



Occupied
By
Jason Crow

A photograph of a white door with a silver handle and a red "IN-USE" sign. The door is slightly ajar, revealing a glimpse of a room with a white wall and a door handle. The text "Occupied" is overlaid in large black font.

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Gazing through the window at the world outside, I think of what happened yesterday. I was adjusting my bra straps when Nataly pulled me under the bleachers in the gym at school and looked me deep in my eyes. My heart was beating a mile a minute, but I couldn't speak. I simply melted in her eyes.

Her face moved closer to mine. Closer and closer. I couldn't think, I couldn't speak, and I don't think I was breathing at that moment. There was only her face, slowly inching closer. And then her lips touched mine. They were so soft, but firm at the same time, and the moisture of her lip gloss somehow reminded me that I needed to buy some, too. Electricity shot through my body, but I couldn't help myself anymore and returned the kiss.

I pressed my lips against Nataly's, and the moment I did this, she opened her mouth. A heartbeat later, her tongue sneaked out, pressed against my lips as if she asked for an invitation to enter my mouth. She didn't need one. When her tongue touched my lips, I opened them and pressed my tongue against hers.

This was my very first French kiss. And it was with a girl! But it was *so* freakin hot, sexy, naughty, marvelous, and exciting at the same time, that I didn't mind at all in that moment where time seemed to have stopped.

I couldn't deny that I had a slight crush on her. But as one of the more popular girls at school, I wasn't supposed to be kissing another girl. But I liked it!

When our lips parted and I opened my eyes, I looked into the deep green eyes of the first person I ever kissed. She looked at me with a mix of excitement and expectation, and it seemed she was sizing me up.

A few moments after the kiss, I straightened my long, curly blonde hair and looked at her. By now, Nataly had a massive grin on her face and shrugged. "Sorry. But you are so fucking hot," she whispered, "I just *had* to kiss you to know what it was like."

"I... it's..." I stammered, "Thanks. I guess..."

A part of me wanted to shout at her for tricking me into this kiss. But another part of me wanted to kiss her again. It must've shown on my face, because her grin disappeared when she saw me looking seriously at her.

"Don't worry," Nataly said, "I won't tell if you won't."

"I'm not sure yet," I replied after a second of overthinking it, "Let's keep it between us for now."

"That's cool," Nataly said and walked past me.

As she walked by, she gave my ass a light slap and said, "Later, hottie."

After I was sure she was gone, I headed toward my usual spot on the bleachers to do some homework and gossip with my friends. My head was still in a fog, trying to make sense of what I just did.

"Hey, Addie! Are you cold, or just glad to see me?" Cindy asked, causing Brenda and Olivia to chuckle.

"Fuck you!" I said with a smile, trying hard to return to reality.

I didn't have to check to see if my nipples were visible through my shirt. My B-cup boobs were still tingling from Nataly's kiss, and my nipples were so stiff, I could cut glass with them. And with my thin, lacy bra, they probably were trying to poke through the fabric of my shirt.

All four of us had been in this situation before – every girl has. But it didn't mean we wouldn't make fun of each other when it happened. This time it landed on me.

"How's he doing?" I asked, looking at the boys playing on the gym floor.

"Mason? Not too bad," Olivia said without taking her eyes from the court, "Pretty good, actually!"

Currently, my little brother Mason, who was about to turn thirteen next month, was trying out for a spot on the 7th Grade basketball team. He liked sports and wanted to be on the team badly. So, why not support him, right?

"Let's go, Mace!" I shouted when he had to sprint against one of the older guys, almost beating him.

My brother Mason and I got along fine most of the time. Sure, we had our usual brother- sister disagreements, but we respected each other. It helped that he wasn't the usual pesky little brother some of my friends had. As an unspoken agreement, he gave me my space, and I gave him his, which worked perfectly for us.

It also helped that we were pretty close in age. Mason was about to turn thirteen in four weeks, and I was now a little over fourteen. When we were younger, this meant we always had a playmate around.

"Your brother is getting pretty hot, you know?" Cindy said.

I looked up from my book, seeing that they started playing a practice game. Shirts against skins, and I'd missed the moment when half of them took off their shirts. Damn! Still, didn't mean I couldn't look now. Mason was on the 'skins' team. Even though I'd never admit it to my friends, he did look hot with his sweaty upper body, showing off his developing muscles. All those push-ups and sit-ups were doing him good! I'd seen him shirtless before, obviously, but it never really registered how good he looked.

I pulled a disgusted face and shook my head.

"Aw, come on! He is!" Brenda added.

"Yeah. All those sports are really working for him.. I mean... check out his tight ass! I'd take his cherry in a heartbeat..." Cindy said with a straight face, but started giggling with us the moment we started.



Of the four of us, Cindy was the only one who already had sex. Allegedly. She didn't say who fucked her, because she promised him not to tell. It was a big deal she hadn't told us yet, because she usually wasn't very good at keeping secrets. Unlike my friends, I believed her, though.

There was this rumor going around that her older brother was the one who fucked her, but I found it hard to believe a brother would fuck his sister. I never asked her, though.

As I contemplated this, I let my eyes roam over my brother's body, and I had to admit he was the hottest guy on the court. When he stood straight and absentmindedly adjusted his junk, the bulge in his pants looked mighty intriguing to me...

I shook my head to clear those thoughts and forced myself back to my homework, leaving it to my friends to drool over the boys on the court.

The whistle blew, and suddenly I was aware someone was in front of me. There was a shadow on my History book and the smell of a guy near me. A sweaty guy, actually. I looked up.

"Hey, Addie," Mason said. "Can you take my books home when you leave?"

