

Our Chaperone

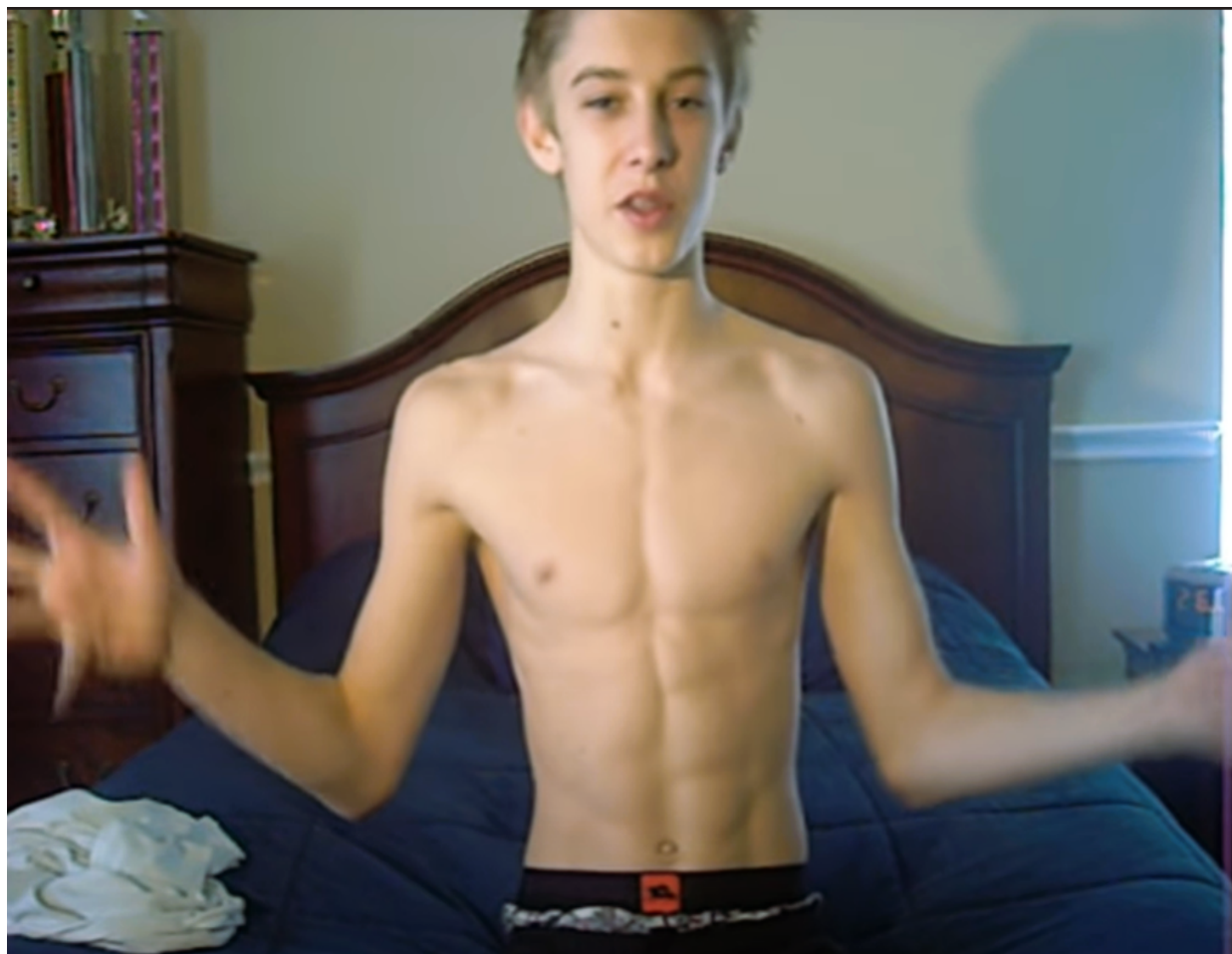


By
Jason Crow

Cabin Chaperone

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Part 1

“Don’t speak! I know what you’re thinking, but it won’t happen!” my mother said.

“But...” I tried.

“No! You’re both too young to go on your own. You’re only twelve years old!”

“Twelve and a half...” I mumbled.

“Exactly. Two twelve ‘and a half’ year old girls don’t spend two nights alone in a cabin on a mountain with hardly any cellphone coverage,” she said, overly emphasizing ‘and a half’.

“But... it’s summer vacation! And you know you can trust Andrea and me,” I pressed.

“It’s not about trust. I know I can trust you. But you’ll be all alone up there, and I think you’re too young for that.”

“You always say we need to go outside instead of looking at our phones all day. And now you...”

“I know, honey. But your dad has to work, and I’ve promised to help grandma, so...” she interrupted me, a little bit kinder now after realizing I was right.

“We don’t want adults around,” I grumbled, “we just want to, you know...”

My mom was quiet for a few moments. And then her face lit up.

“What about your brother?” Mom said with a face as if she had just invented something that could end world hunger. “Tell you what. When Joshua joins you, you can spend these two nights up there.”

“But mom! Joshua is... he’s a... he’s... he’s Joshua!! We’ve got all sorts of plans, and he’ll be...” I tried.

“It’s your choice. Ask your brother, or don’t go. These are the options,” she said and turned around to start doing something in the kitchen.

I was feeling furious by now. We were planning to go there by ourselves and have fun with just the two of us. I was also hoping we could continue where we left off during our last sleepover. I let my mind drift back to the previous weekend...

Part 2

We were staying over at Andrea's house, and while we watched one of the Twilight movies and drooled over Robert Pattinson, we painted each other's nails. We were dressed in oversized t-shirts and panties. So when Andrea bent forward to grab a tissue from the box, I could see down her shirt and saw her naked boobs.



We used to take baths together when we were younger and changed clothes in front of each other, but after we entered puberty and started growing boobs, this became less frequent. We still undressed in front of each other, and we saw each other naked on several occasions, but it was more of a 'thing' now than it was before.

Seeing her small boobs now in this intimate moment made me look at her in a new light. And when her hard, pointy nipples came into view, I felt a tingle shoot through my vagina. I was suddenly getting extremely curious about the rest of her body but wasn't sure how to bring it up. I kept stealing glances, but I didn't get another glimpse besides a cameltoe in her green

panties. So eventually, I tried steering the conversation toward Devon, BY FAR the hottest boy in our class. Andrea immediately perked up, and we were giggling so loud that Andrea's mom came knocking.

"Andy, Kelly. It's time to go to bed now. And please keep the noise down, okay? Roberto and your father are already in bed, so..." her mother said through the crack of the door.

"Okay, Mom," Andrea said and started putting away the nail polish.



"Of course, Mrs. Lopez," I said sweetly. "We'll be quiet now. Goodnight."

"Goodnight, girls," she said, smiling, and closed the door.

As we crawled into bed, we were still giggling but managed to keep the noise down. My vagina was wetter than it's ever been before, and I needed to find a way to do something about it. I recently discovered the fine art of masturbation. But I wasn't sure if Andrea did too, nor did I know what she'd say about me proposing or even doing it.

“Did you see it too last week?” Andrea asked, snapping me out of my thoughts.

“What do you mean?”

“Devon being pantsed by Mike in the middle of the gym?”

“Oh, that!” I replied, feeling sad for missing that, “no damnit! Missed that.”

“Well... I didn’t,” she whispered conspiratively. “He’s got a big bulge and tight ass. I saw it all!”

“Oh wow. Too bad there aren’t any pictures.”

“Yeah. He’s hot...” Andrea murmured.

“I’d let him take my cherry without even thinking twice about it,” I whispered.

“You go, girl!” Andrea giggled.

“Wouldn’t you?”

After a few moments of silence, she whispered back, “I... uhm... yeah. I guess so.”

“See?” I whispered. “But I heard that big isn’t necessarily better.”

“Well... according to my cousin Maria, bigger is always better,” Andrea chuckled.

“I don’t care. As long as I’m no longer a virgin, it’s good to me. Big or small,” I whispered into the silence that followed.

“As long as it’s not Mateo small,” Andrea giggled, causing me to laugh too.

Mateo is Andrea’s seven-year-old nephew, who always walks around naked in the backyard when he’s over there to go swimming. Even when we’re swimming there too. Of course, we always tease Mateo with it, but he doesn’t care about that at all. But when he got out of the pool the other day, and his little dicky was sticking up like a hard nail, Andrea’s mother stepped in and ordered him to start wearing trunks.

As I contemplated all this, I realized how wet I was between my legs and how I had an ‘I must come soon’ vibe over me.

"Andy?" I whispered.

She must've sensed the tension in the air because her reply was also filled with energy.

"What?"

"Do you... uhm... you know... touch yourself sometimes?" I asked with a trembling voice.

A few agonizingly long seconds passed before she whispered back, "Yes."

"Me too. Do you think... we can do that now?"

"Yeah. After all that talk about Devon and seeing that movie, I really need to. You?"

"Oh. I... uhm... Yeah! I feel like I'm about to explode!" I said softly.

We both giggled nervously, but neither of us made a move. So I glanced over at Andrea and just nodded. I slid my hand inside my panties, and the moment I touched my slippery clit, I let out a deep sigh.

"You... uhm... wanna keep your panties on?" Andrea whispered.

"Guess not," I replied, glad to get rid of them.

I immediately slid my panties down and dropped them beside the bed. The sound of them hitting the floor caused Andrea to move too, and seconds later, a similar sound confirmed that she also took them off.

My hand returned to that sensitive spot between my legs, and I tentatively started fingering myself. The movement beside me was the confirmation Andrea was doing the same. I was getting into it when our bare legs touched. My first reaction was to pull back, but feeling her warmth and the movement of her leg was an added layer to my growing arousal. I kept wondering how Andrea did it in the back of my head, but besides the blanket movement, combined with her soft moans, I couldn't see anything worthwhile.

"Ohh... I'm..." I panted, glancing over at Andrea.

