

A photograph of two young women with long, light brown hair. The woman on the left is whispering into the ear of the woman on the right, who has a shocked expression with her mouth wide open. The background is a warm, golden-brown color, possibly a wall or a window with light coming through. The text 'Rumors' is overlaid at the top, 'by' is in the middle, and 'Jason Crow' is at the bottom.

Rumors

by

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These mist-covered mountains are a home now for me. I sighed deeply and stared gloomily at them through the classroom window. I saw my vague reflection and noticed that today, my red curls actually managed to stay in place for once. I also realized this shirt might show a little too much cleavage, but there wasn't much I could do about that now. I couldn't help it that my boobs appeared to have grown a full cup size overnight.

It was my third day at this new school, and I'd never felt so alone. I was trying my best and had managed to hang out with the popular clique, but we still felt like strangers to each other. At my old school, I wasn't even close to hanging out with the popular girls, but somehow, being the new kid here has made people interested in me.



“Miss Miller?” I heard vaguely in the distance, snapping me out of my daydream. I quickly glanced around and realized the teacher had asked me

something. I must've missed it, because when I asked a simple "What?" the whole classroom started to chuckle.

"I asked you what's so interesting about our windows."

"It's... I..." I stammered, but then realized this might be a make-or-break moment. So, I went for a wisecrack and said, "I was admiring the paint job on the frame. I was wondering... did Stevie Wonder start a new career?"

More chuckles and a few laughs erupted around me. Good! But judging by Mr. Garcia's face, he wasn't amused. After a few seconds, he said, "You can talk to the janitor after class about it if it's that important to you. But in this school, we pay attention during class. Since you're new here, you might not know how things work. Now you do. Consider this your first and final warning."

I nodded resignedly. He knew I was posturing but I was pleased to hear some appreciative mumbles around me. A couple of minutes later, the bell rang, and I grabbed my book and backpack.

"Hey, Red! That was pretty cool," Shannon, the most popular girl in our grade, said as we left the classroom.

"Thanks. His classes are *so* boring," I replied, making sure not to say anything stupid around her.

A simple nod from Shannon was all I got as she waved at a hot jock passing us in the hallway on our way to the cafeteria. I was afraid I'd blown it. But when the jock was out of sight, she said, "Hey! Come sit with us," and I felt a bit more confident.

I was still baggin' it until I knew what the lunch ladies served, so I got my pretty pink Yeti lunch tote from my locker and was able to sit right down at Shannon's table. I wasn't surprised she sat at the center, and the other girls flocked around her. But when she saw me coming, her face lit up, and she patted the spot next to her.

"Girls, this is..." Shannon said, looking expectantly at me.

"I'm Emma."

"You won't believe what she did in Garcia's class!"

She started bragging and telling everyone how cool I was, but the reactions from her friends were so overwhelmingly fake that I had to resist from snorting and responding to them numerous times. I was being sized up and knew I had to take it. For now.

I zoned out as they kept on gossiping about people I didn't know and putting Shannon on a pedestal. This just wasn't my crowd. I always thought I wanted to hang with the cool girls, but they turned out to be far from cool. They were annoying and obnoxious. The fact that I saw through them so quickly after meeting them meant that they were in a league of their own on the obnoxiousness scale.

I found a sweet distraction two tables away from us, something for my true interests. I was checking out a hot boy as he wrestled playfully with his friend, both showing off a strip of skin between their shirt and pants in the process. I'd discovered they were both wearing Under Armour boxer briefs when my attention was drawn back to what the girls were talking about.

"Kid you not!" Keira said, pausing like a true drama queen. "Some Eighth Graders pushed him into the girl's locker room!"

"And he was naked?" one of the other girls asked, holding her hand in front of her mouth.

"Yup! Naked as the day he was born."

"Oh, wow..."

"Yeah... My little sister was there, and she saw it all. She came looking for me at my locker after it happened and couldn't stop talking about it."

"Did she see his... you know?" one of the girls I didn't know asked while blushing brightly.

"He tried hiding it, but as he tried getting away, he slipped, fell, and he showed it all," Keira said, paused dramatically again, and looked at everyone sitting at the table one at a time before continuing. "My sister said he was big... down there. At least five inches and pretty thick. And the rest of him looked pretty good, too, according to her. Muscular and tight."

Collective nods and mumbles were all around me as I envisioned a naked boy lying on the floor of the locker room. I actually felt sorry for him, but the idea of a big-dicked naked boy did bring butterflies to my stomach.

“Damn!” Shannon said. “He may be a grade below us, but I wouldn’t have minded seeing that.”

They giggled and chatted a bit more about him, but I wasn’t interested anymore. This picture in my head of a naked boy lying on the floor brought me back to a couple of months ago.

* * *

I was still trying to process the impact of what Dad had told us the night before. He told us he had gotten a promotion, and because of that, we had to move within a little over a month. I quickly learned there was zero room for arguing, and the decision was already made. And, boy, was I pissed! But what bothered me most was that Ryan and I would have to split up. To me, hooking up with Ryan last month was like I had struck gold. He was the hottest guy in our class, and I had recently decided I’d lose my virginity to him. Until Dad broke the bad news, that was.

We still had a little over a month before we would leave, but I had envisioned us having sex on a night where we’d be all alone, with a bath, candles, some nice music, and Ryan and I would tenderly make love to each other. This would take some planning, but this was taken from me due to this stupid move!

So here we were. His dad was gone for the afternoon, and Ryan had persuaded me to come over. We were kissing heavily, and Ryan’s hands were under my shirt, massaging my boobs, which felt great. But when he lifted my shirt and unclasped my bra, I knew this was the moment. I was about to lose my virginity and suddenly nervous as hell! My mouth was dry, my heart beating in my throat, and my hands were shaking. I hadn’t realized this last bit until Ryan said I should get naked.



He was lifting his shirt as he said this, and I was slightly disappointed about his underdeveloped chest. He didn't look as hot shirtless as most of us girls had imagined. He had a charming and sexy face, but as he undressed further, I realized that was all. The bulge in his underwear was noticeable, but only because his boner was making a tent in it.

I was hoping he'd take the rest of my clothes off, all romantic-like, but I figured that wasn't going to happen, so I removed my pants and panties myself. I'd already given up on the idea of candles and stuff. He didn't even have on any music.

I lay back down on his bed naked, feeling a bit exposed, but I tried to keep my cool, and my eyes were focused on him as he neatly folded his clothes and laid them aside. He unceremoniously dropped his boxers, and his barely four-inch boner popped out. The thick bush above and around it made it look even smaller. As he took the few steps toward the bed, I kept eying it and was amazed at its stiffness. It hardly even moved as he took his steps.

He eyed me from top to bottom and said, "You look nice, Emma," as he crawled onto the bed and between my legs. But the way he said it felt a bit fake, even obligatory, maybe. I knew he wasn't a virgin, at least so he told me and everyone else he could brag to about this, so I guessed it was normal to talk like that during sex.

He lay his body on mine, and I felt the tip of his dick touch the outside of my pussy. I was so nervous at that moment that I almost forgot to breathe. Ryan looked at me and asked, "Ready?"

Was I ready? I wanted to do this, but weren't we supposed to do something first? Didn't I get to touch his hard dick? Didn't he want to touch my pussy? I liked to touch my pussy, why wouldn't a boy want this? What about a blow job? I'd never done it, but didn't he want one? My pussy wasn't that wet, yet, either. Usually, when I was about to touch myself, I was wetter than I was at this moment. So, was I ready? I didn't know.

All I could do was nod. Without any further ado, Ryan started poking around. It took him several tries, but eventually, he found my entrance. The tip of his dick moved between my folds and entered me. It was a very, very, very good feeling as my pussy stretched around it, and I was being entered for the very first time in my life. But then came the pain... with a sudden and firm push, Ryan tried shoving his dick into me all the way to the hilt.

"Ouch!" I groaned and pushed against his chest.

He looked at me as if I was doing something wrong here. But a fake smile appeared on his face as he tried to soothe me and said, "Don't worry, Babe. It always hurts in the beginning. It'll start feeling good any second now."

Looking back, I should've listened to my heart and ended it right there. But I didn't want to disappoint Ryan and be blamed for being a cocktease. So, I gave him a slight nod, and Ryan started pulling back out. When he moved out, I felt that sting again, but it was much weaker now. I knew it wasn't my hymen because I used a hairbrush a couple of weeks ago to get rid of it just to make sure this moment wouldn't hurt so much.

I just wasn't wet enough. Sure, I was nervous, but not scared. My pussy was still relatively dry, I guess, and he kept pulling and pushing into it. Maybe if we had taken the time to... As Ryan pulled back, he slid out completely, and he had to poke around a couple of times again before he was back in the right spot. But he did it with such force it actually hurt me a little bit. And once he found my entrance, he pushed in firmly again, and the sting inside was back immediately. He quickly found his rhythm and started moving in and out. They were small, rabbit-like thrusts. But the good thing was that he didn't hurt me much this way.