"I was seriously stunned. Kinda flustered, actually. It was my brother, but for a second, I didn't even recognize him. His blond hair was slicker than usual from the sweat, and he'd obviously only combed it with his fingers. Up close, I could see how sweaty he was. The sweat made him kind of shiny, and I could actually see some muscles starting to show. Especially his slight pecs and developing abs. I didn't notice that stuff when we were at home.

"Huh?" I had to ask.

"My books," he said and pointed to his "stack" of homework on the bleachers: his Algebra book and one green folder. "I'm heading out

with Zeke right after try-outs. I took my bike today and we're riding the trails. I'll be home... sometime."

"Alright." One book. The kid was going to fail English and History.

Thanks,' he said, and it seriously looked like he was about to kiss me on the head or cheek. Totally normal at home, but he noticed the girls behind me and didn't. Instead, he flashed this huge smile at all of us and ran back out to the court.

He did have a cute butt. I'll give him that, too, especially in those shorts.

* * *

After I got home, I did my chores. Mom and Dad were at the hardware store that had been in our family for four generations. With them at work, my brother Mason and I had to do some of the work to keep our house clean. We didn't mind too much. It gave us freedom, and we didn't know any different.

We lived in a small town where everyone knew each other, and automatically went to the local stores for their business. We weren't rich, not by a long shot, but we were far from poor. We lived in a nice, decent-sized home. A big living room, an extensive porch, lots of space outside, a small office, and three big bedrooms upstairs.

But Dad's real pride was our bathroom. He remodeled it a few years ago, and it seriously looks like something out of one of those fancy houses you see on TV. Since he runs the hardware store, he got all the stuff cheap, and he and his buddy Frank did the work themselves. We used to have four bedrooms, but they cut one in half to make this huge bathroom and a closet for Mom.

Our bathroom's kinda over the top. But in a good way. There's this giant two-person tub, double sinks so Mason and I don't fight, and a shower with one of those rain heads that feels like you're in a hotel.

Even the toilet's got its own room, which makes the rest of the place look super clean and fancy, almost like one of those minimal-design magazines Dad's into.

After I finished chores and put the vacuum away, I was sweaty and gross. Shower time! But when I got upstairs, I figured I might as well take a bath instead. It had been like forever, and since Mason was out mountain biking with Zeke, I knew I had the bathroom all to myself. A total win. I started filling the tub, ran to my room to change, and then, since no one was home, I just walked over without bothering to put anything on. It felt kinda funny, like I was breaking some rule.

I pushed against the door to close it without thinking. None of us ever locks it, so I didn't even really think about it. I rushed to the tub and turned off the faucet just in time. The door was still cracked, but it didn't matter since nobody was home anyway. Sliding into the hot bubbles felt terrific, and the flowery spring scent filled the air. I put my AirPods in, making sure the buds wouldn't get wet. The small towel behind my head made sure of that, besides providing me comfort. My phone was on the small shelf, along with the shampoo and bath foam.



The sound of Taylor Swift's voice filled my ears, and I felt myself starting to relax. I closed my eyes and thought back to Nataly's kiss. I really, really liked how her lips felt on mine. How her breasts felt against my sensitive nipples, despite the fabric of our bras and shirts covering them.

My hand drifted away between my legs, where I started petting my puffy lips. I wasn't fingering myself. Yet.

The warm water was relaxing, and images of Nataly's face inching closer to mine filled my head. My fingers started toying with my pubes as the feeling of her moist lips on mine sent a shiver down my spine. I remembered the sweet smell of lavender coming from her black hair and the cherry flavor on her lips.

And when her boobs touched mine... my finger sneaked toward my clit as I remembered Nataly's boobs. We were changing in the locker room, where she was changing two lockers away from me. She looked me straight in my eyes when she lowered her bra. I couldn't stare at them, but the quick glance I took back then was now alive in my head. Her boobs were about the same as mine and looked

fucking hot on her. My finger started making small circles, which made my belly muscles tighten.

My hands move toward her B-cup tits, and I touch them. Her dime-sized dark nipples are perfect on her, and I feel the hardness of one of them against my palm. My own hand was touching my left boob and gave it a gentle squeeze. Now, I'm squeezing Nataly's boob, savoring the soft skin under my fingers. Our tongue action increases as I keep kneading her tit. The small circles of my finger were bigger now, and I heard a soft moan escape my lips.

With my hand still firmly on Nataly's tit, her hand starts moving down to mine. But she wasn't stopping. Slowly, but steadily, her hand moves down to the top of my shorts. Without even the slightest hesitation, her hand slips inside. A second later, her fingers find my slit, and she starts massaging my clit. Our tongues are wrestling, and our hands are exploring.

My hand leaves her tit and moves down toward her shorts. I have to know if she's as wet as I am. I slide my hand inside her shorts and miss the waistband of her panties. But the dampness I feel already answers my question. I move my hand back up and slip my fingers inside her panties, when I realize she pulled down my shorts and panties and starts toying with my pubes.

Almost simultaneously, our fingers enter each other. Two loud groans acknowledge this fact. My middle finger slides inside her without any noticeable friction. She's even wetter than I am! Her fingers rub over my G-spot, causing me to moan again.

I have to taste her! I want to know what she's like. How she tastes. How she smells. How she... As my finger leaves her, a disappointing moan comes from her throat, and she starts to finger me, as if to say that that's what I should do instead of leaving her magnificent pussy.

I open my mouth to lick her juices from my fingers. The smell is intoxicating and makes me even hornier than I already am. My

tongue touches my finger, and my lips close around it. The sweet, musky, and salty taste of her tickles my taste buds.

The water in the tub began to slosh around. In my head, Nataly's palm was rubbing my clit, while her finger moved in and out of me.

My finger began to move faster, and...

And then I stopped. A thought entered my head. Was I fingering myself, thinking about a girl?

