

Liz was 8 when I first met them, and we all got along pretty well. How well, however, was not apparent for almost a year.

MIKE AND I
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Since it was a small farmhouse we lived in, Mike and I shared a bedroom, and we used to get up early to take care of our chores and watch TV together. He was an all right kid, and I liked having a younger "brother" around for a change. It was like having a built-in friend.

One Saturday, we came down and found several movies our parents had rented the night before. One of them was a porno. I hadn't thought my father would watch one, but like I said, Victoria brought out a lot of changes in him.

Anyway, Mike and I popped it in and began watching with the sound turned down really low. Looking back on it now I can tell you that it was standard porno fare, but since it was the first time either of us had seen one, I was very turned on. I should probably mention that I had discovered masturbation around this time as well, (I had just turned 12 several months before) and saw the porno as the ultimate tool to that end. Watching it, I ached to jerk off, but couldn't with Mike sitting there with me. Or so I thought.

After watching for a while, a guy on the movie ejaculated all over the woman's large breasts. Mike exclaimed, "He's peeing on her!" I corrected him, saying, "No, that's something else. It's white and goeey. He's coming on her."

Then an idea struck me. "Here, I'll show you," I said to him, and took my engorged dick out of my sweatpants. I began to stroke it while I watched the movie. Mike seemed to be alternating between my dick and the movie on the screen. It didn't take long, and soon I was on the verge of an orgasm.

"OK, watch this," I told him. He and I both turned our attention to my penis as my orgasm began. My sperm

jetted out in a long spurt onto the floor, and bubbled out the tip over my pumping fingers. I scooped up some of the goo and showed it to him. "See?"

"How does it feel?" he asked.

"Really good. Almost like peeing and sneezing at the same time. But better." I said. That was the best explanation I had. I was only 12 after all.

"Do you think I could do it?" Mike asked me. He pulled his undeveloped, but rigid little dick out of his pajamas.

"I don't know." And I didn't actually ejaculate until I was about 12, and Mike was only 10, and hadn't started puberty yet.

He tried stroking his penis as he had seen me doing, but it was awkward for him since his hand was proportionately larger than his dick compared to mine. His dick, even erect, was only about as big as my thumb, and he couldn't quite get a grip on it. Eventually, he gave up and we got some breakfast. And although I didn't know it at the time, I would be there for his first orgasm.

ELIZABETH AND I

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As I had adapted to having Mike around, so had I developed a kinship towards his younger sister, Elizabeth, whom we all called Liz. She was about 8 when I met her, and kind of a tomboy from growing up with her brother's friends around. She was tough as nails and kept up with us in everything we did, from riding our bicycles through the woods, to building a treehouse in a big oak in the pasture. I started to feel a kind of protective guardianship forming for her, as I became the "big brother" to both of them.

For the most part, Liz and I were like any other brother and sister. Our fun was tempered by a lot of fighting and tantrums on her part. But we got along as well as any siblings, and eventually, shared more than most.

It all started innocently enough, Liz and I teasing each other like brother and sister--I would tickle her and she would shriek and slap at my hands. But eventually, it changed between us somewhat. She entered the stage where she began to find boys "cute" and found me cute. She became the aggressor, spying on me when I was not with her, sneaking into the bathroom while I was showering and dumping cold water on me, things like that. It was good natured, and I never thought about it as anything but a younger sister's adoration of her big brother. Which, I guess, it was.

But the biggest change happened during one of her shower raids and she caught me jerking off in the shower.

Since I was well into puberty (about 14 or so), my dick was nearly full grown, and in its engorged state, it was probably unlike anything she had seen in her 10 years. She fixed her eyes on it and wouldn't look away. I quickly stopped stroking when I saw her, embarrassed. But then she asked me, "Are you going to make the white stuff come out?" At that moment, I knew that Mike had told her about our experience in the TV room.

