

It was a quiet evening in the sewer lair the turtles and their father called home. Leo and Don were topside with April and Casey, and not expected to return for a few days. This meant that the choice of television programming in the living room was left to the two remaining brothers.

"GIVE me the REMOTE, MIKEY," Raphael bellowed as he leapt across the coffee table, narrowly missing one of the pizza boxes on it. On the other side. Michelangelo dodged to the side while holding the remote to his chest protectively.

"No way, Raph!" Mikey shouted back, leaping out of the way of another mad grab by his elder brother, alighting on the couch with practiced ninja grace. "It's a Saturday night, and the tube's not on a mandated *Space Heroes* marathon for once!"

"Exactly!" Raph got a hold of Mikey's leg and pulled it out from under him with a yelp from his brother, and he was instantly on him, pinning him to the couch and swiping the remote from the younger turtle's hands. He grinned lopsidedly in triumph and held his trophy up to taunt Mikey. "And I'M gonna watch X-Amaxxx!"

"That supposed to impress me?" Mikey rolled his eyes. "Putting on a channel that Leo blocked?"

"Please," Raph scoffed, "Leo can't even figure out the VCR. *Donnie* blocked X-Amaxxx...but he *didn't* block X-Amaxxx After Hours! It's a separate channel!"

"Look at me! I'm Raph!" Mikey was holding up strip of red cardboard from a pizza box in front of his eyes. "I'm a big scary ninja because I wait till my older brother's away before I watch tv channels I'm not supposed to!"

"It's a better idea'n whatever the hell *you* were gonna watch, squirt," Raph pushed off of Mikey's plastron and dropped himself onto the couch next to him, tapping the remote to flip up through the channels well into the hundreds. Mikey scowled and watched Raph with growing impatience on his face.

"Dude, just press the numbers, for crying out loud!"

"I don't remember what channel it is, I'm lookin'!"

"Oh, this's gotta be it," Mikey said as the tv flashed someone taking his shirt off, and there was a heavy low guitar riff. He prodded Raph in the shoulder. "Laaaaast chaaance to back out!"

"If you're chicken just say so." Raph sneered. "I'm not missing this chance."

"Hmph. Only thing I'm afraid of is this cheesy music!" Mikey shot back, sitting up and watching the screen nonetheless.

"Don't be a baby, this is what adult movies sound like!" Raph said as though he were an expert on the subject. On the screen a second shirtless man had emerged from somewhere off screen. The two of them were sitting on a beat-up couch, in more or less the same positions as Mikey and Raph.

"So when do the chicks show up?" Mikey said.

"How should I know?" Raph said.

"So when do the chicks show up?" the man on the left of the screen said.

"How should I know?" answered the other. Mikey clapped his hands over his mouth and gasped, and grabbed at Raph's face.

"Get off!" Raph snarled, trying to wrestle his brother out from in front of the screen. "I can't see the show!"

"But which is the REAL show, Raph?" Mikey laughed, "the TV.... or YOUUUU?!"

"Ohhhhh..." Interjected a low moan from the screen. They both turned to look, and froze.

"WHOA!" both brothers exclaimed when the men on the TV leaned in and kissed each other. And not just an air kiss or a chaste peck- their tongues were visible between their mouths, pressing from one into the other and vice versa while the camera zoomed in.

"DUDE WHAT THE HELL IS THIS" Mikey half-yelled in a high pitch.

"Get OFF ME!" Raph pushed Mikey away and scrambled to pick the remote back up, fumbling and sending it flying end-over-end across the room.

"Oh yeah, juuuust like thaaaaaat," remarked someone on the TV screen.

"I'M TOO YOUNG FOR THIS RIDE, RAPH" Mikey buried his face in the couch cushions. Raph growled in frustration and dove across the coffee table to jam his finger onto the TV's power button, turning it off with a blink.

They stared at the slowly fading glow in the back of the dark screen for a long moment. Neither did anything but breathe.

"Is there a problem, my sons?" the voice of their father said from behind them, making them both jump in surprise. Neither had heard Splinter approach. Which was, admittedly, the norm for them.

"AHHH!" said Mikey. "I mean, what problem? I mean, why would there be a problem, Master, I don't know of any problem! Right Raph?!" Splinter looked from Mikey to Raph.

"Raphael?" he asked slowly. "Is there a problem?" Raph met his gaze levelly.

"Course not!" Mikey shouted before Raph could respond. "Just chillin' here on a weekend, no problems to be had, not seein' any kinda unsavory-"

"There were two guys swappin' spit," Raph cut in plainly, stopping Mikey's yammering. "On the TV. And now Mikey's all hot and bothered."

"I am not!" Mikey protested. Splinter arched an eyebrow at Raph.

"And you are not at all perturbed, Raphael?"

Raphael stared at the floor. "Why would I be? It... wasn't what I was looking for. That's all"

"That's it!" Mikey yelled, "I mean... we were just... disappointed?"

"I see." Splinter said. They both watched him to see what was going to come next. Splinter slowly crossed the room to where the remote had fallen, and the turtles' eyes widened as he bent to pick it up. Their father turned to point it at the TV and turned it back on.

The two men who had been kissing before appeared on the screen again, only now, one was spotting the other as he did bench presses. The camera lingered on their body of the man on the bench as sweat dripped from his skin.

Splinter looked at his two sons. Raphael was looking to the side of the TV rather than at it with a disinterested look on his face. But Splinter caught the quick glances he took as though unaware he was doing so. Michelangelo, meanwhile, was staring at his hands clenched in his lap, the way he did when caught with something he wasn't supposed to have.

As grunts continued to come from the television, Splinter slipped the remote into the pocket of his robe.

"I shall make some tea," he announced placidly, "so that we can all relax." He waited for no response from his sons as he turned to walk toward the kitchen. The two turtles looked at each other, confusion evident on both their faces. Mikey shrugged wordlessly; as always, their father was inscrutable.

Splinter knew what his course of action must be. It was surprising that such an opportunity had presented itself without his prompting, but not unwelcome. He set the kettle to boil on the stove, and contemplated his next steps.

The rat opened one of the cupboards that his sons were not necessarily prohibited from opening, but none of them ever bothered to do more than peek inside and lose interest when there was nothing full of sugar or salt to sate their teenage appetites. He took down a small earthenware jar where he kept his jasmine tea, and then another smaller jar that he had not opened in a very long time.

In three cups, he placed the jasmine tea leaves. In two of those, he also placed some herbs from the second pot, with long gnarled leaves and pairs of flat seeds. He placed a very small amount in the larger cup as well, considerably less than the other two. *Just enough to get me going*, he thought to himself.

