TEEN CLIMAX (mmf inc)

John, my older brother, was sitting on the settee with

his friend Mick, and I was at the table doing my

homework, listening to my iPod on headphones. Except that

I wasn't - I had my ears uncovered so I could hear what

the two 17-year-olds were talking about. They were

looking at some magazines which John had, called `Teen

Climax'. Glossy colour photos of girls looking younger

than the 18 years that the law demanded, naked, showing

everything they could, sometimes doing things with other

girls or boys. I had seen it all before, but Mick hadn't.

He kept exclaiming crudely.

`Shit, look at that!' `Cor, look at the cunt on her!'

`Just imagine having that sitting on your prick!'

John was goading him on, as he does. `Bet she's tight.'

`Look at her little arsehole just begging for it.'

`Imagine those lips round your cock.'

Then the first strike. `Bet you wish you had a girl who'd

do all that.'

`Christ, not half.'

`Girl you could do anything you wanted with.'

`Jesus. I'd give anything.'

`She'd just let you do what you wanted, never complain.'

`Stop it!'

John twisted his head and called to me. `Jenny - come

over here.'

I smiled to myself and stood up. Walked across to stand

in front of them. In my white blouse, short navy school

skirt and white socks, I looked the picture of innocence.

Mick's jaw dropped.

`My mate here wants a young girl who'll do anything.'

I tilted my hips, smiled at him, the virgin coquette. I

bit my lip in mock shyness.

`You'll do anything, won't you?' John asked me. I nodded,

holding Mick's eyes with my own.

The boy was having trouble speaking, or even breathing,

it seemed. He just stared at me, open-mouthed.

`Why don't you take her clothes off, for starters?' John

suggested.

When the lad didn't move, I slowly undid the top button

of my blouse.

`Go on, she won't bite.' said my brother.

Mick stood up unsteadily. He was a head taller than me,

and had a gratifyingly large bulge in his trousers -

whether from Teen Climax or from me I couldn't tell. He

reached out slowly as if he was expecting me to scream or

kick him in the balls. But I didn't, just looked

submissive and relaxed. His fingers fumbled with the

buttons of my blouse. I could smell his maleness - the

sexual excitement mixed with a hint of fear. John just

sprawled on the settee, enjoying the show.

Eventually he got my blouse undone, tugged it out of my

skirt and slipped it off my shoulders. I don't really

need a bra yet but I was wearing one anyway - it gives

the boys some practice. Which he needed, fumbling with

the catch at the back for ages. I nearly gave up and

helped him, but then it snapped open and fell away from

my front. My firm little titties stuck forward, the puffy

nipples starting to harden. Mick moaned softly at the

sight, but he didn't touch them.

He turned his attention to my skirt, which unzipped at

the side. This was easier, and it fell to the floor,

revealing my skimpy plain white thong. He knelt in front

of me, his eyes devouring my pale slim body. I wondered

if he could see the line of wetness on the cotton over my

pussy.

`Go on, knickers too,' John encouraged. `She doesn't

mind.'

From the casual way in which I stood there, it must have

been obvious that I didn't. Mick hooked his fingers into

the sides of my thong and pulled them down slowly,

groaning softly as my mons with its thin tuft of blonde

hair was revealed. Then the top of my girlish slit. Then

the rest of my crotch, lightly dusted with blonde down.

My thighs don't touch at the top so once over my hips the

scrap of cotton fell to the floor, and I was naked save

my socks.

The boy's eyes were riveted to my pussy. `Can I ...

touch?' he whispered.

`Of course,' John said. `That's what she's here for.'

Mick reached out and stroked my stomach with his

fingertips, surprisingly gentle for such a big, urgent

bloke. My skin tingled. Then his fingers moved upwards to

examine my breasts and nipples, cupping them in his hot

hands. It felt good, and I arched my back slightly to

thrust my aching nipples against his palms.

He touched almost every square inch of my body, from the

shoulders down to my knees, avoiding my pubes for the

moment. Either he was a consummate master of teasing or

he was afraid to touch my most intimate bits, even when I

moved my feet apart to give him easier access. I closed

my eyes, relishing the feel of his hands roaming over my

naked skin.

Then I felt his fingers on my mons, sliding between my

legs, palpating my soft puffy labia.

`Oh God, she's wet,' he murmured, slipping a finger

between my lips.

`Taste it,' John suggested, and the other boy withdrew

his finger and licked it hesitantly.

`Tastes good?'

`Shit, yes.'

He was getting me more excited, so I turned round and put

my hands against the wall, bending from the hips,

planting my feet apart and thrusting my arse towards him.