This rekindled my loins, and turned me on even more. I continued my fervent stroking of my soapy dick, watching Liz stare intently at it. The intensity of actually having a female watching me beat off became almost too much to bear, and I felt my sperm building up pressure in my balls. "Here it comes, Liz," I said. She said, "Okay," and watched intently.

My orgasm shook me and buckled my knees, but I remained standing and angled myself so she could get an excellent view of my come jetting out.

And boy did I come! The first shot blasted to the wall of the bathroom, followed by a series of smaller jets that squirted uselessly into the bathroom floor. I'd never shot so much nor so far before, and I'd never been so turned on. The two must have been connected.

I turned around to shut off the water in the shower,

and I saw the Liz had left. No fanfare, no words, she was gone. I was a little concerned that she would tell her mother or my father, but I didn't think she would. Why would she? She invaded my shower.

MIKE, LIZ, AND I
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Since both Mike and Liz had now seen me ejaculate, we all gradually became a little more open about it. I no longer strained to remain silent in my bed at night while I masturbated myself to sleep. Frequently, I would pull it out in front of one or both of them and stroke myself to orgasm. I was very turned on by having two people watch me masturbate, and they seemed to enjoy the novelty of it, especially when I shot my cum.

My only excuse for such behaviour is that I was 13 and my hormones were raging. I was masturbating at least twice a day, and the pleasure was intensified by having an audience.

It really got good one night when my parents left me in charge while they went out. We were watching TV when I started to get horny. Feeling bold, I took my dick out and showed it to them. Mike asked, "Are you going to make the white stuff come?"

And Liz chimed in, "Yeah, I want to see it, too!"

Being the exhibitionist I am, I pulled my clothes off and started jerking off. Both Mike and Liz were interested, but it didn't seem to be enough. So I asked them to go into our folks' bedroom and get some of the magazines Victoria kept under her bed. She seemed partial to Hustler, so we got four or five of them out and I started reading and jerking, getting more and more aroused. I also noticed Mike and Liz looking at the magazines. I suggested that they join me. Mike was eager to respond, and pulled his clothes off quickly, exposing his turgid little dick with no hair at all. It stuck out from his abdomen like a hook. Liz looked at it, then at mine.

"Which one do you like better, Liz?" I asked.

"They're both neat," she said. "But I like bigger," she said, grabbing the base of mine and working her hands up it like baseball players on a bat deciding who bats first, hand over hand, until she had measured it from top to bottom. "two hands," she announced. Then she did the same for Mike, where she could only grasp it once. "One hand, two fingers," she said, being very scientific.

"Show us yours," Mike prompted, not hurt at all.

She seemed to hesitate, then pulled her pants down. Standing there, her hairless little pussy exposed, she looked very young indeed, but once she was fully naked, the woman she would become was apparent. Even at nine, her body had gentle curves at the hips, and her nipples were puffy and stuck out from the rest of her flat chest. She suddenly seemed very at ease in her nudity and sat down next to me on the couch, where I had resumed stroking my dick. Seeing her infused me with a newfound sexual energy, and I could feel my orgasm building quickly.

"Can I look at it," I asked her. She said, "Okay," very casually as if it were no big deal, and lay back and spread her legs wide. I reached down and touched her smooth flesh, running up her thighs to her hairless mound. The skin there felt so unfinished, so pure. Then I parted her outer lips and peeked into her vagina. It looked like a grown woman's, only smaller. There were tiny inner lips converging on a little protruding bud of a clit, with a finger-sized hole underneath leading to her young womb. "Does this hurt?" I asked, parting the inner lips with two fingers.

"No," she said, and reached down to her crotch. With two hands, she grasped the inner lips and began to tug and pull on them. "See? They're stretchy." That was too much for me to hear and my orgasm came upon me. My semen burst from my dick and splashed between my feet on the floor.

"White stuff!" Mike cried, watching my spurting penis. Liz sat up to see the last of my sperm pump out the tip of my dick.

"Cool," she said.

Although my dick was temporarily out of action now, my mind was still in a sexual frenzy. This was incredible! The possibilities were almost endless, and since I had never done anything with a real girl before, I thought this would be an excellent time to get some practice.

