RECRUITING LITTLE BROTHER

By Apollon

 Intro; Two girls lament the missed opportunity with boys their age so they recruit one girl’s younger brother to handle their needs.

 “Oh my God, it was so hot! I got so horny.” Fourteen-year-old Marsha said as she was relating her steamy experience a few nights before to her best friend, Stephanie. She was anxious to hear what her friend had to tell her but she was invited to go first. “We were parked way down on Cedar Lane in an old driveway with trees and stuff, so it was real private,” she said. Her voice was hushed even though they were alone in the house and sequestered in Stephanie’s room. “Barry had his dad’s car; it was kind of big, a Buick or something with lots of room. And by the time we got parked Kathy and Dale were already making out in the back seat. It was so cool to be asked out by high school boys. Dale is so cute; he’s on the football team and has muscles and all. Barry is kind of a nerd and wears glasses and is smart but he’s really nice and has a license and can get the car.”

The pretty brown-eyed brunette paused for a few seconds as her friend leaned forward anxious for the story to continue. “When they told us to wear skirts we knew what they wanted, like they kind of expected Jr. High girls would put out if high school boys asked them out. But Kathy and I decided we didn’t care, I mean, if they wanted to we’d probably let them do it.”

“Oh my God...did you?” Stephanie blurted. “Well Kathy did and I wanted to, but let me finish,” Marsha continued. “Kathy and Dale were already making out hot and heavy but Barry was a little shy so when we started kissing I Frenched him and put his hand on my boob and then he started getting into it. I was sort of leaned back against the door and he finally pushed his hand under my top and under my bra and started feeling me up. I know I don’t have much up there but it seemed to turn him on. I felt his dick getting hard against my leg.”

“Then I peeked over the back of the seat,” she continued, “And Dale had Kathy’s top clear off, her bra pushed up and was actually sucking her tits.” “Oh my God,” Stephanie said again, “I’ll bet Kathy really loved that.” “Oh she did, and then while he was doing that, Dale pushed her skirt up and started pulling her panties down.” Stephanie gasped in anticipation. “They must have planned it or something because Barry pushed my top up and moved his head over and started trying to do the same thing and then I couldn’t see in the back seat.” “But did he…I mean…did you let him suck yours?” Stephanie asked. “Oh, yeah,” she said, “We were in kind of an awkward position, but he did it and it was wonderful?” She emphasized the last word.

“OK, OK, so then what happened?” Stephanie said pressing for more details. “Well, Barry started to sort of hump against my leg and I could feel he was really hard. Then we could hear them in the back seat and knew they were doing it and then Barry got braver and pushed his hand under my skirt. We sort moved around and he felt me over my panties then moved them aside and started poking around until he found the right spot then he pushed in and started doing me with his finger. It was so good and I was so horny, I wanted him to do it so I reached down and felt his cock through his jeans. Then he started moving up like he was going to and started to fumble with his fly then he just groaned and said, ‘Oh shit,” and then I felt a wet spot on his jeans. He went off in his pants.”

Stephanie chuckled, “That’s so gross. So then what did you do?” “Well he was so embarrassed; all he did for ten minutes was apologize and moved back behind the wheel trying to cover up his wet spot. Then he mumbled he should be getting the car back and Dale said, ‘Not yet, they weren’t finished’. So Barry just sort slumped in the seat and I straightened my clothes out and peeked over again.” “Did you see ‘em, were they doing it?” Stephanie asked anxiously. “Oh yes,” Marsha admitted with a shrug and a grin. “Kathy was practically naked and had her legs around Dale and his pants were down, I could see his butt, and he was really giving it to her.” She flexed her hips imitating the motion to her friend. “Then I quit looking hoping Barry would want another try, but he didn’t. When we heard them gasping he just told them not to get anything on the seats, then waited a few minutes and started the car.”

“So after they dropped us off I Kathy filled me in,” Marsha continued, “She said it had hurt when he first put it in because it was her first time, and he went off right away. But he left it in and after a few minutes he started doing it again and she said the more he did it the better it felt and he just kept going and going then he went off again and then she did.” “What, he made her come?” Stephanie questioned. Marsha nodded. “Then she said he came over a couple of days later when her folks were gone and they did it again and she got off again.” “That’s so cool,” Stephanie lamented. “But if she keeps doing it she’s going to get pregnant.” “She’s lucky,” Marsha observed, “She was having cramps and trouble with her periods so her mom put her on birth control, she’s so lucky.” They nodded. “So tell me what happened to you last week,” Marsha said.

