

Pam Sandwich

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Pamela gives herself to twin brothers as an Earth Day gift.

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Pamela had already made the picnic and packed it into a wicker basket when the boys arrived. She'd cleaned the kitchen as well, been a thorough little domestic goddess with her mom and dad away for the week. And finally she had changed from jogging pants and T-shirt into her costume. Nothing outlandish, just a simple white-muslin dress and sandals, and then to the garden to pluck daisies and buttercups and ring them into a crown and a necklace. She stood before her bedroom mirror adjusting the circlet of flowers in her hair and the one about her neck. Then she admired herself cheekily for a moment, just before the rap sounded on the porch's swing door and ruffled her calm. 'Hey there! Anyone at home? Gonna make us stand out here all day?' 'Yeah, is this still the Shelton residence? Or have they left the building?' The guys. With the amiable, bantering style of old. Pamela's heart-beat stuttered and she sucked in her breath a little. It was almost three years since she had seen the Riordan twins and Facebook didn't count. She flicked back her hair to maximize the area of naked skin on display, but was freaked out by her own boldness and readjusted. She was even having reservations about the dress. She moved giddily through the house to answer their knock, her heart drumming somewhat as she glimpsed them through the gauze. A full intake of breath on swinging open the door - delight at their very presence and at the realisation that even their on-line photos had not done them justice. If they'd retained the rather stringy build and gawky demeanour of their adolescence she'd still have been crazy about these two. But God ... College athletics had filled them both out, with breadth of chest and strength of limb appropriate to their six foot in height. She could tell immediately from their bearing that they had acquired a new self-confidence as well. Identical at birth, Patrick was now slightly fuller of face with steely-blue eyes that still had the old glint of mischief about them. Aiden was a shade leaner all round, though still physically robust, his similarly-coloured eyes hinting at something more restrained, an ironic amusement that masked his more reticent personality. They had dirty-blond hair, Patrick's collar-length and messy, Aiden's shorter and more sculpted. And both were dressed for a casual family gathering in jeans and sneakers, Patrick in a vest displaying his muscled shoulders more fully, Aiden in a tee and a loose-hanging check shirt. The overall effect made her gasp. 'Hiiiiii!!!' And she tiptoed the few inches necessary to sweep them one at a time in a full embrace, Patrick followed by Aiden. Both brothers reciprocated warmly, but shot an instinctive micro-glance at each other afterwards,

transmitting back and forth a slim volume. They had both seen Pamela's Facebook headshot and a handful of other images in which she cavorted laughingly with school or college friends, but neither had expected this. They hadn't even discussed her when she had emailed them both the invitation. Well it was the unspoken rule. We don't discuss Billy's kid-sister. There's nothing to discuss. We don't have those thoughts about her. But now pixels were replaced with fleshly reality. The flame-red hair was the same, though a little longer. Milky skin, check. Green eyes, smooth complexion over high cheekbones - check, check. All the striking prettiness of three years prior, only ... Well Pamela had certainly been burgeoning in her mid-teens more than a protective dad and older brother might have liked, but just short of her nineteenth birthday she was fully ... eh-h-h ... burgeoned. The sap of her teen years had pumped its way through the trunk of her once skinny body and swollen her upper torso so that her bosom heaved against the admittedly tight fit of her medium-cut dress. Her generous pillows had squeezed briefly against both the guys' chests mid-hug and were displaying unmistakable nipple protrusion through the dress's fabric as she retreated. As for the presence of any underwear, the two-man jury was still out on that. 'Good to see you, Pammy-girl,' Patrick grinned, the same brotherly tone in his voice as times gone by. 'Look at you, all grown up. Listen to me, Cliché-Guy.' He hoped he had held back any innuendo from the cliché. And he hoped she was unaware how hard he was trying to fix his stare away from her cleavage. 'What's with the - Queen of the May thing?' Aiden inquired, gesturing to her ensemble. He felt some reference had to be made to her general appearance. 'It's still April.' 'It's Earth Day, dumbass,' she laughed, rolling her eyes at Aiden's pretend-ignorance. 'April 22nd. I told you in my email. You're here to celebrate.' 'What, y'all having an Earth Day Party?' Patrick was vaguely incredulous. 'Even your brother?' 'Billy's adopted his l'il sister's tree-hugging ways?' Aiden grinned and she arched a scolding eyebrow in response. 'I've got the whole family using energy-saving light bulbs,' she informed him proudly. 'And recycling. And my big lunk-headed brother has promised to install our new wind turbine out back.' She leaned on the final revelation with particular satisfaction. 'So yeah, maybe we're all a bunch of tree-huggers now.' 'Or maybe you just bugged them so much they'll do anything to shut you up,' Patrick said jovially. 'Where is Billy-boy anyway?' He peered past her hoping for more Sheldon family-members to provide alternative points of focus. 'Where's mom and dad?' 'Dad had time off work and whisked mom off on a romantic mini-break,' Pamela explained, trying not to show her embarrassment. 'And Billy got a lost minute invitation from his girlfriend to some family celebration in Houston. So we're kind of down in numbers.' It suddenly felt to her like she had lured the brothers there under false pretences, however honest her words. She could have tried to mail them and postpone, sure, but who knew when they'd be in town again? And she'd so longed to see them. 'Eh-h-h - you said a "family celebration",' said Patrick in playful accusation. 'Well - I'm part of the family.' She chewed her lip a little shame-facedly. 'And you guys are as good as.' 'Hell, Pam!' Aiden was still smiling, but a tad ruefully too. 'You trying to get us into shit with Billy?' 'No,' Pamela insisted, turning confessional. 'Look, you guys are my favourites out of all of Billy's friends. I love the both of you, you're like two whole extra brothers. I check out how you're doing all the time on the internet - where you're travelling, who you're dating, whether you're doing any studying at all ...' She gazed at them sternly for a moment, then turned it to

