. "He'll still be *your* first."

"You're not...?" she almost asked me. Then I figured out what was also going through her mind.

"No. No, darling," I said, rubbing her back. "I'm not going to be your first. Besides, I'm too big, I'd hurt you." I breathed a laugh, letting her know she could, too. "There is something I'd like to give you, though, if you want to try it. C'mere."

I moved us so that I was lying down lengthwise on the bed with my feet at the pillow, opposite Silke and Isaac, and had Emma straddle me. I positioned her pussy above my cock and settled her down. At first, I started dragging my cock along her slit until it divided her labia and began pulling her juices out along with it. Each time my cock poked her little clit on its way up, she got that jolt, and I could read her face as she waited for it to happen again on my cock's way back down.

Her eyes closed, and I could tell she was starting to enjoy the feeling, and started expecting the rhythm. With my hands on her hips, I began pulling her along my cock instead of my rubbing up against her. She was getting wetter, and we were going faster. "Okay, you do it now," I told her and there was hardly a bump in the rhythm as she took complete control, rocking and sliding her pelvis back and forth, getting herself off on my cock.

But I kept my hands on her hips; I didn't want to let her stop early. In fact, there was a point where I knew she had gotten near the point of no return and was going to relax and call it off like it was too much for her. "No baby, don't stop. Keep going. Do it. That's what it's all about. Push yourself. Take yourself over the edge. Keep going!" I rocked her hips and almost broke her rhythm, but she took it back and got faster and faster.

And she whimpered. "Mm-mmmmmm-mmmmph!" That's when I knew she was on the ropes.

"That's it, Emma. You're going to cum. Cum for me, baby...!"

Then she screamed an "Ohhh-ah!" and floundered down on top of me, still rocking, but shaking like she never had before, little whines continuing. She was still in control of the movement, but it was interesting for me to figure out how much she wanted it to continue — pressing down on my cock in short little bursts and when she needed a glide. As she slowed down, I took control back and continued for her, keeping her shaking.

I was close, too, and there was that little thing in my head about whether I should let myself cum or not with this girl. But my guy brain took over and I started pulling and pushing her wet little pussy over my cock faster and faster. A couple times, my cock head got caught at her hole but, believe me, there was no danger of it going inside her — I just pushed on and she slipped back. Her breathing was choppy and her whining was broken into pieces with it, and she was just flopping around on top of me like a rag doll.

And then I shot my cum between us. *Fuck, that felt good!* I held Emma back so she didn't squish my cock and stop my shots, and she got to see it jet out and splash all over my chest up to my chin. *That was a fuckin' great cum!* Take everything I said before about cumming, and add the feeling of doing it with my new little partner, and... it was one-of-a-kind!

When I got down to the little shots, I let her fall forward and relax, lying on my cum-soaked chest, and her whining calmed down. Listening to her, it reminded me of when someone tickles you and doesn't let up, and then they do, and you're taking vocal deep breaths in calming down, in relief. That was Emma. She just collapsed on me and I wrapped her up in my arms, keeping her safe. And sticky.

"Have you kissed Isaac, yet?" I asked guietly.

"Mm-hmm," she moaned into my neck.

I lifted her face and gave her a tender kiss to celebrate her first orgasm. I may have made her cum, but I didn't want to take her first kiss away from her.

#### Silke

This boy was fucking me and I was loving it.

My lovers back in Gent and here in Colton have always been older than me or the same age, as Costa is. My youngest was thirteen, but I was thirteen, as well, then. Feeling his *pik* moving

in and out of me was such a feeling as I've never had! I was cumming not from him doing such a fine job of fucking me, but from the sensation of his body, his cock, and knowing who he was, this bov.

When I screamed my pleasure, I meant it. Like someone's first time, I didn't know if I would feel it this way again. I was ready to encourage him with groans of, "Oh, Isaac... Isaac... please don't stop... Neuk me! Neuk me!" but I was really saying them because of the excitement, the geilheid!

At first, he was very intent on doing things correctly. His face held a very concentration, he could almost not look at me. And when his *IuI* fell out those times, he showed his embarrassment, like he was ashamed of not doing it right. But I did my very best to ease his concern, telling it was fine, and that it always happens, stroked his body, and encouraged him to *get it back inside me now!* and gave groans of relief when he did. But as I say, I really did want it back inside me!

Having *klaargekomen* not long before, he lasted longer than I expected him to, which was nice. I did not attempt to take over the top position; I was enjoying his efforts and noises far too much to do so!