I knew that he would be able to see every detail of my

little puckered arsehole and bare pussy with its fringe

of soft down. His hands massaged my taut slim buttocks

and slender thighs. Fingertips examined my anus and tight

perineum. I made my anus wink at him, and felt a finger

against it.

`Lick it, it'll slide in better then,' John said softly,

and Mick did so, penetrating my rear entrance up to the

first knuckle. I knew then that he was mine.

Further fingers slipped between my labia, needing no

extra lubrication. I squeezed tightly with my juvenile

but already strong muscles. Many boys took ages to get

this far - Mick was going fast, thank goodness.

`Do you want to watch her wank?' John asked.

`Oh god, yes!' Mick moaned.

I eased myself off his fingers and led him to the settee,

so that I could sit between the two boys. I threw a leg

over each of their thighs and put my arm around Mick's

neck, using the other hand to masturbate myself. Mick

craned sideways to watch as I spread my lips with two

fingers to reveal the pink membranes within. I knew that

my little clit was standing up proudly and my peehole and

vagina were both exposed and open. I began to circle my

clit with a finger, closing my eyes and resting my head

against Mick's shoulder. I lost all sense of what was

around me as I concentrated on my rising orgasm.

Although quick to arrive, it was a good one -

satisfyingly intense and quivery. I stroked my clit

gently as the heat and tension slowly drained away.

`She's all yours,' my brother said. `She'll do anything.'

I stayed limp, my limbs heavy over the two lads,

wondering what Mick would do. I felt his hands touching

me, hesitantly.

`Go on, tell her what you want,' John urged.

`I want her to suck my cock!'

I smiled to myself. Boys were so predictable.

I scrambled off the settee, no doubt leaving a wet patch,

and knelt between his legs. His trousers were distended

and it was quite hard to get the zip undone. His cock

sprang out, big and fat and already fully hard. I could

barely get my little hands around it. I licked the taut

purple glans, tasting the pre-cum which had already

leaked. I could tell he was close to orgasm and knew I

had to be careful. But the special grip that John had

taught me could keep him on the edge, but not tip him

over, for as long as I wanted.

My jaws would only just open wide enough to get him in.

The first three inches of his organ were enough to fill

my mouth completely, but my fists would enclose some of

the rest of his shaft. I looked sideways - my brother was

watching me intently, ever fascinated by my technique. I

got to work, sucking and licking and swirling my tongue

around his hardness, squeezing his taut scrotum, bobbing

my head up and down and every so often looking him in the

eyes as I wormed the tip of my tongue into his peehole.

`How old do you think she is, Mick?' John asked casually.

`Oh god ... I haven't a clue. She's done this before, I

can tell.'

`Jenny's not like the girls in the magazines. They're

older than we are. Shall I tell you how old my sister

is?'

Mick nodded, 99% of his attention concentrated in the top

three inches of his cock.

John leaned forward and whispered in his ear, and

suddenly Mick groaned loudly. His sudden eruption caught

me by surprise and filled my mouth with warm thick gooey

sperm. Several more spurts followed as I held his pulsing

erection firmly, relishing the feeling of total power

over this big male. I managed not to spill any, holding

it in until his cock softened and shrank. Then I showed

him my spunk-filled mouth, swallowed, grinned, and showed

him that it had all gone. His face was a picture of shock

and awe. I burped softly.

I clambered onto his knees, sitting sideways, resting my

nudity against his chest and putting my arm around his

neck. His arms went round me automatically. I loved the

feeling of utter helplessness in the grasp of this big

male.

John said, `Did you enjoy that? What else do you want to

do? Remember she'll do anything you want.' I felt Mick's

prick, resting against my thigh, began to stir already.

Boys of his age had very fast recuperation, I knew. In a

few minutes he would be hard and ready again.

`Go on, tell her,' John urged. `You'll never get a chance

like this. Just think, anything at all. She won't be

shocked.'

I kissed Mick's cheek gently. He squeezed my waist with

his arm, and his cock hardened.

`Why don't you whisper it?' John said. `Then it's a

secret.'

He moaned audibly, and his mouth touched my ear. He

whispered something, and I chuckled, and looked at him

with a mock expression of surprise, although of course he

was pretty predictable. `Really?' I whispered. `And me so

young! Do you think I'm big enough?'

`I hope so.'

I kissed him softly. `I'll try very hard.'

His cock was now rigid and throbbing against my thigh. I

could tell I was in for a treat.

`You want me to hold her?' John said. `Here, pass her

over.'