The pain was now mostly gone, his dick had brought my wetness up from inside, finally, and when I looked at his face, he had his eyes closed and started moaning. I remember thinking that was a good sign. It must mean he was almost done. And sure enough, a couple of moments later, he grunted and slammed completely inside. He once again did this with such force I felt that painful sensation again. But before it really registered, his dick started kicking inside, and I could feel his cum leave his body and enter mine.



He was panting heavily, and all I wanted was to push him off and get dressed. If this was what sex was about, I didn't want it. But before I could do anything, he started kissing me, and I just had to return it. He must've sensed something was off because he broke the kiss and looked at me with a knowing smile.

"Don't worry, Babe. This will get better for you, too, after a couple of times."

I nodded and forced myself to smile back at him. We got dressed quickly and that was that. During the afternoon, I felt some of his cum leak out of me, and my mom looked quizzically at me when I announced I was going to take a shower. During that shower, I thought back to it... to losing my virginity. To finally having sex for the first time. The start was awful, and I knew Ryan was a selfish guy, but that couldn't be the way all boys were. And once he got going, it didn't feel half-bad, so I did see the potential of it all. I just regretted my first time was with him and not with someone who actually cared about me.

* * *

After lunch, it was time for history class. Somehow, this school had found an even more boring teacher than the one at my last school. He looked the part, too—stiff, tedious, and dull as can be. It was going to be another hour of staring out the window.

I did notice I was a bit on edge after what happened during lunch, hearing about a naked boy in the girls' locker room, and the memories about losing my virginity. The window I stared out in this room had a view of the boys leaving the building in their PE uniforms, heading to the backfield. I couldn't see the field from here, but I suppose that was by design. But with the better weather, it was nice seeing bare legs again and their cute butts bouncing as the boys jogged past.

When I focused on what the teacher was saying, I realized he had started talking about gay men and their role in history, and memories of Xander suddenly surfaced.

Xander had been my best friend since kindergarten. We always hung out together, and our moms would constantly tell everyone how cute we were and how amazing our kids would be. Once I learned where babies came from, I found that comment strange because Xander was just my friend. I didn't want to have babies with him!

I had to admit, Xander was good-looking. I'd always kind of known this, but it didn't seem important to me until a couple of months ago. With his blonde, surfer-like hair, dreamy-looking brown eyes, flawless skin, and his signature look of tight blue jeans, a white T-shirt, and one of his five unique unbuttoned Hawaiian shirts, he looked like a young Adonis. I was amazed I hadn't noticed it sooner.



As we got older, I could tell Xander wasn't like the other boys. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but I just knew. Then, a couple of months ago, while we were hanging out in my room, I noticed he was struggling with something. He wasn't his usual bright, sparkling self.

"Sup, X?" I asked as I pressed 'next' on my Spotify app, and the famous intro to "Stairway to Heaven" started playing.

He avoided my eyes, kept staring at the floor, and mumbled, "It's nothing. Don't bother."

"Ah, come on. You're my best friend! Spit it out..."

"Nah..."

"Oh, come on... I know you wanna..." I pressed, being my silly self and acting goofy.

"Emma, no. I..."

"Just tell me! Who is she?" I smiled, made kissing noises, and hugged myself to annoy him. Pretty childish, but I thought it was funny.

"I... I think I'm gay..." he softly said, still looking at the floor.

Time stood still at that moment, and it was like in the movies where all sorts of flashbacks that confirmed his gayness shot before my eyes. The realization hit me hard. He *was* gay. I knew it then and there. But I didn't *want* him to be gay! Not because I wanted to have his baby but because I didn't want him to have to go through all the hassle of coming out. And the name-calling. And all the hate gay men get from all sorts of groups. And...

This all happened in a split second in my head, and I knew I had to say something, so I started stammering, "Well... shit, X! I didn't mean to push or anything. But... that's... you know... big. I'm... I'm not sure what to say. Uhm... fuck!"

I got to my feet and gave him a tight hug. That's when I felt his shoulders were all tensed up, and I knew he was stressed out about this. Who wouldn't be? But when I started soothing him, I felt him relax under my

touch. No words were needed here. He just needed me to be there for him, and I knew I would be there for him whenever he needed me.

After a couple of minutes, he broke the hug and looked me in the eyes. In his tired eyes, I could see a bit of panic. I wasn't sure what it was. "Promise me you won't tell anyone!" he said.

I understood and smiled warmly at him. "Don't worry, dude. It's your call when to tell people. Not mine."

He responded with another hug, and after a few moments, I was back on the bed while he sat in my chair. One question was burning inside, and I just had to ask. Fiddling with the blanket a bit, I hesitantly said, "Are... uhm... are you sure?"

A wry smile appeared at the corner of his mouth. He nodded slightly and said, "Pretty sure, yes."

"But not one hundred percent sure?"

He laughed and replied, "No, not one hundred percent. But are you?"

I thought about it for a second and said, "Yeah. I think I actually am. Yeah... I'm pretty sure I'm straight."

"Good for you!" he said.

Despite my first time being so clumsy, it was a confirmation that I was into boys. And into their dicks in particular. And that's when I had an epiphany.

As Xander took his phone out of his pocket, I asked, "Did you ever have sex with a girl?"

He looked quizzically at me, shook his head, and said in a bit of a snarky tone, "No! I would've told you if I did."

"And... with a boy?" I asked carefully.

Xander's blush immediately gave it away. His eyes were on his phone, and I could see he was thinking about what to say to me.

"Maybe..." he said.

“Maybe...” I replied with amusement in my voice. “What does ‘maybe’ mean?”

“I... uhm...” Xander started and cleared his throat, “I, I mean, we jacked off together.”

“Pff!” I snorted, “that doesn’t count! All boys do that.” Or so I’d heard, anyway.

“And, uhm, he jerked me...” Xander continued.

“Oh...”

Xander was quiet for a few seconds and softly said, “And I gave him a blowjob.”

I was impressed that Xander had already gone this far. But also slightly annoyed that he didn’t tell me this sooner. I was his best friend!

“Cool! Did you like it?”

“Oh! I *loved* it!” Xander replied enthusiastically.

He showed me his phone with a picture of Ryan on it. I must’ve looked stupid because Xander started laughing when he saw my face.

“Is that the boy you did it with?” I asked, feeling a knot in my stomach.

“You should see your face!” he laughed, and swiped a bit on his phone. I smacked him on the arm, but I have to admit it would have been really funny if it was Ryan...!

He showed me his phone again, and the picture had changed. A very cute guy was showing, but the picture had a bit of a candid vibe over it. It was as if Xander had taken it without the boy knowing he was photographed. I had never seen this kid in our school, but I had seen him around our neighborhood a couple of times.

“Is that him?” I asked.

“No. I promised I wouldn’t tell a soul about it. So, I’m sorry,” he said apologetically, “but this is a boy I *really* like.”

I was going to find out one way or another who Xander had given head to. But now wasn't the time or place. Eventually, Xander would tell me. I was sure about that.

"He is cute! But is he..."

"Gay?"

"Yeah," I said and nodded.

"I think he is. I heard from someone who knows someone... you know?"

"If you need a wingman to ask him out, just let me know. If he isn't gay, I won't mind kissing this cutie for you," I said, nudged him in his ribs, and winked at him.

"You're evil, you know that?"

We were quiet for a few moments, and I pictured myself making out with this cute guy. But in my head, he quickly morphed into Xander, which was weird. I never thought of Xander as someone I'd make out with. But it wasn't off-putting in any way, either. I was still processing the idea of Xander being gay, and the wheels in my head were turning at full speed now.

"So how do you know you're gay if you never tried the other side?"

"I... I just... know?" was his doubtful answer. But after a second, his face frowned, and he asked, "Did you ever have sex with a girl?"

I smiled wickedly at him but didn't answer his question. A few heartbeats later, his frown was gone, and he softly said, "Oh, right! Lara..." and after another second, he exclaimed, "But that didn't count as sex! You said so yourself!"

"It wasn't real sex, I admit. But my cousin and I were both naked and had our hands on each other's pussies. It's as close as it gets."

"Fuck..." Xander sighed, defeated, but smiled a friendly smile.

"So... I was thinking..."

"Uh oh..." Xander said while he rolled his eyes exaggeratedly.

I bit my lower lip and avoided his eyes as I continued, "Well... since you've never had... you know... and since I wanna know if it was... I don't know, different because of Ryan, I figured..."

Xander was silent for a moment. After a few seconds of awkward silence, he said, "Are you... uhm... suggesting that you and I... we... should, you know?"

"Uhm... yes?" I tried carefully, shrugged, and forced myself to smile.

