

Anybody that saw him immediately thought "nerd" - and they were right. At six and a half feet tall, Denton Blanchard weighed in at a whopping hundred and seven pounds. He wore glasses with thick black frames (fortunately not held together with tape), and tended to walk around with something of a look of distraction on his face. He wasn't unattractive - in fact, he looked like an extra-long version of Buddy Holly - but it was his height and (lack of) build that doomed him in the eyes of most of the girls that saw him.

He'd gotten interested in chemistry immediately on receiving his first beginner's chemistry set at the age of ten; for his birthday before he'd started middle school, his parents had gotten him the most advanced set on the market - and he'd "outgrown" it by the time he finished. Now, just starting his Junior year of high school, he was at the point where the local chemical supply house knew him by name from the wide variety of chemicals and assorted other supplies he ordered on a regular basis.

At home, his parents were delighted with his hobby - he was virtually guaranteed a full scholarship at the state university, something that would relieve them of a considerable financial burden. His sister, Christine - or Chris, as she preferred to be called - had virtually nothing in common with him. A year younger than he was, she was about as average as any girl *could* be - except for her bubbly personality, and the fact that she was one of the few people anywhere near his age that he was able to talk to, and stay on good terms with. The rest of kids at school either thought he was some kind of freak, or hated him for screwing up the grading curve in the math and science classes they shared with him: if he didn't get a perfect score on a quiz or exam, he seldom missed more than one question, and NEVER three. In fact, it was at the point where if he missed a question, the first thought the teacher had was that if *HE* missed one, then it might have been the **question** that was at fault.

Consequently, he was the subject of no small amount of the kinds of abuse that only teenagers seem capable of - cruel pranks, ridicule, isolation, and even a bit of physical abuse were all directed toward him. It also meant that he didn't get much opportunity to meet girls - and they were the one thing, other than chemistry, that occupied his thoughts most of the time. To be sure, there were *some* girls that would welcome his attentions - but they were ones that he didn't particularly *want* to be seen with: he tended to avoid girls that weighed half again as much as he did, or had more facial hair. He didn't have any dreams of going out with cheerleaders or anybody like that; he'd have been quite happy to find a girl as ordinary as his sister - whom he adored.

He was at his desk in his bedroom, having just finished his homework - and reading ahead for the next day at school - when Chris made an appearance at his door. She usually stopped off at one of her friends' houses on the way home from school, so it wasn't unusual for him to be finishing up HIS homework before Chris even got home from school. What was different that day was that Chris came on into his room and took a seat on his bed. He turned to look at her, and from the expression on her face, knew there was something she wanted him to do for her: she didn't know it, but whenever she wanted something from him, she *always* got a peculiar half-grin on her face.

He raised an eyebrow, and she had the courtesy to blush slightly before she showed him a magazine page and saying "See this stuff, Den? This ad for this cologne and perfume? It says it has some kind of stuff call pheromones - did I say that right? - in it. They said it makes more guys want to be around girls, and girls around guys. I can't afford the sixty-five dollars they want for this stuff, and I was wondering... well... is this anything YOU could make? I mean, down in your lab?"

In the basement, threatening to overwhelm the little corner set aside for their Dads fly-tying hobby, was Den's lab. It was something that any high school teacher - and not a few small college professors - would have envied. A few times before, he'd been able to duplicate the scent of a particular perfume

that Chris had been desperate for, but unable to afford - so it wasn't much of a surprise to him that she'd thought to ask him if he could do it again. He took the magazine from her and read the text accompanying the pictures. It was the first time he'd ever heard of a company selling cologne or perfume containing pheromones: pheromones were known to cause certain physical reactions in animals, but this was the first he'd heard of anything like that in humans, who where thought not to have them.

The ad was, as he'd expected, pretty thin on actual facts. But there was enough there to give him a place to start, and he handed the magazine back to Chris before saying "I dunno, Chris. Copying the other stuff you wanted was pretty easy; I mean, it was just *stuff*. But this... they're saying it has other things in it, too, and I don't know how easy it would be to copy - or if it even works the way they're claiming. I can check into it, and *try*, maybe, but..."

That was all his sister needed to hear. She jumped off the bed and hugged him, then kissed him on the cheek, exclaiming "Thanks, Den! I knew I could count on you!" and swarming out of his room before he could finish. He sighed to himself before turning back to his History book; when he'd finished the next day's topics, he took note of the page number, and closed it before standing and heading downstairs to his lab.

Digging out a couple of the reference books he had, he spent the next half hour trying to find out what he could about pheromones - which wasn't much, with just the books he had. Still, he was able to refresh his memory and pick up a few other things, so it hadn't been a *complete* waste.

The next day, after school, he went down to the city's main library. Using their computer system, he was able to find some additional books available from a couple of local colleges through the inter-library loan system. He carefully noted the catalog numbers and titles, then submitted his request. The librarians knew him, and assured him the books would be in within a couple of days.

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When he got the books, he spent a weekend going through them. Most of what he was reading was organic chemistry, and his interests tended more toward inorganic, but he was still able to keep up with what he was reading. He took copious notes, and carefully wrote down the thoughts and ideas that came to him as he was reading. By the time he had to turn the books back in a few days later, he had a fairly good idea of what would be involved in trying to duplicate the products in the ad Chris had shown him.

It was a sign of the amount of business that he did with the chemical supply company that they were willing to give him a some of the materials that he thought he'd need. His dad took him down to pick them up without questioning what he needed or wanted them for; both of his parents had long since stopped bothering to ask: it hadn't taken them long to realize that they simply didn't understand the answers he gave. He wasn't cooking up drugs, he wasn't making explosives, and even THEY could see that he was *meticulous* about safety and cleanliness - which was all they really needed to be comfortable with what he was doing.

Once he got started on the project, he told Chris, so she'd know he hadn't forgotten about it.

Over the course of the next several weeks, almost all of his after-school time was spent in his lab, trying to develop a perfume for Chris that would incorporate the pheromones mentioned in the ad. His efforts were uniformly unsuccessful: he could take a perfectly good, pleasant scent and the simple addition of the chemicals that made up a pheromone would turn it into a stinking puddle. In fact, more than once the resulting stench was enough to actually nauseate him - which, all things considered, was

no small feat.

He was on his way home from school when he had the misfortune of running into Biff Kinney and his band of Merry Morons - at least, that was how Den thought of them. They were the sort that sat at the back of the class making various noises and comments that interfered with anyone actually *learning* anything. Biff was quarterback on the football team, Captain of the baseball team, on the wrestling team - and Head of the Prick Team, as far as Den was concerned. Normally, he'd be able to avoid them, but he'd let himself get so wrapped up in trying to find a solution to the pheromone problem that he'd failed to notice Biff and crew lounging around in front of the Burger Palace where they usually hung out after school - assuming one or more of them didn't have Detention, which wasn't exactly unheard of.

In any event, Den was within just a few feet of them when he realized his error. Before he had time to think of something that would allow him to change course, they were on him like a pack of hyenas on a wounded gazelle - not that he was actually that fast or that graceful.

With Biff blocking his way, the others fanned out around him. Skippy Johansen went behind him and knocked his books out of his hand - one of them landing on top of a fresh dog turd. The rest were scattered all over the sidewalk, where they were kicked around from one person to the next. While that was going on, Biff decided to torment Den a little by saying "Denny" - a nickname Den hated - "You've got all that other stuff in your pocket, but you **forgot** something!" - and filling his shirt pocket with a handful of dirt. Somehow, Den knew they were just getting started when a particularly kind and beneficent God smiled on him through the appearance of Tiffany Stromberg, Biff's girlfriend - and head of the cheerleading squad. She was the proverbial blonde knockout cheerleader: long blonde hair, incredible blue eyes, large bust, trim waist, a small obviously firm ass, and a pair of legs that seemed to go on forever. She was also the stereotypical dumb blonde: in the couple of classes that Den had with her, she gave every indication that she pretty much had the intelligence of a fence post. But she was incredibly beautiful, and when she batted her long eyelashes at the male teachers after failing a quiz or exam, they invariably caved in and gave her a minimum passing grade. Biff got HIS passing grades by being as good as he was at sports: the teams he was on **needed** him, and he couldn't play if he didn't pass - so he was passed. Otherwise, he'd likely have been the biggest kid in Remedial Kindergarten.

The appearance of Tiffany meant that Biff was going to have to go inside with her, and treat her like the royalty she thought she was; and when Biff left, his buddies would leave with him - saving Den from further harassment.

Sure enough, Tiffany came up and kissed Biff, then wheedled him into taking her inside for a Coke; Skippy and the others followed - but only after each of them inflicted some minor indignity on him along the way.

When they were inside, Den carefully picked up his books; the one that had fallen on the dog shit moreso than the others. Fortunately, he had all of them wrapped in bookcovers, so no permanent damage was done. Still, it was awkward - and smelly - as he started walking home again. As he was walking, his mind went back to the problem with the pheromone perfume that Chris wanted. It was a warm day, and the heat added to the stench of the dog crap on his book; he found himself more and more distracted by it as he went along. He was nearly home when he suddenly stopped dead in his tracks. His family would have immediately recognized the look on his face: it was one he got *only* when he had a sudden flash of inspiration about chemistry. Short of setting his pants on fire, he wasn't going to come out of the daze he was in until his mind had worked its way through whatever the

problem was.

A couple of minutes later - fairly quick for incidents such as that - he gave a little shake and continued his journey home. After emptying the dirt from his shirt pocket and doing his homework, he went down to his lab and started working.

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It was a week later when he told Chris that he'd found a way to duplicate the pheromone perfume that she'd wanted. Chris was delighted, of course, and promptly asked him when she could have some. He considered what all he had to do in the next few days, and said he'd have a bottle of it for her the following Friday night, after she got home from her date with her boyfriend. She promptly came over to give him a kiss on the cheek and thank him profusely. Blushing slightly, he told her "Uh, I'm still not sure how good it's going to work, Chris. I mean, all I did was come up with a way to duplicate what the ad you showed me *says* it has. I don't know if it's actually going to **work**, or anything."

Chris looked up at him and suggested "Then why don't *both* of us put some on before we come down from breakfast Saturday morning, then? That way, you can tell me if it works on me, and I can tell you if it works on you?"

Den wasn't sure about that idea, but let Chris talk him into trying it. Their folks were going to be leaving early for some charity event his Mom was involved in, so if it turned out that the stuff just smelled strange, he wouldn't have to worry about any comments from them. Chris *might* be disappointed, but at least she'd understand...

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The following Saturday morning, after he'd showered and gotten dressed, Den carefully applied a liberal amount of the cologne he'd come up with, then went downstairs for breakfast. As expected, his folks had already left, and he was alone as he went about making himself some breakfast. He'd just sat down with his food when Chris came in and began making herself something to eat. She hadn't been in the kitchen for five seconds before Den noticed she was wearing the pheromone perfume he'd made for her - and not two seconds after that that it smelled pretty darn good.

It wasn't but a couple of minutes before Chris sat down across from him, and the two of them began eating.

As the two of them chatted during their meal, Den caught himself looking at Chris - not so much as his sister, but as a **female**. At one point, he realized that the robe she was wearing (she hardly ever dressed before breakfast on Saturdays) had opened up a little, and he could see the upper slopes of her breasts - and felt himself starting to grow hard at the sight.

He felt himself beginning to flush slightly with embarrassment, and having a little trouble talking to her - not noticing that Chris was apparently experiencing the same problems.

When both of them had finished their meals, Chris got up and collected their dishes and silverware, putting them in the dishwasher before coming over to where Den was. When she did, Den couldn't help noticing that her robe had apparently opened even farther, leaving even more of her breasts exposed to his gaze. When he was able to tear his eyes away from the sight to look into Chris's face, he finally saw that she was as flushed as he felt, and the look in her eyes was one he'd never seen before.

Even her *voice* was different when she told him "Den, I want to thank you for everything you've done for me."

"Um, that's okay, Chris. You know I like doing stuff for you."

"But I want to **really** thank you - for everything" she replied, before nudging him to slide his chair back a bit - followed by planting herself in his lap and pulling his head down to give him a kiss.

Den was mortified: surely she could feel the way his cock was tenting his slacks, the way her (delightful!) ass was pressed against it!

But the embarrassment of having his little sister knowing that he had a hard-on was quickly dismissed when he realized that the kiss she was giving him was something more - WAY more! - than the simple sister-to-brother pecks she'd graced him with before. Particularly when he felt her mouth open, and her tongue touch his lips.

That was all it took. With a soft groan, Den opened his lips in return, letting Chris' tongue into his mouth where it promptly began introducing itself to his own. When Chris wriggled on his lap, making it clear that she could feel his hard cock, he couldn't stop himself from wrapping his arms around her and pulling her close before beginning to arch himself up, pressing his manhood against the firm globes of her ass.

To his amazement, Chris didn't object in the slightest. If anything, she pressed her body against his even more; and began softly moaning in response each time he pressed himself against her.

It wasn't two minutes before Den could detect a completely new aroma in the air; it took several seconds before he was able associate it with Chris. But once he did, he quickly realized that it was coming from her, well, *pussy*; and it meant that she was getting excited!

Even as Den was coming to those realizations, he felt Chris' body pull back from him slightly. A few moments later, she took his hands in hers and pulled them up - to her breasts. Shocked, he could only hold them still as his mind grappled with the idea of having *real, live tits* in his hands for the first time. But Chris wasn't prepared to wait for his brain to catch up: it was only a few moments before her hands squeezed his, letting him know that she wanted him to do more than just touch her. Suitably prodded, he began moving his hands on her breasts: delighted with their warmth; amazed how spongy, yet firm, they were; savoring the smooth softness of her skin; intrigued by the texture and detail of her puckered areolas and erect nipples. As he and Chris continued their impassioned kisses, he memorized the feel of her firm young mammaries.

It was only a minute before Chris was moaning into his mouth as she pressed herself against his erection; a couple of minutes later, she pressed herself against him a few times before pulling her lips away from his just long enough to say "**Touch** me, Den!", then opening her robe completely to reveal she was completely naked before merging his lips with hers again.

