**Zayden**

by LittleFrieda

**Monday Morning**

The next morning, Zayden woke up with a full bladder, as she always did. She discovered that she had been sleeping on the floor, and a sheet had been placed over her. Moving around a bit, Zayden was surprised to remember that Ray had gone to sleep next to her. She rolled away and got up, briskly walking to the toilet. That done, she washed her hands and went back downstairs to the kitchen. There was a note on the table saying that Mom and Dad were already gone to work. A short list of chores and instructions included a note that the jewelry needed to be cleaned before it is put back. Mom will show her how to clean it in the evening.

A bit of clanking noise as Zayden brought dishes and silverware to the kitchen table gently woke Cathy. She found herself under a sheet, snugged into Buzz. He was spooning her. He had stayed awake too long reveling in the experience of caressing Cathy so his sleep cycle has not yet advanced him to the morning wood stage. Cathy was too young to be either disappointed or relieved at that, she simply rolled out from under the sheet and went upstairs to pee and wash her hands.

Returning downstairs she curved off to help Zayden in the kitchen. When the table was set, they conspired in an evil plan. Each one grabbed a good size pot, a metal spoon, and marched into the living room banging as loud as they could. “EVERYBODY UP! TIME TO WAKE UP! CHOW TIME!”

The boys curled up, pulled the sheets over their heads for protection, and complained “It’s too early.”

Cathy took charge, giving orders. “You boys need to pick up these sheets and shower before breakfast, and us girls will cook the bacon and eggs.”

The girls got everything ready in the kitchen and the boys picked up the bedsheets. As they were folding them, one of the forgotten pieces of clit jewelry fell out.

Buzz saw that and called out to Ray, “Hold up. The girl’s jewelry is wrapped up in the sheets. We need to pick them up first. There’s Zaydens, under the table over there. I see one of Cathy’s.”

Buzz shook his sheet open which let Cathy’s two other pieces spring out. Picking up the one from the middle of the floor and the one that bounced under the couch, he added Ray’s to his collection on the coffee table.

This little bit of work done, Zayden took Ray upstairs for a shower. After, as they were drying up Zayden asked him, “Do you want to put your shorts in the washer downstairs? You can be a nudist for the day!”

“My mom says I shouldn’t because I might get a boner. What if that happens?”

Zayden assured him, “Then it happens. We won’t turn you in to the police. How about you be a nudist until we finish lunch? Then if you have a boner you can put clean shorts back on.”

“OK. Here. My mom says there are no special washing instructions. I run our machine on ‘normal’.”

As Zayden was on her way down to the basement laundry she passed Buzz and Cathy. “Upstairs you guys. Shower is free.”

By now Cathy trusted Buzz to do the right thing so she grabbed his hand as she followed him upstairs. Buzz suddenly became shy as he took his own clothes off. He was not sure if Cathy wanted to see his hardon. Since she did not scream and run away he became comfortable and his woody came and went on about a two minute cycle. One minute going up, one minute going down.

They washed each other, Buzz did her left arm, Cathy did his left arm. Taking turns they managed to do a thorough job everywhere. The only time Buzz “took advantage” of Cathy is when he tickled her armpits as he washed them. Stepping out of the shower and almost toweled dry, Buzz had just opened the crowded bathroom door when he got a shock.

Cathy quietly asked him, “Buzz, do you think I’m fat?”

“Wait. What? Fat? No. Everyone has an ideal picture of what they try to become. I need to spend an extra few hours at the gym every week. Your father needs to gain weight. Ray thinks he’s too short. Everyone is too fat or too skinny. No, I don’t think you’re too fat. Why?”

Cathy painfully explained, “That’s what my mom said when she yelled at me Saturday. I’m too fat to prance around like I did.”

Buzz reached out to comfort her, not sure what to do. Cathy thought that was an invitation for a hug so she clamped onto him.

“Oh Good Lord.” Buzz reassured her. “Cathy, I think you are delightfully warm and squishy. There were no bones sticking out to jab me last night. I have no idea why your mom said that. You aren’t even big enough to be ‘thick’. You are just the right size to hold me as we sleep. It would take a LOT more to make you fat.”