Xander looked like a deer caught in the headlights. He ran his hand through his long, blonde hair and cleared his throat a few times.

"It's... uhm... won't this be, like... weird?" he asked, though I could tell he was starting to warm up to the idea.

"Because we're friends, you mean?"

Xander nodded, and I tried to ignore the butterflies in my stomach as we seemed to be taking this seriously.

"Well," I said, "I actually think being friends is a good thing."

"Why's that?"

"We know what we're getting into. I mean... I really care about you, just not in *that* way, you know?"

"Yeah, I get it," Xander said softly, nodding in agreement.

"So, we won't hurt each other's feelings if this doesn't work out. No matter what, we'd still be besties."

"If you put it like that... I mean... I can't promise I'll like it, and I don't want to lose you because of such a stupid thing like sex."

"So?"

Xander's grin widened, and when he said, "Let's do this..." I got up to give him a hug.

As we stood there beside my bed, I suddenly felt nervous again. But from the pounding of Xander's heart under my fingertips, it was clear he was just as nervous.

The last time we'd seen each other completely naked was roughly two years ago. We had been at a swim party from one of the neighborhood's kids, and we needed to get home. In order to save time, we decided to share the small changing booth. I had recently started growing boobs. And although they were still just small bumps on my chest, I never thought it would be something that would make things uncomfortable. But when Xander saw me take off my top, I saw movement in the corner of my eye, and his penis stood up straight from his body.

Looking back, I guess that's where my interest in boys was sparked. And this is also the reason why I didn't believe Xander was gay. I mean, he boned up over my naked breasts. A real gay boy wouldn't do that, right?

"So... how do we do this?" Xander asked, the insecurity dripping from his face.

"I guess we... need to undress?"

"S- sure. Yeah. Okay..." he stammered.

Somehow, I didn't feel as nervous anymore. Now that we'd decided to go through with it, I was curious about how he would feel inside me. I began unbuttoning my pants and lifted my shirt. As I stood there in just my underwear, Xander had only taken off his Hawaiian shirt. But inside his jeans, I could see the unmistakable outline of his boner.

I wasn't sure if I should say something to put him more at ease. But when he started working on his pants, I figured I might as well keep going and get this show on the road. I unceremoniously unclasped my bra and put it aside. I felt his eyes on my breasts, which made me feel sexier and more attractive than when this had happened with Ryan.



“You look great, Em!” he softly said as his tented purple boxers came into view.

I swallowed hard when I saw his bulge since it looked to be a bit bigger than Ryan’s. But I also couldn’t wait to see his bare cock either. I was so ready for it!

After he took off his shirt and we were both in just our underpants, I noticed something. He wasn’t the Adonis he seemed to be with his clothes on. I assumed he did some growing over the last two years, but he still looked like he did in that small changing booth at that time. And in my

head, a true Adonis didn't just have bronzed skin and a handsome face. No. He had to also be muscular. I never really looked at him as a boy, always as just my friend. But now that the tension was thick, and he was about to fuck me, I looked at him in a whole new light.

I wasn't expecting high school muscles, but Xander was thin and underdeveloped. Not scrawny or underweight, but just... boyish. No real pecs whatsoever. Just hardly a hint of them. No abs, just a tight belly. Xander did have a cuter belly button than Ryan. An outie that fitted his body nicely. I was sorry to think it, but I actually liked Ryan's body better. But because of Xander's thin frame and that bulge, I assumed at least his dick would be bigger, even as it was still inside his boxers.

After checking out his body, I found his eyes. They were focused on my boobs, and I saw his boner twitch inside his boxers. I didn't want to wait any longer and knew I had to take the lead. So, I hooked my thumbs in the waistband of my panties, swiftly slid them down, and stepped out of them.

When I stood straight, Xander's eyes were between my legs, and I heard a soft "Oh..." come from his mouth. Mine was the first real pussy he'd seen, I guess – when we were eleven and now. I pulled at my pubes, fluffing my little bit of red curls, there.

I felt less self-conscious than I had anticipated. Being naked in front of my best friend was a bit awkward, but only because of what we were about to do.

"I... uhm... I'll get on the bed..." I said and did just that.

My eyes never left his body, and despite the hesitation in his eyes, he started sliding down his boxers. First, a small but dense patch of light pubes came into view. I already liked this way better than Ryan's thick, hairy bush. And when the base of his shaft appeared, I immediately knew he was indeed bigger than Ryan down there.

When his dick came free from the fabric, it bounced up and down, and I remembered that he was uncut, as opposed to Ryan. It looked funny with the extra skin covering it. After the pool party experience, I had to find out

what that was all about, and I would have been mortified to ask him, so I stole a book from the public library to learn more about it.

After Xander stood back straight, he looked bashful, crossed his arms in front of his chest, and basically hugged himself. I was glad to see at least something had grown over the years. I guessed his dick to be about four and a half, maybe five inches, but it appeared bigger on his thin frame. At the tip of his dick, where his foreskin parted a little, I saw a hint of his reddish dickhead.

“You... uhm... look pretty good, X!” I said into the awkward silence surrounding us.

His mouth turned into a barely noticeable smile, and he asked, “Really? I mean... I’m skinny, and because I’m not cut, people...”

“You really look good!” I interrupted him, knowing how insecure he could be at times, “You’ve got a fine body, and some muscles will grow eventually. And your... uhm... penis looks different, yes. But this is natural, and this is what makes you, well... you!”

“Thanks!” he said, and I could see that this had given him a confidence boost.

“Too bad you’re gay.”

“Too bad for you, you mean!” he smiled and wiggled his hips a little to emphasize his dick.

But I noticed it was already starting to go down, so I said, “Get over here and stick it in me to see if you’re really as gay as you think you are!”

“You always have such a... stylish way of saying things...” he chuckled and crawled between my legs onto the bed.

“What? What did I say?” I said innocently but grinning widely, glad the ice was broken now.

He sat on his knees between my spread legs. I looked him over and suddenly felt a bit nervous. Xander’s eyes roamed over my body, and I saw his dick was about half-hard. If I didn’t know any better, I’d feel offended by it.

“Scoot closer,” I softly said. I parted my lips and inserted a finger inside me, drawing out some of my fluids and getting my entrance wet. I wasn’t going to have another dry dick poke at my dry pussy.

He scooted forward on his knees, and the tip of his uncut dick was almost touching me. Judging by the nervous look on his face, I figured I had to take the lead here. So, without warning, I reached out and grabbed his dick.

“Oh!” Xander exclaimed.

In my hand, I could feel him grow hard within a few heartbeats. I gently tugged at it and lined him up so his dickhead touched my entrance. As I did this, he moved his thin body down, placed his hands on either side of my shoulders, and looked down at where our genitalia were about to merge.

“Just push it in...” I whispered in his ear.

He lifted his head to look at me and nodded ever so slightly. I felt the pressure on my pussy increase, and after a popping sensation, I knew his dickhead had entered me. But unlike Ryan, Xander stopped and asked, “Are... are you sure?”

“Yeah. I’m sure. You feel good, X!” I said, hoping to urge him on.

But he didn’t need any urging from me. After he checked with me, he applied more pressure with his hips, and I could feel him slide in. But he did it slowly and gently, constantly checking my face to see how I was doing until he bottomed out and had no more to slide into me.

His dick felt great! Way, way better than Ryan’s, and with Xander, it didn’t hurt at all! I shuddered as he pushed his groin firmly against mine, pressing hard on my clit as he did this.

“I’m... we’re...” he stammered wide-eyed.

“Yeah... we are...”

“And now what? I just...”

“Start moving. It’ll feel even better!” I smiled, trying to keep my cool but feeling all warm and tingly inside.

When Xander started moving in and out, it also felt way better than what Ryan did. But something was off. I couldn't put my finger on it, but he felt... different than when he entered me.

When he pulled back for the third time, he slipped out. I grabbed his dick again and was amazed by what I felt. He wasn't entirely hard anymore. It was nowhere near soft either, but definitely not at his maximum capacity. When I grabbed him, his eyes were wide open, and he looked guiltily at me. I squeezed his dick, and it responded with a violent twitch, but it didn't grow.

"You, uhm..." I whispered.

He looked defeated and nodded. "I know," he said, and I could hear him fighting back his tears.

"Oh, X!" I exclaimed, feeling stupid and sorry for trying.

Xander sighed deeply, and I could see the disappointment on his face. I guessed he liked the idea of being straight or maybe bi, too. It sure would've saved him from all the hassle a gay man has to deal with. But the simple truth was that Xander was gay, and there was no more doubt about that.

I hugged him as he lay on top of me and gently stroked his back and hair. I felt his now soft dick brush against my thigh every now and again as he moved. We lay like that for a couple of minutes, and after that, Xander got off of me and he lay down next to me on the bed.