I couldn't be gay! People would expect me to have a boyfriend anytime soon. And since she was the first person who kissed me, I might be confused about it? I mean... I liked how the boys on the basketball court looked shirtless, right? I mean, Devon looked good. Sam looked good, and Tommy's pecs looked awesome, right? Okay... the one I liked best was my little brother, which was a bit weird, but still...

By now, my index finger was just lightly pressing my clit and making tiny circles as images of my shirtless brother and the memories of Nataly's breasts and lips filled my head. Mostly, I saw my shirtless brother and tried to imagine what his junk looked like. It was mildly disturbing to think that I was either gay or a pervert.

And that's when my heart almost stopped. The bathroom door opened! Thankfully, the door swung toward the tub where I was sitting. I couldn't see who came in. But this also meant that the person coming in couldn't see me, either. I slid down, making sure my boobs were covered by the foam, and I was ready to say that I was in here and that he or she had to leave. I also tapped my earbud, so Taylor shut up and I could hear my surroundings again.

The moment I opened my mouth to talk, I froze. Mason gave the door a swing with his foot, closing it nonchalantly behind him, while he walked toward the shower stall. He was covered in mud from head to ankle, except for where his shoes and cycling shorts had been. *Had been...* past tense...

I looked at his naked backside, where his white but tight ass stood out like a full moon against the dark sky compared to his muddy legs and arms.

"Hey, I'm in here!" was still stuck inside my throat. I couldn't move or speak, looking at my brother's cute butt.

Then I noticed he was groaning and limping, and I could see his right shoulder was red, scratched, and looked bruised, judging by the swelling. Maybe one of his legs was, too, but I couldn't see anything under the mud.

As he opened the shower stall and got inside, I quickly considered my options. My brother hadn't noticed me yet. Maybe I could see his penis before he saw me. I had seen it before, but we were four and five back then, still bathing together and not interested in those bits yet. It was like the little kid from the Schwarzenegger movie: "Boys have a penis. Girls have a vagina." Nothing more, nothing less. But now...

I was *very* curious about what my little brother was packing. Judging by the way he adjusted his junk during practice, there was definitely something interesting there.

I figured I had two options. I could yell at him to get out and leave me alone. I'd startle him, he'd turn around, would quickly hide the good bits, and apologize for being in here. But during this time, I would probably get a glimpse of what was between his legs. The plus side was that he wouldn't see any of my private parts.

The other option was to act as if I didn't hear him come in, pretend I was listening to my music, and observe him from the corner of my eye for as long as I could. I could act as shocked as he would be when he noticed me. There was just a tiny risk that I had to get out in front of him, but this was highly unlikely. There was a higher chance that the foam would be gone by the time he got close to me, in order to leave the bathroom. Then he would see my boobs and maybe more. But somehow, this didn't disturb me as much as it might have.

I quickly decided that option two was the best. I lay my head back on the folded towel and pretended to close my eyes. They were down to slits, but open enough to observe his every move. I moved my head on an imaginary beat and checked out his naked backside.

Even with all the mud on him, I could clearly make out his muscle definition and couldn't deny that my little brother looked hot! Period.

And the undeniable interest I had in seeing his penis, combined with how much I enjoyed looking at his body, pushed all the feelings I had for Nataly to the background. I wasn't a lesbian! Bi, maybe. But not gay.



As Mason turned on the rain shower, I could hear him grunt, and he grabbed his right shoulder. Next, he got under the water and sighed in relief. I could see the water cascading down over his body, making him look even more muscular. The mud started to wash off, and after he dragged the fingers of his left hand through his blond hair to get rid of the dirt there, he turned around...

And I saw it.

He was looking up at the shower head, but his eyes were closed to shield them from the water. I checked this right before I got a good look at my brother's penis. It had grown significantly since I last saw it. It was about four, four-and-a-half inches, and a lot thicker than I remembered.

There were a couple of strands of blonde pubes above it, and they were easier to make out, now that they were wet. My right hand was still on my pussy, and my finger on my clit. My finger started moving again. A little shudder went through my lower body the moment I looked at my brother's twelve-year-old dick. Drinking in the sight, combined with a tiny movement on my clit caused another shot of electricity in my pussy.

He shook the water from his hair, and as he did this, his dick swung from left to right. I never realized that a soft penis was this flexible. I only saw drawings of one in health class, or stiff cocks in porn. Therefore, it never really dawned on me that dicks were flexible.

Part of me wanted to grab my phone and take a picture, but I quickly decided it wasn't worth the risk of getting caught.

After he opened his mouth to let the water in, only to spit it out moments later, he grabbed his dick with his right hand. The dickhead peeked out of his fist, and I could hear him groan again. With his left hand, he grabbed his right shoulder and grumbled, "Ahh! Fuck me!"

It was clear he had hurt his shoulder badly. I noticed that there were also scratches and a big bruise on his right hip, but I hadn't paid any

attention to it, because there were much more interesting things in that area to look at.

What he did next almost made me open my eyes. His left hand left his shoulder and took hold of his dick. But he didn't just hold it this time. Instead, he started toying with it a little, and a moment later, I noticed that it started growing. After it had grown a little bit more, his hand stopped toying, and he wrapped his fingers around the shaft. Oh wow... Was he?

My answer came a second later when his fist slowly started moving up and down on his rapidly hardening dick. My little brother was jerking off! And his dick had grown, too. It was difficult to properly judge its size, but it had grown at least one, one-and-a-half inches. I simply couldn't take my half-closed eyes off it.

Seeing my naked little brother holding his dick like this sent yet another shiver through my body. Slowly and as quietly as possible, I lifted myself a bit out of the water. I didn't know why, but when he opened his eyes, I wanted him to see my boobs.

