

Eight Is Enough

As he lay in bed, 14-year-old Jeremy Whittier reflected once again how lucky he was.

With an older sister, two younger brothers, and no less than 4 younger sisters, he knew that having his own bedroom was pretty much the luck of the draw. His folks had gotten married shortly after high school, and it hadn't taken them long to have all the kids Jeremy figured *any* couple could want.

First had been his older sister Dawn; he'd come along just ten months after her. Eleven months later, his mom had his twin sisters Brittany and Bethany; another ten months, and Joanna was brought home. Less than a year after that, Colby and Carla made their appearance, followed just nine months later by the youngest, Tracy.

It wasn't until he got old enough to understand all the stuff his folks had taught him about how babies were made that he really understood why Mom and Dad thought it was so funny when they talked about deciding that Dad needed to get 'fixed' after Tracy had been born.

With his folks only having high school diplomas, that meant that both of them had to work to support such a big family. They still managed to make enough to meet the needs of so many kids, and even somehow spent enough time at home that Jeremy knew that both of them loved him and his siblings. Even so, Jeremy and Dawn — as the oldest — were called on to watch out for and take care of all the rest a lot of the time. From the time he spent at various friends houses, Jeremy knew that he and Dawn and all the rest got along a LOT better than most sets of brothers and sisters. It wasn't perfect (not by a LONG shot!), but definitely *better*; still, if he or Dawn 'got' something on the other, neither was afraid to use (but not ABuse) it to their advantage. He could only figure that it was because there were so many of them, and that they were all so close in age: Dawn had turned fifteen a few months before; the rest of them were spaced in **almost** yearly increments behind her — Jeremy at 14, Brittany and Bethany were 13, Joana was 12, Colby and Carla at 11, with Tracy recently turning a precocious 10.

While thinking about all of that, Jeremy felt a little bladder pressure that told him he'd forgotten to visit the bathroom before he went to bed. Well, with eight kids sharing just one bathroom (his folks had their own, accessed from their bedroom), it was easy enough to do — and easy enough to correct, now that everyone had been in bed for half an hour; even longer in the case of Colby, Carla, and Tracy.

Throwing the covers back, Jeremy got out of bed and made his way toward the bathroom wearing only the undershorts that he wore to bed; with so many kids in the house, they simply didn't have the time for any false modesty — or, truth be told, the money for all those bathrobes.

As he got close to the bathroom door, Jeremy saw that Dawn had failed to get her bedroom door to latch shut. The door frame was a trifle warped (something his Dad kept meaning to fix, but never quite got to), so the door had to be pushed **hard** to get it to latch. That same warpage

would cause the door to open perhaps a inch or so. Not enough to deny Dawn any *visual* privacy, but certainly enough to let sound through. And that was just what Jeremy discovered happening when he got close enough: what first sounded like Dawn was suffering a stomach-ache, or some other malady. But when he stopped and listened to it again, it didn't take Jeremy long to realize that although the noise had first sounded like Dawn was in pain, it now sounded like maybe it was something else. When he heard it for a third time, it was different enough that Jeremy figured that he should maybe find out just what was causing Dawn to make those noises.

Easing the door open a little farther, Jeremy was able to stick his head into her room — and what he saw left him stunned and speechless: Dawn was laying stark naked on top of her bed covers, one hand squeezing one of her breasts while the other was busy between her spread thighs!

Though he'd discovered the pleasures of masturbation many months before, it still took him a minute to realize that what Dawn was doing was the girl version of what HE did. And with that understanding, there wasn't a damn thing he could have done to prevent his cock from tenting the front of his shorts! Even while his mind was reconciling the differences between what he did and what Dawn was doing, his eyes were taking in the view his older sister was presenting to him: her medium-sized breasts with small, dark areolas and nipples and the dark wedge of hair where her fingers were busily dancing at the top of her readily visible cleft. Jeremy could only stand there, mesmerized by the sight, as Dawn continued to pleasure herself.

It was only when he heard her release a soft groan and saw her body arch off the bed that Jeremy realized that she'd found the release she was after — and that with nothing to 'distract' her, she'd easily spot him looking at her. He quickly pulled his head back and closed the door — slowly and gently pulling the doorknob enough that it latched. Then it was a quick dash to the bathroom for him, where it took him only a minute to find his own sexual release. When his cock has softened enough, he was able to angle it down and relieve the pressure in his bladder. He waited a couple of minutes before flushing the toilet so that Dawn would think she'd finished before he came down the hall; then it was back to his bedroom — where he had to jerk off *again* before he was relaxed enough to think about being able to get to sleep.

Jeremy was distracted all the next day as he thought about what he might be able to do to not only try and get another chance to see Dawn's body, but watch her touching herself again. His preoccupation with what he'd seen the night before did cause him simultaneous problems for nearly the entire day, though: not only did all of his teachers have to keep after him to pay attention in class, but he spent virtually the entire day with a raging hard-on and no chance to DO anything about it.

After school let out, and he'd gotten home, he hurried to his room to deal with the more personal of the problems that had plagued him all day. It was after he'd closed the door to his room (and locked it, after what had happened when Dawn forgot!) that he had a sudden bit of inspiration: if **he** was worried about being caught in the middle of masturbating, maybe he'd have the control he wanted over Dawn if he threatened to tell their parents — or maybe even *her* friends and the

people SHE knew!

With that thought, the rest of his mind went into full production, giving him all the memories and fantasy fodder he needed to bring himself to a climax that left him all but breathless...

Having taken care of his most pressing need, Jeremy quickly took care of the household chores that he had so that he could find a spot to wait until Dawn got home. The younger kids usually spent varying amounts of time with friends, but knew to be home before supper, which was something that Jeremy and Dawn were generally responsible for getting ready. Sometimes it was reheating or repackaging leftovers from something their Mom had made, other times, it was simply a case of preparing a frozen meal for everyone. Either way, he could count on Dawn getting home well before supper... and that would give him the chance to put his plan into action.

It was a little over half an hour before supper when Jeremy heard what could only be Dawn coming in the back door of the house; the other kids had already gotten home, and were either doing their own chores, or upstairs taking care of any homework they had. When she called out his name, Jeremy readily answered his sister before getting up and going into the kitchen. The two of them didn't have any trouble figuring out what to make for supper; the previous night had seen an end to the leftovers, so they opted for frozen lasagna, garlic toast, and salads for everyone. Once they'd started the lasagna cooking, Jeremy told his sister "Dawn, could you come to my room after supper? There's something I need to talk to you about."

Unconcerned, she asked "What is it?"

It was when Jeremy answered "It's about last night, after we were all in bed. I was on my way to the bathroom, and, well, I heard and saw something in your room that I think we need to talk about."

On hearing that, Dawn turned almost paper white before nearly cutting her finger while slicing bread for the toast. She turned to look at him, and it was all Jeremy could do to keep a solemn expression on his face, instead of showing the delight and anticipation he felt on seeing her reaction.

"When... What was it?"

"That's what I want to talk to you about. I don't think it's something we should talk about here or now, not with it being supper pretty soon, and somebody maybe coming in while we're talking."

Dawn managed a shaky nod of her head, and he could hear the nervousness in her voice when she said "Uh, yeah, that's probably a good idea."

After that, Jeremy pretty much had to take charge of getting supper ready: after Dawn absently buttered the same piece of bread three times, Jeremy decided that *he'd* better be the one to put the garlic salt on it — at least, if there was any hope of anyone being able to actually eat it.

Once everything was ready, all of them sat down to eat. The other kids noticed how quiet Dawn

was, but nothing more; with her locked deep in her own thoughts, it fell to Jeremy to maintain what little discipline was necessary at the table. Afterwards, the other kids readily tended to their assigned jobs: it being their turn, Brittany, Joanna, and Colby took care of putting away any leftovers (after setting aside meals for their parents), clearing the table, and doing the dishes. The next night it would be up to Bethany, Carla, and Tracy to do it. Jeremy had once heard his parents tell another couple "We have a dishwasher, garbage disposal, and all of the labor-saving appliances we'll ever need. Eight of them, in fact!", followed by the other couples laughter.

After leaving the table, Jeremy headed straight for his room and got started on his homework; he wasn't sure if Dawn would hurry to him to find out what he knew, or if she'd put it off as long as possible so as not to hear it any sooner than necessary.

He got the answer when perhaps fifteen minutes later, he heard a soft knock on his door, and Dawn's hesitant "Jeremy?"

"Come on in, Dawn", he responded, before marking his place in his History book and closing it. As he was doing that, he heard the door open, and his sister come in; turning, he watched as she carefully made sure the door was latched, then resignedly came the rest of the way into his room and took a seat on the edge of his bed. She was able to give him only the briefest of glances before lowering her head and staring at the floor.

In a barely audible voice, he heard her ask "What was it you heard and saw last night that you want to talk to me about?"

"I think you already know, Dawn. I got up to go to the bathroom, but when I got down by the door, I heard a noise. I didn't know what it was, but when it happened again, I looked around and saw that your door wasn't closed all the way. After I heard the noise again, I was worried about you, and opened your door enough to see if you were okay."

On hearing that, Dawn blushed furiously as Jeremy continued "Do I have to tell you what I saw?"

Still blushing, Dawn quietly shook her head before he went on "Now, I'd never say anything **directly** to anyone about it, but there's always the chance that something I said *accidentally* might get people thinking and talking."

Dawn turned pale white again as Jeremy continued "Of course, I'd be a LOT more careful about what I said, if I had some reason to."

Dawn knew that he was offering her the chance to make some kind of deal with him so that he'd stay quiet about seeing her getting herself off — and also knew, just as certainly, that whatever it was that he wanted, she'd have to 'pay' it if she didn't want absolutely *everybody* knowing (or even THINKING) what she'd been doing. Though Jeremy couldn't know, she was experiencing all kinds of emotions and thoughts as she sat there: wildly hoping that all he'd want would be for her to mow the lawn for him several times (as she'd had to do after breaking their parent's wedding photo frame); afraid that he really WOULD tell people what he'd seen (she didn't

THINK he would, but...); all but dying of embarrassment (and, curiously, also feeling very aroused) that he HAD seen her; and swearing (yet knowing it was an oath she couldn't keep) that she'd never touch herself that way again. Her mind kept going around in circles, but she was also keenly aware of the silence hanging in the air while Jeremy waited for her to respond. Finally, there was nothing left but for her to quietly ask "Wh... what do you think would be a good reason?" — and hope that the answer wasn't TOO bad.

After letting the tension build for several seconds, Jeremy answered "Well, you know, Sis, I actually kinda liked what I saw — **all** of it. So if I could see it again when I wanted to, then I'd have a real good reason to be careful, so I could KEEP seeing it."

The first thing to connect with Dawn's mind was that Jeremy said he liked what he saw. Right on the heels of that, the 'all of it' bit connected. Those two things again got her mind going around in circles: he *wasn't* grossed out or disgusted by what he'd seen her doing, and he *didn't* think she was a slut, or sick, or something. And not only that, but it sure sounded as though he was saying he liked the way she **looked**, too! Sure, he was her brother and kind of a toad sometimes, but it still made her feel good to know that at least ONE guy thought she had a nice body...

It was nearly half a minute before her conscious mind finally took in the last part of what he'd said; it took nearly as long before she was able to fully process it. When she did, though, she immediately raised her head and emphatically declared "No way, Jeremy!"

"Before you say 'no', Sis, you better think about it some more. What happens if I accidentally say something to somebody at school, and they start thinking that you play with yourself so much that your own BROTHER caught you at it? What'd you think your friends would say if THEY found out? Would you want Mom or Dad hearing about it?"

The first two possibilities had plainly shaken her, but it was the idea of one or both of their parents finding out that got her thinking that maybe what Jeremy wanted wasn't really all **that** much, or so bad. After all, he'd already seen; and hadn't he said that he liked it? Besides, if he started looking at HER, then maybe she could turn it around and threaten to tell on him FOR looking...

With the possibility of maybe having a way out of the deal, Dawn figured that she still needed to pretend to be 'fighting' it, so that Jeremy didn't figure she was up to something, and come up with something else — maybe even worse! — for her to do, instead. After a bit, she managed to fake being resigned to her fate, and mildly angry, when she finally told him "Okay, Jeremy, I'll do it. But not when there's any chance someone will see us, or find out! It's just you and me, all alone!"

Having gotten what he wanted, Jeremy knew that agreeing with her conditions (which he'd have wanted, too) would make it easier and more certain that she'd actually do what he wanted when the time came. So he didn't hesitate to tell her "Of course, Sis, if that's what you want."

The two of them sat in silence for several seconds before Dawn asked "Is that it? I can go now?"

"I think so — as soon as we seal the deal."

There was no mistaking the suspicion in Dawn's voice when she asked "What do you mean, 'seal the deal'?"

"I mean that before you leave, I think you should do something to let me know that you'll keep YOUR end of things. I mean, once you start, then I'll have every reason in the world to keep MY word."

As much as she was loathe to admit it, Dawn could understand what he was saying, and had to agree that he had a point. Still, she wasn't about to just flop down on his bed and start rubbing herself right then and there!

"What do you want, then?", she asked, cautiously.

Knowing not to push things, Jeremy suggested "How about if you just take your clothes off and let me look at you? No touching, or anything, just looking... for 5 minutes?"

"Okay — but for 3 minutes, and you don't get to look while I'm taking stuff off or putting it on."

"Three minutes, but I still get to look while you put stuff back on. I know you're gonna hurry that part, so it isn't going to be THAT much more."

Reluctantly, Dawn agreed "Okay, three minutes, from the time I tell you it's okay to look. And yes, I'll wait until I'm completely naked before I tell you to turn around!" Dawn would never admit it to anyone else, and could barely admit it even to herself, but the idea of having her brother looking at her while she was naked actually made her feel kind of... sexy. She could already feel herself starting to get that empty feeling between her legs, and her nipples starting to get hard.

Jeremy signaled that it was time to get things started by making a show of swiveling around in his chair so that his back was toward her. That done, there was nothing for her to do but what she'd said she would: standing up, Dawn managed to shed herself of her shoes, skirt, blouse, bra, and panties in fairly short order — despite the shaking of her hands and nervousness she felt. When all she was wearing was an assortment of goosebumps, she managed to tell Jeremy "Okay, you can look."

First thing Jeremy did was ostentatiously look at his watch and announce the time, down to the second. Not wanting to seem overeager, he then reversed his position only as fast as he'd turned around in the first place. The sight that waited for him had his cock stretching his jeans and his heart hammering in his chest.

Dawn was standing there in front of him in all of her naked glory; from the crown of her head to her feet, there wasn't a single thing to interfere with the view he had. Her long, black hair was tucked behind her shell-like ears and hanging down her back — leaving her breasts (each about the size of half a softball, he judged) exposed. Capping each breast was a small dark nipple about as big around as a wooden pencil, set in an equally dark circle of flesh that was probably a little under an inch in diameter. Even as he was looking at them, he thought he could see her nipples get a little longer, and the area around them pucker slightly. Her belly was mostly flat, but with

the little bit of a paunch that he figured she had because of all her 'stuff' being on the inside. At the apex between her legs — which seemed to go on *forever* — she had a small wedge of hair as dark as what was on her head. It didn't seem to be quite as thick, though, since he could **just** make out the skin underneath it. There was a distinct gap between her thighs, immediately below her sex, and Jeremy could see a slight part in her pubic hair where he knew the cleft of her sex was.

Reluctantly, he made a quick check of the time, and was surprised to see that two of his allotted three minutes had gone by. Wanting to get a look at the rest of her, too, he gestured that Dawn should turn around. She didn't look happy about it, but didn't argue the matter, either. When she was facing away from him, it was all Jeremy could do to keep his promise of 'no touching': more than anything, he wanted to be able to get his hands on the round, tight globes of his sisters ass. It was, quite simply, a work of art. He did his best to memorize the sight of it in what little time he had left.

Another check of his watch told him that he had only a few seconds left; rather than quibble and get things off on the wrong foot, he simply announced the time again and told Dawn she could get dressed again. Though she was visibly surprised that he hadn't insisted on the full three minutes, she didn't hesitate to start getting her clothes off his bed and get dressed again. As she did, she unwittingly gave Jeremy a little show that MORE than made up for those few seconds. When she was ready to leave, she managed to sound resigned to her fate when she asked him "Okay, Jeremy: when's the next time?"

For his part, Jeremy managed to look and sound calm when he told her "Remember that I said I liked ALL of what I saw; so why don't you let me know when you want to... go again."

Dawn was considerably relieved when Jeremy found a relatively *nice* way of saying he wanted to wait until he could watch her rub herself off the next time. Not trusting herself to speak, she simply nodded her understanding and agreement, and left, closing the door to his room behind her.

The sound of the door latching had barely faded before Jeremy was standing up and fighting to get his erect cock out from the confines of his jeans and undershorts. And it WAS a fight, since the damned thing seemed to be made of steel and twice as long as he could remember it being; it didn't seem like he was EVER going to be able to get it free!

Once he had it out, though, he didn't turn loose of it; it wasn't but a couple of seconds before his hand was sliding up and down the shaft, rolling his foreskin over the crown as he quickly and easily moved himself toward release while his mind was filled with the image of his sister as she'd stood nude in front of him.

It was a matter of just a minute before he felt his balls pull up, and a few seconds later, the indescribable pleasure of the start of his climax. With the vision of his sisters ass before him, he felt his cum erupting from him harder than he could remember as he continued stroking himself. Only when he'd worked the residue of his semen into a sticky foam did he finally release his hold

on himself and use a dirty T-shirt to clean himself off.

After their deal had been reached, it took several days before Dawn and Jeremy were back to treating each other as they had before — for the most part. There was still their shared experience and their new relationship between them, and neither of them could forget *any* of it. While Jeremy found the whole thing far more stimulating and satisfying than he'd ever expected, Dawn's reaction was considerably more subdued: she continued to be embarrassed and ashamed of Jeremy having seen her touching herself, but those feelings were gradually being replaced by an awareness (and appreciation) of how Jeremy would look at her in an entirely new way. It was several days before she even **began** to feel the physical sensations of an increasing desire. She managed to push those feelings away as best she could, but her young and growing body slowly became more and more insistent that she give it the release that it increasingly demanded.

It occurred to her that she might have been able to give in to her needs without saying anything to Jeremy, but she had unconsciously convinced herself that he would somehow find out — and promptly spill the secret of her desires to all **kinds** of people, including her parents. So it was only when she didn't think she could stand it any longer that she finally told Jeremy one evening before supper "I'm going to be coming straight home from school tomorrow. There's, uh, something I want to do, if you want to be here, too." She was willing to keep her part of the bargain by telling him, but she was damned if she was going to schedule it to suit him! If he wanted to see, it was up to him to get there.

Jeremy hid his delight at what she had to say, simply telling her "Okay. I'll be here." — and watching her blush faintly.

The next day, Jeremy managed to keep himself under control... but the anticipation of the show he was going to get made it very, *very* close call. He managed to beg off hanging out with any of his friends by claiming something important he had to do at home ("If they only KNEW!" he thought to himself). Dawn's high school was half as far from their home as his middle school, but he still got home just barely after Dawn: as he was coming in the front door, she was going up the stairs toward their bedrooms. He saw her face fall a bit when she saw that it was him, but she didn't do or say anything to indicate she was going to back out. Instead, she simply waited for him at the top of the stairs, and when he got close enough, she asked him "You wanted this, Jeremy, so it's up to you to tell me how we do it."

"Your room. We can hear if anyone comes home, and I can duck into the bathroom before anyone can see me."

Dawn had hoped (though she knew she knew better) that he wouldn't have thought it through, but when he told her his solution, she had to admit that it was a pretty good one. Now that she was faced with actually letting Jeremy watch her as she masturbated, Dawn found that the desire and arousal she was feeling were considerably larger than the embarrassment she felt about it. Turning, she led the way the short distance down the hall to the door to her room, and then inside. When Jeremy was inside, too, she carefully pushed the door shut, listening to make sure

that it latched — and then giving it a small tug, just to make sure.

Turning around, she saw that her brother had already gotten himself situated in her chair; when she looked at him, he answered the implied question by saying "I said I liked what I saw, and that I wanted to see you and watch you; and that's **all** I'm going to do: just sit here and look and watch. I figure it'll be easier and better for you if I don't say or do anything to... distract you while you're, um, busy. I think you're pretty and *really* sexy, and I'd LIKE to be able to look at you again before... you know. But that wasn't part of the deal, so if you don't want to let me do that, I won't complain."

Dawn was considerably relieved that all he was going to do was just sit there, and not do anything else. Even more, she was surprised (and even more than a little flattered) when he said he thought she was pretty and sexy. It was only while she was on her way home that she'd admitted to herself that having him seeing her naked, and watching as she got herself off, made her excited. She considered it for a few moments, and finally decided that if he was going to watch her while she played with herself, then letting him just look at her while she was naked wasn't that big of a deal, and told him "If you want to look at me, that's okay. You can even watch while I take my clothes off, and I'll kind of 'model' for you for a little bit before I... do the other part. I suppose you'll want to look closer, so I guess it's okay if you scoot a little closer — but you stay in the chair, and no touching, right?"

Jeremy didn't hesitate to agree, and Dawn seemed willing to accept his assurance. After a few awkward seconds, she decided that she might as well get on with it — both to get it over with, and because she could again feel the desire in her loins building. With a conscious effort to ignore Jeremy's presence, she quietly went about ridding herself of her school clothes; when she stood up after sliding her panties down her legs, she could feel the air currents in the room caressing her nipples, making her breasts feel tight even as her nipples erected. Between her thighs, she began to get the 'hollow' feeling that she'd come to recognize as her need to pleasure herself. Keeping her promise to Jeremy, she went over to stand in front of him for several seconds before slowly going through a number of different poses she'd seen in magazine ads. Deciding to tease herself a little bit by letting the desire and tension build in her body, she gave Jeremy plenty of time to look her over (front AND back) before finally moving to lie on her bed so that she was 'facing' the chair where Jeremy was seated.

Closing her eyes so that she couldn't see her brother, Dawn began softly caressing herself, and imagining that the touches were from the hunky guy that was in her Civics class. It was pretty slow going at first, because she couldn't help remembering that her own brother had his butt planted in her chair, and was watching *everything* she did. But she finally managed to get the focus and concentration she needed, and was able to start getting the results she was after...

Not wanting to screw up a good thing, Jeremy was absolutely committed to keeping his word about staying in the chair, not touching Dawn; and generally being as agreeable and understanding as he could — consistent with getting what HE wanted, of course. Watching as Dawn took her clothes off was even more 'interesting' than when he'd gotten to watch her put

them on; and that little show she put on for him afterwards was almost more than he could stand: he could **see** how tight her tits were, and watched as her nipples slowly got longer and harder, and the areas around them puckered up. A few times, he could have sworn that he saw the area between her thighs, and even one or both of her inner pussy lips! Then, when she'd turned around and struck some of those *other* poses, it was all he could do to keep from leaning forward and grabbing a double handful of his sisters tight little ass and hanging on for dear life.

But absolutely *nothing* prepared him for what happened once she got onto the bed and laid down: the way her legs were slightly spread, he didn't have any trouble seeing between them, and the small, thin lips that he knew bracketed the entrance to her vagina. He could also see that the dark cloud of her bush quickly faded out about halfway down the cleft of her sex. He could tell that she was having some trouble getting started, and knew that the problem was his presence; since he was there precisely **because** he wanted to be able to watch her get herself off, he figured the only thing he could do was to simply sit quietly and hope that she'd eventually be able to forget about him.

It took a little while, but that was just what finally seemed to happen: as he looked on, Dawn slowly became more and more excited as she slowly and softly played with her own tits, and caressed herself, and even briefly sucked on some of her own fingers. Several minutes into things, he began to detect a faint odor — slightly musky, but also somehow spicy and sweet, too, and **most definitely** pleasant. Another couple of minutes, and he was able to tell that it was coming from Dawn; and more specifically, her pussy: looking closely, he could see that her inner lips had not only gotten a little thicker and darker, but separated some, too — and that the area between them was faintly glistening. It took him only a few moments to connect the smell he'd noticed with that sight, and understand that what he was seeing and smelling was some kind of overflow of her woman's juices. Though he knew not to do it then, or even any time soon, he still resolved that he'd get the chance to find out for certain just what they were all about!

Even as Jeremy was taking note of the physical changes that were happening as his sister got more and more excited, he realized that she was also starting to move a little more, and sometime softly making noises like the ones he'd heard the first time he'd watched her. Though he hadn't thought it possible, he felt his cock getting even harder inside the tight confines of his pants...

Able to concentrate on what she needed and wanted to do, Dawn was quickly and easily able to bring herself the kind of pleasure and stimulation that she needed to become more and more aroused and get closer to the release that she simply **had** to have.

While one hand was kept busy at her breasts, softly stroking and squeezing them and pinching and pulling on her nipples, the other was just as occupied between her thighs: still a virgin, she wasn't putting her fingers inside herself, but she damn well wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to use them to tease her opening. Using the ample lubrication her body was providing, she was also teasing and rubbing her clitoris. Without realizing it, she had started making all manner of small noises of pleasure and arousal — softly at first, but as her excitement increased, so did the volume of the sounds. She was also beginning to arch her hips up off the bed — and unwittingly

pulled her legs up and spread them.

Jeremy was amazed when he realized how much Dawn was actually getting into what she was doing; he wasn't all *that* sure that he could have gotten himself erect if he'd had someone watching (and waiting for!) him to masturbate. Then when he saw her legs move and spread, he became fascinated with the show she was giving him: the way her inner lips grew darker and thicker, separating more and more and making visible the wetness between them; the intermittent flashes of her clitoris between her shiny fingertips; and how her face and shoulders had developed a kind of blush as her excitement had increased. Though his only knowledge about how a female climaxed was the single brief exposure he'd gotten from Dawn before, Jeremy somehow knew that Dawn was getting close. Inside his pants, his cock was harder than he'd ever thought it even *could* get, and he was as excited as he'd ever felt — and he hadn't even touched himself yet!

Dawn was **almost** there when a noise penetrated the fantasy she was having about the hunk from school; it took only the tiniest fraction of a second for her to remember where she was and what she was doing — as well as WHY, and who was watching her. With the sudden recollection that Jeremy was sitting in her chair *looking* at her and *watching* as she touched herself... well, it hit her in a way that she REALLY didn't expect: rather than completely ruining things, it served to push her into an orgasm that was stronger than she'd even hoped for. Arching her hips off the bed, her entire body froze as the first wave of an incredibly powerful release overwhelmed her.