a cheeky smile, which conveyed more confidence than she felt. 'Well I'm a big girl now, at College. An Environmental Scientist. In training at any rate. All grewed up, see? So why shouldn't I get to hang out with you on my own for an afternoon?' Patrick and Aiden glanced at each other for a cue. They looked back at Pamela, who smiled at them simply. 'C' mon guys, you know Earth Day's important to me.' 'Okay, so what's this party all about?' Patrick asked, not quite ready to concede. 'Are we planting stuff, are we joining a rally? You got placards all painted?' 'No,' Pamela smiled radiantly. 'The rallies are good, really motivating, I went to the one in Austin last year. It got me all fired up, you've seen all the stuff I've been promoting on my webpage. But I thought we could mark the day a little differently if you guys showed up. Something less serious.' 'Different how?' Aiden was relieved that he wasn't going to be swept up in the counter-culture by a bunch of Green activists, but felt wary for other Pamela-related reasons. He knew his brother's reservations mirrored his own. 'Picnic,' Pamela smiled, but she found that the business with last night's dream was making her shy. 'What better way to get in touch with Mother Earth than to go out and remind ourselves of her beauty in the great state of Texas?' She looked with impish amusement at the expressions on their faces and chose to read them one way. 'It's okay, guys, I'm not going to go all Gaia on you. We're just going to have fun and get caught up. Let me get the stuff.' She spun around jauntily, bouncily it had to be said, and set off for the kitchen. Patrick and Aiden watched her go. Billy's sister's rump had filled out as well, they noted independently, to a juicily plump roundness. Neither of them phrased it as such in their heads, but they might have done had they sought for an accurate verbal description. Had it been any other female they would have swapped appreciative looks, but this was Pamela. She had been Billy's self-appointed charge all through her High School years (or as long as he'd been around) and by proxy their charge. Aged eighteen they might have cast longing eyes over some other girl three years their junior, but not her. They had joked with her, indulged her in her tomboy love of sports, made good-natured fun of her schoolgirl vegan faddishness, but never acknowledged that she was actually growing up. Aiden looked worriedly to Patrick. 'It's fine,' shrugged the latter. 'She's eighteen. Hell, she's our Facebook friend.' Leaving the brothers behind, Pamela took a fit of blushing. To have a face-to-face conversation with the guys after three years. Patrick and Aiden had been the only friends her brother could trust. How many of his other buddies had sleazed on her when he brought them home? How many guys had he warned away from her as a consequence? He had even punched out a couple. Not that she would have taken any shit from those guys, but Billy had never accepted she could look after her self. But the Riordans had had treated her with unambiguous respect. And almost inevitably she had entertained nebulous teen fantasies about them - innocent stuff about which one she would date given the chance, how she might let them both take her out to decide. Those virgin's fantasies had changed rather, once the guys headed off to the same college in Florida and their proximity could not make her blush. One face or the other had started hovering above her during her night-time pleasurings and she had let them stay. She'd begun to imagine the settings in which gregarious Patrick or sweetly reserved Aiden might seduce her, the ways in which she might be taken ... It had only increased the previous summer when she had turned eighteen and surrendered her girlhood to an out-of-towner. (Out-of-States-er, truth be told. It had been preferable to

let a passing foreigner pop her carefully preserved cherry.) That had made the Riordan fantasy seem less adolescent, like she was prepared. Sure the Facebook additions and resultant communication had an innocence about them and the boys were their endearingly respectful selves in everything they wrote, but her masturbatory thoughts had increased in wickedness. Which one would she rather have? How could she possibly be expected to choose? In that hypothetical she'd just have to have them both ... All those delicious fantasies, culminating in last night's dream. It had been one of the most vivid she'd ever experienced. She, Patrick and Aiden, all swimming and splashing naked in the pond near the glade of oak trees, with the rolling meadows beyond. The very setting where she'd planned the family picnic. Then they'd been leaving the water, laying down on the check-quilted rug, the boys' hands and mouths all over her. Then they were not just on her, but in her ... Both of them ... And now they were on her parents' doorstep, all well-built and smiling and gorgeous, fresh no-doubt from their wild College ways. It felt like she had lured them here for her own secret purpose and her face burned like a brand. Hell, she thought, trying to shake herself free from those thoughts, it was a picnic, that was all. She was having an Earth Day picnic with two cherished friends home to visit their folks for once. And they didn't have to go to the pond in the meadows, did they? They didn't even have to leave home. 'Hey guys,' she called back to them from the kitchen, 'we could always have it here in the back garden if you don't want to go trekking anywhere.' 'No,' Aiden said hastily, strangely alarmed at the thought of staying home with Billy's sister. 'Let's get out in nature.' He and Patrick wandered tentatively inside to see if they could help out. 'Okay then.' Pamela was rather short of breath, but told herself not to be silly. 'You can choose where we go. Right, all packed! I'll grab some beers from the fridge for you guys.' Her mind was crammed with naughty images from her dream and she became a whirl of activity to compensate, hauling out the hamper and searching around for a picnic blanket. 'This any good?' Patrick was holding the same chequered quilt which had made its way into last night's dream. He had picked it from on top of the kitchen wash basket. 'Hey, it already needs washing ...' Pamela's heart did another acrobatic manoeuvre and she went to protest that she should fetch a clean one, but somehow the words did not come. 'Ehhh - yeah, good idea. Just let me lock up. Then we can get the bikes...' Pamela had shaken off her momentary flutter of panic and hit her jaunty stride again. 'Bikes?' Patrick voiced both brothers' surprise. 'I've got the car...' 'You guys!' She was merrily indignant as she secured the house and headed for the side-garage. 'It's Earth Day, if we're not carbon-neutral today, there's no hope for us. And we're drinking! Now my bike's all ready, maybe you can help me dig out Billy's ...' There was no point in resisting this red-haired dervish, the boys concluded, so they tore through the amassed garage junk to drag out the bike Billy had ceased to use ten years before. A tyre wanted patching and the whole thing required oil. While they fixed up the rickety vehicle, concerned that Pamela shouldn't get grease or rust on her dress, she quizzed them on College and their travels during recess, but chiefly on their commitment to the planet. Safe subject areas. 'So what I'm saying is, you've majored in Engineering, Patrick. You could be in the forefront of developing eco-friendly cars in a few years' time. And Aiden, what about your Biology degree, have you thought about conservation? You guys could do so much good!' 'Pam, slow down,' Aiden laughed. 'We'll save the world after the picnic, okay? Let's just get this road

warrior into action.' He stared dubiously at the ramshackle frame which had carried his best friend about the vicinity as a young teen, while Pamela attached the hamper to the back of her own with the canvas straps provided. 'So,' he inquired, 'who's riding this one?' 'Whoever's not carrying me,' Pamela smiled disarmingly, gathering up her dress about her smooth thighs as she swung herself onto her own bike. 'Which of you guys is going to rise to the challenge?' She wasn't going to let her secret thoughts unnerve her to the extent that she couldn't have fun with them. After an exchange of uneasy looks, Patrick was her knight, sitting astride the bike with her slender but prodigiously curved body nestled into him from behind. He felt newly uneasy with her full breasts plumped against his back, her arms wrapped around his chest. Aiden was relieved. And then as both bikes moved off and Pamela clung tighter to his brother, squealing in scared joy, he was jealous. Pamela's looked-after bicycle and Billy's clanking hulk made their way through the quiet town of Rockport in bright April sunshine, residents smiling in amusement at the cheerful girlish screams and the goading of one brother to another - 'Keep up, you're going all over the road, and look at the weight I'm carrying!' 'Shut the fuck up, Patrick, I'm the petite little thing I always was!' 'You hear that, Aiden? The kinda language this girl's started to use? And you always such a lady!' 'You're wrong there.' Aiden overtaking with a determined burst of speed. 'She always talked trash.' 'Did fucking not!' Pamela cried with hilarity and pressed herself hard to Patrick as the warm April air rushed in her ears. The bike-ride was an innocent excuse and it felt so good to be wrapped around that strapping chest, to sense the heat of his body against hers. It also felt wrong, according to that careful fantasy balance she had nurtured, to shut Aiden out in any way. So when they had left the town behind, she was insistent. 'Okay Pat, you've proved yourself. I want Aiden to take over.' She crushed herself as tight to Aiden, fully aware now of how close to him her boobs were squeezed, how tightly she was shaped to one of those well-developed torsos. Her thoughts made her feel as silly and girlish as much as they made her pussy moist and she felt her grown-up bravado wane. But they were going faster now, sprinting through the blossoming springtime of Aransas County, pumping hard uphill, then whizzing gleefully down, dense green foliage arching over their frantic progress. The boys whooped aloud in their unaccustomed eco-friendly freedom and Pamela screamed in terrified delight as they sped. 'So - eh - anyone decided where we're going?' she yelled above the noise. 'Not far!' Patrick reassured her. 'We thought of just the place. There's a turn-off along here.' Pamela wondered. It couldn't be. Not there of all places. That was why she had passed on the decision. Surely they weren't taking that turn. Oh shit, they were... Her breath caught in her throat and she almost laughed. It was a minor uphill road that narrowed to a stony path, progressively more difficult to negotiate. Eventually they got off the bikes and wheeled their way to a wood fence overlooking sweeping meadowlands - rich grass thick with violets and rue anemones. The bikes they hoisted over the fence, laying them down in the grass, then leaped over themselves, Patrick supporting Pamela as she hitched the flimsy white of her dress up her milky thighs and made the climb. All the while she was staring about her, face a picture of awe. 'So you know this place...' 'Sure,' Aiden told her. 'We used to play here as kids all the time. You approve?' Pamela felt unnerved, weirded out, but still... How wonderful that the guys had chosen her favourite spot in the world. Her dream place. 'Yeah guys, I approve.' Patrick and Aiden watched in