I stayed limp and unresisting as Mick lifted me off him

and into John's arms. I loved being the toy of these

boys, naked and vulnerable. John laid me on top of him,

facing upwards, his erection hard against my spine. He

lifted my legs up and out and hooked my ankles under my

armpits - being so young, I'm very flexible. Mick stood

up and quickly shed the rest of his clothes, looking

hungrily at my splayed pink pussy.

Unexpectedly, he knelt and buried his face in it. I find

that boys love being sucked but most of them are very shy

about tasting a girl's cunt. I was in luck. He got his

tongue right inside me and slurped up my teen juices,

making me gasp with pleasure. Then he withdrew, pulled my

labia apart firmly with his fingers, and buried his face

in my gaping hole again. Despite my earlier

demonstration, though, he didn't seem to understand the

function of the clitoris, so although I got very aroused

I was in no danger of coming.

Eventually, though, his cock must have asserted itself.

He knelt before me, grasping his big erection.

`Shit, I need a condom!'

`No you don't,' John said. `She's been on the pill for a

year.'

Mick groaned and bent his cock down to touch its head

against my pussy. I was so wet that the head slid between

my labia easily, resting against my tight young tunnel.

Actually it's not that tight any more, but I can make it

so with my muscles, which reassures the lads that, if I'm

not actually a virgin, at least I haven't had anyone half

as big as they are.

He pushed harder and harder and I resisted, until

suddenly I relaxed and he slid in deep as I gave a cry of

pleasure into which I managed to force a hint of pain. He

gripped my hips and pushed on until his balls were

pressing against my taut buttocks. I could see him

wondering how on earth my little body could accommodate

his sizeable organ. I squeezed him, hard, making on-the-

edge-of-pain noises, and tossing my head from side to

side.

`Am I hurting?' he said, quite a gentleman.

`No, she loves it,' said John. `Just try not to come too

soon.'

He began to thrust, gently at first and then harder as he

was reassured that I was not being damaged. I felt the

ridges of his shaft massaging my tense vaginal muscles.

`God she's tight!'

`What did you expect?' John laughed. He held me tighter,

as Mick's piledriving was tending to push me backwards up

my brother's chest. John took pity on me and reached

round and gently fingered my clit, giving me the

stimulation that I craved. Before long I crested and

shook as a violent orgasm rushed through me. I didn't

need to fake the convulsive squeezing in my vagina, just

hoped that it wouldn't bring Mick off.

Fortunately he rode out my climax, kept his cock buried

deep inside until I had stopped throbbing.

`You could fuck her arse now,' John suggested. `That's

even tighter.'

`Wow, really?'

`Yeah, girls love it in the arse. You need some lube,

otherwise you haven't got a hope. There's some in that

drawer.'

Fired with eagerness, Mick pulled out and hauled his

reddened, solid cock over to the sideboard, while I felt

the cool air rushing in to my gaping hole. He smeared

some of the clear fluid over his cock and rubbed a dollop

onto my taut anus. I could feel his fingers trembling

with excitement - as well they might, after all he was

just about to shaft a girl of very tender years in her

arsehole.

And shaft her he did. My brother held me firmly while my

anus was dilated wider than the average girl might have

thought possible. But I'm not average, as Mick discovered

when he got ball-deep into me without a lot of effort and

without any agonised shrieks on my part. He soon made a

bit of noise himself, however, when I started flexing my

muscles. It seemed to spur him on and he rogered my tiny

teen hole with a will until the stimulation grew too much

and he erupted a load of spunk into my bowels.

`Oh Jesus,' he gasped, as my muscles milked the last

drops from his aching cock. `She's incredible!'

`Told you she'd do anything,' John observed, hugging me.

`Better clean her up - don't want spunk all over the

carpet.'

Mick withdrew his shrinking cock, rather too quickly for

my liking, and picked up my school blouse and held it

against my gaping anus. I let the semen trickle out,

knowing that I'd still be farting wetly for a few hours.

(I just love walking down the street with my brother,

pantie-less, telling him about the sperm bubbling from my

arse and running down my legs - but that's by the by.)

`Better wash your cock too. You got a long way in, mate.'

Mick went off to the bathroom. I doubt he even knew what

an enema was, still less imagined that John had given me

one in preparation for this. I unhooked my legs from my

armpits and gave a good stretch and a wriggle. John's

cock was solid under me. I rubbed the knobs of my

backbone along it.

`Leaking yet?' I giggled.

`Like a hosepipe, you little slut.'

The other lad returned, his cock flaccid but still fat.

He saw me laid limply on top of my brother, and knelt

before me and pushed my thighs apart. I just let me do

what he wanted, nuzzling my pussy, licking up my slit,

only humping my hips into his face when he found my

urgent little clit, to let him know he was on the right

track. The light must have dawned because he concentrated

on the firm nub with his tongue and lips, and I felt

another climax growing deep inside me. It was

surprisingly intense, and I didn't hold back on the

noise. John squeezed my breastbuds gently as I pulsed on

top of him.