With that Cathy started sobbing onto his shoulder, still dealing with the trauma of getting dumped on by her mother as she abandoned her family. While one side of Buzz’s brain was mindlessly saying comforting things "(It’s ok beautiful”, “We’re all here for you.”, “Call on us for anything.)", the other half was taking in the new sensation of holding a naked girl against his own naked skin. His boner had come back, necessitating the need to adjust his stance. That taken care of, he could not get over how delightful it felt for her to press her belly against his. The sensation even drowned out how her breasts felt as they pushed into his chest.

After five minutes or so her tears stopped but her hug did not. Some of the things she was doing now gave Buzz the impression she might be falling in love with him, or whatever passes for love with a girl of her age.

Buzz interrupted her thoughts with, “Hey hot stuff, we need to go down and eat breakfast. They are waiting for us. Let’s talk outside on the patio deck right after.”

The hug broke up, Cathy wiped her eyes, and she put her arm around Buzz as they walked down the stairs to the kitchen.

Zayden was waiting for them. “There you two are. I was about to send a search party out for you. And Buzz! Are you going to be a nudist now? It looks good on you.”

“Oh? Oh! Maybe. For the morning anyway. And maybe the afternoon too. I don’t know after that.”

After eating a hearty breakfast, with (microwave) bacon, (already boiled) eggs, toast, and Eggos, all the kids worked to clean up and put things away. When that was all taken care of Buzz invited Cathy to sit with him outside on the patio deck. Buzz cozied up to her on the porch swing, taking her hand in his.

Buzz started the chat with “Cathy, I like you. A lot. But upstairs after the shower you made me nervous. I thought you were going to say ‘I love you.’ Please don’t do that. We’re too young.

Cathy started to tear up. “We’re not even a couple yet and you’re dumping me?”

“No! Not that. Nothing like that. I like you. A lot, a REAL lot. But look at Zayden. She changes her mind about EVERYTHING twenty times a day. You’re two years older …”

Cathy quietly interrupted, “Three years.”

“… Three years older and you change your mind 10 times a day. I’m a year older than you and change my mind 5 times a day. Last month I didn’t even want to know you. I know your mother and figured you would be just like her. Then I would see you at the mall and think “Damn, she’s cute” and try to figure out how to make you smile at me. Then I would see your mom do something mean and think “No way, no how”. Now I see you are NOTHING like your mother so I’ve changed my mind again and like you a lot. We will both change our minds a few times about each other, what we like, what we can’t stand. That’s part of growing up. I hope you will see me as a friend as the years go by, and maybe later as more than a friend. Maybe in 15 years we can make babies together. But babies take a lot of work to raise, and need 20 years to boot. That’s twice as long as Zayden has been alive. Neither of us knows if we’re going to like each other enough to spend that much time together 24/7.”

Cathy caught on to a thought, “Ahhhh! Now it makes sense. My father once told me that being married means spending a third of your life in a room that’s too hot, sleeping next to someone that thinks the room is too cold.”

“Exactly!” Buzz said. “Instead of saying ‘I love you’ how about we take an oath? Repeat after me.

No matter where life takes us

- No matter where life takes us

Either together or apart

- Either together or apart

There is no limit on the smiles I give you

- There is no limit on the smiles I give you

And I’ll always have your back

- And I’ll always have your back

Buzz holds out his hand, closed up into a fist, with his little finger curved out.

Pinky swear

- Pinky swear

Buzz finished with “Good. That makes us friends forever.”

After giving Cathy a brotherly kiss, he suggests that they go back inside. Cathy sees the clit jewelry on the coffee table and picks up her two pieces. “Buzz. Will you help me put these back on?”

Zayden hears this question and picks up her jewel, sitting on the easy chair motioning to Ray to come help her.