Honey and sugar were added, one cup having a great deal more than the other two put together, and only a minute or two before the kettle started to whistle. He poured the boiling water carefully, then tapped a finger to his lips thoughtfully. After a moment, he got another small crock and filled it with coconut oil from the cupboard, then turned the burner to its lowest setting. He set the crock of oil on the stovetop before carrying the three steaming cups of tea back into the living room.

Both boys sat up much straighter when their father reentered the room. The TV was currently showing a commercial for an event that was occurring in the city, some 'DJ Kitchenaid' advertised as the headline.

Splinter passed his sons the cups, and switched off the tv. "It is important," he said, "not to be hesitant. One must explore all options, learn all skills, for one can never know which will prove to be essential."

Mikey and Raph looked at each other, each hoping the other knew what their teacher was talking about. Splinter sipped his tea, and looked at them expectantly. After a moment, Raph took a sip from his cup, and Mikey started to before deciding to blow on it instead.

Splinter was nothing but patient. He savored the scent, and the memories it brought, until both his sons had drunk. "You both reacted, in different ways, with shock at the sight of two men kissing. Is that not so?"

Raph nodded curtly and took another sip from his tea. Mikey scrunched his mouth and shook his head.

"Nah, not different ways," Mikey said, "we *both* freaked out when we saw it!"

"Maybe YOU did..." Raph muttered into his tea with a dangerous edge, practically daring Mikey to insist otherwise.

Splinter raised a hand for quiet. "There need not be any 'freaking out' over what you witnessed. It was merely two persons engaged in an act of physical affection, is that not so?"

“...yeah, but it was two *guys*,” Mikey murmured, his face flushing visibly. Raph rolled his eyes, but Splinter continued.

“Be that as it may. Why should two men refrain from affection you might have been content to see take place between a man and woman? It is a perfectly natural and beautiful thing.” Both boys drank their tea silently.

“There are many things two men can do with one another,” Splinter intoned as though it were one of his lessons in the dojo. “Far more than mere kissing.”

Both turtles looked at their teacher blankly. Splinter raised an eyebrow in response. He... seemed to be waiting for something.

“Hey dude...” Mikey said, fumbling at Raphael’s shoulder, “I’m feelin a little odd over here...”

“Shush!” Raph pushed his hand away, dismissing whatever Mikey was whining about. Splinter couldn’t help a small smile. Once it had cooled, Mikey had taken much larger gulps of his over-sweetened tea, as he’d expected. The younger turtle was feeling the effects sooner than his brother.

“No, really,” Mikey said, a low moan creeping into his voice, “I’m feeling really... warm. It’s... actually... it feels... nice....”

Raphael turned, and the retort never made it out of his mouth. Mikey was leaning back on the couch, cup forgotten on the floor. With one hand he was rubbing his own chest, and the other hand was wandering under the waistband of the brown leather briefs he wore. His eyes were half closed, his mouth was open, and his briefs were fully tented.

Raph looked at his brother, then down at his own nearly empty teacup. He was dimly aware that he should be, what, scared? Angry? But there was a warmth spreading through his body that wouldn’t let him be worried. His own shaft was already hardening, and what scant clothing he wore felt uncomfortably tight.

Splinter allowed himself a slight smile as he watched his sons feel the drug take hold. No doubt it was overwhelming for them: his own cup had had a tiny fraction of the dose, and he had experience with it--yet the inner heat was there, and strong, as was the urge to, well, all sorts of things. For now, he simply watched Raphael and Michelangelo fumble out of the short brown garments they wore as if their touch was torture. Then they did the same with their ninja gear and pads, even down to the wrappings on their hands, leaving both of them naked, erect, and panting, with only their masks still equipped. They’d both be suggestible, craving stimulation, and hornier than they’d ever imagined possible. Just as planned.

They’d seen each other in the bathroom, of course, or occasionally in their bedrooms, usually by

accident. But this was different. Once they'd both peeled off their undergarments and got an unobstructed view of their swiftly stiffening rods, it was as if for the first time. Before it had been something concealed, seen in passing, not acknowledged. Whatever was happening now was if nothing else an opportunity to really get a good look.

Raphael was thick, throbbing, and unyieldingly stiff. His balls swung loose, heavy and confident, both clearly defined. His tip throbbed and flared in time with the gnarled veins running along his underside. If he had been just a little less horny, Mikey thought, he would have been intimidated.

Michelangelo was lighter and rounder. If he'd been describing anything other than his brother's erection, Raph thought, he might have been tempted to use the word 'cute.' Where Raph throbbed rigidly, Mikey bobbed and swayed whenever he moved. Where Raph's cock sagged a little under its own weight, Mikey's pointed straight up like it was filled with helium. His tip sat on his shaft like cap on a bottle. His tight sack bounced just so in one compact package, snug against the base of his shaft. A tiny bead of pre glinted right at his slit.

"Now," he said, "you say that what you saw was unsavory, that it was not what you were looking for, that you both freaked out. But how can you know any of that, if you have not tried it for yourself?"

They blinked at him. That... *sounded* like it made sense.

"Perhaps you should try it, then?" Splinter gestured between them.

"Wahuh?!" Mikey blurted incoherently. "We...you mean..." he pointed his fingers between himself and Raph like Splinter had just done.

If he had anything else to say, he would have to say it around Raph's tongue, which was then being shoved into his mouth. Raph was hardly going to wait for Mikey to get started. After all, he had to do as their teacher said.

Mikey froze for a moment after the kiss began, but Raph's body was pressed against his, and his mouth was exploring his, and his hands were around him, and whatever had been in the tea was pounding in his veins and behind his ears and he couldn't seem to think anything except 'how strong Raph is'... and 'I can't remember my cock ever having been harder.' Oh, and 'how long have I been moaning and kissing him back?'

Splinter watched them with an appreciative smile, stroking his beard with one hand. With his other, he gently opened his robe and revealed his lithe, muscled body, along with his obscenely bulging fundoshi. He gave himself a good grope, stroking the tent in the thin linen and forming a small wet spot on its peak. He was thoroughly enjoying watching his sons, with Raphael's arms wrapped around his brother. From Splinter's perspective, that was all that was keeping Mikey from falling backwards.

Raph pushed more aggressively, no longer exploring with his tongue, now straight up attacking. Mikey moaned and shivered as his brother's tongue shoved his aside and probed the back of his mouth. Mikey's hands were somewhere on Raph's back, he couldn't have said where, and hanging on for dear life, but that wasn't what was making him moan softly around Raph's tongue, no, that was the way that each time Raph moved, no matter how slightly, their cocks ground against each other.