His arousal was easily keeping pace with hers, and he didn't hesitate to do as she demanded; his hands left her breasts to begin exploring the rest of her young body. When his fingertips finally reached her firm thighs, she again moaned into his mouth as she spread her legs in open invitation. He delighted in the feel of the smooth skin of her thighs as he slowly traced his way to their apex - where he found the small, but dense and *soft* thicket of her pubic hair. When his hand explored further, he found the entrance to her womanhood: he quickly discovered that it was bracketed by a pair of thin lips, the area between them hot and fairly **dripping**. He dared let a fingertip slip between them, brushing across her intimate opening. Chris groaned in response, and pressed her pelvis forward, welcoming his touch. He pressed a little farther, and felt the tight ring of her opening part slightly in response. It took him only a few moments to begin sliding his finger deeper and deeper into her amazingly hot and wet channel - accompanied by a soft moan of obvious pleasure and passion from Chris. It didn't take long before he had his entire finger inside her as he slowly explored her deepest recesses.

As he was plumbing the depths of her vagina, he could feel a small bump pressing against the palm of his hand; the desire to find out what it was finally made him slide his well-oiled digit from her so he could investigate it. He'd no more than touched it when Chris released a deep groan of pleasure and tried to spread her legs even more, letting him know that he'd found something important.

Carefully and gently, he began touching and caressing the little nubbin he'd found at the top of her cleft. With each touch, Chris' noises of pleasure told him that what he was doing pleased and excited her - which only encouraged him to continue. Much to his surprise, it was only a minute or so before he felt Chris begin to tense on his lap; a few seconds later, she broke their kiss and began gasping and shuddering as she released a number of soft cries. At first, he was afraid he'd done something wrong - but then realized that he hadn't: rather than hurting her, he'd brought her to an *orgasm*!

He watched as a number of spasms passed through Chris, and was surprised when she suddenly seemed to 'come out of it' and wrap her arms around him as she started kissing him again. If anything, having orgasmed like that only seemed to have **increased** her passion and desire!

In short order, the two of them were engaged in another series of passionate kisses as Den began exploring her body again. He was again pressing his almost painfully hard erection against Chris' ass when she started easing her body off his lap - even as she continued their impassioned kisses. When she was standing again, she started tugging at Den, and finally got him to understand that she wanted HIM to stand up, too. When he did, she plastered herself against the front of him, pressing her body against his. Perhaps a minute later, she started easing herself back, bringing Den along with her. After a few moments, he could feel that she was pressed against the kitchen table - and was surprised when she managed to wriggle her way onto it so that she was sitting on the edge. Once there, he felt her reach between them - then her hands on the front of his pants. It took him a couple of seconds to realize that she was trying to undo his belt - and on the heels of that, that she wanted to get his pants off! He tried to fight the idea, but his arousal and desire were simply too much: gently nudging her hands out of the way, he quickly had his belt, then his pants, unfastened. With that done, Chris didn't delay in sliding his pants down, then his undershorts. When his hard cock was waving in the air, she quickly wrapped her hand around it and softly stroked his 7-inch length for a few moments before she began to lie back - her lips pulling Den's body down as her hand guided his erection closer to her pelvis.

It wasn't long before she was lying back on the table, Den's body over hers and head of his cock pressing against the mat of hair covering her mons. Through a supreme effort of will, Den managed to pull his lips away from hers and say "Chris, we shouldn't be doing this! I'm your *brother*! What if you get pregnant, or something?!"

Chris looked up at him and answered "I don't **care** if you're my brother - I WANT this" - squeezing his hardness - "Mom got me on the Pill last summer, so I'm safe. Den, I just want you to *fuck* me!"

That was the end of Den's resistance. He'd *tried* to stop things between them; but the desire he felt was simply too much. With a groan, he lowered his head and began kissing Chris again; she responded by guiding the head of his penis through the soft down of her pubic thatch until she had it between her vaginal lips and pressing against her opening.

With the feel of his dick pressing against her wet opening, Den's first instinct was to arch his hips and try to bury himself in her as quickly as possible; Chris managed to prevent that by putting her hands on his hips and holding them back. When he realized what she was doing, Den felt a bit ashamed of himself - but not enough to make him want to stop trying to get into her completely. Instead, he released control to Chris: letting the feeling of her hands on his hips guide him as to what she wanted

him to do.

When she was sure that she was in control, Chris moved one of her hands between them to hold Den's erection in place as she used the other to slowly pull him forward. He followed her lead, and felt her tight opening start to spread for him. It seemed like an eternity to him, but it was only a few moments before he felt himself slip through so that the bulbous head of his teenage cock was inside his young sister. Chris let a few moments pass before easing him forward again - stopping him when an additional inch or so of his manhood was in her. To his surprise, she nudged him back again until only the head of his cock was in her; then she had him press forward again. When she did, he could feel himself being wetted with her oils, and understood what she was doing - and why. They continued like that a few more times until he could feel that his hard dick was completely buried in her as the two of them continued kissing and touching each other's bodies.

The feel of Chris' hot, wet, *tight* pussy around him was almost more than Den could stand; even after Chris moved her hands up and started playing with her nipples, he held himself still in her until he was sure he wouldn't cum just from the feeling of being IN her that way. He didn't have the faintest idea of the what or why that would have Chris wanting him. All he was sure of was that he was finally getting to experience sex, and he was determined to make it last as long as he could!

When he finally felt ready to actually start *fucking* for the first time in his life, he slowly slid his penis out of Chris, stopping when only a couple inches were still inside her. Then he just as slowly pressed himself back into her - feeling her shudder slightly as his manhood was slowly enveloped by her hot, wet channel. The next stroke he took was a little faster; the one after that faster still.

It wasn't a minute before he was steadily pistoning in and out of her; much to his dismay, though, he could feel himself rapidly approaching his climax - and was powerless to stop it.

He managed a few more strokes, then a deep groan, he pressed himself as far into his sibling as he could - even as the first powerful spurt of his cum was erupting from his dick.

He was afraid that Chris would be disappointed - but she wasn't. Apparently, she could feel him filling her with his jism, and began to have her own climax. The feeling of her tight pussy clenching around him was incredible, and he could feel that the last few spurts of his release were nearly as powerful as the first. When it was over for him, he felt as his cock began to lose its hardness. He was still inside Chris, though, and the sensation of her body spasming underneath him as her climax tapered off was enough to dramatically slow the process.

When Chris had recovered from her orgasm, she looked up at him in delight before telling him "THANK you, Den! That was *wonderful*!" and pulling his head down for another kiss.

He felt her pussy tighten around him when she moved, and was both grateful and amazed to feel himself begin to respond to the feeling. When their kiss ended, Chris could apparently feel it, too - she looked up at him in delight and asked "Again?"

He smiled in reply, and saw that her robe had spread out - leaving her entire body exposed to him. He managed to lower his head to her breasts and begin kissing and licking on them, much to Chris' pleasure, which only increased the sensations she was creating around his hardening manhood.

Den had both of Chris' nipples erect, and glistening with his saliva, by the time he was ready to start moving in her again. His first tentative motions brought a deep moan from Chris before she pulled his head up so she could begin kissing him again. With their lips again all but fused together, Den began sliding his manhood in and out of his sister's tight pussy.

Having already filled Chris with his seed once, he was able to give her as much pleasure as he was receiving - perhaps even more. Over the next fifteen-plus minutes, he managed to bring her to climax twice before burying his hard cock in her as far as he could and unloading his balls yet again. As he covered her body with his own, softly panting with the effort of his exertions, he felt Chris' hands caressing his body as she showered his face with kisses and filled his ears with endearments. When he'd caught his breath, he managed to raise himself over her so that he could look down at her. Though flushed and covered with a fine sheen of perspiration, she looked even more lovely to him than she usually did. That, coupled with the intimacy they'd just shared, made him love her even more - something he hadn't thought possible.

With the thought that they **had** been intimate, he began to feel a mixture of embarrassment and guilt - despite the satisfaction and pleasure that were plain on Chris' face as she looked up at him.

Seeing that something was bothering him, she asked "What's the matter, Den?" before reaching up to cup his face in her hands.

Haltingly, he answered "W... wh... what's the matter is that I just *fucked* you, Chris! I'm your **brother**, and we're not supposed to do that! I'm so sorry - I don't know what happened!"

Chris just smiled up at him and replied "Yes, you DID fuck me - and did a damn good job of it, thank you! But Den, think about it: you couldn't have done it unless I was willing to let you; and I *was* willing - **more** than willing, even. I know you're my brother, but all that mattered to me was THIS" - the last part emphasized by her cum-drenched vagina clenching around him.

She finished up by saying "I don't know what happened, either - but *I'm* not sorry it happened, and you shouldn't be, either. Now you know I'm not a virgin; I haven't been for almost a year - which you do NOT have to tell Mom! I'm pretty sure YOU were a virgin, though; if you were, and if I was the one that you lost your virginity TO, then I'm glad: I know how much you love and care for me, and I love and care for you more than I could ever tell you. Now, instead of feeling guilty about what we just did, how about if you kiss me so I know you still love me?"

Having heard that SHE wasn't upset about what had happened between them, Den was more than willing to do as she asked; when he lowered his head to kiss her, he wasn't surprised when the touch of their lips was soft and loving. They spent a few moments looking into each other's eyes before Chris told him "As tall as you are, it *can't* be comfortable for you to be bent over me like this. Why don't you go ahead and stand up? And while you're at it, you can pull that **marvelous** dick of yours out of me so I can get myself together and clean up. God, it feels like you dumped a GALLON of cum in me!", the last with a small giggle, letting him know that she was only teasing.

Den lifted himself off of her, and stood up before arching his hips back to slide his semi-erect penis out of her. When it finally popped free, he could see why she'd said what she did about how much of his semen he'd deposited in her: from mid-thigh to bellybutton, her lower body was glistening with his seed, even as several large globs of it dripped out of her. He knew she could see him watching her, but she didn't seem concerned in the slightest: she just smiled, sat up, and pulled the hem of her robe up between her legs to keep from dripping his cum on the floor. As she started to stand up on the floor again, Den reached down and pulled his shorts and slacks back up. When Chris was ready, she told him "I'm going to go take my shower now. I think you need to clean up, too, so you can shower with me if you want..."

Even with everything that had happened that morning, Den couldn't believe his ears - he was being offered the chance to get his hands on his sister's cute body *again*, and have her hands on HIM! Did he



want to share a shower with her? Hell yes!

The big grin on his face was all the answer Chris needed, and she took him by the hand and led him back to the bathroom the two of them shared. Once inside, she unashamedly dropped her robe to stand naked in front of him - plainly inviting him to really *look* at her; something neither of them had been inclined to do earlier. He knew she could see his cock start to tent his slacks, but he managed to control himself somewhat in favor of taking advantage of the opportunity to eyeball his 'little' sister in a way he'd never been able to before. Shoulder-length brown hair framed her oval face and its clear complexion; her sparkling brown eyes revealed her generally good humor and pleasant disposition. Her nose was pert, and drew attention to her full - but not overly so - lips. Her mid-sized frame supported a pair of medium sized breasts, more round than pointed, and capped with small, dark nipples. A trim waist flowed into a pair of nicely curved hips; between her smooth, firm thighs, her pubic thatch was small and dark - and as he knew from earlier that morning, incredibly dense and soft. Her legs fairly *flowed* out of the gracefully rounded orbs of her ass, her thighs and calves describing a series of gentle arcs that caused his breath to catch in his throat.

When he looked at her face again, he could see in her eyes that she knew he liked (!!) what he saw. Granted, she wasn't what could be called "beautiful" in the classic sense; but she was most definitely **damn** cute, and a babe.

Satisfied that he'd gotten the look at her he wanted, Chris moved to stand in front of him - then began taking his clothes off for him. First to go was his shirt, quickly followed by his slacks, then his undershorts. Last to go were his socks; with nothing to impede the view, she stepped back and proceeded to give HIM the once-over, just as he'd done her. When she was done, she looked into his face - and he knew that she found him attractive, too.

Taking him by the hand, she led the two of them over to the shower and reached in to get the water started. When she'd gotten it adjusted to her satisfaction, she got them under its spray.

Den doubted that he would EVER have as much fun showering again as he did with Chris: first she had him use his hands and some liquid soap to get HER clean, then returned the favor. Even after both of them were clean, they continued touching and caressing each other's bodies - at least, until the hot water began to run out. Then it was time for them to dry each other off, which proved to be *almost* as much fun.

When they were done, Chris looked up at him and said "Den, I think we need to talk." - words that froze his blood.

To his surprise, though, she just collected her robe and his clothes in one arm, and used her other hand to lead the two of them - still naked - out of the bathroom and into his room. There, she dumped all the clothing on a chair, then guided him to lay down on his bed before moving to lie next to him. Turning to face him, she took his hand in hers and said "Den, I think I know what happened with us this morning. Remember, BOTH of us were wearing that special stuff you made up - and I think maybe what happened is that we found out that it really DOES work; at least, the way *you* made it."

He started to say something, and she just held her hand up to quiet him before she went on "I am **not** saying that you tried to make anything happen between us, or that you did anything wrong, or put any kind of blame or anything on you. I'm just *wondering* if maybe the stuff you made was a little too strong. I don't think you did it on purpose - I know you, Den, and how careful you are; but you'll remember that you HAVE made a few mistakes down in your lab. I mean, almost as soon as I came into the kitchen, I could smell you - and it was a smell that really GOT to me, you know? It started out

that you just smelled *really* sexy, but the longer I sat there, the more I started having, you know, **thoughts**. And particularly about YOU. Before I knew it, I was standing there in front of you; and well, you know what happened after that." - the last delivered with a wry grin.

Den told her "Honest, Chris, I didn't have any IDEA that that stuff would work that way. I don't know how many times I read that ad you showed me, it never said anything about how much of the pheromones they put in it. Even the books I read didn't give any indication of how much was needed, so I had to experiment with what concentration to use. I started small, and worked my way up until it just smelled 'right'."

Chris could see from the expression on his face that he was as sorry as he could be that he'd done something that affected her that way, and she quickly told him "Honest, Den, I'm not upset with you; and like I already said, I KNOW you didn't do it on purpose. What I'm trying to get you to understand is that I'm not mad at you: I'm **glad** it happened!" Seeing his shock and surprise, she went on "Den, I love you - you're my brother, and any time I've EVER needed something, you've been right there to help me. I *know* you don't get out with girls much, and I've always wished there was something I could do to help - but there wasn't. At least, not until this morning. Now that it's happened, I realize that I **can** help you - and that you can help ME, too."

Den couldn't resist asking "How?"