“Well Paula asked me to come over. She was going to be alone in the house all day so she invited her boyfriend over and he was going to bring a friend. We were going to do something fun like play strip poker or something. Then at the last minute the friend either chickened out or had to go somewhere with his parents or…I don’t know. Anyway he didn’t show, so it was just me and Paula and her boyfriend. He’s going to be a sophomore this year and he’s really cute. He’s tall and has long wavy black hair.” Marsha’s look suggested she get on with the story.

“Anyway he still wanted to play strip poker and we argued a little then went ahead and played.” “So did you get to see him?” Steph asked anxiously. “Yes; as you could guess we all three ended up naked and Paula’s boyfriend was horny and sticking out and I got a good look. It was really big and I could see his balls and it was like he was kind of showing it off. Then he kept sort playing around with Paula, grabbing her boobs and trying to make out and finally, he just sort of pulled her up and headed for the bedroom saying they’d be back in a while. Then he came right back out and got some packets out of his jeans pocket, that Paula told me later were rubbers, and he kind of whispered, “Maybe I’ll give you a turn later,” and went back in the bedroom.”

“So I was just sitting around naked, imagining what they were doing, being jealous and wondering what it felt like. But I never got a turn, I think he wanted to do it with me but maybe Paula was going to be jealous.” “So you didn’t get laid either and you’ve never really done it then?” Marsha asked. “No, not really, I mean, I’ve gotten off, you know like for myself sometimes, but you’ve done it, really? You never really told me for sure.”

“Yes but like only with this one boy, Davis, when I was twelve and he was thirteen,” she admitted. “Our parents were all having this New Year’s Eve party at our house; there were four couples and some kids, and you know like when it’s midnight everybody kisses someone?” Stephanie nodded. “Well when it turned midnight everybody started kissing and Davis, this kid, was standing next to me and just turned and kissed me and he held it a really long time. I’d never kissed liked that and I really liked it and everybody thought it was so cute and then just went back to partying.”

“Then we went downstairs with the younger kids,” she continued, “And the grown-ups kept drinking and partying. After a while mom called me and Davis upstairs and said his folks and another couple weren’t going to drive home and would stay and would we make a bed up with quilts for the little kids and then I could go to bed in my room and Davis could have the couch. Mom was pretty tipsy so we spread out some quilts and got the little kids settled. They were seven and eight and falling asleep but they thought it was fun to see each other in their underwear.”

“So when I started to go to my room just off the basement family room, Davis stopped me and asked me if I liked it when we kissed. I said I did and he kissed me again and this time he pressed against me like we were dancing. I could feel his thing pressing against me and it made me feel funny. I was thinking about it when I put on a nightgown and crawled into bed. I just laid there thinking about Davis kissing me and how it had made him hard and I started kind of imagining things. About an hour later, things were quieter upstairs and my bedroom door opened, I hadn’t latched it. There was a dim night light and I could see Davis coming over toward my bed and I could see all he was wearing was a tee shirt and jockey shorts.”

He leaned over and whispered, “Marsha, are you awake?” “Yes,” I whispered back. He said, “I went up for a drink of water and the grown-ups have gone to bed or passed out.” Then he sat on the edge of my bed and said, “I really liked kissing you.” “I liked it, too I said. “Can I kiss you again?” he said. “Yes,” I said and he leaned over and kissed me again. So here I was in my bedroom with a boy in his underwear and my heart was beating so loud.” “So then what happened?” Stephanie pressed. “He kept leaning over me and kissing me and pulled the covers down a little and felt my nips, I was so flat then. He was right up next to my ear and whispered there was another way we could celebrate besides kissing and that it was really kind of a tradition and that he thought his parents were doing it and did I know what he meant?”