Jeremy had leaned forward so he could see what Dawn was doing a little better (and the area between her thighs, of course) when she suddenly lifted her hips and made a soft groaning noise. As his ears were taking in the sound she was making, he saw as the area between her vaginal lips get even wetter as her opening began a slight clenching. Despite the fact that he hadn't done *anything* to stimulate himself, Jeremy felt himself starting to have his own climax; it wasn't but a couple of seconds before he started emptying his balls into his undershorts. The power and pleasure of it was great enough that he couldn't help not only sitting up, but going on to lean back as he flooded his briefs with his teenage cum. The force of the jets of semen he was spraying had him almost passing out; and when they **finally** ended, he began gasping — and realized that he'd been holding his breath since the beginning. It was a few seconds longer before it occurred to him to look and see what, if anything, Dawn was doing. He was relieved to see that she was apparently still recovering from what SHE'D been through: her hips were back on the bed, her hand wasn't moving in her crotch, and her chest was heaving as she tried to get HER breath back, too.

Panting, Dawn lay there stunned in surprise at the orgasm she'd just experienced. Starting out, she hadn't been all that certain that she wouldn't have to pretend to have one just to get rid of Jeremy, she'd been so nervous. Then to have her fantasy interrupted by him, only to have **that** happen to her... it was almost more than she could comprehend. Then when she remembered what had triggered it, she couldn't help feeling ashamed, and more than a little embarrassment: to think that she'd actually gotten off just from *thinking* about JEREMY looking at her and watching her! She felt herself blushing furiously, and carefully and slowly eased her hand from

between her thighs. It was a couple of seconds after she'd accomplished that goal before she realized that she hadn't moved her legs yet, and that she must still be giving her brother a damn good look at her. Keeping her eyes closed so she wouldn't have to look at him, she moved her legs back together with considerable casualness.

After she'd caught her breath, she waited as long as she could — less from embarrassment than simply not wanting to have to look at Jeremy — before forcing herself to open her eyes and sit up again. When she did, she saw that Jeremy looked to be more than a little flushed, but was sitting back in her chair, apparently as calm as could be. She couldn't help blushing slightly before she somewhat defiantly asked him "Is that what you wanted to see, Jeremy?"

"Uh, yeah, that was great, Sis. I'll, um, go now, so you can, you know, get dressed or whatever." he answered before quickly standing and rapidly heading for the door to her room. He was almost gone when he stuck his head back in and told her "I hope it won't be so long before we can do this again." before pulling her door shut.

Only with the infusion of fresh air caused by Jeremy's departure did Dawn realize that there was a distinct smell in her room — one that she was all too familiar with. The knowledge that her brother had undoubtedly smelled it, too, mortified her. But she knew that as long as she had to have orgasms in front of her perv brother, there wasn't anything she could do about it. Resigned to that fact, she decided that she'd better at least clear the smell out of her room. After she'd gotten up and opened the windows, she decided that she'd better get it off *herself*, too, and gathered her clothes to take into the bathroom. There, she quickly got herself wiped off with a damp washcloth (which she rinsed **twice** to make sure there wasn't any lingering smell) before getting dressed again. When she left the bathroom, she saw that Jeremy's door was closed. Relieved that she wouldn't have to face him again for a while, she quickly returned to her own room where she was glad to discover that her smell had dissipated almost completely. It took her only a moment to decide to light one of the scented candles she kept in her room while she went ahead and did her homework...

When his sister had sat up on her bed, Jeremy still hadn't *completely* recovered from the climax he'd had: even though his cock wasn't fully erect any more, it still felt full and heavy in his pants. And unless he was gravely mistaken, his cum was starting to soak his undershorts; that thought was quickly followed by the understanding that if his shorts were getting wet, there was a pretty darn good chance it was going to soak through to his jeans, too — and he **sure** didn't want Dawn seeing *that*!

Rather than wait for the problem — and he was sure that it was one by then — to get any worse, Jeremy decided to try and make his sister believe that he was trying to be considerate of her by not hanging around after she was done. Putting his plan into action, he was halfway through the door when the air in the hall made him remember what Dawn's room had smelled like. Hiding his lower body behind her door, he stuck his head back in her room to sample her aroma again and said something (he didn't remember what it was) to cover what he was doing before making his exit. Once in his own room, it didn't take long for him to rid himself of his pants (with a small,

but distinct wet spot on the front) and almost sodden undershorts. It was when he heard Dawn go into the bathroom, and the water start, that he realized that she was cleaning herself off. THAT thought brought forth the image of her standing there naked and washing her juices off her pussy — which in turn brought back the memory of just what her juices had smelled like. In turn, that had his cock standing at attention again in a matter of just a few seconds, which was soon followed by Jeremy stroking himself to a quick, easy, and powerful climax.

He was still breathing a little rapidly when he heard the bathroom door open again, followed by the sound of Dawn FIRMLY closing her door. Checking his watch, Jeremy saw that he still had some time before any of his brothers or sisters were likely to get home, and quickly opted to follow Dawn's example. Except that he figured he'd better change into fresh shorts and a clean (and dry!) pair of jeans.

Dawn was sitting at her desk, *trying* to keep her focus on her Algebra homework (and failing miserably) when she heard the bathroom door close — then the sound of water running in the sink. It took several seconds of wondering why Jeremy had gone in there so soon before it hit her: the little perv either had masturbated in his room, or was doing it there in the bathroom! That understanding caused a variety of thoughts and feelings to course through her: mild revulsion that he was using HER to feed his disgusting fantasies, faint amusement that he had to do it so soon after watching her, vague arousal (which her mind was careful to gloss over) that he found her arousing that way, and a slight curiosity about *how* he was doing (or did) it — of course, she knew how boys were different from girls there, and the few sex ed classes she'd had a school told her boys released some kind of fluid that actually got the girl pregnant, so she had SOME idea of what probably happened. It was, however, the reality of the matter that she was curious about: just exactly HOW did a guy make himself climax? What did his 'stuff' look like? What did it look like when he had a climax? How much of his stuff was there? How was it different that the juices SHE had?

Dawn was so occupied with her thoughts that she didn't hear when Jeremy left the bathroom; the next thing she knew, Joana was knocking on her door to tell her that supper was ready...

When she got downstairs, Dawn saw that Jeremy had taken the easy way on getting supper ready: frozen pot pies for everyone, with some heat-and-serve dinner rolls, and cottage cheese instead of salads. She supposed she could have been upset with him about being so lazy, but by doing things his way, he hadn't had to come up and get HER. Feeling a little embarrassed again, she watched him for a bit, but he didn't seem to be paying her any more or less attention than usual. Relieved, she didn't hesitate to join in the conversation and activity around the table.

The time it took for Dawn and Jeremy to 'recover' from the lesser effects of the experience was significantly shorter than before. It wasn't but a couple of days before they were back to their usual routine and relationship — though neither one of them had any trouble remembering what had happened.

It didn't take nearly as long before Dawn was ready to pleasure herself again; and once she and

Jeremy were in her room again, she was nowhere near as nervous. The 'show' she gave him beforehand was a bit longer and even a trifle more explicit. She was also able to get (and keep) her mind on her fantasy about the guy in her Civics class more easily, too. Afterwards, she was a bit surprised that Jeremy didn't leave as soon as he had the first time; but he didn't stay all *that* much longer, either. After she'd wiped herself off in the bathroom, she sat at her desk and wasn't surprised to hear Jeremy go in shortly after she was done.

The next time happened little more than a week later. She was actually almost relaxed about the whole thing, gave her brother an even better 'show', and even managed to draw her pleasure out a little bit. When she was done, she deliberately didn't close her legs quite as much, and was quietly amused that Jeremy kept looking at her while delaying his exit. He also spent time in the bathroom when she was done with it.

It was just five days until their fifth 'meeting' (for that was how she was starting to think of them). She found that she **enjoyed** being able to tease him while she got undressed, and get aroused by exposing herself to him the way she did during her 'show'. She also *deliberately* teased both of them by letting herself slip back from one orgasm before giving herself an even stronger one. After she sat up again, she was surprised when Jeremy again wanted to make a hurried exit — until she realized that she'd seen a wet spot on the front of his jeans, and understood that he'd climaxed in his pants. After she'd gotten herself seated at her desk, she couldn't help wondering what Jeremy would do; she got her answer when she heard him go into the bathroom. Knowing that she'd gotten him that excited aroused her, but when she realized that she was getting even MORE excited by the thought of what he was doing (and more to the point, the mental images she had), she felt more than a little troubled by it. While she waited for it to be time to start supper, she tried to fight the thoughts and feelings she'd had. When she finally got up to go help Jeremy, she'd talked herself into believing that the thoughts and desires she was having were okay — that she was thinking about her brother only because he was someone she was familiar with. Without realizing it, she'd completely forgotten any ideas about trying to turn the tables on him — or even stopping what they were doing, for that matter.

It wasn't but three days before Dawn was ready to have another meeting; starting from the time she told Jeremy, she found herself thinking more and more about what they were doing, and getting more and more excited by it. Somewhere along the way, she gave up thinking about the guy at school in favor of imagining her brother: getting him aroused, how his penis would get erect, and visualizing him stroking himself. By the time Jeremy got home from school and came up to her room, she was as horny as she'd ever felt, and all but *dripping*. As she got undressed, she could tell that Jeremy was somehow aware of a difference in her and was watching her closely. Then when she gave him what she was sure was the most daring and explicit show any girl had EVER given a guy, it was easy to see that HE might even be as worked up as SHE was. When she lay back on the bed, it was all she could do not to immediately start playing with her clit and get off as soon as possible. Instead, she forced herself to play with her oh-so-tight breasts and aching hard nipples for a little while (imagining that it was Jeremy doing it, without realizing it) before finally letting her hand wander down between her legs. Once it was there,

though, she discovered that she practically *was* dripping. As good as it had felt when she'd 'backed off' from an orgasm last time, she figured that it might be even better if she did it again. It was only by going as slowly as she could stand, and imagining in great detail what Jeremy would do, that she was able to draw things out: she had to put images of her brother's cock growing out of her mind to avoid having the first orgasm. But when she'd gotten herself going again, and was dreaming about how he would look as he stroked himself that she **really** got herself worked up; she heard her chair creak, and the idea that he'd just climaxed in his pants again was all it took to push her into an orgasm that left every muscle feeling like cooked spaghetti as she gasped for breath for longer than she could remember ever doing before.

After she finally managed to sit up, she realized there was a wet spot on her bed that had to be the size of a small saucer. It took several seconds before she fully realized that it was there because of how wet she'd gotten — something that both amazed and embarrassed her. When she finally lifted her head to look at Jeremy, she could see that *he* was as stunned by what had just happened as she was. She wasn't surprised in the slightest when he again hurried out of her room: before he'd even stood up, she'd been able to see a dark spot on his jeans that testified as to just what effect she'd had on him.

Though she felt weak as a kitten, Dawn knew that she still had to clean up — not just herself, but changing the bedding, as well. With no small effort, she got herself standing and started on what was rapidly becoming a familiar routine of opening her windows to air out her room and then getting herself wiped off. The only change she made was to light TWO scented candles before heading for the bathroom.

Once back in her room, Dawn didn't have the time or opportunity to see if Jeremy went into the bathroom, too, between having to change her bedding, and *needing* to rest from what she'd been through. Though better, she was still feeling some of the effects of what she'd done when she went down to get supper ready.

After the last experience she had with Jeremy, Dawn didn't feel the need (or ability, truth be told) for another meeting for nearly a week.

When she DID start to feel the desire, though, she couldn't help starting to think about what she and her brother were doing. Sure, she was making herself feel pretty darn good — even more when she imagined what Jeremy might or would do. But those imaginings were just that: her **imagination**. Jeremy was sure as hell getting to see the real thing when he looked at HER! Why should *he* be the only one to see what the other person looked like, and what they did, and what happened? Why should he have all the fun? Was it really fair that she had to do stuff that could make HIM have a climax without touching himself, and didn't have to do anything for her? He was learning about girl 'stuff' (well, hers, anyway) — shouldn't she get to learn about guys?

Dawn spent a couple of days arguing the matter with herself, and getting more and more indignant at how *unfair* it was that Jeremy was getting to watch her, but she wasn't getting to watch HIM. It completely escaped her that she'd gone from being horrified at the idea that he'd

seen her masturbating, to not only enjoying what she'd done in front of him, but consciously **wanting** to be able to watch as Jeremy did the same thing.

She finally decided that if she was going to get herself off in front of Jeremy again, she was going to insist that he do the same for her. With that settled in her mind, she went on to figure out how to make it happen; it didn't take her long to realize that her best bet was to wait until she was naked and had his *full* attention — and he was worked up, too. Only then did she finally let him know to get home the next day.

Jeremy had noticed that Dawn had been more flagrant when she'd gotten undressed, but didn't think anything of it — after all, each time he got to watch her, it seemed like she was even more wild than the time before; and he *sure* wasn't going to complain about it, that's for sure!

When she came over to stand in front of him, he could **smell** that she was already pretty darn excited; and when she stood a little closer to him than she usually did, his only thought was that he was going to get to see her even better. By the time she lay down on the bed, he was more than ready to watch what he was SURE was going to be one *hell* of a show. So when she didn't immediately lay back, it kind of threw him a bit — but nowhere **near** as much as when she quietly told him "Jeremy, if you get to look at ME naked, and watch while *I* get myself off, then I think it's only fair that I get to look at YOU, too."

To say that he was stunned would be an understatement of monumental proportions.

"That wasn't part of the deal, Dawn!" he finally managed to tell her. What he didn't say was that the idea of her looking at his dick was more than a little embarrassing and intimidating.

"I don't care. Every time I want to make myself feel good, I have to tell *you*, and then I have an **audience**. I just think that if I have to do it while you're here, then you should be doing it, too."

"And what if I don't want to?"

"Then I'll tell Mom and Dad that you were looking at me while I was naked."

The thought of what his parents would do if they heard THAT froze Jeremy's blood. The only response he could think of was to say "I'll just tell them that I heard you making noises and looked in to see that you were touching yourself. They wouldn't think that I'd spy on you or anything."

"Maybe not — but do you really think they'd believe that you looked in here 'just' to see if I was okay? Or would they think you were just using it as an excuse? And what if I tell them I think it was more than just once? I wouldn't have to *prove* it, or even say how many times; just saying that it was maybe more than just ONCE would have you in **so** much trouble!"

Jeremy didn't doubt that last part in the slightest. If his folks thought he was looking at his sister while she was naked, it would be bad enough. If they thought he'd done it more than once... well, things would be a WHOLE lot worse. He wasn't sure how, but didn't doubt that they would be. Unable to stop looking at Dawn's naked body, his mind couldn't seem to think of anything that

would get him out of the spot he was in. To try and give himself some time to think, he asked her "Wh... what would you want me to, uh, do?"

Realizing that she *almost* had him, Dawn calmly answered "Just what I do. We'd get naked together, get to look at each other, and then watch each other as we... you know..."

Stalling for more time, Jeremy asked "Would there be any talking, or uh, touching?"

That they might talk to each other while masturbating was something that simply hadn't occurred to Dawn — but the idea had a certain amount of appeal to her once he'd brought it up. As for touching... she had most definitely **not** wanted Jeremy touching her, at first. But if they were going to be doing it together, she recognized that anything else that happened between them was going to have to be 'fair'; after all, that was what this whole conversation was about!

Jeremy was all but sweating bullets when Dawn finally answered "*If* there's any talking, it should be nice. I don't think either one of us wants any touching yet."

Jeremy was considerably relieved to hear about the 'polite talking' rule (he was terrified that his sister would laugh at his dick, or say it was small), and was so thankful about the second sentence that he completely missed that tricky little 'yet' part at the end. Now that he'd had several opportunities to check out Dawn's body (she wasn't a babe like some girls, but still pretty darn nice to look at) and watch as she got herself off, Jeremy knew that he wouldn't be happy about losing the best source of masturbation fodder he figured he could get. That meant that he'd have to give in to Dawn's demand that she get to watch HIM. But that really wasn't all that bad, was it? As he thought about it, he realized that instead of cumming without even touching himself, or jerking off while *remembering* what she'd looked like, he could do while she was right there in front of him — and it was that thought that finally settled the matter for him.

"Okay, Sis, I guess I can do... that. But if anyone says anything that makes the other one feel bad, the whole deal is off!"

Hearing that last part, it took Dawn a moment to figure out what he was saying; he'd *already* seen HER and not said anything, so what was he talking about? Then she understood: he was worried that she'd make fun of his penis — as if she'd do or say *anything* that would keep her from getting to watch him! After quietly resolving to do what she could to calm his fears, she answered "That's right, Jeremy. Anybody's feelings get hurt, and we stop."

With the two of them having reached an agreement, Jeremy didn't know what else to say — or do, for that matter. The two of them sat there looking at each other for several seconds before Dawn said "So we don't make any kind of mess on my bed, I'll put my beach towel on top, and then lie on that. Why don't you take your clothes off while I'm getting things ready?"

Jeremy stood up just a moment after his sister did, and began by taking his shoes and socks off. While he was busy with them, Dawn went over to her closet, opened the door, and began rummaging around on the shelf. That simple action stretched her body out in a way that Jeremy found entirely too appealing: even as he was pulling his shirt off, he could feel his cock starting

to push out the front of his jeans. He'd COMPLETELY lost his erection when she'd said she wanted to look at him, and the conversation that followed hadn't exactly been the most stimulating he'd ever had...

When Dawn found her beach towel (over-sized and very thick and absorbent), she casually walked back to her bed — unaware of the way her breasts swayed in time with her movements, though Jeremy was fascinated by the sight. When she bent over to unfold and arrange the towel, she gave her brother another view of herself that resulted in him having a little trouble getting his undershorts off. Finally satisfied with how she'd arranged the towel, Dawn turned and sat down before realizing that Jeremy was completely naked (though he had his hands clasped in front of his crotch) and standing there in front of her.

Knowing that it was going to happen anyway, and figuring it would be easier to simply do it and get it over with, Jeremy had decided to just go ahead and let Dawn look at him the same way he'd looked at her that time in his room. So when she looked up into his eyes, Jeremy somehow managed to give her a little smile, and moved his arms to his sides — exposing himself to his sister's gaze.

Although Dawn had some vague idea of what Jeremy had for a 'package' (a term she'd recently heard) from seeing him in his underwear, her first sight of the real thing made her breath catch in her throat. Without even realizing she was doing so, she calmly announced "Oh, *Jeremy!* It's **beautiful!**" — something that calmed and reassured him more than he'd ever admit.

She could see (plainly!) that he was fully erect: with nothing else to compare him to, Dawn could only figure that he was perhaps a quarter again as long as a cooked hot-dog, and a little bit bigger around along the main part. The head of it was a dark purple, generally helmet-shaped; at its widest, it was half again as wide as the rest of him. Hanging below were his testicles. Inside their fleshy sack, she could get only a vague idea of their size and shape, but decided that they were perhaps the size of slightly-oblong ping-pong balls. His sack (scrotum, she finally remembered it was called) had a light covering of hair; around the base of his penis was a larger and slightly thicker patch. As she looked at him, Dawn could see that his erection bobbed slightly every so often; it took her only a few seconds to realize that it was in happening in time with his heartbeat.

Jeremy had been more than a little afraid of what his sister would say or do when he finally pulled his hands from in front of his erect cock; but when he heard what she'd said, he was considerably more comfortable about having her looking at him. From gym classes at school, he knew that he was a little bit bigger than a lot of the other guys, but had no idea if Dawn had seen bigger. He was watching her as she looked at him, and he couldn't miss the way her nipples got longer and the peaks of her breasts puckered. When she leaned over to look at him some more from different angles, it didn't take long before he could detect the unique aroma that told him she was getting excited. In turn, that got HIM more excited, too...

Dawn was examining Jeremy's cock — fascinated by how hard it looked, and the veins and things she could see running in it — when she realized that he was getting a little bit longer, and that his erection was pointing even MORE towards the ceiling. It was pretty darn obvious that he

was becoming more aroused... but *why*? She hadn't even **done** anything to herself yet! When she considered what was different between then, and before the changes she'd seen, the only difference she could think of was that she'd felt herself getting excited. Then, in a sudden flash of understanding, she knew that seeing HER excited was making HIM excited — which only served to ratchet her arousal even higher.

More than anything she'd ever wanted to do, Dawn wished she could just lean forward and kiss the end of her brother's cock; it simply looked **THAT** good to her. But she just *knew* that if she did anything like that, he'd absolutely freak out, and she'd never get to look at him again. And it was only because she'd promised that there wasn't going to be any touching — yet! — that she was able to resist the urge to trace every square millimeter of the surface of the erect manhood before her. The idea of being able to cup his balls in her hand, and feel how warm and heavy they must be... Dawn felt her breasts get even tighter at the thought of it. Even as she was recognizing what was happening to HER, she saw Jeremy's cock grow again; that was all it took for her decide that it was *most definitely* time to give herself some relief from the pressure she could feel building in her loins...

Jeremy saw his sister sit up again, then move to sit farther on her bed. Looking at her, he could see that her breasts were tight, and her nipples crinkled and erect. Farther down, her vaginal lips were dark and the area between them already glistening; the aroma of her arousal was thick in the air. When he was finally able to drag his eyes back to her face, she looked into his eyes as she hesitantly told him "I... I want to watch what you do and... how you do it. You said you like seeing me and what I do, and I want to see **YOU**, too. Don't worry about it if you, uh, squirt on me as long as you don't get any, you know, *there*. Just let me know before it happens, okay?"

He couldn't believe that he just heard his *sister* not only say that she wanted to see how he jerked off, but tell him that it was okay for him to get his cum on her. The way he was feeling right then, they'd be lucky if it didn't all end up on the wall! Still, he understood what she said, and readily voiced his agreement. On hearing that, Dawn lay back before pulling her legs up and resting her feet on the edge of her bed. Still looking at him, he watched as she deliberately spread her legs so as to give him the best view yet of the area between her thighs. Without her saying anything about it, he could also tell that she was waiting before starting to touch herself so that he could have some time to really **look** at her. He started to lean forward so he could do just that before realizing that she might not be ready for him to look at her **THAT** closely just yet. But when he lifted his head to look at her, she easily understood what he was asking without him having to say a word; she just gave him a strange smile and nodded that it was okay.

Even as he was moving closer to the area of interest, he watched as her vaginal lips got a trifle longer and the area between them became a little shinier. The sight baffled him for a few moments before he realized that she liked having him look at her; shortly on the heels of that, it came to him that she might also like it when he was watching her, too.

But before he could start following up on **THOSE** thoughts, he was close enough to be able to see some of the details of his sister's anatomy. Her vaginal lips turned out not to be as thick as

he'd first thought; instead, they were a bit longer — it looked like they were curving inward, toward each other. With his closer and better view of her, he could also tell that she was a LOT wetter: able to see between her labia a little more, it was apparent that she was even wetter farther inside. It was all he could do to keep from reaching out and collecting a little bit of her juices on his finger so he could find out what they felt like; following that, he decided that he wanted to learn if they tasted as good as they smelled! But he didn't want Dawn feeling like she could just start grabbing his dick, so he managed to keep his hands to himself. However, there wasn't anything to keep him from trying to memorize the way she looked; he knew he'd **never** forget how she smelled...

Dawn had been surprised when Jeremy started to lean over so he could look at her better; she was pleased when he stopped to think that perhaps SHE wasn't ready for him to do that, and looked to see if she had any objections. The thought of it actually turned her on, and she readily let him know it was okay. She saw when his hand started to move, and was vaguely disappointed when he didn't actually touch her. She knew he could see (and smell!) how excited she was; knowing that he not only wanted to look at her, but that he'd be able to smell her even more had her feeling it as she got even wetter inside. She found herself wondering if he found her parts as attractive and sexy as she did his. She thought to ask, but didn't want to embarrass him and screw up what was turning into a meeting that was a WHOLE lot more than she'd hoped for!

Dawn waited as long as she could for Jeremy to get his fill of looking at her, but her excitement was growing by the second; when she finally couldn't stand it any longer, she let him know it was time to get things going again by moving her hand down and running her fingers through her pubic hair. After he raised up again, she could see that he was both disappointed that he'd had to stop, and eager for what he knew was next.

Jeremy had no idea how long he looked at Dawn's pussy. What he DID know was that when he saw her hand ease toward her pelvis, it was *entirely* too soon. But the realization that she was ready to start — and that he could take care of his own needs while he was watching — were more than enough to compensate. When he was standing again, Dawn was watching him closely as she slid her hand lower and curled her middle finger so that the tip of it slipped between her vaginal lips and traced a path upwards toward the little bump he'd seen at the top. When her finger passed across it, he heard her release a soft moan. She repeated her actions several more times, and the moan was a little louder she did it; that was all it took for Jeremy to decide that he *really* wanted to find out what that little spot was. Until then, he had plenty of other things to occupy him — such as watching what his sister was doing right in front of him.

As she'd done before, she had one hand between her thighs while the other moved around on the rest of her body (though it seemed to spend most of its time on one or the other of her breasts). The big difference between this time and the previous ones was that she had her eyes open, and was looking at him. After he'd seen her eyes flicker a couple of times toward where his cock was jutting out, he remembered that he was supposed to be playing with himself, too. Feeling a bit self-conscious, he got his hand wrapped around his erect penis and began slowly stroking himself...

When Dawn saw her brother wrap his hand around his penis, the first thing she noticed was that what stuck out beyond his hand was roughly half as much as he had hold of. The second thing was that he didn't seem to have to touch himself any harder than she did: his grip on his cock was plainly loose and relaxed. What really got her attention, though, was the sight of his balls swaying in time with the way he'd begun stroking himself. From helping her mother with the rest of the kids for as long as she could remember, Dawn knew that all the boys had been circumcised, and found herself fascinated by the sight of how Jeremy's hand would push his foreskin over the head of his erection before pulling it back again. Watching him, she could feel herself getting more excited and more quickly than ever before; she knew it wasn't going to take long **at all** before she'd find the release that she wanted.