A quick glance down my chest revealed that the better half of my boobs was showing. My hard, pink nipples couldn't be missed against the white bath foam. Good.

I was considering my next option when Mason suddenly squeaked, "What the fuck, Addie!?"

Now it was time to summon my inner actor. I sat up straight and made sure to look confused. I quickly took one of the earbuds out and looked at Mason. He was hiding his junk with both hands. He had that deer-in-the-headlights look, but his eyes were definitely on my chest.

"Jeez, Mace!! What the fuck are you doing in here!? I'm taking a bath!" I cried in mock horror, but made no attempt to cover my boobs.

"I... I didn't... I didn't know you were in here..." he stammered while looking at my chest instead of my eyes.

He looked like he was in some serious pain. And when I wrapped my arm around my chest to finally hide my breasts, he snapped out of his initial shock. His right hand left his groin and hung at his side. His left hand still covered everything, except for some of his pubes. But if you didn't know they were there, you wouldn't notice. I did.

For a couple of seconds, it was like a showdown. Neither of us did anything, waiting for the other to make the first move. That's when Mason groaned again, looking uncomfortable.

He grimaced again, so I asked, "You okay, dude?"

"I fell. Hard. It started raining real hard, and I slipped during a downhill part. Wiped out! Zeke helped me get home, but... it hurts."

"Ouch! Sounds bad..."

"Yeah... I know it's just a bruise and it'll be better in a day or two, but still..." Mason said, and he slightly loosened the grip on his penis and balls. I figured that the hardness he had before probably went away by then.

I still couldn't see anything worthwhile, he made sure of that, but the hint of what was there was getting more interesting by the minute.

I took out my other earbud and laid both of them next to my phone. I was still covering myself, but I knew I wasn't doing that good a job. And I didn't want to, either. Mason looked to be very interested in my breasts, like any boy would be. And he didn't seem to be bothered that I was his sister. Maybe, if I played it right, he'd show me his penis again. And I wanted to see that penis again!

"Yeah, I saw it get dark on my way home, and heard the rain when I was cleaning," I told him like a sister. "Why'd you go if it was going to rain?"

"Cause it's fun, even in the rain," said my brother like a typical boy. "I figured I'd get muddy, but this... when my bike slid sideways and..."

"And your helmet?" I asked.

Mason shrugged. "Somewhere." I wondered if he'd even worn one. We were silent. Looking at each other. The falling water the only sound.

"So..." I started, "how do we do this?"

"Dunno... I need my shower. I'm covered in mud, and I really need to wash my hair. Aren't you done yet?"

"No. I also need to wash my hair, still. But now you're in there..." I said, nodded toward the stall, and kept quiet for Mason to come up with a solution.

"What if... what if you turn around so I can finish?" Mason proposed after a few moments.

"That could work. But... how do you know I won't take a peek?" I said with a sly smile.

"Why... why would you do that?" he asked, trying to sound confused, but failed miserably at it.

"Why did you look at my boobs?"

This made him blush. The red color spread across his face and upper chest, and I could barely contain a chuckle.

"I... I didn't... well... I did. But I'm sorry, Addison. It's just that..." he stammered.

Mason hardly ever used my full name, so this meant he was serious.

"I get it, Mace," I said in a soft voice, trying to put him a bit at ease.

"You do?"

I nodded. "Of course I do! You're curious about girls. And... I don't mind, really."

And with that, I moved my arm down and showed my brother my boobs. Since I did it deliberately this time, the tension in the air was thick, and my stomach felt funny. This wasn't like the butterflies I

felt with Nataly. This was more like a mix of excitement and nervousness that extended all the way to deep inside my pussy.

"Oh, wow," Mason said softly, and he loosened his grip on his dick even more.

"I'm curious, too, you know?" I said with my eyes on his crotch, making it clear what I meant.

Mason looked down as if to check what I was looking at. Then, after a soft, "Oh..." he blushed again.

"But.. I'm..." he stammered, "I've got a... You know..."

Really? Did my brother bone up over my tits? That funny feeling in my stomach was replaced by excitement and joy. Now I really wanted to see my brother's dick!

I steadied myself and forced myself to smile at him. "That's okay. I don't mind... But you don't have to if you don't want to."

I could see the internal struggle in his eyes, and realized I shouldn't push him. He wouldn't tell Mom or Dad. No, that wasn't the case. But it was clear he wasn't as ready as I was to show off his body. His whole body.

"I'll turn around so you can do your thing," I said in the silence that followed, smiled warmly, and turned my back toward him.

"Thanks, Addie. I'm not... It's just that..." his voice trailed off and sounded apologetic.

But when he grunted again, probably his shoulder again, an idea popped up.

"Sounds like you're in pain, bro," I said to the bathtub wall.

"It'll pass," he said and immediately moaned again.

"I *can* help you, you know?" I said carefully.

Silence.

"I mean... it's no big deal... I'm already in here, and I still need to wash my hair. I might as well help you out by washing your back and stuff, and do my thing while I'm in there," I said, still facing the wall. "...And so you don't have to do it with that bad shoulder of yours. It's just bathing, you know..."

After another short silence, I added, "And I promise I won't look..."

I expected Mason to decline the offer. But after about five more seconds of silence, he softly said, "Okay."

A simple "okay," barely noticeable above the sound of the water, was all it took. I knew I was about to show my younger brother my naked body, but surprisingly, it didn't bother me one bit. If someone told me this morning that I'd be naked in front of my equally naked brother, I'd declare him mentally ill. But now...

I looked over my shoulder and saw that Mason had turned his back towards me. I lifted myself from the tub and stepped on the bath mat. If Mason would look back over his shoulder now, he'd see me in all my naked glory. My pussy tingled again at that idea. Was I an exhibitionist, maybe? This day just kept getting stranger and stranger...