"Den, just because I'm a girl, it doesn't mean that I don't have the same kinds of desires that *you* do! There are times I just want to FUCK, without having to worry that I'm going to get a reputation at school that I'm easy or a nympho or something. Sometimes, I get **so** hot, thinking about maybe sucking a guy's cock; or just having him eat me 'til I cum. For stuff like that, I'm not looking for a lifetime commitment - I just need someone to get off with! And that's how we can help EACH OTHER: if it's us, then you get some experience with girls, and I get some relief for what *I'm* feeling, and both of us win."

Put that way, he could understand what she was saying - and he had to admit that it DID make a certain measure of sense. Still not entirely convinced, he asked "What happens if one of us wants to, and the other doesn't? What about dates and such?"

She answered "We're brother and sister, and we already love each other. But both of us already know that we aren't going to have, like, a *life* together, or anything. I already know YOU'RE not going to get upset or anything when I go out with a guy; and I know how nervous you get around girls, so when you find one that you want to go out with, I'll be *happy* for you, not jealous. In the mean time, the two of us can keep each other happy - God knows, we did this morning!", the last with a smile.

He couldn't help but smile back: it **had** been pretty damn nice.

She went on to say "The only thing we really have to be careful of is that we don't let anybody find out. I mean, besides what we'd hear from Mom and Dad and everybody we know, I *think* there's, like, some kind of **law** or something about it. I already told you that I'm on the Pill, so you're not going to get me pregnant or anything; we just need to be sure nobody knows what we're doing. And I DO want to do this with you, Den."

Having apparently said what she wanted to tell him, she placed his hand on her breast and gave it a soft squeeze to let him know that she wanted him to touch it, and play with it.

As he lay there looking down at his sister (who had turned out not to be so 'little' after all), and absently playing with her nipple, Den thought about what she'd said. As much as the idea of continuing to be

able to have sex appealed to him - which was a lot more than he would have admitted - and being able to see and touch a real, live girl (even, or particularly, his sister) the thing that actually settled the matter in his mind was the fact that it was Chris asking; and specifically, the fact that the two of them having sex was something that SHE wanted. He never had been able (or willing, for that matter) to deny her anything that she *really* wanted; and after all that had happened that morning, he didn't have a doubt in the world that she really did WANT the two of them to be intimate.

When his mind was settled on the matter, he looked down into her eyes and said "If you're really sure, Chris, then I can't think of any reason we *shouldn't* help each other. I was afraid that I, you know, **raped** you or something this morning; but if you want us to keep going, then I guess it's okay." When he was done, he could see the pleasure and delight in Chris' eyes - and calmly leaned over to give the nipple under his hand a kiss before moving his lips to hers so the two of them could share a soft, loving kiss.

When it was over, he looked into her eyes and said "I love you, Chris."

With a look of delight on her face, she answered "And I love you, Den.", then, after a few moments, told him "I'd like to stay here like this with you - and even have some more fun; but Sherri is coming over in a bit, and we're going to the mall."

He nodded his understanding, and Chris pulled his head down for another kiss before she got up - with obvious reluctance - and collected her robe from his chair and left for her own bedroom to get ready for her trip to the mall. A few moments later, he got up and got dressed again. When he was ready, he went down to Chris' room to let her know that he'd be down in his lab when she was ready to leave. One of the rules that his parents had insisted on was that he never work in his lab when no one else was in the house; when Chris left, he'd leave his lab to take care of his weekend chores.

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In the weeks that followed, Den had his sexual horizons expanded considerably.

Not only did he and Chris get several opportunities to fuck like a couple of lust-crazed bunnies, but he got the chance to really *learn* about the female anatomy when Chris helped him discover that he had a talent, and enthusiasm, for cunnilingus. In return, she demonstrated her skill at sucking his cock - and in the process, helped him learn a measure of control over when he climaxed. In between, the two of them playfully groped, fondled, and molested each other whenever the opportunity presented itself. Unsurprisingly, it didn't take the two of them long to 'learn' each other's sexual moods, and how to tell when the other was agreeable to a little frolicking. And because of their mutual love for each other OUT of bed, there wasn't any jealousy or hard feelings when one of them was feeling frisky and the other was unable to respond in kind, whatever the reason.

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It was shortly after Halloween when Mrs. Sanduski, Den's Chemistry teacher, asked him to come see her after school was out that day. When he did, he was told that Tiffany was failing the class, and needed a tutor. Den had tutored enough other kids that the idea wasn't any big deal for him - other than the fact that it was Tiffany, Biff's girlfriend. He tried to beg off, but Mrs. Sanduski wasn't having any of that, thank you very much: she'd already contacted Tiffany's parents, and explained to them and Tiffany that if she didn't get her grade up, she was going to lose her place on the cheerleading team. There was nothing for him to do, then, but accept the slip of paper with Tiffany's folks' phone number, and call them later that night to make the necessary arrangements.

When he did, it didn't take him long to realize that they were **far** more interested in Tiffany maintaining

her 'social standing' than having her actually learn anything, or get good grades. Before the conversation ended, they'd offered him double his normal tutoring rate, plus a pretty hefty bonus if Tiffany got more than the minimum passing grade. He was to come over twice a week for the first couple of weeks, then if Tiffany's work improved, once a week after that until the end of the semester.

The first time he went over to help her, he had to endure a half-hour explanation from her parents just how "important" it was that Tiffany didn't lose her place on the cheerleading squad, and what it would do to her chances of getting into the 'right' school. When Tiffany finally got to lead him up to her room, his eyes were locked on the globes of her ass all the way up the stairs. Once in her room and at her desk, he caught a whiff of her perfume; that, coupled with the lightweight blouse that did little to conceal her braless breasts, soon had him sporting an erection - which he was careful to try and conceal from her while he tried to help her learn *something* about chemistry. By the time the session ended, she'd made a little bit of progress; but there was something going on that Den couldn't quite put his finger on. It kept his mind occupied all the way home, where Chris was the more than willing outlet for his pent-up lust, their parents having gone out to do some shopping.

It was another couple of tutoring sessions with Tiffany before Den realized what was going on: Tiffany wasn't actually as stupid as she seemed. In fact, she was reasonably intelligent - the problem was that her parents didn't have very high expectations for her scholastically, so she'd never really bothered herself with studying. As long as she was able to do all the right 'social' things at school, her parents simply didn't concern themselves very much with her actual *grades*.

The Saturday after he figured out what the deal was with Tiffany, his Dad had to take one of the family cars in for some service - something that would take a good three hours. For her part, his Mom was going out shopping for food and decorations for the upcoming Thanksgiving holidays. That left Den and Chris alone in the house, and free to spend the better part of an hour trying to screw each other silly. After it was over, Chris was lying in front of Den with his semi-erect penis still buried in her as the two of them held each other. After a couple of minutes, Chris asked "So how are you doing, trying to teach chemistry to Miss Tiffany?" While popular among the upper social strata at school, Tiffany was considerably less well thought of by the rest of the school, who often referred to her as Miss Tiffany as a commentary on her attitude toward lesser beings.

"She isn't stupid, or anything", Den replied as he toyed with Chris' nipples. "It's just that her folks don't expect her to get good grades as long as she's on the cheerleading squad and all that other stuff she does. She's learned SOME, but it's like she just doesn't have any reason to actually **study**." He laughed, and added "One good thing, though, is that Biff isn't bothering me as long as his girlfriend needs me to stay on the squad!"

Chris laughed, and said "I'll bet if she couldn't fuck Biff as much as she wanted until her grades came up, she'd hit the books!"

Chris' laughter caused her vagina to tighten around where Den's dick was still in her - and the several minutes of rest he'd had since they'd finished left him with the energy and ability to respond. She could apparently feel the change in him, because she turned her head to look at him over her shoulder, and with a big grin on her face asked "More?"

He just grinned back at her for a few seconds before moving his head so the two of them could kiss as his hands got busy on her breasts. Another couple of minutes, and both of them were panting - and Den was fully erect in her once more. Not long after that, his room was again filled with the sounds of their passion.

It wasn't until much later that he remembered what Chris had said about Tiffany - and even longer before he really started to THINK about it.

A little while later, he was down in his lab.

The next time Den went to tutor Tiffany, he was even more nervous than he'd been the first time.

His nerves were only marginally calmed when Tiffany's parents said that they had to go out for some benefit or other, and that it would be just Den and Tiffany in the house. In fact, they had been waiting for him to arrive; once they'd told him where they were going, they left to get their coats so they could leave. Again, Tiffany led the way up to her room - what she couldn't see was that behind her, Den was uncapping a small bottle, then applying some of the liquid inside to his cheeks before wiping the surplus on his arms. The closed bottle went back into his pants pocket.

The tutoring session started as usual, with Den reviewing some of what they'd gone over the last time; he was just starting to explain covalent bonding when they heard Tiffany's parents leave in their car. Den could smell Tiffany's perfume again, and she was wearing another one of her lightweight blouses - with no bra. Den could easily make out where her nipples were because of the way they dented the fabric.

As the review of the previous session's material continued, Den noticed that Tiffany was getting closer and closer to him. Still, it was a considerable surprise for him when he felt her hand come to rest on his knee when she leaned forward to look at something he was explaining to her. When she sat up again, her hand remained behind - though it did move a few millimeters higher up his leg.

Over the next several minutes, Tiffany would lean forward to look at something, then sit up again to listen as he talked - then go through the whole process all over again... and again... and again...

It finally ended when her hand had slid far enough up his leg that it came in contact with the end of his hard cock. He felt the edge of her hand press against it a couple of times as she sought to verify what it was. Only then did she turn to look at him with something akin to awe and ask "Is... is that... **you**?"

Blushing slightly, he answered "Uh, yeah..." - and was surprised when Tiffany exclaimed "I didn't know they could be that BIG!", followed by a soft moan.

A moment later, as if to herself, she said "Biff and me... when we... he's such a *jock*... I thought his was as big as they get... But this! This is WAY bigger!"

Learning that his cock was bigger than Biffs was amusing to Den; and to have the excruciatingly beautiful Tiffany in awe of it did wonders for his self-esteem.

What he still wasn't prepared for, though, was when she tried to wrap her hand around it before telling him "I... I want this... I want to feel it... in me. Oh, *god*, fuck me with it!" as she started sliding her hand up and down his length.

"What about Biff?", he asked.

"I won't tell if you won't." she gasped, before releasing her grip on him and standing up. When she was facing him, she quickly started to undo the buttons down the front of her blouse, revealing the creamy expanse of her cleavage to his eager eyes. In short order, the entire front of her blouse was open - and moments later, she'd pulled it off, leaving her entire torso exposed to his gaze.

The first thing he noticed - couldn't **help** noticing, really - was her breasts: larger than his sister's,

Tiffany's tits seemed HUGE at first look. Standing full and proud on her chest, her breasts didn't sag in the slightest; each was capped with a dark pink nipple the size of a large-diameter crayon, sitting on an areola of the same color that had to be a full inch across - nipple and areola were both obviously erect with her desire. Looking closer, he could see that there was a very light dusting of faint freckles across the upper slopes of her breasts; otherwise there was nothing else to discolor the smooth creaminess of her skin.

She took a step forward, and reached out to gently pull his head toward her chest; he didn't need any further encouragement to wrap his lips around one of her erect, inviting nipples. When he did, he heard her release a soft moan of pleasure as the peak of her mammary grew even firmer in his mouth.

Even as his mouth and tongue were beginning their investigation of her, his hands moved up to do their own exploring - and found her tits to be as smooth and firm as they looked. Tiffany responded by pressing her body forward in encouragement, even as she reached down to begin unfastening the waistband of her nearly skin-tight shorts. His ministrations to her mounds was interrupted when she had to wriggle her hips to get her shorts to started down her legs; then again when she did the same for her panties - leaving her standing there in front of him, naked, but for the two flimsy garments tangled around her ankles.

With her entire body exposed to him that way, Den didn't hesitate to release her wonderful tits in favor of exploring the rest of her, from the graceful curves of her long, trim legs to the incredibly firm globes of her ass and beyond, his fingers and palms traced every square inch of her body that he could reach. It wasn't long before he began to detect a new scent in the air; from his experience with his sister, he knew it was the aroma of aroused female; each time he inhaled, it seemed the smell of Tiffany's excitement was even stronger than before.

When he finally managed to pull his face from her cleavage, he saw that she apparently trimmed her pubic area: it was a short, narrow strip of fine blonde hair that started just above her pubic bone and ended just short of where her clitoris was peeking out at him. Between her smooth, firm thighs, her long, thick labia were clearly visible - and parted in confirmation of her arousal.

He barely had time to take in the sight of her before she was pulling on his upper arms to get him to stand up as she stepped out of her shorts and panties. He did as she wanted, and wasn't surprised when she reached out and began undressing HIM. When his shirt was gone, she didn't delay in dropping to her knees to get his shoes and socks off before reaching for his belt buckle. Her hands fumbled a little bit before she was able to get his belt undone, then the snap on his slacks. From there, she didn't have any difficulty - or hesitation - in pulling his zipper down before letting his pants fall around his ankles. When she saw his erect cock tenting the front of his shorts, her eyes got as large as saucers - but she didn't delay in slipping her hands underneath the waistband and pulling them down, gasping when his hard manhood slipped free to stand tall and proud right in front of her.

Even as she was pushing his shorts down, she tilted her head forward and took the head of his cock between her lips; when she leaned down slightly to push his pants and shorts past his feet, she took over half his length into her mouth and began sucking on him before reaching up to cup his balls in her hand. While she didn't have much in the way of talent, Den judged that she more than made up for that lack with her enthusiasm: in less than a minute, she'd all but deep-throated him, and thoroughly coated his cock with her saliva.

When she was satisfied that he was completely hard, she lifted her head far enough to pull her lips free with a small 'pop' before she stood up again. Then she turned and walked to her bed, moving to the

middle of it before turning to lie on her back, lifting her knees and spreading her legs in open invitation.

Den moved to stand at the foot of her bed so that he could take a few moments to memorize the sight before him, then moved to join her - surprising her when he stopped with his head even with her pelvis. Giving her a big smile, he lowered his body to the bed before kissing her just above the line where her pubic hair stopped, making it clear what he wanted to do. The surprise was clear in Tiffany's husky voice when she said "You're... you're going to do that? Biff *never* will - he says if you lick the hole, you'll suck the pole..."

Den just looked up at her and said "I think both of us know that most of the time, Biff is just full of shit." before lowering his head and letting his tongue slip between Tiffany's glistening vaginal lips.