Finally, after all three of them had lost track of time, Raph's lips smacked slightly as he pulled off Mikey's and breathed softly onto the smaller turtle's cheek. Mikey shuddered and whimpered softly, suddenly feeling like his mouth was one tongue short from what was natural.

"So," Splinter said, and both turtles jumped, "have you learned anything more about what it is like to kiss another man?"

They both looked to their father, their faces flushed, both still short of breath. Raph nodded confidently with a smirk, and after a moment, Mikey nodded his head as well.

"Good," Splinter said, "but you cannot have mastery training against only one opponent. Come."

Raph beat Mikey to it, but only because he realized what Splinter meant a split second before his brother did. He planted one knee on the couch between Splinter's legs and leaned in. Raph kissed Splinter less aggressively than he had Mikey; more carefully, letting his father have control, and Splinter took every advantage he could of that. The rat grasped Raph's head with one hand, reached down with the other to stroke the turtle's thigh, and deftly used his tongue to pin Raph's against the floor of his mouth and out of the way while his sunk deeper, probing toward the back of his son's throat.

Mikey knelt on the couch to Splinter's side, watching intently with eyes wide. He didn't know what he expected two tongues wriggling against each other to look like up close, but whatever it'd been, this was better. He whimpered in need without realizing it, feeling the comparative emptiness in his own mouth more keenly. Splinter regarded him with one eye and smiled around his tongue, then gently touched the red-banded turtle's shoulder. Raph took the instruction almost instinctively and pulled back with a quiet slurp.

Once Splinter's lips were free, Mikey lunged forward in an attempt at the same ferocity Raph had shown, but it crashed against Splinter's intensity and, well, splintered. His father's tongue was even more aggressive than his brother's, almost frenzied, gliding around his mouth as though trying to taste every bit of fleshy pink it could find.

Raph watched his brother and father playing a one-sided game of tonsil hockey with the same intensity Mikey had, while his hands wandered of their own accord inside Splinter's robe, feeling the sleek, dark fur and the firm muscles it covered, up his toned abdominals and onto his slab-

like pectorals, gaining all new appreciation for his sensei's years of dedication. And he'd thought he was buff? Splinter felt like he was made of fuzzy concrete!

Eventually, Splinter pulled back. Mikey whined needily but Splinter silenced him with a raised eyebrow. "Enough. We can see that you know how to kiss. We should move on to... other techniques."

Splinter gestured for both of them to step back off of the couch, then tugged down his fundoshi to let his own erection stand free. Raph and Mikey stared, both mesmerized at its size compared to their own. It was what could be described as 'massive', by human standards, longer and thicker than the beer cans Raph drank and disposed of in solitude, or the energy drink cans Mikey chugged on a video game binge, with a foreskin that mostly pulled back along the gently drooling head in its erect state. His fundoshi tugged under the base of his phallus, his furred ballsack still cradled in the cloth garment.

But once they had taken the time to gape at their father's sizable shaft, they seemed confused, so Splinter gestured an invitation and they sank to their knees. Mikey laid his head on Splinter's thigh, and Raphael knelt behind his brother. They wanted to do more, but perhaps they needed some instruction.

"Michelangelo..." he sighed, shifting to let his cock rest against his son's face. "Use your tongue."

Behind him, Raph's eyebrows rose, and very quickly he leaned around and pushed Mikey's face out of the way to press his own tongue on their father's erection.

"Hey...!" Mikey protested and pushed back, then took Splinter's cockhead past his lips. They grunted and pushed against one another as though they were fighting for the last slice of pizza, until Splinter laid his hands on both their heads, stilling them immediately. The rat chuckled and shook his head softly, amused by his sons' competitive nature showing through even now..

"Here..." he said softly, and he guided their heads to opposite sides of his cock- Raphael on his left, Michelangelo on his right. They both took the instruction readily, and both their tongues dragged along his rigid flesh almost in tandem. "That is... ahh... much better...Just... like that."

The individual personalities presented themselves again as each son instinctively developed his own style of oral attention, each proceeding at his own pace. On his side, Raph moved his head along the length of his Master's shaft, giving long deliberate strokes of his tongue from Splinter's thick base to the tip and back. Mikey lapped at his father's rod as if it was hard packed ice cream, pulling back his tongue at the end of each stroke, savoring the taste of his Father. Every so often, their tongues would brush each other, and they would pause to briefly try to reach one another's lips around Splinter's cock. The rat moaned loudly and tugged his fundoshi down lower, letting his heavy balls flop out, free from their linen prison.

Mikey found his mouth drifting toward Splinter's tip. He ran his tongue around the edge of his father's foreskin and, sensing no objections from Splinter or Raph, pulled the rat's tip into his mouth again.

Splinter gasped. "Good... now, don't suck too hard, just enough pressure to keep, oh! Keep contact."

Mikey obeyed, as much as his enthusiasm would let him, and let Splinter's hand guide him into bobbing his head, twisting back and forth, and going further down on his master's pole. The taste of cock seemed to fit perfectly with the tea burning in him, like two puzzle pieces, and the only clear thought he could manage to put together was that he wanted more.

As Mikey inched further down, Raph found himself gradually forced lower and lower, past Splinter's thick base, until his tongue was caressing his father's balls in their furry pouch. He paused, as if considering, then reached under Splinter's sac with his tongue and tried to pull them both into his mouth. He had limited success, considering their size, but he managed, sucking them urgently, trying to match the timing of Splinter's grunts.

With both turtles diligently working between his legs, Splinter let himself relax a little. He began rolling his hips, thrusting gently into Mikey's mouth and grinding his balls against Raph's tongue. Not too relaxed though. It had been so long since he'd had a chance like this, and he was going to be very careful to get everything he could from this fortuitous opportunity. There'd be time to go wild later, for now he just humped gently in his seat, and enjoyed the warm pressure he could feel building at the back of his balls.

Raphael noticed first that something was happening, when he felt Splinter's legs tense on either side of his head and his balls tighten and pull away from his tongue. Michelangelo was too distracted by the taste of the thin stream of pre-cum that he was swallowing, however, to notice Splinter had sped up and was panting shallowly, so he was taken completely by surprise when a jet of thick salty cum fired into his mouth.

Mikey started back, releasing Splinter's cock from his mouth. It sprang free, still ejaculating, and Splinter's seed spattered Mikey--still just surprised at the taste--across the face, making him wince back again and shut his eyes.

Splinter gritted his teeth till his cock finished erupting, then lifted Mikey's chin with one hand. He inspected his seed spread over the turtle's face, and nodded approval. "There's no need to be impatient, Raphael."

Raph, who had just opened his mouth, shut it and frowned. "I wasn't going to say--"

"Then let me answer the question you were not going to ask," Splinter interrupted, "I do, in fact, have plenty left for you. He gestured Mikey back and drew Raph between his legs, his cock still hard and eager.