`Jesus I'm hard again,' Mick said with wonder in his

voice. `She really gets me going.'

`Sit down,' my brother suggested. `I'll put her on top.

Girls love sitting on a cock.'

Mick sat down with his cock pointing at the ceiling and

John picked me up, a dead weight, and held me in front of

him with my thighs up to my chest and my head resting

back against him. He lowered me gently down onto the

column, and to be honest it slid inside pretty easily, I

was so loose from the orgasms and the fucking. But when

my buttocks rested on his hips, I could feel the head of

his cock pressing up into my stomach. John let me fall

forward so that I was lying on Mick's chest. His fingers

explored my slippery anus and tightly stretched labia.

His hips began to thrust of their own accord. I was being

used again, just the way I like.

I closed my eyes and rested my head on Mick's chest,

enjoying the big cock sliding in my puss. His hands

caressed my slim back, quite affectionately, I thought.

`Christ, John, what are you doing?' I heard Mick say.

`I'm too horny,' my brother said. `Her arse is so

inviting. You don't mind, do you?'

I giggled silently to myself. Mick didn't object, and I

felt John's fingers smoothing more lube into my anus,

then the great bulge of his cockhead pushing against me.

I relaxed and admitted him to my inner sanctum, his hard

ridged shaft sliding deep inside me to lie parallel to

Mick's, only a thin wall of flesh separating them. Mmm, a

sandwich, one of my favourite foods!

John's big hands clasped my hips, steadying me as they

pumped in unison. I relaxed totally, my body a mere

plaything for these two lads, utterly at their mercy.

Their twin poundings, sometimes in synchrony, sometimes

random, flung me up and down, my breasts rubbing against

Mick's chest. They reamed my holes for ages - Mick had

come twice, so had plenty of stamina, and John was an

expert in delaying his orgasm, even when sliding in and

out of my tight little anus. (We had this contest going,

where I would squeeze him as hard as I could to try and

make him lose control. Sometimes I won.)

This time he decided to shed his load in my mouth. He

pulled out, knelt on the settee next to me and twisted my

head sideways. He fed his cock into my mouth, the taste

of the enema oils still clinging to it. He thrust deep

into my throat and Mick, whose face was only a few inches

away, gave a cry of shock. My brother started to come and

filled my mouth with his hot silky semen. I could have

swallowed it all - I have plenty of practice - but I

chose to let some squirt out around his cock and trickle

down my chin and onto my breasts. At the sight, Mick

groaned and I felt his cock pulse and jets of spunk hit

the back of my cunt.

I faked an orgasm and slumped onto Mick's chest,

breathing hard.

`Shit, I think she's fucked out,' said John, injecting a

note of worry into his voice. `Here, help me with her.'

He lifted me off and dumped me on the settee, none too

gently. `Better clean her up - or maybe we should just

leave her like that, with spunk all over her tits and

running out of her cunt. What do you think?'

Mick's voice was nervous. `Hey, is she all right? We

haven't hurt her or anything, have we?'

`She'll be OK, I think. Not used to such big cocks.' If

only he knew, I thought to myself, grinning inwardly. But

it did no harm to flatter boys' egos. `Best leave her to

recover. I'll make sure she doesn't go blabbing to

anyone, don't worry.'

You bastard, brother, I thought. You just want to get rid

of Mick so you can have me all to yourself. Oh well, I

expect Mick is just about drained anyway. Whereas John

has only come once so far. He-he, lots more to follow

before we crash out for the night.

The lads got dressed and Mick left, still worried about

whether there would be any repercussions from his bout of

under-age sex. It was a good ploy - John could now

blackmail him into doing whatever we wanted, which of

course would be lots more sex.

I was still lying crumpled and leaking on the settee when

John came back and stripped off his clothes. `OK, sis,

you can stop playing the victim now.'

I stood up, grinning, and hugged him, smearing my spunk-

slick tits against his chest. His erection pressed into

my stomach. I jumped up and wrapped my legs around his

waist, hanging onto his neck.

`What's it to be then, oh big brother? Sloppy seconds in

my cunt or my arse?'

He reached down and fed his cock between my semen-soaked

labia, at the same time inserting a finger in my

arsehole.

`I think I'll alternate until both of them are well sore,

little sis.'

I let myself fall until his cock was buried inside me, my

clit rubbing against his pubic bone.

`Oh goody!' I chuckled. `That'll take weeks!'

END