When the tip of his tongue pressed against Tiffany's opening, her hips raised off the bed as she released a deep moan of pleasure - a moan that became even more intense when he moved it along her cleft to pass softly over her clitoris. After that, she didn't have anything else to say; it's doubtful she could have said anything, anyway, since she was kept busy moaning and gasping in response to the attentions he was paying to her. It was just a couple of minutes before Den was able to bring her to a first, small orgasm; learning what pleased her, he took his time to push her into a much more powerful release several minutes later - one that left her gasping for breath, her body covered with a fine sheen of perspiration.

With her body relaxed, and her delicious pussy all but dripping, Den figured she was ready. Moving up until he was in position between her thighs, he reached between them to position the head of his erect cock against the tight ring of her opening. Knowing what he was about to do seemed to bring Tiffany out of her post-orgasmic fog: lifting her head, she looked down between them as she tried to spread her legs to give him easier access. Den slid the end of his manhood along the cleft between her labia to wet it before firmly pressing himself against her opening. He could feel the tight right of her stretching to accept him, and a few moments later, he slipped through - accompanied by a loud groan from Tiffany in response to the size of him. He paused a few seconds, then arched his hips forward, getting a couple inches of his penis in her before he needed to stop again. After a moment, he slid himself back, then forward again - listening to Tiffany's pleased moan as over half his cock slid into her. He pistoned in and out of her a couple of times to make sure he was properly wetted with her oils before pressing into her again - stopping only when he felt the deepest part of her pressing against the end of his dick. Tiffany acknowledged his efforts by lifting her hips in acceptance as she gasped in pleasure at being so thoroughly filled. Den waited until he felt Tiffany pressing herself up against him before he settled in for the main event: he eased himself back until only the head of his dick was in her, then slowly pressed himself back into her in a single, slow motion - which was accompanied by Tiffany moaning her arousal and satisfaction with the sensations he was generating in her.

He repeated his actions a few more times, each effort coming a little faster, and done with a little more 'enthusiasm'; beneath him, Tiffany responded to each one with a commensurate increase in her excitement and acceptance of him. Before long, he was steadily pumping his hard cock in and out of her tight, wet pussy with abandon as she gasped and moaned and groaned her way closer and closer to orgasm.

When Tiffany recovered from the intensity of the climax she had, she was amazed to discover that Den was still hard and ready to keep going; she gave her whole-hearted cooperation in getting to her hands and knees so that he could fuck her some more from behind. That lasted until she orgasmed again, the milking sensation of her pussy making it even better for him as he emptied his balls into her.

As the two of them lay on her bed, trying to get their energy back, Tiffany said "That was so good - I didn't know anyone could fuck like that. I mean, Biff usually can't fuck for very long; we go a couple of minutes, and then he squirts in me. Sometimes I've had one orgasm with him - but **never** two, like I had with you. And you even ate my pussy, and gave me two more before that! I think I'm going to **LIKE** you coming over here and tutoring me!"

That comment from her gave Den the opening (so to speak) he'd been looking for. He told her "I like, uh, 'tutoring' you, too. But your folks still expect your grades to go up. While we were doing **THIS**, you weren't learning anything about **CHEMISTRY**, and that's what I'm supposed to be coming over here for. We don't have time for me to teach you anything tonight, so you're going to have to actually study the textbook if you want to keep up with where we **SHOULD** be. Otherwise, your folks might decide that I'm not helping you enough, and get someone else."

Tiffany considered that for a few moments, then answered "God, after the way you just fucked me, I'm not going to go back to just doing Biff! Okay, I'll start studying when you're not here - but only as long as we keep doing this!" - the last accompanied by her wiggling her firm ass against his lap.

That was all the stimulation Den needed for his limp penis to start firming up again. Tiffany felt it moving where it was resting on the inside of her thigh, and looked down to see it starting to grow again. Pleased, she reached down and started stroking it and helping the process. It wasn't long before he was fully erect, much to her delight - and only a little longer before the two of them were going at it again, delighting Den. By the time they were done, Tiffany was little more than a collection of erogenous zones, shuddering with each touch from him; Den was nearly exhausted, barely managing to clean himself up and get dressed so he could go home. He wasn't sure, but he *thought* that when he kissed her goodnight on one of her nipples, Tiffany had a small orgasm.

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The next time Den went to her house for a tutoring session, he was surprised when Tiffany seemed a little reluctant - but as the two of them headed upstairs, he again got out the bottle of liquid and dabbed a little of it on himself. Once in her room, the two of them sat down in front of her desk, and Tiffany hesitantly turned to him and said "I don't know what happened last time that uh, kept us from studying like we're supposed to. But whatever it was, I don't think it should happen again; I'm **Biff's** girlfriend, and I don't think we should be, um, doing anything. I haven't told anybody what happened - I just don't want it to happen again, okay?"

Den just put on his best 'I understand' expression and answered "Of course, if that's what you want", and turned to where their Chemistry book was open on the desk before starting to ask her some questions to see if she'd studied as she'd said she would. It took only a couple of minutes for him to see that she had - and for him to notice that she was starting to respond to the extra-strength pheromone cologne he'd put on.

So he wasn't particularly surprised when, several minutes later, Tiffany suddenly said "**Fuck** chemistry - I'll study this shit later. What I want **NOW** is **THIS**!" as she put her hand on the bulge in his pants.

He looked at her and said "I thought you didn't want us to..."

"Fuck?" she interrupted. "I didn't think I did - but sitting here with you, and remembering what happened last time... well, that was the best time fucking I've ever had, and I want to do it again!" she said, standing up and starting to take off her clothes. She'd shed her skirt, and was starting to slide her panties off when she looked at him and said "Come *on*, get naked! I want you to eat me again, then fuck me stupid!"



That was all Den needed to hear; by the time Tiffany was naked, he was too. She closed the door to her room, and took his hand to lead him over to her bed. She laid down first, and positioned herself facing him just as she had before; Den quickly moved between her parted thighs and buried his face in her sex. He easily brought her to a thundering orgasm; when she'd recovered, she sat up and pushed him onto his back - then proceeded to suck his cock to complete erection. Satisfied that he was ready, she moved up to position herself over him, then took his saliva-slick penis in her hand and slowly lowered herself onto it. Once she settled herself onto him, she proceeded to bounce herself up and down on his cock until she orgasmed; after that they switched places, and he continued fucking her until both of them climaxed.

When it was over, Den was holding himself over her, his semi-erect cock still buried in Tiffany when she looked up at him and said "*Damn*, it feels good when we're fucking. I'm going to tell Daddy that I want you to keep coming over here twice a week, just so we can do this more."

"But that means you'll have to keep studying chemistry by yourself..." Den warned her.

"I don't CARE - it's worth it to me if it means you can keep doing me like this!" she declared before pulling his head down and kissing him.

Several minutes later, they realized that they needed to get up and get dressed - Tiffany had noticed that they'd spent the better part of an hour on the bed, and that it wasn't long before her parents would be expecting Den to leave.

When Den had cleaned up a little in Tiffany's bathroom, and the two of them had gotten dressed, they sat down at the desk again so Den could tell her what pages she needed to read and study before he came over again. She promised she would, and when it was time for him to leave, she pulled his hands up to her tits so he could play with them while the two of them kissed.

That evening pretty much set the tone for the rest of the semester: he'd show up, they'd go upstairs and sit at her desk long enough for him to be sure she really had studied. Then the two of them would get naked and spend nearly an hour on her bed going at it like a couple of minks. When they were done, they'd clean up a bit, get dressed, and he would give her her next chemistry assignment. When Tiffany started her period, neither of them had any interest in Den eating her; instead, they just spent the extra time fucking once Tiffany realized that Den wasn't grossed out by it. The resulting cleanups took a little longer, too, but the two of them managed to turn even THAT into an erotic event.

It didn't take Chris long to figure out that Den was getting laid over at Tiffany's. Rather than being upset, she actually found it amusing that Den was doing a better job of satisfying Biff's girlfriend than Biff was - particularly after she coaxed Den into telling her what Tiffany had said about Biff's lack of sexual prowess. That she and Den were able to continue THEIR activities even while he was 'tutoring' Tiffany twice a week certainly helped with her acceptance of the situation.

Inevitably, the end of the semester came - and with it, final exams. Tiffany was surprised and pleased when she managed to finish up Chemistry with a solid 'C'. She was greatly disappointed that Den wouldn't have any reason to come over and 'tutor' her any longer, but made the best of the situation by ending her relationship with Biff in favor of taking up with Don Newman, a basketball player - who, not coincidentally, was hung even better than Den. Naturally, Biff wasn't amused, and placed the blame for the breakup squarely on Den - and with no Tiffany to distract him, proceeded to make Den's life miserable.

At least, as miserable as he could while Den and Chris continued *their* special relationship. On the plus side, Tiffany's parents *doubled* the bonus they'd promised him.

When word got around school about how and why Biff had been unable to properly satisfy Tiffany's desires, he found himself unable to get *any* of the other girls at school to go steady with him - which, coupled with the harassment he got from the other guys, only put him in an even fouler mood.

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Both of their parents had to work the day Den and Chris got to celebrate a school holiday by spending nearly the entire morning in bed together. They'd managed to thoroughly exhaust each other - happily, but still - and were lying in Chris' bed just snuggling with each other when Den heard Chris ask him "Den, do you think Sherri is cute?"

Though surprised by the question, he considered it for a few moments before answering "Sure, I think so. Why?"

Instead of answering, Chris had another question for him: "If you got the chance, would you go to bed with her? I mean, would you want to fuck her the way you do me?"

That definitely got his attention, but again, he thought about it for a bit before he told her "Yeah, if she wanted to, I would. Why?"

Only then did Chris move to lie on her back and move his hand to her breast before telling him "You know she's been going out with Ed Yost, right?"

Den nodded, and Chris went on to tell him "Well, a couple weeks ago, she decided she was ready to stop being a virgin. When her and Ed went out, they went all the way - which was fine, except they had a problem: he was too fast, and she barely stopped hurting from it when he came in her. Now she thinks that it was HER fault, and that she did something wrong that MADE him cum too soon. I've tried to talk to her, and make her understand that it was him, not her; I can tell that she *wants* to believe me, but she's still not **sure**. If I can get her to come to you, would you fuck her, so she knows that it's NOT her? And so she knows what it's like to have sex with someone that will actually make her feel GOOD?"

To say that he was stunned would be an understatement; Den simply couldn't believe that Chris was asking him if he'd fuck her best friend. Apparently, Chris could see that she'd really thrown him for a loop, since she just laid there looking at him while he tried to think about what she'd just said.

When he finally had his thoughts together, he told her "I don't know if that's something I CAN do, Chris. I mean, why should Sherri think *I* know anything about sex? And if YOU vouch for me, what do you suppose she's going to think then? Even if she agrees to it, you're saying you want me to make her feel as good as you do - so what happens if she decides she WANTS me and her to keep having sex? What does that do to what you and I have? What about her and Ed, afterwards? Is she going to try and get him to do what **I** do? If she does, what does she say if he asks where SHE found out about it?"

When he was done, Chris thought about what he said for a bit, then asked "If we figure out ways to deal with that kind of stuff, you won't say no?"

He smiled down at her and answered "IF you can, then I won't say no."

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Each year, for as long as Den could remember, his Mom and Dad took a long weekend at the end of March for themselves - kind of their own private 'vacation' for just the two of them. Traditionally, they left early on a Friday morning, and got home late Sunday afternoon; the kids had the name and phone

number where their folks would be staying, but otherwise had no idea of where they went. Neither Den nor Chris minded in the slightest; both knew that their parents loved them, and for all their parents did for them, didn't begrudge them some time to themselves. The only notable change for that year was that Chris asked if it would be okay if Sherri came over to stay while they were gone. Sherri's mother was fine with it, so Den's parents didn't have any objections. Since Chris hadn't said anything else to him about having sex with Sherri, he'd pretty much forgotten about it, and didn't consider Sherri staying with Chris to be anything noteworthy.

When he woke up Saturday morning to find Sherri in bed with him, he knew differently.

He was lying on his side, with one arm draped across her body. His hand was cupping her breast, and he could feel his penis resting along the cleft of her naked ass cheeks as she spooned against the front of him. Not surprisingly, it took him a little time to work out just how it happened that she was in bed with him; he finally managed to figure out that she and Chris had settled the issues that he'd brought up, and that she and Chris had decided to use his parents absence as the opportunity for Sherri to get the 'help' she wanted from him. Still, he was a bit unsure about what to do now that he was actually face-to-face (so to speak) with the situation.

As he was trying to decide what to do, he realized that he had a more immediate problem: he *desperately* needed to take a leak.

He wasted no small amount of time trying to figure out how to deal with the problem before simply deciding 'the hell with it', and releasing his hold on Sherri's breast in preparation for pulling the bedcovers back so he could get up. When he did, he heard Sherri say "You can leave your hand there if you want, Den. I don't mind. Actually, it feels pretty good...", the last bit with a soft laugh.

As he reached behind for the covers, he told her "It felt pretty good to me, too, Sherri. But I need to uh, get up for a minute."

He heard another soft laugh before she told him "Go ahead. First thing my brother has to do in the morning is go to the bathroom, too."

Hearing that, Den decided that there wasn't any point in being shy, and simply got out of bed and made his way to the bathroom - without bothering to put on a robe. When he came back into his bedroom, he could see that Sherri was watching him as he made his way back to his bed, where he resumed his position behind her. He put his arm around her again, and wasn't surprised when she moved his hand to cover her breast again before she wriggled herself back against his body.

Once she was comfortable, she put her hand over his and told him "I'm sure you were surprised when you woke up and found me here. Chris told me that she talked to you - a little bit, anyway - about what happened with me when I gave someone my virginity. There's some stuff that's really been bothering me, and she told me that despite what everybody thinks, you're not a virgin - that you've actually been having sex a lot more than anybody would guess. We talked a long time last night, and she told me that because you two get along so good, she's been comfortable talking to you about sex and stuff; and she's **sure** that you know a lot more about it than the guy I was with."

She paused a moment, and then went on "She made me promise I'd never say anything to anyone, and I won't, but she also told me that she thinks you were even having sex with *Tiffany* when you were trying to help her pass Chemistry. The things Chris said, well, they explain some of the stuff the rest of us saw happening with her back then, and even why she dumped Biff. Anyway, the things Chris told me, I finally started to think that maybe you **could** help me. Even so, she still had a REAL hard time getting

me to come in here and get in bed with you like this. But she was SO sure you'd be nice to me that I finally did it. It seemed like every time you moved, I'd wake up and worry; but all you ever did was put your arm around me - well, that, and hold my tit! I was already awake when I felt YOU wake up this morning. But when you knew I was here, you still didn't do anything - I mean, you didn't start playing with my tits, or rubbing yourself against me, or anything like that. You just *held* me until you had to get up. Even now, I think you're only holding my boob because I put your hand on it; and even though we're in bed naked like this, and I can feel your cock against my butt, you aren't getting hard and trying anything with me: you're just laying there like you're waiting to see what I want. I think Chris was right, telling me that I didn't have to worry about you, and that you can help me."