The focused and horny look in her eyes as she looked back was all the answer I needed. Her eyes crossed a few heartbeats later, and her body

started shaking. Looking at my best friend cumming was more than enough to push me over the edge, and when my orgasm washed over me, I just knew I needed to see if I could do more with her because it was beyond hot doing this together.

When I opened my eyes again, Andrea was smiling wickedly at me.

“That was hot,” she whispered.

“It sure was. I don’t think I ever came this fast before,” I said, smiling lazily.

We lay there for a few seconds, catching our breath, when Andrea asked, “Kel?”

“Sup?”

“I... uhm... will you...” she stammered, followed by, “Never mind.”

“Oh! Come on! What is it?”

“It’s silly. Just drop it,” she said, but it wasn’t convincing.

“Tell me!” I said and poked her in the ribs, causing her to pull back and giggle.

“Okay... would you... mind holding me?”

Well... this wasn’t what I expected, but I would really like holding her, so I replied softly, “Sure! Of course.”

Andrea moved over and pressed herself against me as I spread my arms invitingly, wrapping her arms around my chest and laying her face on my left boob. I held her close and loved the feeling of having my best friend so close to me. But as she shifted, I felt her warm pussy pressed against my leg, and another tingle shot through my body.

“Andy?” I whispered.

“What?” she asked innocently.

“I feel your... uhm... against me.”

“I’m sorry. But it feels nice like this. Do you mind? Want me to move back over?”

“No. It’s just that... yeah... it does feel nice to be lying like this,” I admitted and blushed.

Andrea started moving her right hand upward over my belly and was inches short of my right boob.

“You sure did some growing, you know?” she softly said and placed her hand on my boob, sending off sparks in front of my eyes.

I wasn’t sure how to react to this. It felt incredible having her pressed against me and with her hand on my tit. But wasn’t this gay? Wasn’t I supposed to say or do something here? All sorts of thoughts shot through my head, but I decided it felt just too fantastic to stop her and just enjoy the feelings.

“Thanks. I’m almost a B now,” I heard myself say with a trembling voice, “but if I’m going to look anything like mom, I still have some growing to do. She’s a double-D!”

“Wow!” Andrea whispered. And after a moment of silence, she said, “You know... I... I really like what we did.” She looked up to meet my eyes, and I could see the vulnerability all over her face.

This was clearly a big thing between us. If this went wrong, it could jeopardize our friendship. And I wanted nothing more than our friendship. Maybe even more than masturbating together again.

“I really liked it too! It’s WAY better than just doing it by yourself,” I said, forcing myself to smile through the thick tension in the air.

“Oh! I’m SO glad you liked it too! I was afraid you’d hate me for tricking you into this!”

“Wait. What? You didn’t trick me!”

“Well... maybe a little?”

“Shut up, Andy! We did this together,” I said, hugging her tightly against me.

“Okay then. I’m glad you’re my friend, Doofus,” she whispered and hugged me back.

“Me too, Dork!” I said as we loosened our hug.

We lay there silently for a few minutes when an idea popped up.

“Hey! Maybe I can ask my mom if we can go up to the cabin this weekend! We can do all sorts of fun stuff, like swimming, create some wicked TikTok movies, and maybe... you know...” I said excitedly and blushed at the last bit.

“Really!? Do you think she’d let us go up there on our own?”

“Dunno. Gotta ask her, but we’re almost thirteen. So I don’t see why not!” I said, knowing quite well how difficult this would get, but I felt excited as hell about the idea of the two of us up there on our own. An entire weekend with my best friend up there in the mountains would be fabulous! We could play games, make our own dinner, and maybe, just maybe, go skinny dipping together. Or more. This would be freaking awesome!

“I would like that a lot!” Andrea whispered and softly squeezed my boob, which I figured was unintentional but hot nevertheless.

“Me too,” I yawned.

I felt myself grow sleepy, and before I knew it, light was streaming in through the window, and Andy was lying on her back beside me, snoring loudly.

Part 3



She'd kicked down the blanket, and her t-shirt had ridden up during the night. I was looking at my best friend's exposed pussy, and immediately thought back about last night.

Her pussy looked about the same as mine. There were a few strands of hair above it and only a few on her lips, but she was otherwise bald. The last time I looked at it this good, it was completely bald, and we were still flat-chested. We thought nothing about it back then, but I found it extremely interesting and exciting now. I got a good, long look, but as I was overthinking my next move, Andrea moved, her eyes fluttered, and she looked at me with a big smile.

"Morning," she said warmly.

"Morning!" I answered.

"Guess we fell asleep while you hugged me," she said, grinning.

"Yeah. Guess we did," I smiled.

"Don't you... think it's... I don't know... weird to do that?"

“No!” I replied, acting surprised, “Do you?”

“No, I don’t. But you could, you know... feel silly for what we did.”

“Stop it, Andy! I like being with you. And I don’t feel sorry or silly about that. We do what we want, remember? Girl power?”



“Oh yeah. Girl power!” she smiled and looked at the little scar on her thumb where we bonded our friendship by blood, back when we were around six. Our parents were mad as hell when they found out what we did, and Andy’s thumb had to be stitched at the doctor’s office. But it did seal our friendship, and we were still proud of it.

After eating breakfast and collecting my stuff, it was time for me to head home. We were standing at the front door, and before I could head out, Andy pulled me in another hug and gave me a peck on my cheek.

“Thanks, Kel! This was fun!”

“Yeah,” I sheepishly replied and pecked her on her cheek.

“Can’t wait for the next time!” Andrea said excitedly.

“I’ll talk to Mom, promise!”

“Awesome! Text me when you know something, kay?”

“Sure thing!”

Part 4

And so here I was, standing at the bedroom door of my big brother, feeling slightly depressed for having to ask him. I was twelve and a half now, and my mom had forced me to ask my almost fourteen-year-old brother for help. This just didn't feel fair. I sighed deeply and softly knocked on his door. "What?" came from behind the door.

"Josh? Can I come in, please?" I asked.

"One sec," he said, and I heard some movement.

Moments later, he opened the door to let me in. I looked around in his typical boy's room and noticed how clean it was compared to mine. On his desk, his computer screen showed some lame-ass fantasy background with two scantily dressed warrior women, and old folk music came from his speakers. On the center of his desk was a half-finished model of some ancient warrior he was working on. He sure had some weird hobbies, but I decided to ignore them since I was here to ask for his help.

"Sup?" Joshua asked as I walked in.



I looked at my brother and was once again amazed at how goofy he looked. It wasn't just his shiny braces showing when he smiled. It was his whole appearance. Right now, he wore a black t-shirt with a stylized representation of Hedwig, Harry Potter's owl.

Maybe it was my imagination, but it seemed like his shoulders were broader than I remembered them. But then again, I never really paid that much attention. He was my goofy brother, after all.

He was wearing his usual lounging pants, which were short, grey-colored sweat pants with a black, vertical stripe over each side. I couldn't help but notice the lump in front of his pants and briefly wondered if maybe I had interrupted something. But I quickly ditched that thought because I didn't want to think about my brother that way.

"I need your help," I said, looking him in his eyes.

"Not interested," was his short and emotionless reply.

"But..." I pressed, "you didn't even listen to me!"

“Because it’ll probably be something stupid where you only need me to help you out, and then you’ll make fun of me again,” he said. “But if you feel the need to ask anyway, go ahead.”

I winced at his reply. The last time he helped me out, it ended with a bashing session from my soccer teammates. I had asked him to assist Molly’s mom in this big match that was coming up. Unfortunately, Molly’s mom knew nothing about soccer, and the only thing she did was tell us who played and called the substitutes, but at least we had a coach this way. I knew Joshua had studied the game frantically. His motivation to do this was typical for him. It was a different sport than usual, so he wanted to learn all about it. Plain and simple.

And he did have some good pointers before and during the match. But he overdid his duty in a way that only Joshua can. He dressed like a proper, high-class soccer coach. Joshua wore dress pants and a blouse and was even sucking on a lollipop. This caused a few giggles and weird faces from my teammates, but he ignored that or didn’t care.

The problem was that his dress pants were a little tight. I don’t remember it at all, and I didn’t want to know about it back then, but Andrea mentioned afterward that his front was filled out quite obviously. But when he sat down on the bench at the end of the second half, his pants ripped, and his plain white boxers were showing. All the girls on the field were pointing and laughing at him.

I didn’t want to, and I felt sorry for him. But it was a funny sight, and I didn’t want to chicken out in front of the other girls. So I joined them in their mocking session and laughed too. I felt terrible about it afterward, but I never apologized to my brother. I was hoping he’d forgotten about it, but that was clearly not the case.



"I'm really sorry about last time, Josh. I... it was..."

"I get it. I know how it works with group pressure. But it was... you know... I helped you out!"

"I know. And I really hate myself for it. So if you don't wanna help me, I get it. And I totally understand. Just know I'm really sorry about it, and it won't happen again. I promise," I replied, feeling genuinely shitty about last time.

Joshua seemed to lighten up a little after my apology. "So, what is it this time?" Joshua asked.

"Andy and I want to spend this weekend up in the cabin, but Mom won't let us go by ourselves. But if you join us, she says it's fine..." I tried, keeping my eyes on him to size up his reaction.

"Just you and Andy?" he asked, and I felt him opening up to the idea.

"Yeah. Just the two of us. Well... three when you come with us," I smiled warmly.

"What's in it for me?" Joshua asked flatly.

“You... uhm... I don’t know... What do you want?”

This took him by surprise, judging by the look on his face. His eyes roamed around, but he was clearly struggling to find something he needed.

“I... uhm... I don’t want you guys to make fun of me,” he started.

“Of course. We won’t bother you if you don’t bother us. Deal! Anything else?”

“I want peace and quiet to make my drawings. And you two take care of dinner for those days.”

“Drawings. Dinner. Check!” I said, pleased about how this was playing out.

Joshua was quiet for a few moments and said, “And you take over my dishwasher duty for two weeks when we get back!”

“One week!” I said, not wanting to give in too much.

“Deal!” Joshua said, extending his hand for me to shake on.

“Great!” I said, shook his hand, and gave him a hug after we shook.