Raph hesitated, but the heat inside him was only growing and it had no second guesses about what it wanted. He opened his mouth and slid Splinter's cock, still slick with cum, into his mouth.

"Michelangelo," Splinter said. Mikey froze, hand less than an inch from wrapping around his own cock. "You failed to swallow, and did not finish your task. It seems you need more practice. Practice on your brother while he takes his turn."

Mikey blinked, half in confusion, half because a drop of cum was about to slide into his eye, but he nodded and lay on his side, underneath Splinter's legs. He had to crane his neck to reach, but he held Raph's cock and balls firmly in place with one hand to pull his brother's tip into his mouth and sucked, just as he had for Splinter.

"Good." Splinter said, letting himself enjoy the picture before him. "Remember. Ration your stamina... keep your focus on your goal." He hated to admit it, but it was easier to teach when his students had their mouths full. "Try to feel the life force... building up inside the male organs... reach out for that."

Raphael was relentless where Mikey had been curious, and Splinter found himself having to hold back just a little against the combination of the tea and his son's tongue. Judging by Mikey's moans, Raph was just as relentless at the other end, too, which would bear investigation as well. But first it was high time to give Raphael a real test. Splinter leaned forward, putting all his weight behind his hips, and slowly pressed his cock deeper. His cockhead twitched as it found the back of Raph's mouth, and the turtle froze.

"Relax," Splinter said, "calm yourself, open your throat. Breathe through your nose, and let your throat do the work."

Raph glanced up with just his eyes, then shut them and obeyed. His breath hissed through his nose as he throat relaxed, and Splinter rewarded him with low moan as his slick tip slid gently into his son's throat. "Ah... excellent," Splinter gasped, "now... stay relaxed." He began thrusting, shallowly, but not lightly. Each thrust of the rat's hips sent his cockhead plunging down Raphael's throat, and it was all the turtle could do to keep his breathing relaxed and his lips closed.

Mikey's eyes widened when he felt Raph suddenly get twice as hard. Splinter was grunting and thrusting above him, and he guessed that whatever that was was the cause. In any case, he wasn't going to make the same mistake twice, so he sucked harder and bobbed his head faster.

Raph was growling and moaning as Splinter fucked his throat, and his balls, already close to overflowing, were aching for release. If he could just... outlast... Splinter...

That was futile, of course. Not only was the rat older and more experienced, he'd already come once already. Raph whimpered in frustration as his resistance crumbled and his muscles clenched, and he came onto Mikey's tongue. Mikey, not taken by surprise this time, eagerly

swallowed, tongue lashing his brother's sensitive cock and thinking, somewhat in surprise, that Raph tasted different. If he could suck them both at once, maybe, and compare?

Splinter allowed himself a smile of satisfaction as he felt Raph tense in orgasm, and let restraint go. He bucked wildly, burying his cock in Raphael's throat before he welled up and burst again, pumping his seed straight into Raph's stomach. He held Raph's face on his cock till he was sure he'd swallowed every drop, then pulled back.

Raph sank back on his haunches, gasping, a thin string of cum hanging in the air between his lips and Splinter's cocktip. His chest heaved, and he raised his head to speak, but instead he yelped and winced sideways. Splinter sighed.

"Michelangelo," he said, "Your brother has already come. The well-mannered thing to do would be to stop sucking."

"Oh." Mikey sat up beside Raph and wiped his lips on the back of his hand.

"Besides," Splinter said, "there are still more techniques, with which I must acquaint you. You have done well in the basic use of your mouths. That made both turtles look up in interest.

Splinter bid them both to stand, then laid Mikey down on the couch where he had been sitting, face-up with Mikey's modest shaft throbbing in the air.

"Lift your legs, and hold them behind your knees with your hands," Splinter instructed, guiding the young turtle's legs up for him. "Yes, just like that...now..." he smiled looking down at Mikey's bared groin, cock bobbing lightly, but his gaze wandered further down the turtle's balls and taint to the puckered hole that was now spread wide and vulnerable.

Splinter lowered himself to his knees, and with both hands on Mikey's plump cheeks, lifted his rear up off the couch. Mikey made a soft noise and adjusted to hold himself in the place his father put him. Slowly, ever so slowly, Splinter leaned in until his warm breath was brushing against Mikey's exposed hole, eliciting more shudders from the youngest turtle. With no more delay, Splinter dipped his muzzle and dragged his tongue tip across his son's virgin hole.

"A-aAAaAH...!" Mikey cried out unsteadily, the unexpected sensations leaping through his body and electrifying his muscles, making him twitch and squirm. Splinter gave him no reprieve; his tongue continued to work on Mikey's pink pucker, rubbing circles and across, teasing the sensitive flesh. Mikey continued to make soft yelps and moans, the heat in his body quivering within him at the extreme, uneven spikes of pleasure from his first rimjob.

Raph watched with rapt attention, fascinated with what his father was doing to his brother. Mikey was almost behaving like he was being tickled too hard, struggling to keep in place even with Splinter holding him there. But...it had to feel good, right? He bet it did...everything their father had shown them so far felt good. *Really* good.

A soft moan of need emanated from his throat before he realized it, and suddenly Splinter's eye was turned to him, even as he continued to lap at Mikey's hole without missing a beat. His father smiled at him around his tongue, then looked backward...Raphael understood somehow, and he was all too quick to obey, shoving the table out of the way so he could get on his knees behind Splinter while the rat raised his dextrous tail in a graceful arc. Raph took another look at Splinter tonguing Mikey's hole, then laid his hands on Splinter's rump. His thumbs tugged the firm globes outward and exposed the furless entrance between them, and it was barely revealed before Raph leaned in and pressed his tongue against it.

Splinter allowed himself a sigh of satisfaction as he felt Raph's tongue brush his pucker tentatively and experimentally. The boy was no expert, but he was a very fast learner. That Raphael was been willing to go this far, was willing to explore this much, that either meant the turtle was even more repressed than Splinter had guessed, or the herb worked much better on him than it ever had on Splinter. Either way, Splinter thought to himself, that would be an end to his having to see to his own needs every night. But for now, perhaps, he should see just how far this could be made to go.

"Raphael," Splinter said softly, making Raph pull himself away from his father's ass to look up at his face. The rat smiled as he worked his finger inside Mikey's hole.

"In the kitchen. On the stove. Turn off the burner, and bring me the vessel that has been warming there," he instructed, sliding his finger deeper slowly as Mikey winced and shuddered.