Without thinking too much about it, I quickly took the five steps to the shower stall, got in, and stood behind my brother. I admired his broad shoulders, the muscles on his back and neck, and his tight, round ass. They looked marvelous, especially this close, even half-muddy, as they were.

I lay my hand on his shoulders and stepped a bit closer. My hard nipples brushed against his back, which felt electric to the touch. The feeling of his warm skin under my fingers and the muscles as he moved only added to the sensation of being naked in the shower with my little brother.

"Should I wash your hair first?" I asked softly, and my lips brushed against his ear.

He shivered, and I saw goosebumps appear on his neck. But when he nodded, took the shampoo, and handed it to me, I knew the game was on. I'd see my brother's hard cock within the next couple of minutes.

I squirted some shampoo on my hand, returned the bottle, and started soaping up Mason's blonde hair. My fingers rubbed through his hair and over his skin. There was still some sand and dirt in it, but with my hands doing their thing, this all quickly disappeared.

I could see his shoulders relaxing as I washed his hair. Good, he was getting used to having me touch him.

"Close your eyes," I said, and took the handheld shower head.

He tilted his head back, and I started rinsing the soap from his hair. I quickly glanced down over his shoulder. But, disappointingly, the angle wasn't good enough for me to see anything.

"There! All good. Now, let's do your back," I said and reached for the body wash. Mason could have given it to me, but since he didn't move, I took the initiative here.

Again, I squirted the soap on my hands, placed my hands near his neck, and worked my way down and out. I was careful with his right shoulder, which looked even worse up close.

"This bruise looks pretty bad, now that I'm close," I told him as I carefully rubbed out some ground-in dirt from his scrape. "I'm not a fortune teller, but I'd say a trip to the doctor is in your near future."

"Damn..." he sighed, and dropped his head.

"But relax. I'll take care of you."

I absolutely *loved* the feeling of my brother's soft skin under my fingers. I made sure to make it feel like a light massage to him. Partly because I wanted him to enjoy it, and partly because I wanted to feel his muscles and as much detail of his body.

From all the roughhousing we'd done when we were younger, I knew he was a bit ticklish at his sides. So when I washed there,

right below his ribs, I learned this hadn't changed.

When I reached the bottom of his back, I didn't even hesitate. My hands cupped the two fine-looking globes of his ass and massaged them under the pretense of washing him.

I heard a soft "Oh..." but other than that, Mason didn't react.

I thought that touching the skin on his shoulder and back was nice. But I was wrong. His ass felt ten times better! Soft, yet firm, and the curves of his cheeks fitted perfectly in my hands.

I probably lingered too long there, but Mason didn't say or do anything. So right before the point it started to really get awkward, I squatted and started washing his right leg.

I was careful near his hip, muttering about putting some Bactine on his scrapes when we were finished, but other than that, I made sure my soapy hands rubbed firmly over his upper leg and calf. If he were a bodybuilder, I'd say he never skipped leg day. This realization brought a smile to my face.

This is where the mud was really caked on, and I had to actually scrub. I looked for a washcloth, but he hadn't brought one in. After I was done exploring his right leg, I moved to his other leg and placed my hands on his left ankle. As my hands moved up, I started thinking about a way to make him turn around. I wanted to just spin him. I wanted to simply order him to 'Turn.' I needed to see him. But I didn't want to force him. No. I needed it to be on his own initiative. But how?

My hands were approaching his ass again, and I still didn't know what to do next. By now, my brother had spread his legs a little, and when I looked between them, right below his ass, I saw his balls hanging there. His *freaking* balls! *My brother's balls...* Oh boy...

Without thinking, my fingers moved between his legs, and I made sure to steer clear of his anus. I wasn't ready for that, yet. And I assumed he wasn't either. And then, I touched his sack lightly. I

moved my fingers a little, and I could feel both his balls in there. Mason flinched a little and tentatively asked, "Addie?"

"We need to clean there, too. Don't we?"

Without asking for permission, I kept my index and middle finger on his sack. I couldn't feel everything correctly, but the softness and the idea of touching my brother's sack were enough for me.

With my fingers still between his legs, I stood up straight, took the body wash again, and clipped off the lid with my thumb. My hand left Mason's balls and trailed over his ass and back toward his neck. I knew what to do now.

With another big glob of body wash on my hand, I rubbed my hands together to soap them up and stepped forward. I pressed my body against Mason's back. He sucked in a breath when my breasts pressed against his back and my hands snaked over his sides toward his chest.

"What to do about your front?" I whispered into his ear.

My hands were roaming over his collarbones and pecs. I felt his hard nipples under my palms and realized he must've been as turned on as I was, since his heart was beating rapidly, and his breathing was shallow.

I could hear him swallowing above the sound of the water, and he said, "It's... ca – can you..." and after clearing his throat, "I don't know..."

He was clearly not sure about all this. But neither was I. I had my hands on my naked twelve-year-old brother's body, and I wanted to see and feel his hard dick. But then what? Would I let him fuck me?

My friends and I talked about having sex all the time. I wanted to do it. But it was always somewhere in the future, and I had no idea who the mystery man I would be doing it with would be. I'd also considered a couple of boys in my fantasies. But here I was, naked in the shower with an actual naked boy. I was anxious to lose my virginity. But to lose it to my little brother?

No. I'd definitely let him touch my boobs and pussy if he wanted. I had already made up my mind about that. But fuck? Well... he was a boy. And he had a *very* sexy body and an endlessly fascinating dick... so... Would I let him fuck me? Would he even be willing? All boys wanted to fuck, right? But would he fuck his big sister?