And when he came inside me, he went all stiff, except for his *spasmen*, his... *stuiptrekkingen van extase*. His shooting gave me one more orgasm, too. I held him as I shook, though I don't know if he knew that I was vibrating or if he was!

I wrapped him tightly in me and stroked his back, he was not too heavy, waiting for him to regain a consciousness. I don't know how many minutes it took, but we were very comfortable.

With my attention fully on Isaac, I must say that I did not notice what Costa and Emma had been up to until after Isaac and I regained our senses. That's when I saw Emma lying atop Costa in such a way that I knew what they had done.

The cutest thing was, though... when both Isaac and Emma raised themselves back up at about the same time. Isaac looked to Emma, and Emma looked to Isaac, and they kissed. I had not seen them kiss before, and this was almost as hot as watching Isaac cum. But, then again, perhaps more — because of their tenderness. A love beyond brother to sister.

That was when I realized that I had taken Isaac's virginity from Emma, if that had been their eventual goal.

It is rare that I am ashamed.

Helaas, pindakaas.

I signaled to Costa, and we all made better couples, again. Costa holding me, and Isaac with Emma.

It was a quiet moment. But only for one moment. That was the time when we heard the garage door activated.

Mr. Ackerman had arrived home.

Costa and I didn't panic, but the kids were up as if they were *gestoken door een bij*. They were off the bed and scrambled to find their clothes. In fact, Isaac didn't bother with his underwear or socks, just put his pants and his shirt on, and then he collected the pile of clothes on the floor — including ours.

I saw him give a look to Emma, and then she said, "Oh, yeah...!" She picked up what remained, such as a sock or a shirt, and they both ran out of my room.

"Hey, what the fuck?" Costa called after them. I had to figure, I'd watched them picking up my clothes, but I think that I thought they were just confused, or maybe going to help us and put our clothes on the bed for us — something *other* than taking our clothing and running out of the room!

Costa got off the bed and ran at the open doorway, only to hear the obvious noise of Mr. Ackerman tossing his keys in the key bowl, dropping his daypack on the kitchen table, and calling out, "I'm home!" Mr. Ackerman doesn't always do this, but no one was in sight, I suppose, so he announced his presence.

Costa leapt back from the doorway, not wanting to be caught naked, and hid with his back to the wall. He mouthed the words to me, "What do we do?"

For a moment, neither of us knew what to do, and we wasted that moment in confusion. Later on, Costa and I looked back and knew I could have gotten dressed in some other of my clothing, and Costa could at least have borrowed a pair of sweatpants, some socks, and a shirt that would have sufficed to get him out of the house, or at least to be seen in until we regained our clothing from the pranksters. But that was not how it all went.

That would not have been as much fun!

Now, know that all three of the upstairs bedroom doors are quite visible from the tall-ceiling family room below; it was an open hallway and only the fencing kept the two kids from falling to their deaths as they ran past my door to the stairs. Their arms were empty, so they had placed our clothing somewhere. Mr. Ackerman had entered the living room, and I heard him drop a magazine onto the coffee table.

"Hi, Dad!" the kids greeted their father in unison as they ran down to him and gave him a hug. I did not see that, but it happens every day. Then I knew what to do.

"Hey, Ben," I called down from my room. "Costa is here with us," I called again. The bedroom door had been left open, so house rules had been followed.

"Hey, Mr. A," Costa called down. He waved his hand in the open doorway.

"Dinner is in the microwave," I called down again, reminding Mr. Ackerman that food was more important than any reason he might have for coming up to visit me and Costa.

"Thank you," he called back. "What are you guys up to?" he said, but it was not directed up to me so I knew he was speaking to Isaac and Emma.

"Just playing a game," Emma said. "With Silke and Costa!"

"Alright, behave yourselves," Mr. Ackerman said. "And clean up around here. What is all this junk?"

"It's for the game," Emma said.

"Ding Dongs?" Mr. Ackerman asked. "How many did you have?"

"Just one," Emma said. "Each."

"If just one, why is the box out here, eh?" I could hear him swat one of the kids playfully with the box. Then I could hear him walk back into the kitchen, likely taking the box of cakes with him.

Costa came over to me and sat behind me on the bed, wrapping his arms over my breasts. We were waiting for the kids to return and put an end to their prank. In a few minutes, the kids came back upstairs and then went back down. Then they came up again and entered my room. Costa and I were still naked, though I had covered my *kut*, just in case.

"Why did you take our clothing?" Costa and I both loudly whispered, "Where are our clothes?"