“We’d just had that class in school and some girls were talking about it some had even done it and I told him I knew what he meant and he just asked me if I wanted to. And it felt so good when he touched me but I was kind of scared and he kept saying he really liked me and wanted us to do it together since it was New Year’s and that we were old enough. And while he was talking he pulled the blankets down and pushed my nightgown up and kept feeling me up and I got so horny.”

“Then he just started pulling my panties down,” she continued, “And I knew I shouldn’t let him but I wanted to so I lifted up and let him pull them clear off. Then he sort ran his hands over my puss and pushed my legs apart. It was pretty dark but I could see his thing sticking up in his undershorts and he stood up and pulled them down and I could see his thing sticking straight out. All I had seen before then was little kids’ but his looked kind of big and I could see some hair and his balls hanging down. Then he just climbed on the bed and lifted my legs over his knees and started rubbing me again.”

Marsha got sort a guilty look and pressed her hand into her crotch. “I’d never been horny like that before and he kept telling me how beautiful I looked and what a great kisser I was while he started poking his thing in my crack and rubbing me on my…well you where I mean. I mean just before that I was sort of dreaming about kissing and sex and stuff and here I was actually doing it.”

“Then he slid it around trying to find the right place to put it in, and I never really told him yes but I didn’t say no either and he kept trying to find the hole until I reached down and guided it for him to the right spot and then he just pushed it in. It really hurt at first and I had to bite my tongue to keep quiet but he kept pushing and pushing until it was all the way in. Then he started moving and it started feeling better and then just as it started to feel really good he sort of grunted and I felt him twitch inside me. Then he just went sort of limp and soft and rolled off.”

“I really felt like I wanted to do it more, but we were naked with our parents upstairs and it was cold and he pulled his shorts back on, kissed me again and went back out to the couch. I was really wet down there and I figured out he had come in me and used some tissue. I hadn’t gotten off much before that and didn’t know what I was missing until later,” she looked a little sheepish, “when I did it for myself.” Stephanie sort of punched her friend and giggled. “Oh, I know,” she said, “I do it, too.”

“I think my mom figured out we did it,” Marsha lamented. “She started giving me lectures about boys and trying things and that I could get pregnant and I should wait ‘til I was older. So I haven’t done it, I mean all the way, with a boy since. But God, I want to. And I found out how to time it with my periods so I was ready to do it with Barry. I wanted to get laid so bad. I’m so horny.” She thrust he fingers down the front of her cut-off Levis. “Don’t you, I mean if you’ve never done it?”

“Oh my yes,” Stephanie said. “I think about doing it a lot, and I see lots of boys I’d do it with. But I’m scared of getting pregnant now, too.” She eyed Marsha’s fingers in her pants and sort of smiled, then pushed her own hand down the front of her sweats. “Talking about this has gotten me so horny,” Marsha volunteered, unzipping her jeans and pushing her hand deeper down her front. “We need a vibrator or something.” “I wish we had one,” Stephanie volunteered.

“Maybe I should call Barry and give him a second chance,” Marsha chuckled. “But he was so embarrassed he might not talk to me.” “Or maybe give Paula’s boyfriend a call,” Stephanie scoffed, “But Paula would never forgive you.” The girls eyed each other as they brazenly rubbed themselves. “We’re such sluts,” Marsha commented, “But I really want to get laid.” “Me, too,” Stephanie added just as they heard the back door slam.

They pulled their hands out of their pants in a panic move. “Who was that?” Marsha asked. “Just my little brother; He’s been over at a friend’s,” Stephanie answered. “I thought you were alone.” “Well I was, except I was supposed to stay home and watch him when he got home.” Steph replied. “You’re watching your cute little sixth grade brother?” Marsha queried a sly almost evil look on her face. “Oh, no; you’re not thinking what I think you’re thinking,” she said. “Why not,” Marsha grinned, “He’s a boy.” “But he’s only eleven,” Steph protested. “But he’s got a weenie and I bet he’s horny.”

“All boys his age are horny,” Steph observed. “He tries sneaking peeks at me and I’ve seen him playing with it, you know with his hand in his pants, and in his pocket. And I caught him once with his friend Robby looking at Playboys and playing with themselves.” “So you’ve seen it, I mean what’s his like?” Marsha pressed. “Not really full on naked,” Stephanie said, “I mean I’ve seen it a few times, like in the hallway under his towel or in the leg of his shorts; it’s not very big even when he gets hard and sticks up in his shorts or pajamas. “But you’re not serious, I mean, he’s my brother.”

