

Chapter One

The Early Years

Charles Davidson was the youngest aviator in the U. S. Air Force newly formed after World War II to become a full colonel. He was thirty years old. Flying had always been his passion. He was born not far from Kitty Hawk, North Carolina where the Wright Brothers first demonstrated manned flight. From the day he came into the world, it seemed like he was destined to be a pilot. And a good one. During the Vietnam War he was given credit for a confirmed kill of a Russian MiG-25 which he managed to down in a two-against-one dogfight where he was the "one". The MiG pilot was probably Vietnamese, not Russian. But, what the heck, a kill was a kill.

He met Evelyne Johnson at a party thrown at the officers' club for the "unattached boys" that everyone thought should be married. Evelyne was from Beaumont, Texas. She was ten years younger than Charles, but they seemed like they were the same age. She came from money and big hair. She had what was called a "Jayne Mansfield" figure. She was a true Texas beauty and Charlie fell for her fast and hard.

After they got married, Charlie and Evie, as they were known to friends, tried desperately to have a child "naturally", but Evie simply wasn't getting pregnant. After multiple trips to the doctor for both of them, it looked like their only option for having a child would be adoption. The adoption process in Texas at the time was fairly crude. One simply took out an advertisement in a local newspaper that said "We want to adopt your unwanted child. Call us at this number".

After a few false starts, Charlie answered the phone one evening and was greeted with, "You got money?" The female voice on the other end of the line was raspy from years of heavy cigarette smoking. Charlie replied, "Yes, I have money." The voice replied, "You weirdos? Cuz, I'm not giving my grandchild up to no weirdos." A little exasperated, Charlie managed to say, "No. My wife and I are not weirdos. We are simply unable to have children of our own." The voice went on, "Awright. Baby's due in a month. You pay the money. You sign the papers. Then my daughter's mortal sin is yours for keeps." As Charlie hung up the phone, he had the sickening feeling that this was not the first "grandchild" this woman had sold.

Two months after Charlie and Evie took Keri Ann Davidson home, Evie became pregnant "naturally" with Robert.

Keri was beautiful--blonde and blue-eyed--the apple of her father's eye, but Evie couldn't help showering her love on Robert, the child to whom she had actually given birth. Nonetheless, Evie had always wanted a daughter that she could dress up and fuss over and Keri loved the attention. When Keri was still in grade school her mother showed her how to apply make-up and lipstick. They went for a "girl's day" once a month to a day spa to have their hair done and get mani-pedis together. Evie taught her daughter how to match clothes, pick out shoes, and enhance her bust size with bra pads. Bra pads were an ingenious invention. A woman who desires to have a larger bust simply buys a bra with a larger cup size than what her breasts would naturally support. The pad is inserted between the breast and the inner

material of the bra and voila! When puberty arrived, Evie took Keri to the doctor and had a "cleanliness kit" put together so that her monthly cycle wouldn't impinge on her ability to look and act pretty. She also had the doctor prescribe birth control pills for her daughter. Evie was a realist.

Siblings born fairly close together in time either are very close and bond like twins, or they are at daggers with one another. For Keri and Robert it was daggers. Unfortunately, Robert didn't know he was in a knife fight. Keri grew to hate her brother and she found petty ways to make his life miserable. She would intentionally lose four or five pieces of his favorite jigsaw puzzles. Robert loved elaborate toys that had lots of moving parts which could be taken apart and reassembled to form a new toy. Keri would find a key piece of the toy and bend it or break it so that it couldn't be reassembled into anything interesting. When confronted by her parents about damaging her younger brother's things, Keri would pout and then shout, "Robert broke that!! He's just saying I did it to make you hate me!!"

Growing up Robert was always pudgy, but very smart. Unbelievably smart. Keri was trim, very pretty and cunning, instead of smart. At age thirteen, Keri announced that she wanted a horse and her father immediately bought her a horse. Robert was content with a bicycle. Keri also wanted riding lessons and her father obliged there, too.

Keri was always sweet to her father and strangers or people that she didn't know well. It fell mostly on her mother to be the disciplinarian. Keri didn't like being told what to do, even by her mother. One afternoon, Evie had had enough of Keri's sassing back at her and sent her to her room. Keri predictably slammed the door to her bedroom as she went inside. After about an hour, Evie went by her daughter's room to check on her. As she crept up to the door, she could hear what sounded like murmuring. She leaned her ear to the door and strained to hear what was being said. "Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!" is what Keri was saying under her breath in a sort of chant as rapidly as she could say it. Evie edged open the door to find Keri standing completely naked and giving the middle finger on both hands to a picture of Evie on her desk. "Young lady! You get dressed right this instant! You're grounded for a week!" she said in a shocked tone.