Through this whirlwind of thoughts, my hands seemed to have a mind of their own. My left hand was all over Mason's pecs, and my right hand was on his abs, enjoying the feeling of his starting, but noticeable, six-pack. Now that my right hand was already down on his stomach, I had a goal. I wanted - no! I *needed* to feel his hard cock. It was almost a physical necessity! This feeling was *so* overwhelming.

My hand snaked further down, where I lingered on that magnificent spot between his belly button and the top of his pubes. To me, this was the sexiest part of any boy's body. It felt soft and muscular at the same time, and since Mason didn't have an ounce of fat on him, it was flat and tight.

But I couldn't stop here! There was still enough soap on my hand to pretend I was washing his body. But when my fingers touched his sparse, blonde pubes, I knew I was only fooling myself. I took a deep breath and moved my fingers further down. And that's when I felt it...

The base of my little brother's hard cock was warm to the touch and had a steeper upward angle than I expected.

"This needs to be cleaned, too," I whispered into his ear again.

Mason didn't respond, other than another shiver when my lips touched his earlobe.

My index and middle finger trailed over the length of his shaft, all the way over his cut dickhead as I created a mental image of it. I was like a blind man trying to visualize what I couldn't see.

But when I reached the tip and moved my fingers back down the underside of his cockhead, I wrapped my fist firmly around it.

Oh wow! A real-life, rock-hard cock in my fist! It was both hard and soft to the touch and nice and thick. The fact that it was my little brother's was more of a turn-on than I liked to admit.

"Ohh, Addie..." Mason moaned.

"Shh... let your big sister help you..."

My pussy was wetter than it had ever been before, and I was already on the verge of coming. But this wasn't important now. Only my brother's cock was.

My hand moved down over the shaft, back toward his body. When I touched his pubes, I moved back up again. My soapy hand was slick, and all of the senses in my hand were on high alert, so I felt every vein, curve, and bump as I moved.

But there was more. My left hand came into play and cupped his sack. I knew it was a boy's most sensitive spot, so I made sure to be gentle.

Here I was... I was giving my brother a reach-around while cupping his balls. Another tingle of electricity shot through my pussy when the realization hit that I was jacking off my little brother. And my hand kept sliding over his dick. Up and down. Up and down. I was now openly jacking him off and no longer pretending to be washing him.

Mason's left hand reached behind him and met my thigh, edging toward my ass, holding me to him. *Yes! Keep going!* I wished silently, but he was being bravely cautious. I think he tried with his right hand, too, but that arm must be going stiff, even under the warm water.

After about five more up and down moves, Mason lay his head back on my shoulder. I glanced at his face, and I could see that his eyes were closed and his mouth was slightly open. Two more strokes later, Mason's eyes flew open.

"Ohh, Addie... ohh!!!" he groaned, and I could feel his body tense, that left hand grabbing tight.

His dick fattened in my fist, and a heartbeat later, I felt it twitch violently. His balls pulled up, and at the underside of his cock, I felt movement. Was he cumming already? But... I wasn't done yet!

"Aahhhfuuccckkk..." he groaned and exhaled deeply at the same time.

I made my brother cum! Two or three more spurts shot out of him. I could feel his sperm traveling through his shaft. And then, without even touching myself, I also came. My knees came together, and my muscles clenched as the ripple widened. It wasn't as intense as when I fingered myself, but it was an orgasm nevertheless, and it kept on lingering as if it wasn't done yet.

I knew Mason would be sensitive after cumming, so I only held his stiff shaft in my fist, not wanting to let go of it yet.

"I'm sorry, Addie," Mason said with his head still on my shoulder, "It's just... your tits... and your hand... It felt *so* good!"

"It's okay. I wanted you to cum, I just wish I'd have seen it," I said softly and gave his hard cock a light squeeze.

He was still rock-hard. Weren't boys supposed to get soft after an orgasm? Mason lifted his head and looked at me. I could see the surprise in his eyes.

"Why?"

"You look fucking hot, Mace! And after I touched your ass, I wanted to feel your dick. And then, when I felt it, I wanted to... You know..."

"Well... I liked it!" he said, smiling his sexy, sly smile. And after I squeezed his dick again, he said, "I was wondering how I could spank it with my sore shoulder..."

"And?"

"You just said I should let my big sister help me..." and his sly smile got even slyer.

"No good with your left hand?" I asked, kidding.

"I... um..." he stammered, trying to come up with a good response.

"Don't worry," I gave in. "We all have our favorites."

I squeezed his cock again as he laughed. I couldn't resist. I loved my brother's cock and I loved jacking it! But when my hand started moving again, the water began to get colder. The telltale sign that we should turn off the water or freeze. I guess I'd used a lot of hot water in the tub, but that was cold now, too. Probably.

"Let's get out of here," I said.

"Good idea," Mason said and lifted his head.

I reluctantly let go of Mason's dick and balls and turned off the water. I was closest to the door and stepped out. I took a towel and threw it over my shoulders.

"One second, and I'll dry you off," I said to Mason, who still had his back to me.

I dried myself in record time. I knew my hair would look like shit later on, but I'd fix that problem when I needed to. All the time, my eyes were fixed on my brother's backside. Fuck! He looked so fine standing there. But there was still one more thing I needed to see...

I took another towel from the closet and said, "Come here. Let's get you dry, too."

Mason turned around. He was covering himself again with his left hand, which started to get a bit annoying by now. But the look on his face when he checked out my naked body made up for it, big time!

This took me back to what Nataly had said this morning. She had called me hot – no, *a hottie*! And now Mason was looking at me as if he had found some hidden treasure. It made me feel sexy.