“Oh I’m serious. Think about it. We’re alone with a horny boy who would probably love the chance to be with some hot babes like us, and we’re horny as hell and dying to get laid. And I bet he’s too young to get us pregnant. Does he come or even have any hair yet?” Marsha inquired. “I don’t know, but I don’t think he’s real mature yet,” Stephanie answered, starting to consider what Marsha was saying. She had to admit she had observed her brother’s budding sexuality and was amused at his attempts to peek and spy on her. But she hadn’t considered really doing anything with him…until now.

“OK, call him in here and just follow my lead,” Marsha instructed, before Stephanie had more time to consider. Stephanie eyed her friend a second, and then went to the door. “Hey Zach, come here a minute,” she called. “What?” was the muted reply from the adjacent bedroom. “Come into my room; Marsha’s here and we want to talk to you.” Stephanie knew her brother liked Marsha, maybe even had a little boy crush on her. “Hi Marsha,” the boy said pausing at the doorway, “So what do you want?”

Zach had experienced a recent growth spurt but was slim to the point of being skinny and sort of gangly. He had fairer skin than his sister and short-cut straw blonde hair about the same color as Stephanie’s. He had on a short-sleeve button up shirt with the tail out which covered the waist band of his jockey shorts when his jeans drooped low on his slim hips.

“Come in,” Marsha said, “There’s something we want you to do for us.” “So what do you want me to do?” he asked, stepping inside. “Well first you have to promise you won’t say anything to anybody about what we want.” She glanced at Zach’s sister who was still looking nervous. “You know your sister never rats on you does she, like when she catches you looking at playboys or playing with yourself?” “Well she doesn’t…how did you…I mean I don’t…” the boy stuttered turning crimson. “Of course you do. All boys look at Playboy and jerk off and do it with their friends, too.” Marsha was guessing from she heard about boys but the look on Zach’s face told her she was on target. “She never tells on you does she?” “Umm, I guess not,” the boy said sheepishly looking at his sister.

Stephanie looked at the two in disbelief at Marsha’s boldness with her little brother. “So if you promise not to tell anyone we want you to do something for us and you’ll like it,” “Umm, I don’t know, I guess…but what do I have to do?” Zach was wary but he wondered where this was going. “We’ll show you,” Marsha said and moved over slinking up to the boy and reaching for the buttons on his shirt. Zack had always thought Marsha was cute and she was usually nice to him when she was around. So he didn’t stop her. “What are you doing?” he asked, watching her fingers work the buttons. “I’m taking your shirt off,” she said, slipping the garment over his shoulders and off, baring the boy’s slim chest. Then she reached for his belt and started to tug.

Zach grabbed her hand, “What are you doing now?” he asked. “I’m undoing your pants,” she said. “For what we want you to do you have to take your clothes off,” Marsha said, smiling at the boy with a sly look. “You mean all the way naked?” he blurted, holding on to the front of his pants. “Yes, and we will be too, won’t we Steph,” Marsha said, looking at her friend for confirmation. “Umm, I guess so,” Steph, responded, still a little unsure of the proceedings. Zach glanced at his sister then back at Marsha with an unsure look. “You will, too?” he asked, disbelieving. “Uh huh, let me show you.” Marsha stepped back and pulled her top over her head, then reached behind and undid the hook to her bra and let it slip off of her shoulders.

Zach’s eyes went like saucers as Marsha’s bare tits came into view. They were small and firm, shaped like cones, not as big as the pictures he and his friend had enjoyed. But they were real live tits on a real live girl, and he was looking at them. “See, I told you.” Then she stepped up and reached for Zach’s belt this time he didn’t resist; his eyes were glued to the pretty girl’s tits. Marsha made sure to keep her chest in front of his face as she undid his belt and snap and lowered the zipper on the boy’s jeans. Only when she bent to pull them down did he break his gaze.