Cathy sat in the middle of the couch, opened her legs, and waved Buzz to get in front of her. She gave him one piece of the jewelry, and set the other to her side. She pulled her kitty open and tapped one side telling Buzz to start there. With a quick explanation on how to put in the piece, Buzz started working. After several failed attempts Cathy schooched down on the couch and put her legs over Buzz’s shoulders. He was getting lost in the sensual overload of her silky smooth, soft, inner thighs. He quickly forgot any thoughts of trying to delicately put the jewel in place with respectful touching, ending up with putting his fingers everywhere. It was an impossible conflict of goals anyway. Buzz’s body flooded with hormones which prodded him to slide his fingers over as much skin as he could, in as many places as he could.

Finally Buzz informed her, “I’m not making any progress.”

Cathy whispered, “That’s ok. Keep trying.”

As Buzz worked, Cathy started working her legs behind his neck, pulling his head closer. A few minutes later, with his nose way too close, Buzz thinks "(I don’t think she cares about the jewelry.)" A quick look up at her face shows closed eyes, head back. She put her hands on Buzz’s head, pulling him in even farther.

He had wondered if there would be an unpleasant odor on girls down there, but her smell was simply different, not at all revolting as he would have thought only two weeks ago. Not bad at all. Not sure what to do, Buzz remembered what his school friends talked about over the last year. He stuck his tongue out and gave a quick small lick.

That got an immediate reaction from Cathy. She jolted, gasped, opened her eyes wide, and then froze solid. Buzz panicked and started backing up. Cathy managed to lace her feet behind his head to stop him.

Buzz nervously asked, “Are you ok?”

Cathy quietly replied, “If I wasn’t ok, my feet would be on your shoulders with a kick hard enough to put you through that wall behind you. You'd have to use the front door to get back in here.”

Buzz asked “Are you mad at me?”

After a few gulps of air, Cathy said, “I don’t know. Come back and do that again so I can decide.”

She punctuated that request with a few taps of her heels on the back of Buzz’s shoulders to hurry him up. Ray and Zayden are watching.

Ray whispered to Zayden, “I'm not gonna help you like that.”

Zayden was fine with that and whispered back, “Good. Eeeewwwwww.”

Cathy used her legs to snug Buzz into position. The jewelry has become irrelevant now so Buzz tossed it aside. After a few too gentle licks, and a bit of guidance from Cathy, she was soon panting heavily. Despite her desire to keep the feeling going forever it took only a few minutes before she went over the top. As Buzz started to pull away, she locked him in with her legs and feet.

Cathy told him “Again!”

So he went back to his happy task and took her back into the sky. As she started to come back down, Buzz was still going strong. This time Cathy wanted a bit of rest so she weakly started pushing on his shoulders. Buzz was having too much fun so he ignored that and kept on. He felt her muscles tense up, her legs lock onto his head, and her body twisted every which way. When Cathy calmed down Buzz finally lifted his head.

“Zayden, can you please go get me a small towel?” Buzz asked.

His face was coated with her juice. When Cathy was in enough control of her body to speak “Oh. My. God. We’re friends forever, right Buzz? Like, friends every day? Maybe two or three times a day? Promise me!”

As Buzz pulls a pubic hair off his tongue, “Only if you shave down there.”

Again Ray whispers to Zayden, “Still not doin’ that.”

Zayden rushes off to bring a towel back for Buzz, then drags Ray along on a trip to fetch the yoga mats. As she brings everything into the living room ...

Zayden reminds everyone, “Guys! We still need our skin cream.”

The two girls lay face down on the mats and the boys went to work. Working on the back of Cathy’s legs, Buzz went as far up as he could go, as he did not feel constrained by her modesty. The boys are still nude and Buzz gets his own jolt of pure joy as his boner sometimes bumps and rubs Cathy.

When Cathy’s back is all done, Buzz jumps up and asks her to come with him to the patio. “Cathy, you know what I did for you back there? Well I need you to do something like that for me now. Stand beside me, with your arm around me. Now reach over and hold my penis, yeah like that. Now with your finger, gently rub right under here. Now point my dick out, and don’t let go.”

Buzz rather quickly juiced out himself. Ray and Zayden were slow to get out to the patio, so they arrived as Buzz was finishing up.