From the things she'd said - and NOT said - Den knew that he wasn't supposed to know who she'd given her virginity to. He was also interested to hear that Chris had come up with something that let her recommend him to Sherri without revealing the full extent of their relationship. He could feel that she was still a little nervous, and he gave her a brief hug and kissed her head before he told her "No, you don't have to worry about me. I wouldn't do anything to hurt or bother you, anyway; but you're Chris's best friend, so I'd want to be nice to you for that, if nothing else. And if Chris didn't tell you, I will: I'm not one of those guys that goes around telling everyone about all the girls he's been with. **IF** anything happens between us, it'll be because YOU wanted it to - and I'd never say anything about it to anyone." That last part was a bit of 'fudging' - he fully expected he'd be talking to Chris about it, but he was even MORE sure that Sherri herself would say something to Chris about it before then.

Sherri responded by telling him "No, I know you wouldn't tell anyone about us. It's not that I'm worried about people knowing I was with YOU; I just don't want my guy to learn that I had sex with anyone but HIM. You understand?"

He gave her another gentle hug and answered "Of course." before she continued "That was one of the things that Chris and I talked about - who was going to know what happened with you and me. If... if you *can* help me, then I'll try to see if I can get my boyfriend to maybe start doing some of what you do; but I'll do it like it's just an idea I had, or say it's something I read in a magazine. I don't know yet, of course, but I... I might want to be with you like this again. I don't mean I'd want to be with you TOO much, or anything like that - just that I might want help more than just this once, you know? I **really** want it to work with my boyfriend, and I'm ready to try for a really long time, too, so you don't have to worry that I'm going to drop him for you, either."

Hearing that, Den figured there wasn't anything else that he really needed to worry about. It sounded like Sherri was just looking for some help with just one aspect of a relationship that she was pretty well committed to.

Using just his thumb, he slowly and softly caressed Sherri's breast as he told her "Before Chris ever said anything to me about you, she asked me if I thought you were cute - and I didn't have **any** problem with telling her I do, because you are. The next thing she asked me was if I thought I'd like to be with you, and I also said yes to that because I think you're sexy, too. It wasn't until I answered THOSE questions that she told me that she was worried about you, and asked me if I'd be willing to try and help you. I said I would - but only if YOU wanted me to. Sherri, I think you're cute, and sexy, and you're my sister's best friend. If there's something bothering you that I can help with, I'm glad to do it - no matter *what* it is. From what Chris told me, you want help with something about sex; but if you wanted me to, I'd be just as glad to help you with anything else I could."

Hearing that, Sherri scooted forward a bit, then rolled over onto her back, keeping the bedcovers pulled up. In response, Den raised himself up on his elbow so the two of them could see each other easier. His

thumb continued softly stroking her breast as Sherri told him "A few weeks ago, I decided I was ready to stop being a virgin, and I let my boyfriend fuck me for the first time. It didn't go as easy as I hoped, and he was squirting in me before I even stopped hurting. Since then, we've had sex a few more times. It's been easier than the first time, but he still cums in me before I really start feeling good from it. I guess it could be that it could be a problem with him, but I can't help worrying that it's me, or something *I'm* doing. Chris and a couple of other girls have said that it's supposed to be better than that, and I WANT to believe them - but I'm still not **sure**. That's when Chris told me that maybe I should think about being with another guy, so I'd know if it was me, or my boyfriend. I didn't think I wanted to do that, but when she really explained it to me, I could sorta see how it made sense. She never **pushed** me about it, but whenever she talked to me, it started sounding better and better. Finally, when we were talking last night, it just, you know, *clicked*. You're my best friends brother, and I never really, well, *thought* of you this way before. I'm kinda scared to be with you like this - I mean, I've only been with one other guy, and it's kinda weird, you know? But you've been so nice, and everything, so I know you're not going to do anything that I don't want, too."

Den could see that she was nervous, and lowered his head and kissed her forehead tenderly before telling her "Sherri, it's okay. You're right - I'm **not** going to do anything you don't want. And I'm not going to rush you, or anything else. You don't have to be afraid, or nervous, or anything like that. I'll help you however much YOU want, in whatever *way* you want."

Between what he said, and where and how he kissed her, she seemed to find the reassurance she needed. Den could almost WATCH her gathering her courage before she slowly pushed the bedcovers down, exposing her breasts to him. He could see in her eyes that she was still nervous, though - whether from worry that he wouldn't find her attractive or that he'd move too quickly, he wasn't sure. He decided to deal with both possibilities the most direct way possible.

Slowly, he removed his hand from her breast, and let her see him moving his gaze from her face to her body. There, he finally got to see the breasts that had so often been hidden from him by her clothes, or the nightgowns she wore when she spent the night with Chris.

Sherri's tits weren't *quite* as big as his sisters, and more conical - each was capped by a small dark pink areola that was barely larger than the pencil-diameter nipple it supported. Her skin was smooth and blemish-free, almost seeming to glow with good health. As he was looking at her nipples again, he thought he could see them grow a little longer as her areolas crinkled. Slowly lowering his head, he softly kissed the very tip of one nipple before raising up to look into her face again.

He could see that his actions had both relieved and reassured her: she was visibly more relaxed, and there was a pleased smile on her face in response to what he'd done. When he lowered his head again, it was to gently touch his lips to hers - clearly leaving it up to her to set whatever pace she was comfortable with.

She made the first kiss short, and chaste; Den readily did the same when he felt her pull back slightly. The second kiss was longer - but still just 'friendly'.

A third kiss lasted appreciably longer - even after Den put his hand on her belly, but didn't move it.

When they kissed the next time, he started to get a hint of the desire and passion Sherri had inside.

Den let his hand start caressing her during the next kiss, and she put her hand on the back of his head, increasing the pressure of their lips.

They came up for air, and Den could see in Sherri's eyes that she was starting to feel some of the same desires that HE was. Their lips met again, hers parted slightly, and he responded in kind - only to feel her tongue make a brief, butterfly-light contact with his lips. When he let his hand come in contact with her breast again, her tongue snaked into his mouth as she released a soft moan. After that, their kisses quickly ratcheted up in length and passion; their tongues danced in each other's mouths as Den's fingertips softly stroked Sherri's breasts, bringing her nipples to hard, erect peaks.

When they finally let their kiss end, and Den raised his head again, it was plain on Sherri's face that she was ready to accept what he had to offer her. She confirmed that by taking the edge of the bedcovers and tossing them aside, leaving both of their naked bodies exposed. Again, Den let her see him looking at her - the smooth, flat belly; her trim waist and softly curved hips; the small wedge of hair on her pubis that was as richly black as what was on her head; and her long, slender legs. When he looked into her eyes again, he told her "You're even prettier, and sexier, than I thought - or even dared hope. If you're willing to share yourself with me, I will do everything I can to be worthy of that honor."

Sherri just looked at him for several seconds; when she DID respond, it was to reach up, pull his head down, and kiss him - long, and passionately. As their kiss lengthened, Den started moving his hand on her body again. He also let the range of his touch slowly expand to include more and more of the smooth, warm skin that was exposed to him; his hand eventually reached her lower belly, and he felt his fingertips graze the fringes of her pubic thatch.

To his surprise, the passion she put into their kiss increased, and he felt her body move as she parted her thighs to give him easy access to the area between them. Still, even with that willing exposure of herself on her part, he didn't rush things: he simply continued his Braille examination of her body, slowly and gently. In fact, he made the conscious decision to *avoid* touching her in any overtly sexual way - he simply went around her pubic area in favor of caressing her legs for as far as he could reach. He delighted in being able to softly draw his hands along the insides of her silken thighs, from her knees to *just short* of contacting her mons, letting his fingertips make the last, ghostly contact with her flesh.

It wasn't all that long before the way, and places, he was touching her had her all but squirming in response. He could detect the tangy aroma of her arousal; and the way she would try and press herself against his hand as it wandered across her body told him that if she wasn't enjoying sex, it wasn't because of a lack of desire or responsiveness on HER part.

Den heard her softly whimper after one of his slow, butterfly-light caresses along the inside of her thigh, and knew that she was finally ready for more.

He managed to get her to quit trying to lick his tonsils, and eventually got his lips separated from hers - and promptly used them on *other* places on her body: first, he kissed each of her eyelids, then the tip of her nose. From there, he worked (if such a word really applied in that situation) his way along her cheek to her earlobe - which, along with a kiss, got the proper amount of nibbling. Then it was on to her neck, out to the point of her shoulder and back again, and across her throat, where he mirrored the path of the first side. By the time her other earlobe had been suitably nibbled, Sherri was panting softly, and the peaks of her breasts felt like little pebbles under Den's foraging fingertips.

Then it was time for him to get *serious* about getting her worked up.

After a brief detour to plant a number of soft kisses on her face - and engage in a brief but pleasureable bout of mutual tongue-massage - Den moved his body so that it was over hers while leaving his hips and legs where they were: he wanted to start including her body in his oral assault with out having her

think that he was trying to get between her legs so soon. Supporting himself over her with his hands and arms, he was able to ease his way down her body as he applied his lips to every square inch of her skin he could touch with them. By the time his lips were able to start tracing their way up the slopes of her breasts, she'd given up panting in favor of an almost continuous soft moan. The mounds of her breasts were subjected to a slightly different treatment: rather than just kisses, each was graced with an assortment of kisses, tender nibbling with his lips, and soft sucking of their surface at random times and places and of varying durations. Several minutes were spent licking and sucking on her nipples, bringing them to hard points that glistened with his saliva - and dramatically intensified her moans.

Satisfied with his handiwork, Den returned to kissing his way down her body; when his pelvis was a little past her knees, he finally moved to position himself between her legs. Sherri responded by moving them even farther apart to make more room for him - and exposing herself to him even more.

Her hands were in his hair and she was slowly writhing under him by the time his lips reached her lower belly. But rather than go directly for his ultimate target, Den circumvented her mons in order to let his lips blaze a trail down one of her thighs. On reaching her knee, he began alternating from the inside of one firm thigh to the other; each kiss, each soft bite of his lips, was a millimeter higher up than the one before. By the time his nose felt the first faint touches of her pubic hair, she'd stopped moving, and was almost continuously holding her hips off the bed as she groaned in frustrated desire.

When he couldn't resist any longer, Den paused a few moments to look at Sherri's womanhood: the shiny nubbin of her exposed clitoris; how her small, thin labia were parted, and the beads of her woman's dew between them; and the way her bush was composed of a luxurious thicket of short, fine hair. But the powerful scent of her arousal kept him from sightseeing too long; lowering his head, he eagerly extended his tongue and drew it along her cleft, from bottom to top, the slightly musky of her delighting his taste buds before the tip of his tongue dealt her small clitoris a glancing blow.

Sherri's response was to lift her hips and try to prolong the contact even as her thighs flew apart in open invitation for him to do it again.

So he did.

Several times.

Then did it some more.

Happily. Eagerly. *Enthusiastically*, even.

It was only a very few minutes before he felt Sherri start to tense under him - and a few seconds later, her thighs suddenly clamped down on his head as she orgasmed. Each series of spasms that wracked her body caused her vagina to push out a small wave of her woman's essence, which Den eagerly lapped up - prolonging her release in the process.

When Sherri's climax seemed to be finished, Den started in on her again - before he even *thought* about trying to fuck her, he wanted her to be as relaxed, and wet inside, as possible. He'd come to understand that his erect cock was larger than most; if Sherri had only been with one guy - and only a few times at that - he didn't want to do anything that might hurt her, or make her sorry.

When his tongue slid between her vaginal lips again, Sherri groaned and lifted her hips in response; it was only a minute or so before he had her writhing in pleasure under his oral ministrations. Den took his time moving her toward a second peak - both to try and make it better for her, and because he enjoyed what he was doing so much! Between licking across her vaginal opening as though it were his

favorite flavor of ice cream to softly sucking on her labia to fluttering his tongue across her clitoris to trying to see if he could lick her tonsils, Den was having a truly *wonderful* time getting his sister's best friend ready for what was to follow...

Several times, Den gently brought Sherri to the brink of climax, only to let her slide back again so he could enjoy himself for a little longer. But when she started whimpering in frustration, he couldn't deny her any longer: fastening his mouth over her clitoris, he applied an **ever** so soft suction to it while slowly and gently circling it with the tip of his tongue. As she got closer and closer to the edge, Den's tongue slowed it's pace - ensuring that her orgasm would be as powerful as he could manage to make it. And when it finally happened for her, he knew he'd gotten it right: Sherri literally screamed her pleasure even as her thighs once again tried to slam together - even **THROUGH** Den's head. The force of it was enough to cause him to spend a few moments wondering if she'd broken one or both of his eardrums. He finally decided she hadn't, because even through the muffling of her thighs, he could hear her cries of joyous release; once again, her spasming vagina started pushing out wavelets of her delicious oils, which he happily licked off of her.

When Sherri's thighs finally relaxed and fell away from his ears, Den smoothly moved his way up her body until his erect cock came in contact with her mons. He could see that she was still in something of a stupor, and waited until her eyes focused on him before asking "Are you ready for what's next?" while pressing his penis against her so she would know what he was talking about. She managed to nod at him, and he lowered his head to begin applying a number of small, soft kisses to her face as he adjusted his hips to position the head of his cock against her opening. To him, the timing was everything: he wanted to try and fit his erection into her before she became *too* aware of what he was doing and got tense; but he certainly didn't want to start fucking her without her permission, either. With her unspoken agreement, his conscience was clear, and he began pressing himself into her with a slow, but steadily increasing pressure. He was starting to worry that he'd **NEVER** get past the tight ring of her entrance when he suddenly felt himself pop through, accompanied by a soft groan from Sherri. He waited until he felt her relax around him again before pushing himself into her a little farther; stopping when the expression on her face let him know she was feeling a little discomfort. When her face calmed again, he slid himself back a bit, then forward again until he felt there was too much 'drag'. Sherri was wetter inside than he thought a girl *could* be - but she was also smaller than his sister and Tiffany, and he was careful to try and keep himself wetted with her oils as much as he could. Between that, and taking things as slow as he was, he was finally able to feel his pubic bone pressing against Sherri's. He'd not only managed to stuff his whole cock into her, but he'd done it in such a way as to cause her a minimum of discomfort - and **NO** pain.