He looked sideways at his sister as his pants cleared his knees knowing a little tent was beginning to show in his undershorts. She had seen him in his underwear many times and even naked when they were little, but he started to get nervous as Marsha reached for his shorts. “We need to make sure you’re qualified,” she said and before he could react or object the cute brunette tugged his jockeys over his swelling boy cock and dropped them to the floor.

He started instinctively to cover himself but Marsha simply stopped his hands and knelt in front of him smiling at his pulsing penis. “Oh, yes, this will do nicely, won’t it Steph. It’s bigger than I thought.” she said and boldly reached up and brushed her fingers over his crown and then curled them around his shaft. Zach’s heart pounded more blood into his stiffening organ. He stared and stammered in disbelief. He sensed his sister step up beside him and look at his nakedness as her friend cautiously examined his extended organ. “It’s nice,” she whispered.

Stephanie was slightly awed. She had seen her brother naked when they had bathed years ago. And she had determined by the growing bulge in his jockey shorts from time to time that he was growing. But she had still pictured him owning only a little boy’s teeny weenie. Instead he was sporting a hard organ and firm ball sack that was leading his growth to manhood ahead of his almost twelve years. She couldn’t help staring and feeling the urge to touch it.

It was slim, almost five inches pointing up and away pulsing with his heartbeat. Zach had measured it faithfully monitoring the growth that was ahead of his friend Rudy and some others he had compared with. He looked down his body at it as Marsha and Stephanie studied the almost arrow shaped little crown on the end and the length that looked substantial on his slim body. They eyed the small bag of flesh that hung at the base and the two small orbs that rested on either side.

It had happened so fast. One minute he was standing in his sister’s bedroom; the next minute he was naked and a cute topless girl was stroking his stiff weenie. “Aren’t you…I mean are you going to…” he stuttered looking at Marsha’s firm tits. “OK, we will,” she said, “Because I want this right away.” And she gave his dick a gentle squeeze. She stood up, stepped back a little, unsnapped and unzipped her tight, frayed cut-offs and squeezed them over her hips. The motion had tugged her pale blue panties down a little ways and as she stepped out of her short jeans she hooked her thumbs in the elastic and pushed them to her ankles.

She stood for a few seconds letting the boy get a good look. If it had been a high school boy in front of her or even one of her Jr. High class mates she couldn’t have been so brazen. But the gasp and look of astonishment on the eleven year old viewing a completely naked girl for the first time was priceless. She paused almost posing while the pre-teen boy gawked at the sparse layer of hairs over the girl’s mound. “You, too Steph,” Marsha said moving her attention back to the boy’s crotch. Glancing sideways at his sister Zach saw her pull her top off and start to lower her sweats recalling all the times he had tried to peek at her.

Zach’s sister couldn’t believe she was doing this. But Marsha had pushed things along so fast. It was strange standing there looking at her naked little brother. He was fair almost pale, and sandy-haired like she was. There were hardly any sun lines on his body. He had grown taller recently but still had the body of a boy. And there it was standing straight up from his slim body; his ‘thing’, dick, cock, penis, all the things she had heard it called. She had seen it soft slipping from towels and shorts and seen the little tents he sometimes sprung and wouldn’t admit to looking. But now it looked bigger than she expected. She felt a flush go over her as she realized she was ‘perving’ on her little brother and at Marsha’s urging about to get naked in front of him.

Steph was bigger in the chest department than Marsha, one of the better endowed eighth graders, perhaps a C to Marsha’s B, but just as firm, only wiggling when she wanted them to. It was a fact that was not lost on Zach or his friends. He stared expectantly for a few seconds as the cups of her white bra slipped off, when his attention snapped back to Marsha. She was cupping his small ball sack and clumsily jerking him off but she had him hard as a rock.

“Oh, I’ve got to have this now,” Marsha breathed and backed up toward the bed and sat on the edge leading him in front of her spread legs. He gawked at the puffy lips and slit, lightly dusted with fine brown hairs that Marsha displayed. “OK, I want you to fuck me.” “What?” “I want you to put your dick in me. “I know what it is…I’m not dumb you know…but you really want…I mean I don’t…” he sputtered.