"It's... a game," Emma said.

"Very funny," Costa gave them as he stood up. "Now I need my clothes back or your dad is gonna kill me."

"Can't. Can't have them," Isaac said. "You have to win the game, for once."

"What?" I saw Costa take a deep breath, keeping his patience.

I realized then that their taking of our clothing was not a joke or a prank, and was also not an accident of panic. They had a purpose for sneaking into my room — other than seeing our bodies and finding out if I had been properly *geneukt* and was still alive.

"You always lose on purpose," Isaac reasoned. "For once, you have to win."

# Costa

A game. Stealing my clothes was a game to them.

I could beat them up, sure. I don't know how that would look — a fifteen-year-old hunk like me beating up two middle school kids. *Of course I know how that would look.* And then Mr. A

would have me picked up by the cops after I ran away and they found me hiding naked in someone's yard, looking for someone who actually hangs their clothes out on a line to dry, still.

I looked to Silke, expecting her to be upset or angry, too, but all I saw were her eyes. Her *risky danger* eyes. The eyes of the girl who now allows me to win any contest at school of "Where is the most public place you've ever had sex?" She wouldn't play the dare game at Lyla's back in September because she didn't know me very well, but now she's fucked me in a pirate ship and given me a blowjob on her front porch. She was *excited* by this. She *wanted* me to play the game.

I took a breath.

"Rules?" I prompted. "What do I have to do?" I asked Isaac. It was no use talking to Emma; even though we'd both just made the other cum, she was still staring at my junk.

Isaac went to the open door and looked out and down. "Dad is eating. He just changed the TV from Netflix to Hulu."

I hedged a little by the doorway and could see that, yes, Mr. Ackerman had settled down on the couch across from the TV, his warmed-up plate on the coffee table in front of him, and a beverage of unknown character in a tall glass.

"Okay. This is 'real people' *Don't Wake Daddy*," Isaac told me. "Your clothes are around the house. You have to go from here to the kitchen and get me those Ding Dongs back from the 'fridge without waking up my dad."

It was like the game. Of course. Go from the bedroom to the refrigerator for a snack without making noise. That was why his dad asked about why the place was so messy. They'd set up noise traps. And I'd said I could win a real game. I'd said I was quiet and stealthy, like a cat. Like *een kat*.

"And I suppose I have to go out there like this," I realized, alluding to my nudity.

"Yup!" Emma assured me. "That's the fun part! If you make noise and my dad wakes up, then you lose!"

"And he'll see *my* ding-dong..." I said, making both Emma and Isaac laugh out loud. That was actually probably good for the bedroom noise, avoiding any parental suspicion. "But what do I win?" I asked. There had to be a reward for all this shit.

"You get your pants back," Isaac said. "If you bring us the Ding Dongs."

If I did and the kid didn't fork over my pants, then I would beat him up.

We gave the dad a few minutes to finish eating. Silke had taken out her phone and we were looking at the photos she'd taken since arriving back in August. There were a lot that made me smile — from school, from going out with our friends, from Halloween, and from the play we were in. And there were a couple that made me feel a little gooey inside, selfies of us holding each other on a nighttime date with really bright flash lighting, me kissing her cheek.

I was going to miss her.

"Mia's Halloween party was fun, wasn't it?" Silke reminisced. We'd gone as Sandy and Danny Zuko from *Grease*, borrowing costume pieces from the school. Mia and Lyla helped do Silke's hair.

"If you liked Halloween, you're going to love Christmas!" Emma said.

"You guys doing something special this year?" I asked, expecting her to talk about her traditions or some special meal for Silke.

"We're all going to California and Disneyland for a week!" Emma squeaked.

"Hey, that was supposed to be a surprise!" Isaac chastised his sister.

"Fffffudge. Sorry," Emma shrugged.

"It's okay. I will pretend to be surprised. But at least now I know I will need to borrow some clothes from my friends Junie or Lyla." Silke looked at me and smiled a big toothy grin.

I felt like I'd been punched in the gut.

"Is your dad asleep yet, then? Or do I have to wait more?" I asked, frustrated.

Emma checked. "He's not snoring, but he's out. See how his head is?"

I looked out the door and his head was back a little and to the side. If I was lucky, there was some gin in whatever was in that tall glass, too. (That would not be unusual for him, Silke tells me.)

"Wait — what about Silke? And what happens if I make noise, but he doesn't wake up?" I was stalling, but I also wanted to know.

"You'll find out!" Emma said, her grin barely concealing whatever secret was attached to this.