I knew I wasn't bad-looking. Everyone knows this about themselves. But this confirmation by my little brother was a confidence boost, nevertheless. My breasts were firm, and my carefully trimmed pubes made my pussy look more mature. Judging by the look on Mason's

face, he liked what he saw. I watched him take me all in, then zeroing in on my pussy, but his eyes darting up to make sure my breasts hadn't disappeared.

"Get over here," I said, ignoring his probing eyes.

"You're beautiful, Addie," he softly said as he stepped toward me.

I didn't expect that one. Usually, Mason wasn't that outspoken. But this sounded sincere and heartfelt. I looked him in his eyes, and there was this moment between us. I couldn't explain it, and I might be mistaken here, but we connected on a spiritual level.

"Thanks..."

I wasn't sure how to reply to this. But just a simple "thanks"? I felt stupid when I said it, but I couldn't take it back now.

Instead of dwelling on it, I started drying Mason's hair. When I was done and his face wasn't covered with the towel anymore, I looked him in the eyes. He must've sensed it, because he tore his eyes from my chest and looked back at me.

I smiled at him and looked down. As I started to carefully dry his shoulders, I forced myself to blush and said, "I, uhm... I think you look mighty fine yourself. But... will you show me that dick of yours? I mean... it's only fair, right? And I wanna see what it looks like."

"But... I'm still..."

"Hard. I know. But that's exactly what I want to see, Doofus!" I looked him in the eye. "Hey, I jacked you off. I *deserve* to see your hard cock!"

"Oh..."

Just like that, he moved his hand out of the way. I looked down, and there it was... my brother's hard, cut dick. My estimate from just stroking him was pretty accurate. I guessed it to be around five inches long and reasonably thick.

"It's pretty big, Mace," I said while drinking in the sight of his throbbing cock.

"Really? I'm not *that* big, I mean... Zeke is..."

"If a girl tells you that your dick is big, you just accept it, dude!" I interrupted him and forced myself to look him in the eyes.

But when he smiled back and nodded, my eyes were back on the prize. I continued drying him, and as I moved down, I squatted in front of him again. But this time, my eyes were at the same level as my brother's erection. I soaked in every detail, and something inside clicked. This feeling was so noticeable and intense that I could almost touch it.

I wanted to feel this cock inside me.

This feeling was clear as day, and it didn't even bother me that I wanted to be fucked by my little brother's hard dick.

"It's... your dick looks awesome, dude..." I almost whispered.

"Uhm... thanks? I guess?"

And with that, I gave his dickhead a sloppy wet kiss. I didn't think about it. It sort of happened automatically.

"Aw, fuck! Oh, Addie!" Mason replied almost instantly.

He instinctively pushed his hips forward, and the tip of his dick slipped between my lips. Oh wow! The feeling of his spongy dickhead between my lips... I wanted more. It wasn't my intention, but now that the opportunity presented itself, I opened my mouth to let him in.

My lips wrapped themselves right behind his dickhead around my brother's stiff shaft. And the moment the tip of his dick touched my tongue, I could taste the sweet and salty leftover sperm or fresh precum. It didn't matter what it was. I was hooked!

I licked all over his glans, in an attempt to taste more. But there wasn't any left. Maybe some precum could satisfy me? My right hand

took the base of his dick to keep it straight, so I could move down further.

“Ohhh...” was all that came from Mason’s mouth.

I wasn’t doing what I saw in porn when they gave a blowjob. I had him in my mouth and used my tongue to taste him the best I could. That was all.

But this was already more than enough stimulation for me. And when Mason started moving his hips slightly back and forth, basically fucking my face, I had another one of those superficial orgasms I had earlier.

I was still sensitive as hell after this orgasm-light, and just had to move it up a notch. With a smack, I pulled my face off my brother’s cock and took another good look at his rigid tube of flesh. I stroked it, no, I caressed it with my right hand, and then looked up at him.

His expression was one of pure bliss, and when he realized I had stopped, he looked down at me. My heart was almost beating out of my chest when I asked him as sweetly as I could, “Will you please fuck me?”

The look on his face barely changed. I’d expected him to be surprised. Scared, maybe. But all he did was nod and look hornily at me. I was so glad he reacted this way that I got to my feet and gave him a tight hug.

“I really want this, Mace...” I whispered, wanting to make sure I wasn’t joking or crazy.

My tits were pressed against his chest, and his stiff boner was caught between our bodies. The moment his hands were around me, they landed on my ass. Even his right hand. Apparently, the prospect of having sex does something to a boy. I smiled inwardly at that and broke the hug.

I took his left hand and guided him into the hallway and to his room. It was the room closest to the bathroom, and to me it was as good as any. As long as it had a bed.

I gave his room a quick look over and noticed things hadn't changed much over the years. The posters had changed from Paw Patrol and Lightning McQueen to Spider-Man and Linkin Park, but other than that, his room was still the same as when I last played in here.

The room was still messy, and it occurred to me that every time Mom nagged about him needing to clean his room, she must've been right. There were a few worn boxers in a corner, clothes were virtually everywhere, and his bed was a mess. The bed I would be losing my virginity on.

Mason tried straightening his sheets, but when he realized that it would take more than a few moments, he just tossed them on the floor.

"So... how do we..." Mason started.

"Lie down. You can't be on top with your shoulder," I said, not willing to waste time. I needed him inside me. Now, before I could change my mind.

"Oh... yeah... right..." he said softly and lay down on his back.

His cock was proudly sticking up from his groin, and he looked so fucking sexy lying there in all his naked glory. His eyes were roaming all over my body, and right then and there, I knew I had made the right decision and wouldn't be a virgin for much longer.

I also climbed on his bed, straddling his waist, and said, "Besides... I want to be in control. It's my first time, you know... So, this works better, I think."

"Okay..." Mason said timidly, "It's mine too..." and he looked like a little nervous boy again.