a kind of amazed reverence as she grabbed the quilt and started to race through the flower-strewn fields, strewn about herself with buttercups and daisies, her luscious form bouncing and swaying as she progressed. 'Come on, guys, it's this way! Bring the hamper!' 'Wow, she's something,' was all Aiden could manage, staring at her attractive wake. 'Yes she is,' Patrick mused. He broke from his trance. 'Hey, buddy, picnic time.' They pursued her across the fields now that she had taken the lead, both still sweating from exertion. She led them through the broad thickets of grass to the grove of vast oaks they both remembered so well, and in the trees' dappled shade she flung out the quilt. Down a sloping grass bank beyond the grove was a broad natural pond, beloved by all three of them it seemed, its surface rippling lightly in the gentlest of spring breezes. 'My secret place,' Pamela beamed, flouncing down onto the quilted surface, her bosom jogging attractively as she went. 'You guys chose my secret place from when I was a little girl! I still come back here every recess. It's so familiar. So tranquil and lovely, and you brought me here, I can't believe it!' Patrick and Aiden had been standing, soaking in the insect-humming stillness beneath the canopy of recently flourished leaves. Their reverie was broken when she jumped up impulsively and hugged them both. As she did, the dream and the nudity and the rolling on the rug, this rug, came flooding back to her. She broke from them, fevered and giddy. 'Come on, let's sit down.' They all dropped to their knees on the improvised picnic rug, Patrick setting down the hamper. 'It's beautiful all right,' Aiden acknowledged. 'Whole summers down here and as peaceful as it is today. We'd throw football, fly kites...' 'We went skin ... We went swimming in the pool ...' Patrick had corrected himself too late and Pamela couldn't help but pounce. 'You went skinny-dipping? For real?' This was too funny and surreal, it made her mind whirl like a top. 'Is that why you chose here? You're going back in for old times' sake?' She nearly fell onto her back with laughter, but then her dream-swim came back to her along with all that had followed and her loins moistened further. 'We chose here because we thought you'd like it,' Patrick told her, he and Aiden masking their discomfort with broad grins. 'I do like it,' Pamela said, sitting back up and clutching her knees. 'It's perfect.' Perfect for fucking. The words just popped into her mind and she felt like giggling insanely, but coped by returning to her safe-subject. 'It's a reminder of what an amazing State you both come from. And that there are still some corners of the natural world that we all haven't screwed up yet.' 'God, here we go...' Patrick's voice was full with mock-pain. 'Okay, okay, I'll ease off,' Pamela placated. She was pleased that the unexpected, reckless cycle had shaken away the boys' initial embarrassment and didn't want to dampen the new lightness of mood by getting too militant. 'Let's just enjoy it all. Let's enjoy the fact that it's us three together.' She eyed them, mischief suddenly bubbling up from within. It was as though this co-incidence of place was emboldening her. 'No Billy. No mom and dad. Just us.' The discernibly wary quality of the doorstep greeting seemed to descend on the boys once more and she backed off from flirtation with 'Cos we re friends, right?' 'Yeah,' Aiden agreed, as he and Patrick grinned at her warmly. 'Friends.' 'Which,' Pamela went on, clicking open the hamper, 'I think we should drink to. As well as eat ' They set about helping her unpack the picnic case. 'All locally sourced,' she said sprightly. 'Or US sourced at least. We've got ciabatta with tomato, Monterey cheese and olives, a nice crusty loaf with butter and honey, fruit salad, I made this angel cake myself...' 'Cheese?' Patrick interrupted. 'Butter? I thought you were

vegan.' Pamela gave him a challenging stare. 'I like dairy. So shoot me. Do you want this wine or not?' They wanted and there were two bottles. Aiden uncorked the first and poured into the plastic glasses they all held out. It was a crisp Zinfandel from the Napa Valley. They clacked the glasses - 'to friendship' - and drank, then ate, and finally all three relaxed into each other's company. Relaxed and drank freely, Pamela on wine, the boys swapping soon to the beers she had provided. Alcohol seeped into their systems as reservation seeped out. 'You know the time I remember most?' Pamela said, when they were all halfway down their second glass. 'The neighbourhood touch-football game on Memorial Day. The one where Billy tackled me so hard he blacked my eye? You guys went nuts on him!' 'He was an asshole!' Patrick exclaimed. 'So damn competitive he took out his kid-sister,' put in Aiden. 'He deserved it.' 'What I mean is,' went on Pamela, 'you guys looked out for me. Even when Billy screwed up. It was like having two guardians, without all the condescending big brother bullshit. You don't know what that meant to me - you guys really rocked.' 'Hey kiddo,' Patrick smiled, 'that was no more than you deserved.' 'Thanks, but less of the 'kiddo'!' Pamela exclaimed, swiping a carrot through the cheese dip. 'And don't get too pleased with yourselves. I've seen all those random girls on your Facebook. I'm guessing you haven't been quite so chivalrous with everyone. Especially you ...' She stabbed accusingly at Patrick with the carrot stick, before snapping off the end with her even, white teeth. 'Who, me?' Patrick was all appalled innocence. 'You've got his number okay,' Aiden laughed. 'He's the guy mothers warn their daughters about before packing them off to College.' 'He's lying!' Patrick insisted, apparently desperate to defend his honour in front of Pamela. 'And he's not the golden boy either. I've a few stories...' 'Hey, at least I had a steady...' 'Come on, guys!' Pamela broke in, delighted with the outburst she had inspired. She'd sipped her way through three glasses of California white and all girlish shyness seemed dispelled, displaced by a wickedness normally contained within her mind's bedroom meanderings. 'I'm not a kid. I know what country boys are like when they hit College. I've seen it. Don't tell me you haven't both played Fuck a Freshman.' She was leaning forward on one arm, giving them both a vertiginous view down her amazing cleavage. Part of her couldn't believe how she was behaving. 'You know? Hot little eighteen-year-old High School grads on Campus for the first time, all lost and just waiting for a big strong senior to show them what's what?' She stared mischievously into their stricken faces. 'Go on, deny it,' she pursued, while they fought for a comeback. 'You have, you both so have!' she cried with delight at her own daring. She felt heroically brazen now on two glasses of wine. 'Pam...' Patrick was laughing in amazement at her along with his brother. 'We are not having this conversation.' 'Oh we so are,' she grinned, loving that she'd knocked them off balance. 'You've both been chasing tail the same age as me. And then you're surprised when I call you on it. God, boys, you don't still think I'm the Virgin Princess, do you?' It was out of her mouth before she could help herself and there was no stopping now. 'Cos I'm not, whatever Billy and dad might want to think. Sven put paid to that.' 'Sven?' Aiden hardly dared ask. 'Danish backpacker. Strolled into Rockport last summer, worked on one of the farms for a month or two. He won over mom and dad, even Billy didn't mind him. They all thought he was so polite and charming.' She leaned even closer, and though her heart was rattling out a military tattoo in her chest, she kept her voice huskily confidential. 'He was charming. And persuasive. And very, very thorough. Spoiled