Raph nodded wordlessly, wiping his lip of spit as he stood up and hurried to obey. His muscles burned in an unfamiliar way as he ran to the kitchen, cold air on his wet cock and balls sending shivers through his body.

The scent of coconut filled the kitchen pleasantly, but he didn't stop to enjoy it. He merely turned the dial for the stove off and delicately picked up the small crock, just shy of hot enough to burn. He hurried back. Balancing the pot was easy enough, though he was now a little suspicious of all the practice Master Splinter had made them do, crossing obstacle courses without spilling cups of water.

Mikey was lying on his back when Raph returned. Splinter had one finger worked inside him, and was flexing it, probing at his prostate. Everytime he came close, Mikey's cock would twitch and jump, and another drop of pre would slide down the side.

Mikey gasped as Splinter withdrew his finger. Splinter took the cup of oil and dipped two fingers into it, then rubbed them carefully over and around Mikey's entrance. Mikey shuddered as the overpowering scent of coconut hit his nostrils, and his shudders turned back to moans as Splinter now oil-slick fingers sunk back inside him.

"Raphael," said Splinter, "take a little of the oil on your palm. Coat my cock with it."

Raphael found himself about to ask why, but he thought he had a pretty good guess. Splinter moaned and his cock twitched as Raphael gently wrapped his hand around it, resisted the temptation to simply start stroking, and worked his hand up and down it's length, thoroughly coating the entire throbbing length. He could feel not just hardness and heat, but also a enormous energy, barely restrained. It was as if Master Splinter was a dam, holding back a torrent of, well, something--lust was rapidly drowning Raph's ability to come up with metaphors--but something powerful, and Splinter's cock was the spillway through which that power was being focused into a raging torrent.

Splinter nodded satisfaction and Raph stepped back. He pulled his fingers from Mikey again, and smiled when Mikey gasped in protest. "Am I to understand, Michelangelo, that you wish to be penetrated once more?"

Mikey blushed and glanced away, but he nodded.

"You do not think it 'unsavory?'"

Mikey shook his head.

"Speak up, my son."

"No Sensei", Mikey panted

"You are not intending to 'freak out?'"

"No, S-Sensei..."

Mikey stuttered and blushed crimson as he felt Splinter rest his oiled up cock against his buttcrack.

"I am glad these lessons have not been wasted. It has been far too long..."

There was a part of Mikey's mind that knew what it was that Splinter intended to do with his cock against Mikey's slickened hole. But somehow, the rest of it was immediately aghast and baffled. He couldn't. Could he? He'd barely felt like he could fit the thing in his mouth, and now-

"Aaa-A-aAAaAAAH...!!!" the young turtle cried out with a quivering voice, eyes screwed shut as his ass was stretched open by Splinter's bulbous cockhead, spreading him far wider than his father's fingers had, with a force and weight behind it that made it feel so much more...inevitable. Like every weak clench of his ring of muscle was futile, and each arduous centimeter pushed through it sapped any will to resist.

“MMnnn...You are doing well, Michelangelo...” Splinter’s voice almost sounded unsteady, but he reigned it in even as his cock was slowly enveloped by the exquisite tightness of his son’s body. He felt every ripple of the teenage turtle’s body as it struggled to adjust, despite being prepped and lubricated as it was. Each movement would have been enough to make a lesser man cum then and there.

But Splinter was determined to make this last.

Tears sprang from the corners of Mikey’s eyes from his body’s natural reactions took effect. Twinging, stinging pains sparked in his ass as his muscles cried out against invasion. A dull ache grew beneath his navel, the kind that said ‘Stop this, or it’ll only get worse.’ But as he opened his eyes, the beginnings of a plea to stop forming on his tongue, he looked up at his father’s face and saw the rat’s expression...and he knew there was no stopping this. There was no turning back. Splinter’s eyes bored into his and told him that this was beyond his control. His father, his master, was taking ownership of his body for his own use and pleasure.

A surge of perverse fear and unbelieving excitement swelled in his throat, and came out as a soft whimper of “Daddy...!”

A wicked grin split Splinter’s muzzle, and he paused his gradual penetration of his son’s ass with a sharp, forceful thrust that slammed more than half his cock inside. Mikey’s breathless cry rang through the lair and was still echoing when Splinter made another thrust, and another, jamming in deeper and deeper, until with one last push, his hips slapped against Mikey’s pale green cheeks. His hefty, furred balls mashed up and pulled taut against them like they were showing off for Raphael, whose slack-jawed gaze was fixed firmly on where he’d just seen Splinter’s cock impossibly vanish inside Mikey’s body.

“Yesss...oh yesss...” Splinter hissed through his teeth as he basked in the triumph and pride of being balls-deep inside his youngest son. He closed his eyes and sighed while his cock throbbed angrily inside. Remaining still while his body ached for him to be thrusting like an animal was almost torturous, but Splinter savored it.

Mikey choked back the sobs that tried to escape his throat, vainly determined to show strength and endurance, despite the struggle to catch his breath. His diaphragm felt compressed and strained by the enormous organ inside him until, finally, divine relief bloomed as he felt Splinter begin to withdraw.

Splinter’s retreat was slow and deliberate as his initial attack had been, savoring the feel of slick flesh against flesh and becoming reacquainted with it. He knew he would be feeling more than enough of it momentarily.

Raphael had scrambled to his feet and changed his position, now kneeling next to Mikey on the couch. His younger brother’s own cock was still hard and bobbing, and there was a slick puddle on his tummy that grew with each syrupy spurt from the head. Above that, Raph could have

almost sworn he saw the bulge of Splinter's cock somehow distending Mikey's plastron-covered abs from the inside, and then shrink away as he pulled back. Raph, of course, was still erect as well. He almost thought it beyond noting, but there was a voice in his head that whispered 'You're getting off on watching your dad fuck your brother.' He felt like he was supposed to be ashamed of that. He wasn't.

Nearly half of Splinter's cock was withdrawn from Mikey's quivering hole when he reversed and shoved himself back inside, eliciting another weak yelp from Mikey, but already he was withdrawing again, faster this time, and after a handful of repetitions he built a steady rhythm fucking Mikey's ass fast and fluidly. He was experienced enough that he was able to angle his thrusts as he drove in so that his cockhead jabbed almost directly into Mikey's prostate. The rat grinned in satisfaction seeing each thrust caused Mikey's modest shaft to spurt more precum onto his plastron.

Raph watched Mikey's face, his brother's eyes screwed shut with tears soaking the corners of the eyes of his mask, biting his lip to stifle each loud gasp that was forced from him. His head was turned to one side, and he held one arm twisted up and above it, the other gripping the couch arm with whitened knuckles, his legs now up in the air and swaying aimlessly as his hole was ravaged. Raph watched his brother's mouth, while Mikey's whole body was rocked by Splinter's thrusts, a thought forming in his mind behind the haze of his arousal and the steam of the tea still throbbing under his skin. Slowly, he looked up to Splinter, eyes questioning on the verge of begging.