I wasn't scared, exactly, but definitely nervous. I took one last look at Silke to get me out of this. Her grin told me that if I ever wanted to get laid again, I was going to do this now.

Naked, my dick hanging well but my balls pulled tight, I ventured out onto the landing and started down the stairs, listening for the first time to whether the stairs creaked or not. I never noticed before; it wasn't my house.

My first obstacle was a very obvious rollerblade on the second-to-last stair, followed by a soccer ball at the bottom. I easily avoided the rollerblade. This was easy. And the ball was avoidable, too. I was at the bottom.

"Kick the ball," someone said. I looked up. Naked Silke was at the top of the stairs. "You have to kick the ball," she said.

Of course. I kicked it, but didn't boot it. It went over there, somewhere.

The carpet felt nice under my toes, I realized. It was soft and... I guess I'd never been barefoot in her house, before. In socks, sure, but never barefoot. Except in her bed.

I moved forward when Emma made a baby cry from upstairs. "Waaahh!" I shot her such a look, and she just giggled.

What the fuck? I thought the point was to be quiet? They were up there talking in normal voices that came down into the livingroom. Were they *trying* to get me caught?

Then I remembered. If it's too quiet, parents wake up instantly. That was actually helping me. Not the baby cry, but the 'normal' noise.

It looked like clear sailing down the path behind the couch. There was a tricycle up ahead and some little toy figures, but I could tiptoe around them or jump over them.

Then I saw my clothes. My t-shirt and sweater were hanging off of the bookcase and the demilune table next to the TV. Do I take the easy path to the kitchen, or go to get my clothes? I looked around, trying to find my boxer briefs, but didn't see them. I started down the easy path to get it over with.

Isaac coughed from above me. I looked up. He had the TV remote. Every step I took, he pressed the volume button. So, I stopped. I was gonna fuckin' wipe that grin off his face when I got back up there...!

I backed up and walked around the couch in front of Mr. A — naked! With a deep breath, I walked right in front of the TV, noting the little volume bar counting down to where Mr. A had it before. *Good*.

Then I caught my reflection in the big window. *Hi, naked Costa*. But I could also see Isaac up on the landing, and his stupid grin.

I got my t-shirt from the bookcase, and then gently picked up my sweater off of the demilune table — it's a half-circle table against the wall where they have all the framed little family pictures standing, so I'd knock four or five over if I wasn't too careful.

Nice photos. *Brats*. One of Isaac naked in the bathtub with his butt showing. I should steal it and show it to his friends. I don't know if the game I was playing was their version of blackmail or extortion, but I knew how to play revenge.

I was successful getting my sweater. Do I put them on? I didn't want my cock hanging out in front of Mr. A any longer than it had to, so I went back across the window and TV to the path behind the couch. I could put them on in the kitchen when I got there.

But surprise, there was Silke sitting behind the couch, still naked. I didn't see her come down the stairs, even. Isaac made a dog bark sound and Emma replied with a cat meow, and then

Isaac squawked like a parrot, "Costa be careful! Costa be careful! Bwak!" Both of them laughed out loud. I was going to kill them.

Mr. A moved. I dropped down to the carpet behind the couch immediately.

"Quiet, you guys..." Mr. A kind of said. Then he got quiet again.

I looked at Silke. Why was she there? I tried to ask with my crunchy eyebrows.

She cupped my ear and whispered, "Up on your knees."

I rose up and Silke bowed down. She began sucking my cock.

Of all the places to get a blowjob. With all the tension and danger, though, I actually enjoyed it. She got me hard, fast. Staying quiet was easy; I've had lots of practice keeping quiet during a blowjob. And now I'd get to say, "I got a blowjob in her livingroom, her father sitting right fuckin' next to us!"

Silke pulled off of me. We both laughed through our noses. "Now I have to go through the obstacle course with a boner," I whispered to her ear.

She looked at me with those eyes. "Unless you want to take care of it...?"

You know what? Yes. Yes, I fuckin' did want to take care of it. Here I was, naked in her house, her "dad" not eleven inches away from me, fuckin' kids making noise — in fact, Isaac was tootling something on his toy keyboard or something now — and naked Silke looking at me with those eyes, I have a raging boner, and I can smell her pussy. Yes, I fuckin' did want to take care of it.

I pushed her down to the soft carpet, fixed her legs, got in-between, and fucked her wet *kut* as hard and fast as I could. I was biting my tongue and trying not to breathe, but Silke couldn't help but make little breathy noises every time I fucked into her. Too fuckin' bad.