me for just about any other guy.' She sipped the last of her wine and divided her steady gaze between them both, drinking in their astonishment along with the wine. Then she finally relented, her heart still beating fast. 'Sorry guys, it's the wine. I'm being bad.' 'You are,' agreed Aiden, 'so hush.' He dared not even look at his brother, such was the reaction inside his own pants. Considering they were attracted more often than not to the same girls, aroused by the same types of situation, he did not even need to confer. The situation's inappropriacy was adding to the turn-on, he could only assume Patrick felt the same way. 'Anyway,' Pamela was asking Aiden, 'who was the blonde girl kept cropping up in all your photos? She was pretty.' Suddenly there was a different type of silence. Both brothers turned rather solemn. She felt genuinely abashed. 'Oh. Sorry. Foot in mouth?' 'We don't talk about Shania, do we bro?' said Patrick. 'No, we don't,' Aiden confirmed matter-of-factly. Pamela's indiscretion had somehow passed to him and he added, 'Not since the whole 'banging another member of the athletics squad when I was liable to walk in' incident.' 'Baby!' Pamela exclaimed sadly. She leaned across to him and planted a soft kiss on his cheek. Then, moved by Patrick's display of fraternal solidarity, she applied the same to him. An imprint of dark-red lipstick was left on both boys' faces. They looked at her fondly, touched and much less brotherly in their feelings than they were prepared to admit. 'Well look,' she told them softly in the birdsong-punctuated quiet of the spring afternoon, 'we're going to forget all that today. All your misdeeds and misadventures and heartbreaks. This is our time.' She spread both hands behind her and leaned back, bra-less tits thrusting at them through her gown's muslin bodice. 'On this perfect afternoon, right here with everything so warm and green and - fecund.' She spoke it like a particularly delicious swear-word and though the boys were not actually sure of its meaning, they felt sure it boded no sort of good they dared contemplate. 'Ehhh - fecund?' It was Patrick who inquired. 'Fertile. Fruitful. You know, springtime, sap rising, everything swelling up with - y'know, life-juice.' She looked at them with her most coquettish smile. Her dream was just a dream, but she could still have some cheeky fun with them, couldn't she? 'Don't you feel that, guys? Inside yourselves? Everything in nature just about to burst forth with its seed?' The words spilled from her mouth with relish, and how she enjoyed the Riordan boys' flushed, aroused reaction. In her mild inebriation she felt suddenly reckless, wet between her thighs, all her palpitating reservation dispelled. 'Of course,' she informed them almost as an aside, 'I've taken personal precautions in case you're worried for me. If any Svens were to come along there'd be no seed germinating in my soil. I'm not ready to rack up my carbon footprint that much just yet, I've got quite a few years' offsetting to do.' She smirked at the two baffled, entranced faces in front of her. Patrick held a segment of tangerine that could not quite make its way to his open mouth. 'But that doesn't mean I don't sometimes want to practise. You know, celebrate the procreative urge. Can you guys think of a better way to spend Earth Day?' Shit, had she really just said that? Aiden tried to break the ensuing silence. 'Pam, ehhh - why don't you just have something else to eat?' He pushed the hamper a few inches in her direction. 'Yeah,' insisted Patrick. 'You talk way too much just like you always did. Just relax and enjoy the day.' But he was shifting where he sat - to disguise the swelling in his crotch. 'I am enjoying,' she smiled, possessed by her new devilment as she delved into the hamper. 'All of nature's bounty.' She scooped into the wooden-boxed butter-pat and let the liquefying gold trickle

down her upheld fingers a moment, before placing each digit in her mouth at a time and sucking it lingeringly clean, leaving traces of butter down her chin. 'So delicious,' she proclaimed, and the same hand sought out the honeycomb, breaking off a generous chunk and bringing its oozing cells to her lips. 'Nature's generosity - to be respected and savoured.' She fed herself the honey, but a sticky fragment dropped down the valley between her breasts and she chased it with one hand, smearing it over her milk-white skin a little as she retrieved it. Then she popped the remainder into her mouth, tongue visibly curling around it as her face displayed utter bliss. She licked her fingers clean once more and looked at her friends in delight. 'Don't you want to savour this afternoon, boys?' The radar Patrick and Aiden had had all their lives was not deserting them now. Both knew the other's sap was rising fast. This felt like the fruition of every forbidden thought they had never shared about Pamela Shelton. But she had taken her silly game too far and it was time to stop. 'Pam...' They voiced it together, but Patrick completed the thought. 'You're being crazy.' 'I'm being messy, that's for sure,' said Pamela, breaking from the warm honeyed tones she had employed. The wicked thought she'd had earlier returned and made her heart race. Could she? Was she really prepared to push it this far? Now or never. She grabbed the wine bottle and tipped its final few gulps down her throat before tossing it aside on the quilt. 'Gonna join me?' She stood up, the thin muslin hem of her dress swishing around her knees. 'Where?' asked Aiden for himself and his brother, but Pamela was already kicking off her sandals, tossing them her flower-crown and strolling off through the trees down to the water. 'In the pool, silly. We can't come here on a day like today and not go for a swim.' Patrick and Aiden were transfixed as Pamela brought her fingertips to the straps of her dress and coyly pushed them off her pale shoulders. Neither made any pretence of where they were looking as the garment fell away down to her waist, exposing her high, full, melon-breasts, their milky pallor set off by dark-red nipples matching her lips. She continued to work the clinging material downwards from her slender waist over her generously curved ass, till she could let it fall to the grass and step daintily out. She had underwear, they knew at last for sure, a tiny lace thong which marked the course of her healthily robust hips and plunged to the neat little junction between her upper thighs. Her fingers tugged at the band as though she were uncertain how to proceed. 'Should I?' she asked, seeming to pant at her own daring, 'or do you think I need this swimming costume? You know, for modesty's sake?' They stared, no longer able to answer. 'You're right. I'm being silly.' In an instant she had plunged her panties to her knees and stepped out of them. There she stood before them, a voluptuous eighteen-year-old Venus, her flaming red hair matched by the tidily-trimmed little arrowhead at her pudendum. One thigh slid against the other as though in a final flicker of modesty, but as she chewed on a finger, her forearm squeezing up against one of her large tits, she was all tease. 'Oh God, guys, that feels so much better, you've no idea. You gotta try this.' She pranced about and skipped through the grass into the shallows of the pond, her full, round heart of an ass shuddering just slightly. She waded in to her knees, then looked back over her shoulder expectantly. 'Come on guys, aren't you going to join me?' Patrick and Aiden could scarcely move more than they could speak. It was amazing just to look on this lusciously nude vision and wrestle with all the conflict that brought. But to get nude with her? With each other? Locker room was one thing. This was different. This involved visible tumescence in