Despite having seen his sister masturbating only a few times before, Jeremy somehow knew that having him standing there and jerking off while she watched was having an impact on Dawn. It wasn't any one thing that he could identify and say was cluing him in — but there wasn't any doubt in his mind that she was going to orgasm a lot sooner, and maybe a lot harder, than he'd seen so far. Knowing that SHE was going to climax because of being able to see HIM only served to ratchet up Jeremy's arousal: knowing he was doing it, and powerless to stop it, he found that he was getting more and more into what he was doing — and more to the point, moving himself closer and closer to emptying his balls. He tried to slow down and put it off, but the moment he let himself get distracted (by, say, looking at how she was teasing her erect nipples, or watching her fingertip dip between her pussy lips), he unconsciously sped up again. It was only when he told himself that she'd said she wanted to watch him and see him cum, without specifying when or how, that he felt it was okay to give himself over to his almost overpowering urge to climax.

Without knowing how, Dawn could tell that Jeremy had given up any attempt to delay his climax, and was focused solely on looking at her while he found his own pleasure. Rather than being upset or disappointed, she was eagerly looking forward to seeing what happened. She'd told Jeremy to say something when he was going to squirt his semen, but that had been before she'd realized that she couldn't close her eyes — that she'd be so aroused and interested in looking at him and his erect cock. She knew that she was getting close to her own orgasm, and couldn't help wondering if she or Jeremy would climax first. She hoped that he would, so that she could watch; but she was afraid that it wouldn't happen for him until he got to see HER. It was only when she realized that his hand was moving on his cock faster than her fingers were on her clit that she had any real reason to think that she might get what she wanted.

Jeremy had reached the point where he **knew** that it wasn't going to be but a few more seconds before he came. Even though Dawn was watching him, he still (somehow!) managed to remember to tell her "Sis! I'm gonna cum! Soon!"

To his infinite amazement, he heard her say "Yes, Jeremy! Do it!" — and that was pretty much all it took; he pulled his hand back one last time before the first spurt of his cum erupted from the end of his cock and landed squarely between Dawn's breasts. The second spurt easily passed her navel, and the third hit just below it. After turning his body slightly, his fourth wad of semen

landed on her right hip; the fifth ended up on the inside of her thigh, and the last few simply wet his hand. After that, all there was for him to do was stand there, gasping with the intensity of his climax — and watch Dawn in the throes of her own pleasure...

The feel of Jeremy's semen landing between her breasts had surprised and amazed Dawn; but when the second, then third, landed on her, that was the last bit of stimulation she needed to trigger her own release. The first spasm had her arching her pelvis up off the bed before her entire body seized up and almost causing her to black out from the intensity of it. When it had passed, she was barely able to draw in a little bit of air before the second overwhelmed her. After that, the waves of pleasure that coursed through her were progressively milder — though still strong enough to leave her weak and gasping when they were over. She heard Jeremy's concerned "You okay, Sis?", and managed to tell him "I'm okay, Jer. Minute?", asking him for a little time before she had to speak again.

Though still breathing a little fast a couple of minutes later, Dawn looked at her brother, and on seeing the concern on his face, told him "I'm fine, really. It's just that that was a LOT more than ever happened before". Seeing that Jeremy's hand and penis were still wet and glistening from his cum, Dawn felt herself start to get excited again even though she knew that there wasn't a darn thing she'd be able to do about it.

Seeing that she'd looked at his sticky hand and cock, Jeremy couldn't help blushing before Dawn told him "It's okay, Jer. You did *just* what I wanted you to, so there's nothing to be ashamed of, okay?"

He managed to nod his understanding (if not agreement) before she went on to say "Why don't you go ahead and use the bathroom to clean up first? I think it's going to take me a few minutes before I'll have the energy to get up..."

Feeling embarrassed again now that it was all over, Jeremy mumbled that he would, and quickly gathered his clothes and made his escape; a moment later, Dawn heard the bathroom door close. Alone in her room, she took advantage of the opportunity to finally find out what a guys semen was like. The first thing she did was to collect the blob from between her breasts, and slowly and softly rub it between her fingers — finding it thick and a little slippery. That much accomplished, the next thing was to find out how it smelled; holding it to her nose, it took her several seconds of trying before concluding that it didn't. Finally, after a few false starts, she elected to see if it had any taste: getting the tiniest bit from her finger to her tongue, she easily learned that it was salty, but not much else. Thinking that perhaps that she simply couldn't detect any flavor from the little bit she'd sampled, she nervously stuck both fingers in her mouth so that she had almost the entire wad of his cum on her tongue. It wasn't but a couple of seconds before she decided that other than being a trifle thick and salty, there really wasn't much to it. That settled, she spent the rest of the time waiting for Jeremy to get out of the bathroom by idly smearing the rest of his cum around on her body. By the time she heard the bathroom door open again, she'd managed to 'glaze' nearly the entire front of her body — at least, from the navel up. She was still a virgin, and not on any kind of birth control, and didn't want to take *any* chances of getting pregnant. Though

ready to clean herself off, Dawn waited until she heard Jeremy's door close before getting up, so that she wouldn't have to risk Jeremy seeing her with practically her entire front coated with a sticky white film...

At supper that night, the rest of the kids could tell that there was something going on between Jeremy and Dawn. But it was a common enough occurrence for any two of them to be at odds for some small thing or other that none of them thought anything about it: if it got too bad, or went on for too long, one or both of their parents would deal with it.

As for the participants themselves, both were *entirely* too aware of the other one and both mildly embarrassed about what had happened, and nervously anxious for it to happen *again*. Neither one could look at the other without remembering how they'd looked naked, and then feeling themselves getting aroused in response.

It was a full week before a blushing Jeremy hinted to Dawn that if she were so inclined, he'd be a willing participant in another meeting. It didn't take her but a second to decide that she was, and let her brother know. They readily agreed on the next afternoon.

With no need for any negotiations, their next experience together went a bit faster. There was still a little residual nervousness, but by the time they'd finished, both had found it easily as satisfying as before.

The next several occasions happened progressively sooner and sooner; it wasn't long before the two of them were spending part of their afternoons in Dawn's room fairly often: they seldom waited more than two days in between, and NEVER three.

It was a couple of months after that first session of mutual masturbation, and they'd just gotten undressed that Jeremy finally worked up the nerve to hesitantly ask Dawn "Uh, Sis? Remember that you said that there wouldn't be any touching? Well, I was, uh, thinking, and... well, if it was okay, and you wanted to, I mean... it would, um, be okay with me."

Dawn had known for weeks that Jeremy was wanting to be able to touch her, and she'd found herself getting excited at the idea. But she'd also figured that until and unless Jeremy was willing to let HER touch HIM, she wasn't going to let it happen: while she figured that letting Jeremy play with her tits and touch her between her legs would feel good and everything, what she **wanted** was to be able to get her hands on his cock and balls. Just to make sure that she was hearing him correctly, she asked "Both of us touching each other, you mean? You get to touch me, and I get to touch you?"

Blushing, Jeremy answered "Uh, yeah, that's what I mean."

Not wanting to seem too eager, Dawn waited a couple of seconds before answering "I guess that's okay." Realizing that her brother probably didn't know *how* to touch her (and that she had no clue about HIM, either), she suggested "So nobody gets hurt, I think any touching needs to be *soft* and *easy* at first. Then either of us can tell the other one when it's getting too much, okay?"

Jeremy was more than willing to agree; the thought of his sister squeezing his balls made his blood run cold. Then he thought of something else that he figured he should ask: "Is it just touching? Or is it okay to, you know, look closer, too?"

Dawn knew that she DARN sure wanted to get a closer look at her brothers workings, and didn't hesitate to reply "Looking closer is okay, too. Just be polite and everything, like the first time."

"Sure thing, Sis."

With both of them knowing that they wanted to check the other out, and figuring that the other wanted to check THEM out, they moved to stand where Dawn had already laid out her beach towel. Facing her brother, Dawn told him "You can go first, if you want."

It took Jeremy a few seconds to work up the nerve to raise his hand and finally touch one of the pale mounds of his sisters tits — and immediately wished he'd had the nerve to suggest touching sooner. Slightly over-filling his hand, Dawns breast felt warm to his touch; when he gently squeezed it, he was amazed at how it felt both soft and firm at the same time. It didn't take but a second before he had his other hand filled, and less than a minute before he'd left his fingerprints over the entire surface of Dawns tits. After a brief detour to play with her erecting nipples, Jeremy went back to cupping Dawns breasts before checking to see how they felt as he gradually began squeezing them a little harder. After a bit, Dawn told him "You aren't *hurting* me, but that much feels uncomfortable"; he quickly and readily eased up. From there, it was on to begin softly caressing the surface of each of her mammaries, marveling at how smooth they felt before noticing that her areolas and nipples were sticking out more and more as he did. He happily applied himself to seeing how much he could make them stick out before finally giving in to the temptation to play with them again.

When he'd finally satisfied his initial curiosity (knowing that he'd be able to do it again the next time), Jeremy realized that Dawn would have to lay down and spread her legs for him to be able to really see and touch the other part of her he was interested in. Following that thought was that he could show he wasn't being 'greedy' or selfish by letting her look at HIM before that: she'd have to sit down anyway, and when she did, she'd be in position to check HIM out. After running his thumbs across the rubbery nubbins of her nipples, Jeremy let his hands fall to his sides before telling Dawn "Why don't you go ahead and do me, next, and then I can look at... the rest of you", with a faint blush.

Dawn easily understood what he hadn't said, and didn't have any problem with it — even though she *knew* that she'd be aroused and wet when Jeremy saw her there. When she sat down on the edge of the bed, Dawn could see that Jeremy wasn't completely hard. It took her a few seconds to understand that he wasn't hard all the way because he was nervous about her looking at him and touching him; he wasn't completely soft because he'd been able to touch and play with her tits.

Just as he'd done with her, Dawns first touch of her brothers cock was soft and gentle — and pleased her tremendously. It didn't take long before she had her hand wrapped around it, marveling at how thick and heavy it felt. And unless she was mistaken, she could feel him

getting longer and harder as she held him — something that delighted her. Mimicking what she'd seen him do, she began to slowly stroke him and felt it as he responded to her efforts even more quickly. In less than a minute, his erection was pointed at the ceiling, and she found herself fascinated by how hot and hard he was under her touch. When his cock didn't grow appreciably larger after she'd stroked it a few more times, she turned her attentions a bit lower: his scrotum, and more to the point, his balls. Her first considered action was to simply cup her hand underneath and then lift them. She could easily feel each of them in her hand, and proceeded to carefully and gently investigate them. She knew that Jeremy hadn't meant to cause her any problems when he'd been touching her breasts, and he'd quickly backed off when she told him that what he was doing didn't feel good. She was even more careful about how she handled *this* part of him, when a flash of inspiration told her that it was being hit in **THIS** part of his anatomy that made a guy hit in the crotch fall down so fast in those funny videos.

She was carefully mapping them with her fingertips while trying to build an image of what they'd actually look like when he quietly told her "Just so you know, if you pull or squeeze any harder, it's going to start hurting". Hearing that, Dawn stopped what she was doing in favor of returning her hand to her brother's erect cock. Jeremy's cock had softened a bit, which told her that he had been even more patient about how she'd been handling him than she'd been with him. Regretting having caused him that much discomfort, she decided to make up for it by taking his erection in her hand and slowly stroking him in an effort to not only get him erect again, but bring him some 'extra' pleasure.

Jeremy had felt no small measure of relief when his sister moved her hand back to his penis: not only did his balls feel better, but her cool hand and fingers were doing *wonders* about getting him back to full erection. They felt good enough, in fact, that it crossed his mind that having her do it until he climaxed would make his release even more powerful; the only thing that prevented him from suggesting it was that he was afraid if he did, he wouldn't get the chance to look at, and touch, her between her legs — things that he most definitely wanted to do!

As Dawn continued her ministrations to Jeremy's erect cock, she could feel herself getting more and more aroused: not just from having *a* real, live penis in her hand, but that it was **Jeremy's** that she was touching. And not only wasn't she concerned that he would see how excited she'd gotten before she even started touching herself, she was actually getting even **MORE** turned on at the thought!

It didn't take much longer before Dawn decided that she couldn't stand it any more — she simply had to get herself off before she went crazy; and before she could do that, she still had to finish what they'd started by letting Jeremy look at her between her legs, and even touch her. The way she was feeling just then, she wasn't all **THAT** sure that she wouldn't have an orgasm just from *that*...

When Dawn's hand left his penis, Jeremy's first reaction was disappointment; that lasted only until he saw that his sister was scooting herself back on the bed a little bit, meaning that he was finally going to get his first ever look at an actual *pussy*. And not only that, but he'd be able to

touch it, too! Jeremy, too, found the idea that it was his own sibling added to the excitement and pleasure of what they were doing. As Dawn lay back on the bed and spread her legs, an almost physical wave of her scent ran its fingers up his nostrils — turning his cock from an iron bar to something that felt like it was made of tempered steel. When he was finally able to pull his eyes away from the sight of Dawns visibly damp cleft, he could see that she had developed a blush than ran all the way down to the tops of her breasts, and was darker than he'd seen before. Not only that, but the dark peaks of her nipples were noticeably longer than they'd been before, and the area around them had raised up a bit, as well. When he looked at Dawns eyes, though, he could see that her gaze was locked on where his cock was waving in the air...

Dawn didn't have the faintest idea of what Jeremy was doing; her attention was focused entirely on watching his erection and balls as they went through a number of small changes, and moved around slightly. She saw a drop of his juice appear at the end of his cock, and immediately wished that she'd waited a few more seconds so that she could have licked it off. Even as the image of doing that came into her mind, the sensations in her vagina changed so that she started feeling a kind of emptiness there. It was only then that she finally recognized the sensation for what it was: not just a sign of how very aroused she was, but her body's call for a nice hard cock to FIX that hollow feeling. Immediately following that, it occurred to her that she was looking at an erection that would do the job *very* nicely, thank you very much; it was only the fact that it was **Jeremy's** cock that kept her from asking that it be put where it so obviously needed to be — while she was okay with having her brother look at her (and even touch her), the idea of actually letting him fuck her was still farther than she was willing to go...

Even as Jeremy was leaning over to get the best view he could of his sisters pussy, he saw as her vaginal lips got a little darker and longer, and the area between them became visibly wetter. He knew that meant something had gotten her more excited, but he couldn't imagine what it could have been. He quickly gave up on wondering about it in favor of finally reaching out and letting the tips of his fingers make their first tentative contact with Dawns dark pubic thatch. He found it to be soft and fine, and didn't delay in 'combing' it with his fingers as he both marveled and delighted in it...

It took several seconds before Dawn realized that Jeremy was actually touching her by running his fingers through the wedge of hair between her legs. He was doing it slowly and gently, and she couldn't help but wonder why; when she looked at his face, she could see from his expression that he was fascinated by how it felt, and was apparently enjoying what he was doing. She went back to watching his fingers, only to be surprised when she realized that what he was doing actually felt... well, kind of *nice*...

As much as Jeremy liked the feel of his sisters muff, it was the opening below that began to call to him. So as to not do anything sudden that might surprise or upset his sister, Jeremy decided to slowly shift from just touching Dawns bush to including the entrance to her sex; the next several strokes he made started and ended gradually lower and lower, so that his fingertips *gradually* approached the glistening cleft between Dawns smooth thighs...

Dawn was so fixated on watching and feeling Jeremy's fingers moving on her that she really didn't notice the gradual change in where he was touching — at least, until she felt his first feather-light contact with her erect clitoris; the resulting sensation *almost* had her cumming right then and there! The **only** thing that kept it from happening was the fact that that first touch had been so brief. She saw him look at her, and she immediately understood that he was checking to make sure that her reaction hadn't been one of pain; she didn't hesitate to tell him "It didn't hurt, Jer — it felt *good*!"

The next time he touched her there, it was marginally harder, and lasted a few seconds. Again, she didn't delay in reassuring him "That's fine, Jer. You can touch me there some more, if you want, if you'll use some of my juices so I don't get too dry..."

Hearing that Dawn not only didn't mind him touching her, but even *telling* him to get some of her wetness on his finger — he figured she HAD to know where he'd get it! — was **almost** more than Jeremy could deal with. But when his brain went on a break, his crotch readily picked up the slack — it wasn't but a couple of seconds before he was carefully sliding a finger between Dawns labia so that he could transfer some of her wetness to where it was needed. As he was doing that, he couldn't help but slide his thumb and finger against each other, checking to see what her juices felt like, and discovering that they were most like an *extremely* light oil in how thin and slippery they were.

With the additional lubrication of Dawns juices, Jeremy could tell that his sister **really** liked the way he was touching her. Then when he remembered how she'd moved her fingers when she was doing it herself, and duplicated her actions as best he could... well, that only seemed to please her even more...

When Jeremy had slid his finger across the entrance to her vagina, it was all Dawn could do not to arch herself up and push herself onto her brother's finger. When he started gently pressing on her erect clitoris, it felt good — but when he started moving his finger around, it was even better. He wasn't touching her quite the same way she touched herself, and that difference only served to emphasize that it was JEREMY that was touching her so intimately. By that point, Dawn was so aroused that the stimulation provided by her brother was slowly — but steadily — moving her closer and closer to an orgasm. When she felt his fingertip move from her clit to her opening again, she got the idea of trying to do for Jeremy what he did for himself. But when she tried to reach for his erection, she discovered that he was too far away; opening her eyes to look at him, she hesitantly told him "I... I want to do you, like you're doing me..." before wriggling herself around a bit so that she was laying more crosswise to him — and getting him to where she could wrap her hand around his cock...

Jeremy couldn't believe he'd heard Dawn correctly, at least not until he felt her begin sliding her hand up and down his erect penis. Once she started THAT, there was no way he was going to be dumb enough to say that they should just be watching *each other* get off! So as to keep Dawn interested in doing HIM, Jeremy didn't delay in getting another sample of Dawns oils moved to where he could use them, and getting back to what he'd been doing.

As the two youngsters continued their actions, each of them quickly got closer and closer to their release as each of them fed off the others arousal: neither was *quite* doing what the other did to themselves, and that slight difference was both enough to add to the stimulation each felt, and delay their climaxes. Ultimately, it was Dawn that succumbed first: his touch on her clitoris and the slight pressure of his finger against her opening when he collected more of her oils, together, were more than enough. Jeremy quickly followed her example, though — watching her as she climaxed while he could *feel* her opening getting wetter and wetter as it clenched in time with the waves of pleasure he could see her going through were more than sufficient to have him emptying his balls onto his sisters breasts and abdomen.

When both of them had recovered from the intensity of what had happened, Dawn unthinkingly collected the first (and largest) blob of Jeremy's semen on her fingers, and stuck them in her mouth. Only when she heard his soft gasp did she realize what she'd just done, and blushing, opened her eyes to look at him. He was plainly surprised at what she'd done, but she couldn't detect anything else in his expression: he didn't seem to be grossed out, or disgusted, or anything else — just surprised. Several seconds went by before he hesitantly asked "You... you've done that before? Tasted me, I mean?"

Dawn felt her ears burning as she reluctantly admitted "Well, um, yeah. The first time was when we both, you know... I mean, it was ON me, and when I was wiping it off I just couldn't help but wonder, you know, what it, uh, tasted like. I knew how it felt, and it didn't have any smell, so I just kind of got a little bit on my finger. It didn't really **taste** like anything, so I got some more and tried it again. All it was was a little salty and thick; it didn't taste BAD, or anything, and I finally decided that I, uh, kinda liked it, even. Since then, any time we were together, I'd just clean most of it off like you just saw."

Then, as Dawn watched, Jeremy calmly stuck one of HIS fingers in his mouth; it took her a couple of seconds to realize that it was the finger that he'd been using on her — and that it must still have some of her juice on it. She felt several different things — amazement, horror, trepidation, curiosity, and finally arousal — before she saw him smile as he pulled his finger back out. She lay there, stunned, until she realized that he was reaching between her legs again; apparently intending to get more of her on his finger so he could do it again!

"Jeremy! What are you **doing**!?" she demanded, as she closed her legs.

"You said you decided you liked how *I* taste. I've smelled you when **you've** been excited, and I really liked it, so I figured it was okay to see if YOU taste as good as you smell — and you DO. So I was going to taste you again: I mean, if you tasted MY stuff all those times, I don't see why I can't taste YOU some more!"

Dawn found herself feeling the pull of two different reactions: pleasure that Jeremy liked how she tasted, and mortification at letting him taste her again. For several long seconds, she couldn't make up her mind WHAT she wanted to say or do before she finally settled on telling him "It's okay if you want to taste me — but only while we're doing stuff. I don't want you sticking your finger in me like you're trying to find out what kind of pie I am!"

Jeremy was visibly disappointed, but didn't argue the matter with her.

A minute or so later, he said "Well, I guess we'd better clean up now, before the others get home."

Dawn was about to agree with him when Jeremy suddenly brightened and exclaimed "Hey, Sis! I just had an idea!"

"What's that?"

"Since we're okay being naked, and touching each other and everything, why don't we take a shower *together*? Maybe we could even, you know, have some more fun while we're in there..."

Dawn's first thought was to refuse, but when she paused to really think about what Jeremy had said, she realized that there really wasn't any reason that they *shouldn't* go ahead and clean off together. Even if they DID start fooling around, it wasn't like they'd be doing anything more than what they already had, would it? Then when she imagined having Jeremy's hands moving around on her wet and soap-slick body (and her hands on HIS!)...

Dawn couldn't help grinning as she answered "Yeah, I think I'd like that!"

When Jeremy heard that, he couldn't *help* but look his sister over again, and his imagination quickly mirrored Dawns fantasies.

When she saw Jeremy's cock start growing again, Dawn **knew** that he was thinking the same things she was, and felt her breasts tighten. She quickly moved to stand up, and took Jeremy's hand before saying "C'mon, Jer, let's GO!" before leading him to the bathroom...

Over the course of the next half hour, both kids discovered that it WAS possible to actually live a fantasy as they got **much** more familiar with each others bodies in the process of getting each other off again — and finally getting cleaned up.

Other than the initial nervousness, the next several of their 'meetings' went much as the first had, with a few notable differences. First, Jeremy wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to collect a goodly amount of Dawns oils onto his finger for deposit on his tongue. Second, Dawn quickly discovered that having Jeremy watching as she collected his cum for oral disposal turned BOTH of them on — something that soon had their 'clean up' sessions becoming as passionate as their pre-shower time. The other thing that happened was that each of them began to feel as much affection for the other as they did lust. It wasn't long before both had completely forgotten any thoughts or ideas of getting any kind of advantage or leverage over the other; instead, each became more considerate of, and affectionate toward, the other.

It was a little over a month before Dawn had the idea that rather than the two of them simply masturbating each other, they could find their pleasure by each of them getting their oral pleasures directly from the other — going from using their hands to using their mouths. Jeremy readily agreed, and it didn't take them long before they were frequently (and enthusiastically) positioned with their heads at each others crotches. Jeremy quickly learned how to bring Dawn multiple orgasms; in return, she was quite willing to orally pleasure Jeremy while letting him use

just his hand in return when she was starting her period.

Several weeks went by, and Jeremy and Dawn had finished a pleasant session of '69'. After they'd both gotten their breath back — and engaged in a little mutual fondling of each other — they were ready to get cleaned up. Both were still naked when Dawn opened the door to her room, and the two of them stepped out into the hallway — where they were horrified to discover their twin sisters Brittany and Bethany.

Jeremy's heart was in his throat as he managed to stammer the question "W... wh... what are you doing here?" as he tried to casually cover his cock and balls. Next to him, Dawn wasn't bothering with trying to cover herself — whether because she was female, or because they'd already been 'busted', Jeremy wasn't sure.

It was Bethany that spoke first, saying "We were going to go to Sylvia's house, but when we got there, we found out that her Mom wasn't feeling good."

Brittany followed that with "When we got home, we were going to go to our room, but when we got upstairs, we heard noises coming from Dawns room. We wouldn't have paid any attention, except that it sounded like there were **two** people — and that one of them was maybe a *boy*." Though all-but-identical twins, and close, the two girls had never done anything like finishing each others sentences or demonstrating any kind of special bond. However, it was common for the two of them to converse with others as though they were a single person.

So it wasn't unusual for Bethany to pick up where her twin had left off by telling Jeremy and Dawn "We wanted to see if we were right, and if we were, who it was."

"We never thought it'd be *you*, Jeremy!", Brittany finished.

Several seconds went by before Dawn hesitantly asked "Okay, so you know it was Jeremy. Now what?"

Both girls pointedly looked Dawn and Jeremy over before Brittany answered "We don't know yet. When we thought you might just be with some guy, and maybe kissing and touching, we *were* going to see if you'd let us learn how to kiss and stuff from him."

When Brittany stopped, Bethany continued with "But now that it's you and *Jeremy*, and we know you were... **doing** stuff... Well, we're going to have to think about it a little bit."

Then it was Brittany's turn, and she told them "It looked like you were on your way to the bathroom, maybe to clean up" — Jeremy and Dawn both blushed — "so you go ahead and do... whatever you were going to while Beth and I talk in our room. I don't think it'll take us long, so you can let us know when you're done."

With that, the twins gave Dawn and Jeremy another once-over — Jeremy had given up trying to cover his crotch — before turning and heading down the hall. It was only a few seconds before Dawn was closing the bathroom door behind her brother. Neither said a word as they went about what had become their routine about getting cleaned up: Dawn would get a couple of towels out

and ready while Jeremy got the shower started; when Dawn moved next to him, they helped each other get cleaned up, then dried. Though there was still a small amount of groping and fondling along the way, both kids were too nervous and worried about their sisters to engage in the kind of play that usually let both of them find another release.

When both were dressed again, they held hands as they made their way toward the twins room. It was Dawn that hesitantly knocked on the closed door, and they heard Bethany's "Come on in". After a look at each other, it was Jeremy that turned the handle and opened the door; he and Dawn were both nervously looking at the floor as they made their way into the room. They'd stopped roughly in the middle when they heard someone move to close the door behind them, followed by Brittany quietly saying "Turn around, and look at us."

Doing as they were told, Jeremy and Dawn faced the door — only to discover that both of the twins were standing there stark naked.