"I'm so sorry, Em!" he finally managed to say.

"No, X. I'm the one who should be sorry. I shouldn't have pushed you into doing this."

"But I wanted you to feel good after what happened with, you know... Ryan. And, uhm... to be honest... I wanted to know what it was like, too..." he said, "so it isn't your fault!"

"But you wouldn't have done this if I..."

"Stop it, Em! It doesn't matter whose fault it is!" he said sternly.

“Guess you’re right,” I softly replied and cuddled up to him.

After a couple of moments of silence, he chuckled, “At least now I know it’s official.”

“Either that, or you think I’m repulsive.”

He lifted his head to look at me and looked earnestly at me, almost angry, and said, “No way, Emma Miller! You’re a beautiful girl with a beautiful body. On top of that, you’ve got an amazing personality and the cutest smile! Don’t let anyone ever tell you otherwise!”

“Thanks, X. That means a lot!” I said, hugging him again. And after another short silence, I said, “And whatever boy you end up with will be the luckiest guy in the world!”

Xander kissed me on my head, and I could feel him nod. “Thanks,” he whispered, and we were quiet again. I was moving in two weeks, and if this was the last time I saw him, at least we had this tender moment between us, forever.

We heard the front door slam shut downstairs, and it was like we were both stung in our butts by bees. In record time, we got dressed. Right before Mom knocked on my door, we were sitting down again, acting like nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

Xander and I didn’t talk about it anymore. It was our secret, and no one but us would ever know what happened. It wasn’t the last time I saw him, but I do think that what happened cemented our friendship for life.

* * *

I was shaken out of my thoughts by the ringing of the school bell. Almost nothing that Mr. Anderson had told us during class had entered my mind. The only thing that had broken through was the sight of the boys jogging back to the locker room, all muddy, thinking about how they’d soon be naked and showering... And by now, my pussy was so wet, the moisture was seeping into my panties. There was no denying how much I liked how Xander had felt inside me. No. How much I had *loved* it!

As this realization landed, I made a promise to myself. I needed to get fucked by a decent-sized cock, by a guy who wasn't only thinking about himself. This probably meant that my hunting grounds in school might have to include the lower social groups like the geeks and nerds. But I didn't care about that at all. Oh, and also the guy has to be able to get it up for a girl. So, no gay guys. Too bad!

I had to think about the ground rules I would have to set for myself and who would fit my bill. But I'd have the rest of the day to do that. Mom and Dad wouldn't be home until late this evening due to something at Dad's work. So, I felt pretty pleased with myself and happy that I might get fucked again and actually enjoy myself doing it this time.

After I opened the door, I heard a sound I couldn't quite place, so I closed it as quietly as I could. It couldn't be my annoying little brother, could it? We barely acknowledged each other, so I didn't keep track of his schedule, but didn't he have that Volleyball thing he signed up for after school?

I tiptoed over to the kitchen. It appeared the sound was coming from out there. When I peeked inside, I saw my little brother, Liam, sitting at the kitchen table, head in his hands, and judging by his shaking shoulders, he was crying his eyes out. His red hair seemed to dance every time his shoulders shook.

My brother and I weren't close. He was a little over a year younger than me, and we were both in different social circles and in different grades at school, he was in sixth, and I was in seventh, so we kind of avoided each other. We hardly ever fought over anything, but we didn't talk much, either, because we just weren't in each other's lives.

Back at our old house, we were both so busy with our friends, I basically only saw him at breakfast and dinner. He had a lot of friends back home. He was always out at their houses, or they came over, and they locked themselves in his bedroom, playing games, or my mom was driving him and a bunch of other kids to soccer practice or his Little League baseball games. I had Xander and my own friends to hang out with, wander the city, causing trouble, and pretending to do homework with.

When Mom and Dad announced we were moving, Liam and I ended up connecting a little more. Liam probably hated the move even more than I did. We weren't suddenly best friends or anything, but we did grow a bit closer. Having a common enemy—like the move—helped us bond.

When we started school here this week, we went back to our separate lives. Mom always told me I was too self-centered and needed to think about others once in a while. But once I was at school, I didn't give my brother a second thought, again. We were both trying to find new friends in our new surroundings. He needed to sort his shit out on his own, just like I did. I doubted he thought any different. Clinging to each other at lunch wouldn't help us.

But now, seeing him cry for all he was worth made me feel guilty for not looking out for him. A pang of selfishness hit me at that moment, and I felt like an asshole. I took a deep breath and walked over to him.

"Hey," I said softly and placed a hand on his shoulder.

Liam clearly didn't hear me come in because the moment my hand touched his shoulder, he almost jumped out of his skin.

"Em!" he said, and seeing it was me, he relaxed and eased back into the chair.

"I thought you signed up for Boys Volleyball tryouts today," I pulled from my memory.

"It's A through L today, M to Z tomorrow," he sniffled.

"So... s'up?" I asked and sat down across the table.

"You know what's up," he said, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand and sniffing loudly.

My mind went into overdrive. What did I miss? Did I do something wrong? Was it something I said or didn't say? I frantically tried to figure out what it could be but came up with nothing.

"I... I'm sorry, but... no..." I stammered.

“Don’t tell me you’ve missed the one thing the *entire* school is talking about! I know you’ve heard about it, and you laughed just as hard as everyone else!”

He sounded angry, frustrated, and confused, and a few tears rolled down his cheeks. He brushed them off quickly, almost violently. By now, it started to dawn on me what was going on. Was he the...? No!

“Were you the boy that was pushed into...”

“YES! I WAS!” he shouted as he interrupted me, “Funny shit, huh?” he continued angrily and did his best to not cry again, but his tears came, anyway.

Oh, wow! My little brother was being bullied by his classmates, and I wasn’t there to help him. I felt incredibly guilty about it. I felt guilty before, but now I *really* had a reason to.

“No, Liam! That shit isn’t funny!” I said seriously, looking into his eyes.

I placed my hand on his and softly said, “I heard it had happened, but I had no idea it was you. No one mentioned the boy’s name. Hell, I don’t think anybody in the school even knows our names yet. The one girl who speaks to me calls me ‘Red’ for Christ’s sake!”

He pulled back immediately and cast his eyes to the table. I usually didn’t even think about him, and now, I felt so sorry for him! I needed to find a way to help him or at least cheer him up. But then it dawned on me! I needed to let him talk. Talking to Xander about my first time with Ryan had helped me a lot, so I figured this was pretty much the same.

“Can you tell me what happened?” I tried.

Liam looked at me to see if I was making fun of him, but apparently, he saw that I was dead serious. He took a deep breath. “After gym class was over, I was minding my own business at my locker. I didn’t make a lot of friends yet, but the guys sitting around me were cool and we were talking about the stupid rope climbing the teacher made us do as we were getting ready for the showers.”

I nodded as he wiped his nose, feeling glad he was opening up to me. He grabbed his left elbow with his right hand, almost as if he was hugging himself.

“I had just taken off my boxers and wrapped a towel around my waist when suddenly, out of nowhere, four of the loudmouths from class appeared. Before I knew it, they had grabbed me by my arms and legs and carried me out of the locker room. I was screaming and shouting, but the teacher was nowhere to be found,” he said, his voice trembling.

“Wow! Four against one... that’s brave,” I said sarcastically and rolled my eyes, feeling more and more sorry for my little brother.

“Yeah... the guys I was talking to tried to stop them and said this wasn’t funny, but these four guys were just too big and just didn’t care.”

“And what happened next?” I asked with a knot in my stomach. I knew what was coming.

“They carried me out into the hall, and I thought it would be the end of it, you know? The new guy wearing nothing but a towel for everyone to see... ha ha...”

“That would be mildly funny, yes,” I admitted as a seventh Grader.

“Yeah... I could’ve lived with that, I guess. But they didn’t stop there. They pushed open the girls’ locker room, pushed me inside, and yanked my towel away,” he said and sighed deeply.

“Well... fuck!”

Liam nodded and continued, “I’d never felt this much panic in my life. I immediately put my hands over... you know... to cover myself. The room was filled with loud noises when they pushed me inside, but all I could hear now was the running water from the shower. And literally everyone was looking at me. I stepped back and pushed my weight into the door, but these fuckers were blocking it from the other side.”



“Oh, Liam...” I said with my hand in front of my mouth.

Liam didn’t react but kept on going, “Everyone was laughing and pointing at me. I knew I had to do something, so I headed for the towel rack on the other side of the room, and so then I could escape out the hall door. I had to go through a group of girls to get to it, and after I took the first step, I knew I’d make it because everyone screamed and backed away. And that’s when...”

“That’s when you slipped and fell on your back.”