“We’ll show you what to do,” the girl said, confident she could mask her inexperience. She gripped his stiff phallus and stroked him rapidly again. “There now just put it in,” she said leaning back and spreading the lips of her pussy. Zach looked at the pink crevice and hesitated. Marsha took him in one hand and aimed at the crevice. He was bewildered but certainly not going to waste an opportunity he had only heard and dreamed about. Pushing forward he felt wetness on the end of his dick and began probing, but off target. He slipped up and down the crevice gathering moisture, trying to find the entrance. Marsha tried to guide him the angle on the edge of the bed was not helping. “Steph help him find it,” Marsha said in desperation, and leaned back rolling her hips to a better angle.

Stephanie couldn’t believe how horny this was making her and what she did next. She brazenly reached for her little brother’s dick and aimed it where she knew the target to be. “There it is,” Marsha acknowledged and Steph pulled her hand back as Zach thrust forward with his hips. They all looked down as the slim shaft disappeared into Marsha’s tunnel. “Ah, yes, that’s it. Now push in all the way,” Marsha instructed. Zach leaned forward closing the distance between them, leaning over the girl on his outstretched arms.

All of a sudden Zach felt ten feet tall. He was doing it, fucking a girl; like he saw in some pictures and older boys talked about in fibs and fantasies. He wasn’t even twelve yet and he was doing it. His friends had said a boy was lucky to get to do it by the time they were fifteen. And it was wonderful; warm and wet on his dick, squeezing it gently as he instinctively started moving. It was natural, push it in a little, pull it back a little, do some more and get more in.

Marsha’s eyes were wide as she looked up at the boys’ face. Her lips were parted slightly as if ready to gasp. This had started out as kind of a little joke or game. She hadn’t really expected things to go this far or fast and if they did she might be able to feel a tiny little boy weenie. But Zach was at that stage of puberty when the growth of his organ had preceded his body and maturity. She knew the adult male was bigger but he had filled her, stretched her a little even and now felt him touching her in all the right places.

“Oh yes, this is good,” she breathed as the boy began speeding up. “Can you come yet?” she asked, in a flash of concern, “I mean make sperm yet?” He knew from health class and demonstrations by older boys what she meant. “I get off, but, nothing comes out yet,” he responded. “Good, just keep going and you get to do your sister, too.”

 Zach felt a hand moving lightly over his body. He looked up and saw his sister staring over his shoulder where his hairless penis was disappearing into her friend. She had dropped her pants and had one hand over the crotch of her simple cotton panties. She smiled at her little brother marveling at his prowess with her friend and imagining herself in the same position. Their eyes met for just a second and they traded smiles. “He is really cute,” she thought, “Maybe this was a good idea.” She let her hand brush lightly over Zach’s naked back and let it drift down to his slim butt feeling it flex between her friend’s legs.

Zach humped harder into Marsha savoring the sensation but surprised to find himself anxious to try it with his sister. He turned his attention back to Marsha as she began breathing harder. She had a look of urgency and he was beginning to get that feeling. Marsha gasped and shuddered splaying her legs out widely then curling them around Zach’s legs. She didn’t feel the feeble drip of sterile semen leak from his tip but felt Zach wince a couple of times as if chilled. She could have kept going but looked up to see Stephanie smiling at her and sort of pushed Zach off to the side. He rolled over feeling the coolness on his dick but pleased that it was still hard.

 Marsha reminded Stephanie it was her turn and Zach watched as his sister slowly pulled off her panties displaying a blonde patch of fur over her prominent mound. Stephanie had been nervous almost reluctant to get naked with her little brother. But Marsha had just sort of made it happen and now she kind of liked the admiring look he was giving her as he viewed her naked body. If he had been inclined to go limp the view of his naked sister would have reversed the situation. She was drop dead gorgeous. At fourteen she had the body of sixteen and would have given a brass monkey a hard on.

“Look, he’s still ready to go,” Marsha observed nodding to Zach’s still hard pre-teen dick. He would fondly remember the stamina of youth. “Get up on the bed,” Marsha said and Stephanie complied climbing past her brother and lying back against some pillows. “Move up here,” she added to Zach. He scooted up on his knees next to his sister’s legs.