Jeremy couldn't *help* looking at their bodies: he was just a year younger than Dawn, so with them being but a single year behind **him**, their physical development wasn't that much less than he'd seen on Dawn. He judged that his cupped hand would cover each of their breasts; each was capped with a small areola (that looked vaguely puffy to him) which in turn sported a tiny, rosy-pink nipple. At the juncture of their thighs, their dark pubic hair barely covered their mounds, and was still sparse enough that he could see the skin underneath it — and the cleft of their sex. Having grown up with them, Jeremy didn't have any trouble noticing that there were distinct differences between the two of them: both pairs of breasts, as well as pubic thatches, were subtly different. It was plain as could be that they were twins — but it was also obvious that each was unique in her own right.

Jeremy was still trying to memorize the sight of them when Dawn asked "What are you doing? Why are you *standing* there like that?"

It was Brittany than answered "After we came in here, we realized that we probably had you worried that we were going to tell Mom and Dad, even though we'd **never** do anything like that. We also figured that you were embarrassed about us seeing both of you naked, and nervous about what we'd say or want you to do. So we decided that we'd do this to kind of show you that you didn't have to worry about us."

Then Bethany told them "We told you that if it had been Dawn and a guy, we were going to see if she'd let us learn about kissing and all that from him. We weren't going to like, *blackmail* her about it, though. I mean, both of us know that she — and you, Jeremy" — hearing his name was what finally drew his attention away from his naked sisters — "get put in charge all the time 'cause you're the oldest. But we've seen what it's like for you, too: how you usually have to give up doing what YOU want to, when it happens. Even so, neither of you is really **mean** or anything about it, either. We know that you have to tell us and the younger ones to do stuff because you know that's what Mom and Dad want, not because you're trying to be our boss, or anything. So we figured that if Dawn was with a guy... well, then it was just her chance to do something SHE wanted to. We would have been disappointed, but we wouldn't have said anything."

Brittany continued then, by saying "We were pretty surprised when it turned out that it was YOU two, but both of us pretty much understood it. I mean, we all tease each other, and sometimes we get in arguments and stuff, but we all know that we can trust each other to help, too, when it really matters. So we knew that if you were *doing* stuff together, that it was because both of you liked it, and wanted to — that you knew that you wouldn't do anything to hurt each other. What we had to talk to each other about was what we wanted to do differently *because* it was you two."

Seeing the looks of confusion on the faces of her older siblings, Bethany told them "If it had been another guy, we would have asked about learning to kiss, and maybe touching — you know, on the outside, and with our clothes on. But when we started talking in here, both of us decided that we were ready for more. Like being naked, and even, um, touching and stuff, like we think you were doing."

Hearing that last part, Dawn and Jeremy looked at each other and silently agreed that it would be Dawn that let the other two know just how far things had progressed.

Facing her sisters, Dawn told them "What we've been doing has been more than just being naked, and touching each other. Jeremy has watched me as I touched *myself*, just like I've seen **him**."

Seeing the looks of surprise and disbelief on their faces, Dawn didn't hesitate to inform them "Yes, I'm saying that I've watched Jeremy play with himself, and let him watch ME. Yes, that also means that we've both seen as the other one had a climax. And it's been more than that, too: we've given each other climaxes with our hands, and using our mouths."

It took a few seconds for that last bit to sink in for the twins; when it did, though...

Bethany exclaimed "You DID? Put your mouth THERE?" in tandem with Brittany's "BOTH of you? To EACH OTHER?"

It was time for Jeremy to speak up by answering Brittany: "Yes, both of us, to each other. I liked the smell of it when Dawn was excited" — unwittingly, both twins nodded — "and when I got the chance to taste it, I found out that I liked THAT, too. So as far as I was concerned, it wasn't any big deal to taste where it came from. In fact, I *like* doing that!"

A grinning Dawn added "Honest, he really does, I promise! And **I** like it when he does it, too — he makes me have *really* good climaxes."

Hesitantly, Brittany asked Dawn "But what about what YOU do... you know, to HIM?"

Dawn's smile didn't diminish in the slightest as she answered "I think his stuff — his cock and balls — look **so** sexy, so getting to touch them made me **REALLY** excited. I *wanted* to find out what it was like to do that, and it was SO much better than I thought. And when I got the chance to learn about his juice... well, that was as good as I thought it would be, too — better, even. So I'm **GLAD** when I can do that for him. I even do it when I'm having my period, and all he does is just use his hand on me!"

The twins considered that in silence for several seconds before Bethany asked "Are you... are you doing, you know, anything else?"

Dawn calmly answered "No, we're not having sex, if that's what you want to know." Bethany's blush was confirmation that that was just what she'd meant before Dawn continued "We kiss and touch and all the rest pretty much everywhere on our bodies, but we haven't gone that far, yet."

Only Jeremy seemed to fully understand the implications of what Dawn had just said; when he turned his head to look at her, the expression on her face seemed to make it pretty clear that she'd meant every word of it — particularly the last one.

Turning to the twins again, Dawn waited a few moments before saying "Okay, you're not going to tell Mom and Dad about Jeremy and me. Obviously, you're not afraid to have me or Jeremy see you naked. You've said that you want to learn about kissing and touching, even. *I* don't mind if you want to learn that stuff, but it's **Jeremy** that you'll learn it from, so I think it's up to him to say if it's okay with him."

The girls looked at each other for several seconds before turning their heads to ask Jeremy "Would you, Jer? Help us learn how to kiss?" from Brittany, followed by Bethany's "And the other stuff? Maybe even some of what you and Dawn do?"

To say that he was stunned was an understatement of monumental proportions: though they weren't as well-developed as Dawn, on seeing their naked bodies, it hadn't taken Jeremy but a heartbeat-and-a-half to decide that they were about as sexy and pretty as they could be. Both had coal-black hair cut in a pageboy style that framed lovely faces: ice-blue eyes, pert little noses, and pink lips highlighted by clear, creamy skin. The idea of being able to get his hands on their bodies, and his head between their thighs, was most definitely agreeable to him. The only thing that slowed his response was the consideration of what *Dawn* would think about his involvement with them — and how it would impact HER.

What he finally told them was "I'm not going to say 'yes'", and seeing the looks of disappointment on their faces, quickly added "and I'm not saying 'no', either. This is all pretty much a surprise, you know: having you two see us in the hallway, coming in here to find you naked, and hearing what you want. How about if you give me a couple of days to get used to it, and ask me again? That'll give you a chance to make really, really sure that it's what YOU want, too."

Jeremy couldn't quite figure out the expressions on their faces as his twin sisters nodded their agreement. But with their acceptance, he'd bought a little time for himself to find out what Dawn thought about all that had happened — and more to the point, what the twins WANTED to happen. Glancing at his watch, Jeremy let all of them know "It's getting close to when Mom and Dad should be home. I think we'd better call it quits for now, okay?"

All three girls voiced their agreement; Jeremy and Dawn made their way out of the twins room and started toward downstairs. When they were just outside the kitchen, Jeremy asked Dawn "Did you really mean it when you said that we hadn't gone as far as having sex YET? You've

really been thinking about that?"

"Yeah, I really meant it, and yeah, I've really been thinking about it."

"But **why**? I haven't said or done anything to make you think *I* want us to do that, have I?"

Dawn gave her brother a quick peck on the cheek before answering "No, Jer, you haven't. You've been an absolute *dear*, in fact. I've been thinking about it because **I've** been wanting us to have sex. I know that you do, too, but you haven't said or done anything to push me; not even a little bit. It's just that the more we're together, the more I've been thinking about what it **WOULD** be like if we had sex. I mean, every time you start getting me all excited, I can feel myself getting ready for us to be together — you know, inside. The last couple of times we've been together, it's all I could do not to give in and just tell you to turn around, get between my legs, and *fuck* me! The only thing that's stopped me, really, is that we don't have any kind of protection. I've already checked on some of the different kinds of birth control, and there's only a couple of them that I'd even think about using. The different kinds of foams and gels and all that, they aren't all that effective — and besides which, they're messy. Anything we could wear, like condoms for you or a diaphragm for me, would mean that we'd have to actually remember to **USE** them. There's only a couple of things left: something they'd put inside me, called an Intra-Uterine Device, or IUD, or for me to start taking birth control pills. I'd have to get the pills with a doctor's prescription, which means that Mom, at least, would have to know I was taking them — and I don't think her, or Dad, is anywhere **NEAR** ready for the idea of me having sex. That leaves the IUD, which I can't get — even from the Free Clinic — until I'm sixteen; and that's three months away!"

After taking Dawn's hand and kissing it, Jeremy continued to hold it as he told her "Dawn, there's no hurry on *any* of this on **my** account, **EVER**. Yes, I'd like to be able to have sex with you — a **LOT**! But I'm more than willing to wait until we can be sure that we aren't going to get you knocked up. Even if you *had* told me that you wanted me to fuck you, I'm pretty damn sure that I wouldn't have: even that first time that you wanted to watch me cum, I was careful that I squirted away from between your legs when it happened."

Dawn felt her nipples harden under her shirt as she remembered it, before answering "I don't doubt that for a second, Jer. It's just that it's so damn *frustrating* that I **want** us to be together that way!"

"Well, I'm with you, Dawn. If we have to wait until you can go to the clinic, then we wait. Until then, I'm okay with us doing as much or as little as you want — short of doing anything that even **MIGHT** get you pregnant. If you want us to stop or slow down what we've been doing, it's okay."

Dawn grinned before telling him "Yeah, I'll bet. You just want me to let you off the hook so you can start in with Beth and Brit!" Seeing the surprised, and even a little hurt, expression on her brother's face, Dawn quickly told him "I'm sorry, Jer — I was just teasing you, honest. I know that you asked them to wait a couple days before asking you again so that you could talk to **ME** about it."

"Yeah, that **IS** why. Sure, I think they're pretty and sexy; but if it would bother you for me to do

anything with them, then I'll tell them 'no'. You're as much as I could ever ask for, and I don't want to mess up what WE have."

Dawn could see that even though Jeremy was still a little hurt by her teasing, he meant what he'd said about how important she was to him — and that only made her realize how much he meant to her, in return. She had more than ample reason to believe that he enjoyed the hell out of what the two of them did together, just as she did; that he was willing to give her whatever time and space she needed just made him that much more dear to her. But she also loved Brittany and Bethany, and wanted to make THEM happy, too.

Several seconds went by as she thought about herself and Jeremy, and the twins, and everything that had happened the last little while. Finally, Dawn was ready to tell her brother "Let me talk to them a little bit, and make sure they understand what they're asking to get themselves into. I can find out what they already know and how much they want to learn, so you can decide what YOU want to do. Would that be okay?"

"That'd be *great*, Dawn. But I still want to know what YOU think, too."

"Okay, Jer."

With that, each of them went their own way to take care of what they needed to do before their parents came home.

It was a couple of hours later when Dawn stuck her head into the twins room to ask if the three of them could talk. When they agreed, she went in, closing the door behind her. With both of them looking at her, Dawn told them "I just wanted to make sure that you *really* understand what it is you're asking Jeremy to do — and what **you're** going to be doing, too. There's something else that needs to be worked out, but that can wait for now. So I'm going to ask BOTH of you: are you sure that you really want to be with Jeremy? Remember, you won't just be seeing and maybe touching HIM; you're going to have to be ready for him to do the same things to YOU. I know he wouldn't try to start anything with you, but if you do stuff to him, he's going to want to be able to do stuff back. Are you really sure you're going to be okay with that?"

Beth and Brit looked at each other for several seconds before facing Dawn again; it was Bethany than answered "Yeah, we are. We really do want to learn about kissing and touching and all that. Like we said, if it had been another guy with you, we'd have wanted to learn about kissing and touching; we weren't going to ask for anything more only because we didn't know how much the guy was going to be around, and we didn't want to get in the way of what you were doing with him. We still don't want to interfere with you and Jeremy, but with him being around all the time, we figured we'd have more and better chances to find out the kinds of stuff we really want to know."

"Mom has already talked to us about how babies are made and all that, and we've had the sex ed stuff in school, but there isn't anything about what happens *besides* that. I mean, they teach you how to actually DO stuff like playing basketball or soccer and other stuff like that — but where

are we supposed to go and what are we supposed to do to learn about sex? Or even the stuff you can do *before* sex? Everybody knows pretty much how boys and girls are different from seeing babies, but how are we supposed to learn anything *after* that? WE don't look anything like we did when we were babies; I mean, we've got hair between our legs and we're growing boobs and everything — we figure it must be different for guys, too, and we want to know how!", Brittany added.

"We're both nervous about it — not just us seeing and touching Jeremy, but having him seeing and touching US — but that's part of it, too. We figure if we can learn with Jeremy, then we won't do anything dumb when we have our own guy to be with. We know we're gonna have to learn about all this stuff *sometime*, so it might as well be with someone we know will treat us right, and not do anything to hurt us", Beth calmly informed her.

Dawn considered what they'd said for a few moments before asking "Okay, it sounds like you really want to do this. The only other thing we have to get straight is the *how*."

Brittany was the one to ask "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I said. HOW do you want to do this? Do you both want to be with him at the same time? If not, which one goes first, and how much do you want to do before he's with the other one? Do either or both of you want ME there? If you do, **why** — as in what do you want ME for if I'm there? Do you want me to tell, or even show, you some of what I've learned? If so, how much? How much do you already know, and where do you want to start? Are you going to be able to actually TALK to Jeremy or me, and tell him or us what you like or don't like? And what you do or don't want one or both of US to do? Do you want to have just one time with him, or me, or more? If you decide you like it, what then? Do you want to keep going? If you do, just with Jeremy, just me, or both of us? THAT'S the kind of stuff that you need to have the answers for *before* you need them. I think both of you know that this is pretty serious and important, so you'd better start thinking about those kinds of things — that's what people expect from you if you wanted be treated more like an adult."

The twins looked at each other again for several seconds before facing Dawn again so that Bethany could tell her "Okay, we see what you mean. Um... we really didn't think about that stuff before. Can we have some time to talk about it, and figure things out? You know, before anything happens?"

Smiling, Dawn reassured them by answering "Of course you can. I didn't mean for it to sound like you had to have the answers *right now*. I just needed you to realize that it's up to YOU to figure out where you want all of this to go, and how to get there."

"Yeah, we kinda got that", Bethany replied, with a smile of her own. She continued by asking "Could you come back again, and talk with us some more? To help us figure things out? I mean, **we'll** be the ones that have to decide stuff, but we'd like it if you were there to help. Would that be okay?"

"That'd be fine", Dawn answered. "You've got a couple of days before Jeremy even expects you

to ask him again, if you're going to. If you do, I'd bet it'll still be a little while after that before anything can happen. So there isn't really any rush — but don't think that you can wait too long, either!" she cautioned them.

Both twins gave her their solemn assurance that they wouldn't before Dawn asked them "Okay, now that we've got all THAT out of the way, is there anything you want to say or ask before I get started on my homework? No? Okay, then. Just let me know when you want us to talk again."

With her mission accomplished, Dawn got up and made her way to her room — with a brief detour to let Jeremy know that he could expect them to ask him again, and reassure him that she'd be fine with how things worked out.

As expected, the twins reiterated their request for Jeremy to help them start learning about 'guys and stuff'. He agreed, and the three of them got together with Dawn to figure out when and where to start. They finally settled on the Saturday afternoon following the coming weekend: the four youngest would all be going to friends' houses to stay the night, and their parents would be taking the day to visit some friends; the four of them would have nearly the entire afternoon and some of the evening with the house to themselves. Once the scheduling was resolved, the twins said they needed to ask Dawn something. When Jeremy had left, they asked if they could talk to her again. She readily agreed, and they set the time for the next afternoon. Later, Dawn let Jeremy know where she'd be so that he wouldn't come looking for her, and interrupt whatever the twins had on their minds.

When Dawn had seated herself in the twin's room the next afternoon, the first thing she did was to address their visible nervousness by telling them "Just so you know, I am **not** going to tell *anybody* about whatever you two want to say to me — now, or ever. You can tell me whatever you're thinking or worried about, and I'll do the very best I can to answer you or help you. Okay?"

On hearing that, Bethany and Brittany both looked considerably relieved before Brittany answered "We didn't figure you'd say anything, anyway, but it's still good to hear you say it."

Bethany spoke up next by saying "Um... what we wanted to talk to you about... well, you asked how much we already know, and asked if we wanted you to tell or show us anything about what you know. And that we needed to decide what we wanted to do about *you*. We've been doing what you said — thinking about it, and talking to each other, and all that; and what we finally decided was that you could help us the most if you, um, already knew about us."

Dawn sat patiently for the couple of seconds before Brittany could continue "Last summer? When we got to go to camp? Us and a couple of the other girls in our cabin, we kind of, uh, played around a little bit." The previous Christmas, one of the gifts to the kids from a relative had been gift certificates for a week at a summer camp. All of them but Jeremy and Dawn had gone off the previous summer; Dawn and Jeremy were scheduled for the upcoming summer break.

Dawn nodded her head in understanding of the time Brit was referring to, and asked "What do

you mean by 'played around'?"

Blushing slightly, Brittany answered "We, uh, kind of tried different stuff. First it was just kissing, but then it was some touching, too — not just on our boobs, but between our legs, too. And we sorta looked at each other, too — between our legs, I mean."

Beth was more than a little embarrassed, as well, as she told Dawn "Since we got back, we" — gesturing to indicate that she meant her and her twin — "have done it some more. We've even played a little bit with some of our friends, and kind of, um, told each other stuff."

"Told each other what kinds of stuff?" Dawn inquired.

Blushing deeper, Beth answered "Um, about touching ourselves."

Quietly amused — Dawn had done much the same with HER friends, and figured that most girls *did* share such information with some of their friends — Dawn couldn't resist asking "Was it just telling each other? Or was there showing and touching, too?"

Both girls blushed furiously before Brittany could bring herself to say "There was showing and touching, just not as much as we do with each other." — which prompted Bethany to gasp at what her sister had just revealed; following that, both twins could only stare at the floor. Dawn was almost ready to swear that she could feel the heat radiating from her sisters, their faces had reddened so much.

It took several long seconds before Dawn was able to quash her temptation to laugh at the girls' embarrassment; when she had control of herself again, she managed to calmly tell them "No, you don't have to be ashamed or embarrassed. I've done pretty much the same things with **my** friends when we've had sleepovers. *Maybe* it wasn't as much as you two, since I wasn't at summer camp, but you haven't done anything bad or wrong."

It took a minute for the twins to not just hear, but understand, what Dawn had just told them. Gradually, their heads came up and they looked at her with something akin to amazement — not only that she wasn't upset or surprised, but that she'd admitted to doing the very same things. It was Bethany that finally had the nerve to ask "You've done that stuff, too?"

"Of course I have", Dawn answered. "I think *every* girl wants to see if how she's growing is like other girls, and to share what she's learned about herself, and learn what others have found out. I figured you were already touching yourselves, and probably each other, when Jeremy and I were in here the other day."

Brittany was the one to ask "How did you know?"

Dawn couldn't help smiling as she said "When Jeremy said that he liked the way I smell when I'm excited, BOTH of you nodded, like you knew what he meant; I don't think you would have done that if you didn't already know what he was talking about. And with you being twins and sharing the same room, as soon as one of you learned something like that, you'd at least SAY something to the other, if not actually show her what you had discovered." Both girls were

looking in awe at her as Dawn continued "I know what *I* was like when I found out what it could feel like when I touched myself, and I couldn't **wait** to tell Missy about it. It turned out that she already knew about it, but hadn't said anything to me because she was afraid I'd think it was disgusting or something. Once we got THAT silliness out of the way, it wasn't long before we were trying out all KINDS of stuff — alone, and with each other. Even before that, though, we weren't ashamed to compare how fast our tits were growing, or how much hair we had between our legs, and stuff like that. But once we were okay with the touching... well, we learned a LOT from each other. Then we started including some of our other friends, and learned even more."

"You're... you're not mad at us? You don't think we did anything wrong?", Bethany asked.

"No, of course not. You haven't done anything wrong, or that you should be ashamed of. It isn't anything that you should be telling people about, but only because it's something *private* and just for you."

Dawn gave the twins a couple of minutes to think about what she'd said before she spoke again: "Okay, now I know about you — what you've been doing with yourselves, and with each other, and with other people. After I sat down, you told me that you'd been thinking about the things we talked about before — and you specifically said that you'd thought about what I said about whether or not you wanted to know about me, and what *I* know. Do you want us to take care of that stuff now, or would you rather wait until next time?"

Again, both twins looked at her as though she'd been reading their minds; Dawn couldn't help but smile as she told them "Beth... Brit... You're my *sisters*. I'm older than you are, and I **know** you. Don't you think that I'd pay attention to what you say, and understand what you want, even when you don't actually come out and tell me? Why do you think that I said what I did about not telling anyone about what we talk about, first thing, if I couldn't see how nervous you were when I came in? After what you've just told me, and how I've said that there isn't anything wrong with it, can't you believe that I'm going to listen to you? Everything you're going through — the being afraid and worried and discovering things — I've *already* done. You want to learn about things with Jeremy; things that I've already done. I can promise you, I really, truly will understand **why** you'll want to ask me things; just like I can promise you that I'm not going to be mad or upset or think there's anything wrong with you. Remember, I was the same age you are, not so long ago; and I haven't forgotten what it's like. I WANT to help you, so that you don't have the same kinds of fears and problems that I did. I've already told Jeremy that it's okay with me for you to be with him, and for him to help you with the things you want to know and do. Okay?"

It took a few moments before either of the twins could say anything; it was Bethany that finally broke the silence by saying "Yeah, we DO want to hear about what you already know — and if it's okay, what it's like for you when you're with Jeremy."

To that, Brittany added "We, uh, we already know what it's like when we're with other girls, but we're not sure what it's going to be like when we're with anyone else. I mean, everyone we've played with, they've been other girls and mostly the same age as us. We're not sure what's going to happen when it's a guy that's older than us, like Jeremy."

Dawn considered that for a few moments before asking "What is it that you're worried most about? That Jeremy is a guy, or that he's older? Or both of them the same?"

The girls shared a brief look before Brittany answered "Uh, I think that he's older, mostly. I mean, the guy part... that's pretty much why we want to be with him. We're more afraid of acting like a couple of kids."

"Okay, I can understand that. What can I do to help?"

A trifle unsurely, Bethany asked "Would it be okay if we kinda got used to being with someone older by practicing with you?"

Dawn didn't let show the mild surprise she felt, and asked "I'm not saying 'no', but why would practicing with me help? And what do you mean 'practicing'?"

Bethany responded with "If we could practice with you, then you could let us know if we were acting like little kids. I mean, you're another girl, so the only difference between us would be how old we are."

It was Brittany that answered the second part by saying "We kinda figured that since Jeremy is older, he'd be more like you — 'cept for being a guy, of course. So we were thinking that if we could kind of get used to, um, being with you, then we'd be okay when it was Jeremy."

"What do you mean 'being with me'?" Dawn had to ask.

"Uh... looking, and maybe touching? You know, if it's okay with you...", Bethany answered.

Brittany quickly added "We figured it would only be fair if you looked at us, and touched us, too. I mean, if you wanted to..."

When Dawn had 'played' with her friend Missy, and the other girls that she'd been with, she'd certainly felt pleasure in their various activities. And though she hadn't responded to what Jeremy had said, Dawn, too, had noticed how pretty and sexy her younger sisters had been. So their suggestion that the three of them get naked and 'practice' with each other didn't put her off in the slightest. Truth be told, she actually found the idea appealing...

"Okay, we can do that." Dawn told them, then said "So you can get a little bit of an idea of what you can expect with Jeremy, I'm going to do *some* of the stuff that he does." Seeing the faint looks of apprehension on their faces, she quickly added "Just the touching and kissing part, of course", relieving them.

The three of them sat there looking at each other for several seconds before Dawn decided that it was going to be up to her to get things started. Without saying a word, she calmly stood up and began undressing; as each article of clothing came off, she carefully set it where it would be out of the way. It wasn't until she was down to her bra and panties that the twins finally stood up and followed her example.

Finishing before the other two, Dawn had the time to really *look* at her twin sisters. Casually, so as to not worsen their obvious nervousness or embarrassment, she took notice of their flat bellies

and the slight but graceful curve each had as waist flowed into hips; their small and obviously firm little butts, and their long, coltish legs. Dawn couldn't help but wonder if **she'd** looked like that at their age — and if so, why she hadn't gotten more attention from the guys at school? It wasn't until later that evening that she realized that the guys at school had been as nervous and afraid of her as she'd been of them...

When the twins were as naked as she was, Dawn stretched her arms out and suggested "How about the two of you come over here and give me a kiss, and show me that you love me?" Grinning, both girls did as they were bid; first Bethany, then Brittany, touched their lips to Dawns — and let her know in no uncertain terms how they felt about her.

With the ice broken (which was only part of why Dawn had said what she did), there wasn't any reason for her not to tell her sisters "Both of you look *so* pretty, and sexy."

"But our tits aren't even *close* to being as big as yours!", Bethany objected, to which Brittany added "And you've got WAY more hair than us, too!"

"That's only because I'm older than you are", Dawn reassured them. "After we were in here the other day, Jeremy told me that HE thought both of you were pretty and sexy, too."

Both girls seemed uncertain, and Dawn didn't hesitate to tell them "Really, he did. Oh, he isn't going to do anything you don't want him to, and he isn't going to say or do anything to 'push' you — but you'll know that I'm telling you the truth, too. From the way both of you have been looking at my boobs, I think you probably want to find out what they're like — so go ahead and touch them, if you want to. And if you want to know what my hair between my legs feels like, that's okay, too."

Blushing slightly — but only at being caught looking — Brittany and Bethany carefully reached up to put her hand on one of Dawn's breasts — and felt her breath catch in her throat at having something so warm, yet firm and soft at the same time, overfilling her hand. Neither of the twins could resist expanding their efforts to include softly squeezing the breast she held, marveling at it, for a few minutes before proceeding to investigate how smooth it felt; then going further with a tactile exam of Dawn's areolas and nipples — and noticing how those same nipples gradually lengthened and hardened, telling them that their sister liked what they were doing.

For her part, Dawn had a pair of reasons for letting her younger sisters continue: not only was she helping them relax and get used to their shared intimacy, but what they were doing felt so damn *good*. She could feel her breasts tightening, and her nipples getting harder; what the twins **didn't** know about was the sensations they were creating between her thighs!