He hugged me back, and I was still feeling sorry about the last time. So I whispered, “I’m really sorry about earlier! I shouldn’t have done that! Can you forgive me?”

“It’s okay. Just don’t do it again. When do we leave?”

We talked about when we wanted to leave, what to bring and who would carry what. Joshua insisted on taking the old, big backpack with the food, drinks, spare clothes, and towels because it was the heaviest and because he was the man. I giggled at that, but I’d let him have that one. I would carry our swimwear, sunscreen, the new first-aid kit, and some of Joshua’s drawing materials, whereas Andy would take all the extras, like props for our Tik-Toks, board games, and stuff. “Did you check the weather?” Joshua asked as I left his room.

“Yeah! It’s gonna be sunny and warm all weekend!” I smiled broadly.

“Nice!”



Part 5

It had been almost an hour since we said goodbye to Mom and started our hike toward the cabin. Our cabin was on the edge of the Mammoth Cave National Park and has been in our family for many generations. When the national park was established about eighty years ago, our grandfather agreed to sell the land to the government but demanded that our cabin be allowed to stay. And that we'd always have access to it through the dirt road. The agreement included that we weren't allowed to sell the cabin, but our family never considered this, so the deal was made, and our family was the only party in the agreement that could end it. So we had that cabin until time itself ended.

From our home, it was a nearly four-hour hike. We usually hiked up there at least once a month. But lately, because of my dad's busy schedule, this was down to around once every two months. About twice a year, my dad took the four-by-four, drove to the cabin for maintenance, and restocked food, drinks, and all the other stuff that needed replacement. Joshua went with him the last three or four times to help.



But he hated this. He just wanted to stay in his room to draw, work on his models, or write. Unfortunately for him, Dad insisted and also made Joshua help him with the usual gardening work. The forest ended in our backyard and required a lot of maintenance. We got our firewood for both the house and cabin from it, and Dad needed Joshua to help him. This was his way of making sure to pass the knowledge down to another generation.

“Let’s take a break here, kay?” I said to Kelly.

“Yes. Please!” she panted.

We had just completed one of the steepest parts of the hike, and I could hear how she struggled. Kelly had only been in the cabin once when we were about eight years old, and that time we drove up there with Dad.

“Josh? We’re taking a break,” I called out.



Joshua was behind us and had his earbuds in, listening to his music. We needed to get off the trail a bit and into an open spot near the trees. He gave me a thumbs-up, and Andrea and I walked over to the place. Moments later, as Joshua joined us, I handed each of them a water bottle. We sat down on some rocks, and I could see their faces were as flushed as mine from the climb.

It was already eighty-eight degrees outside, and we'd probably be topping ninety today. Andrea and I were basically dressed the same. We wore short, Daisy Duke style jeans, tight tank tops, and our hair in a ponytail. Andrea wore a red tank top. Mine was green. That was about the only difference. And our hair color, of course. We didn't talk about it or anything. This was just our favorite outfit during warm sunny days.

Joshua was dressed for the occasion for once. Instead of black jeans and some lame-ass t-shirt, he was wearing light-brown, short khaki's that ended halfway down his upper leg, topped off with a plain white shirt. I checked out his white legs and noticed they were completely hairless and still looked kind of boyish. But when I looked at his shoulders, I saw the confirmation of what I saw earlier. They had broadened over the last few months. He looked more like a man than a boy on that part of his body. I guessed the hard

work in the garden was the cause of that. The only weird thing about Joshua's outfit today was the lightweight jacket he tied around his waist.



"Why are you carrying that jacket? The weather only predicted sun for this weekend," Andrea asked Joshua.

"Dunno. Just wanna be prepared for the worst, I guess," Joshua shrugged and took a big swig from the water bottle.

"Better safe than sorry," I said, not wanting Joshua to feel mocked.

"True," Andrea added, probably sensing my intentions.

"You sure you've checked the weather?" Joshua asked while looking at the sky.

"Of course!" I replied but noticed Joshua's eyes on the dark cloud that was forming.

"There's no service," Andrea said while holding up her phone to make her point.

"No shit! Better get used to that." I smiled and ignored my brother's rolling eyes, "There's only one stripe of service every now and then. But only when we're at the top. And then even just at certain spots near the lake."

“Oh,” Andrea said and looked a bit disappointed.

“We better get moving. Just in case,” Joshua said as he got on his feet.

“We’ve got about two hours of walking left.”



We got going again, and as the clouds above us kept growing, we kept increasing our pace. Finally, we left the cover of the woods behind us and went on to the open fields.

“It’s one straight shot to the cabin now, but I don’t think we’ll make it there before the rain,” I said when we paused for another quick drink and glanced at the almost pitch-black sky above us.

“Don’t we need to get back?” Andrea asked, looking a bit scared.

Joshua looked at the sky, and I could see the worried look on his face. He untied the jacket from his waist and put it on. I realized the temperature had dropped several degrees in the last few minutes, so I couldn’t blame him, and by now, I felt stupid for not bringing one myself.

“We’re way past the halfway point. So it’s smarter to press on than to head back,” Joshua matter-of-factly said.

“The weather can suddenly change up here,” I told Andrea, trying to comfort her.

“Oh?” she softly said and looked a bit scared.

“Yeah. We’ve had this a few times before. The weather forecast is all good and sunny. And then suddenly, a bad rainstorm comes out of nowhere on the slope of the mountain. Usually, it’s just a lot of rain, nothing serious with lightning or tornadoes,” I smiled, trying to put Andrea at ease, but feeling a bit scared myself since I’ve never seen it this dark before.

After about fifteen minutes of walking, where we almost doubled our pace, I felt a big drop of water on my shoulder. And immediately after that, another one on the middle of my head. Andrea yelped beside me, indicating she felt them too.



We had still a good twenty minutes of walking left and nowhere to hide, so we were bound to get wet. And oh boy, were we in for a treat.

“Okay. We’ll have to keep walking,” Joshua said behind us as the rain started to come down.

Part 6

After a few minutes of relatively mild rain, the skies opened. It was as if someone emptied an endless bucket of water over us. I could hardly make out the drops, and water was just everywhere.

“HERE!” Joshua shouted from behind us and handed us his jacket.

“WHAT ABOUT YOU?”

“JUST HOLD IT ABOVE YOUR HEADS AND KEEP WALKING!” he shouted, and I could see his shirt was soaked and clinging to his body, and in that brief moment noticed his developed pecs.

That’s when I realized I was also soaked to the bone, and my top was clinging to my body as well. A quick glance at Andrea learned she was in the same position as I. Good thing we both wore bras today. Otherwise, we’d be practically topless.

“GO!” I shouted to Andrea, and we started walking so fast, we were almost running.

Joshua’s jacket didn’t seem like much when he gave it to us, but it was actually extremely helpful. It kept our faces dry, and we could clearly see where we were going. I was starting to feel cold all over my body, but the jacket kept most of my upper body relatively dry, and therefore I felt less cold on the upper half.

This made me think about Joshua. He must be freezing behind us! But that moment, Andrea shouted, “THERE IT IS!” I looked where she was pointing and saw our cabin pop up through the rain.

We ran toward the front door, glad to have the cover of the porch above us. Joshua had the key to the door, so I turned around to see where he was. But when I looked back, I didn’t see him. It was difficult to see through the heavy rain, but he was on our heels when we started our last part. I waited a few more seconds, but he didn’t show.

“WHERE’S JOSH!?” Andrea shouted, trying to get above the loud noise the rain was making on the porch’s roof, and she was looking worried.

“I DON’T KNOW!” I answered, feeling very scared now.

We waited a few more seconds before I grabbed the jacket from Andrea and shouted, "GIVE ME THE JACKET! I'LL GO LOOK FOR HIM!" and reached out my hands.

"NO! WE'LL GO TOGETHER. WHAT IF HE FELL? YOU CAN'T CARRY HIM BY YOURSELF!"

I had to give that to her. It was wiser to go together, but I didn't want to force Andrea through the rain again. But since she proposed it herself, I simply nodded. Andrea held up the jacket. We got under it and started running back to where we came from.

"JOSH!" I shouted, but no reaction.

"JOSH!" Andrea shouted a few moments later.

There was still no reply, and my heart was beating inside my throat. I was so worried right at that moment I didn't even care about the rain anymore. We kept running, and the moment I came over a small bump, my heart stopped. There was Joshua's body lying motionless on the ground.

"JOSH!! JOSH!!" I shouted and ran toward him, feeling almost paralyzed with panic.

"JOSH!" I heard Andrea shout behind me, but it barely registered.

"Josh?" I asked, hovering over him to protect him from the pouring rain and trying to find out what was wrong.

A feeling of relief washed over me when he opened his eyes. His look was a bit unfocused, and his body was trembling all over, but he was alive.

"My... my ankle. I... I tripped..." he stammered between his shivers.

"Do you think you can get up?"

He looked at me, and I could see he tested his other foot. Then, a second later, he nodded and said, "If you can help me get up, I think I can manage."

"Andy?" I said and looked at Andrea.

We helped Joshua to his feet, and I noticed him trembling like a leaf. The moment he put weight on his strained ankle, he moaned.



"Come on," I said, looked at Andrea, and started supporting my brother on his left side.

Andrea got the idea and got to his right side. Joshua placed his arms over our shoulders for support, and we were ready to head to the cabin. Thankfully, the rain was down to more normal proportions by now, so we didn't have to shout anymore. When we started walking, I noticed the backpack Joshua was carrying lying on the ground and reached out to pick it up

"Leave it," Joshua moaned through clenched teeth. "It's soaked all the way through... It's way too heavy to take with us... and no use right now."

"Okay. I'll go get it when the rain stops," I replied, realizing he was right. It just contained stuff we could do without at the moment, especially since everything was soaking wet anyway.

Our primary focus was getting into the cabin and ensuring we got dry. So we started heading for the cabin, and despite Joshua's sore ankle, we arrived there quicker than I expected. As we were standing there, dripping all over

the porch floor, Joshua let go of me and started searching in his pocket. His hands were shaking badly. But moments later, he handed me the key, and I quickly unlocked the door.