It got real quiet upstairs. I looked up and saw two things: Isaac just staring — I guess this wasn't in his plans; and Emma holding Silke's phone and recording us. And you know what? I fuckin' did want this recorded. For all the balls it took to play this friggin' game, I wanted to post this online and let everyone see my balls and know how fuckin' big my balls are!

The cuckoo clock went off in the kitchen. Eight o'clock. Eight fuckin' cuckoos. Mr. A stirred. Isaac helped us out by turning up the volume of the TV a couple clicks. I listened for some commercials or for the TV show to change at the top of the hour, but then remembered he was on Hulu, watching some *klotefilm*. 'Shitty movie.' I learned that one two weeks before. I heard Mr. A sit forward and take a drink, then sit back.

I fucked Silke, anyway.

Just smoother, not bashing into her. She leaned up and took my ear. "Fuck me, Costa! Fuck me!" She didn't say "Neuk me." She wasn't playing around. She said, "Fuck me!" Fuckin' right I fucked her. We both wanted to cum.

Isaac put some music on.

"Naai me," she hissed. That's right. I was screwing her. And that was it. I rocked one last time, went stiff as a board, and shot my cum inside that girl as quietly as I could. And then she bit me. To stifle her scream, she almost caused me to actually scream as she bit my shoulder. Like really bit — deep teethmarks! (Later, when my mom saw those, she gave me one of those mom growls with the mean eyes; my dad went 'heh-heh' and raised his beer to me.)

I marked time by the song Isaac played. Somewhere between three and five minutes had gone by while Silke and I recovered. I felt there was a wet spot on the carpet. Well, one of the kids would have to clean that up, not me. I got up off of Silke. She sat up and kissed me. Then she took my shirt and sweater and tiptoed back upstairs with a big smile.

I crawled to the tricycle. There were some *Bluey* toys standing on the seat and on the back part between the wheels, and a few on the carpet that had fallen off, and there was a string tied under the trike's handlebar and then up to a framed picture on the wall. My boxers were under the front tire.

I wasn't taking chances, but I did play the game. Hey, I just fucked my girl right in front of her dad (kind of). If I got caught now, I was legend, anyway! I stood up and held the string, then pulled the tricycle toward me with my foot so it rolled off my boxers. The rest of the *Bluey* toys fell, but didn't make too much noise. I looked up at the landing. No penalty from Emma or Isaac. I got my boxers.

And the picture frame fell, anyway. Apparently, it needed the string to be taut, not loose.

Helaas, pindakaas. Oh, well. Peanut butter.

"What? Huh? What was that?" Mr. A said, shuffling in his seat on the couch. I went for broke. "That's me, Mr. A. I ran into the kids' tricycle. Broke my foot. Sorry."

Mr. A kind of looked my way, but I don't think he saw me. If he did, he would've asked why I was naked. But instead, he just asked, "You okay?"

"Yeah. I'll live."

"Isaac? Clean up, I told you," Mr. A shouted at the ceiling.

"I will. We're almost done with the game," he called down. "Then, yes, I promise." Those must have been the magic words because Mr. A just kind of *hmmphed* and got comfy again. Isaac smirked at me.

With my boxers in hand, I stood and made my way into the kitchen. Emma slammed a door loudly, but I guess it was just house noise to Mr. A. He didn't react. It looked like he was zoning out again.

In the kitchen, I put on my boxers. If I got caught now, at least I wouldn't be naked. I went to the fridge and saw a stack of pots and pans balanced just above the door. "Nice try, Isaac," I

said, and took them down. I put them on the kitchen table next to the actual *Don't Wake Daddy* game that Emma never put away. I looked at the path on the game board. Looks like the kids took care of everything — cat, dog, baby, music, toys, TV, picture frame, pots and pans, etc. — except a falling coat rack and a flower vase.

## Silke

My clothes were on the coat rack. I had gone down and gotten them while Costa was in the kitchen. The coat rack was off-balance with a book under one leg, but it was easy to see and I removed the book so it did not fall when I removed my clothing. The path was otherwise not difficult as Costa had sprung all the other traps, so far. I returned to the landing to watch the rest play out.

I must admit, it was fun watching Costa tiptoe naked about the house.

And, I must admit, getting fucked on the floor centimeters from Ben Ackerman really made me... opgewonden! I left so much cum on the carpet.