"We'll lose it to each other then," I replied, trying to keep the mood light. I was nervous as hell myself, but also damn excited!

I took his dick by its base and pointed it upward. I moved my body so my vagina was right above my brother's dickhead. The moment

we made contact, I sucked in a sharp breath. That small orgasm again!

"You okay?" Mason asked worriedly.

"Oh, yeah... it's... hmmmm..."

And with that, I pushed down and felt his twelve-year-old dickhead slide slowly into my fourteen-year-old vagina. I locked eyes with my brother, and the look of wonder in them matched my own feelings of amazement.

"Oh, fuck, Addie! We're really doing it!"

Mason placed his hands on my hips, with his eyes locked on mine instead of my tits. I could only nod and let myself sink further down, as more and more of my little brother's cock slid into me.

The moment I couldn't go down any further, I looked down at our merged genitals. Another surge of pleasure shot through me when I saw only our pubes, the base of Mason's cock, and nothing else.

"Ohhh..." was all I managed to say.

I was filled up inside beyond anything I had ever felt before. Even my dildo wasn't this big. When Mason's left hand started playing with my boob, I snapped out of it. I needed to fuck. I needed to cum. He needed to cum inside of me. We needed to fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

So, I moved up and down. Up and down, and up and down, impaling myself on my brother's cock. My brother. My little brother was fucking me! I was fucking my little brother!

I saw Mason had his mouth open, and he was matching my heavy breathing and soft moans. He was in the zone, just like me. It was probably a good thing he came already a couple minutes before, because I planned to keep this going until I came. Really came! Not that light stuff, but a good, mind-scattering orgasm. And it wasn't too far away anymore.

And, oh boy... this was going to be a great one! The build-up to it was already approaching the point of no return!

Every time he almost slipped out of me, I slid back down. And with each thrust, I did it firmer. And practically every time, the tip of his dick pressed against my cervix. Loud sounds of body-on-body slaps filled my brother's bedroom.

The feeling of his cock inside me was so overwhelming by now that I heard myself moan and make incoherent sounds. I was so into it that it took me a few times to realize Mason was meeting me halfway by lifting his ass off the mattress.

I just had to move a little to feel him even deeper inside me. So, I moved forward and placed my hands on his pecs. His left hand immediately cupped my tit and started massaging it. His right hand stayed on my hip and started stroking my thigh.

This position wasn't helping with the depth of his thrusts. And when I looked at him, I saw discomfort on his face. Was I pressing too hard on him and hurting his shoulder? I wasn't sure, but sat back up straight nevertheless. When my brother thrust back in again, the pressure against my cervix returned. And I *fucking loved* that!

By now, our fucking increased in both speed and force, and when our eyes met again, I knew this was it.

I felt Mason's cock fatten, and the snowball my orgasm had become started rolling down the mountain. The moment the first spurt of my brother's incestuous sperm started coating my insides, I came. Hard!

My pussy contracted so sharply that it felt as if I squeezed his dick off. But Mason had one more ace up his sleeve for me. He pistoned out and in one more time, which gave my pussy just enough room to fully contract, and it gave me the best orgasm of my life up until then.

"Fuck!! Fuck!! Fuck!!" I heard myself moan loudly. It was a good thing we were alone, because I couldn't keep my voice down, even if I wanted to.

With a firm, final push, Mason slammed into me and shot the rest of his cum into me. My fingers dug into his pecs, and both his hands were pulling me by my hips onto his crotch. It all happened somewhere in the distance. My cum was so intense and overwhelming that Mason had to fill in the blanks for me afterwards.

I collapsed onto my brother, panting heavily. With my sweaty body now on his chest, I could feel both our hearts beating rapidly. Some of my brother's cum started seeping out of me and onto his balls. It wasn't much, but I could feel its slow dribble, and it was barely there. This was just something that I experienced intensely, and I blamed it on my very first fuck.

My first fuck! I was no longer a virgin! Neither was Mason, for that matter! And I... Was having sex always this awesome?

I thought of my friend Cindy, the one who may or may not have had sex with her brother. If she did, I couldn't blame her now, could I? Fucking my brother was great!

Thinking of Cindy made me remember Nataly, though. Well, I thought to myself, I knew for sure I wasn't a lesbian, now. But... I might still want to kiss her again. And feel her breasts on mine. Naked bodies are fun. Maybe we needed to do a sleepover.

Mason started caressing my back, and I was still basking in the afterglow of my orgasm. He kissed the top of my head. I felt that and smiled. I turned my head and looked up at him, at the boy who'd taken my virginity. He leaned in and kissed my cheek.

"I'm sorry I pressed on your shoulder," I said, and kissed his chest up to his shoulder and neck. "Are you okay?"

"I could barely feel it," he told me with a huge grin, though I suspect his lie was related to how much he loved cumming inside me.

I held his face and kissed him on his lips. But he was still hard... and I felt his cock spring inside me when I kissed him.

At first, the movement of my pelvis was barely noticeable. But when Mason started moving again, too, we couldn't deny we were fucking

again. This second time lasted longer, but wasn't as intense as the first time. I didn't mind, though. We both came again. Well... I came three times, Mason 'just' once.

When we were done, I rolled off my brother and lay next to him. The emptiness his cock left needed to be filled again soon. But not now. Now we needed to recover from fucking. My brother and I fucked! We didn't make love. No, we fucked! He looked at me with a massive grin and looked exactly how I felt. Again. And I knew then and there that this wasn't going to be our last fuck.

That's when I started giggling.

"Why are you laughing?" Mason asked and placed his hand on me, and gently rubbed my belly.

"I forgot to wash my hair..."

We both burst into laughter in our post-orgasmic silliness.

The end.