each other's company as well as Pamela's - and that was a whole world of weird. Pamela felt their hesitation, their apparent immobility, and with her bare ass on display felt embarrassment return full force. She reacted by turning around to give them a full-blast of her tits and pubes and gesticulating at them frustratedly with both palms. 'Well what are you doing just sitting there?' she appealed, a little anger in her voice. 'You gonna leave a girl standing butt naked on her own? I thought you guys were gentlemen!' They looked at each other on those words and decided. She had called them on the one thing they could not deny. 'We're gentlemen,' Patrick said. Aiden nodded in agreement. 'We're gentlemen going for a swim,' he concurred, and they both scrambled to their feet and headed for the shoreline removing upper garments. 'With a friend.' With a gorgeous, big-titted, naked, teenage friend. 'Water good?' called Patrick, dragging his vest over his head. 'It's beautiful,' Pamela suddenly laughed. 'It's cool and fresh and ... Oh my God...' The Riordan twins were stripping off in front of her, peeling tops away from athletically muscled chests both scattered with the same blonde hair as on their heads. Tearing off their shoes and unbuttoning their jeans to further reveal tight, lightly-ripped stomachs. Hooking thumbs into pants and bulging shorts and pausing, not quite able to seal the deal. 'Do you have to look?' Aiden pleaded. 'You looked! Your eyes walked all over these tits!' Pamela promptly replied, striking up an precociously expectant hands-on-hips stance, faking total confidence. 'I'm waiting, boys...' They held the moment a fraction, then on some invisible signal they both ripped off everything else they wore. Pamela's eyes widened and she stifled a gasp as two big, healthy Riordan-boy cocks sprang more than semi-erect into view. The boys shared nut-sack grooming habits, she observed, and their lengthening poles looked thick and smooth like beech wood. She allowed her gaze to wander freely back and forth between the two nicely tumescing organs as well as over their grown-men's bodies. The whole top-to-toe effect was magnificent, she thought. They were like two splendidly-defined Greek athletes about to spar. She wondered if they would claim her as their joint prize and her nipples puckered at the thought. God, what had she set in motion? 'Happy now?' shouted Aiden, and as he glanced over at his twin they shared a look of bemused, what-the-hell amusement. 'You should be!' called Patrick, grinning at last. 'Now get your butt under that water or we'll fling you in!' Instinctively they set off running towards her and she fled into the water in happy terror, breasts bouncing freely, each stride plunging her deeper. They almost caught up and Patrick, in a moment of liberation, swung a hefty slap to her naked ass which echoed across the pond. Then she flung herself forward into an arching dive and plunged fleetly beneath the surface. The boys surged forward to waist-depth, submerging their excited cocks, before she rose again, exploding from beneath the surface like an unfeasibly busty water-nymph. The pond's crystal water rivered over and down between her bounteous, undulating tits as she settled back down into the buoyant depths, shaking droplets from her soaked hair. 'I can't believe I just slapped her butt,' Patrick said hoarsely to Aiden. 'I think I'd have done it if you hadn't,' Aiden confessed softly. 'Her tits are amazing too, let's just get it said.' 'Ohhh god...' Patrick was almost lost for words again. 'This is fucked up.' 'Do you think she ... Does she want us to ... ?' Aiden could not complete the thought. 'Question is, are we going to?' Patrick looked at his brother searchingly. 'Well are we?' And a treacherous smile flickered in both their faces. Pamela was bobbing some distance from them, the upper globed surfaces of her

breasts visible above the water. 'Come on,' she urged. 'Dive in. Race me to the other side!' She ducked under, somersaulted completely with a brief flash of ass and slender legs, then she was off, propelling herself into a fluid front crawl. Patrick and Aiden did not even do their mutual checking glance this time, they just plunged ahead into the clear, sharply cool pond and strong-armed their way through the water in pursuit. They caught up with her just shy of the other bank and all three flipped over and splashed about laughing, their nudity barely concealed in the shallows. The boys were momentarily confounded by this clothing-free proximity, then Aiden flicked his palm across the surface, sending a sheet of water bursting against Pamela's face. 'That's for growing up into such a bad girl,' he grinned, as she spluttered in amused outrage and began thrashing water in return. There was a crazed flurry of back-and-forth splashing between her and the guys, before she jumped up in all her brazen glory, pondweed draped around her neck and breasts along with the wildflower necklace, and splashed back into deeper water. She dived far and zipped away. 'Come on!' she yelled, some good strokes in, swirling around to challenge them. 'Which of you gets to duck me first?' They were off, as from the crack of a starting pistol. The type of sibling competitiveness she had sparked was meat and drink to these two, she knew that from the old days with her brother. She watched as they powered themselves across the pond, both utterly determined to reach the teasing red-haired girl first and to dunk her. She squealed with delighted panic as her two muscled Olympians bore down on her neck-and-neck at her own invitation. Then when they came within a few strokes of her, she upended herself once more and dived. Patrick and Aiden found themselves thrashing around vainly, their quarry having vanished. They scanned about them a moment, then their voluptuous aquatic maiden erupted from the water behind them, wrapping arms around both their waists. 'Got you!' she laughed in renewed delight and before they could react she planted firm lips on theirs. 'Got you both. Happy Earth Day.' And she squeezed, so that both their naked bodies were tight against hers. Pamela's whole body thrilled at the fact that she was sporting nude with the Riordan boys. It was as though years' worth of silly, hot schoolgirl fantasies were crystalising. Her own natural juices were running wild within her and her nipples were forged into lustful darts beneath the waterline at the touch of the guys' flesh on hers. They floated for a moment, the guys' toes just finding the bottom of the pond. 'Look,' said Patrick, his breath having been stolen more by the kiss than the race. 'We can always just go back on shore, getting dressed and go home.' 'Yeah,' Pamela replied in a low tone, and she stroked both chests with her fingertips. Her fear was as rampant as her arousal, but she knew she was not going to turn back from her unexpected course. 'Or we can do the dressing and the going home later...' They were robbed of speech now that the moment came, so she supplied more words. 'Look,' she told them, 'you two mean more to me than you know. You were always cool with me, you showed me respect, never took advantage. You showed me the kind of guy I want to be with some day.' They stared at her mesmerised as she continued to tease their chests affectionately. 'Well I sure as hell couldn't choose one of you guys over the other if I had to. So I want you both. Now. Just this once.' The boys could hear each other's breath in the stillness, but they only looked on her. 'You always took care of me. Well today I want you to let me take care of you. Call it an Earth Day present.' She drew them both to her again and gave Aiden, then Patrick a moist, lingering, open-