## Costa

I got the Ding Dongs out of the 'fridge and grabbed a Coke for me and Silke to split. Getting back was not so full of danger, but I had to look out for whatever Isaac and Emma had hidden. Worst thing that happened was that I stepped on Bluey and her sister, Bingo. Their pointy ears were worse than stepping on Legos.

I made it to the stairs and looked around. What was I missing? Was it over? True, in the game, you just had to get your guy to the 'fridge, not back. I must have sprung all the traps. Still, I watched my toes as I climbed the stairs, just in case. I went in Silke's room and declared victory!

"Made it! Here's your freakin' Ding Dongs," I said, not too quietly. I held out my hands. "My reward?"

Isaac took the box of Hostess Ding Dongs from me, and Emma handed over my pants. I didn't put them on, just tossed them on the bed by my t-shirt and sweater, then sat next to Silke, who had put on her panties and a fresh t-shirt which, of course, she'd had in her closet all along.

#### Silke

Costa sat next to me and I gave him a hug and kiss. "There, you won a game for them."

"I don't know if you were as... stealth-th-ly... as a cat, though," Emma tried saying.

"Sure, I was," Costa countered. "Ik ben een kat."

"You knocked down the frame," Isaac recalled. "Made a lot of noise with that."

"Yeah, Daddy woke up, but he didn't yell at me to get back to bed," Costa played off like it was in the game. "It's like I pressed the button four times but survived."

"Okay," Isaac agreed.

"You guys, though..." Costa was reminding them, "have to clean up before someone really doesn't see that rollerblade and wipes out on the stairs. Or steps on those *Bluey* toys. Look at this..." Costa held up his foot for me to see the marks left by the pointed Australian dog toys. There was no blood; he was fine.

"Kiss it and make it better?" Emma teased him.

Costa held his foot out to Isaac. "He caused it."

Isaac looked *smerig*, saying, "Get out of here..." and pushed the foot from his face. "They're her toys."

Emma made a face that clearly indicated she did not want to kiss a foot, either.

Costa relaxed. "Hey, gimme one of them Ding Dongs," he demanded and opened a Coca-Cola he had brought from the kitchen.

Isaac distributed a cake to each of us. I suppose they are similar to the Barny Bear cakes or Lulu or Ourson cakes you can buy everywhere, but they taste different. Good, but different. Nowhere near as good as a real, fresh Belgian eclair or profiterole, though. When I first arrived, I brought the children a supply of Belgian candy and chocolates. They disappeared very quickly! They liked the Cuberdon candies from my hometown of Gent, especially, and they still keep looking in my room for more, but you can't keep them too long or the jelly inside crystalizes and they are not the same. I brought several flavors, and they ate them all. I like the black currant ones best.

But I took my Ding Dong, which looks like a hockey puck if you haven't tried one, and pulled it in half before Costa opened his. "Hey," I called to him, "daar kikker je van op." I put the half-cake sticking out of my mouth. Costa understood and bit into it, kissing me in the process. A fine, chocolate cake kiss!

"Hey, that's like Lady and the Tramp with the spaghetti!" Emma laughed behind us.

"Except with a frog, right?" Costa laughed after he had swallowed and took a drink. It is also an expression he has learned, or learned to understand. It means "this will frog you up" — 'this will make you feel better.' Because frogs leap, and leaping is happiness. He likes my animal phrases.

We separated. "Your turn!" I called out loudly, and then threw a book from my nightstand across the room. I was not trying to hit Emma or Isaac, just to make house noise.

Isaac looked at me. "What...?"

"We've seen you two kiss. This is not a secret," I smiled at him, then finished the other half of my cake.

Emma got the idea and split her cake. They copied us and bit into the cake toward a kiss. It was cute. Very cute.

I pulled Costa off of the bed, then, and we both sat on the floor. I looked at the kids. "Your turn."

"What? We just did it," Isaac protested.

I pointed at the bed. "Your turn."

The two looked at each other, trying to determine if I meant what I said, and if they should follow along and 'take their turn.'

"Now's the time," Costa quietly told Emma, referring to something they may have spoken about before. I am uncertain.

Emma took Isaac by the hand and sat on the bed. She put the remaining half of her cake in her mouth. Isaac climbed on the bed and repeated the chocolate cake kiss. When they had kissed and swallowed, there was yet a hesitation by both of them.

"Okay, clear the board," Costa called out. He stood onto his knees and removed the items of his clothing still on the bed. Then he tugged at his boxer briefs, with a meaning for them to remove their own clothing. To be clearer, he whispered to Emma, "Take off his shirt."