When she was nine years old, she began to experiment with sex (both boys AND girls), alcohol (she preferred the spiced rum from her father's liquor cabinet), cigarettes (menthols), and marijuana (anything that was available). She got a thrill out of teaching her girlfriends how to masturbate and when they were a little older she taught them how to jerk off the boys, too. She absolutely knew that men, of all ages, looked at her differently than they did other girls her age or even older.

Keri lost her virginity the summer before her thirteenth birthday. The boy was very handsome and popular. He was the quarterback of the high school football team. He was seventeen. His name was Noah.

The middle school Keri attended and the high school Noah attended were on the same campus and, in fact, shared the same cafeteria. Toward the end of the school year, Noah noticed Keri in the cafeteria having lunch one afternoon with her girlfriends and came over to chat with her. Keri's friends were all very pretty and she was sure he was coming over to talk to one of them. "Hi, there, I'm Noah Douglas. What's your name?" he said as he held out his hand for a shake. Keri turned beet red. "I know who you are," she blushed fetchingly as she responded. "I'm Keri Davidson," she said as she shook his outstretched hand. "Would you like to see a movie sometime?" Noah asked. Keri wasn't sure that her parents would let her go out with an "older" boy, but she said anyway, "Yes! I would like that a lot." "Okay," he said as he turned to walk away, "I'll call you in the next couple of weeks after school's out for the summer."

Noah's father, Montgomery "Monty" Douglas, was a prominent lawyer in town, which Evie and Charlie felt weighed in favor of letting their daughter date his son, despite the age difference. Noah's mother died a few years earlier of breast cancer and Noah and his dad lived together in a large house located in the same development as Keri and her family.

Keri hadn't spoken to Noah since that day in the school cafeteria and she was beginning to get worried that he'd just been making a joke at her expense and wouldn't call at all. But, toward the end of June, Noah finally called. "Hi, Keri," he said earnestly, "it's Noah Douglas." "Hi Noah, I was getting a little worried that you wouldn't call," she said trying to sound less desperate than she had been feeling. "Oh, I'm sorry, Keri. I've been visiting my mom's family in Dallas. I won't have a chance to get away after summer football training starts, so I had to go now." "Oh. Oh, that's good! How nice that you could do that," she said brightly, recovering her poise. "Still want to see a movie?" he said invitingly. "Yes. I'd love that, Noah." "Great. I'll pick you up at six tomorrow evening," he said with genuine enthusiasm in his voice.

When Noah arrived to pick Keri up at the Davidson's house for the movie, he came in and charmed Evie and Charlie to pieces. "You need to have Keri home by nine," Charlie said in his most fatherly voice. "No problem, Mr. Davidson. She'll be here," Noah said positively.

On the way home from the movie, Noah edged his Camaro over to the curb in a dark stretch of suburban street about three blocks from Keri's house. She was sitting tucked under his arm and he turned to her and said, "Can I kiss you, Keri?" "Oh, yes, Noah, I'd like that," she said warmly. He was surprised that not only did Keri know how to French kiss, but that she knew how to do it in a way that was very sexy. While they were kissing, Noah was very gentlemanly and didn't try to touch Keri anywhere other than her back, her hair, and her face. After about ten minutes, Noah looked her in the eyes and said, "I'd like to see you again, Keri. I really like you." "I'd like that, too. I like you," Keri said softly.

Noah walked Keri to her front door and shook Charlie's hand as he opened the front door and said, "Nine o'clock on the dot, sir." "You're a good boy," Charlie said with a smile as he slapped Noah on the back.

Keri went upstairs to bed and masturbated about half a dozen times to work off the sexual excitement she was feeling. She did the same thing when she woke up at three in the morning. And again when her alarm went off at seven. She wanted desperately to lose her virginity in general, and now she also wanted to have sex with Noah, but it was going to have to happen on her terms.

Over the next two weeks, Noah and Keri went out a couple more times to the movies. They went swimming at the big pool at their development. They went to a free music concert in the main park in town. They had dinner a couple of times at a local burger joint. One night, Noah explained to Keri that once football training started, he wouldn't be able to see her as often. "I understand. I know football is really important to you, Noah," Keri said when he told her, being sure to sound disappointed. Keri and Noah always found time to "make out" during or on the way home from their dates. Keri had gradually allowed Noah's wandering hands to touch her in more intimate places while they kissed. He really seemed to like touching her in the crotch of her panties where she was very warm and wet.