mouthed kiss, letting her tongue tantalise just a little between each guy's lips. It was Aiden who finally voiced their joint relinquishing of control. 'Okay Pam. If that's what you want.' Gently she clasped both their hands. 'Take me to the trees,' she told them. 'Out of this sun. I burn real easy.' They carried her floating form through the still waters till her feet found the bottom, then all three waded slowly towards the shore. She felt an frisson of joy as their dripping, naked bodies emerged jointly into the golden April sunlight. As they reached waist-deep she looked down to see the heads of the boys' cocks bobbing stiff and ready above the surface. With a shudder in her belly akin to a foregone Christmas Eve, she let go their hands and took their thick shafts in her own, caressing both lovingly with her palms. The boys stalled in their progress to the shore, both gasping to have Pamela's hands all over their hard-resolved manhoods. 'See how good that feels?' she said, revelling now in her own wanton springtime decadence. 'We're out here to celebrate everything beautiful and natural and good in the world. And there's no one else I'd rather celebrate with.' Pamela's environmentalism didn't seem dippy at all in those terms, both brothers decided. It made utter, utter sense. In that instant they made resolutions as solid as their cocks to be greener citizens of the world. And as she smiled at them both, they let her tenderly grip their hard maleness and lead them like tamed bears out of the water. As she drew them up the slope and to the trees in the same cheeky grip, Pamela felt like a particularly fortunate Eve. Mother of the Human Race, I have given you Adam to be your husband. And look, here's his twin brother Dave. A serene erotic confidence had come upon her, as though she had been blessed with a chance to re-visit her dream. She took them into the cool shade of the oaks where the quilted picnic blanket lay and dumbly they let her turn them around and push their hard, wet bodies back against the trunk of the most massive oak in the glade. 'Leave everything to me,' she said softly. Their own trunks were rather massive, she thought with mouth-watering ecstasy, as she dropped to her knees and ran her fingers up and down the Riordan boys' twin poles. 'Oh God,' she breathed, her hot breath flowing all over them, 'I'm such a lucky girl.' She flickered her tongue all the way up Patrick's shaft, down Aiden's, then reversed the move more slowly, loving their tense, gasping reactions. Then she encircled her grip around the bases of both cocks and took several turns enveloping each bullet-head in her soft mouth, relishing the sensation like taking whole ripe plums into her mouth, the juice already leaking onto her taste-buds through splits in the skin. Delicious. She broke off, a spider's-web strand of saliva still linking her lips with Aiden's cock. She felt the need to explain as they stared ruddy-faced down at her, before she tried what she was about to. 'Sven taught me a lot, but I've been focusing on my studies all year, so I might be rusty. If you'll just bear with me...' She took Patrick's head in her mouth again, then widening her lips around him she dived, taking his thick shaft down into her throat. The gagging sensation came on her instantly and she backed right off. 'Whoops,' she said, catching her breath. 'Try again ...' This time she plunged, relaxed her oesophagus, took his demanding length right down and held herself there with a throatful of cock while he groaned, his body tight and rigid against the tree. She pulled off, let saliva spill freely, gazed at Patrick's astonished face before giving the exact same treatment to his brother. Pamela heard Aiden groan aloud as she swallowed him up in her succulent throat. She held him even longer, crushing herself to his stomach so she could take him far down, delighted that the ability had not

deserted her. She came off him with further translucent mess dripping everywhere like sap. Then she alternated some few more times between them, playing with her skill, seeing what new groans she could rest from them by pumping herself up and down, constricting her throat, letting herself choke a little. They stroked her hair softly, but made no effort to hold her down. Renewed affection swept through her and releasing her oral hold on Aiden she slid her still-soaking body upwards over theirs to kiss both their tensed mouths. Patrick and Aiden were overwhelmed by Pamela's lavish onslaught. So much sudden delirious pleasure from such an unexpected, forbidden source. They were hazy with affectionate lust for this girl and both moved in to kiss her further. Patrick ran his hands over her face and through her wet hair, Aiden's mouth descended on her pale neck from behind. 'Yeah, I like that, hedge me in,' she said, drawing them both to her before and behind. 'Makes me feel protected...' Her breasts compressed themselves into Patrick's hard pectoral muscles; he could feel his cock pressed against her flat stomach, as he held her face and kissed her. One of her hands reached behind and pulled Aiden tight into her as he sucked gently on her neck. She became a soft, feminine buffer-zone between these two hard male bodies, the milk-white of her generously curvy flesh contrasting gorgeously with their tanned brawn. A Kimberly cookie, Aiden thought. Some distant Irish relative had mailed those to the Riordans at Christmas - brittle ginger nut slabs separated by a tight-whipped, springy marshmallow centre. They were a Kimberley cookie, he thought, and the thought was a bizarre additional turn-on. His hands slid freely over the hourglass curve of Pamela's hips, his cock pillowed tight between her buttocks. Pamela surrendered herself some moments to two moist pairs of lips, two strongly tender pairs of exploring hands. She was so wet, so wet for them both. Then on a sudden instinct she eased them away with the lightest of touches. It was Aiden she turned to. 'I'd like you first. Sven broke my heart too, baby. Let's go to the blanket and do a little mending...' He let her lead him over and lay him down, moisture still beading both their skin. Patrick watched in fascination from the tree, stroking his cock as his brother's delight unfolded. 'God I want this, I want you, so, so much...' Pamela whispered as she straddled her naked self over Aiden and drew his tightly-hinged prick up between her parted thighs. She could feel herself slick with need. Lovingly she fitted the quieter brother's ripe plum inside herself, returning his taut, expectant gaze with a burning glance of her own. Then she lowered herself slowly, aching onto his long, thick column, descended to his balls, took him all up into herself. 'Oh God, oh God, Aiden, you're inside me, ohhh fuck...' She rested there for a moment to absorb the realisation, to absorb the sensation of this boy's thick maleness filling her pussy. Then she leaned into him, fingers to his chest, and began to slide up and down him, exploring his smooth hard surface with her wet inner flesh. 'Ohhh fuck baby,' she breathed, as their sexes moved together, 'that's so beautiful, don't you think it's beautiful?' 'Fuck yes, it's beautiful, you're beautiful,' was Aiden's aching response, his hands tracing patterns on her upper arms as she moved on him. She bent low, her suspended tits brushing his chest as she smoothly humped. 'You feel that?' She poured out sweet, breathy teasing into his ear like she had never imagined she could. 'You feel my tits on you, baby? You feel my pussy all slippery on your cock? You like me fucking you? You like it?' 'Ohhh yeah, yeah, I love it... You know I love it...' Aiden was enraptured, but he hardly dared thrust in return. Not into her. 'Fuck me back,' she whispered. 'Give it right back to me baby.'