Dawn was only briefly disappointed when she felt Brittany's hand release her breast: it was quickly replaced by Bethany's other hand just before she felt the faintest touch on her pubic mound. Looking at her sister, Dawn quietly told her "It really is okay, Brit." A moment later, the touch became a trifle firmer before her sisters fingertips began moving. Slowly and gradually, the touch on her mons moved lower and lower until it reached the top of her cleft. When Dawn didn't say anything for several seconds, Brittany continued her investigations — and eventually

reaching the entrance to Dawn's vagina, where her labia were extended (and probably all but *dripping* her juice, Dawn thought, as excited as she felt!). The touch between her thighs continued for longer than Dawn would have expected, but she didn't do or say anything to indicate she wanted Brit to stop. That didn't mean that Dawn wasn't aware of it, however; in fact, it was all Dawn could do not to respond the way she wanted to so desperately: by spreading her legs so her sister would have easier access (and take advantage of it!), and releasing the moans of pleasure that she had to keep choking back.

Finally, mercifully, Brittany's fingers stopped their activities so that she could move her hand back to Dawn's breast, displacing one of Bethany's. That seemed to be the cue for Beth to shift her focus to Dawn's pelvis while Brittany got both hands on Dawn's bust. The next several minutes were a virtual clone of the ones that had just passed. It was only when both girls had learned what they needed and wanted that they let their hands return to their sides. Both were looking at Dawn closely as she told them "See? I'm really not any different than you — just a little bit more developed because I'm older."

With the experience gained from what they'd just done, the twins seemed more willing to accept Dawn's assurances. It was Bethany that brought the consequences of their actions out into the open by asking "You liked what we were doing?"

Dawn didn't hesitate in the slightest to answer "I think you know — **both** of you! — that I did. I told you that there's no reason to be ashamed about your feelings, or the stuff that you do with someone else. I hope that I've shown you that I really meant that, too. If it helps you any, the way you were touching me is almost exactly the way that Jeremy does, so you don't have to be afraid when you're with him."

After a couple of seconds, Brittany hesitantly asked "W... would you like to touch us, too? And maybe show us what Jeremy does?"

"If that's what you want", Dawn answered. Brittany and Bethany both nodded that it was, leaving Dawn to ask "Which one of you wants to go first, then? I'm sorry, but it really only works with one person at a time."

Brittany quickly answered "If she wants to, Beth can go first. I mean, I got to be the first one to touch you, you know, between your legs; so it's only fair if she wants to go first for this."

When Dawn turned her head, she could see that Beth was quite willing to take the lead on what was next. Dawn told her "This will be easier and better if we start by sitting down." — a suggestion that her sister readily followed by settling on the edge of the bed nearest them. Soon after, Dawn, then Brittany, had found their own seats, with Brittany located on the opposite side from her twin.

Dawn's first considered action was to slowly lean forward so that she could give Beth a soft, gentle kiss on the lips. Pulling her head back a bit, Dawn looked into her sister's eyes and told her "I'm going to do the same things with you that Jeremy does with me, and as close to the same way as I can, so you can see for yourself that you don't have to be afraid when you're with him. If

I start to do something you don't want me to, don't be afraid to tell me, okay?"

"I know you won't hurt me, Dawn. I really *do* want to know what it's like. But, yeah, I'll tell you if it gets to be too much."

That said, Bethany closed her eyes in invitation for Dawn to continue — which she did.

Dawn started out by simply kissing her sister; but each kiss was a trifle longer than the one before, as well as being more inviting. It wasn't but a few minutes before Bethany was responding just as Dawn had hoped she would. That much accomplished, Dawn casually put a hand on Bethany's waist — holding it there as they kissed several more times, then slowly beginning to caress the youngsters side, from hip to breast level. Several kisses later, Dawn slowly moved her hand so that it cupped Bethany's breast for a minute or so before softly running her thumb over her sister's erecting nipple. The two of them continued to exchange kisses as Dawn shifted her activities to include caressing the breast under her hand, and gently squeezing it, and slowly caressing it from base to peak. Bethany willingly submitted to the added attention, her growing excitement and arousal evident from her first, faint sounds of pleasure.

Hearing those noises, Dawn knew that she was getting the results she was after and carefully guided her sister so that the two of them had their bodies resting on the bed. From there, Dawn slowly and gradually expanded her efforts to include both of Bethany's breasts — and even farther, so that it wasn't long before her hand was wandering almost the full length of Bethany's torso.

As Bethany's arousal increased, so did her need for oxygen; when she started panting, Dawn used the opportunity to shift her body down a bit so that she could take one of her sister's delightful nipples between her lips — something that Beth appreciated greatly, judging from the soft moan she released; that moan intensified when Dawn began softly sucking on the nipple in her mouth. Once she had the peak of one breast standing tall, Dawn happily shifted her attentions to the other as she finally felt the fringes of Bethany's dark pubic thatch under her fingertips. By taking her time, Dawn was able to get her hand between her sister's firm, smooth thighs while getting both of Bethany's nipples as hard and long as she could manage. Laying a finger along Beth's cleft, Dawn could easily feel the heat of her arousal; she could also tell that the youngster's labia were small and thin, and the area between them more than a little damp from her excitement. Dawn was careful not to do anything more than that, however — she didn't want to give *either* of her sisters any reason to regret what they did with her, or to be afraid of what else would happen.

Still, Dawn didn't want to get her sister as worked up as she was and then simply **stop**, either; so what she did was to slowly curl her finger, drawing the tip *ever* so slightly between Beth's labia to collect some of her oils, until she could feel the nubbin of Bethany's erect clitoris. Then it was simply a matter of finding the right combination of pressure, motion, and location to bring Bethany to a climax.

As her sister was recovering from her release, Dawn lowered her head to kiss Beth on the lips

before telling her "There, now — that wasn't so bad, was it?", followed by a grin.

It took a couple of seconds before Beth was able to answer "That wasn't bad, it was *wonderful*!" before she realized the question hadn't needed an answer. Dawn gently caressed Bethany until she had fully recovered, then sat up and turned to face the other of the twins.

Looking at Brittany, Dawn could see that there was no need to say anything: her readiness was about as obvious as a submarine in a swimming pool.

What followed with Brittany bore an uncanny resemblance (not surprisingly) to what had gone on with Bethany — and with virtually identical results. It was when all three of them were sitting up again that Bethany tentatively offered "Dawn? After what you did for us... if it was okay, and you wanted to... I think both of us would like to make you feel as good as you did for us."

When she looked at Brittany, Dawn saw her nodding her head in confirmation. It took Dawn only a moment to answer "It *would* be okay, and I **do** want you to. I already told you that I think you're pretty and sexy, and if you want to do that for me, then I'd like it VERY much!"

Both twins moved closer, and Dawn didn't delay in kissing each of them in turn as she felt each of them place a hand on her breast. With the confidence they'd gotten from what she'd done with them, they didn't delay in easing Dawn back down onto the bed before showering her face with kisses as the once again did a manual examination of her mammaries. As aroused as Dawn had been before, and how she'd felt as she'd 'played' with each of them, it wasn't but a very few minutes before she was panting her increasing excitement at how they were touching her. Just as she'd done, they decided that since kissing wasn't possible, they'd use their lips for something else — namely, fastening them to her erect nipples, and trying to see just how long and hard they could get. Again, that didn't take as long as it could have, and both twins expanded their efforts to licking and sucking on Dawn's breasts, from where they rose up from her chest all the way to their peaks. As they were busy with that, Dawn was able to reach out and get a hand on each of them and resume the caresses she'd given them before — as well as a few additional areas that hadn't previously been accessible, such as their cute little asses. Both twins seemed to appreciate her ministrations, and redoubled their efforts at her breasts as they began softly stroking the insides of her thighs — and the area between.

Considering all the attention being paid to her, Dawn started wondering if she'd died and gone to a *really* sexy heaven: there she was with eager and enthusiastic lips and tongues on BOTH of her tits, while two soft and gentle hands were **very** busy between her legs — all while she was able to play with a pair of delightfully soft and smooth bodies! That the various body parts tending to her, and under her hands, belonged to her twin sisters only added to the pleasure and excitement she felt. What was happening felt wonderful; that it was her sisters simply made it that much better — just as it was when she was with Jeremy. That reminded her that she still didn't know if they wanted her to be there when they were with him; the idea that they might, and that she'd not only get to watch but maybe even join in... that was all it took to get her to the very brink of an orgasm. The added stimulation as one of the twins (she didn't know which, and REALLY didn't care) toyed with her clitoris was all it took to push her into an incredibly intense orgasm.

Dawn was still panting slightly when she finally opened her eyes and saw that Brittany and Bethany were visibly stunned as they sat there looking at her. When they finally realized she was looking at them, both blushed faintly before Beth said "We didn't know that someone could cum that hard! Is it like that for you *every* time?"

Managing a smile, Dawn answered "No, not **every** time. But when I'm with Jeremy, they're almost always REAL good, though. This one was special, because it was you two making me feel so good."

"WE made you feel like that? How? Why?" Brittany asked, uncertainly.

"Yes, you did", Dawn told her. "HOW is by what you were doing — it felt really, *really* good to me. As for 'why'... well, it just made me more excited because it WAS you doing it."

"What do you mean?", from Brittany.

"Isn't there a difference for how YOU feel, when you just think about being with **a** guy, and when you think about being with Jeremy?"

After a moment, both girls said that there was, and Dawn then asked "Isn't it more when it's Jeremy?" Both nodded, reluctantly, and Dawn told them "It's like that for me, too — and now with you, too."

Both twins were visibly pleased at the idea that Dawn thought of *them* the way that they thought of their older brother. Dawn saw it, and decided that the best chance of getting the answer she wanted was to ask them right then and there "You didn't say anything before about whether or not you wanted me there when you're with Jeremy. It can be for just the first time, or after the first time, or not at all — it's up to you. I'd **like** to be there with you, but if you don't want me to, that's okay, too."

Dawn managed to conceal her disappointment when Bethany told her "Uh... that's something we still haven't decided about."

"Well, it doesn't have to be the same answer for both of you. If each of you wants to do something different, that's fine. So you just figure out what's right for *you*, okay?"

Both said that it was before Dawn asked "Good. Now, would you two like to snuggle with me for a little bit? Remember, we still have stuff to do before supper."

It wasn't but a couple of seconds before Dawn was bracketed by her twin sisters, her arms wrapped around them as each rested her head on Dawn's shoulder — and placed a hand over one of Dawn's breasts, holding it. They lay there like that for several minutes before Brittany, who could *just* see the clock, quietly told them "It's going to be time for supper before long. I guess we have to get up, now."

"I'm sorry we have to get up, too", Dawn told them before giving each a brief kiss on the top of her head, "but it's what we have to do. That's part of being 'grown up' is about." before straightening her arms so the other two could ease away from her. All three of them quietly stood

up, and went about getting dressed again; when they were done, Bethany asked "Dawn? The next time we want to talk, does it just have to be talking? Or could we be together like this again?"

"I don't think it has to be just talking. If you want us to do this again, I'd like that, too."

Bethany and Brittany both smiled before Brittany said "I think I'd like to have fun with you again."

Dawn gave each of them a quick kiss on the cheek before saying "Then that's what we'll do. But I really do have to go now, okay?", and leaving after getting nods from both twins.

It was after supper, and Dawn was doing her homework from school when she unconsciously held her chin in her hand — and caught the faint aroma of aroused female on her finger. For several seconds, she got lost in the memories of what had happened that afternoon before really taking the time to think about what it smelled like. She'd already found the smell of her own juices to be stimulating; as she sat there with the aroma of one of her sisters in her nose, it didn't take her long to decide that she found *their* scent sexy, too — and on the heels of that, that she could understand how and why Jeremy would want to taste it. In turn, that brought up the idea of tasting it herself — something that she considered until she realized that she was actually thinking about tasting her own sister, or even using her mouth on her. THAT thought didn't sit well, and she quickly moved her hand away and shoved the whole thing out of her mind.

As the evening progressed, however, she didn't notice how often she brought her finger up to her nose and sniffed it before smiling...

It was just a few days before the twins were supposed to have their first time with Jeremy when Brittany quietly asked Dawn if they could talk again before then. Dawn readily agreed, and they quickly settled on when it should happen.

When Dawn entered their room a couple of days later, she saw that the girls were both a lot calmer about having her there than they'd been the first time. After she'd taken a seat on the edge of one of the beds (Bethany's, she thought) across from where they were on the other, it was Brittany that said "We wanted to talk to you about a couple of things. First, we wanted to let you know that we think it would be easier for us if both of us were with Jeremy the first time. What we were thinking, or hoping, was that maybe he could start with one of us — we don't care which one — and do a little bit with her. Then when he's with the other one, he can do the same stuff, and then a little bit more before he goes back to the first one and does the same thing; that way he isn't doing **everything** with just one of us at a time and neither one of us gets left out. Could you explain it to him, though? With it being the first time for us and everything, we think we'd be too worried to explain it right."

Dawn assured her "Sure, I can do that."

Then Bethany told her "The other thing we figured out is that we'd like you there, too — at least the first time, and maybe after that. We know that Jeremy isn't going to hurt us or anything, but we'd still like to have a chance to kind of get used to it before WE do anything with him, and

maybe you could even help us a little bit."

While keeping her face impassive, Dawn felt a quiet thrill run through her body at the thought of not just watching, but participating, as her brother introduced the two of them to physical intimacy.

Her attention quickly returned to them when Bethany continued "The last thing is... we *really* liked what happened last time, with you and us. Not just the kissing and touching part, but the way that you let us know that everything that was happening with us was okay, and that we didn't have to be ashamed of it. You trusted us, and now we want to show you that we trust **you**, too."

Dawn suddenly found herself getting even more aroused at the prospect of getting her hands and lips on them again. Still, she managed to present a calm appearance as she responded "You don't have to do anything to 'show' me that you trust me, girls. You said you do, and I believe you."

Brittany was the one to reply by saying "We don't think we **HAVE** to show you, but we want to. What you did with us last time... it felt **so** good for us, and you told us that you liked what *we* did — so we thought it would be nice if we could do something like that again."

"What is it that you want us to do, then?"

With only the faintest of blushes, Bethany answered "We figured it would be, um, fun if you got to watch us touch ourselves while we watched you do it, too. Then we could maybe even all kiss and touch each other again."

Somehow, Dawn managed to avoid having an orgasm right on the spot; instead, she kept her voice steady as she told them "I think that would be fun, too", referring to the first part of what they'd said. "And I don't think there would be any 'maybe' about us kissing and touching, either!"

Both twins smiled happily in reply, and all three of them calmly stood up and began taking their clothes off. Dawn noticed, but didn't comment on, the fact that Brit and Beth weren't as bashful about letting her see them undressing as they'd been the first time. It wasn't but a minute or so before they were all standing naked, with the two youngest again marveling at Dawn's larger bust and thicker pubic hair.

Still, the twins didn't let their fascination with their older sister distract them from what they *really* wanted to do: it wasn't long before both moved to sit on the bed again, scooting back so that their backs rested against the wall while leaving a little space between themselves. Dawn quickly moved to mirror their position, and without comment, all of them slowly raised their knees and spread their legs to make themselves visible to the other side.

From the way she felt, Dawn *knew* that her sisters had to be able to tell that she was already feeling excited — just as she could see that **THEY** were: the puckered areolas and erect nipples, and the faint glistening between slightly-parted vaginal lips, were as plain as could be. Dawn watched as first Brittany, then Bethany, cupped their breasts, gently squeezing them for a few seconds before starting to tease the nubbins of their young nipples. As she continued to watch

them, Dawn didn't have any trouble seeing the peaks of both sets of breasts darken slightly as they puckered even more, and two sets of nipples grew a little longer. Following their example, she soon had her own breasts in her hands and was doing much as they were.

As the next few minutes went by, the twins continued and expanded their self-explorations; Dawn wasn't the slightest bit reluctant about following their lead as things progressed. It was Bethany that ratcheted things up by slowly tracing a hand down from her breast, across her abdomen, and ending with the tip of her middle finger resting over her visibly erect clitoris. Just a couple of moments later, Brittany did the same, with Dawn again following their example. Several seconds slowly ticked by before Bethany's finger began a slow circling of her clit; Dawn and Brittany reciprocated in almost perfect harmony. As each of them performed that most intimate of acts, she felt herself getting more and more aroused from knowing that she was being watched — and that the person watching was feeling the same increasing excitement as she was.

Dawn moved her hand from between her legs so that she could stick her finger in her mouth and taste her own essence. She didn't even realize what she'd done until she saw both of the others do the same thing; and the sight only encouraged her to do it again so that she could watch *them* repeat it. They did, and Dawn's next effort included running her finger between her labia and wetting it thoroughly, so that she could get a longer and fuller taste of herself. Again, both of the twins mirrored her actions and stimulating her even more with the sight. Afraid that if she did it again, she'd climax from watching them, Dawn focused her efforts on her aching-erect clitoris again — teasing it **ever** so gently, and softly circling it with her fingertip, and simply subjecting it to a rhythmic pressure. With their fingers at the top of their clefts, both sides could see the effects of the others arousal: the longer and darker labia spreading slightly, revealing the overflow of female oils.

Several more times, Dawn repeated her action of collecting some of her juices and sucking them off her finger; each time she did, both of the twins would do the same — and the sight of it would invariably stimulate her even more. She could feel that she was getting close to her release when she saw Bethany calmly pull her hand from between her thighs and move it over to where Brittany's hand was; Brittany readily moved her own hand to Beth's mons, and each of them casually slid a fingertip back and forth along the others furrow before lifting their hands to their faces and licking the others juices off of it.

Their actions left her stunned for only the briefest of moments before the thought she'd had of HER tasting them flooded into her mind, triggering the beginnings of an orgasm such as she'd never had before. Even as she was trying to draw a breath after the first spasm of her release faded, Dawn registered the sounds of each of *them* climaxing, too. That realization only served to intensify the second wave of her orgasm, leaving her stunned and somewhat breathless in its aftermath.

When her orgasm had ended, and Dawn had gotten herself more-or-less together again, she opened her eyes to look over at where Bethany and Brittany were seated. Having only witnessed them having one climax before, she wasn't entirely sure, but thought that both of them had

experienced something stronger than they were used to, as well. Nearly a full minute went by before first Brittany, then Bethany, opened their eyes and saw her looking at them. Dawn was a trifle surprised that neither one of them gave any indication of embarrassment at having her see them the way they were. If anything, in fact, they looked as though they were more **pleased** by what had happened than anything else.

That was confirmed a few seconds later when Brittany quietly told her "That was really *something*, Dawn, the way you orgasmed! Just watching you was enough to make ME have one, too — and it was a **big** one!"

A moment later, Bethany told her "Yeah, it was, for me, too. But what made that one so much more than the one you had with us last time, Dawn?"

Dawn couldn't help flushing a little as she answered "I said I wasn't going to lie to you, and I won't. I hope this doesn't upset you, but when I saw both of you touching the other one and then licking off her juices... well, I really liked seeing that."

The twins shared a brief look at each other before turning back to Dawn, and Brittany asking her "You liked just seeing us do that? Why?"

Dawn's embarrassment increased a couple of notches before she could answer "After I was here the last time, I was in my room doing my homework when I realized I could smell one of you on my finger. It made me feel kind of excited, and I understood why Jeremy says that he likes to taste MY juice. I mean, I've tasted myself before, and like it; so when I could smell one of you, and it smelled *so* good... I kinda started thinking about what YOU would taste like. So when I saw you tasting **each other**, it was all I needed. "

Both girls sat there in silence until Bethany asked "Would... would you like to taste? Us, I mean? Or at least me? I, uh, I'd kinda like to taste you... if I could...", quickly followed by Brittany saying "Me, too — you tasting me, I mean, and me tasting you."

Dawn almost couldn't believe that she was hearing *both* of her sisters not only saying that it was okay if she wanted to find out what THEY tasted like, but that they wanted to do the same with **her**. It took several moments before she finally understood just how close they really were to each other — and, perhaps, how much of an impact what she'd said about how there wasn't anything wrong with what they were doing with each other had on them. Only when she noticed that they were getting a bit apprehensive at her silence that she broke it by answering them: "Yeah, I *would* like to find out what you really taste like — **both** of you. And if you want to do taste me, that's okay, too."

Almost before the words were out of her mouth, both girls had rocketed over to where Dawn was sitting and taking station on either side of her. Neither girl was the slightest bit reluctant to pull her knees up and spread her legs, openly inviting her to collect samples of their nectar for herself.

Since Bethany had been the one to offer first, she was the one that Dawn started with: through an

exercise in sheer willpower, Dawn was able to keep her hand steady as she slowly reached between Beth's legs. After she had her younger sister's mons cupped in her hand, Dawn carefully curled her finger to let the tip of it slip between the soft petals of the girls sex, and felt it being wetted by the warm oils that the younger girl had produced. Dawn slid her finger back and forth several times, trying to collect as much of Beth's essence as she could before carefully extracting it. Well before she could get her hand near her face, she could detect the aroma that was uniquely her sisters — and felt her mouth begin to water in anticipation.

When her hand got close enough, Dawn could see that the end of it was shiny with the juices she'd gathered; a few moments later, she was finally able to get the full taste of it: vaguely sweet and earthy at the same time, but also light and thin — and, **oh**, so delicious!

Even as the first taste of her sister was fading on Dawn's tongue, she was moving to gather another sample; the second taste only encouraged her to take a third. It was only when she felt Brittany's thigh slightly nudge her that Dawn found the wherewithal to no continue with Beth. But that didn't prevent her from telling her sister "You're *delicious*, Beth" before moving her head to give the younger (and visibly pleased) girl a kiss.

Turning to the other of the twins, Dawn looked into Brittany's eyes for a few moments, and saw eager anticipation and acceptance. Using her other hand — she most *definitely* didn't want to get their 'flavors' mixed together! — Dawn repeated what she'd done with Beth. Still looking into the face of her sister, Dawn could see that Brittany not only accepted, but **enjoyed** what she was doing. After she'd extracted her hand from between Brit's thighs, Dawn deliberately took a few moments to savor the scent before wrapping her lips around her well-wetted digit. Once again, the taste nearly overwhelmed her taste buds; though Brittany's flavor was very similar to her Twain's, it was also still uniquely hers — and just as delightful. Managing to keep her wits about her, Dawn repeated her actions a couple more times, so that she'd sampled each girls essence the same number of times before telling Brittany "You're delicious, too, Brit" before giving the youngster a smile, and then a kiss.

After looking at each of them in turn, she told them "Both of you taste **so** good. Different from each other, but still good. Thank you, both of you, for letting me do that."

Both twins looked pleased at what she said, and Dawn couldn't help putting her arms around them and hugging them before giving each of them a quick kiss on top of their heads. When she finally released them, both girls looked up at her with love — and, she knew, anticipation that it was *their* turn to get a sample of **her** flavor.

Smiling, she told them "If having you touching me makes me feel as good as touching YOU did, I think I'd better lay down!", and drawing a smile from them before each nodded her agreement. Putting word to deed, it wasn't but a few seconds before Dawn was laying on her back with her legs parted. Soon after, the twins were again positioned on each side of her, laying on their sides and a bit 'lower' than she'd expected. Moments later, it became clear why when they moved so that each could take one of Dawn's nipples in her mouth and begin licking and sucking on it.

As it had before, the sensation of having both of her breasts being stimulated at the same time excited Dawn tremendously. Without thinking about it, she raised her hands so that she could touch both twins; purely by accident, her hands came in contact with a breast first. It took Dawn only a moment to realize that at the same time her sisters were sucking on HER breasts, she had her hands on one of *theirs*; the mental image of what they must look like only stimulated her even more as she began playing with the warm, firm mammary she had in each hand. She heard the soft noises of pleasure that both girls made, and knew that they liked what she was doing. 'That's only fair', she thought to herself, 'since I sure as hell like what *they're* doing to ME!'

It didn't take long before Dawn simply gave herself over to the different sensations she was experiencing: the smooth breasts she held in her hands; the lips and tongues and mouths that were doing such wonderful things to her breasts — and the soft hands that were caressing the insides of her thighs, and the fingers that kept brushing across the entrance to her womanhood.

Somehow, somewhere along the line, Dawn found that her sisters had managed to reposition themselves in such a way that she could — with only a little effort — reach between THEIR legs, just as they were doing to her. Dawn quickly accepted the opportunity presented to her, and extended her reach so that she had each girls mons cupped in her hand. With that accomplished, she gladly proceeded to use her fingers to not only play with her sisters' clits, but dip into each girls virginal honeypot and transfer the nectar she found to her mouth. Each time she sampled one of their flavors (she quickly learned their difference by taste), she felt a brief desire to simply pull the appropriate girl over her head and bury her face in the source. Dawn wasn't troubled even the slightest with the thoughts she'd had when she'd been in her room: she was simply too overwhelmed with the pleasure of what she was experiencing THEN.

Still, Dawn and her sisters were only human — and they could only handle so much of those kinds of stimulation before something had to give. And it gave first in Dawn: the physical effects she was feeling from BOTH of her sisters was effectively double the stimulation each of them was getting, and because of the pleasure she got from having the taste of both of her sisters on her tongue. But Brittany and Bethany weren't far behind; seeing and feeling their older sister start HER climax was enough to trigger *theirs*: they'd found Dawn's liquids MORE than acceptable, coupled with what they were doing to her and she was doing to them, knowing that they'd brought **her** to orgasm again was all they needed to find their release.

All three of them 'came to their senses' at pretty much the same time. When each looked at the other two, she couldn't help smiling in response to the combination of love, pleasure, and happiness she saw on the others faces. With only a little wriggling around, they managed to get themselves situated with the twins laying on their sides on either side of Dawn again, so that they could share a group hug before laying back to finish catching their breath. That didn't stop them from exchanging a number of kisses and softly spoken loving comments with each other as they rested.

Finally, though, there was nothing for them to do but get up and get dressed again, regardless of how much they simply wanted to continue laying there (or better still, do it all again once or

twice). Dawn was the first to sit, then stand; when she turned around and looked down at her twin sisters, both of them looked so lovely and sexy that she simply **had** to lean over and give both of each girls' nipples a soft kiss before touching her lips to theirs again. After she'd stood up again, Dawn saw that neither of them was pretending in the slightest not to be watching as she got dressed again. For her part, Dawn couldn't resist giving them a little bit of a 'show': wriggling her hips more than necessary when she put her panties back on, turning her back on the twins and 'smoothing' her panties on her ass several times, and taking more time than she had to about getting her bra back on — and 'adjusting' her breasts in it well past the point that it was needed. Both of the twins seemed to realize what she was doing, and smiled broadly in appreciation of her efforts. After giving each of them another kiss (with a little mutual molestation along the way), Dawn finally left, closing the door behind her. As much as she wanted to stay and watch as *they* got dressed, there were still things that SHE had to take care of.