On the next date they had after Noah had explained the demands of playing high school football in Texas, they were making out in a favorite little side street in their development where they almost never saw a car go by. They were in the back seat of Noah's father's big Mercedes sedan and Noah was sort of on top of Keri. They were kissing deeply and Noah had his hand on Keri's wet panties. She suddenly unzipped his jeans, pulled out his penis, and started stroking him. Noah slipped off Keri's panties and began to get himself in position to mount her. "No, Noah!" Keri said plaintively, "That's not what I meant I wanted. I just want to hand stroke you." "Keri. Baby. Don't stop me now!" Noah said as he plunged himself inside her and deflowered her. Afterward, Keri made a show of sobbing softly as they drove to her house. When he pulled up in front of her house, she jumped out, and ran inside without a kiss or even saying goodbye.

After football training started and on into the football season, Keri and Noah went out a few more times. Noah would always try to have intercourse again and Keri would stop him by leaving him with the impression that he had forced himself upon her the first time. "I thought you wanted to!" he'd protest. "Well, I thought that just stroking you would be enough," she'd respond. "So, let's do that, Keri," he'd say starting to unzip his jeans. "No! I think you only want to have sex with me, Noah," she'd respond crossly.

One afternoon a young Air Force captain, who worked with Keri's father, rang the doorbell at the Davidson family home. Keri answered the door and the captain said that he'd received a message to meet the Colonel at his house. Captain Karp was a trim young pilot who was training with Colonel Davidson's flight wing. Keri showed him in and asked if he would like a glass of water. She said that her father was not home at present, but that he would likely be shortly. Captain Karp accepted the glass of water and sat down on the family sofa to await the colonel's imminent arrival. Keri sat down beside him and began to run her hand up and down the captain's trouser leg. In short order, she had unbuttoned her blouse and unzipped the captain's pants. Keri said, "I sent you that message. My dad's not coming home any time soon. I've seen you around. You're hot." After a couple of deep French kisses, Captain Karp had an erection, Keri had her panties off, and was on top of him.

After they both achieved orgasm, Keri slid off the young captain. He was completely bewildered, looked at her and said, "Jesus Christ! How old are you?" Keri grinned a sly, knowing grin and said, "I just turned fifteen. And if you don't give me a hundred dollars, I'll tell my daddy that you raped me." Karp looked at

his superior officer's daughter in complete disbelief. However, she kept making "give me the money" gestures with her hand. The coldness of the words shook him to the core, but he found his wallet and gave her five twenties. Keri tucked the money in a drawer in the side table by the sofa and proceeded to roll over and put the captain's still semi-stiff cock in her mouth and began sucking. "Holy Fuck!" the young officer groaned in pleasure.

The summer before she started college, Keri spent a lot of time at the pool. She frequently was there with two or three girlfriends. Often as not, however, she was at the pool by herself. Keri didn't want to work that summer and many of her girlfriends didn't have the luxury of not working. Keri's mom bought a bunch of cute little two piece bikinis for her at the beginning of the summer and she would lay on a chaise lounge poolside for hours on end working on her tan. One afternoon when she was at the pool by herself, she noticed that an older man had taken the chaise lounge next to her. He was tall, handsome, tanned, fit, and was holding a book he was apparently about to read. He smiled when she looked up at him and then, as if he had just suddenly recognized her, said, "Aren't you Keri Davidson?" Keri shaded her eyes so that she could see more clearly and said, "Mr. Douglas! You're Noah's dad! Hi! Nice to see you again!" "Please, call me Monty, Keri," he responded disarmingly. "What's Noah up to?" Keri asked with genuine interest. "Starting Law school next year," Monty replied. They chatted for another five minutes and then Monty lay back on his beach chair and began to read.

Monty Douglas stood up after about two hours and said, "Say, Keri, I'm having cocktails for a few friends at my home at seven this evening. Why don't you stop by? I think you'll find them quite interesting." "Well, thank you, Mr. Douglas! I think I will!" she replied to the unexpected invitation enthusiastically. "Monty," he said and smiled warmly as he left.

Keri went home, got changed into a cute little sundress with spaghetti straps, and drove the short distance to the Douglas home. She told her parents she was meeting friends for dinner. Keri could hear music playing inside as she walked up the front steps to the imposing house. She was surprised to see that there were only two cars in the driveway. "Well," she thought, "maybe older folks don't show up for parties right on time." She rang the doorbell. Monty answered the door and invited her in. "Hello, Keri, I'm glad you could make it!" kissing her on the cheek, "Come in. Let me get you a drink! What would you like?" "I'll have whatever you're having," she said, echoing what she'd often heard her mother say at parties. "Great. Bourbon and soda," Monty said as he took a glass off the built-in bar and started making a drink. "Uh, where is everybody?" Keri said as she looked around and only saw one other person in the living room. He was another gentleman in his forties who looked much like Monty, except he was even more handsome. "Well, that's the thing, Keri," Monty said, "we've decided to keep this gathering a little more intimate this evening. It'll just be the three of us. My friend John and I want to have sex with you. I know you had sex with Noah and I know that you've been on birth control since you got your period. We're willing to give you some money." Keri interrupted him, "I want a thousand dollars each for a blow job!!" Monty and John both smiled and laughed bemused laughs. "Keri! Keri!" Monty laughed as he spoke, "people don't walk around with thousands of dollars in cash in their pockets! We'll give you five hundred dollars cash each for a fuck." Keri thought about it for a second or two. Then she nodded her

assent. She collected the cash from each of them. Then, John took her hand and led her to the bedroom. "I'd like to be first," he said to Monty with a wink.