She squeezed her swollen fruit right against his chest as she continued to glide subtly up and down him. A hundred nights of lonely wanton fantasises flowed from her in words. 'Fuck me, Aiden. Billy's not here, he'll never know you're fucking his hot, naughty little sister, you're fucking her hot wet little pussy, her tight wet little cunt...' It broke Aiden's restraint. He clapped his hands to her full thighs and thrust himself into her, proactively fucking at last, driving himself into the moist squelching heart of sweet Pam Shelton. She cried aloud at his sudden invasion and took it crouching for a few moments, leaning on his chest with one arm, kneading a breast with the other, as he ploughed into her. Then she pushed herself upwards in her seat on his loins so she could take him deeper, so she could ride him hard, her lovely breasts oscillating freely for his grateful gaze, her fingers crazy on her clitoris. 'Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me...' she was chanting to the hard, bouncing rhythm, as he gripped her ass-flesh tight and pumped. 'Oh God it's so good ... so good ... ssssooo ggggood...' Her body let go, released itself to orgasm. She juddered and quaked on him, flowing all over his thick shaft and his balls. 'Oh yeah, oh yeah,' he was concurring, 'so good...' Coming out of her own ecstasy she could tell from his voice that he was close too. 'No baby, no, don't come,' she said urgently, halting her bouncing motion. 'Save it up, I don't want you to come yet.' She knew why she was saying it, a crazy fantasy that she could hardly believe she might fulfil. He slowed at her instruction, slammed his brakes on against a strong reverse inclination. Only Pamela, only his desire to please her could have made him do it. She was climbing off him, drawing her tight channel from around his bulged erection, so that it slapped wetly onto his stomach. 'Stay hard,' was her panting instruction to him, like that would be a problem. 'Patrick, I want Patrick...' But Patrick was already bearing down on her, his arousal rammed out in front of him in a great thick spike. 'Come and join us,' she said huskily, her hand already reaching out to touch his advancing cock. But he had a different game to play. 'No Pam,' he said with tender resolution, 'you come to me.' He reached out, took her hand and carefully hauled her off the quilt to her feet. 'Oh God, Pat...' she said in shaky awe, as he drew her away to the oak where she had recently pleased both brothers. He stared into her captivated eyes and pushed her up against the rough bark. 'Hop up, little girl.' He clapped his hands to her waist and lifted her into the air, so that she instinctively made to fold her legs around him. But he lifted her further, biceps straining, bore her all the way up to his face and pressed her hard into the oak, her thighs wrapping around his neck as he pressed his face into her dripping sex. She squealed and laughed in bewildered, fearful delight as his tongue lashed her clit and dived deep into her pussy. They were circus acrobats with an erotic twist. He was gripping her so securely, eating her out with such confidence and passion, that her excitement soared a second time. Then his hands slid up her body and he brought her partway down, suspending her above his bulging head. She stared into his eyes - full of amusement and desire and affection - and secured her legs around his lower back to ready herself. His cock was a hard spear of lust and he sank her halfway onto it before pushing her back against the trunk and ramming it the distance into her tight sheath. Pamela screamed aloud into the still April air, her arms and legs all clinging desperately to Patrick's naked brawn as he impaled her. He pressed her back and ass into the oak and fucked her fiercely and rapidly, drawing out joyfully helpless yells similar to the first on each thrust. 'Ohhhh Pam, you bad baaad little girl ...' he muttered,

given up now to his thirst for her. Aiden stared on at the sight of his brother's strong back straining, his well-developed buttocks flexing tight, as he plunged his cock hard into the wildly moaning Pamela. Then Patrick relented in his strokes. 'I'm not hurting you, am I Pammy? Don't want to hurt you...'

'Fuck no. Not hurting me, so not hurting me,' she moaned, and he resumed with his original vigour. That beautiful body crushed against her, that cock doing such sterling work - she came again, body clamping to his, oozing freely all over Patrick's relentlessly invading beast. But even as the climax receded there was something else to which her dazed mind clung, as tightly as her heels clung to Patrick's muscled ass. Her wildest, scariest, most absurd fantasy. If all else could be fulfilled, so could that. 'Don't you come either,' she moaned weakly in Patrick's ear, though he continued to pound. 'Please don't come, baby. Take me to the rug. To the rug...'

Patrick slowed once more in his searching thrusts. 'Whatever you say, Pam...' He backed from the tree and carried her, still spiked on his dick, to the picnic-strewn quilt. There he laid her down, himself on top, immediately launching into smooth, fast missionary strokes. Aiden was suddenly there, gripping one of her hands and stroking her hair as she got pumped. 'Baby, baby, no, that's not what I meant!' And loath thought she was to interrupt the intense fuck that was being flung into her, she put her hands to his chest and eased him away till he reluctantly withdrew. 'Sorry baby, but I want Aiden to...'

Then Patrick's brother was all over her - drawing her up, kissing her fervently and massaging her tits like he'd laid claim the first ripe peaches of the season. He was turning her about, putting her on her hands and knees, and she was so clit-throbbingly aroused by his boldness that she let him. 'God, you guys!' she exclaimed. 'Once you get going, you ... Ffffuck!!!' Aiden had surged into her from behind, his loins whacking hard into her cushioning ass as he crammed her pussy full once more. And now Patrick was kneeling in front of her, guiding his cock into her mouth, her own sweet juices now smeared all over it. How could she refuse just a delicious treat? She absorbed Aiden's rear hammering gladly, sucked on Patrick with relish, lapped up the attention lavished on her by their cocks. But before either could climax she emptied her mouth and wrested back control. 'Oh God, oh God I love it, fucking love it, but wait, stop...'

Both were perplexed as to what she wanted. She knew neither would ever suggest it, so she did. 'Both of you,' she panted, sliding herself off Aiden's pole and scrambling around clumsily to face both brothers. 'I want both of you. Properly inside me. Together.' They both stared at her in dawning comprehension. 'Pat,' she pursued, and she was already guiding him onto his back as she spoke, 'I want to sit on you. And Aiden...' She crawled around to face the milder of the two. 'I want you to... Would you...?' She stared at him plaintively. 'Please? I'd so love it...'

Aiden stared at her in wondrous disbelief. He checked with Patrick, who was equal in astonishment. 'But ...' he stumbled, 'but I don't want ... Neither of us want...' 'No, Pam,' Patrick affirmed. 'We don't want to do anything that'll hurt you.' 'Guys!' she cried, laying a hand on both of them. 'I know you'd never hurt me. And look...'

She reached a hand into the picnic hamper and for the second time that afternoon dipped her fingers into the butter container, scooping out a lump of semi-liquefied gold. 'This'll help.' She was so fucking horny now she no longer cared what she did. It was like she had burst from her cocoon, a different, crazily sexual girl. The oozing butter she smoothed all along Aiden's rigid length, while he stared at her applying hand. Then she returned to the hamper and retrieved another melting nugget,