He was feeling rather pleased with himself when Sherri reached up and put her arms around his body; when he looked down at her, he could see her delight and pleasure plainly on her face as she told him "I didn't know it could **FEEL** so good to have a guy's cock in me! When I felt you starting, you know, to fuck me, I was afraid that it was going to hurt - I mean, you're bigger than my boyfriend, and even when I'm with him, it doesn't always feel good at first. But you were so careful, I just **knew** you weren't going to hurt me; and now it feels **NICE**," finishing with a smile.

Den lowered his head to give her a kiss before asking "So you think you're ready now?"

Her smile got even wider before she told him "OH, yeah!"

That was all the encouragement Den needed to arch his hips and slide nearly half his manhood out from between Sherri's clasping labia. He paused a moment, then pressed himself into her again, accompanied by a pleased groan from her. He did it again - a little farther and a little faster - and the audible signal



he got from Sherri was even more enthusiastic.

Over the next few minutes, Den steadily increased the speed and length of his strokes in and out of Sherri's hot, tight pussy; she responded by spreading her legs even more, and arching her hips up in welcome to each inward thrust of his hard cock. A little experimenting let him find a pace that he knew he could maintain while steadily increasing her pleasure and arousal. Much sooner than he expected her to, he felt Sherri tighten around his plunging piston as she softly cried out in response to a small orgasm. He didn't stop, or even slow down, as Sherri's body shuddered several times with the pleasure of her release; when it was over for her, she just raised her legs and locked her ankles behind his waist, opening herself to him as much as she could. Several minutes later, she orgasmed again - stronger that time - after letting her legs fall to the bed so she could lift herself in welcome to his thrusts as he watched wave after wave of pleasure course through her young body.

He managed to bring her to, and through, a third climax before he felt tired enough to want a change in positions - something that Sherri was MORE than willing to try. He was fucking her from behind for her fourth and fifth orgasms before his knees began to protest. Sherri eagerly took position over him when he moved to lie on his back, and managed to get herself off twice more before tiring herself out. During the second, Den saw Chris looking at them past his partially-open door; when she saw him looking at her, she gave him a broad smile and a thumbs-up before closing the door again.

Sherri had a fine sheen of sweat on her body and was panting heavily when she all but collapsed on Den at the end of her climax; Den took her into his arms and asked "Want to stop now?" - and got a heartfelt "**Fuck** no!" in response. Having gotten some of his energy back, Den carefully got their positions reversed again, so that he was over Sherri. A little more adjustment, and he was sitting on his heels with Sherri's legs draped over his. From that position, he knew that he could fuck her with a minimum of effort - though he didn't think he'd have to: the feeling of her tight, wet pussy clenching around him that last time had moved him a LOT closer to his own climax.

Leaning forward and supporting himself over Sherri with his arms, Den started fucking her again - and was both surprised and pleased when her eyes got as big as saucers before she managed to gasp out "Jesus Christ! You're STILL hard?!"

He just grinned briefly and answered "Yeah, for now. But I'm getting close..."

"Oh, god, yes!" Sherri managed to gasp before closing her eyes and giving herself over to the indescribable pleasure radiating from her sopping, eager cunt.

Another few minutes went by before Sherri started to climax again; that time, Den was close enough that the milking sensation of her spasming snatch was enough to push him over the edge. After a couple of hard thrusts into her, he buried his cock as far in her as he could before the first wad of his cum jetted out to splatter the deepest recesses of Sherri's pussy.

With the end of his own release, Den saw that Sherri was all but exhausted. Careful to keep his semi-erect cock in her (Chris and Tiffany had both liked it when he did that, so he figured Sherri might, too), he managed to get the two of them lying down on the bed again: he on his side, curled up slightly, with Sherri on her back, her butt in his 'lap' and her legs draped over his. He reached back and managed to get ahold of the bedcovers, which he pulled over the two of them before placing his hand over Sherri's breast. Pretty much out of energy again, he put his head on his pillow and let himself fall into a half-sleep - coming awake whenever Sherri moved or made a noise.

Some time later, he felt her begin to stir, and was awake and watching her when her eyes opened. She

seemed unsure of where she was until she spotted him; then she got a smile on her face that threatened to have the corners of her mouth meeting at the back of her head. It wasn't until she started to stretch that she seemed to realize how the two of them were positioned - and that Den's softened penis was still inside her. The stunned look on her face was *almost* enough to make him laugh, but he managed to keep a straight face in favor of asking her "So, you think you like having sex, now?"

THAT question was enough to make her smile come back before she answered "OH, yeah!", then a few moments later ask "You're... still in me?"

Den gave her a gentle smile and answered "Yeah. After I came, you looked like you were pretty out of it, so I got us laying down again. I thought you might like to snuggle, and staying inside you like that seemed like a nice snuggling kind of thing. If you don't like it..."

"Oh, I do!" she quickly assured him. "It was sweet of you to think of it. I'm just surprised, is all. I thought that after you were done, you'd just, you know, *pull out*."

He rubbed his thumb across her nipple - she shuddered in response, amusing him - and said "Maybe that's the problem you're having: you and your boyfriend, you're just going to fast for you. I mean, it sounds like he gets hard, he's in you, he pumps 'til he cums, and it's over; maybe he hasn't learned how to make YOU feel good, too - or doesn't even know that he SHOULD."

Sherri gave a small laugh and said "Well, **you** sure know how to make me feel good! I mean, I was *really* surprised when we started fucking, and I had that orgasm - the FIRST one, I mean. Then, after that, they just kept getting better and better and stronger and stronger - I didn't know I could HAVE that many orgasms!"

With a mischievous grin, he asked her "I guess now you're not so worried that you can't enjoy having sex?"

She grinned back at him and answered "No, not worried at ALL - I like fucking just *fine*, thank you very much! There's still something else I wasn't sure I wanted to do with you, but now I am. Sure, that is."

Curious, Den asked "What was it?"

She looked at him a little hesitantly, then answered "I... I wanted to learn how to suck a guy's cock. When I'm starting my period, I still want to do something that would make my boyfriend feel good..."

The idea of helping Sherri learn how to give blowjobs caused Den's cock to twitch - something that she apparently felt, because she got a surprised look on her face before she asked "You... like that idea? You'd let me do that? Learn how with you, I mean?"

Den leaned forward and kissed her before answering "Yes, I like that idea - as I think you know, and yes, I'd let you do that. Why wouldn't I?"

"I just heard some of the more... experienced girls at school say that some guys don't want a girl to do that; they think she's a slut, or they won't want to ever kiss her if they find out she does that."

Den kissed her again and said "Well, I'm not 'some guys'. I won't think you're a slut, and kissing you is too nice to stop just because of *that*. Besides, I used my mouth on YOU; do you think I'M some kind of guy-slut? And WE'VE been kissing..."

To his surprise, she blushed before answering "No, I don't think you're some kind of 'guy-slut'; and I don't mind kissing you because... because I've already tasted myself before."

Intrigued, Den asked her "When? How? I mean, if you don't mind..."

Sherri blushed again, but resolutely told him "Uh, first when I was younger, when I started puberty. I could smell it when I started, um, touching myself, and one day I finally decided to see what it tasted like. Then, later, me and other girls, we'd kind of compare ourselves with each other - how big our tits were, who had how much hair, that kind of stuff. Sometimes we'd practice kissing, and... other stuff. Finally, some of us started, you know, *touching* each other; after we'd been doing that for a while, we, uh, used our mouths, and I could sometimes taste it when me and another girl kissed afterwards."

He gave her nipple another caress with his thumb - no reaction - before telling her "Don't be embarrassed. When I was away at camp, me and some other guys kind of experimented, too. I think it's something almost *everybody* goes through. The stuff me and the other guys did, it felt okay, but it just wasn't anything that really DID anything for me, you know? If you like doing stuff with other girls, then it's not up to me to say anything about it. I've got my hands full just being in charge of ME; I'm not smart enough to run anyone else's life, too!" - the last part getting a small laugh from her before she pulled his head down for another kiss.

"I think you're plenty smart, Den. Not just about school and stuff, but about other things, too." she told him, when their lips separated again. Satisfied that her next self-assigned goal was not only possible, but even likely, Sherri carefully wiggled herself a little close to Den before putting her hands on his arm where it rested on her body.

The two of them stayed like that for quite a while; it was only when they realized that they were getting 'glued' together by their mixed juices that they decided to move - after *carefully* getting themselves separated, accompanied by a little good-natured teasing of each other. Once each was independent of the other, Sherri got up and hurried into the bathroom, where they'd agreed that Den would join her in a couple of minutes so the two of them could share a shower.

When both were clean and dry, they quickly found new positions back Den's bed: he on his back with Sherri on her side next to him, an arm and leg draped across his body and her head tucked into his shoulder. Den was content to let Sherri move at whatever pace she wanted, and softly caressed her back and side as the two of them talked - the subjects ranging from what each planned to do after graduating high school to what each thought of various schoolmates both knew to how Sherri might try getting her boyfriend to 'slow down' so that BOTH of them could enjoy their sex life more.

They had been lying there quietly for a couple of minutes when Den felt Sherri's hand slowly moving down his body; he wasn't particularly surprised when he felt it stop just short of his cock, and her fingertips start idly moving through his pubes.

After a few seconds, he told her "Sherri, if you want to touch me, it's okay. If you want to suck my cock, that's fine; if you decide you don't want to after all, that's fine, too. Whatever *you* decide you want to do, I'll help, okay?"

He felt her blush slightly, but she didn't say anything; several moments later, she took his limp penis in her hand. She spent some time just holding him in her hand, her fingers moving as though she was measuring and comparing him to what she already knew. He felt himself respond slightly to her touch, but didn't say or do anything to interrupt or distract her. After a bit, she released his penis and cupped his balls in her hand, hefting them slightly, before gently rolling them in her hand as though gauging their size. Once she was satisfied with what she'd learned, her hand took possession of his cock again before she propped herself up on her elbow to look down at him and ask "You wouldn't mind if I looked?"

He smiled up at her and answered "Of course not.", to her visible relief. She looked at him apologetically and said "I've never gotten to *look*; I mean, not REALLY. Its always been dark, or with the lights **real** low; and I've always been, uh, busy."

Looking into her eyes, he said "Really, Sherri, it's okay. If you aren't happy with what you've seen before, then go ahead an look. I've got pretty much the same stuff as any other guy."

She lowered her head to give him a brief kiss before replying "You may have the same stuff, but I think you've got more of it than most; you're bigger than any other guy I know." - the last followed by a slight blush when she realized what she'd just admitted.

Den just gave her another smile and said "It's okay. Go ahead, if you want."

Sherri's apparently casual movements were belied by the obvious eagerness on her face. Sitting up, then pivoting on her butt, Sherri reversed her position so that she was face-to-penis with Den. When she again took his manhood in hand, Den reached out to begin caressing her legs and ass. Sherri seemed fascinated by the relatively simple structures of the male organs - several minutes went by as she manipulated his cock this way and that, pulled the foreskin back and forth several times, and gently (much to Den's relief) went about investigating his scrotum, and then the orbs within it.

When she had resolved whatever questions she had in mind, she hesitated a moment, then lowered her head to give the end of his semi-erect cock a small, tentative lick with the end of her tongue. Once content that the taste was acceptable, she lowered her head again and wrapped her lips around him, just behind the glans, and held him in her mouth for a few seconds.

Den waited patiently, and she quickly realized that he wasn't going to try to stuff himself even farther into her oral cavity; confident that he wasn't going to 'push' things, she slowly slid her lips farther and farther down his cock. She had over half of him in her mouth when she began softly sucking on him, and massaging him with her tongue. Her first efforts were tentative, but she became more sure of herself as she felt Den beginning to grow harder. He was almost completely erect before she let nearly his entire length slip from between her lips - then lowered her head to take him in again. She quickly got the hang of bobbing her head up and down as she used her tongue to stimulate him in a variety of ways, bringing him to full, glorious hardness.

She wasn't very good at first, but she was eager, and obviously willing to experiment and learn - and that was enough for Den. Over the next several minutes, he offered her an occasional bit of advice or small suggestion; she readily accepted them in the constructive spirit in which they were intended, and her skill quickly improved even as her enthusiasm remained high.

With the increase in Sherri's talents, Den felt himself moving closer to finding his release. Clearing his throat to get her attention, he warned her "If you keep doing that, you're going to make me cum."

She let him slip from between her lips to answer "Good! I want you to!"

"Okay - I'll let you know when it's going to happen..." he replied.

"You don't have to; I *want* to taste you when it happens!" she informed him before enveloping his cock with her mouth again.

Somewhat surprised, Den let several seconds go by before reaching over and gently nudging her leg. It took her a few moments to realize what he wanted; but when she did, she readily let him guide her on top of him, so that her knees rested on each side of his head.

The view Den had of her wasn't appreciably different than he'd had when he ate her pussy before - but he still paused to enjoy the sight for a few seconds before lifting his head and running his tongue through the furrow of her labia. Doing so, he discovered that she was already quite wet inside; he could only figure that she *liked* sucking his dick!

The two of them spent no small time pleasuring each other; but as was to be expected, their efforts ultimately brought the desired results. Den was the first to climax; when Sherri felt his balls pull up next to his body, she applied herself even more to bringing him off - managing to take nearly his entire length in her mouth before his cum erupted against the back of her throat. She managed not to choke from the force and volume of it, and was able to keep his pulsating cock in her mouth as she happily swallowed every drop of his hot jism.

After he'd emptied his balls into Sherri's eager mouth, Den pulled himself together so he could try and bring her the kind of pleasure she'd gifted HIM with; as she valiantly sucked and licked his cock to try and delay its inevitable fall, he applied his own lips and tongue to bringing her to a thunderous climax that left her gasping for breath and shuddering almost continuously with orgasmic aftershocks after she collapsed on top of him.

When he'd gathered his strength again, he carefully and gently got Sherri lying on the bed again before getting her turned around so they were head-to-head again. From there, it was fairly easy to get the two of them situated so that he could hold her as she recovered from the intensity of her release. A minute later, when she was finally able to look at him, he leaned forward to kiss her - not minding in the slightest the few flecks of his cum that were still on her lips. When he pulled back again, he could see that *she* wasn't pleased about it, though - and gave her a few moments to lick them clean before he moved to kiss her again. After it ended, she looked appreciably happier.