Liam looked down and shook his head, “I fell. And because I had to brace myself, I wasn’t covering... myself anymore. It took me a second to realize what had happened, but when I looked up at about a dozen faces, like twenty-five girls, all staring at my crotch, I knew exactly what was going on. Everybody was looking at my, uhm... Johnson, and I’ll never forget their faces. Some were giggling, some laughing, some pointing, but most of them looked just wide-eyed at me while covering their mouths with their hands. I wish I was dead...”

“I wish I could... Damn, Li... FUCK!” I said and moved over to sit next to him.

As I placed my arm over his shoulder and pulled him close, he said, "I wish we never moved. From now on, I'll always be that naked boy..." and he started crying again, but he didn't have much left in him. He was finished.

As I tried comforting him, my mind was racing. His shoulders were broader than I'd remembered. I thought about what the other girls had said during lunch. They said that the boy in the locker room, my brother apparently, was pretty hung and had a nice body. It was unsettling thinking of my brother that way, but maybe we could work with that. We weren't besties, but he was still my little brother, and besides the desire to set those assholes straight, it was my duty as his sister to help him.

"Wait..." I started, trying to think.

"I don't know what to do now, Em..."

And at that moment, something clicked inside. We should be able to spin this to our advantage. Those girls were clearly impressed by his size. There just had to be a way to work with that, right?

"There might be a way..." I whispered, causing my brother to break free and look wide-eyed at me.

"What?! What do you mean?"

"Well... I heard some girls were... uhm... when I found out, the girl who told me was... impressed with how you looked," I said in a conspiratorial tone.

"Impressed?!" Liam asked, looking quizzically, "Impressed how!?"

I felt my face grow hot, and I knew I was blushing. I just kind of nodded downward, which was enough for Liam to understand what I meant. His face also turned red, but a barely noticeable sly smile appeared in the corner of his mouth.

"Really?" Liam asked as he looked at his crotch and then shyly at me.

"Yeah... that's what they said..."

"Oh..."

"So I was thinking... why can't I go and spread some rumors about your... you know... and that you, uhm... know how to use it properly, you know?"

Rumors spread easily, and it will help your reputation. Especially since loads of girls saw 'it' already and will confirm at least parts of the rumors. And the best rumors are the partially true ones."

Liam looked thoughtful, but I could see him warming up to the idea. I wasn't quite sure how to spread these rumors, but I was confident I could make it work. But the thought of my brother's big dick and him fucking some girl with it did spark my own sexual desire again. The mental picture of a big dick on a muscular frame got my juices flowing immediately. But I shook my head in an attempt to get rid of it. I loved naked boys, but he was my freaking brother, not some sex stud!

"Do you really think you can make it work?" he asked after I regained my cool and was trying to ignore my sopping pussy.

I shrugged and said, "I don't see why not. Not many people know we're related yet, and by the time the rumors have spread, no one will remember who started them."

"I... I think I like it..." he said and had a smug smile, "but why?"

"Why what?"

"Why would you do that for me? I mean... we're not exactly best friends, and you hardly ever give me a second look. Especially in school."

I winced at this last comment. I knew he was right. And I knew I should do better in that department. But he was my brother! Why would any girl acknowledge her younger brother in school?

"I... I don't know, Li," I admitted honestly, "I don't really know why this happened. It's not like I do it on purpose. It's just..."

After a moment of silence, Liam said, "I know what you mean. Why would you care about me when there's so much shit going on in your life, right?"

"No! I'm not..." I said, feeling like a complete asshole now.

"I'm not accusing you, Em! It's the same with me. I could've shown more interest and asked how you felt. Especially after... uhm...Ryan."

Now, it was my turn to be surprised. I looked wide-eyed at my little brother and asked, "Fuck!! You know about that? Oh, God..."

He started blushing and said, "Yeah... I heard that massive prick brag about it in the hallway. I wanted to punch him in the nose then and there. I knew I'd get my ass kicked if I did, but I felt so mad about how he talked about you."

"What did he say?"

"He was bragging all about how he made you cum three times and how you begged him for more. I know he's on the basketball team and probably has a huge dick and loads of experience. But the way he talked about you... OH! It just..." he said, and I saw him balling his fists as he talked.

I sighed and said, "Don't worry. Here's a news flash: forget the massive prick. In fact, he's got a tiny little pencil dick and doesn't have a clue what he's doing. Fuck! I knew he'd brag about it! How could I be so stupid!?"

"So... you really had sex?" Liam asked, "With *him*?"

"Yeah... I wish I didn't. He was so clumsy! And it also hurt!"

Oh shit! Did I just say too much? But there was a look of anger on Liam's face, and I saw his fists balled again.

"That motherfucker hurt you?"

"No. Not on purpose, at least. He was just so self-centered that he didn't once think about how it felt for me."

"Oh. Okay... lucky for him, he didn't move with us," Liam said, acting all tough, which was sweetly adorable.

After a couple of moments of silence, Liam asked, "So... what's it like?"

"What is?"

"You know... sex..." he said with a blush on his face.

"It's nice, I guess. But only when you have sex with the right person. I've learned that much..."

"I thought Ryan wasn't the right person? That it didn't feel that good?"

Apparently, my brother didn't know everything about my sex life. "I had sex again after Ryan. With ... Xander. It was nicer with him." I decided Liam didn't need to know that Xander was gay.

"Wow," Liam mumbled. "I'm still a virgin..."

"Not according to the rumors we're about to spread," I chuckled.

"Right..."

Suddenly, the idea of my little brother having sex struck a nerve. The same nerve that had me on edge all day. Liam was that naked boy, and now I had an image of his young body pounding away on a moaning girl filling my mind. I didn't have a mental picture of his dick, but I knew I wanted one for my masturbatory fantasies. No! I *needed* that image. An overwhelming urge washed over me, and I felt my cunt spasm at the simple idea of just seeing it.

Before I knew it, I heard myself ask softly, "Can I see it?"

"See what?"

"Your..." I whispered and looked at his crotch.

"My Johnson?! Why?"

I couldn't tell him I wanted to finger myself silly on the mental image it would provide. But I did manage to come up with a bullshit reason that I'd hope he'd buy.

"If this is going to work, I need to get my story straight, you know. Some of the other girls in school saw it, and if I mess up my story, they probably won't believe it..."

"But..." he said, looking all bashful all of a sudden.

I tried sizing him up again and decided to go for broke. "Look... you don't have to if you don't want to! But... I just think it'll make our story better..."

"Isn't it... you know... weird?"

"Yeah. Totally weird. But I'm your sister, so who cares? Trust me," I lied.

“I guess...” he said. He looked around the room quickly, glancing at the windows that looked into the yard, like taking off his clothes in the kitchen made it extra weird, and he looked like he was listening intently to make sure our folks weren’t suddenly coming home hours early. Then he shrugged and started pulling off his shirt.

If anything, I expected him to just drop his pants, but he was going all the way, apparently. I don’t know if he misunderstood, but he was going to show me what the girls in the locker room saw. Not that I minded, though! Especially after his barely-there six-pack came into view. When his shirt was over his head, and he couldn’t see me, I quickly scanned his upper body.

My little brother had a fine-looking body! There was no denying that. All the soccer and baseball practice he did must’ve led to this tight, muscular body. He wasn’t buff or anything, but everything that needed to be there was there, or it was on its way, like his six-pack. His chest already had the definition of his pecs, and a clear v-line was going into his pants. My little brother had a better body than Ryan or Xander!

Our family had strong Irish roots. Both Liam and I had red hair and the typical pale skin that comes with that look. But seeing it on his muscular body, in sharp contrast with his blue jeans, made him look even hotter.

All this happened in a split second when he took off his shirt. And when he dropped the shirt on the table, I noticed his trembling fingers but knew I shouldn’t say anything. And sure enough, he started unbuttoning his pants. When the sound of his zipper filled the room, it was as if it was the only sound in the world.

His jeans started sliding from his hips, and I could see the black waistband and the start of his gray Hanes boxer briefs. Without much of a fuss, he shrugged out his pants, and they crumpled at his feet. Liam stepped out of them, and when he stood straight to hang his pants over the chair, my eyes were immediately drawn to the bulge in his boxers. I didn’t know if it was the gray fabric that was accentuating his bulge or if it was his narrow hips, but the bulge did look big to me.



My mouth was dry as he hooked his thumbs in the black waistband. I heard him take a deep breath, and he hesitated a moment. I forced my eyes to move from his bulge, and I looked him in his eyes. I nodded ever so slightly, and that seemed to be enough. He exhaled and swiftly pulled down his boxers.

First, a small bush of his red pubes appeared. But a heartbeat later, his entire shaft showed, and I felt my heart skip a beat. He was over a year younger than Xander had been, and his dick was just as thick, maybe slightly fatter. And compared to Ryan's boyish dick, it looked massive.