crawling around so Aiden could see what she did next. Could clearly see how she spread her full cheeks and plunged two buttered fingers right into her anus to prepare herself. She stared over her shoulder at him beseechingly as she thickly coated the entrance to her rectal passage. Then she withdrew her fingers and sucked them clear of the last buttery traces. She could hear Patrick's astounded laughter at her performance. 'Ready as I'll ever be,' she told Aiden with an alluring meekness, but the tremble in her voice betrayed her fear. She could see the sudden readiness in his eyes to say nothing of his bolt-upright cock, and everything about her seemed to swell with anticipation. Later she would scarcely believe her own boldness. 'You first,' she told Patrick, and his tree-side ardour was replaced with a supreme gentleness as he took her astride him and lowered her pussy down onto his expansive prick. 'There,' he soothed, drawing her to him and enfolding her securely in his arms. 'We won't break you.' She kissed his forehead, enjoyed the sensation of him inside her for a moment, then focused on the hands that were being placed from above on the small of her back, the second male body kneeling behind her, readying itself. Aiden had never fucked a girl's ass, and never fucked a girl in such close proximity to any other guy, let alone his brother. And now he knelt between Patrick's spread legs, about to enter sweet Pamela anally, his brother's dick already stretching her pussy just inches away. In other circumstances he might not have managed it, but such was the sexual alchemy this girl had created on a spring afternoon, he found himself equal to the task. Watching his own progress in awe, he guided his slick spearhead between the twin moons of her ass, till it pressed against her anus. 'You sure you want this?' he asked, and when she moaned in the affirmative, he applied enough weight to pop inside her tight, buttered entrance. 'Ohhh God...' Pamela's whimper stopped him, but she was then insistent. 'No, don't stop, I want it - I want it...' Patrick caressed her face with his lips and held her totally still on his own deeply embedded cock. 'Come on buddy, it's what she wants.' So Aiden pushed in farther, drew out a little and then sank himself deeper, reading her little cries and sobs and inching his greased-up shaft slowly into her tight but accommodating rectum. He loved the sight of his big erection easing into Pamela's beautiful bottom, loved the way her sphincter's reflexive tightening around his pole was countered by the lubrication of the butter so she could take him. And he loved the thought that he was commencing to fuck sinfully off-limits Pamela Shelton in the ass, even though her brother would kill him if he knew. Pamela leaned into Patrick's tenderly strong embrace, taking comfort from his nuzzling of her face and neck, as her back passage was slowly penetrated. She knew from last summer that it would hurt some at first, but Aiden was so painstaking, so gentle that she took in his hard length with surprising ease. Gradually he opened her up, till his hard loins rested into her buttocks. Any discomfort was a trivial price to pay. She had them both now, two beautiful thick Riordan cocks thrust deep inside her. Those robust bodies hemmed her in above and below, those hands were soft upon her flesh and she was full, cunt and ass, with her wonderful Irish boys. Patrick simply held her in place, bearing her up by the shoulder with one hand, softly massaging one of her full breasts with the other. He spoke softly, reassuringly to her: 'It's okay baby, we've got you. We'll take it easy.' Aiden was working her bum slowly, moving his dick back and forth inside her incrementally, getting her used to his presence there. It was as though this were the most precious task on which either brother had ever embarked.

Her body adapted fast and she knew she was good for more. In fact she craved it. 'Oh God,' she groaned, 'you sweet, sweet guys. I love having you here, having you both inside me ... Ohhh fuck me, fuck me please...' She began undulating her hips on Patrick, leaning into him so that her clit was stimulated and giving Aiden fuller access as she did. He was bearing down on her back, starting to stroke into her with firmness. Patrick was actively thrusting too now, taking firm hold of her waist, the kindness of his face intensifying as his loins began to surge against hers. The brothers took all cues from her, instinctively judging by her body's rocking, the fervency of her words and moans, to what degree she was losing herself. All three moved now like a single organism. Their combined motion was steady and fluid, building relentlessly towards a mutually desired conclusion. Patrick's grip tightened; her red hair was brushing his face as he helped her shunt back on forth on him. Aiden was clutching her hips and thrusting now, withdrawing half his length to plunge back inside. The boys' hands were a tight hoop around her middle. Both cocks were pumping her - holy shit, those identical twin cocks fucking her in unison, making her feel ripe and wet and fertile, ready to burst with further juice. 'Guys, oh guys, ohhh lovers, please, please fuck meeeee...' Patrick pulled her tight to his chest in an sudden ecstasy of lust, rocked her vigorously back and forth so she could feel him intensely inside her, her full bosom squished to his chest. Then Aiden was on his feet so he could thrust deeper, squatting over her, knuckles pressed down on the quilt either side of her, plunging into her tight, slippery hole with ass-whacking relish. She could feel his sweating chest on her back as he ploughed her, his strong body framing hers along with that of his brother. She had no idea what she was screaming, no clue and no care whether some passer-by might hear her, might hear them all. She was sandwiched, properly now, between her guys and it drove her wild. Sandwiched - how insane. Make that Pam on Riordan, heavy on the sweat, the testosterone and the thick, hot man-cream . She might have laughed, had the thought not driven her over the edge and made her explode into orgasm. It was like every cell in her body combusted at once. Her senses merged into some shattering, other-worldly joy. All she knew at that moment was that she was shuddering frantically between Patrick and Aiden, wailing and weeping and calling out ridiculous endearments at which she would later blush. Her wild enjoyment set the boys off too. They had saved themselves too long and now they abandoned all restraint, slamming themselves into that gorgeous young body until their swollen cocks triggered. Aiden let go first and Patrick an instant after. They both rammed deep, clutched Pamela hard and erupted inside her, flooding both her tight spaces with their copious hot seed. Pamela slumped exhausted onto Patrick's chest and felt Aiden come to rest on top of her. She stayed enclosed in their sweating joint-embrace for some moments, their cocks still inside her. Then gradually, carefully they withdrew, mingled girl-juice, butter and semen slithering warmly out of her twin holes as they lay her down on the quilt. It needed laundering anyway , she thought dreamily to herself. They lay down either side of her, stroking and caressing her till she almost drifted off to sleep. But she roused herself and took them swimming. Their play in the cool water was more leisurely this time. Afterwards the twins laid Pamela's wet body down in the shade and took turns plunging their tongues into her tender young cunt, while the other explored her face, neck and breasts with his mouth. They brought her off again with their combined attentions and the wanton response of her not

quite nineteen-year-old body got them both raging hard once more. So they filled her with cock all over again. By the time the afternoon sunshine was waning, they had pleased her close to exhaustion and she had drained them of their procreative sap. When the boys left Pamela at her door that evening, she whispered in both their ears. To Aiden she said, 'Don't go throwing your poor heart away, baby. Take your time and have fun, then find someone who loves you for the sweet guy you are. When she finds what you can do with your cock, that'll be one hell of a bonus.' And to Patrick: 'Get it all out of your system. Play with the sorority girls a while longer, then find someone steady. With a bit of substance. And when you do, fuck her and take care of her like you've done to me. Okay?' It was her nature to get a little preachy and she told both of them, 'Do some good in the world, guys. Help make it a little better, not fuck it up a little more. Do it for me. Oh, and don't take some stupid girl's word for it when she implies she's on the Pill.' They both stared at her, jaws dropping slightly. 'Guys!' She rolled her eyes in exasperation. 'It's okay. I am .' She kissed them both goodbye, making it as sweet and brief as she could. Then they departed, elated and sad and more than a little in love with her. They would go off and find sex and eventually love elsewhere. They would be greener in their habits. Patrick would help develop electric automobiles and Aiden would fight to save several species of American mammal from extinction. On at least three further occasions before they shook off their youthful ways, they would team up to indulge some girl's 'twins' fantasy, but it would never be anywhere near the perfection of the afternoon just passed. On that subject their conversations would never go much further than: 'Pamela. Jesus...' 'I know, man, I know...' And they would share a moment's silent awe. No seed had taken purchase in Pamela's soil that day, just like she had promised. She would cherish the memory of seducing, then surrendering to her beloved Riordan boys all her life and regret sometimes that she could not be with them both forever. But that would just be greedy and she had meant what she said - she could never make that choice. Their paths would reconnect again from time to time, but their brief, intimate Earth Day union would never be repeated. She would complete her studies and become a firebrand environmentalist, a thorn in the Texas governor's side. They would see her on the news and feel proud of her. Years later a different man would find room in her romantic affections, while never displacing her fondness for Patrick and Aiden. That man would expel his sap womb-deep inside her, only this time it would germinate and cause her belly to swell. That would be on Earth Day too.