A couple of minutes went by before Sherri told him "I was *really* surprised when you came. I mean, I knew guys squirted their stuff, but I didn't know it came out that HARD, or that there could be so MUCH of it!" She gave him a surprisingly shy smile before she added "But I liked it - a LOT. It was kind of salty, and a little bit thick, like custard; it made me feel *really* good, knowing that I could make you cum that way just from using my mouth."

She lifted her head and gave him a quick kiss before saying "When you came, I thought that was it, that we were done - and that would have been okay, because you've made me feel **so** good already. But then you started using your mouth on me again, and the next thing I knew, I was having this *incredible* orgasm. I don't know who you've been fucking, but whoever they are, they're SO lucky - 'specially if you keep doing it!"

Den smiled at her, and said "Well, *you're* one of the people that I've fucked, too. And it's up to you if it's just this one time, or if you want us to do it again."

She looked up at him, pleased, saying "I... I think I'd like that. Not too much, because I still have my boyfriend; but sometimes, yeah."

Contented, she snuggled closer to him and the two of them stayed like that for a while before deciding that they really *had* to clean up and get moving. They shared another shower - shorter, but no less fun - before separating so they could get dressed. Den was in the kitchen while Chris made him something to eat when Sherri came in; Chris took just one look at her friend before saying "I was going to ask if things went okay for you, but I can see that it was WAY better than just 'okay'!"

Sherri gave Den a look of total adoration, answering "Oh, yeah, **way** better!" before sitting down where

Chris had set a place for her.

When the food was ready, Den ate as he listened to Sherri telling Chris about what they'd done, and how it had made her feel. At one point, Chris gave him a discrete smile, pleased that he'd been able to make her friend so happy. When the meal was over, Den and the girls went their separate ways - AFTER Sherri gave him a kiss that let him know in no uncertain terms how she felt about him, and what he'd done.

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It was after Easter that Biff set about making Den's life a living hell at school.

It seemed that Den couldn't even use the Boys room without Biff, or one of his buddies, coming in and doing *something* to torture, embarrass, or annoy the hell out of him.

Den tried to put up with it, in the hope that sooner or later Biff and his pals would tire of it if he didn't provide any sport to their harassment - but it didn't seem to matter in the slightest. When he finally concluded that it wasn't working, it crossed his mind to try standing up to them; it didn't take him long to realize that if he did, he'd come out on the wrong end of any physical confrontation - which he knew was what it would come down to.

That left him to decide that his best weapon against them was his brain - and what was in it.

With that settled, it didn't take him long to pick the means of his vengeance: chemistry. He wouldn't know the 'how' until and unless he had a 'when' and a 'what'. Once again, the Fates smiled down on him: he learned that Biff and his buddies were scheduled to go to a special wrestling trial a few weeks later; until then, they'd been given permission to have their own private practice sessions in the gym after school. With the 'when' established, he applied his considerable mind to coming up with a 'how' and 'what'.

It took him a couple of days to come up with something that met his self-imposed limits. It was only a day's worth of research for him to decide that he could do it. A trip to the chemical supply house and a couple of evenings in his lab, and he was ready to begin.

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When Biff and his bunch had their wrestling practice after school, they were tended by another student - a boy that wasn't good enough to make any of the teams, but still wanted to help the school. That he was subjected to a certain amount of verbal (and even physical) abuse from his charges was something he hadn't counted on; but he'd volunteered for the job, and his sense of duty wouldn't let him quit - though he swore to himself that he wouldn't do it again. So when Den asked him for a favor in teaching Biff and his friends a 'lesson', he was certainly agreeable - after all, when he'd been having problems in Math class, Den had come over and tutored him for a couple weeks at no charge. The stuff they were being taught finally 'clicked' with him, and he was able to finish the class with a B+. Each day, Den would give him a small vial of a clear liquid, which the kid would empty into the sports drink container used by Biff and crew. Without being told, the kid knew not to partake of any of the drink after emptying the vial into it. That went on for a full month of school.

Then, the next-to-last practice session they were to have, in addition to the small vial, Den gave him a considerably larger pump-spray bottle, with instructions to spray the liquid liberally on all the towels the wrestlers used to dry themselves off with during practice. The kid didn't understand what Den was doing, but that was okay: Den had helped him when he needed it, and now he was perfectly willing to help Den in return - **particularly** if it meant getting back at the asshole wrestlers that he'd come to hate.

Though none of them had said anything about it, every one of the special wrestlers had noticed a sudden - and frighteningly dramatic - decrease in their sex drive. It had gotten to the point that none of them seemed to have *any* interest in - or ability to, truth be told - availing themselves of the charms their girlfriends offered. Privately, each hoped and prayed that it was just a temporary problem; something that would disappear once the special wrestling meet was done with.

When the wrestlers came out for their practice, they weren't surprised that their 'helper' was nowhere to be seen. During the first week of practice, he'd disappear sooner and sooner after they showed up - the lot of them were too stupid to connect that fact with the 'teasing' and 'joking' they heaped on him.

As they usually did, the six of them warmed up a bit and did some stretches before engaging in a round of practice matches: Biff against Skippy, Roger Thurston against Lex Adams, and Bob Willis against Steve Peterson. After each match, the wrestlers got a towel from the stack on the table where their sports drink container sat, and dried off. Each of them thought his towel smelled 'funny', but it wasn't enough for him to comment on. Besides, once they'd dried off, the smell was kind of... nice.

When they'd rested a little, there was another round of matches - Biff/Roger, Skippy/Bob, and Lex/Steve.

After they'd dried off and fortified themselves with a little of the drink, they started another round.

Biff had been taken down by Steve, who was behind him and trying to get him turned over, when he realized that Steve... Steve had a *hardon* - and to his shame, it... it felt pretty good, pressing against his ass...

Shocked by the realization that he was getting turned on by the feel of another guy's dick against his ass, Biff was easily flipped onto his back by Steve, who quickly had him pinned. When they got up, they looked at each other a bit uneasily - but neither one said anything as they went over to dry off.

Roger's victory over Bob happened sooner than the others expected; when both got up off the mat, each was clearly sporting an erection, and the looks they gave each other were uncertain before they picked up their towels and sat down.

Skippy and Lex's match lasted until Lex pinned Skippy; they were slow separating and standing up when it was over - possibly because each of them was fully erect.

By the time Biff and Bob were ready to take their places, each had lost his erection. But the feeling of their bodies against each other as they tried to wrestle soon had both of them fully aroused again. Their match ended in a draw - they had gotten so involved in touching and rubbing against each other that they'd forgotten what they were there for. When they stood up, Bob said he thought he'd pulled a muscle, and was going to get something to put on it; Biff said he go with him and help.

When they were gone, Lex and Roger shared a brief look before Lex stood up and said he was going to lift weights until they got back - Roger said he'd 'spot' for him, and the two of them left Steve and Skippy sitting in the gym looking at each other.

Over in a darkened corner of the Gym, Den watched as Skippy and Steve both stood, and took a step toward each other. When he saw Steve reach for Skippy's gym trunks, he turned and left. Outside, he used one of the school's pay phones to call the Office, and tell them that the Coach and Principal should go out to the Gym. He hung up before they could ask who he was, and went around the back of the Gym and school to head home.

The next day, the school was rife with rumors of what had happened after he made his phone call. The

one with the fewest variations - and thus most likely to be correct, to Den's thinking - was that the Coach and Principal had come into the Gym to see Steve and Skippy both stark naked and in the middle of the wrestling mat - in a '69' position. Lex and Roger had been found equally naked in the weight room, with Lex enthusiastically pounding his dick into Rogers formerly virginal asshole.

Best of all, Biff and Bob had been located in the showers, where Biff was fucking Bob's ass - after obviously being on the receiving end (no pun intended) of the same treatment.

All six of them had been immediately placed on an indefinite suspension; it was said that the Principal had vowed that none of them would set foot in their school again as long as they lived.

When Chris got home, she was in a fine humor, and started telling Den all the rumors she'd heard. When she was done, she wondered out loud what had happened - and finally spotted the shit-eating grin on Den's face. Initially, he wouldn't say anything about it, but she finally managed to wheedle the story out of him: how he'd gotten someone to dump a concentrate of female hormones into the sports drink made for the guys before each of their practices, and how they'd consumed ALL of it for over a month. The hormones had not only thoroughly killed the athlete's normal sex drive, but subtly altered it - and done so in a way that made them susceptible to the super-strength male pheromone spray that had been put on their towels. Between the female hormones IN their bodies, and the male pheromones they were breathing in, they couldn't *help* getting turned on by their physical contact with each other - and then acting on those desires.

When he was done, Chris could only stand there staring at him for quite some time before she suddenly broke out into almost hysterical laughter. She laughed so hard, in fact, that Den had to help her lay down on his bed because her sides started to hurt. When she finally managed to calm down, she tried to give Den a reproving look, but failed miserably; the thought of what he'd done to his tormentors was simply to amusing to her. The best she was able to manage was to tell him "Den, that was a *terrible* thing to do to them, even if they WERE a bunch of assholes and deserved it." - and promptly collapsed in laughter when Den took the soda on his desk and raised it in salute before intoning "Here's to better living through chemistry!"

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Reasonably enough, the rest of Den's school year was easy and pleasant. With the absence of Biff and his bunch, nobody seemed to have any interest in aggravating him. He helped a few of the other kids in his advanced Math and Chemistry classes, and continued his liaisons with his sister whenever the opportunity presented.

A couple weeks after school let out for the summer, Den came home one Tuesday afternoon to find that Chris had invited Sherri to sleep over that night - certainly a common enough event, from his perspective. He couldn't help hoping that Sherri would take advantage of the opportunity to share his bed again; she'd done so just a few more times since that first morning he'd woken up with her, and the two of them had yet to fail to pleasure the hell out of each other.

He woke up alone the next morning, which was only mildly disappointing to him; after all, he hadn't *really* expected to find Sherri there with him. He put on his robe, and after a quick visit to the bathroom, headed downstairs for some breakfast. His parents had already left for their jobs some time ago, so if he wanted anything to eat, he was on his own. He had the fridge open and was trying to decide between the bother of fixing eggs or the blandness of breakfast cereal when Chris and Sherri came in. Seeing him, Chris said she'd make breakfast for all of them - an offer Den was quick to accept. Chris replaced him at the fridge, telling him to go have a seat at the table; Sherri had already taken it



upon herself to start heating water, apparently to make tea for all of them - none of them had yet taken to drinking coffee in the mornings. While the water heated, Sherri got place settings for all of them, and let Den set the table.

As Den sat there, he got to watch his sister and Sherri going about getting breakfast ready. Both were wearing their robes, and he got more than a few flashes of partially exposed breasts along the way. When the water was ready, Sherri made a big pot of tea, then poured Den a cup - smiling as she gave him a clear look at her breasts through the neck of her robe - before going back to help Chris.

With the two of them helping each other, it wasn't long before breakfast was ready: scrambled eggs, bacon, and hash brown potatoes. The girls set the platters of each on the table, and the three of them loaded their plates. By the time they finished eating, the eggs and bacon were completely gone, and there was little more than a couple mouthfuls of the potatoes. The girls let Den talk them into staying seated while he cleared the table and got the cooking implements into the dishwasher. When he was done, he topped off everyone's tea before sitting down at the table again.

Den sat quietly as he listened to Chris and Sherri talking about what they were planning for later that day. The girls finished their tea before Den, and after they'd put their cups in the dishwasher, Chris asked Den "When you're done here, would you come to my room?"

Surprised, but unconcerned, he said that he would; Chris thanked him, and both girls left the kitchen. A couple of minutes later, Den swallowed the last of his tea, and after putting his cup away, went to Chris' room, as she'd asked him to.

When he walked through her open bedroom door, he was greeted by the sight of Sherri and Chris both lying naked on the bed.

Den could only stand there dumbfounded, looking from one to the other and back again until Sherri told him "I told Chris last night that I wanted to be with you this morning, and she told me that she wished *she* could have sex with someone as good as I've told her YOU are. We started talking about it, and she finally said that if you were really that good, she didn't **care** if you were her brother, she still wanted to know if fucking you was really that nice. I was pretty surprised when she said that, but then she said that since she's on the Pill and everything, it wasn't like you could get her pregnant, and she doesn't want to have sex with JUST you. We talked about it some more, and what she was saying actually sounded pretty reasonable, so we decided to get you up here and see if you were willing to have sex with her."

When he looked at Chris, he could see that she was feeling more than a little pleased with herself for having found a way to get to join in with him and Sherri. He was almost floored, though, when he heard Sherri say "I wanted to be with you because I broke up with my boyfriend last week. I loved him and everything, but he just *couldn't* or *wouldn't* do any of the things I tried to get him to do so I'd be happy having sex with him, too. I'm not saying I want you and me to be boyfriend and girlfriend; but until I find another guy I like, I'd like you to be the only one I have sex with. I mean, if you don't mind..." - the last with a smile that told him what she thought his answer would be.

Getting his wits together, Den told them "Well, if Chris really thinks she wants to have sex with me, I *guess* I can" - he almost laughed at the expression she got on her face - "and as for you and me, Sherri, I think I'd like that."

The three of them just looked at each other for several long seconds before Den asked "Okay, so what now?"

It was Chris that told him "First, you're over-dressed for this shindig. When you're ready, you can come over here and lay down between us, and we'll just see where things go from there."

When Den had unbelted and shed his robe, his sister and her best friend made no bones about checking him out - again. As he walked over to Chris' bed, he didn't pretend to be doing anything but checking THEM out, so it was fair. When he knelt on the bed, Chris and Sherri each scooted a bit to the side, making room for him between them. He laid down where they'd told him to, and once he was on his back, both girls rolled onto their sides so they were facing him. First Sherri, then Chris, kissed him before each took one of his hands and guided his arm around them - releasing their hold on him when each hand was resting on a firm, young ass cheek. As invitations went, it was about as subtle as a circus pony; he didn't delay in caressing the smooth firm globes of each girls ass.

For their part, the girls lowered their heads again and began kissing him - not just his lips, but all over his head and shoulders. He wasn't sure if they were doing it deliberately, or not, but each time one of them moved to kiss him somewhere else, her nipples would drag along his skin. Between the literal grab-ass and the feeling of their breasts and nipples on his body, it wasn't long before he felt himself begin to respond to the stimulation.