“Kelly!” Andrea said panicky behind me as I pushed against the door.

I looked back and stepped in just in time to support Joshua. He was shivering uncontrollably, and it seemed as if he had passed out. Moments after I caught him, he seemed to have snapped back.

“You okay?” I asked worriedly.



“I’m so cold...” he said, barely above a whisper.

“Let’s get inside. Now!” I said to Andrea, who nodded understandably.

Part 7

We managed to get inside, and with my foot, I pulled back one of the wooden chairs from the table, and we helped Joshua sit down. I looked at my brother, and his shaking was almost painful to watch. His eyes kept closing, and his lips were turning blue.

“We need to get him out of these wet clothes,” I said to Andrea, realizing I was shivering quite a bit myself.

“And then what? We don’t have towels or spare clothes!” she said, and I could hear the panic in her voice.

“Grab the blankets from that bed, and put them all on the big bed over there. I’ll start undressing Josh in the meantime,” I said, feeling the urgency to take the lead.

I looked at her surprised face. “What?” I asked since she didn’t start moving.

“Are you really going to undress him? Like... all the way?”

“I... uhm... well... maybe not ALL the way,” I stammered, just now realizing what I said, “but we need to do something! If his temperature drops too low, it can be a serious thing! I read about it the other day. So, please... grab these blankets, and we’ll try to get him warmed up.”

That did it for Andrea. She turned around and headed for the blankets. I decided for myself that undressing Joshua down to his underwear would be okay for the three of us. We’d gone swimming together a lot, and this wouldn’t be much different from that. So I grabbed the bottom of his soaking wet shirt and lifted it over his head. Joshua had still enough consciousness in him to lift his arms.

It didn’t go really smoothly, but a few seconds later, the shirt landed on the floor with a loud smack. Seeing him now without his shirt made me notice how much his chest had developed since the last time I saw him shirtless. He had nice pecs, a clear start of a six-pack, and lovely, broad shoulders. How could I’ve missed this? Was it all because of his stupid clothes and geeky hobbies?

Needing to focus on the job at hand, I shook my head and knelt down to take off his shoes and socks. I threw his first shoe on top of his shirt, and I noticed Andrea was done with spreading out the blankets on the bed.

“I’m getting pretty cold myself!” she said softly, probably ashamed of admitting this now.

“Yeah. Me too. First things first,” I replied, realizing we also needed to find a solution for ourselves.

I started working on Joshua’s second shoe. The moment it came off, I noticed how odd his upper body was angled. I looked up and saw his eyes were closed again, and he was hanging to one side.

“JOSH!” I shouted and got to my feet.

His body slumped over further as I did this, and he dropped to the floor with a loud thump.

“Quick! Help me carry him to the bed!” I said to Andrea, who came running over.

I stood near Joshua’s head, put my hands under his armpits, and tried to get some grip. After a few moments, I felt like I had enough grip, so I nodded at Andrea, who counted down. With a lot of effort, I got his upper body onto the bed, but only a little bit of his butt was resting on the blankets, and his feet were still on the ground.

“He’s heavy!” Andrea panted.

“I know! Can you please get the sheet from the other bed?” I asked Andrea, realizing we needed to do something to get a bit dryer.

This time, she didn’t ask why but rushed over and quickly returned with the thin cotton sheet we used to ly on. She handed it to me, and as I started drying Joshua’s upper body with the corner of the sheet, she started working on his legs and feet. After we were done, I draped a bit of the blanket over his upper body. We still needed to get him entirely into the bed. Otherwise, we wouldn’t be able to fully cover him. But I also still needed to get rid of his wet pants first.

"I know. But this is good for now," I said and stood next to his upper legs, where I started undoing his button and zipper.

"Good thinking!" Andrea said as she stood close to me, and I could hear her shivering.

As I started sliding down his wet khakis, his white boxer briefs came into view. First, the Calvin Klein text on the waistband, but soon enough, the white cotton of the boxers itself. When I started pulling down his pants, I thought nothing of it. But now that I saw his soaked boxers appear, I realized this had nothing to do with swimwear we've seen him in before.



Because they were so wet, they were almost transparent. I didn't immediately realize it when I saw the dark spot of his pubes appear, but the moment my brother's dick came into view, I realized that I was basically looking at his naked dick.

Though I decided to keep on going, Andrea sucked in a breath beside me, and it was obvious she wasn't expecting to see this either. "Is that... what I think it is?" she whispered.

"I guess..." I softly replied, not taking my eyes off it as more and more of it was exposed.

I kept pulling down his pants, figuring the damage was already done. But when his darker dickhead appeared, I realized my brother had a reasonably big dick. I had such a good, long look that I was pretty sure it was four, or just a little over four inches long and quite thick.

I lifted each leg out of his pants and threw the pants aside. When I looked up at my brother and saw him lying there basically naked, an extremely strong tremble shot through my body, making my pussy instantly soaking wet. But seeing how wet his underwear was, I knew he needed to get rid of them too. And it would hardly make any difference in how much exposed he was already.

“Josh?” I asked.

He blinked and opened his eyes. His eyes moved from left to right, and it was evident that he didn’t have a clue where he was. So I stepped closer, and his eyes locked on mine when I came into view.

“Wha... what?”

“We need to get you into the bed to warm up, but...” I started.

“But what?” he asked, his focus slightly sharper than before.

“Well... your, uhm... Your underwear is wet. Really wet. Can you take ‘em off, or do you need help?”

“My underwear?” he asked, suddenly with panic in his voice as he realized he was almost completely naked already.

He lifted his head and looked down. His current situation couldn’t be missed from his point of view, and he started blushing furiously.

“I’m sorry, Josh. But you need to get warm,” I said with the most sympathetic voice I could find.

He simply nodded, and his hands started moving down, but they trembled so hard that he couldn’t find the waistband.

“You do it,” he whispered after a few failed attempts.

My heart was almost beating out of my chest as I started working on pulling down my brother’s underwear. But as it came down, I realized that looking

at his exposed dick was still different from looking at it through the transparent white cloth.



His cut dick pointed downward and laid over his tight ballsack. His sack was pulled so tight that I couldn't make out his balls. It was completely hairless, and a small patch of black hair above his penis was the only hair he had on his body besides his head.

"All done," I said without trying to look too long and obvious at his dick, "let's get you on the bed properly. Andy?"

I looked at my best friend and noticed she had taken off her top and shorts and was standing there in her underwear, shaking with her eyes locked on my brother's groin.

"These clothes are so cold!" she stammered apologetically.

"I know," I said and knew I had to get out of mine quickly as well.

We each got on one side of my brother's shoulder and helped him completely onto the mattress. I saw his dick flopping around in the corner of my eye as he moved, which was very intriguing. We covered him with the

blankets, and as I got off the bed, I looked at him and saw he was out again. I was feeling worried, and it must've shown because Andrea said, "He'll be alright, Kel."

"You really think so?" I said as I started taking off my top.

"Well... In the Girl Scouts, I learned that warming up another person can quickly be achieved by using body heat... And this works both ways."

"You mean..." I asked, wondering if she was thinking what I was thinking.

"Yeah. We need to get in bed with your brother... I don't think there's another way."

I noticed she didn't sound disappointed or apprehensive at all. And the idea of feeling my brother's naked body near me, or even against me, didn't put me off at all! Heck! I liked the idea!

"And we need to..." I said, pointing at my panties, "take these off too, right?"

"I guess..." Andrea said, and I could see her blush.

"I bought these especially for this weekend," she said, blushing and looking at mine.



“So did I,” I giggled and noticed how similar they looked.

Both were black with a bit of lace on the edges. They were nothing fancy. Just nice, stylish panties that made us look more mature. Andrea was wearing a striped blue and white bra, and as she reached around to undo the hooks, I felt butterflies in my stomach over the idea of seeing her boobs altogether.

It took me a second, but when I snapped out of it, I started working on my green bra with white dots. It was closed at the front, but by now, my hands were beginning to shake uncontrollably too, and I couldn’t undo it.

“Here. Lemme help,” Andrea softly said as she watched me.

My eyes were immediately drawn to her boobs. Her skin was naturally dark with her Cuban background, and her nipples were even darker. Her breasts were smaller than mine, and as she said before, they were a small A-cup. Not big, but clearly passed the puffy-nipple stage.

Her hands went to the front of my bra, and as her fingers started working on the clasps, another tingle shot through my pussy. Despite the cold, I was feeling all warm inside. But when she opened my bra and her hands moved the pads away, her palms brushed my stiff nipples, and a soft moan escaped my throat.



"You okay?" Andrea asked and looked at me with a sly smile.

"Yeah," I smiled and nodded enthusiastically.

"Let's help you out of these as well," she said, and her hands started pulling at my panties.

Before I could react, they were at my ankles, and I stepped out of them. I felt Andrea's eyes roam over my body, and I felt exposed but very sexy standing there, despite my shaking hands and body.

"You look nice," she whispered, and I could see her blush.

Andrea grabbed the sheet and started drying my body. She did it quite unceremoniously, but it still felt incredibly nice to feel her hands all over my body. Andrea didn't linger as much on my boobs as I would've done to her, but I didn't blame her, considering how cold we both were. She gently pushed against my shoulders and started drying my back.

"All done," she said, and as I turned around, she was already drying herself.

She looked at me as she was drying herself. She handed me the towel as she started pulling down her own panties, and after a few moments of me drinking in the sight of her nude body, I gave back the sheet. I noticed how much her hands were shaking now, and I folded my arms in front of my chest to at least feel a little bit warmer. After Andrea was done, she tossed the sheet on the ground.

We stood on either side of the bed, ready to get in. "This is weird," I said, looking at my naked best friend as I was about to step equally naked into the same bed as my nude brother.

"Yeah... But it's for the best," she smiled.

Part 8

I lifted the blanket and saw my brother was still passed out. I looked at his now exposed chest and still wondered how it got this hot this quickly. I inhaled deeply, stepped in, and draped the blanket over us. The bed was shaking as Andrea was doing the same on the other side of the bed.