Emma nodded and took ahold of Isaac's t-shirt from the bottom and raised it up. Isaac raised his hands automatically and the shirt was removed.

I nodded at Isaac for an unstated assumption that he would do the same to Emma, and he did.

Without prompting, they both got to work on the other's button and zipper, but then each removed their own pants or shorts. Neither wore stockings. Isaac pushed his pants down in quite a hurry and kicked them off the bed. He was naked, not having put his underwear back on, before, and his *lul* was quite hard. Emma's shorts vanished, and then Isaac gently pushed her back on the bed to remove her panties for her. We were once again treated to the sight of her little *kut*.

#### Costa

Isaac wasn't thinking about foreplay. I know he's played around with Emma's pussy, but I hadn't asked if he'd gone down on her — or if she'd given him a blowjob, for that matter. He was going for the gold.

Emma lay back, her legs spread, Isaac between them, inching forward, checking where he was, inching forward some more, spreading his knees so that Emma spread wider, checking distance again. And then they were there.

It was too quiet. I called out, "Come on, roll the dice," over the bed toward the doorway. I got a quick glance from Isaac, but he realized what we were doing, and not telling him to get on with it. Not to *vooruit met de geit*.

Silke and I were still off to the side of the bed, so had a pretty good view of the action. Isaac lined up his cock, then we saw him say something. Something like, "You sure?" or "You okay?" and then he pushed his cock inside his sister.

Well, he didn't get it all the way in. Not in one push like he had with Silke. It took a few back-and-forths, but I know that his cock was going to fit way better than mine could've. Emma's hands flew up to Isaac's arms, then to his sides, then slid to his hips, making sure he didn't push too hard. But then her hands slid back up to his ribs, then back down to his hips. He was in. She was caressing her boy.

He whispered something. Probably "It's in — all the way."

Emma nodded rapidly. Little nods. She knew.

"Does it hurt?" he asked.

Emma shook her head, but didn't speak.

Isaac dropped down on her and they kissed. And kept kissing. I kind of got the feeling this is how it all started. Maybe she did walk into his room and watched him jerk off, but she's loved her brother for years. You could see that. They were good at kissing. Not just peck-peck-peck. Real kissing. Making out. Her hands in his short brown hair.

Isaac broke and came up for air. And knowing what he now knew from his experience with Silke, he started fucking his sister. He drew out carefully, but didn't fall out this time. And he pushed back in.

Emma's face was tight. I imagine her pussy was, too. In fact, Isaac even whispered, "This is... you are really tight."

"It's big. Bigger than I thought," Emma finally said.

Now there's something I wish I'd heard on my first time. Although Silke did say something similar on *our* first time, so I got that going for me, which is nice.

"Is it okay?" Isaac asked.

"Oh, yeah. Isaac? Yeah. Keep going. Easy, but keep going. It feels good," Emma said with a growing smile. "Do you like me? I mean, do you like it?"

"Heck, yeah, I like it!" Isaac answered. Then it hit him, what she'd said. "I like you. I love you." Even as he said it, he still took a real fast glance at Silke and me, like he was embarrassed to say he loved his sister in front of us. But he did the right thing and looked back into his sister's eyes. He kissed her again and said, "I love you," inside the kiss.

When he moved to kissing her neck, Emma assured her brother, "I love you so much, Isaac..."

Silke and I looked at each other, and realized we shouldn't be there. We may have given the little shove to them to do what they would have at some point, but they weren't fucking. They weren't *neuken*. They weren't *neuken*. They weren't *wippen*. They were making love. *Vrijen*. For all that meant to them, for how they understood it, they were making love.

The two of us slid sideways and stopped watching. I gathered my t-shirt and sweater and jeans and put them on at Silke's desk chair as Isaac got into it and thrust faster into his sister. Silke put on a pair of casual pants from her closet as Emma started whimpering, a cute breath with each of her brother's thrusts. I'd heard her make those noises before, but knew they did not belong to me; they were for the boy she loved.

I knew how she felt.

Silke pulled out her school laptop and set about making background noise by playing the video of the play we did. But when the lead guy started singing about "Oh, what a bea-u-ti-ful mooooor-ningggggg!" I had her shut it down, and I found a YouTube playlist that seemed more appropriate. The first song was Sia's "Gimme Love." I couldn't let Emma lose her virginity to a showtune! The next few in the list were "Espresso" and "Birds of a Feather" and "Close to You" and "Beautiful Things" and "Don't Forget Me." I don't know if all the lyrics would be appropriate to the situation, but they were all kind of romantic.