As he bent down to take his boxers off completely, his dick briefly disappeared from view. I realized I was holding my hand in front of my mouth and quickly placed it in my lap. When he stood back straight, I could see my brother's dick in all its glory. It was fat and about five inches long. But his narrow hips and boyish legs made it a bit more challenging to judge its size correctly. He was cut and had a short and blunt pinkish, almost red dickhead. His balls weren't that big but suited him perfectly, and his sack was completely hairless from what I could see, as was the rest of his body.

I was sopping in my chair as I watched my naked brother. He was now nervously rubbing his hands in front of his chest, and I knew I had to say or do something.

"Damn, Li! Those girls were right..." I said, forcing my eyes to leave his cock.

"R- really?"

"Oh yeah!! You look..." I hesitated a moment, "hot..."

I had expected him to sport a boner by now, so I was surprised to see he was still completely soft. But now that I had him where I wanted him, I instinctively knew I wanted more. My soaking pussy didn't seem to care that he was my brother. And frankly, neither did I, anymore, with a body like that.

I didn't feel the need to take my eyes off his dick and asked, "Can you make it hard?"

His eyes shifted a little in confusion. His hand moved down, but he hesitated. I noticed him looking at my chest. I realized I was still wearing that shirt that may have revealed too much cleavage – by design to get boys to notice me, but it seemed my brother noticed it, for sure.

“Will this help?” I asked and started lifting my shirt.

He looked wide-eyed at me as my black bra came into view, and a simple nod was all it took. I got to my feet, unbuttoned my pants, and before I knew it, I stood in front of my naked and hard little brother in just my bra and panties. And the funny thing was that I felt absolutely no apprehension whatsoever. I moved my hands behind my back and unclasped the hooks of my bra. With one hand, I held it in place, took a deep breath, and moved it away from my body. My nipples hardened even more as the cool air rushed over them.

“You, uhm... you’re... you look...” Liam stammered, and I saw his dick twitch.

Without asking me why, he took his shaft between his fingers and started toying with his dick. At first, nothing seemed to be happening, but a few moments later, I saw his dick fatten and his dickhead swell a little. After a few more moments, his dick was sticking up proudly from his groin and pulsing with his heartbeat.

His hands were in front of his chest again, and his nervous look had made way for a barely noticeable proud smirk.

“Like this?” he whispered.

“Fuck, Li! You’re huge!!” I whispered back, my eyes glued on his throbbing cock.

He had grown about an inch in length but none in girth. He was a shower, that much was clear. Xander had explained the difference. After our awkward first fuck and his coming out to me, we talked a lot about boys and their dicks in particular. The common interest helped a lot on this subject.

Liam made no move to cover up, and I was glad he didn’t. But as I moved in my chair and tried to apply a bit of pressure on my pussy to relieve the

tension, I realized I needed to step up now.

“You, uhm... you’re... you look...” Liam stammered, and I saw his dick twitch in the corner of my eye.

I didn’t say anything, just started sliding down my panties. The fabric got stuck between my legs, but as I kept sliding it down, it sprung free like a spring. I noticed the wet spot in it and realized I had never been this wet before in my life. If I didn’t know any better, I would’ve sworn I’d peed myself.

As I stood back straight, I saw my brother’s eyes roam over my body. This made me feel sexy and desired, something both Ryan and Xander never managed to do. I noticed Liam involuntarily grabbed his stiff cock and gave it a firm squeeze.

“You, uhm... your pubes...”

“I... I trimmed it a bit. I... I don’t like a full bush.”

“It’s the same color as mine...” Liam said, pulling at some of his pubes to prove his point.

Fuck! My little brother looked so hot! His muscles, his smooth, pale body. His small bush of pubes above his big cock. His v-line accentuating his dick and balls. His still boyish legs and hips. I loved everything about him, and... and now... I wanted to feel him inside of me! This thought didn’t upset me as much as it should. I wasn’t a virgin anymore. Maybe that helped. But he was still my little brother, and this should make me feel uncomfortable, right?

I was thinking frantically for a way to take it a step further when Liam helped as he asked, “Can... uhm... can I touch your boobs?”

I involuntarily looked at my chest, which caused Liam to stammer, “If... I... if you don’t mind... uhm...” he cleared his throat, “I’ve just... I never saw real boobs, and I...”

“Sure!” I interrupted him, saying it way too excitedly.

“Really?”

“Of course! You need to have at least some experience before we spread the word, right?” I said, proud to have come up with a bullshit reason this quickly.

He stepped closer to me, and I was so tempted to reach out and wrap my hand around his pole. But I knew that this might scare him off, so I resisted the urge.

As he extended his arm and his hand came close to my left breast, I noticed we were both holding our breath. I chuckled when this realization hit, and Liam looked questioningly at me.

“Why are we so nervous?” I asked, “I mean... it’s just a boob...”

“I’ve never seen boobs...”

“I know, but... we’re brother and sister. So... it shouldn’t really matter, right?” I said, trying to play down this whole situation in an attempt to make Liam open up more.

Liam looked quizzically at me, nodded timidly, and aimed for my tit again. The moment his hand touched my nipple, a shiver shot through my whole body and ended at my clit. But he didn’t just brush my nipple. His hand cupped my boob, and he gave it a gentle squeeze, which caused me to moan softly.

His eyes immediately sought mine, but when he saw I was okay and enjoying this, his eyes went back to my chest. His left hand went for my other breast, and as he was toying with both my boobs, I cracked. I needed to feel him. Feel his cock. Suck it. Slide my pussy around it. Feel his cum shoot out of it. Drink it! Taste how he felt... I needed everything!

So, I moved my hand forward ever so slightly, and the moment it touched the tip of his dick, I acted surprised.

“Sorry...”

“S’okay...” he mumbled.

“Do you mind... I mean... can I, you know? Touch it?”

His hands stopped moving, and I saw an internal struggle in his eyes. He looked down between our bodies and said softly, "I... I don't know... I uhm...I'm afraid I get, uhm... real quick..."

This took a moment to land. But when it did, it was actually turning me on even more. See and feel that big cock cum in my hand? I was in! So, I casually replied, "Don't worry, Li. I don't mind."

He checked me out for a moment to see if I was serious and said, "Okay..."

I didn't waste another second and moved my hand forward. First, my hand brushed the top of his glans, and the moment it touched, Liam loudly sucked in a breath. I moved my hand downward over his shaft until my fingers reached his red, wispy pubes. His shaft felt long under my fingers, but the moment I wrapped my hand around its base, the fatness couldn't be missed.

"Ohhh..." Liam moaned as he let out the breath he was holding.

His hands were forgotten but still cupping my boobs. I didn't mind. I was handling my little brother's big cock, and I loved every second of it. I slowly moved my hand upward on his shaft, my sensors on high alert. My fingertips traced every vein, bump, and curve, registering everything in detail to complete my mental picture. When my fingers touched his dickhead, I was amazed at how short it was compared to Ryan's and Xander's. But the sponginess was the same, and the rim was more pronounced than with the other two.

As I was fumbling around, my eyes locked on the action, I noticed Liam's chest. It started heaving rapidly as he was sucking in short breaths. A moment later, Liam grunted, "Emma..." and I felt his dickhead fatten under my fingers. A heartbeat later, the first spurt of his cum shot out. It landed on my pussy and in my pubes, and its warmth added to the idea that my little brother's cum was so close to my entrance almost made me cum as well.

My eyes were locked on his cock as the second spurt shot out. It wasn't as powerful as the first, but it landed just below the first drop on my pussy.

After this, only a few dribbles came out, but his dick kept kicking in my hand.

Liam lay his head on my shoulder as he kept panting. His hands moved down to my hips to steady himself as I slowly kept milking him. I knew I should stay away from his sensitive dickhead, but I kept on massaging the thick tube of flesh that had lost nothing of its stiffness.

“I’m... I’m so sorry, Em...” Liam said, and I heard the embarrassment in his voice.

“Don’t! It’s okay! Was this the first time someone else touched you there??”

I felt him nod, and he took a deep breath. All the while, my fingers gently kept stroking his shaft, and I squeezed it every now and then.

“It’s... I, uhm... I kinda liked it, you know?” I said as another tremble shot through my body when my brother’s dick kicked in my fist.

Liam’s head left my shoulder, and he looked at me. “You did!?” he asked, “But I shot my... on you... on your...”

“Yeah. So?” I asked, and with my free hand, I scooped up a bit of my brother’s cum.

I noticed it was watery and not nearly as thick as Ryan’s. But when I sniffed it and licked it from my fingers, I absolutely *loved* its taste. Liam’s eyes went wide as he saw me eat his cum, and his cock lurched again. I was so horned up by now that my hormones were clouding my judgment. I didn’t realize it at that moment, but looking back, I would’ve never asked him what I was about to do if I hadn’t been that turned on.

“Uhm, Li...” I asked softly and bit my bottom lip, “You still need to know how you, you know... how the real stuff goes, right?”