I lay on my back, and my right side was pressed against my brother's body. His body felt even colder than mine, and I could still feel him shiver a little. We laid quietly like this for a good ten minutes, and I felt our combined heat warming us up nicely by now.

"What are you doing?" Joshua mumbled as he was getting back to us.

I looked at him and said soothingly, "We need to get you warm, remember?"

"Oh. Right. But... I'm... you're..." he stammered.

"I know. But getting out of our wet clothes was the only way to get warm quickly. After we're warm, we'll light up the fireplace," I smiled warmly as I looked into my brother's eyes.

He was looking at me with a panicked look in his eyes that I couldn't place. But when I felt something brush against my hip, my eyes widened, and Joshua winched. Was this his...?

"Turn on your side," Andrea said, "that way, our bodies make the most contact, and the effect will be even better."

She pushed against Joshua's shoulder, and he turned toward me. I hesitated slightly because I wanted to ensure I felt what I felt. But it quickly dawned on me that I could feel it even better with my back pressed against him.

So I also turned to my left side, and when I felt Joshua was on his side too, I scooted back. At first, his upper chest touched my back, but I was determined to feel all of him against me by now. So I moved my lower body back toward my brother. The moment I felt his dick touch my lower back, I felt my pussy contract. This was a dick pressed against me. And a hard one as far as I could tell. I didn't care that it was attached to my brother at all. It was an even bigger turn-on, if I was being frank.

When I was pressed entirely against him, there was no more doubt that he was hard as a rock. It was nudged between my butt cheeks, and the tip was pressed against my lower back. I was SO excited to feel this that I felt as if every nerve in my body was on high alert.

"I'm so sorry, Kel," Joshua whispered so softly I could barely hear it, but the panic in his voice was unmistakable.

"It's okay," I croaked a little too loud as my voice betrayed me.

"What is?" Andrea asked behind us.

"Lying like this," I responded, internally proud of this quick reply because I didn't want this to ever end.

"Yeah. It's better, isn't it? I'm starting to feel warmer already. How are you doing, Josh?"

"Hmpff," was all that came out of his throat.

"Well... you've stopped shaking, and you're not passing out, so it's better, right?" Andrea asked.

I felt Joshua nod and his body relaxed a little. We were lying like this for about five minutes, each of us lost in our thoughts. Joshua's hard dick twitched every now and then, and I was only thinking about how nice it felt to feel him pressed against me like this. But, deep down, I knew I needed more. So, after a long internal struggle, I grabbed his hand that was lying modestly on my hip and placed it directly on my left boob. When his hand touched my over-sensitive nipple, my pussy started contracting sharply again.

When his hand closed itself around my boob, another exciting thing happened. My brother's hard dick twitched violently between us. To me, this indicated that he was also enjoying this tremendously.

"I... I'm sorry," he whispered real softly again into my ear.

I responded by pushing my butt back against his hardon, and I squeezed my butt cheeks at the same time to let him know I wanted this. Apparently, Joshua needed no further encouragement because he started kneading my boob and gently pinched my nipple. I could barely hold back a few moans,

and my cheeks kept gently rubbing over his shaft. My pussy was beyond wet by now, and I felt an incredible urge to touch it. It would just be too many kinds of wrong to do this now, but I felt my hormones were clouding my judgment at the moment.

"This is really helping," Andrea said behind me, snapping me back to reality, "I'm starting to feel warm. Almost sweaty. But my back is still cold."

"Uh-uh," I managed to get out of my throat.

"And I don't hear the rain anymore," Andrea continued.

I was clamping my legs shut in a vain attempt to release the pressure. But Joshua's kneading hand on my tit and hard rod against my back made this impossible.

"No. Guess it stopp- aah," Joshua said and moaned as I firmly rubbed my butt against his cock again.

"You sure you're okay?"

"Uh-huh," Joshua said, and I could feel him nod.

"Hey! Have you been working out?" Andrea asked after a few seconds, and I could hear the sweet talk ooze from her voice.

A very slight sting of jealousy shot through me. It was odd to feel jealous of my brother. Of course, Joshua wasn't my boyfriend, nor could he ever be. He was my damn brother! But still... I wanted to touch him. Feel his cock and hard muscles.

I wanted him inside me.

That realization shocked me. It came out of nowhere, but it was SO true! I wanted my virginity to be gone, and I wanted my big brother to take it.

"N- no," Joshua stammered.

"Well... I noticed you've grown some muscles, and I think they look nice on you," Andrea said as she kept on sweet-talking my brother.

I felt her fingers touch me every now and then as her hands caressed the side of Joshua's body. Her light touches felt electric to me, and that's when I knew it. I was in bed naked with a boy I wanted to give my virginity to and

with my best friend I wanted to fool around with. How could this be wrong?
If I played it right, I might have both.

As I was considering my options, Andrea said, "can we turn on our other side now? My back is still cold."

Part 9

Joshua swallowed audibly behind me, and the gears of my brain kicked into motion. I lifted my brother's hand from my boob, squeezed my cheeks one more time, eliciting another soft moan, and then turned to my back. I smiled when I saw the fear on Joshua's face and looked at Andrea.

"He can't turn around. He's got a boner, and he doesn't want you to feel it," I said, and Joshua's eyes went wide as saucers.

I knew I was putting him on the spot this way. But I also knew that Andrea would be cool about it. And this way, it was way easier to make a move. So Andrea blinked a few times, and then a sly smile spread across her lips. She winked at me and turned to her back too.

"I get it," she said, "but you don't have to be ashamed. It's natural. Right, Kel?"

I wasn't sure where she was going with this, but I decided to play along. So I said, "Completely natural."

"But we've already seen it when we put you in bed. And I think you've got nothing to be ashamed of," Andrea said as she kept looking at the ceiling.

Joshua turned to his back and looked at me, then at Andrea. I noticed something had changed in the way he looked at me. It wasn't anger or fear. It was something else.



"But it isn't fair," he whispered, also looking at the ceiling now.

"What isn't?" I asked, realizing now what the change in his look was. He was horny!

"You two saw me, but I didn't get a chance to look at you," he whispered after a short pause.

"Well... we could pull down the blankets," I said softly, "it's way too hot under them by now anyway."

The three of us chuckled nervously at that, but no one made a move. The tension inside the room was thick, and I felt like we were about to cross a line.

"You're also going to see your sister naked. You know that, right?" Andrea said with a grin that I couldn't place.

"So?" I snapped, "What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing! Honestly. But some people might think it's weird. Just saying."

"I like how she looks," Joshua whispered shyly, "So what if she's my sister? It's not like we're having sex."

"Yet..." Andrea said bluntly in the silence that followed.

That made my heart skip a few beats. The realization of me wanting to have sex was back, and there was no way I could deny it.

Joshua alternated his look between Andrea and me and shrugged. He surprised me as he took the initiative. With his feet, he started pulling down the blankets covering us. He stopped when the blanket reached our midsections and looked openly at my boobs. He switched his gaze between Andrea and me, and I felt extremely sexy being watched like this. Especially when I also saw Andrea looking at me with a lustful look in her eyes.

But my eyes switched between Joshua's hairless and slightly muscular chest and Andrea's small boobs. I loved looking at both and wanted to lick and kiss them badly. The blanket ended just below the top of Joshua's pubic hairs, and his dick made a small tent. I couldn't see it clearly enough, but it seemed that a few of Andrea's pubes were also visible. The tension about seeing forbidden flesh was almost unbearable.

"Wow," Joshua said softly, "you look amazing!"

"Yeah. You too," Andrea and I replied simultaneously.

We all giggled nervously at that. My heart was beating fast as I anticipated the next step. Joshua must've sensed it because the blanket slowly moved further down moments later. At first, his reddish dickhead came into view, and both Andrea and I sucked in a breath. This didn't seem to bother Joshua because the blanket kept moving down. Then, more and more of his stiff dick appeared, and in the corner of my eye, I saw Andrea's pussy on display.

But two pairs of eyes were focused on my brother's stiff dick, which looked amazing! Then, finally, when the blanket started sliding down over his balls and his entire dick was visible, I could adequately judge its size and girth. I guessed that with five and a half inches, it was slightly longer than when it was soft. But seeing it hard and throbbing with every heartbeat impressed me even more than when I saw it for the first time.

I glanced quickly at Andrea and saw her eyes were roaming over my body. But my eyes returned to that amazing piece of hard flesh between my brother's legs.

"Can I touch it?" I heard myself whisper and looked Joshua in his eyes.

"I... uhm... you..." he stammered.

But I actually didn't need approval. I felt a deep, primal need to feel, squeeze, and jerk it. I needed to see him cum, and that need came from a place so deep inside my soul that I didn't even know I had it. I watched my hand as it snaked over his hip, inching its way toward the end zone.

The moment my fingertips touched the hard rod, I was amazed by the warmth radiating from it. But I didn't waste any time on this unexpected fact, and when I saw my hand wrap around it, another surge of pleasure shot through my already trembling pussy.

"Ahhhh!!!" Joshua moaned when my fingers gripped him firmly.

I couldn't explain the pleasure and amazement I felt when I held my very first boner in my hand. It felt hard and soft at the same time, and I could feel my brother's heartbeat through it. Next, my hand moved upward, and when I reached the edge of his dickhead, I was treated with a completely new texture under my shaky fingers. Then, when they completely covered his dickhead, the softness and sponginess gave me another shot of pleasure. And as I softly squeezed it, Joshua moaned again.

My eyes were fixed on his dick and balls, and all of this lasted only a few seconds. Then, as I was toying with it, I saw Andrea's hand join mine. Her hand was on the bottom half of my brother's hard cock, and she moved down to cup his balls. These fascinated me greatly, but right now, I was primarily focused on his dickhead and shaft.

I've already seen enough clips of guys jerking off that I knew the basic mechanics. And that same primal urge to touch his cock, was urging me on to watch him shoot his cum. It was almost as if I wasn't myself anymore as that urge took over.