We left the room and half-closed the door. We quietly made our way down the stairs and started picking up the toys. I got the skate and soccer ball and put them in Isaac's room while Silke put the old tricycle back in the garage.

As I passed Silke's door, I looked inside and happened to catch Isaac cumming, slamming his ass into... I had to leave.

I picked up all the *Bluey* figures and brought them to Emma's room while Silke put back the pots and pans, and boxed up the game.

Emma was holding Isaac close to her, just slowly stroking his spine as they recovered.

Both Silke and I worked to hang the picture frame correctly, which fortunately was not broken, and blotted the carpet behind the couch with paper towels to try and soak up any dampness.

Back in Silke's room, Isaac and Emma had started fucking again. Kid's dick probably never even got soft.

# Silke

Costa and I sat on the top stair. We took out our phones and I AirDropped to his phone the video of him playing the game and our lovemaking. I am so glad Emma filmed this!

Ben might've been watching TV or not. We watched the TV over his head.

"I think that's the girl from *Deadpool & Wolverine* who played Professor X's evil sister, except with hair, now," Costa pointed out, recognizing actress Emma Corrin.

"Is that meant to be Elon Musk?" I asked, pointing to a man on the screen. "Is he the killer?"

"In the movie or real life?" Costa asked, and we both laughed.

"So. You are going to California. Disneyland. Hollywood. Surfing," he said. "I'm glad you're seeing more of the US, but I'm disappointed it won't be with me.

"I will pretend to act surprised when they tell me," I said and smiled.

"You're going to miss having Christmas with me," Costa pouted.

"Then I'll have to give you my present early. And you will give me yours!" I tried to say that sexy and funny, but then I turned and saw Costa's face. "Don't be sad. It's only for a week, then we will be together, again."

"And then only for a week more. Then you're gone for good."

I had to take a breath and I comically shook his head between my hands. "I told you not to fall in love with me! Hey, how about you come to Europe in the spring. I can show you all over. We can go anywhere from Paris to Berlin, if you want. Or just stay in my *kot* in Gent at my school."

He was still upset inside. He didn't even make a joke about *kot* vs *kat* vs *kut*. Yes, I know he would prefer my *kut*.

"And, hey, we're all going skiing, soon, right?" I tried to raise his spirit. "And we're going to spend the night together in Wisconsin, right?"

I picked up his chin. "This is not the time to be upset. I am still here with you for another month before it is *Kerstmis*."

"I know," he said. "It just hit me, like a punch. I'll be okay."

He stood and headed into my bedroom. He said loud enough for Ben, "Okay, let's see what you two cooked up for us! How do we play? Is this a maze? Or a trivia game?"

I followed him inside. Isaac was dressed. Emma was pulling up her shorts. I sat next to her on the bed.

"Was it everything you'd hoped for?" I asked her quietly while the boys made noise. "Did not hurt too badly?"

Emma was floating. "At first, but then... I want to do this every day."

"Because the sex was pleasurable, or because it is with Isaac?" I asked.

"Because I had Isaac in my arms," she said, putting her head on my shoulder. "I had Isaac inside me."

"Because you are in love with Isaac."

Emma nodded against me.

"Are you in love with Costa?" she asked me.

"Can you keep a secret?" I asked back.

She nodded.

"Yes, I am."

"But you don't live here. Not really," she realized.

"That is a problem. These things are hard. But time and distance will take care of us." I stroked her long brown hair. "You will have a similar hard road one day. I don't envy you the choices you will have to make."

We watched the boys. Isaac looked taller than usual.

"You two should go back to your rooms. Your mother will be home, soon," I told the kids. They nodded and left together.

Costa found his coat and we both headed downstairs.

## Costa

The day was pretty good, overall. Actually, really good. Fucking fantastic! I mean that. I'd gotten the bad news about Silke going to California but, you know, we'll deal with it. We've got time. Gonna *have* to deal with it, and with her leaving for home. Got no choice, really.

I got my coat from Silke's room, and said goodnight to Emma and Isaac. Emma gave me a hug and I kissed the top of her head. Silke and I walked down to the livingroom, making noise on the stairs this time, letting Mr. A know I was leaving on time by house rules.

I sat on the ottoman to put on my shoes. It was then that I noticed what I had been missing. Going all the way back to when I was playing the game, I knew I was forgetting something.

I looked up at Mr. Ackerman.

"You missed your socks, Tarzan. They're still hanging in the flower vase, over there."

Fuck!

Helaas, pindakaas.