Cool fingers curled around his stiff dick ignoring the dampness and Zach winced, looking back at a grinning Marsha who had perched on the bed beside him. “This is really nice,” Marsha said, “Isn’t it Steph?” Zach was watched his sister nod as he surveyed her nakedness. Other fingers had been around his dick when he and some friends got together. But all this was the first with a girl, the first anything with a girl. Marsha stroked him gently getting him fully hard again before encouraging forward and moving Stephanie’s hand to her brother’s dick. Stephanie’s only contact with a boy’s thing to this point was the fumbling through clothes at a couple of parties. She massaged her brother awkwardly.

“You can feel too, if you want,” Marsha whispered and with a free hand placed one of his on Stephanie’s firm tit. She felt his dick lurch in his her fingers as his hand touched her breast. She guided it from one to the other pleasantly surprised at his touch and leaned closer. “And down here if you want,” Marsha added and scooted his hand down letting it rest on the soft pubes of Stephanie’s mound. This was euphoria for a pubescent boy. Marsha had been is such a hurry all he had done was poke it in. Now he rubbed his fingers over the top of his sister’s mound without knowing what to do or what he was working with.

He ran his fingers through the blonde curls reaching the top of her slit. A little moisture greeted his fingers as he moved them down slightly parting the slit. Then Marsha moved his hand back up until he felt a little bump. “There, rub right there,” the girl instructed bringing a gasp from Stephanie when she felt the touch, and rolling her hips in response. Then leaving Zach’s hand in place Marsha slipped her own fingers down and probed at Stephanie’s entrance. “Marsha!” Steph protested weakly. “Just getting you ready,” the cute brunette said as she slowly pressed a finger into Steph’s tunnel.

In all their antics and fantasies the girls had never done this with each other but Stephanie didn’t protest when Marsha plunged her finger in as she had done for herself. The girls eyed each other as Zach kept rubbing and then Marsha said, “Ready?” Steph nodded and she pulled her hand away and directed Zach between his sister’s legs. “Here,” Marsha said, and scooted a pillow under Stephanie’s hips. “OK, tiger,” Marsha said, “Fuck your sister.”

Zach needed no more encouragement and pushed up quickly aiming his tool at his sister’s pussy. The angle was good and he slipped the tip in her crack and quickly found the right hole. But when he started pushing in it slipped up and past then with another attempt slipped down the other way. It was smaller and tighter than Marsha’s had been and resisted his entry. With his sister’s help he nestled the tip at the opening then pressed a little harder. He felt himself go through a little ring then met with more resistance.

“Push harder,” Marsha instructed and as he pressed harder he felt his shaft stretch the tight ring and slip through. “Ouch, wait,” Stephanie winced and put her hands on his chest. Steph knew her little brother wasn’t as big as grown man or even a more mature high school boy. So she hadn’t expected the pain that girls rumored one expects the first time, and it didn’t really hurt. But he was bigger than her finger and it just sort of stretched. She held him still for a few seconds seeing the concern on his face. “You got her cherry,” Marsha announced. Stephanie felt her body start to relax around him. “OK,” she said after a few seconds and rolled her hips encouraging more of him in. He pressed more slowly watching her face leaning over on outstretched arms with her hands on his elbows.

When he felt his bare pubic arch touch her furry one their eyes met and he held still. “It’s in,” he announced. She nodded, acknowledging the obvious. Then she sort of smiled and he started to pull back just a little and then gradually started to move. It was tight but slippery and Zach resisted the urge to pump away like he had done with Marsha. But instead he ramped up his motion slowly feeling her naked flesh against him and Marsha’s hand on his back encouraging him. The more he moved the more slickness he felt around his dick. His sister’s eyes were wide and looking at him in surprise and concentration.

He began finding a rhythm and felt a hand sneak between his cheeks and fondle his balls. Despite having gone off once already he started to feel it again. He leaned forward pressing his body against his sister and feeling her tits against his chest. As he got more aggressive he slipped out and was quickly re-inserted. Then he felt that spot between his butt and balls start to clench and he gasped feeling the chill go through his body.

“Keep going,” Marsha encouraged. It felt like his balls were pulling up in his body. “Keep going,” Marsha encouraged again. His dick started to tingle almost tickle with sensation and he was almost ready to stop and pull out when he felt his sister’s arms and legs wrap around him and she gasped. Her body lurched and small spasms went through her then she splayed her legs apart and he felt her body clench around his dick.