So I gently moved my hand down over the tip of his dick, where my hand touched Andrea's. Our eyes met briefly, and judging by how she looked at

me, she was almost hornier than I felt.

But by now, I was on a mission. I wanted my brother to cum. I wanted, no, I needed to see him spurt his cum. There was only one way we'd go from here, and that was his orgasm. So as I slowly started moving my fist up and down the tip and upper half of his cock, Andrea began to massage the lower half, which she alternated with toying with his balls.

"Ohhh... I'm... AAAHHHH!" Joshua moaned and squirmed under our massaging hands.

Andrea and I kept going, and I saw her move in the corner of my eye. She laid her head on Joshua's chest and looked at me longingly. I instinctively knew what she wanted, so I moved my head up too, and the moment our noses touched, we kissed each other passionately.

"Stop it! I'm... LOOK OUT!" Joshua said with fear in his voice.

I could feel him trying to squirm away from our hands, but I would have nothing of that. He was probably afraid he'd cum, and we'd be offended by it, but the exact opposite was true.

"Just let it come! Shoot your stuff for us!" I hoarsely said, breaking the kiss with Andrea and looking down at his thick cock.

"I... AH! AH! AH! AAAAHH!!" Joshua moaned.

I felt his dick grow even fatter in my massaging hand, and it started kicking violently. Then, a heartbeat later, the first spurt flew out of his dick and hit me on my chin. The following spurts weren't as powerful, but the globs landed all over the top of his six-pack and ended around his belly button.

A good six or seven spurts later, a small dribble hung from the tip of his dick, and Joshua was panting heavily.

Part 10

As I realized what I had just seen, I looked over at Andrea, feeling stunned. But as I looked at her, I only saw horniness and lust in her eyes. She didn't look surprised at all. Her lips turned into a wicked smile when she looked at my chin. Andrea moved in and licked the glob of cum from my face. This both tickled and felt hot at the same time.

"Mmhhh. Nice!" she smiled after exaggeratingly licking her lips.

She glanced down at the top of my brother's six-pack and lapped up some of that too. This was it! I needed a taste too! I wanted to know what it tasted like, and I certainly didn't want Andrea to have it all. So I also moved down and lapped up the nearest glob.

It tasted... interesting. It was between sweet and salt and had a very intriguing texture. It took me a little while to process, but I knew I liked it. I liked it a lot, so I moved my face down to get some more and satisfy my primal need.

My face was just inches away from my brother's still hard cock and the small patch of black pubes as I was licking all over his muscular lower abdomen. Then, in the corner of my eye, I saw Andrea move. Judging by the movement of the mattress, she was getting up. I didn't care too much about what she was about to do because I was too focused on eating my brother's cum.

But, moments later, when I felt her hands on my knees, gently spreading them, I figured she would touch my soaking pussy. Maybe even finger me and satisfy my neglected puss!

So I willingly spread my legs. I was lapping up the last drop around Joshua's belly button. After this, just the drop hanging from the slit of his dick was left. But I was too chicken to lick his dick, so I decided to leave it hanging. Since I was done here and Andrea was going to touch me, I might as well get comfortable, so I turned to my back. Joshua was still panting and had his arm over his head, looking at the ceiling.

I was expecting a few probing fingers around my pussy. But when I felt something moist and warm cover my pussy lips and a wet, soft worm

sneaking around and trying to wiggle its way between my lips, I immediately put two and two together. My best friend was eating me out!

I let out a loud moan when the realization hit, and the overwhelming feeling washed over my body. Joshua's body moved beside me, and judging by his soft, "oh fuck!", he saw what was going on and apparently loved it.

Moments later, I felt his hand on my tit again, and he started pinching my nipple gently. His massaging hand and squeezing fingers lifted me off the bed. At least mentally. I felt like I was floating in mid-air because of all the attention my body was getting.

Andrea's tongue was doing something magical between my legs because I felt like I was practically cumming, but somehow she managed to prevent the inner dam from breaking. I was constantly on the verge of cumming, but never went over the top.

"I think you're ready," Andrea said, and a shot of disappointment shot through my body as her face left my pussy.

"Ready for what?" I asked, looking down at my best friend's face that was looking up from between my spread legs.

"Ready to get fucked," she said matter-of-factly, and a wicked smile slowly appeared.

I noticed Andrea's hand was around Joshua's hard cock, slowly massaging it. It took a few moments for her words to sink in, but I looked at my brother when they did. The look on his face was a mixture of fear, surprise, and lust. This look represented precisely how I felt. I wanted to feel his hard dick slide into me. But I had never done this before. Wouldn't it hurt? And, last but not least, he was my freaking brother!

"But... I'm... we're... he's my..." I stammered.

"She's my... I... I never..." Joshua stammered next to me.

Andrea started laughing and looked at us both.

"Look," she started, "I know you're brother and sister. But I think that's the best way to do this! You love each other, but not like 'that'. So if either of

you doesn't like it, no one's feelings will get hurt. And no bragging, slut shaming, nothing!"

Being the drama queen she is, a dramatic pause followed, where I let these words sink in. It only took me a few moments to make a decision. I wanted to be fucked by my brother. He had a nice body, he'd never hurt me, and Andrea would be here for moral support. But Andrea's words about us not being romantically involved gave me the final push.

"But.." I heard Joshua half-heartedly sputter.

"I want to try it..." I whispered softly, interrupting my brother and looking him in his eyes.

"You do?" Joshua asked, and the fear on his face was instantly replaced with amazement.

"Yeah. Andy's right. I know I want to know what it feels like, and I guess you do too," I said, feeling myself grow even hornier by the thought of losing my virginity to my own brother.

"I uhm... I guess you're right. But are you sure it isn't... I don't know... weird?" he said, but somehow I knew he was playing it down so he wouldn't seem too eager.

"Why would it be weird?" Andrea chipped in, "it's just sex! It's not like you're trying to get her pregnant or something."

"How do we do it?" I said to no one in particular but was determined to get this show on the road.

I was hornier than I've ever been, and getting fucked by that magnificent-looking cock attached to my brother's fine-looking body, was something that needed to happen soon!

"Why don't you lie on your back, Josh? Kel can sit on top of you; that way, she can easily control how deep and fast you guys go," Andrea said softly, and I could hear her voice tremble from anticipation.

"But I can't," I started.

"I'll make sure to point his... uhm... dick at the correct place. Don't worry! And I'll be right behind you to help you," she said soothingly.

Andrea extended her hand to help me up. When our faces got close, she kissed me passionately on my mouth and slid her tongue inside. I tasted something I had never tasted before and realized I tasted my own cunt juices. Andrea smiled at me when we broke the kiss and gently pushed me toward my brother.

Joshua turned to his back, and I looked at him as I straddled his waist. He was obviously nervous, but there was also sheer lust dripping from his face. I loved that look! I sat down on my brother's lap, and the moment my pussy landed on his rock-hard cock, we both let out a soft moan. I placed my hands on Joshua's chest and marveled once again at his solid and tight pecs.

"Lift your butt a bit Kel," Andrea said.

So I did just that, and a moment later, Joshua sucked in a breath. I figured Andrea was gripping his dick, which was confirmed a second later when I felt the warm and squishy dickhead touch the outside of my pussy. She rubbed it up and down over the length of my pussy lips a few times, causing my brother and me to squirm a little.

"Ready?" Andrea asked as I was getting used to feeling my brother's dick rubbing over my pussy.

I looked down at Joshua, and a slight nod from his head was all I needed.

"Yeah. I think so! But I'll stop if it hurts, okay?"

"Of course!" Joshua said immediately, looking a bit worried all of a sudden.

"Don't worry! You're wetter than a fire hydrant in a dog kennel. This won't hurt one bit. Trust me."

I felt the tip of my brother's dick press against the entrance of my pussy. This was it! This morning I wanted to fool around with my best friend, but here I was, losing my virginity to my brother. And every fiber in my body was buzzing with anticipation.

"Just slowly move down, Kel! And keep your butt on the mattress, Josh! Let your sister determine the pace."

Joshua nodded silently. But as the tip of his dick slid inside me, the nodding stopped, and his eyes flew open. We simultaneously sucked in a breath, and

I felt his dick twitching slightly, but since the tip was held by my pussy, and the shaft by Andrea's hand, there wasn't much room for it to twitch.

I slowly inched my way down over his throbbing member. I was expecting to feel a bit of pain, or at least some discomfort. But none of that was true. Instead, I felt stuffed and stretched, but in the best way possible. I never felt anything this fantastic ever before.

By now, about an inch of my brother's dick was inside me, and not only did I want more. I wanted it all!! I needed every inch of his hard, throbbing cock inside me. I felt the inside of my pussy contracting lightly, and Joshua's dick twitched a little with every contraction. He still didn't have enough room to have a significant effect on me, but I felt it. And it was a massive turn-on for me to keep going.

So I inched down further, and when my underside touched Andrea's hand, I knew I was only about halfway. There was still more of this magnificent cock left!

"Ohhh..." I moaned as I clearly felt the rim of his cockhead inside of me.

"Does it feel good?" Andrea softly asked as her hand left Joshua's dick and snaked over my right hip.

I simply nodded as I wanted to stay focused on impaling myself on my brother's boner. But then, I felt Andrea move behind me, and moments later, her tits pressed against my back.

"Doesn't it hurt?" She whispered in my ear, and her hand slowly moved from my hip toward my pussy.

Not trusting my voice enough to speak, I shook my head, and as I slid down even further, Joshua moaned loudly. I almost forgot there was someone attached to this dick, so I tried finding eye contact with him. His gaze was unfocused, and his mouth was slightly open. It looked like he was enjoying this even more than I was, which I found almost unbelievable.

Getting used to being filled up like this and feeling absolutely no pain, I let the last bit of his dick slide into me in one quick move. I was SO eager to have my brother's entire dick inside me that I threw my caution in the wind.

When Andrea's fingers started caressing my pussy, I let the tension in my legs go.