Splinter met Raphael's gaze, his expression hard and determined. Raph almost shrunk back from it. But slowly, the rat smiled, having been watching Raphael's watching. He couldn't be sure *precisely* what his red-banded son was wordlessly asking permission for, but with a smirk and a nod, he granted it.

Raph practically leapt from where he sat to straddle Mikey's shoulders, facing Splinter and balancing himself by taking hold of Mikey's legs and holding them in place. Mikey gasped and looked up in confusion, only to be greeted by Raph's ass pressing down toward his face. Underneath the weight of everything else remained the faintest whisper of 'Gross! No way!' but it vanished like smoke in the wind. The youngest turtle opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue as his brother's ass settled against his face, and Mikey slid his tongue up along Raph's crack with a moan.

Raph moaned loudly, louder than Mikey's cries of penetration, louder than Mikey had when Splinter had first begun eating him out. His own moans almost drowned out Mikey's whimpers that he felt more than heard reverberating against his ass. This felt so...*right*. It felt *just* to have Mikey licking his ass and whimpering as he did, to be presenting himself for his brother to service without even a warning. He had asked for permission, hadn't he? Their father was letting him do this. He was right there, smirking in approval. Raph smirked back at him, and pressed his rear down more firmly and swayed his hips back and forth, grinding his ass against his annoying younger brother's face as he was forced to service him.

For Mikey, having Raph's ass to focus on was a blessing. He worked his tongue in the ways he'd felt Splinter do to his own, innately recalling the shivers of pleasure he'd experienced. The aches and stings of Splinter's cock ramming into him repeatedly slowly began to fade, blunted by the distraction, until he began to feel something else...While he wriggled his tongue into Raphael's pucker, he moaned at a surge of sickly-sweet pleasure that emanated from a spot inside him that his father's cockhead pressed against and slid along repeatedly. His whimpers were replaced by shaking moans as that feeling overtook everything else, pain and discomfort forgotten. Distantly he thought to himself that now he understood. This was why this was happening. This impossible, amazing feeling that made him work his tongue more feverishly on his brother's hole, reaching up to grab Raph's cheeks and spread them to work deeper. This...this made everything worth it!

The moans and gasps of the three males continued uninterrupted, each of their cocks throbbing and leaking, teetering near a peak. Splinter knew from experience the approach would be easy, the special tea took care of that. But it also meant that peak was much more difficult to crest. The tea could keep you stuck for hours with release just outside your reach, if you didn't know how to handle it. But he was a Master, after all.

"Michelangelo!" Splinter barked, between thrusts, his hips slowing. Even with his ass gyrating as it did, his prehensile tail was easily able to reach and lift the bowl of warmed oil from the coffee table, and lay it carefully next to his sons on the couch as his hips slowed to a stop. "Take the oil. Your brother... is next. Prepare him."

Mikey fumbled with one hand, struggling in the fogginess he lay in between Splinter's cock and Raph's ass. After some blind searching his hand sank in something slick and warm and coconut scented. He pulled his face back from Raph's ass and went up on one elbow to maneuver his oiled fingers between his brother's cheeks.

Raph hadn't entirely been paying attention to what Splinter said, or to what Mikey was doing. He'd let it wash over him like he did the awesome feelings he never wanted to let go of. But when Mikey's talented tongue withdrew, and he felt a thick, blunt digit replace it, he froze. His eyes went wide, his mouth hung open, and he struggled not to go weak in the knees and fall backward right onto Mikey's finger. The tongue had been one thing, but this...!

"M-Master Splinter," he began, his voice tight with his discomfort, but he met his father's gaze and swallowed whatever he'd been about to say.

"I may have given you leave to enjoy Michelangelo's mouth..." Splinter said in a low voice, "but just as much as his, your body belongs to me, every inch."

The tendril of fear that seemed to grip Raph's lungs at his father's tone seemed to take a grip on his cock as well, because it throbbed and spurted even harder. Then again, that might have been from the second finger that Mikey was trying to add to his hole. He was having a much

more difficult time of it than Splinter had with his slender, dextrous digits, but that just made him bite his tongue and try even harder.

“Ghuah, c-cool it, Mikey...!” Raph growled, but Splinter swiftly grabbed his chin and shoved his thumb into the turtle’s mouth. Raph groaned and suckled on it automatically, and after a moment, he grunted in surprise when Mikey’s second fingertip worked inside him. Splinter smiled and pulled his thumb back, wiping it on Raph’s cheek as he did.

“Time for a new position,” he ordered, amused at how natural such a phrase would also sound in the dojo. He took Raphael by the shoulders and maneuvered him with even more ease than he did when demonstrating in the dojo, pulling him forward and off of Mikey’s fingers. He turned the red-masked turtle around carefully, facing him the other way, then pushed him down to lay on his brother, face-to-face, making the both of them shudder and moan as their persistent erections rubbed against each other. The turtles’ eyes met, and it was barely a moment before they were once again kissing each other deeply.

“Such loving brothers...” Splinter mused idly, rubbing a hand down Raph’s shell to his ass, cupping one muscled green cheek and groping firmly and making him grunt into Mikey’s mouth. Splinter began to pull his hips back, but immediately stopped. He stroked his beard in thought for a moment, then leaned down to pick up the cup of oil from the couch to set it out of the way. He then reached down and took a hold of Mikey’s hips.

The two turtles practically yelped into each other’s mouths as their father began to tip them to one side, clinging to one another in the sudden disorientation. Mikey squeezed Raph tight and pressed his tongue firmly against the roof of his brother’s mouth, barely stopping himself from biting his brother’s lip, as Splinter’s cock was still lodged deep inside him. He *rotated* around it, effectively twisting his bowels as the two brothers were flipped over until Raph was on bottom and Mikey was on top.

Satisfied with the new arrangement, only now did Splinter pull his cock from Mikey’s well-stretched hole with an obscene slurp. Immediately it dropped down onto the edge of the couch cushion, the head settling against Raph’s darker, tighter hole. He took a moment to appreciate the severe difference in diameter between the two, even as Mikey’s futilely tried to close up behind Splinter’s fat schlong.

“Nng...oh god...” Mikey gasped against Raph’s neck as the two clung to one another tightly. He felt so impossibly *empty*. He almost wanted to turn his head and beg his Sensei to put it back in him, but Splinter had said it was Raphael’s turn. He felt Raph tense, and he knew that behind them, Splinter was pushing that battering-ram of a cockhead against Raph’s virgin hole. The memory of how his own penetration was fresh in his mind, and instinctively, he nuzzled against Raph’s cheek and whispered, “Shh, just relax...it only hurts at first...”