He swallowed audibly and softly said, “Yeah...”

“You could, I mean... we could do that... if you want... with me,” I said, squeezing his cock, which kicked again.

“Really!? But... we’re brother and sister. Isn’t that... illegal or something?”

“Dunno. But I don’t see any police around here, and we need you to know how this stuff works, right?”

He nodded timidly but didn’t say anything. So, I continued, “Who cares? You’re my brother. I helped you to tie your shoes, right? And to ride a two-wheeler? We haven’t done much together lately, but I’ve got a bit of experience, and I wanna help you. It’s not like we’re getting married or anything. It’s just sex.”

I could see I’d convinced him, but he didn’t make a move. I was still gently massaging his fat dick, and I realized this might prevent him from moving. His body was probably telling him to stay put because otherwise, this might end. So, I reluctantly let go of it, stepped closer, and placed my hands on his ass. This way, his boner was trapped between our bodies. I looked him in his eyes as I gave his firm ass a gentle squeeze.

“My room or yours?” I whispered.

“Uhm... I...” he cleared his throat and said, “Mine.”

“Right. Yours it is,” I said, feeling a sense of power from having control over this situation with my brother.

I let go of his ass and stepped back to let him through. We picked up our clothes – it wouldn’t be good if they were still in the kitchen when Mom and Dad came home – and headed upstairs. As he walked up the stairs in front of me, I got an eyeful of his small but tight ass. It wasn’t as muscular as the rest of his body and still looked a bit boyish, just like his legs, but I absolutely loved what I was looking at!

After we entered his room, he stood there hugging himself nervously.

I knew what I had to do. Most of his room was arranged. He’d put up his poster of Lionel Messi in his Barcelona outfit on the wall first thing.

According to Liam, Messi was the best in the world, especially during his Barcelona years. I wasn’t into sports, so he could’ve told me anything about the guy. He still had several boxes to unpack, but he did have his nightstand in order. I found my phone in my pile of clothing, selected a playlist, and inserted it into his speaker dock. “With Or Without You” started playing. I turned on his reading lamp and draped my green too-

much-cleavage shirt over it for mood lighting. I never got to have my candles and bathwater, but maybe I could do something for my brother's first time.

Done with arrangements, I looked back at my brother. I was surprised to see he was soft now, but loved how impressive his dick still looked on his frame.

"Nervous?" I asked as I walked in front of him, openly eyeing his dick.

"Yeah... I..."

Before he could finish his sentence, I dropped down and squatted in front of him. Right before my eyes was his thick dick, soft and hanging down over his hairless sack. I hadn't done this before, but I read and heard about it a lot. So, before he could stop me, I grabbed his dick by its base, impressed by its weight, opened my mouth, and took it in. The moment my lips closed around it, Liam stammered above me, "Wh- wha- ohhh... what are you... ohh..."

I immediately felt my brother's cock thicken in my mouth. I didn't know what a dick would taste like, but I learned that it didn't taste like much. More like sticking a finger in your mouth. The idea that he was boning up in my mouth was an experience I'll never forget. I felt a tremendous sense of pride for giving my brother these feelings.

The smell itself was an aphrodisiac, as if I needed one. It was a bit musky and sweet, and the red pubes in front of my eyes looked cute and tickled my nose. But as soon as his cock expanded in girth, it also lengthened, and my nose couldn't reach his pubes anymore.

My tongue moved over and around his dickhead as he kept expanding. It felt both hard and soft in my mouth. His skin was smooth, but everything underneath that was rock hard. I couldn't fit him in my mouth entirely. Not even by a long shot. But I did bob up and down on it, which made him pant heavily. With my left hand, I grabbed his balls and started toying with them. They felt a bit bigger than average grapes, and I was surprised at how easily I could move them around in his sack.

My right hand grabbed his ass cheek, and I pulled him closer. This proved to be a mistake because when I did, his dick slid further into my mouth and pressed against the back of my throat. I barely managed to suppress a gag reflex and was glad Liam didn't notice.

When I started this, I had planned to just get him hard and wet and ready to fuck me. But now that I was into it, I wanted him to cum. I wanted to feel this thick piece of flesh shoot its cum down my throat. He said himself that he came quickly, and judging by my short hand job and his current moaning and panting, he was already close again. I did read somewhere that boys couldn't keep it hard when they just came, but somehow, this didn't seem true for my brother. At least not after his first cum.

But this was a risk I was willing to take. I knew I could get him going again, especially with the promise of his first fuck. It just could take some time, but we weren't in a hurry. Well... I needed to be fucked, so a certain urgency was undeniably there. But there were other things we could do if it would indeed go soft. The upside of making him cum again was that he'd probably fuck me longer before he'd cum again.

So, I doubled my efforts and sucked and bobbed with great enthusiasm. Each time I lapped my tongue over the underside of his cock head, he moaned, and his ass muscles tightened under my kneading fingers. So, I focused on that bit, and sure enough, after a few more moments of oral stimulation, his cock fattened in my mouth. Liam grunted loudly, and I felt his balls pull up in his sack.

I wasn't sure what to expect, but the first powerful blast of cum hit me at the back of my throat and almost made me gag. But I swallowed it down quickly, and the three spurts that followed were less powerful and had less volume than that first one. I let it roam through my mouth and loved the taste of my little brother's watery cum. It was a bit of an odd realization that I could easily do this every day, but it was the honest truth. I only needed someone willing to cooperate, and I wouldn't mind one bit if that person was my little brother.

When no more cum came out, I licked over his glans once more before I pulled off with a smacking sound and got to my feet. He had a stunned

expression on his face, but before he could say anything, I grabbed his hand and pulled him toward the bed. Fixing his Hot Wheels comforter, I lay down on the hood of a blue Corvette, flames behind my head, obscenely spread my legs, eyed my brother's muscular chest and still-hard cock, and said, "Now... let's fuck!"

Liam's nervousness appeared to have gone now as a wicked grin spread across his face. He climbed on the bed, got on his knees, and looked between my spread legs. He seemed suddenly bashful and asked, "Uhm... where do I..."

I nodded knowingly and spread my pussy lips to give him an unobstructed view of what was between my legs. I pointed toward the opening and said, "Just put it there. Do you need help?"

He grabbed his dick by its base, scooted forward on the bed, and pointed his hard cock down so his blunt dickhead was pressed against my entrance.

"That's it!" I hissed, excited beyond anything I had felt before, just from feeling my little brother's cock against my sopping pussy, "Now, just slowly push it in, and you're no longer a virgin."

"Okay... I..." he said, swallowing loudly again, but started applying more pressure as his hips pushed forward.

My eyes crossed as I was being stretched. His thick dickhead slowly entered me, and I immediately felt that now familiar 'popping' sensation. My brother was inside me. Feeling the tip of my little brother's dick slide into me was so much better than the previous two cockheads before him. Maybe it was because I was so slippery now. Perhaps it was the forbidden nature of being fucked by my brother. Maybe it was just luck. Third time's the charm!

"Oh... your cock feels terrific, Li!"

He swelled with pride, and despite the tense situation, he managed to say, "And this is just the tip..."

That cheeky little bastard was right!! I was in for a treat if this feeling kept on going. I placed my hands on his ass and said, "I can't wait..."

Liam leaned forward and placed his hands next to my shoulders. The weight of his body on top of mine was incredible! I firmly grabbed my brother's ass cheeks and pushed on his butt in an attempt to push him entirely inside. This didn't work, but Liam got the idea and slid in further. And... oh boy!!

I felt I was being stretched like a balloon that was overinflated. Seeing a balloon stretch out thinner and thinner and the funny but somewhat scary idea that it might pop any second was exactly what I was feeling right now. I was waiting for that pop. I *wanted* that pop!

My pussy was so slippery that I only felt the skin of my brother's hard cock move on my inner walls. No friction, just the skin-on-skin contact. I guessed he was about one-third inside of me, and if the sensations would keep increasing the way they were doing now, I'd cum before he was all the way inside.

One look at Liam's face told me he was enjoying every moment of his first time. But I was too focused on my own feelings now to care about my brother. I'd never felt anything like this before. My eye caught the Hot Wheels flame logo beside my head. Oh, yes! My engine was revving, alright! Something inside was building. It was as if a fire started burning the moment my brother's dick slipped into me, and that fire was setting everything inside ablaze. But there wasn't the heat, just the flames tickling me everywhere. I felt so highly on edge inside, and my arms and legs tingled all over.

Every last bit of me was focused on that feeling of my brother's cock entering me. A fire twister was roaring inside by now, but all I felt was how I was being filled. And when his pubic bone finally pressed against mine, and my clit was being stimulated by it, I felt the tip of his dick touch my cervix. And that's when I lost it. For the first time in my life, I came from actions that weren't my own. The simple fact that my brother was giving me this orgasm probably helped, but I came harder and more intense than I ever came before.