"Can I taste you, Liz?" I asked.

"Um, OK," she said, hesitant, but leaning back on the couch again and spreading her legs. I moved between her thighs and put my face near her vagina. There was no odor as I expected. I tentatively stuck out my tongue to taste her flesh, and it was like a spark jumped between us. She jumped slightly as my tongue touched her sensitive slot, but settled down as I moved my tongue up and down her little hairless slit, getting it nice and slippery. Mike moved to watch, still furiously trying to stroke his immature penis.

Though I didn't have any experience, I knew how everything worked, and began to work on her tiny clit, which was no bigger than the head of a pin. Occasionally, she would twitch when I hit it just right and I learned quickly what she liked.

Soon I could taste a flow of juices from deep inside her, and they mingled with my saliva to make her smooth vagina slippery and hot. Soon I had her twisting around on the couch, enjoying the sensations. I worked faster and faster over her little pussy, pushing her farther and farther until she let go and started bucking under me, her hips jerking spasmodically.

A moment later, she climbed quickly away from my tongue. "Stop, stop, stop," she cried as her suddenly over-sensitive vagina finished its first orgasm.

Once she'd caught her breath, Mike asked, "Can I try, Liz?" She shook her head no, but said that he could suck her nipples, which he began to do, still stroking his cock.

By then I was hard again, and ready to go. I gently moved Liz's legs apart and knelt between them, moving

my hard-on to her pussy. I knew better than to try to stuff it into her tiny vagina, but I pushed the squishy head inside and slid it up and down in her juices.

She stiffened and said, "No, not that one, this one," grabbing Mike's dick. Startled at her sudden interest and competence, I moved back and let him move into place. I was shocked that Liz was so bold, but the orgasm must have made quite an impact on her.

Once Mike was between her legs, he reached down and moved his little dick to her slot, where after a few false starts, managed to ease it into her greased pussy. He stretched out on top of her, holding himself up with his arms and thrusting his small cock inside of her. Liz didn't seem to be in any pain, as his dick wasn't long enough to reach her hymen and do any damage.

I couldn't believe it! Little Mike was no longer a virgin, yet I still was! But it was too hot to think about that. Mike was pumping away in her, instinctively moving his hips in and out. She began to feel his rhythm, and moved with him naturally.

Then Mike looked up at me with terror in his eyes. I was stroking my cock again, watching them. He said, "I think it's happening!"

"Get out!" I said, not knowing whether his sperm was potent enough, or if Liz's ovaries had started producing eggs, but wanting to take no chances. I pushed him out of her just as his dick started to jump. All three of us looked at it -- Mike didn't even bother stroking it -- as a few drops of almost clear liquid surged out the hole at the tip and onto the couch. Then his hips bucked once and a final jet of pure white real semen pushed out the head of his penis.

Seeing this, my own orgasm began, and I helped it along, aiming my dick at Liz's mouth, not caring whether she wanted it or not. This orgasm, not as powerful as the last, dribbled my cum onto her face. She jerked away suddenly, but instinctively liked at the cum which had landed near her lips. Tasting it, she reached out to the tip of my dick, took some cum on her finger and popped it into her mouth, swirling

it around before swallowing it. She made a face that said she wasn't sure she liked how it tasted, but that she was just curious.

After we'd all caught our breath, we cleaned up and got dressed. We never told anyone about that night, but it was only the beginning of a long summer of fun.

Author's note:

This has been a true story. I am not a homosexual, nor am I a pedophile, so mail directed to those ends will be universally disregarded. This is for entertainment purposes only. If you are looking for reasons to get offended, go spend some time watching how your government takes away your right to free speech, your right to read and write what you want, and spending your tax money on worthless programs which fund studies to link literature like this to sociopathic behavior. Even you Bible-thumpers should find that offensive.

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Please keep this story, and all erotic stories out of the hands of children. They should be outside playing in the sun, not thinking about adult situations. Do your part to make our world a little safer.

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