Zach collapsed limply on his sister’s equally limp body. His head was next to hers his chest on hers and moisture glistened from them. They both felt him soften and he rolled off to the side. “Wow, that was so hot?” Marsha observed looking at them as she perched naked on her knees next to them. “You got off, huh?” she said to Stephanie. The blonde girl nodded, still flushed. “You’re lucky, most don’t the first time. Your brother’s a good lover, huh?” Zach lay on his stomach feeling strangely self-conscious. Coming was new to him and it had just happened while he was doing it with his sister. The two siblings smiled at each other as she nodded. “You need a wash rag,” Marsha announced and she jumped up, went into the bathroom and returned with two wet cloths.

Zach rolled over letting his shriveled dick flop against his thigh. They wiped the perspiration from their bodies and moved to their crotches. Zach barely noticed the slight pink ring that he washed off of his soft dick as he watched his sister. A minor wave of embarrassment spread over Stephanie when saw Zack looking at her. She had just given her cherry and been fucked by her eleven year old brother…and she had liked it. Now she was brazenly displaying the nakedness she had been trying to hide from him for so long.

“Oh, crap, I’m going to have to go pretty soon,” Marsha said looking at her watch and reaching for her clothes. Stephanie did the same pulling on her panties and bra. Zach pulled on his jeans without his jockey shorts watching the girls’ nakedness disappear. As she started for the door, Marsha halted and turned looking at her watch again. “Oh my God, this was too fun and I want to do it some more.” She pushed her cut offs down without taking them clear off and tugged the pants down on a grinning Zach. Reaching for his limp weenie Marsha said, “Come on Steph; let’s get him up again. This is just too good,” and circled her fingers around his flesh. “Zach eyed the nearly naked girl’s crotch. He felt his sister move behind him as her arm go around reaching for his middle where Marsha was trying to revive his boy organ. Stephane ran her fingers over his pale chest and down his middle and he felt himself coming to life again.

“Ah yeah, here we go,” Marsha announced, when his pre-teen penis could once again stand on its own. ““I want to try it this way,” she said, “Help him Steph.” She turned around bending over the easy chair next to the bed and parting her cheeks. “You mean in your butt?” Zach questioned. “No, silly; just from behind.” “Oh,” Zach dismissed the vision of experiment with a friend. His pants were still around his ankles so he scooted up behind feeling his sister’s hands all over him settling on his rising penis. Zach didn’t need help at this point but he relished his sister’s hands on him as she urged him forward into the folds of skin that Marsha held open inviting him again.

He probed the girl’s crevice and found the target instinctively plunged in and out delighted in the feel of the girl’s bare butt cheeks against his “Oh yeah,” she breathed, “this so good,” the girl breathed as she felt the slim boy slide in and grip her hips. Zach’s pre-teen penis had fully recovered and he began plowing into his sister’s friend. “So how about your, friend, Robbie? Would he want to have some fun with us too?” the girl asked over her shoulder. “Marsha!” Stephanie protested quietly. “Oh, yeah,” Zach said, looking up at the girl. “And would he keep quiet?” she asked. “Oh, yeah,” the boy assured her.

Stephanie was warmed by the display and couldn’t resist running her hands over her brother’s pale body. With just a few minutes of humping Zach felt the tingle started again. But before it happened again Marsh bucked under him and gasped before collapsing on the chair.

“Oh my God, that was so good,” she declared, then jumped up grabbing her clothes. “But I’ve got to go. He’s all yours, Steph,” and before he could react she grabbed Zach and kissed him hard on the lips. “There, you have to kiss her after too,” she said and giggled leaving a fair skinned boy blushing bright red with his pants down at his ankles.

The two siblings looked at each other as the door slammed behind Marsha. Steph looked down at her brother’s still damp pulsing cock. “I guess we shouldn’t waste that,” she said, releasing the hook from her bra again and pushing down her panties. Zach stepped out of his pants as she pulled him toward the bed and in after her. “We’ve got all night,” she said taking hold of his stiff weenie still damp with Marsha’s juices and guiding it toward her treasure.