Everything around me was quiet, and it was as if I was in the center of that fire twister. Lots of noise around me, but in this center that was my

orgasm, there was silence. Just silence and my contracting pussy, belly, and legs. I barely noticed my fingers digging themselves into my little brother's ass. Liam later told me that this hurt a little bit but was also a big turn-on for him.

My eyes had been shut firmly during my orgasm, and when I opened them, Liam looked worriedly at me. But when I smiled at him, which must've been a weak smile because I felt drained, he smiled back and nodded.

Liam had a focused look on his face, which quickly changed into an excited one as he started pulling back. I myself sucked in another breath as he did this because the sensory overload started happening all over again. I was so filled up, but again, I still managed to feel every curve, bump, and vein on my brother's cock as he moved.

"This is fucking hot..." Liam said as he slid back in again.

I could only nod. I couldn't speak anymore, and I squeezed his ass when he was entirely back inside, again. I looked between us and saw one single tangle of red pubes. *So fucking hot!* When he pulled back the second time, he slipped out. I let go of his tight little ass and directed him inside for the second time. After this, he slowly slid himself all the way inside again.

Meanwhile, another colossal orgasm was building. I just couldn't stop it. My little brother's cock filled me so much, yet it felt so amazing that I could hardly think straight. His pace was slow but deliberate. I couldn't care less! As long as he kept filling me up.

With his next push, he slammed a bit firmer against me. My clit was pressed between our bodies, and the tip of his dick slipped a bit into my cervix. And without warning, I came again. It was not as hard as the first time, but I arched my back and I wrapped both my arms around his chest to pull him close. Liam didn't stop this time, though. He just slowly kept on pistoning in and out of me, again. He was panting heavily, and I was extremely glad that he had come twice already. Otherwise, he would've popped off for sure right after entering me.

Another firm push from him and another small orgasm for me. Every time he entered me now, I came. They were small orgasms where my pussy

would ripple over his shaft, and my belly and leg muscles would contract. Nothing big, but definitely a fantastic feeling, nevertheless! But the best part of this amazing fuck was that another big one was building and roaring inside.

“I... ahh... I think... hmmm... I’m...” Liam moaned, but I was too far gone to care. And I was so close to that huge, thundering orgasm again that I didn’t want him to stop.

“Just... cum inside... do it!” I managed to mumble. At this point, I’d say anything to keep him going.

“But...” he half-heartedly stammered, but I felt him pick up the pace, which was even better.

“DO IT!” I grunted through my teeth.

I was back inside the eye of the twister. Every inch of my body was on high alert. And all I could feel was my brother’s cock inside and his muscular chest against my nipples. He slammed three more times into me before he stopped. He was deeper inside me than he’d ever been, and his fat cock fattened even more. The moment I felt the first spurt of his boyish cum enter me, I tumbled down the orgasmic hill myself. Time seemed to stop, and all that mattered were my brother and me. My pussy barely had room to move, but it squeezed Liam’s cock so hard that it couldn’t twitch anymore. We had become one right then and there. Our bodies had merged together, and there was no way he could get out at that specific moment in time.

But eventually, my orgasm faded to embers but was still glowing, and my pussy let go of his dick. My entire lower body was still spasming lightly, and I was slowly coming down from that orgasmic cloud. Liam had laid his whole weight on top of me, and if it wasn’t for his heavy breathing, I would’ve sworn he had died. Every now and then, his dick kicked inside, and I would involuntarily squeeze his dick.

I was stroking his back when he lifted his head to look at me. A look of awe and amazement was plastered on his face, which made me chuckle.

I felt all mushy inside when he asked, “You okay?”

This was something Ryan would never have asked. It was a comforting idea that all my brother could think about after his devirginization was how I would feel. This would mean that all the other girls he would please would be in good hands.

But... did I want him to please other girls? Give away a fuck this good?

This was a fleeting thought, and I knew we couldn't have a future together. But this didn't mean we couldn't have fun until then, right?

"Couldn't be better! You were fucking *amazing!*"

"Really?" he asked as his dick gave another twitch but was finally slowly losing its stiffness.

"You made me cum," I said and paused for a moment, "A lot!"

The corner of his mouth pulled up, and he said, "I figured that was what was happening. Didn't know I could do that."

"Your cock is fantastic, Li. I won't have trouble making people believe you know how to use it."

Liam slowly pulled out and lay down next to me. As I cast another glance over his body, I made a promise to myself to use this body as much as I could for my own pleasure. I would get to know my brother again, and we would certainly do things together, again! I turned to my side and gave him a kiss on his cheek.

"Now... what's going to be the story we're going to tell the others?" I asked as I traced my fingers over his pecs.

And there, in my bed, we came up with a plan together. It took us a few tries to fine-tune it as we came up with details while we fucked again, but we had to get the jump on it and make it our story, before it became something to make fun of.

The next day, Keira came to me at lunch. "I just found out... the boy from the locker room... he's your brother?"

"Oh, yeah," I waved off. "Liam. I didn't find that out until I got home. If you'd told me the boy had red hair, I'd have known. He's fine. Kid's naked

all the time. He could have done without the four idiots *hazing* him, but he's not worried."

"You've seen your brother *naked*?" Keira asked, full of wonder. This got the attention of the other girls at the table.

"Of course! He's my brother," I said, crunching my eyebrows and shrugging. Like, duh... "He's always walking back-and-forth from the bathroom, that... *big thing*... swinging..." I pretended to shiver, like I wanted to get the image out of my mind. Obviously, Oscar-grade acting!

"Does he have a girlfriend?" another girl asked, laughing but probably serious.

I got all lost in memory, mixing my own with what I was supposed to say. "Not anymore. I mean, we just moved, so he doesn't have one *here*." I took a bite of my sandwich and made them all wait a bit. "Back home, he had one, but they broke up. Then he got another, this one girl, and they were at it all the time. Could hear them through the wall, '*Oh, Liam! Oh, Liam, oh, oh, oh, oh! Liam!*'" I did my best stupid-funny orgasm voice.

I took another bite, and they all kept staring wordlessly at me. I decided to turn it up a notch and said, "I'd have to pound on the wall: 'Hey, knock it off! I'm trying to do my homework!' Girl's name was Trixie, or something like Trixie, not sure."

Liam and I had talked about the names we'd use so we'd keep our story straight, and he came up with Trixie. To me, it was as good of a name as any, but Liam liked the porno-vibe the name oozed. I looked around the table, and they were all quiet, mouths open. I noted that Shannon looked a little put-out, though, not being the center of attention, for once.

"What? Don't any of you have brothers?" I asked them all. There were some honest nods, a few phony nods, and a lot of curious faces. "Well, then you *know*..."

Once the word got out, Liam soon became a popular guy in school and wasn't teased anymore. When he made the volleyball team, those Eight Graders even copped to the idea that it was just a hazing since Liam had

respectable play on the court. He managed to land plenty of girlfriends during his time in school, for which he thanked me every time.

And the sex between the two of us? We fucked like rabbits. Every opportunity that presented itself, every moment we were alone, we somehow managed to do stuff together. Liam turned out to be an expert in eating me out, and I massively improved my blowjob skills. Chalk that up to the internet and non-stop practice!

Each time we had sex, he fucked my brains out with that thick cock of his, and I'd cum every single time we fucked. I know I'll never forget those moments for the rest of my life. And having to share him with other girls wasn't that bad, after all. As long as he kept fucking me on a regular basis.

Our new school turned out to be an okay place, after all. The classes were still boring, but I only had a couple months left to go this school year. I wound up becoming good friends with Keira, and we started our own clique of girls who liked to have fun - away from the snobbery group surrounding Shannon. It would be good to have friends going into summer.

After I sent Xander a text announcing I was finally fucked properly, he congratulated me and demanded that I tell him everything! I did. I only left the minor detail that the boy attached to that fine piece of dick meat was my brother.

He asked me to stay over at his place during spring break because he had some news of his own. The accompanying selfie of him with a cute guy was a bit of a giveaway. And this was a cute guy, indeed! Justin Bieber-style hair, a sexy dimple on his left cheek, and a stylish button-down shirt that contrasted sharply with Xander's Hawaiian shirt.



During that vacation, I found out that Xander had lost his 'other' virginity to this guy, and he was head over heels in love with him. I was so happy for him. That same evening, he had his coming out to his parents, and he wanted me to be there. His parents were so supportive, and I was really happy for my best friend. We never talked about our one-time escapade ever again. He never did tell me who the mystery guy he gave head to was, but I didn't push him further. After all, we're friends.

And Ryan? Well... I've never heard from him again. And frankly, I don't care. He was lousy in the sack and has a pencil dick. Why would I complain when

I've got the exact opposite at my disposal whenever I want?

Yeah... The rumors are true!

The end.