The result was almost unbelievable. I dropped at least two inches, and when our pubes mashed together, the pressure on my clit nearly triggered an orgasm. Inside, the tip of his dick touched a spot I couldn't place at the moment. I later learned he hit my cervix, which unleashed a whole new wave of different feelings I had never felt before.

I looked at my brother as we both moaned loudly, and his eyes found mine. The look of pure lust and horniness was sexy as hell. Somehow we both knew what we wanted, and we didn't need words to let the other know what that was. We needed to fuck! I Needed his cum inside my pussy. And I needed it as quickly as possible.

I gently squeezed my brother's pecs, and when Andrea's left hand snaked around my upper body and cupped my right boob where she started toying with my over-sensitive nipple, her right hand started toying with my clit.

"Fuck him!" she whispered in my ear as her whole body was pressed against my back, and her hands started stimulating me for real.

It was as if I wasn't myself at that moment. Lust had taken over, and hearing my best friend's encouragements in my ear was the last drop. I slowly lifted myself up and felt the rim of my brother's dickhead slide down through my soaking wet love canal.

Right before he slipped out, I immediately moved down again. Both my brother and I moaned loudly, and Andrea's finger was now properly rubbing my clit, which caused my pussy to get even slipperier.

When my clit crushed against my brother's pubes and he hit my cervix again, I almost came. By now, I was constantly on the verge of cumming, and I felt an incredible urge to do something about that. So after I felt my brother's dickhead travel down my insides again, I decided to try something new.

When he couldn't go down anymore and Andrea's mouth was kissing the side of my neck, I relaxed the muscles in my legs, let gravity do its work, and dropped down.

The result was unbelievable! The pressure on both my clit and my cervix was beyond everything I had ever felt before. And I came! My pussy started contracting, but it didn't go through all the way. The feelings inside me were the same, but my pussy just couldn't do its regular thing because it was so filled up. So I came, but not in the way I usually came. It was so weird and confusing, but also sexy and thrilling beyond everything I've known up until then.



A loud moan from Joshua told me this was also the way for him. So I lifted myself again and dropped down hard. After I did this a few times, Joshua lifted his butt off the mattress to slam hard into me. This enhanced the effect to a level where I was constantly cumming, but never went completely over the hill. Even Andrea's fingers on my clit and nipple couldn't bring me over.

The lewd sounds of flesh slapping loudly together filled the cabin, and as Joshua's moans increased in both level and pitch, so did our pace in fucking.

"AH! AH! AH! AHHH!" Joshua moaned under me.

I dug my fingers into his pecs and felt a tornado approach from deep within. The intensity of it was both frightening and liberating, as I knew this was it. I felt my brother's dick grow even fatter within my insides, and when he slammed into me, he did it with such force I knew he was cumming.

The moment his dick started kicking inside me, and I felt his sperm shoot out, coating my insides, I felt the tornado unleashing itself. I could only let out a deep, animal-like grunt. I heard it coming out of my throat, and it almost sounded alien-like. I never knew I could produce such a sound.

The pressure that had built up during my incestuous fuck, gathered in the middle of my body, right above my stomach. And when I came, that pressure spread throughout every part of my body. First, it traveled down my arms, after which my fingers started tingling. After this, I felt it fly both up and down in my chest, causing my head to feel like it spun on my neck. My vision was blurry, and I felt my pussy contract so sharply that I was surprised I wasn't hurting my brother.

Andrea's fingers were still playing around, but apparently, she knew to tone her actions down now. My brother's dick was still kicking around, but I didn't feel any more cum shooting out of it. I never felt my muscles down there contract the way they did now, and this way, I was milking his cock dry.

Joshua lowered his butt back on the mattress, and as I leaned back against my best friend's body, I felt myself returning from this magnificent orgasm.

"That was some hardcore shit!" she whispered with obvious amazement in her voice.

"I need to lie down," I said, but the words came out so raggedly that I could barely hear them myself.

Andrea supported me as I got up. As my brother's dick slid out, I felt a little of his cum drip out of me. After I laid down next to Joshua, I looked at him. His eyes were a little unfocused, but after a few moments, they locked with mine, and a big grin spread across his face.

"We need to do that A LOT more!" he softly said, and the three of us all giggled at that.

Part 11

This post-orgasmic silliness relieved the tension I was afraid we'd have. But there was absolutely none of that. Joshua was clearly okay with this, and I certainly knew I was. I just wasn't sure how Andrea would act on this. So as she laid down next to me, I kissed her on her cheek.

"You both look like you enjoyed yourselves," Andrea said, smiling broadly.

"If I knew having sex would be this awesome, I would've done it way sooner!" I exclaimed excitedly.

"Yeah! Really!" Joshua added, clearly as excited as I was.

"I know..." Andrea said softly, "that's exactly what I thought after my first time!"

It took me a few seconds for this to land. I guess I was still riding my orgasmic wave, but it suddenly landed.

"What do you mean? You've had sex before?" I said into the silence that followed Andrea's comment.

"I... uh... yeah. I kinda did..." she said apologetically.

"Wh... what!? With whom?!" I asked as I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

Why didn't she tell me? I was her best friend, for Christ's sake! So Andrea had sex, and she kept it a secret? Despite the post-sex hormones flowing through my body, I started to feel pissed.

"This has to stay between us! You have to promise me!" she said, and I could see her struggling, causing me to immediately feel a lot less angry.

"Uhh... you watched my sister and me have sex. I think you're good!" Joshua said, and I could hear the amusement in his voice.

"I know. But still..." Andrea whispered.

"You've got our word!" I said and ignored the urge to hug her, "right, Josh?"

"Of course!" he said with such a serious voice that it was clear he meant it.

“Well... Roberto and I... we... you know,” Andrea stammered.

“What? You’ve had sex with your brother too?” I exclaimed, hardly believing my ears.

Roberto was about half a year older than Joshua. They went to the same school and even shared some classes. I didn’t think he was hot, but several classmates thought differently.

He had the same dark, Cuban skin as his sister, long, black wavy hair that ended just below his ears, and, I had to admit, a cute smile.

“I did. Well... we did. Yeah.”

“Oh wow...” Joshua whispered.

“But... how?” I asked, still confused.

“A few months ago, I walked in on him to ask something about my history homework. And there he was, looking at his monitor with his pants around his ankles and his hard dick in his hand. I clearly saw it all right before he tried covering up and shouted about me needing to knock and stuff. But I couldn’t keep my eyes off his dick. And as he tried to kick me out of his room, he stood up and tripped over his pants.”

Joshua started giggling, looked at me, and said, “You almost caught me last week too! I was just in time to pull up my boxers.”

“Oh! I remember that!” I said, laughing, realizing just now what I witnessed the other day.

His pants were in a heap below his desk, which I found odd, but didn’t connect the dots at that time.

“Then what?” Joshua asked, looking very interested.

“Well... he fell to the floor and hit his head on his bedpost. So I helped him get up, and he sat on his bed, his pants still around his ankles. He calmed down after a bit and put his hands in his lap to cover up.”

“He must’ve felt awful!” I said, holding my hand in front of my mouth.

“He did. But we started talking, and after a while, I managed to get him to feel better, and I promised I wouldn’t tell anyone. Pretty soon, the subject

went to him jacking off, of course! And as it turned out, we were both extremely curious about how the other one masturbated. So we sat on opposite sides of his bed, where we both did our thing. It was SO hot watching him cum!”

“Holy shit!” Joshua said, “Now I feel silly for covering up!”

“Yeah! Why did you do that?!” I laughed.

“We did this almost every day from then on,” Andrea continued, “until one day, he asked if I wanted to try jerking him. Of course, I didn’t dare to ask, but I didn’t think twice when he offered this!”

“Of course not!” I smiled.

“The moment I took his dick in my hand, something clicked inside my head. I just had to feel how it felt inside me!”

I glanced over at Joshua and noticed his now soft dick was starting to get hard again. I thought boys couldn’t get it hard for a while after they came. Apparently, I was wrong!

“Since I was already naked, I just had to scoot over, where I started brushing his tip against my hole. Roberto looked questioningly at me but didn’t say anything. But when I pushed a little and felt him go in... Best. Feeling. Ever!”

She used her best drama queen voice to say this, but I truly knew how it felt, so I couldn’t blame her for it.

“Roberto grabbed my hips, and before I knew it, we were fucking. It wasn’t as intense as your first fuck, but it was damn close! We fucked like rabbits after that first time. Every chance we get, he’s inside me. I even went into his room after we went to bed last week. Of course, we had to be quiet, but the risk of getting caught made it even better.”

“Aren’t you afraid to get pregnant?” I asked.

“I was at first. But I’m on the pill now, and Roberto says a brother can’t get his sister pregnant.”

“That’s bullshit!” Joshua said sternly.

“Josh!” I said, feeling sorry for Andrea.

"It's okay, Kel. I know it is," Andrea softly said, "but if he wants to believe it, I don't mind. As long as he keeps fucking me! That's why I'm on the pill now anyways."

"I still haven't had my period yet. But I need to talk to mom and get on the pill as soon as possible because I want to keep on doing this, but I don't want to... you know..."

"I know. And will this be a problem?" Andrea asked.

"Nah. Mom is cool about it. She even talked to me about me still not having my period and that I can come to her whenever I need to."

I wanted to know what happened precisely, so in the silence that followed, I asked, "So... did you plan something when you knew we were going to the cabin? You wanted it to happen between us too?"

"I didn't plan anything," Andrea said calmly as a sly grin spread across her face. "But when I saw Josh's dick with you so close to it, I figured I might as well give you a push in the right direction."

"I did get a push, alright," I giggled, and my hand went down to lightly caress my pussy and assess the potential damage.

"I... uhh..." Andrea stammered after looking at Joshua's hard dick.

"What?" I asked, looking at some of my brother's cum on my fingers that leaked out of my pussy.

"I don't know how to ask this..." she blushed.

"Try us," Joshua said as he scratched his balls openly.

"Is it okay if he fucks me?" Andrea asked, looking at both of us.