In the last couple of days, Dawn and the twins had a couple more talks — ones that involved just talking: what they wanted, how they wanted things to happen, and so on.

When Saturday finally rolled around, Jeremy had given it an extra hour after everyone had left before making his way to Dawn's room. There, he and his sister had first gone over the things that Dawn knew Jeremy had to know, and the 'rules' about what he was to do with the twins. After that, the two of them had started simply chatting with each other and casually exchanging an occasional kiss or touch as they waited for their younger sisters.

Jeremy was starting to wonder if the twins were actually going to show up when there was a soft knock at Dawn's bedroom door. They'd previously agreed that it would probably help the girls stay calm if it was Dawn that let them in, and she got off her bed to do just that.

Once they were inside, Dawn calmly told them "I know we've talked about all this before, but I'm going to say it again now so that *all* of us know what's going to happen. Jeremy and I are going to start, so you can see what kinds of things we do with each other, and how. You two don't have to get undressed until you want to; and even then, you only have to take off as much as you're comfortable with. It's up to **you** to decide how much of what you want to do — Jeremy isn't going to just start *grabbing* you or anything like that, but he's going to figure it's okay to touch anything that isn't covered up, too. If both of you decide you want to be naked with him, he's going to TRY to do what you wanted him to. But he can't read your minds, either, so you'll probably have to help by reminding him, okay? I'll be here, too, so I can help you if you want me to, and so you know that things aren't going to go too far. Does that sound like what you wanted?"

After a brief glance at where Jeremy was leaning back against the headboard of Dawn's bed, Brittany and Bethany smiled a little nervously but said that it was.

Jeremy spoke next, telling them "While Dawn and I are together, you can get closer and move around so you can see what we're doing — but try not to get in the way, okay?", followed by a smile. Blushing faintly, both girls said that they'd be careful. Still smiling, Jeremy went on say

"We're" — gesturing to indicate himself and Dawn — "going to stay pretty much in the middle, so if you want to get up here, too, there should be room for you if there's one of you at each end whenever you're ready."

While Jeremy had been talking, Dawn had casually moved to stand next to her bed; when he'd finished, Jeremy moved to stand up, too, before he and his sister calmly began taking their clothes off and setting them aside. Once both were nude, they moved to lay down next to each other with Dawn on her back and Jeremy on his side and propped up on his elbow.

As they looked at each other, both set aside (as best they could) the knowledge that they had an audience. After a few moments, Jeremy lowered his head to give Dawn a brief, gentle kiss. When he'd pulled his head back again, their eyes locked, and both completely forgot about the presence of the twins as they focused on each other. The next time their lips touched, the kiss was longer and more affectionate.

Over the next few minutes, Dawn and Jeremy brought their lips together for longer and longer periods, letting their love and desire for each other grow as they did. Their first physical contact came about when Jeremy brought his hand to rest on his sister's abdomen; Dawn responded by slowly and softly stroking his arm briefly before taking his hand and moving it to her breast. Jeremy simply held her warm mammary for a couple of minutes, enjoying its warmth and smoothness before gently running his thumb across its nipple several times and bringing it to life. Another minute went by with them kissing as Jeremy toyed with the nipple under his hand before moving it so that he could expand his efforts to include squeezing the firm mound he held, tracing his fingertips across every square millimeter of its surface, and pinching and pulling on the hard nubbin at its peak.

Even as he was doing all of that, he and Dawn continued to kiss; between osculations, Dawn began to pant slightly as she released soft moans of pleasure — and arousal.

When he had Dawn's nipple standing tall and proud, Jeremy shifted his attentions to the other. It didn't take him long to get it in a similar state before he returned to the first. Over the course of the next few minutes, Dawn's pleasure and arousal steadily increased as her brother moved his hand back and forth from one of her breasts to the other — squeezing them just the way she liked him to, teasing her with feather-light touches of his fingers on their surface, and how he would play with her nipples in a way that only made the pleasant ache in them grow even stronger. It wasn't long before she simply *couldn't* kiss him because she needed her mouth to breathe, and release the moans of pleasure she was making.

Unable to continue kissing Dawn, Jeremy put his lips to a different task: using them as replacements for what his hands and fingers had been doing. Taking one of Dawn's nipples into his mouth, he gently 'chewed' it as he used his lips to 'milk' the peak of her breast. The resulting moan from Dawn let him know that she appreciated his efforts.

Rather than let his hand lie idle, Jeremy put it to work by using to begin caressing the rest of his sister's body for as far as he could reach. Using varying combinations of just his fingertips and his

entire hand, Jeremy explored and mapped the smooth expanse of Dawn's flesh. After his first, faint touch along the inside of one of her thighs, Dawn readily opened her legs so that he would have access to as much of her as he wanted. In return, Jeremy did his best not to give her reason to regret doing so; he took no small delight in the smoothness of her firm thighs, and the spongy mass of her mons.

Jeremy could easily detect the aroma of Dawn's arousal when he heard her gasp "I'm ready... God!... I'm so ready... let's do it... I want you..."

That was all Jeremy needed to hear; sitting up, he pivoted around and lay down again before getting himself situated so that his head was even with Dawn's pelvis. Once he was in position, Dawn didn't delay in sitting up and then moving herself over him, her knees on either side of his head. Looking down at his semi-erect cock, Dawn felt her mouth begin to water in anticipation of tasting his semen. Before she could lower her head and wrap her lips around his penis, though, she felt Jeremy's hands on her ass — shortly followed by the sensation of his tongue slipping between her labia. That was enough to prompt her to tilt her head back and release a heartfelt groan of pleasure; only then was she able to fulfill her desire, and get her brother's cock in her mouth.

While both of them were aware that their time was limited, they weren't inclined to simply try and get each other off as fast as possible: each of them enjoyed what they were doing too much to let anything like that happen.

Jeremy was more than happy to have his sister's smooth and firm ass in his hands as he delighted in sampling Dawn's nectar between bouts of stimulating her into producing even more of it. For her part, Dawn was having her own fun with Jeremy's cock — it hadn't taken her long to get him fully erect, and she was having a *grand* time with it: taking as much of it as she could into her mouth, using her lips to 'massage' it right behind the head, and sometimes even letting her teeth 'drag' along it **ever** so lightly as she let him slip from between her lips.

Both of them knew what the other liked, and each did it — but only between sessions of doing the different things that *they* liked. Each knew that the other was doing pretty much the same thing, and neither of them had any problem with it.

Even so, there was no getting around the fact that they were stimulating each other, and steadily (if a trifle slowly) moving each other closer and closer to release. As was to be expected, there finally came the point where one or the other of them simply couldn't hold off against the pleasure they were receiving from the other; it was Dawn that found her release first, after a particularly stimulating session of Jeremy playing with her clit with his tongue. She simply *had* to pull her mouth off his red and shiny cock so that she could take the deep breath her body demanded before the first wave of her orgasm overwhelmed her. Between her clenching thighs, Jeremy was happily licking up the overflow of her juices just as fast as she could make them — and deliberately running his tongue across her clitoris in the process, increasing and prolonging her pleasure.

Several more times, Dawn felt the intensity of her release course through her body before it finally began to fade. The sensation of her brother eagerly lapping at her opening was what finally brought her back to her senses — and reminded her that she hadn't gotten what SHE wanted yet. It wasn't but a matter of a second or two before she was back to what she'd been doing before, with a vengeance.

Barely a couple of minutes later, Dawn felt Jeremy's balls pull up from where she had them cupped in her hand; knowing that he was about to climax, she redoubled her efforts and got her reward when the first shot of his hot semen flooded her mouth. It was soon followed by a second, then third, all but forcing her to swallow what she'd already gotten so that the rest wouldn't leak out from between her lips. She'd managed to get her mouth almost empty before the rest of his juice coated her tongue. When she felt him begin to soften, she didn't hesitate to use her lips to try and milk the last few drops from his wilting penis before taking a few moments to savor the saltiness of him, and swallowing what was left of his semen.

With both of them pleased and satiated, Dawn carefully moved so that she was no longer straddling her brothers head and shifting around so that she could lay down next to him. When Jeremy felt her body next to his, he readily put his arm around her and pulled her close so that the two of them could share a kiss.

Only when the two of them pulled their heads back so that they could look at each other did they remember that they'd had an audience: each of them could see one of the twins sitting at their end of the bed, stark naked and visibly aroused and awed by what they'd just witnessed. Jeremy and Dawn looked at each other and shared a small private smile in amusement at the effect they'd had on their younger sisters. Without saying a word, they agreed to ignore the twins for a little bit longer, in favor of simply 'being' with each other.

Jeremy and Dawn had agreed that she would be the one to do most of the talking with the twins, so she was the one to tell them "Okay, you two. I know you want to look, and you want to ask us stuff, so go ahead. It's okay, now."

Though hesitant at first, Brittany and Bethany both eventually moved forward enough that they could see (and reach, if they wanted) whatever was of interest to them. Without waiting for them to ask, Dawn rolled onto her side and brought her knees up before spreading her legs so that the twins could see what was different about her; Jeremy followed her example by simply spreading his legs — all that he needed to do, really.

Several minutes went by with both of the twins engrossed in looking at their older siblings; if asked, neither could have said whether she found Jeremy's or Dawn's genitalia the more fascinating.

Brittany was the one to break the silence by asking Dawn "Did it really feel that good, what he was doing to you? It looked like it did..."

"Oh, it probably *felt* **way** better than it looked!" Dawn replied. "He can do things with his tongue that I just can't do with my hand or my finger!"

Bethany spoke next, asking Jeremy "What Dawn was doing... did that make YOU feel good, too, Jeremy? I could tell when it happened for her, but I wasn't sure about you..."

"Yeah, what Dawn was doing made me feel *real* good. You being girls, and everything, I guess it makes sense that you couldn't tell when I climaxed — but it happened just a little bit before Dawn got off of me and laid down."

Bethany then asked Dawn "What happened? When Jeremy climaxed, I mean?"

"You know that a guy has to put his semen inside a girl before she can have a baby, right?" Both twins nodded, and Dawn went on "Well, his semen is a thick liquid, kind of like custard. When he has a climax, it squirts out the end of his penis kind of like a water pistol. Except that there's a LOT more of it that comes out — at least, at first. It squirts out maybe six or seven times; the first one is usually the strongest one and has the most of his juice, and then a little bit less the times after that."

Both twins were visibly puzzled, but for different reasons: almost at the same time, Brittany asked "Where did his juice go, then?" as Bethany queried "If he squirted in you, aren't you worried about making a baby?"

Immediately on the heels of that, Brittany caught the implications of what her sister had asked, and looked horrified as she demanded "You... you let him squirt his stuff in your MOUTH? Isn't that where his PEE comes out?"

Dawn couldn't help smiling as she addressed Brittany first: "Yes, he squirted in my mouth, and yes, that's where his pee comes out. Except that Jeremy is **very** careful to wash himself when we're going to do this, so I know that he's clean there. What happened to his stuff is that I swallowed it. *I* think it tastes good, so I like to do that. Jeremy tells me that it makes his climax a little longer and better if he's still in my mouth when he climaxes, so that's another reason I like to do it. And no, Beth, I'm not worried about making a baby after he shot his stuff in me like that. You can only make a baby if the boy puts his semen inside your vagina — or gets it too close, so that some of it gets inside you. Just getting semen on your hand or in your mouth can't make you pregnant."

The twins silently considered what Dawn had just told them for nearly a minute before Bethany wanted to know "Can Jeremy do it again? Climax, I mean?"

Dawn fielded the question — it hadn't seemed to be directed at Jeremy, after all — by answering "Yes, he can climax again. Several times, even. But each time he does, it takes a little bit longer before his penis can get hard again, and takes more time before he can actually climax. There's less of his semen that comes out, too. Why?"

Blushing slightly, Beth answered "I, uh, I was just wondering if he would, um, climax with us, too."

"That depends on whether or not you **want** me to", Jeremy replied. "If you want to know what it's like — you know, seeing it happen — then we can do things one way. If you *don't* want to

know, then we'll do things a little different. It's up to you."

To that, Dawn added "If you want to see it, I can also show you how you can tell when he's going to climax. That way, you can be ready when it happens."

Both twins looked slightly embarrassed as Brittany replied "We... we wanted to see what that was like, even before we came in here."

"That's fine", Dawn replied. "You already know about me, so if it's okay with Jeremy, this might be a good time for you to learn about a guys stuff."

With both of the twins looking at him, Jeremy simply smiled and nodded his head; after what he and Dawn had just been through, he knew it was going to be a little longer before he'd be able to get another erection — plenty of time for his sisters to get used to seeing and touching him before things moved any farther along.

Both girls quickly moved to kneel on either side of their brother as Dawn told them "I know Mom already talked to you about all this, but if you want, I can talk to you again while you're looking, so it makes more sense."

Beth and Brit both looked more than a little relieved as they nodded their agreement; Dawn calmly sat up next to Beth and reached out to take Jeremy's limp penis between two of her fingers and begin giving them a considerably less than formal anatomy lesson...

The talking part of it didn't take long — the male anatomy is pretty clear and obvious. That left plenty of time for both girls to get over their initial hesitation about touching their brothers genitalia, and then used to it. Still, by the time they were done, it was fairly obvious that Jeremy was starting to 'recover': though not fully erect, it was plain as could be that his manhood had grown in response to their attentions.

When both of the younger girls finally sat back again, Dawn didn't hesitate to address what was obvious, telling them "You can see that Jeremy is getting *close* to being able to get hard again — but it'll still be a while before he can have another climax. So if there's anything else you want to do before then, this would be a good time to start."

Both girls looked at her, then Jeremy, then back to her when Dawn asked them "Do you still want to do things the way you told me?"

"Yeah, we do", Brittany assured her, accompanied by Beth's nod.

Dawn turned to Jeremy and explained "Rather than one of them being left out while you're with the other one, or making things too complicated by being with you together, what they'd like to do is for you to start with just one of them for little bit. Then you'll be with the other one, and do a little more. They want to go back and forth like that, with you doing more with each of when you're together."

Jeremy didn't hesitate to look at Brittany, then Beth, before telling them "That's fine — whatever you want. Just let me know when you want to change." Then, with a reassuring smile to each of

them, he asked "Which one of you do I get to start with?"

Despite her effort to seem calm, Beth was still visibly nervous when she answered "Um... we decided I would go first", followed by Brittany's quiet "I'm still kinda scared, a little."

Jeremy first told Bethany "It'll be okay — you'll see", then reassured Brit "There's nothing to be scared of, Brit. I promise."

Hesitantly, Beth asked "What... what do we do first?"

Smiling, Jeremy answered "How about if you let me kiss you? If you like it, maybe you could even kiss me back...", drawing an answering smile from her before she nodded her agreement.

Sitting up, Jeremy slowly and calmly leaned forward to place a soft, gentle kiss on his sister's lips — doing his best to let her know, without words, that he loved her and that she didn't have to be nervous or afraid.

When he pulled back afterwards, he could see from the look on Beth's face that he'd gotten it right: she was visibly more relaxed, and he could see her love for him in her eyes. He leaned in for another kiss — just as soft and gentle — that went on a bit longer.

After he'd pulled back again, Beth told her sibling "Honest, Brit, it's okay. It's *nice*, even!"

Dawn told both of her younger sisters "That's what it's *supposed* to be like when you're with someone. If there's **ever** somebody that wants you to do something that you aren't happy about, then you shouldn't be with them — for *anything*. A person that actually makes you unhappy about ONE thing is probably going to make you unhappy about other things, too; so don't let yourself get hurt that way. And if someone EVER tries to **force** you to do something, *tell someone*, so people can make that person stop. Okay?"

After both twins had voiced their understanding, Jeremy figured he should get things 'back on track' — and slowly moved to kiss Beth again, and make it a little more inviting than the first two had been. Beth readily responded by keeping their lips touching for as long as both of the previous two kisses, together.

Over the course of the next several minutes, Beth and Jeremy kissed again and again; each time their lips touched, Beth was willing and able to get more involved in it. Still, Jeremy wasn't particularly surprised when Beth finally told him "I... I think that's enough for me, for now. Show Brit, too, okay?"

When Jeremy turned to the other twin, he could easily see that she'd lost any fear or nervousness: she was visibly eager to feel the things that she'd witnessed in her sister.

Brittany readily equaled Beth's progress; and when Jeremy tentatively touched his tongue to her lips, didn't hesitate in the slightest to respond in kind. Then it was back to Beth again, where things advanced to him starting to caress the youngster on her arms and shoulders. For Brittany, Jeremy's touches expanded to include her hips and sides; Bethany was the first to feel his touch on her breast.

Brittany brought an end to the lessons (after Jeremy had caressed her small, firm ass a few times); when he sat back again, the twins looked at each other for several seconds before Brittany told Jeremy and Dawn "We think that's enough for now — at least, about us learning stuff from Jeremy. But is it okay if we still get to see him, you know, shoot his stuff?"

Jeremy was the first to speak, telling them "If this is where you want to stop this time, it's okay — really. I think both of you are as cute and sexy as you can be, but I do **not** want you to go any faster, or do any more, than *you* want to. You're my sisters, and I love you."

The twins looked both relieved and pleased at what he'd said, and Dawn told them "Jeremy and I already talked about it, and if you still want to see what happens when he climaxes, that's fine. Do you want to be the ones to make it happen?"

Again, the twins looked at each other for a few seconds before Bethany quietly replied "I... I don't think either of us would know what to do. I mean, we saw what *you* did, but we don't think we want to try that, yet."

Dawn quickly reassured them "No, you don't have to use your mouth on him if you don't want to. You can use your hands, too — it just might take a little longer, is all."

Visibly relieved, Brittany answered for both of them by saying "Yeah, we'd like that."

Dawn managed to keep from smiling as she answered "Okay. How about if I show you how, to start, and then you do the rest?"

Both girls nodded, and were eagerly watching as Dawn reached for Jeremy's semi-erect penis. From there, it was just a couple of minutes of tutelage before she released her brother into her twin sister's hands.

While Jeremy had most assuredly liked the kissing and touching with his twin sisters, it hadn't been enough to do any more than keep him mildly aroused — so the prospect of having *both* of them playing with his dick was definitely something to look forward to.

Even so, it took a few minutes before the two of them — with careful, attentive input from Dawn — were able to finish getting him completely hard. Jeremy was an eager observer of the whole process, and delighted in seeing that not only were the twins getting aroused by what they were doing (as evidenced by their erect nipples), but Dawn was finding the sight nearly as stimulating as he was.

With a flash of inspiration, Jeremy suggested "I don't think it would be fair if *I* had two climaxes and Dawn only had one. How about if I use my mouth on her while you two are using your hands on me?"

Jeremy could see that Dawn was MORE than agreeable to the idea. When Bethany absently replied "Yeah, that sounds fair", it wasn't but a few seconds before the older girl was moving to straddle Jeremy's head — facing his pelvis, where the twins were focused on what they were doing to, and with, him. Once her mons was positioned over Jeremy's mouth, Dawn quickly

moved to nearly lay on top of him; supporting herself on her elbows, she kept her head lifted enough to watch her sisters playing with Jeremy's manhood even as she felt her own erect nipples brushing against his belly.

As nice as it had been to watch as the twins used their hands on him, the sight of Dawns parted labia and glistening opening was even MORE enticing; it didn't take but a moment before Jeremy lifted his head so that he could dip his tongue into his sisters cleft.

The next several minutes passed with all of them being doubly stimulated: the twins from not only having their hands on Jeremy's cock, but knowing what he was doing to Dawn; Dawn from what Jeremy was doing to her as she watched the twins; and Jeremy from not only having the taste of Dawn on his tongue, but having 2, 3, and even 4 soft, cool hands all over his cock and balls.

After several minutes had gone by, Dawn quietly told the twins "Even if you don't think you're ready to have him in your mouth yet, there isn't any reason that you can't use your mouths ON him..."

When both of them looked at her in confusion, Dawn responded by telling them "You can still lick him, if you want, and use your lips on him. Remember what I did when I started on him?"

It took only a couple of seconds before both girls were doing as Dawn had suggested: licking Jeremy's penis, and using their lips to softly nibble along his length as they continued their touches.

While Jeremy hadn't been able to hear exactly what Dawn had said — her smooth thighs were over his ears, after all — he knew that what the twins started doing was a result of whatever it had been; he let Dawn know that he appreciated the wonderful feeling that Beth and Brittany were creating by trying to see if he could worm his tongue past the tight ring of Dawns vaginal opening. He'd never tried anything like that before out of concern that it would upset her; but he figured that if she was thinking about the two of them having sex, then there really wasn't any reason not to *try*. He didn't figure she had any objections when she responded by releasing a deep moan, and trying to open herself up to him even more.

When Dawn first felt her brothers tongue probing at the entrance to her vagina, she'd felt a mild concern before realizing that there wasn't any way that he was going to break her cherry. Then, as he somehow managed to penetrate her, her opinion of what he was doing quickly and dramatically increased her arousal: that it was **Jeremy** that she felt inside, and not just the tip of her own finger, was almost more than she could stand.

Farther down, Brittany and Bethany didn't have any idea of what was going on between Jeremy and Dawn; all they knew was that their brother and sister were suddenly getting a LOT more excited — something that served to ratchet up their arousal, and make them want to see Jeremy climax that much more. With only the briefest of glances between them, both applied themselves more and more to making it happen...

Jeremy could tell that Dawn was getting close to having an orgasm, which was just *fine* with him: he'd been trying for the last several minutes not to let what the twins were doing get to him too much — and losing. The fact of the matter was that it was only by using every little thing he could think of that he was able to put off spraying the ceiling, he wanted to cum so badly. But even more, he wanted to get *Dawn* off, first.

That simply wasn't to be, however. When the twins BOTH decided to run the tips of their tongues from the base to the head of his achingly-erect cock while each had a hand on his scrotum... well, it was just too damn much. Pulling his face from Dawn's crotch, Jeremy couldn't help but release a loud groan as the first wad of his jism rocketed out the end of his penis — both surprising, and delighting, his younger sisters.

The sight of Jeremy's semen erupting from his penis was all it took to trigger a matching reaction in Dawn: a deep moan escaped her even as the first incredible spasm of what threatened to be an overwhelming orgasm hit.

Contrary to Jeremy's opinion, the first spray of his cum didn't hit the ceiling; rather, it arced nearly 3 feet into the air before landing on his belly. The following eruptions achieved neither the height nor distance of the first, effectively leaving a series of puddles of his cum that led back to their source. The last few of them didn't even clear his erect cock, and simply trickled down the outside of it, wetting the twins hands where they still had hold of him.

Having found his release, Jeremy quickly got his senses back enough that he was able to lift his head and apply himself toward prolonging and intensifying the orgasm that Dawn was still having: he quickly lapped up the overflow of her nectar before trying to lick it right off the surface of her vagina. The clenching of Dawns ass under his hands let him know that he was succeeding; he had plenty of time to enjoy what he was doing before a small movement from his sister let him know that she needed/wanted him to stop.

It was only when Dawn started to move that Bethany and Brittany thought to look at her; both of them could easily tell that whatever Jeremy had done, or been doing, to her, it had 'worked': it was as plain as could be that she'd not only had an orgasm, but that it had been a *whopper*.

Jeremy was fine with having Dawn laying on him as she recovered from her orgasm. It wasn't the first time she'd had to do it, and the feeling of her firm breasts and hard nipples pressing into his belly went well with the feel of her cute little ass in his hands. He knew that Dawn didn't mind: she'd even teased him a little bit about 'feeling her up' a few times before reassuring him that it was okay.

As expected, Dawn was finally able to indicate that she wanted to get off of him. Jeremy let the twins know what he wanted to do; they were able to provide at least a little help as he not only got his older sister off of himself, but turned around and lying on the bed so that he could put an arm around her and hold her as she finished getting herself together.

With their older siblings not paying much attention to them, Brittany and Bethany shared a few meaningful looks with each other before each began 'experimenting' with the small sample of

Jeremy's cum that she had: how it felt, whether it was sticky or slippery, how it looked, how it smelled... and, finally, how it tasted. While Bethany indicated that she thought it tasted okay, Brittany's crinkled nose made it clear that she thought differently.

Several minutes went by before Dawn felt able to ask "So, are you two okay with what happened today? Is there anything you want to ask, or say? Anything else you want to do?"

Bethany didn't delay in answering "Yeah, we are", followed by Brittany saying "It wasn't what I thought it was going to be. I don't mean that it was *bad*, or anything, just different from what I thought."

A moment later, she added "It was **so** neat, getting to see what you and Jeremy do. I don't think I'm ready for anything like that yet, but I think maybe before long..." Bethany then added "I don't think I'm ready, either, but I'm glad you let us see. Not just what you do, but what happens with Jeremy."

"You're not as nervous or afraid as you were before?" Dawn asked.

After sharing a look with her twin, Beth answered "Oh, no, not even a *little* bit! Jeremy was **real** nice; and it felt really good, what we got to do with him. Next time, I think it'll be okay if he, uh, wants to touch me. You know, more than he did this time, I mean. And it's okay, of course!"

Dawn simply HAD to turn her head to face her brother so that she could share an amused smile with him before composing herself and facing the twins again to tell them "I think that'll be okay. You might want to think about if you want it to be the two of you together again, or just one of you at a time. If one of you wants to be alone with him, I can stay with the other one, if you like."

Both of the twins looked pleased at that possibility before Dawn told them "Okay, if there isn't anything else, how about if you two get your clothes and clean up before you get dressed? I want to talk with Jeremy a little bit, then we'll clean up, too — so leave us some hot water, okay?"

The twins assured her that they would; neither hesitated about getting off the bed, and gathering the clothing she'd discarded before the two of them calmly left their brothers room. Jeremy couldn't resist watching their naked bodies as they moved around, earning him a playful pinch from Dawn when the two of them were alone — Brittany having closed the door as she and her sister left.

"Your little sisters aren't so little, after all, are they, Jeremy?" Dawn teased.

"Not like I *thought* they were, anyway", he conceded with a faint blush at having been caught watching them.

"And teaching them how to kiss? And getting to touch them?"

"Yeah, it was nice, all right — but not as nice as it is with **you**", Jeremy assured her, earning himself a pleased smile.