It turns out that Monty Douglas had many male friends, mostly married, who desired to have sex with a nubile, experienced, teenage girl. Monty had strategically begun the sexual odyssey with Keri and his friends with his friend John, who had been a professional football player for five years and was still fit and handsome. But, many of Monty's friends were overweight, losing their hair, had bad breath, or couldn't achieve orgasm because they were intimidated by Keri's young age. Keri had always been one of the youngest children in her school classes. She wouldn't turn eighteen until the middle of November after she had begun her freshman year in college. She was currently only seventeen and, therefore, a minor. What was going on was technically statutory rape.

Keri kept the cash from her parties at Monty's house in a lower drawer in the desk in her room. The last time she counted it, she had over eight thousand dollars in cash stashed. Some of Monty's friend's would tip her a hundred dollars or two in gratitude after their turn. One day, she went to the cash stash to get some money for a new pair of designer shoes. It seemed that her stash was light. She counted it. Forty five hundred in cash was all that was there. She was enraged. The only person who could have taken her money was her brother, Robert. Keri remembered that he had a new computer that he had mysteriously acquired recently that he wanted to keep away from their parents. "Bingo!" Keri thought, "Fucking Robert took my money! Fucker!" "Robert!!" she shouted at the top of her lungs. Her brother's room was directly across the hall from hers in the house. He didn't answer. She stormed across the hall and threw open the door to her brother's room. "You shit!" she shouted, "You stole my money!" Robert looked up from the new computer on his desk and said in a flat tone, "How did you get that much money, Keri? Did you steal it? Would you like to explain to Mom and Dad how you got so much money?" "I...I," Keri was searching for a lie that would cover her, "I hate you, Robert. I hate you!" She spun around and stormed back to her room. Robert thought his older sister was a thief. His head would have exploded before he could have even imagined that she was a whore.

Keri's horse was stabled at a top-notch equestrian facility about twenty minutes from the Davidson home. Before she could drive, Keri's father arranged for one of his aides to drive her to her riding lessons four times a week. Air Force brass got away with a lot in those days. When Keri turned sixteen, her father bought her a mustang. A Ford Mustang. New. Pink. Custom color. Now, Keri could drive herself to and from her riding lessons and not inconvenience her father's staff.

Keri absolutely loved her horse. What she did not like was taking care of her horse. While she was in high school, she thought of the grooming chore as something noble that bonded her to her horse. However, once she got to college, grooming several times a week just didn't hold any allure. "Horse manure? Moi? I don't think so!" she joked with a girlfriend from the stable. Taking home blue ribbons from dressage competitions was one thing. Shoveling horse shit and grooming her beloved partner was something

entirely different. After complaining to her father about having to groom her horse after she rode him, her father agreed to pay to have the animal groomed four times a week by the wranglers at the barn.

The wranglers were young, lanky, handsome, and sassy. Typical Texas cowboys. Keri was a really good looking nineteen-year old college girl. Still driving the Mustang. Grooming cost--twenty-five dollars a pop. Keri's dad always gave her the money in cash to pay the wranglers. Keri knew there was a lot she could do with a hundred dollars a week. Gas. Beer. Marijuana. Sexy underwear. Lots of nice things.

So, one day, she told Chad and Brett, the wranglers, that she'd "do them" for the money. Before you could say "bareback" the three young riders were naked and going at it. Chad had an enormous dick that Keri craved as soon as she saw it. She mounted him and began to give Brett head. Brett was as hard as he'd ever been in his life and he moved around to Keri's backside, which exposed her asshole. When penis flesh touched anus flesh, Keri's well developed leg muscles from years of horseback riding sprang into action and she catapulted herself off Chad and knocked Brett flat on his back. "Crazy bitch!" Brett shouted as he crawled up on one knee, "What the fuck did you do that for?" Keri's face was flushed totally red. Her anger was complete. She spat, "I'll suck you when he's inside me. But my asshole is completely off limits. Am I clear? Never touch me there!!" Both men groaned a sense of understanding and the little "grooming arrangement" the three cooked up lasted for over a year. Keri always kept the grooming money, even if she didn't feel like giving the boys any sex. "Who were they going to tell, anyway? Who would believe them? Losers!!" she thought one day on the way home from the stable.