Splinter was going as slowly as before, but Raph was convinced that there was no way it had hurt this much for Mikey as his hole was speared open. Which was true. Mikey was much more

flexible, adaptable, much more willing to relax and let things take their course. But Raph was rigid, unyielding, more ready to shatter against an opposing force than bend to it. He couldn't let himself relax, not while his most intimate area was being invaded. He tensed up and bore down, but if there was anyone who could force past Raph's stubbornness and break his defenses, it was Master Splinter. The only other who even came close was Leonardo. But that was for another time.

Splinter's steady progress came to a stop in Raph much earlier than it had in Mikey. Less than a quarter of his cock was inside by the time firm pressure could no longer probe deeper. Tamping down his frustration, the rat leaned back and looked down at where his body and Raph's met. He could see his son's hole twitching angrily, ass clenched to rock hardness, which he reached down to massage firmly. The hard muscle quivered under his touch, tension beginning to melt while Raph hissed and swore against Mikey's shoulder. But not quickly enough.

Once again Splinter stroked his beard in thought. He retrieved the bowl of oil from where he'd set it, and poured it directly onto his cock while he shallowly thrust his hips, working it as he could into Raph's stonewalling hole. But it was still not enough. He set the now-empty bowl aside, and his eyes drifted across his sons' bodies, when the answer dawned on him. Rather than Raph's rump, he reached above it and took hold of Mikey's.

The younger turtle blinked at feeling Splinter's hands on his behind, but Raph's arms around him prevented him from trying to look back over his shoulder. Splinter moved him forward slightly until Raph's head was against his chest rather than his shoulder, and then one hand vanished. He wasn't sure what Splinter was doing, was this supposed to make Raph relax or-

Mikey barely felt the blunt cockhead pressed between his cheeks before Splinter took hold of his hips and yanked him down, and suddenly Mikey was impaled fully on Raph's erection. Both turtles cried out in surprise, and Raph's cock flared back to full hardness where it had been flagging from the pain of his first penetration. Almost immediately, Splinter was able to sink another portion of his cock past Raph's outer ring, and the old rat grinned.

With minimal prompting from Splinter's grip on his hips, Mikey began to bounce his ass on Raph's dick, the round green globes rippling pleasantly as they slapped against his brother's groin. Raph wasn't nearly the size of their father, but the angle and the shape of Raph's cock rubbed against slightly different places inside him, and Mikey devolved into needy moans as that sickly pleasure welled up from his hole all over again.

Raph gasped desperately for breath that was suddenly beyond him, hands grasping and sliding on Mikey's shell as he crashed between the immense phallus forcing its way inside him and the insanely tight heat of Mikey's rear. His brother's ass clenched him so hard you'd never imagine his hole was anything but untouched virgin, let alone that he'd just had a member as monumental as their Sensei's tear him open minutes ago.

With his hands still gripping Mikey's hips, Splinter matched his pace with that of Mikey's riding Raph's cock. When the younger turtle's ass dropped down, the rat thrust forward, penetrating Raphael more and more by miniscule increments. When he slammed his cock home at last, he let out a loud moan and pulled Mikey down, firmly planting Raph's cock as fully in Mikey's rear as he was in Raph's, and held his sons there with him as he relished the moment.

"Nnng...R-Raph..." Mikey gasped, head against the back of the couch. His hips twitched with the slightest attempts to resume bouncing his bubble butt on his brother, but Splinter held him fast. He looked down at Raph, whose face was buried against where Mikey's plastron met his clavicle.

"Mi-ikey..." Raph groaned back, his mask now stained with dark, wet spots that matched Mikey's, though he'd never admit that he'd been crying from the pain. "You're...you're rr-really tight..." he muttered, suppressing a squirm at feeling Splinter throb inside him. "H-how did you...t-take this...?!" Mikey laughed breathlessly and stroked Raph's head.

"Just...just focus on me, okay? I swear, it's gonna feel *awesome* when you finally relax...not that you ever do, you tightass..." he snickered half at his attempt at a joke, half at the absurdity of joking while he was the caboose in a three-car train-fuck with his father and brother.

"Hnng...s-sure you're n-not thinkin' a'Leo...?" Raph managed a weak laugh.

"Your brother speaks from experience, Raphael..." Splinter growled, leaning over Mikey's shell, stroking Raph's thighs with both hands. His voice was heavy with lust and gravitas, a perverse mutation of when he was teaching his sons a particularly important lesson. With agonizing slowness, he began to move again, drawing his hips back ever so slightly before pushing back in, lifting and lowering Mikey in sync. "Give yourself to it...submit to your Sensei...and you will feel pleasure which you've never known."

Raph panted against Mikey's chest, feeling like the slightest movement might reignite the pain in his ass that had reduced to a dull throbbing, like he was feeling his pulse through his entire lower body. Even as Splinter's cock tugged at his insides, the coconut oil barely managing to keep his ass from gripping fast to his father's flesh, he felt the echoes of pangs from his inner muscles, spectres of the stinging of snapping sinew. But with Mikey once again sliding up and down his cock, he turned his attention to that, to the blooming flashes of pleasure that blanketed the pain. He noticed the twinges of sensation as his father's cock rubbed against a knot of nerves inside him...And gradually, his hole began to relax.

Splinter smiled in pride as he felt Raphael's ass relax around his shaft, and picked up the pace considerably with the reduced tension. Crushing tightness was well and good, but there was much more to be said for the warmth and softness of a submissive ass.

The sounds of their rutting filled the lair, slapping of skin on skin, the wet and strained noises of lubricated orifices, the moans of pleasure and astonishment as Splinter well and truly introduced his sons to the realm of sexual gratification.

Michelangelo bounced on his brother's cock, riding it hard without further guiding needed from their father. He sat up, propping himself up with his hands on the back of the blessedly sturdy couch, so he could look down and watch Raphael's face, taking further vicarious pleasure in watching his expression and knowing he was helping to make his beloved brother feel this way.

Raphael let his hands wander over Mikey's body, groping and rubbing his brother's thighs, up his sides, across his plastron, even up to stroke the side of his face, which Mikey nuzzled into and kissed his palm. Raph thought for a moment that maybe this moment was making up for all the hours of annoyance and frustration that had passed between them in the past, but if anything, he thought they only enhanced what he was feeling now. He loved his agitating, obnoxious brother. And Mikey loved his hot-headed, attitude-having brother. And they both loved their father who, as always, had opened their minds and guided them into a new phase in their lives.