A couple of minutes went by with the two of them perfectly content to lie there before Dawn

quietly told her brother "I don't think it's going to take long — maybe just a couple more 'lessons' — before they're going to be as ready to do stuff with you as *I* am. I know you think they're cute and sexy and all that, and I really won't mind if they want to be with you. Just don't forget about **me**, okay?"

After giving his sister a reassuring hug, he told her "Not a chance, Dawn. As long as you want me, I'll be here for you — for *whatever* reason. I know we can't be a couple, or anything, and that both of us are going to want to be with other people sooner or later. But whenever you need me, whatever it's for, I'm here for you. Okay?"

Dawn lifted her head to give him a kiss on the cheek before answering "Thanks, Jer."

Several minutes later, there was a soft knock on the door followed by Brittany telling them "We're done in the bathroom, so it's yours whenever you want it."

Jeremy thanked her for letting them know, and a short time later, he and Dawn went to share duties in getting cleaned up before the rest of the family got home.

It was barely a week that went by before Brittany approached Jeremy about her next 'lesson'. When he asked, Jeremy learned that both girls had decided that any further instruction should be with them individually, so that there wouldn't be any pressure on either one of them to 'keep up' with the other, or do something that she wasn't sure about. Jeremy didn't hesitate to let his sister know that that was fine, and asked her to let Beth know that it was okay, too. That settled, it didn't take long for the two of them to agree on a time — just a few days later, after school — and place: Jeremy's room, when Britt let him know that she'd talked to Dawn, and that Dawn would be home, but stay downstairs in case any of the other kids decided to come home early.

When the agreed-upon day arrived, Jeremy was reading one of his schoolbooks when he heard a soft knock on his door. After he responded with "Come on in", he turned and saw that — as expected — it was Brittany. He could see that she looked a little unsure, and he told her "It's okay, Britt. I promised that I wasn't going to hurry you or do anything to make you uncomfortable, and I meant it. If all you want to do is sit and talk, that's fine with me."

Visibly relieved, Brittany answered "I really **do** want to find out about this stuff with you, Jer. It's just that this is the first time with just you and me, and I'm still kinda nervous about *us* doing this stuff together. I'm not afraid YOU'LL do anything; I'm kinda scared about me!"

Jeremy smiled in reassurance at her before responding "Don't be scared about yourself, either. If you want us to do something, that's okay. If you don't, that's fine, too. You don't have to say anything to me, and I'm not going to be bothered, no matter **what** you decide, okay?"

Hearing that, Brittany realized that she didn't have to say anything to Jeremy about what she was thinking about doing (at least, until she was actually ready) with him — something that quickly and easily settled her mind and nerves.

Jeremy saw the nervousness evaporate from her, and simply asked "Did you want to just sit and

talk for a bit this time?"

Britt answered "No, we don't need to do that. I'm okay, now — really. Can we get naked now? I, uh, I want to do the other stuff — you know, kissing and touching — for a little bit before we do any of the, um, other stuff."

Smiling, Jeremy answered "Of course we can" before standing up and starting take his shirt off. Brittany readily followed his example, and it wasn't long before both of them were standing naked. While Jeremy's eyes roamed his younger sisters lithe body, hers seemed to stay focused on an area a bit south of his navel...

When Britt finally dragged her eyes up to look at him, Jeremy calmly moved over to sit on the edge of his bed; his sister quickly joined him there, and after they looked into each others faces for a few moments, he leaned in to give her a soft and chaste kiss on the lips. When he looked into Brittany's eyes afterwards, he could see that she was ready and willing to let the next one go a little farther. The next time their lips came together a few seconds later, Brittany wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to let him know that she not only enjoyed what they were doing, but that she was agreeable to even more. Over the course of the next few minutes, the two of them quickly equaled the level of intimacy that they'd reached the first time — and then beyond.

Jeremy was pleased when Britt was willing to let him not only touch and caress her developing breasts, but her cute and firm little ass, as well. What surprised him, though, was when she was the one to guide the two of them down to lay on the bed — and then move her legs apart before reaching down to take his semi-erect penis in her hands.

Not quite sure of what to make of her actions, Jeremy decided to play it safe by keeping his touch and caresses away from her pelvis; it was only when she pulled back slightly from one of their kisses and looked him in the eyes as she said "*I want* you to touch me there, Jer. Really." that he finally moved his hand to between her smooth young thighs.

Even then, Jeremy's touch didn't immediately start between his young sibling's thighs. Instead, he opted to begin more casually and give her a little time to make *sure* of what she wanted: he first approached her mons by letting his fingertips investigate the small, sparse patch of her pubic hair — and discovering how fine and soft it was, almost like the fur on a cat's belly...

For her part, Brittany was all too aware of where Jeremy's hand was — and what it was doing. She knew (and was privately grateful) that he was moving slowly and carefully, giving her a chance to get used to the increased intimacy they were sharing. Still, having his hand so close to where she wanted it to go only increased her anticipation — and arousal. Both to encourage his further explorations, and to satisfy her own wishes, she shifted her efforts with his penis from simply touching and holding him to deliberately trying to bring him to full erection. As she felt him begin to grow and stiffen in her hand, Brittany arched her pelvis upward slightly to let him know that there was still more of her body available.

When Jeremy felt her pressing herself against his hand, that was all he needed to be certain that Brittany really was ready for him to increase the intimacy of his touch. Using the tips of his

fingers, Jeremy traced a path down the top of one of Brit's thighs; following a slight curve toward the end, the journey finished with his hand on the inside of her knee. From there, Jeremy slowly and oh-so-softly eased his hand back up, along the inside of Brittany's smooth thigh — stopping only when he felt the faint tickling of her wispy pubic hair on the side of his hand. After waiting a few seconds to see if she was going to say anything, Jeremy finished by sliding his fingers to the top of her cleft before gently cupping her mons with his hand. Where his middle finger lay along the cleft of his sister's sex, Jeremy could feel that her inner labia were already slightly parted, and the area between them damp with her arousal.

As Jeremy's hand moved higher and higher up her thigh, Brittany could feel herself getting more and more excited: not just from how soft and gentle he was being, but in anticipation of what he would do when he finally started touching her. Even as she began to feel a faint sensation of emptiness between her thighs, Brittany could also feel her breasts getting tight, and her nipples hardening and becoming more sensitive. Sure, she'd been a **lot** more intimate with Beth, and even Dawn... but the hands on her now were a *guy's*!

Both of them had stopped kissing in favor of getting a Little oxygen into their systems when Jeremy heard Britt release a soft moan of pleasure. Taking that as his cue, Jeremy slowly and deliberately curled his middle finger, drawing it up through the furrow of his sister's developing womanhood and barely dipping between her labia before gently running the tip of it across the small nubbin of her clitoris — and earning himself a gasp from her at even that slight contact. His next pass along her cleft was just as slow, but a little deeper; the touch on her clitoris was a trifle firmer and longer. Several repeats later, and Jeremy was wetting the first digit of his finger in Brittany's thin juices, and using them to keep her clitoris lubricated as he teased and toyed with it for seconds at a time; his efforts were accompanied by Brit's soft moans of arousal and gasps of pleasure.

Though Brittany still had her hand wrapped around his cock, she was so focused on what Jeremy was doing to her that she had completely forgotten about trying to get him erect. That was just *fine* with Jeremy: finally being able to play with Brittany's young pussy for the first time was **more** than sufficient compensation, as far as he was concerned. Then, when he finally took the time to look down to where his hand was busy between her legs, he realized that there was even more he could — and wanted! — to do...

Brittany wasn't really paying a lot of attention to what her brother was doing; at least, nothing beyond how his hand was staying busy in her crotch. So it was something of a surprise when she suddenly felt a pair of lips fasten around one of her nipples; she spared only the briefest of glances to ensure that it was Jeremy before giving herself over to the dual pleasures he was bringing to her.

For his part, Jeremy was quite happy with what he was doing to, and with, his sister: the scent of her excitement seemed to grow with each pass of his finger between her labia, and his lips and tongue were industriously trying to map every square millimeter of both of Brit's breasts. Jeremy 'wasted' a few minutes trying to get her pink little nipples to stand out more before he finally

realized just how excited she'd been when he first took one of them into his mouth. The effort wasn't a complete loss, though, judging from the pleased and aroused noises that she'd made in response. It wasn't until Jeremy tried to kiss her again that he finally realized that Brittany was rapidly approaching an orgasm. Surprised at how quickly and easily the youngster had gotten to that point, it wasn't but a moments consideration for Jeremy to decide to simply go ahead and get her off...

With that settled, Jeremy applied himself to making it happen; it wasn't but a few more minutes before he felt his sisters body freeze next to him for a second before she released a deep (but thankfully not too loud) groan of release, and the wetness at her vaginal opening increased dramatically. Just as he did with Dawn, Jeremy tried to make Brittany's release as powerful and long as he could by matching his continued attentions to her sex with the spasms he felt coursing through her young body.

When it was over for her, Jeremy put his arm around her — after quickly, but thoroughly, cleaning her essence from his finger — and held her as she got her breath and senses back. With the energy and resilience of her youth, it took only a couple of minutes before Britt was able to open her eyes and look at him; her eyes held a mixture of awe, pleasure, gratitude, and love as she quietly told him "Oh, Jeremy! That was *so* good — it was **way** better than I thought it would be, having a guy touch me there the first time!"

After kissing her on the tip of her nose, Jeremy replied "I'm glad I was able to make you feel that way, Britt."

"I guess you liked doing that to me, too, didn't you?" she asked.

Jeremy couldn't help but grin as he answered "Yeah, I did. I already told you that I think you're cute and sexy, and I *like* being with you like this — us kissing and touching and all that."

"I like it, too!" Brittany assured him. Then, a few moments later, she hesitantly asked "Are... are you going to do stuff with me like you do with Dawn? You know, with your mouth, I mean?"

"If you want me to, I'd like that a LOT", he assured her. After a second, Brittany solemnly nodded her head that she did before saying "I didn't know if I really wanted to do that with you yet, at first. But you've been so nice, and what you already did felt so good that I want to find out what *that* feels like when you do it, too."

Judging that his sister still needed at least a few more minutes before she'd be ready, Jeremy just nodded his head in understanding before asking her a question about school. The two of them spent the next little while quietly talking with each other, until Jeremy saw that Brittany was starting to look at him a bit expectantly. Deciding that she'd figured she was recovered *enough*, he rolled onto his side and then raised up so that he was resting on his elbow. Looking down at Britt, Jeremy it hit him just **how** pretty and sexy she was — and how very much he loved her. Putting his hand on her belly, Jeremy lowered his head to touch his lips to hers, trying to let her know with his kiss just how much she meant to him. When he finally pulled back, Brittany didn't say a thing, even though Jeremy could see in her eyes that at least some of what he felt had

gotten through to her. With a gentle smile, he kissed her again even as he casually moved his hand to cover her breast; by the time they came up for air, he'd gotten her nipple standing tall and proud. Another kiss, and both of her developing mammaries had come to rosy-pink points.

Though still a virgin, Jeremy had at least learned enough from Dawn that he didn't immediately jump from Brittany's lips to her breasts; rather, he slowly kissed an indirect trail down her throat on the way toward getting his lips around her nipples again. Britt seemed to appreciate the gesture, and pressed her breasts into his face when he started kissing the very edge of one of them.

As Jeremy applied himself to getting his sisters nipples as long and hard as he could, he was casually caressing the rest of her young body — and slowly easing his hand closer and closer to the cloudy vee of her pudendum.

His hand finally reached its goal, and the delicate area beyond; he was careful to spend enough time repeating his previous efforts between her parted thighs that he knew she was fully aroused before finally releasing the nipple he had in his mouth. Once again, he slowly kissed and 'bit' her with his lips as he blazed a slow and indirect trail down her body — with a brief delay to tongue and gently suck on her navel (making her giggle, then moan), the points of her hips, and along the very edges of her small pubic thatch before finally coming to a halt with the sight of her pink and parted labia before him. Even though he knew it would make her nervous, Jeremy simply **had** to take a few seconds to really look at the view she was presenting him: the dark pink of her thin and slightly-extended labia, how the soft and sparse hairs on her mons quickly thinned and faded before they reached the bottom of her mons, and the distinct glistening of her oils where he knew her opening was.

Finally able to raise his head and look at her, he saw that she was anxiously watching him. With a smile, he told her "I like how you look here, too. And you smell **delicious!**"

When Jeremy lowered his gaze again, he could see that his words had had an impact on her: her inner lips had gotten marginally darker and longer, and were a little more parted — revealing that she'd also gotten wetter inside, too.

The small sample of her nectar that he'd gotten after her orgasm had been entirely too small and brief, so Jeremy was more than happy when he finally lowered his head and slipped his tongue between Brittany's soft vaginal lips and sample her oils directly from the source. Tasting her as he was, he got the full flavor of her, and loved it: light and thin, sweet, and oh-so-fresh. Even as he was gently applying everything he'd learned with Dawn to his younger sister, Jeremy still paused every so often to look at the results of his efforts — trying, as best he could, to memorize the sight of Brittany's aroused young womanhood.

Though Jeremy took his time about increasing the pleasure he was giving to his sister, his motives weren't entirely altruistic: as much as he wanted to give her a proper introduction to being eaten, he was equally (if not more) interested in enjoying himself in the process. He knew that when she orgasmed again, he'd almost certainly have as much of her nectar as he wanted;

but he was enjoying the hell out of the *process* as much as he was looking forward to the results...

Consequently, he spent no small amount of time with one or more of his lips, tongue, or entire mouth in contact with some part of his younger sisters sex as she moaned and writhed in response to his tender ministrations. Still, no matter how slowly he went, he was still increasing her arousal and pleasure. There was no denying the fact that he ultimately brought her to the brink of release; he managed to hold her there for several seconds before his soft sucking of her clitoris triggered her release — a deep and powerful one, judging from the spasms that wracked her young body, and the amount of fluids that her virginal vagina pushed out for him to eagerly lap up.

As it had before, Jeremy's efforts served to compound and prolong Brittany's orgasm; but there was no way to keep it from eventually fading, leaving her gasping and covered with a faint sheen of perspiration. With a final swipe of his tongue to collect the last faint taste of her, Jeremy moved to lie next to her again before taking her into his arms and holding her.

Whether it was because it had been her second climax, or that it had been that much stronger, Jeremy wasn't sure. What he DID know, though, was that it took quite a bit longer before Brittany let him know that she wanted him to let go of her. He readily did as she wanted, and wasn't surprised when she simply rolled over to lay on her back. Another couple of minutes went by before she turned her head to look at him. The expression on her face let Jeremy know that he'd had *much* more of an impact on her than he'd thought: she simply looked stunned at what she'd just experienced. Concerned that he'd overdone things, Jeremy quickly asked "Are you okay, Britt? Was what I did too much?"

His questions seemed to focus her, and she quietly told him "Yeah, I'm fine, Jer - I think! GOD, that was **so** strong! You weren't doing too much, either, Jer. It felt *really* good, and I could feel myself getting more and more excited, and I knew it was going to be a big one because of what you were doing; I just didn't know it was going to be like THAT, was all. I'm not sorry it happened, just surprised that it did, is all."

Jeremy told her "I told you that I like doing that, and I wanted to make it as nice for YOU as I could, too. I'm sorry if I did anything wrong."

"Oh, you *didn't*! Really, Jeremy, what you did was **great**!"

"Is it okay if I hold you again, then?"

Brittany considered that for a second before responding with "How about if I just kind of lay against you, and you can put your arm around me? I was starting to feel kind of hot and uncomfortable the other way."

Smiling, Jeremy told her "Sure, that's fine. I like feeling you next to me, but I want it to feel good for you, too."

With that, Brittany quickly rolled over onto her side so that she was resting against Jeremy

before putting one of her legs across his, her arm across his chest, and tucking her head into the hollow of his shoulder. Once she was settled, Jeremy got his arm around her and began slowly and softly caressing her side. Brittany made a small noise of contentment and wriggled a trifle closer.

The two of them stayed like that for several minutes before Brittany tilted her head back to look at him before asking "Would it be okay if I did something for you, Jeremy? Kind of like what Dawn does, but not as much?"

Slightly baffled, Jeremy replied by asking "What do you mean?"

A bit tentatively, Brittany explained "As nice as you've been, and after how good you made me feel, I, uh... I want to use my mouth on you, like Dawn does. Except that I don't think that I'm ready to let you squirt in my mouth — at least, not yet. I remember how Dawn told us how we could tell when that was going to happen, and I know it was right from last time, but I'm still a little afraid."

Giving her a brief hug, Jeremy told her "You don't have to do that if you're not sure, Brit."

"But I **am** sure, at least that I want to do the first part. I just don't want you in my mouth when you squirt, is all."

Jeremy considered it for a few moments before answering "If you want to use your mouth on me, I'd like that. But if you don't want the other part to happen, I *promise* I'll tell you before it does. Would that be okay?"

Brittany thought it over, and finally told him "Yeah, that's okay. You've never broken a promise you made to me before, so I'll trust you to keep this one, too."

Jeremy already figured to tell her when he was going to cum, if that was what she wanted; but when he heard what she had to say about him keeping his promises, he quietly resolved to make **doubly** sure he did as he'd said.

After Jeremy didn't say anything for a little while, Brittany figured that there wasn't anything left for them to talk about — that it was up to her to do what she'd said she wanted to. Slowly, and casually, she gradually moved her hand down until her fingertips were touching Jeremy's pubic hair. She and Bethany had talked about it, and both of them were both awed and envious of how much hair Dawn and Jeremy had, as opposed to their own sparse patches. So finally being able to toy with Jeremy's pelvic growth was something of a thrill for her — and a pleasure, when she discovered just **HOW** thick it was, yet how soft. She spent a couple of minutes just running her fingers through it before finally letting her touch include her brothers limp penis.

Once she had it in her hand, she found herself wondering how it could go from being so soft and cool (as it was then) to being so much larger and harder and hot as it had been when she and Beth had it in their hands the last time. Even as the thought entered her mind, she realized that it was something that she could worry about later; that she had a real, live cock (*Jeremy's* cock, which was even better, she admitted to herself) in her hand to do with as she pleased. And what pleased

her just then was to get it to do just what she'd been wondering about: getting it from its current state to the one she wanted it in.

Remembering what Dawn had told them, and what she and her sister had learned, Brittany began by gently stroking it, and softly running her thumb over the head. As that began to have the desired effect, she slowly and carefully increased her efforts.

With nothing else to distract him from what Britt was doing, Jeremy was quite able to enjoy the attentions that his sister was giving his erecting penis. Her fingers wandering around in his bush had felt kind of nice, but having her hand on his dick felt EVER so much nicer! Even as Jeremy felt himself growing in his sisters hand, he could feel that she was paying more and more attention to what she was doing — and doing more to encourage his continued growth.

When Jeremy's penis had grown large enough that it overflowed her hand, Brittany decided that she was finally ready. Rolling onto her back and then sitting up, she quickly pivoted around and got herself situated much as Dawn had when she'd first taken Jeremy into her mouth. Leaning over, Brittany gave Jeremy's manhood a small, tentative lick; realizing that he didn't taste bad or anything, she was willing to do it again, only more. That accomplished, she realized that Dawn had been telling the truth about how careful Jeremy was to keep himself clean; with that settled in her mind, she didn't delay any longer in taking the head of his stiffening penis into her mouth. While he tasted *different* than what she'd thought, he didn't taste **bad** and it took only a few moments before she was trying out some of the things that Dawn had told them about. Even as she was doing so, she could feel Jeremy responding: it wasn't but a couple of minutes before she had him hard and fully erect. She also kept in mind some of the other things that Dawn had told them, and used her saliva to keep things slippery even as she was finding out how her brother responded to the different things she was trying with her tongue.

For his part, Jeremy didn't figure he had anything to complain about. Granted, Brittany wasn't as good with her mouth as Dawn was, but she was certainly good *enough*: what she lacked in skill, she made up with her enthusiasm and willingness to try different things. While Brittany wasn't deliberately trying to delay his climax, her actions were having that effect anyway: what she was doing wasn't good enough to make him climax SOON, it **was** enough to make him cum *eventually* — and he could enjoy the hell out of what she was doing until it happened.

Brittany, on the other hand, had a somewhat different outlook on things. She pretty much knew that she couldn't make Jeremy feel as good as soon as Dawn did — but after the way he'd made her feel, she was more than willing to do what she could, even if it DID take longer: she had ample evidence there in her hand (and mouth!) that Jeremy liked what she was doing, so even if she wasn't giving him as MUCH pleasure, she was pleasing him for LONGER.

So for the next several minutes, both of them were content with how things were going: Brittany was getting the chance to do what she wanted, and practice the things she'd been told; Jeremy was the pleased and grateful recipient of her efforts.

Brittany had pretty much mastered the basics, and was eagerly learning just how she could use

her tongue along the bottom of Jeremy's penis — particularly just behind the head — when she felt his balls pull up toward his body from where she was softly cupping them in her hand. A few seconds later, she heard Jeremy's impassioned "Brit! I'm gonna shoot!". She quickly let him slip from between her lips, and had given his saliva-slick erection just a couple of strokes before he put word into deed with the eruption of the first blob of his jism. Brittany knew to keep stroking him, and there soon followed another half-dozen spurts, each a little smaller and less forceful than the first; the last couple simply leaking out and coated her hand as she continued her stimulation. Only when she felt him begin to soften and shrink did she release his penis; a quick glance let her know that his eyes were closed, and the look on his face said that they'd probably STAY closed for a while longer. Still, she turned her head and body slightly so that Jeremy still wouldn't be able to see as she licked a wad of his semen off her fingers so that she could see how it tasted again. After a moments consideration, she decided that even though it would never be her favorite, the taste wasn't *bad*, like spoiled milk or anything. Still, she couldn't understand why Bethany had said that she liked it, when it was just the two of them in their room. Well, that wasn't the only thing that the two of them had different opinions about...

Though Jeremy's eyes *appeared* closed, they weren't, completely. He saw Brittany turn away from him, but the movement of her arm and head made it pretty clear to him that she'd just tasted his cum. But he figured that if she'd turned away, she didn't want him to know (for whatever reason), and decided that he wouldn't say or do anything. When she began to turn toward him again, he went ahead and closed his eyes completely; after he'd relaxed for a bit, he opened them again and saw that Britt was watching him with a look that told him she was still a bit unsure that she'd really pleased him. He didn't hesitate to smile at her in reassurance before holding his arm out and asking her "Snuggle with me again?"

Delighted, she quickly resumed her previous position before he told her "Thanks, Britt. That felt *really* good — you did just **fine**."

"It was okay, even though you didn't shoot in my mouth like you do with Dawn?"

"Honest, Brit, you did great. Didn't you make me climax?"

Jeremy could feel the increased warmth when Brittany blushed before she answered "Yeah, I did, didn't I?", her tone of voice letting him know that she was pleased with herself.

Several minutes went by before Jeremy finally said "I wish we could stay like this as long as we wanted to, but I guess we need to get cleaned up before everyone else gets home. Do you want to take a shower by yourself, or with me?"

Brittany tilted her head back to look at him before asking "You... you'd let me clean up with you, like you do with Dawn?"

"Of **course** I would! You're my sister, too, and didn't we just have fun together?"

"Yeah... but I didn't think you'd want to wash up with ME like you do with Dawn. I mean, she's bigger and older than me and Beth, and everything..."

Jeremy calmly kissed Britt on the forehead before answering "Yeah, she is. But like I said, you're still my sister, and we still had fun together — and that's all that matters to ME."

Visibly pleased, Brittany told him "Yeah, I would like to clean up with you, then."

"Then we'd better get going", Jeremy responded. A moment later, Brittany moved away from him, and the two of them quickly got up and headed — naked and holding hands — for the bathroom, where they took a *relatively* brief shower that included no small amount of mutual fondling and groping before they were done. Once they were dried and dressed again, Brittany decided to get started on her homework; Jeremy quietly went to find Dawn to both let her know that he and Brittany were done, and to let her know (in general terms) how things had gone.

A couple of days later, it was Bethany's turn to approach him about a private lesson. She was appreciably more at ease about the whole thing than Brittany had been; apparently, Brittany had at least told her about Jeremy's behavior and attitude, if nothing else. Bethany was also more relaxed when she came into Jeremy's room. Her time with her older brother went much the same as her twins, with the exception that Bethany didn't have any qualms about letting Jeremy climax in her mouth — something that convinced her that the taste of semen was something she actually liked as she eagerly swallowed every drop.

Over the course of the next few weeks, each of the twins had a couple more private times with Jeremy. Both of them quickly got into the spirit of the thing, so that Jeremy was able to get into a lively session of '69' with each of them. Brittany even started taking her brothers climaxes in her mouth; she didn't find it as pleasant as her sister, but it was still acceptable. Between times with the twins, Jeremy and Dawn were able to continue *their* activities, which kept Dawn happy.

Jeremy and Dawn were spooning one afternoon, after having already brought each other to a couple of climaxes apiece, when Dawn put her hand over Jeremy's (which was holding one of her breasts) and telling him "Jer? There's something I've got to talk to you about..."

Half-asleep from their after-school activities, Jeremy managed to mutter "Wuzzat?"

"I don't want to be a virgin any more — and I want you to be the one to do it."

It took a couple of seconds for that to find its way through his mental fog, but when it did, it got his **full** attention.

"Whaddya mean you don't want to be a virgin any more? And me do *what*?", thinking — fearing — that he already knew the answers to both questions.

"Just what I said. I don't want to be a virgin any more. I talked to the nurse at the clinic, and she said that even though it's *sometimes* possible for a virgin to get an IUD like I want, it wasn't something that I should count on: that if I still had my hymen — my cherry — when I came in, they'd probably have to get rid of it before they could do anything. I've **really** thought about it, and I decided that if I was going to have to stop being a virgin so I could start using birth control, then I wanted it to happen the way *I* wanted it to — with a real, live guy. And if it's going to be a

guy that does it, then I want it to mean something; I mean, I want to be with a guy that cares about me, and will take it easy with me so that it doesn't hurt any more than it absolutely **has** to. The only person I KNOW I could trust like that is YOU. I mean, the way you've acted since we started doing stuff together, I know you'd never hurt me on purpose; and the way you've been with Britt and Beth, I know that you'd be patient and everything, too. And when we talked out the hall that time, you *said* that you wanted to be able to have sex with me — 'a lot', you said."