It wasn't a minute later that Den felt a hand take hold of his penis; it was only when he felt where the thumb was that he knew who's hand it was: Chris's. A bit later, another hand - he could only presume it was Sherri's - cupped his scrotum for a few moments before beginning to drag her fingernails across it. THAT had a dramatic impact on how quickly his cock responded to the pleasureable treatment IT was getting.

About the time that Den thought he was going to overload on raw sensuality, the girls changed tactics on him. Chris scooted her body up so that he could begin licking her breasts and sucking on her nipples; Sherri mirrored his actions on HIM: as Den had been kissing his way down Chris's body, Sherri had been doing the same to him, so when he was finally able to suck one of his sister's nipples into his mouth, Sherri did the same thing to him, even as she continued stroking his rapidly-rising cock.

Den could clearly detect the unique aroma that was Chris's arousal when he felt her friend start shifting her attentions farther and farther down his body. When her body was out of reach, he added the newly freed hand to the one still on Chris, getting both of them involved in caressing and molesting any part of her he could reach. He had one hand on one of Chris's breasts and the other softly stroking her clitoris when he felt Sherri's lips envelope the head of his mostly-erect cock. It took only a couple of minutes before her enthusiastic efforts had him completely hard.

Sherri let him slip from her mouth - only to replace one set of lips with another: Den felt her weight shift on the bed, then the feel of her legs on each side of him as she straddled his hips. Satisfied she was in the right position, she took his erect cock in her hand and slowly slid it between the lips of her womanhood a few times before positioning it against her opening. Holding him steady, she carefully lowered herself onto his manhood.

Even as Sherri was getting herself situated to impale herself on Den's cock, his sister was moving her body again - so that *she* was straddling Den's head, inviting him to apply his considerable oral skills on HER. It was an offer that he didn't delay in accepting.

Chris had lowered herself to make it easier for Den to have his way with her; that also made it easy for him to reach up and put his hands on her breasts. Starting with the first pass of his tongue through her damp cleft, Den's hands were busy gently squeezing his sister's breasts, and softly pulling on her erect nipples.

Den didn't have any idea how long the three of them went along like that; but he did make an important discovery. After he'd brought Chris to an orgasm, he found out that Sherri had apparently learned a few things since he'd last been with her: after Chris' sounds of pleasure faded, Sherri began using her vaginal muscles to do things to his dick that he hadn't known *could* be done. Between having his hands full of his sister's tits and his mouth full of her pussy, and the way Sherri's pussy was clenching around him, Den knew that he wasn't going to be able to hold out on cumming as long as he usually could. If he'd had any doubts that the two girls had planned the encounter, they disappeared with that realization; it didn't take him much longer to understand that his sister and her friend would anticipate the results, and have something else in mind for 'afterwards'. Knowing that, he gave himself over to their plan - and applied himself toward making Chris climax again before he filled Sherri's trick pussy with his cum.

It was a race he lost by a cunt hair - literally.

One of Chris' pubic hairs started tickling his nose, and he'd had to pause long enough to move it out of the way.

Even then, he'd had his tongue buried in Chris's snatch when he felt his balls tighten just before his cock erupted in Sherri's hot, wet pussy. He'd frozen in place when he started to empty his balls; Chris managed to press her clitoris against his upper lip a few times in order to find her own release. By the time she'd gotten to that point, Den was able to realize that he'd left her 'hanging'; with the start of her orgasm, he quickly started sliding his stiff tongue in and out of her vagina in time with the spasm passing through her body.

Around his cock, Den could feel a change in the way Sherri's pussy felt - it took him a moment to realize that she was having an orgasm, too, instead of performing the **marvelous** tricks she'd learned.

At almost the same time, Sherri and Chris lifted themselves off his body, freeing themselves from the sources of their respective pleasures. All three of them could only lie on the bed, panting softly from their efforts and the after effects of their climaxes.

Den was somewhat surprised when the girls were the first to move: first Sherri, then Chris. Sherri's movement was limited to rolling over onto her back next to Den, with her feet toward his head. Chris' actions were to get to her hands and knees - and then ease Sherri's legs apart before moving between them. From there, Chris moved forward a bit and moved to lie on her stomach with her head positioned between Sherri's thighs. Den's wonder at what the *hell* Chris could be up to was quickly resolved: he watched as Chris lowered her head and began lapping up his cum as it slowly dribbled out of Sherri's gaping pussy.

Den could only watch, shocked, as his sister did something that he'd never, **ever** suspected she could or would do: not just eat his cum out of another girl's cunt, but apparently do so willingly - with *enthusiasm*, even. And do it in a way that was plainly meant to please the other girl, too: there wasn't any doubt in his mind that Sherri was enjoying the hell out of his sister's efforts; Sherri had spread her thighs and lifted her hips in welcome to, and pleasure with, Chris's attentions. Sherri had told him that she'd had experiences with other girls; it had simply never occurred to Den that his sister might be one of them - clearly an oversight on his part.

Den's attention was riveted on the sight of his sister's tongue dipping into the folds of Sherri's pussy, and the little movements of Sherri's hips and pelvis that told him what a singularly good job Chris was doing at pleasuring her friend. Even knowing that Sherri was enjoying Chris' attentions, it was still something of a surprise to him when he heard Sherri cry out with the beginning of her orgasm; he

watched as Sherri's pussy pushed out small waves of her juices, where Chris licked them up as happily as he did, himself.

When Sherri's climax was ended, Chris didn't hesitate to get up and assume the traditional '69' position over the other girls body. A few moments later, Den could see as Sherri's head lifted - apparently to do to Chris what Chris was continuing to do to HER.

Den watched as his sister and her best friend proceeded to tease and please each other right there in front of him. It wasn't long before each of them was making noises of arousal, punctuated with groans of pleasure to the backdrop of the liquid noises of two mouths eagerly licking and sucking at two equally wet pussies.

The sights and sounds and smells as the two girls stimulated each other more and more, closer and closer to orgasm, soon had Den as aroused as he could remember EVER being. His cock was fully erect and waving in time with his heartbeat when Chris slipped into her release. Throwing her head back, Den saw her mouth open in a silent scream as her body shuddered in response to the pleasures coursing through it. With the end of her climax, Chris quickly dropped her head back between Sherri's parted thighs; a minute later, Den could hear the sounds Sherri made as she found her own peak.

Only when Sherri's hips had fallen back to the bed did Chris look around - and spotting Den, she gave him a somewhat shy smile before spotting his erection. Her eyes locked on it, and without saying a word, she carefully moved off her friend and started toward Den. When she was close enough, Chris took his hard penis in her hand and wrapped her lips around it just behind the glans. A moment later, she started slowly bobbing her head up and down on it, coating him with her saliva as she did. Once she was satisfied that he was wet enough, she quickly positioned herself over it; taking him in her hand, she placed the end of his cock against her opening. With a broad smile on her face she lowered herself onto him - her firm ass coming to rest on his thighs after a single, slow descent.

She leaned forward to put her hands on his chest, steadying herself as she began arching her hips to slide herself up and down a couple inches of his length. With her body leaning forward and her hands on his chest, Den was able to reach out and take her breasts in his hands and start running his thumbs across her erect nipples. They grew even longer in response to his efforts, and he soon began gently pinching them, and pulling on them, which only made them grow longer and harder.

Chris had only been on him for a minute or two when Den saw Sherri sit up. Seeing that Chris was fucking herself on Den's cock, she moved up to Den's head. Putting her lips next to his ear, she quietly asked him "Think you could manage to eat me while you fuck your sister?"

He nodded his head in reply before reluctantly releasing his hold on Chris' tits. Sherri got to her knees and let Den guide her leg over his head, coming to rest with her back toward Chris. She then positioned herself so that her damp pussy was lightly touching Den's chin. Den opened his mouth and let his tongue slip between Sherri's thin labia before sliding it along her cleft, finishing by brushing it across her exposed clitoris. Sherri gasped slightly at the contact and let herself drop a little lower - both to make it easier for Den, and so that he could get his tongue even farther into her pussy.

Den didn't know if Chris knew how to control her vagina the way Sherri did; if so, she wasn't doing it. Rather, she seemed perfectly content to simply moved herself up and down on Den's hard cock, varying the angle and speed at which she impaled herself on him.

That left Den free to apply himself to the pleasant task of eating Sherri after he reached up to start doing to her tits what he'd been doing to his sister's.

He'd brought Sherri through three orgasms, and Chris had fucked herself to two, when Den felt another pair of hands on his. Looking up, he could see that both of Sherri's arms were extended as she propped herself up against the headboard of Chris' bed - which meant that the other pair of hands belonged to Chris. He let his hands be nudged out of the way, and saw that he was right - the fingers that replaced his at Sherri's nipples belonged to his sister. He traced her arms back, and found that she was leaning forward far enough that he could reach her breasts again. The few minutes that followed were very surreal for him: Chris' hands duplicated on Sherri's tits what his own hands were doing on Chris's - and with much the same effect. As he felt Chris's areolas crinkle and tighten, so did Sherri's; as Chris's nipples got longer and harder, Sherri's followed suit.

When Chris finally stopped playing with Sherri's tits, she sat up again, moving out of Den's reach. After he'd had his hands on Sherri's breasts again for a few moments, he noticed that Chris wasn't quite as active in her movements on him; it took him only a second to realize that she was almost certainly getting tired - after all, she'd been the one doing all the 'work'.

Den decided that what he needed to do was to get Sherri to orgasm hard enough that she'd have to take a break; then he could give Chris a rest by being the one to fuck HER, instead of the other way around. With that settled, he promptly proceeded to put his plan into action.

It took him only a couple of minutes to move Sherri to the ragged edge of a climax, and then let her slide back again. He brought her close again before shifting his attentions to something else to deny her the release she started groaning for. The third time, he had her actually whimpering before a furious tongue-lashing of her clitoris triggered her orgasm; even then, he did everything he knew to intensify and prolong it for her. When it was finally over for her, she barely managed to avoid a complete collapse as she slowly fell to the side.

Free to move, Den reached out to put his hands on Chris's slowly moving hips. When she looked at him in wonder, he simply said "Let me do it, now."

She nodded her acceptance, and Den gently guided her to rest on him before he went about getting their positions reversed. Once he was positioned above her, he propped himself on his elbows over her and started pistoning his penis in and out of her hot, wet channel. It was only a few minutes before he started to feel the sensation in his hard cock that told him he was on the way toward climaxing. He could feel Chris's hard nipples dragging across his chest in time with his thrusts into her when she suddenly started licking his face, confusing him for a moment. Then he realized that she was cleaning Sherri's abundant overflow of oils from where they were smeared across his face; the thought that he was fucking his sister while she licked her best friends pussy juice off him was more than Den could stand.

He started almost *pounding* himself into his sister - and felt her try to spread her legs even more as she raised her hips in welcome to the force of his thrusts. As she continued to clean his face of Sherri's oils, Den could hear Chris's pleased grunts each time their pubes hit while she got wetter and wetter around his cock. The air was soon filled with the liquid sounds of their union, punctuated by the wet slaps that signalled he'd buried himself in her again.

Finally, it was just too much for him: after a couple of long, hard thrusts into her, Den tried to stuff as much of his dick into her as he could before the first wad of his cum rocketed out as he began filling his sister with his incestuous seed.

His cock had barely finished its first eruption when he felt Chris's pussy clamp down on him harder than she ever had before. When her vaginal muscles started a rhythmic clenching around him, it only

intensified his climax; he barely noticed Chris's fingernails digging into his back, though the cries of pleasure she released into his ear *were* noted.

Chris's pussy continued trying to milk him well after he'd pumped ever drop of cum he thought he had into her; the feeling of it did keep him hard inside her longer than he'd thought was possible, though. It was only when he felt only and occasional twinge in her that he finally eased his still semi-erect cock out of his sister's sopping pussy. He managed a slow motion fall onto the bed next to her before taking her hand. The two of them could only lie there looking at each other, their pleasure and release had been so intense.

Their eyes unlocked only when Sherri got up and left Chris's bedroom - reappearing a minute later with a damp washcloth and a hand towel. She got back into bed, and started cleaning each of them up as she said "That has **got** to be the *hottest* thing I'll ever see. I mean, knowing it was you two, a brother and sister, was one thing; but there at the end when you got SO into it..."

When she'd wiped both of them off, and gotten them dried, Sherri left, apparently to put things away. When she came back into the bedroom, though, she was carrying a small plastic bottle. Once she was on the bed, she told Den to lie on his stomach - and had to provide a little help for him to do so. Only then did she say "I don't know if you felt it - I don't know if you felt much of *anything* that wasn't your dick! - but Chris broke the skin on your back with her nails. This is some antiseptic, just in case, okay?"

Den managed to nod, and didn't object to the slight sting he felt as Sherri treated several spots on his back. When she was done, she set the bottle on Chris's night stand before moving to lie on the other side of Chris from Den. Den managed to get himself rolled over onto his side so he was facing Chris and Sherri. He found that he had enough energy to tell her "Thank you." - and got a HUGE smile in return before she said "It's okay. After getting to watch *that*, I'm glad I could help."

The three of them just lay there on the bed for quite a while; Den and Chris getting their energy back as Sherri happily remembered the morning's events. When they finally did manage to get moving again, the first order of business was showers. Chris and Sherri had a friendly argument as to which one of them got to shower with Den; he put an end to it by saying that he wasn't going to clean up with either one of them, so they might as well shower together.

Once all of them were dressed, they met in the kitchen again for some much-needed nourishment before Sherri had to go back home. Once she was gone, Den and his sister both needed a nap - taken separately - to make it to bedtime that night.

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Den, Chris, and Sherri all enjoyed the hell out of the rest of their summer vacation by virtue of being able to spend it together in varying permutations and for differing lengths of time. They even managed to arrange a 3-day major debauch when Sherri's folks went out of town and allowed Chris and Den to come over to keep her company.

When school started again, it didn't take Sherri long to find another boyfriend - one that was much more willing to take the time to keep her sexually satisfied. With Biff and his pals no longer around to harass him, Den discovered that the other kids at school were a lot more willing to be friends with him; with the added self-confidence he got from that friendship, he even managed to find a girlfriend. And thanks to the experience he'd gotten with his sister and Sherri, not to mention Tiffany, he was able to bring her pleasures she hadn't imagined were even possible. By the time he was ready to start college that fall, he wasn't appreciably different from any other student - except for his resemblance to Buddy Holly, which helped part more than a few pairs of coed thighs.