As he plowed Raphael's ass, each thrust lifting him slightly off the couch and pushing him deeper into Mikey's hole, Splinter found himself thinking how he had never been able to fully express the way he loved his sons. Perhaps this was a step in the right direction. Perhaps he could bring their *entire* family closer together, this way.

He was so focused on the future that he only barely realized he was on the utmost edge of climax when it was upon him. A near-panicked moan tore from his throat, his hips swiftly become a frenzied blur, his mad rutting of Raph's rump made the couch creak and threaten to shift beneath them. The moans of his two sons were made strained and staccato under the force of their father's feverish fucking. And with a roar from his maw, the elderly rat fired his first volley of thick, hot seed deep into Raphael's ass.

Raph gasped as something molten and boiling suddenly filled him, and that spot inside him where the new, sickly pleasure was emanating from burst with heat and sensation through his entire body. He arched his neck backward, lifting off the couch with a roar that almost met Splinter's, and started cumming into Mikey's bouncing ass.

Splinter kept cumming, three, four, five shots, already overflowing and spilling out of Raphael's ass around his pumping cock. His mutant rodent physiology had blessed him with voluminous capacity, and he felt nearly overwhelmed as his orgasm continued. He distantly heard Raph cry out, and then a shuddering whine from Mikey, and their father snarled as a new impulse took him.

Even with Raph's ass clenching like a vice around him as the elder turtle climaxed, he tore back his hips and tugged his cock free with a lurid slurp, cum pouring from the unplugged hole. Even as a new rope of cum leapt from his head, he aimed his cock with impeccable accuracy, and his

hot jizz crashed against where Raph's cock met Mikey's ass precisely just moments before his cockhead was jabbing against it as well.

Mikey practically screamed as his ass was forced open doubly with Splinter's cock shoving inside him alongside Raphael's, wedging in with lubrication from his father's mid-orgasm and continuing its powerful stream of cum. Splinter's essence mingled and swirled with Raphael's load inside Mikey's hole, and it was soon at capacity as well, the excess spurting out in thin jets, highly pressurized by the two cocks in Mikey's poor, heavily strained ass.

Even as he screamed from the overwhelming shock of his double-penetration, Mikey's eyes rolled back in his head as his own cock twitched and sprayed its load across Raph's torso, shooting hard enough to soak Raph's face and mouth. Raph was too busy to even notice his brother's cum on his tongue as he snarled and howled from the unbearable pressure of Splinter's cock compressed on his, threatening to pinch his flow of cum as he helped top Mikey's hole off again and again for what felt like forever.

But their shared orgasm did not last forever. Raph's died out first, sending shivers through his body that rattled his breath out from his throat, the exquisite weakness of a well-deserved afterglow setting in after his final shot of cum inside his brother's hole.

Mikey gave one final spurt onto Raph's chest before he collapsed with a shaking gasp onto his brother's cum-soaked body, face pressed against Raph's, consciousness threatening to abandon him while his ass went slack, releasing its vice-like grip on the two cocks lodged inside him.

Splinter's climax finished last, and he pulled out of Mikey's double-stuffed ass with some slight difficulty to make two straggling spurts that painted the young turtle's already-spattered ass and dribble down onto his brother's balls and ass. Again, the rat took a moment to admire his handiwork with both of his sons' holes stretched open wide and dripping with his cum. Mikey's clearly won, Raph's put up no competition.

For a moment, the wise Sensei didn't know what to do with himself. His knees threatened to buckle underneath him, dizziness swung circles around his head trying to pull him down. After a moment he lost the will to deliberate, and collapsed forward and to the side, arm draped across Mikey's shell as he came to rest to the side of both his sons, his hot breath on their faces.

The three of them panted for breath for some time, not wanting to interrupt the immaculate afterglow that gripped them, minds flirting with the possibility of passing out then and there on the cum-soaked couch. Slowly, Splinter managed to lift his head and lean forward slightly, planting a kiss on Michelangelo's cheek, and then one on Raphael's.

"I love you, my sons," he huffed with his remaining strength, barely audible even with their faces so close.

"L-love you too, ff-father..." Raph managed first, voice haggard but determined to speak.

"Love y-you...b-both..." Mikey breathed a minute or two later, his mind and body finally scraping together the energy to cooperate and form a response. As much as he was able at the moment, Raph smirked.

"Love you t-too... I-lil' bro..."

Despite his exhaustion, Splinter beamed with pride.

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"What is it you wish to discuss, my son?" Splinter said, without turning around.

Raphael sighed. He was sure he'd entered without making a sound, but Splinter had still known he was there. He bowed, then sat on the floor at not quite a respectful distance. "I... it's about last week."

"Oh?" Splinter turned. "Does something about the experience trouble you?"

"No!" Raphael said, hastily, then calmed himself. "Not at all, Master Splinter. I... it was... I mean... I liked it." He took a deep breath, tried to gather his thoughts. "You said, before everything got started, that we had to know all different techniques. So that means that... everything we did... was a technique. It was something that I might need to know someday."

If Splinter had something to say to that, he didn't say it yet.

"And I was thinking," Raphael continued, "well, I can see how these... skills..." he blushed but pushed on, "could be used for all sorts of things. Infiltrating. Getting information. Getting someone to defect. Getting close to someone so you can take them out. Right?"

"An insight that does you credit," Splinter said, stroking his beard, "Indeed, sexual skill has been a weapon in the ninja's arsenal for centuries."

Raphael nodded. He seemed to be trying to find a way to say something, but without success. So splinter broke the silence.

"However," he said, "it is a weapon with which you will need more training."

Raphael nodded, "Yes, Sensei."

"Very well." Splinter stood and opened his robe, and Raphael felt a tingle of excited anticipation. "But before we begin," Splinter continued, and Raph felt the tingle go quiet, "Where is Michelangelo? Does he not wish for further training?"

"I don't..." Raphael blushed, "He's actually been hanging out with Donnie. I think he's, uh, trying to, you know. Get in his shell."

"I see." Splinter said. "I suppose we should not be surprised that Michelangelo has not chosen the most responsible course."

"But I have." Raphael said, worrying there'd been a question mark hidden somewhere in there.

"Perhaps," said Splinter, "There is nobody whose shell you wish to get into?"

Raphael blushed harder again and looked at the floor. "I, uh," he sighed heavily, "I haven't decided if I'd rather fuck Leo or be fucked by him."

"Perhaps you hoped additional training would make that choice clearer for you?" Splinter asked.

"Perhaps." Raphael answered.

"In that case," said Splinter, "I shall prepare tea."

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Story by Star Ringer 2017

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