"I... uhh... sure! As long as I get another go. I mean... you helped us out and stuff, so I don't see why not. Josh?"

"Oh, don't worry! We'll definitely do that again! And I think it's only fair if I fuck Andy. She DID help us out, you know?" he chuckled as a shit-eating grin spread across his face.

"And..." Andrea said as she blushed.

I slapped her softly on her arm and said, "Come on! Spit it out! You don't have to act all shy now, you know!"

"I like the taste of cum. A lot!" Andrea said.

"Do I need to take it out before I cum?" Joshua asked.

"No. Well... that's perfect. But what I meant was..."

"You want to eat me out again!" I said, interrupting my best friend.

"Do you mind?" Andrea asked with a wicked grin.

"Well... Duh!" I laughed, "but how do we..."

"Oh, that's easy!" Andrea said as she turned to her back.

She scooted down the bed, so her ass was at the edge of the mattress. Joshua caught on, got to his feet, and stood at the end of the bed with his boner sticking up, throbbing and hard as a rock. I couldn't deny to myself that I had fallen in love with his cock. I wanted nothing more than to be fucked by it, so I felt slightly jealous when it was this close to Andrea's pussy. But I also knew that Joshua enjoyed it so much that he'd do me again in the blink of an eye.

"Get that pussy over here," Andrea hoarsely said, gesturing for me to sit on her face.

"Do I look at the wall, or..."

"Whatever you want. I'd look at your brother if I were you. You've got the best seat in the house that way!"

So I lifted my leg over her and sat on my knees, hovering my pussy above her face. I looked at Joshua as he stood there, holding his stiff dick at the base.

I let my eyes roam over his body, and now that I could see him from his balls up, I was even more convinced about how fine his body was. A small patch of black pubes, a noticeable v-line above it, topped off with a tight, barely noticeable, but definitely there, six-pack.

I did get a good look at his pecs and shoulders while we fucked, but seeing the complete picture now, I couldn't stop admiring his body. And I had to

convince him to start dressing differently, but that wasn't for now. This just wasn't the time or place for that.

"Where uhm..." Joshua asked as he put the tip of his dick against Andrea's pussy.

"Can you help him?" Andrea asked amused, "I've got other business to attend to."

And right after she said that, her tongue started licking all around the outside of my pussy.

"Ohhh..." I moaned because of that sudden stimulation.

But I didn't want to miss out on the opportunity. So I lowered myself and looked directly at my best friend's pussy where my brother's dickhead was probing around.

"Here," I whispered and spread Andrea's pussy lips.

Next, I grabbed Joshua's dick, resisted the temptation to toy with it, and pointed it toward her opening. All the while feeling Andrea's tongue working its magic, which made it a bit difficult for me to focus. But when I saw my brother's dickhead enter her pussy, I just had to pay attention.

"Do it!" Andrea said from under me, taking her mouth off my pussy just long enough to say it.

I heard Joshua swallow, and I looked up at him. One corner of his mouth pulled his lips into a sly grin, and he nodded. I followed his eyes as he looked down. My eyes focused back on his dick, and as Andrea's tongue started slipping into me, my brother began to slide his dick into my best friend.

It was clear that Joshua wasn't as careful and gentle as he was with me. But given the fact that Andrea had been fucked before already and that she was urging him on with her moans, I would've done the same if I were him.

I watched his dick slide in, and he didn't stop or pull back even once. Andrea's moans on my cunt were terrific, and her probing tongue was magical. But watching my brother's hard cock slide into a pussy up close was way hotter than I'd ever imagined.

“Oohhh! You’re bigger!” Andrea moaned as her hips started gyrating.

I could see my brother beam with pride as I looked up at him. I was still amazed about how I missed how hot he was naked and what a magnificent cock he had. And now he was fucking someone else with it. I wanted him for myself, and watching him fuck my best friend, made me realize I needed to step up.

As he inched the last piece of his rod inside Andrea and their pubic hairs merged, I heard both of them moan. Andrea stopped licking my pussy, and I heard her say, “and, ooohh, longer,” between her grunts.

I lifted my body, my eyes locked on him, and moved in. My face inched closer to his, and he immediately caught on. We looked deep into each other’s eyes, and he suddenly moved his head forward. Our mouths mashed against each other, and our tongues hungrily started probing around in our mouths. I felt his teeth brush against my tongue but didn’t care about that at all. I placed one hand on his shoulder, and as Andrea started eating me out again, I marveled at the moving muscles under my fingers.

I could feel by both the thrashing of Andrea’s mouth and the movement of my brother’s body that he was now fucking her for real. I wanted to feel as much of his body as I could, so my other hand roamed around over his body. I desperately wanted to cup his ass and feel it move as he fucked my best friend, but this was physically impossible in the way we were sitting now. So I made a note to myself to grab his ass the next time he fucked me.

But as Andrea’s action on my cunt increased, and the more than erotic Frenching with my brother continued, I realized I was getting close. But as my brother’s movement became more deliberate and the sound and speed of bodies slapping against each other increased, I knew they wouldn’t last much longer either.

Maybe my approaching orgasm clouded my judgment, but I just knew there was one thing I wanted. No! That I needed right now.

“I want to taste your cum again,” I said, looking my brother deep into his eyes.

“And... aaahhh... you... ooohhhh... should! Hmmm.... It’s... ahhhh... del-oohh... delicious!” Andrea grunted.

I saw a twinkle in my brother’s eyes as he slammed into Andrea in my peripheral vision. Under me, she was squirming uncontrollably and had stopped licking me altogether. It was clear she was close and just couldn’t focus anymore.

Joshua slapped hard into her two more times, and Andrea’s body stiffened. Her face was pressed against my pussy, and I could hear and feel a loud moan coming from deep within her.

Joshua stopped moving for a moment, but after the peak of her orgasm had passed, he started slamming into her again. He looked hornily at me and said, “I’m... I’m cumming... what... what do I do... ohhh...”

“Just pull out,” I softly said, and laid down on Andrea again, my face inches away from their joined genitals.

Watching him slide in and out in the heat of his second fuck, was even better than before. His cock glistened with Andrea’s cunt juices, making it look even hotter.

“Ah... ah... ah... ah...,” my brother moaned.

I felt Andrea’s tongue going at it at full speed again, and I felt myself heading toward the inevitable at lightning speed.

“Look ou...” Joshua moaned.

He pulled back and quickly thrust forward again. I had just enough clarity left to grab his dick by its base, point it toward my mouth, and slide my lips over his dickhead.

Moments later, the sound of a low groan filled the room, and his dickhead grew fatter in my mouth. The force of the first spurt caught me off guard. It flew straight against the back of my mouth and slid down my throat. I had to suppress a cough because I didn’t have time to recover. The next spurt was still powerful, but not as much as the first. Then, as the third filled my mouth and the cum coated my tongue, triggering my tastebuds, I was immediately hooked. I LOVED the taste of my brother’s cum!

I heard my own muffled moan, and as spurts four and five fed me even more of this magnificent juice, I felt Andrea's tongue fully on my clit, and two fingers entered me.

Now I just had to swallow, and the moment my brother's cum slid down my throat, Andrea's tongue and fingers pushed me over the edge. I started coating her face with my juices as I came hard. I didn't come as hard as during my first fuck, but it was close!

During my orgasm, Joshua kept feeding me small spurts of his spunk, and as it kept on triggering me, I kept coming.

I was still firmly gripping his dick and wasn't about to let him go just yet. Not as long as he kept feeding me his cum. But as my orgasm died down, so did his supply of sperm. I wasn't ready for it to stop, so I started sucking on it like a baby sucks on a tit, and my tongue was lapping over his slit in an attempt to taste more.

"Stop... no..." Joshua panted and pulled his hips back.

I reluctantly let go of his dick and looked pleadingly at him. Just then, I realized I was still panting heavily, coming down from my orgasm.

"Sorry... it's too sensitive," Joshua said between pants and flopped down on the bed next to us.

I rolled off my best friend, turned around, and kissed her passionately. I tasted myself again as we kissed, but it wasn't the turn-off I expected it to be before all of this started happening.

During the rest of the weekend, we didn't wear clothes again. Andrea only put on her shoes to get the backpack we left behind but ditched these the moment she got back. Joshua fucked me at least ten times that weekend, but it might have been eleven or twelve. Somewhere during the weekend, I lost count.

He only fucked Andrea once more because she liked it better when Joshua or I ate her out. And she said that the fucking was something between the two of us and that she had her own fuck buddy back home to satisfy her.

It wasn't just the sex. We genuinely had a fabulous weekend. Andrea and I swam in the lake, Joshua did some drawing, and we played some games. Two of his sketches went into the secret part of his book. One of them was where Andrea and I sucked him off together. Seeing how it looked from his point of view in the sketch with Andrea and my face pressed together with our tongues struggling who could get the best part of the cock, was highly erotic. The other drawing he made was when Andrea and I were going at it in a sixty-nine at the shore of the lake. I didn't know at the moment that Joshua was looking but judging by the sketch, he had one of the best seats in the house.

After reluctantly putting our clothes back on and locking the cabin, we headed down the mountain. After a while, Joshua walked up next to me and took my hand. As I looked at his puppy eyes, I felt a lot of affection for him. Maybe even love. But I figured we needed to explore a lot more to be sure of that.



All in all, we had the best weekend ever! Andrea insisted on us getting together next week when their parents went to a big party at her dad's

work to fool around with Roberto and her. So we did just that and had another great weekend. But somehow, it wasn't my thing. I loved the sex, and I loved Andrea. But being fucked, was something that I wanted to do with my brother and with no one else around. Of course, Andrea and I still had our fair share of sex when we had a sleepover, but never a foursome again.

The relationship Joshua and I had, had deepened severely after the weekend in the cabin. We grew a lot closer and hung out together after we got back, even in school. And since I convinced him to start wearing less geeky clothes, he fit in better too.

But the nights at home were the best. Because every time I heard that soft knock on my bedroom door and Joshua came in, wearing nothing but his smile and his bobbing boner leading the way, I fell a little more in love with my brother.

The end.