Zayden was surprised. “Wow! I didn’t know guys could do that. Ray, can I help you?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never done that. It's sorta white, not yellow, so it's not pee. We’ll have to give that a try.”

Cathy put the kibosh on that. “Later. We need to finish the skin cream.”

Everyone went back to the yoga mats and the girls lay down on their backs. Again when Buzz reached the top of Cathy’s legs, he worked her crotch right to the edge of where the skin stops at the edge of her mucus membranes. In the meantime, Buzz’s erection was returning. At this, Cathy reached over to Buzz’s penis, gave it a quick squeeze, and held it.

As Buzz worked up Cathy’s torso, she reluctantly let go. Similar to yesterday, Buzz saved her breasts for last. He started spreading the cream across her chest, then Cathy softly asked Buzz to lay next to her on his side and work. “Closer. Closer. Closer.” Until his erect penis was dry humping her hip. “Good.”

She reached both arms up behind her head and then brought her hands back to behind her head to use as a “pillow”.

Working on Zayden’s little breasts, Ray was once again having fun making her nipples pop up. She reached over to hold and gently play with his prick, giving him a pleasant erection. Then, Ray let out a sharp gasp and said “Careful, you need to be gentle.”

Buzz finished the task of spreading cream on Cathy’s breasts, but kept going anyway. This time she gave no sign of giving him the side-eye and he took full advantage. He moved his hands over every part of her chest, savoring the feel of every second. He went from the top of one soft breast down to the sternum’s hard space between, and then back up the other side.

Buzz had seen his nude mother for a few days now and compared her breasts to Cathy’s. His mother’s breasts had settled somewhat, where they seemed to start a bit lower on her chest. He could even see a rib at the very top. With Cathy, his palm traced down from her collar bone and almost immediately started up a gentle rise. He went side to side, on the upper part of her breasts, going half an inch lower each time, making sure his wrist rubbed her nipple along the way. He was absolutely enraptured by the way his fingers made small indentations as they moved around.

When his fingers were low enough to reach her nipples, he once again started thinking “Puffies. Puffies.” The gentle rise starting just below her collar bone, the quicker rise up the hill to her nipples, the puffy bump of her areolas, then the nipple at the very top. He pushed Cathy’s nipple left, right, up, down, then gave it a gentle squeeze, then a tug. Cathy signaled her approval of all this with a short, slow roll of her hip against Buzz’s dick.

After a few more minutes, Cathy looked up at the couch, told Buzz “stay here” and stretched up off the yoga mat to grab two pillows off the couch. She gave one pillow to Buzz, then turned her back and lay down against him, so that they were spooning.

She wiggled her butt against his crotch for a few seconds, then moved up, then back down, catching his dick between her thighs. In the end Buzz’s stiffy had some uncomfortable pressure pushing it down. He moved an inch down to free it, and Cathy moved down to match him. This little adjustment still left pressure on his penis but he was not in pain. He started to move again but Cathy whipped her arm back to his hip to keep him in place. Buzz figured his dick was pushing on her bottom, somewhere.

Cathy then let go of his hip, grabbed his arm and brought it over her front to rest his hand on her breast. Shortly after that he felt her tense up a bit, and the pressure on his dick increased. A couple seconds later she relaxed and the pressure let up. Then she tensed up again, then relaxed. The third time, when she relaxed her pressure, the tip of his penis felt a little wet. The fourth time that she moved and put pressure on his erection, it seemed to slide up something. “Holy shit! She’s trying to get me into her!” When she relaxed, he felt a bit more wet. With the next move, Buzz could not stop himself from pushing up. These moves were very small, maybe a quarter inch each. But it was clear to both that this was almost sex. She was moving down onto him a bit and he was pushing back up, just enough to feel the wet slide push onto her entrance, without actually going in.

This went on for a few minutes. Suddenly Ray and Zayden invaded, banging big pots with metal ladles, shouting “LUNCH IS READY! EVERYBODY UP!” This startled the two love birds and broke the connection. Cathy clamped onto Buzz’s arm before he could roll away …

Cathy desperately asked Buzz, "We’re still friends forever? Friends every day?"