"Yeah, I did — and I still do! But since then, I've listened to some of the older guys at school, and even kinda talked to Dad about it. Not you and me, I mean, but like I was just trying to find something out before it happened for ME. So yeah, I *would* like to actually start having sex; but not if it would hurt you. Now I know that having sex with someone the first time is **important**. And if you want us to have sex before you can start birth control, then we'd have to make for certain positive that WE couldn't get YOU pregnant. I love you, Dawn, even more than as your brother, and I don't want to do anything that would mess things up for either of us, okay?"

Hearing what he had to say made Dawn realize that Jeremy undoubtedly loved her as much as, and in the same way, that she loved him. She still knew that what they felt for each other was something that they'd have for the rest of their lives, even if they couldn't show it the way they might want to.

When Dawn didn't say anything for several seconds, Jeremy worked up the courage to tell her "I'm not going to lie to you and say that I wouldn't like to have sex with you. But I **am** going to say that I don't want it to happen unless you're *absolutely sure*, and I won't do it until I'm certain that there's positively NO way we can get you pregnant — something that's at *least* as good as that IUD you told me about. I hope I'm not making you mad, or think that I don't love you — I do, more than I could say. Enough, even, that I'd rather hurt you by saying 'no' if actually doing it might hurt you even more."

Even as Jeremy was saying that, Dawn knew that he DID love her, and that he was actually being as mature and responsible as he (and SHE!) *should* be. She had to admit to herself that she was a little disappointed — but more than that, she was glad that she had a brother that loved her as much as he did: though he was the younger, his adult attitude toward the whole thing was forcing her to be as mature and responsible as he was. She acknowledged what he said by telling him "Okay, Jeremy. I understand, and I'm not mad or hurt — really. I won't say anything else about it until and unless I'm really, truly **ready** for it to happen. Okay?"

After giving her a gentle hug, Jeremy answered "Okay, Sis."

For the next little while, the two of them just lay there, each wrapped in their own thoughts: Jeremy feeling both surprised and pleased that he'd actually done something he considered 'seriously grown up'; Dawn was kept occupied with examining her own motives and emotions. Nearly half an hour passed before Dawn suggested that they get cleaned up. Their shared shower was all that was needed to get them out of their individual thoughts and start playfully teasing and joking again.

The next few weeks passed with Jeremy and Dawn continuing to share their love and bodies with each other, and each of the twins wanting to spend some private time with him, as well. Despite all the female attention he was getting, Jeremy had the good sense not to take any of it for granted: when he was with any of them, he gave her his full and undivided attention, and showed her the care and affection he felt.

It was late on a Saturday morning, and all the rest of the family was out to do some shopping. Because they were the oldest, Jeremy and Dawn were exempted as a way for their parents to try and compensate them for the amount of time they had to spend taking care of the rest of the kids. It had been maybe half an hour since everyone had left, and Jeremy was sprawled out on his bed and reading a book when he saw Dawn standing a bit awkwardly in the doorway and asked her "What's up, Sis?"

"I told you that I wouldn't say anything else to you about me not being a virgin until I was **sure** that was what I wanted, and there was a way for us to have sex so that I *couldn't* get pregnant. Well, I am sure, and there's a way that you can have my virginity so that I can't POSSIBLY get pregnant."

Definitely interested (!), Jeremy asked "What's that?"

"I went back and read my biology book, the section about how people have babies, I mean. And I read the books that Mom and Dad gave us again, too, just to make sure. For me to get pregnant, it only takes ONE of your sperm cells to find the little egg that comes loose while I'm having my period. If either one of those things is missing, nothing happens. So if we had sex at the right time, there wouldn't be any egg inside me for any of your sperm to find — I'd be just as safe as if I WAS on birth control."

Although Jeremy didn't remember the details (he didn't have the right plumbing) of the female side of things, he remembered enough to keep up with what Dawn was saying. So when he nodded his understanding, she went on to say "Well, I expect I'll be starting my period — bleeding, I mean — Tuesday or Wednesday. That means that the egg from last time is long gone, and there won't be another one for a week or more. I'm as safe now as I'll ever be: how much sperm you put in me doesn't matter because there's no egg to make me pregnant."

Jeremy could hear the satisfaction and eagerness in his sisters voice; thinking about what she'd said, he realized that not only was she letting him know that she'd found a solution to the risk of pregnancy, but she was also making it amply clear that she was sure about what she wanted to do — and who with.

Thinking that he already knew the answer, but needing to confirm it, Jeremy asked her "When did you want it to happen?"

"My appointment at the clinic is in three weeks. And since I start my period in a couple days, then we'd only have today or tomorrow. Everybody's going to be gone until late this afternoon, so I was thinking that today... or even, you know, *now* would be good..."

Hearing Dawn say that made Jeremy realize that even though she was certain about wanting to give her virginity to him, she was still nervous about what would happen — and really needed him to help see her through it. It took him only a moment to assume an air of surety and confidence that he *really* didn't feel before he moved to stand up and face her before replying "If that's what you want, Dawn, then I'll do the best I can."

On hearing that, Dawn quickly came into Jeremy's room, and when she got close enough, he took her into his arms and gently hugged her close before softly telling her "I want this to be as good and easy for you as we can make it, Dawn, but it's still going to be up to YOU to let me know what you need or want me to do. So **talk** to me, okay?"

He heard her say "I will, Jeremy, I promise" before she eased herself back a bit so that she could look at him. When he looked into her eyes, he could see all the different things going through her just then: sureness of what she wanted, apprehension about what would happen, anticipation how it would feel, her trust in him, and most of all how much she loved him. The only thing Jeremy could think of to say or do was to simply lean in slightly so that he could kiss her — making it as soft and gentle and *loving* as he could, trying to tell her with his lips what he simply didn't have the words for.

What he got back from her felt like she was telling him much the same things; when the kiss ended, he KNEW how much she loved and trusted him.

When the two of them were looking at each other again, Dawn told him "When you said you wanted me to be absolutely sure about this, you got me thinking — not just about what I wanted you to do, but the before and after stuff, too. I got a couple of things so that there wouldn't be any problems if you were okay with it happening today."

Seeing the confusion and curiosity on Jeremy's face, Dawn explained "There's a *chance* that I'm going to bleed some when... when my hymen is gone. It won't be a lot, but I still didn't figure either one of us would want to try to explain it to Mom or Dad, so I bought a towel with some of the money I get from babysitting. We can use it instead of one of ours, and I can just throw it away afterwards. And I got a small sheet of plastic to put under it so that we can be sure that nothing gets through and makes a mess on the sheets, either." Blushing slightly, Dawn added "I... I know how much you squirt, and I know it's going to leak out of me afterwards..."

Hearing that, Jeremy was doubly glad that he'd said that he wanted her to make sure of what she wanted: HE sure as hell hadn't thought about any of that stuff! And the idea of trying to explain any of it to either of his folks *sure* didn't bear thinking about!

Jeremy's attention quickly returned to Dawn when he heard her start to tell him "If you'll give me a minute, I'll go get the stuff, and then we can... you know..."

Still holding his sister, Jeremy asked her "Did you want it to happen here in my room? Or would it be easier for you in yours?"

With a half-smile, Dawn replied "Well, I was kinda hoping it could be in my room. I know it

doesn't **really** matter where; I'd just be a little more comfortable there."

"If that's where you want to be, then it does really matter, and that's where we'll go."

Smiling her acceptance of what he'd said, Dawn took a step back before taking Jeremy's hand in hers and leading the two of them into her room — and making *doubly* sure that the door was closed and **latched**. Even if the rest of the family got home sooner than she expected, she figured that Jeremy would have an opportunity to get into the bathroom across the hall without being caught, if need be.

When she turned to face Jeremy, Dawn saw him open his arms in invitation to her. She readily — even eagerly — moved to stand in front of him, and felt him give her a soft hug before simply holding her gently in his arms. That small, simple gesture did more to reassure her that everything would be okay than anything he could have said to her. Putting her arms around him, she returned his embrace before moving her head so that she could give him a soft kiss on the lips. Jeremy returned her love and affection in equal measure, comforting her even more.

Their next kiss was longer, though just as chaste. The one after that saw each of them begin to reveal the desire they had for each other.

Over the next several minutes, their kisses gradually grew longer and longer as the tenderness they felt was gradually replaced by their increasing passion. Jeremy was the first to move his arms from around his siblings waist so that he could hold Dawn's tight little ass in his hands; it was only a moment before she did the same with him.

From that point, things quickly heated up between them; it wasn't long before Jeremy was kneading the firm globes of Dawn's butt as she pressed herself against him while the two of them dueled tongues in each other's mouths. Both of them were panting slightly when Dawn finally managed to pull herself away from her brother and tell him "I... I want you to take my clothes off, Jeremy, and then let me do yours."

Jeremy thought that was a *fine* suggestion. He'd helped Dawn undress (and even dress) before, but the current situation made it even more special. He didn't bother saying anything in response; he'd seen that the dress she had on had the buttons down the back, so he simply moved behind her and started unfastening them — but only after reaching around her to give her a hug, and soft kiss on the side of her neck. When he'd gotten all the buttons undone, Jeremy surprised Dawn by not slipping it off her shoulders. Instead, he quickly unfastened her bra (something he'd gotten VERY good at, what with all the chances he had to practice) before slipping his hands inside her dress and around to the front, where he slid them under the cups so that he could hold her breasts. Using the tips of his forefingers, he softly teased her nipples into hardness before gently squeezing the firm orbs of her mammarys.

For Dawn, the feeling of Jeremy's hands on her tits wasn't anything new. But somehow, it felt *different* to her that time — more intimate, and special, somehow. It took her only a moment to realize that he was letting her know that he DID want them to be together, but that he was also telling her without words that he wasn't going to hurry her, either. Even as his hands were busy

on her breasts, Dawn felt him kiss her: first on the neck just under her ear, then again a little lower. More kisses followed, each a bit farther along until he left a final one on the point of her shoulder before starting the whole thing over again on the other side. Jeremy had been nuzzling the cloth of her dress out of the way each time; it took only the slightest shrug of her shoulders before Dawn's dress was a puddle of material around her feet, leaving her standing there in only her panties and unhooked bra.

Jeremy dealt with her bra by easing his hands out from between her tits and the cups, and simply slipping the straps off her shoulders; it was Dawn that let it slide down her arms, guiding it to land on the floor next to her dress.

Jeremy's hands returned to her breasts again, caressing them and teasing her nipples for a little while before expanding his touch to include as much of her flesh as he could reach: from pelvis to shoulders, there wasn't a bit of the front of her that his hands didn't come in contact with. Only then did she sense him kneel down behind her before using his fingertips to trace a pattern down her back, from her shoulders to the waistband of her panties. Slipping his fingers under the edge of the material, Jeremy slowly eased them past her hips — and beyond. Somehow, he managed to slide his hands across her ass before easing the material the rest of the way down her legs. With her last garment keeping her dress company, Dawn felt Jeremy slowly caressing his way back up her legs; when his hands were on her hips again, she felt him lean forward and place a soft kiss on each of her ass cheeks, and again at the top of the cleft between them.

With a slight pressure from his hands, he let her know that he wanted her to turn around. She did, and wasn't surprised in the slightest when he kissed her at the very edge of the top of her pubic hair. He began to rise again, though slowly so that he could give her no small number of soft kisses along the way. When he was completely standing again, he looked into her eyes and quietly told her "Dawn, you're *beautiful*. You're my sister, and I'll always love you, no matter what."

Honored by the simple sincerity of his words, Dawn felt herself starting to cry in happiness. It was only with difficulty that she managed to blink back her tears in favor of answering "Thank you, Jeremy", matching the feeling of what he'd just said. Jeremy understood what she meant, and simply smiled at her for a moment before taking a small step back — reminding her that she'd wanted to undress HIM.

Dawn didn't have to go behind Jeremy to get him undressed, since everything guys wore fastened in the front. That didn't mean, though, that all of her attention was on the front of him: she wasn't the slightest bit reluctant to become more familiar with his shoulders and back — and even *his* ass. Otherwise, what she did was much the same as he'd done to, and with, her.

That finally left the two of them standing there, both naked and facing each other. Neither felt the slightest embarrassment at looking the other over, or being checked out in return; if anything, the mutual examinations only served to increase their desire, as evidenced by Jeremy's semi-erect penis, and the pointed dark peaks of Dawn's erect nipples — and the faint but distinct scent of her arousal.

It was a noticeably calmer Dawn that broke the spell by saying "Let me get the other stuff ready on the bed. Then we can lay down...", leaving the rest unsaid. Jeremy voiced his agreement, and asked if he could help; Dawn quickly assured him that it wasn't needed.

It took little more than a minute for her to get an inexpensive beach towel positioned on top of a sheet of thin, flexible plastic only a little larger than the towel, explaining to Jeremy "I... I thought a bigger towel would be more comfortable for us, and we wouldn't have to worry so much about making sure we stayed on it — you know, while we're, um, distracted."

Jeremy moved to take his sister in his arms again before telling her "It's okay, Sis. You did good, thinking about all this stuff. I'm sorry *I* never thought about it. You got it all right, and there's nothing to be embarrassed about, okay?"

Jeremy's words calmed Dawn again, and she managed to smile as she told him "Okay, Jer. It's just that I'm starting to feel kind of nervous again."

Taking her hand in his, Jeremy told her "That's okay, Dawn. I'm nervous, too. But I love you, and we aren't going to hurry any of this, okay? Let's just lay down, and we can hold hands or kiss or whatever until you're ready."

Relieved again, Dawn let Jeremy guide to lay down before he settled next to her. Propped up on his elbow, he placed his hand on her belly; after lowering his head to give her a soft, chaste kiss on the lips, he smiled down at her as he asked "There, now, this isn't so bad, is it?"

Dawn had to smile in response to his gentle teasing before she answered "No, it's not bad. I like it."

Satisfied that Dawn was feeling okay again, Jeremy lowered his head and kissed her again for a little longer. When he lifted his head, Dawn told him "Thanks, Jeremy."

"You're welcome. But what *for*?"

"For being as nice about all this as you are. For making me think about what I wanted again, so that I got things *right*. For not letting me do something dumb, like maybe take a chance of getting pregnant. For being there for me when I needed you. For being the kind of brother you are, and loving me the way that you do."

Somewhat taken aback, it took Jeremy a few moments before he was able to answer "You don't have to thank me for any of that, Dawn. If I'm a good brother, then it's only because you're such a good sister; and I love you because of the way that you love ME."

The two of them looked into each others eyes for several seconds before Jeremy again lowered his head. Their kiss began with each of them expressing the love they felt for the other, but when Dawn took Jeremy's hand and moved it to her breast, the affection of their kiss readily shifted to reflect their mutual desire as Jeremy began stroking the breast under his hand, and teasing its nipple.

With the spark of their desires fanned, their kisses quickly became more impassioned and their

touches to each others bodies more frequent — and intimate. It didn't take but a few minutes before Dawn had her hands on Jeremy's erecting penis, and he had his lips and mouth moving back and forth from one of her breasts to the other — and his hand between her thighs.

Knowing that he was going to be fucking his sister, it seemed like a good idea to Jeremy to find out just what might lay ahead of him. Paying careful attention to making sure he got Dawn as excited as he could, Jeremy finally decided that it was okay to begin checking out what was *behind* the delicate lips of his sister's sex. Slowly (so that she could let him know if she objected to what he was doing) and carefully (so that she wouldn't have REASON to object), Jeremy began the process of working one of his fingers past the portals of his sisters womanhood. He first eased just the very tip of his finger between her labia, making sure to get it wetted with her oils before pressing a little deeper. Then he'd back out slightly, wait a few moments, and press in a bit farther before repeating the cycle. It took several minutes as he gradually moved the tight ring of her opening down his digit; there finally came the time when he felt an obstruction barring further progress. He quickly realized that it must be her hymen — the 'cherry' that symbolized her virginal status.

Dawn was fully aware of what Jeremy was doing with his hand between her legs. But he'd been patient and careful, and hadn't done anything to hurt her; far from it, in fact. The feeling of even the first digit of his finger inside her excited her more than she'd imagined it could — and made her want the sensation of having her entire vagina filled, even more.

She'd known when Jeremy found her cherry because she could feel a faint pressure inside from the contact. When he didn't do anything else for several seconds, she finally gasped to him "Yeah, Jeremy — that's my cherry. You aren't hurting me, so if you can figure out anything about it, you can keep going. If it starts to bother me, I'll let you know."

Jeremy was relieved to hear that he wasn't hurting his sister, and was frankly relieved to hear her confirmation that he'd found the part that she wanted him to deal with. He hadn't been quite sure what he was trying to learn, and still didn't have any idea what he was supposed to figure out. But if Dawn told him he was doing okay, and said he could keep going...

After a few moments thought, Jeremy figured that he might be able to get some idea of how much trouble it might be (and pain it would cause Dawn) to get past that point if he could find something out about it: how thick or stiff it was, whether or not it stretched any, and that kind of thing. He figured that there must be *some* kind of hole in it, since blood and all the other stuff came out when Dawn had her periods; how big was that hole? Was it something he could make bigger without hurting her?

With those questions in mind, Jeremy went back to his investigations, resolving that he wouldn't hurt Dawn in the process of getting the answers he was after. It took just a few minutes of patient, careful, and **gentle** probing before he finally concluded that her hymen didn't feel all that thick or tough to *him*, and that he didn't figure that it would be that difficult to past it. What DAWN might think was something else entirely, however. It was after he'd reached that point that he realized that as careful as he'd been getting his finger that far, his erect cock would be

even more of a problem. Shortly on the heels of that, he understood that just as Dawn had seemed to stretch inside to accept his finger, she'd stretch to take his cock — but that if he could get even just a couple of his fingers inside her, it would make things easier for her. It wasn't but a few moments before he started putting his thoughts into action.

Dawn hadn't said anything, but Jeremy's efforts to learn something about her maidenhead had caused her a little discomfort. But he'd never actually hurt her, and knowing WHY he was doing it made it a lot easier for her to put up with the different sensations he'd caused. She was a little disappointed when she felt his finger leave, and was starting to wonder why he'd pulled it out when she felt him at her opening again. It took nearly a minute before she realized that he was trying to get TWO of his fingers inside her; that was quickly followed by the understanding that he was trying to make it possible to at least **start** getting his dick inside her without hurting her too much. In response, Dawn tried to cooperate by relaxing herself and making it as easy for him as she could.

Jeremy's attention was on being careful to go slowly and patiently, so he didn't really notice that Dawn was trying to make things easier for him. All he knew was that after several patient tries, he was finally able to start worming his middle and ring fingers past the tight ring of her opening. Once he'd accomplished that much, it wasn't that much longer before he'd equaled his previous gains.

Dawn was willing to tolerate the greater discomfort — *almost* pain, really — of what Jeremy was doing because she knew that it was actually going to make things easier later on: his cock was a **lot** bigger than even two of his fingers! She wanted it to happen, so she continued trying to relax herself; by accepting what was happening to her, it wasn't but a couple of minutes before the sensations weren't as bothersome as they'd started out. In fact, they were starting to feel kind of... nice, actually...

Jeremy had reached the point where he was slowly sliding the ends of his fingers in and out of Dawn, and slightly twisting them a bit as he did to try and 'open her up' when he heard her say "I'm getting used to that, Jeremy — what you're doing with your fingers, I mean. I... I think that if we do something first, it'll be okay for you to get inside me."

Releasing the rubbery nubbin of one of her nipples from his mouth, Jeremy asked "What's that?"

"I think it would be easier if I was wetter, you know, on the inside; and more at ease, like I am after I have an orgasm."

Jeremy couldn't resist grinning at her as he replied "If you think you want me to help you climax first, I'd be *glad* to do that, Dawn."

She had to grin back as she answered "It won't just be you doing me, Jeremy. I want to get you hard, and as slippery on the outside as you make me on the inside!"

With that, it took them only a few seconds to get themselves repositioned; by unspoken agreement, Jeremy was the one on top so that Dawn wouldn't have to move around on the towel

any more than necessary. His head poised over his sister's pelvis, Jeremy once more had to marvel at the beauty and delicacy of her womanhood: the dark wedge of her luxuriously soft pubic wedge, the thin soft lips of her sex, and the distinct shine between them. He again marveled at his good fortune before lowering his head between Dawn's thighs, and extending his tongue so that he could collect a sample of her nectar...

Beneath him, Dawn was experiencing much the same feelings — and more. Knowing that she was soon going to have the cock she was looking at inside her easily brought on the hollow sensation between her legs that she'd gotten used to. The idea of having Jeremy's penis moving in her had her vagina and breasts almost *aching* in anticipation. She knew that there was still the problem of getting past her hymen; but she loved and trusted Jeremy enough to know that if it was going to hurt, it would be as small a pain as could be managed — and that after that, she'd be free to take full pleasure from what she'd only been able to dream about to that point.

For his part, Jeremy was *more* than willing to apply himself to helping Dawn have an orgasm. He really did love her — even if it wasn't the way he knew two adults would; that he delighted in her taste AND made her feel so good AND she liked to do things with him, too, only seemed to make the whole thing perfect. And now... to be doing it now when she wanted to give him her virginity... well, that was about the best reason he could conceive of.

So Jeremy went about his assignment willingly, and with great pleasure. Because they were in the reverse of their usual position, Dawn wasn't at the same 'angle' to him as she usually was: the opening to her vagina was a little more difficult to get to (even with Dawn arching her pelvis up in welcome to his efforts). But her clitoris was a lot easier to reach, and Jeremy had learned that attention to IT was what pleased her the most. Still, he was determined not to rush her, so he was careful not to pay *too* much attention to the little pearl of flesh at the top of her cleft. It wasn't but a couple of minutes before his tender ministrations had her labia parted and the area between them glistening with her essence.

Beneath him, Dawn was finding that having Jeremy on top of her complicated things for **her**, too. With Jeremy positioned as he was so that he could get his head between her thighs, it left his cock jutting out at the wrong angle. Instead of being pointed toward her as she was used to, it was going the opposite direction; without having to be told, she knew that trying to lever it down and back so she could get her mouth around it would be uncomfortable enough to negate the pleasure of what she wanted to do. After trying to figure out something, she finally realized that she was simply going to have to content herself with using her lips and tongue on the outside of him — and on his balls. She felt a little disappointment that she wouldn't be able to give him as much pleasure as she usually did before she realized that not stimulating him so much was probably a GOOD thing, considering why they were in the position they were in...

When Dawn started 'biting' at his erection with her lips, it took a few seconds before Jeremy realized that their change of position was causing problems for Dawn, too — and considerably less time for him to come to the conclusion that her limited abilities were probably for the better: it had finally gotten through to him that deflowering his sister meant that he was finally actually

going to get to *fuck* for the first time in his life. The anticipation of that singular event was dramatically raising his arousal, and he was afraid that if Dawn had been able to get her mouth on him as she usually did, he'd finish before he even got started!

The next several minutes went by with each of them readily applying themselves toward getting the other ready for what was next.

Jeremy could feel Dawn nuzzling his balls as he was slowly fluttering his tongue across her clitoris; from the soft moans she was releasing and the way she'd spread her thighs and was arching herself up at him, he knew that she was on the edge of finding her release from the pleasure he'd been bringing her. It took only a second for him to decide not to draw things out any longer; he suddenly changed to circling her clit with a firm but gentle pressure, and it wasn't but a few seconds of that before he felt his sisters body tense beneath him with the start of her climax.

Dawn's mind had been filled with the images and imagined sensations of Jeremy's hard cock sliding in and out of her when she felt his tongue change what it was doing to her clit. The rhythm of it jibed perfectly with her mental images, and the near-perfect pressure he was applying was all it took to trigger her release.

Since the whole *point* of bringing Dawn to a climax was to get her relaxed and wet inside, Jeremy figured that more orgasm equaled more relaxed; he'd long since learned that the wetness part of it applied. So as Dawn's young body went through the spasms that he'd grown familiar with, he did his best to extend and intensify her pleasure. Only when he felt her finally relax beneath him did he carefully move off of her; when he'd reversed direction, he paused for a few moments to look at her so that he could memorize how she looked: not just her pretty face and sexy body, but the undefinable radiance she exhibited in her post-orgasmic state that somehow made her even more lovely.

Once he was satisfied that he'd never forget just how beautiful she was as she lay there, Jeremy found himself surprisingly calm as he got himself positioned between his sisters legs. He knew that the timing on what he was going to do was critical: he needed to get into her, and through her hymen, while she was still relaxed from her orgasm; but he wasn't about to just stuff his achingly-hard dick in her without her knowing what he was doing. Otherwise, it would be too much like he was raping her — something that he simply could bear the thought of happening to her. So he got himself situated between her legs, and even the head of his cock positioned at her opening before lowering his body so that he could put his mouth next to her ear and quietly asking "Are you ready, Dawn? Do you want me to start now?"

He felt his heart beat several times before he heard Dawn's soft "Yes, Jeremy. Make me a woman!", followed by the feeling of her arms wrapping around his body.

Her words had been clear and explicit enough that Jeremy was comfortable she knew what he'd asked, and told him what she wanted. His conscience clear, he reached between them to hold his penis in place as he began trying to wedge the head of his erection between the portals of his

sisters virginity. He could feel Dawn trying to spread her legs to make it easier for him, and he responded by carefully increasing the pressure he was applying. Slowly, millimeter by millimeter, he could feel himself spreading her labia; several seconds of progress had him able to feel the hot wetness of her womanhood on the very tip of his cock. A few more seconds, and he knew that he could feel the obstruction of her maidenhead. It was only then that it occurred to him to do with his erect cock what he'd done with his fingers: to simply try and get past it by pressing forward, then backing off a little, press forward a little more, back off a little, and so on.

With that in mind, Jeremy started slowly rocking his hips forward in small gentle movements as he continued trying to ease his way deeper into his sister.

As Jeremy's cock had slid farther and farther between her labia, Dawn could feel him beginning to stretch her. But his previous efforts with his fingers, and the *wonderful* orgasm she'd just had helped keep her from feeling too uncomfortable. When she felt him start moving over her, she first wondered what the hell he was doing — but as he continued, she could feel him start to bump against her maidenhead, and understood. While what he was doing was somewhat uncomfortable, she was more than willing to accept that discomfort if it meant that he'd be able to get past the obstruction without hurting her too much. The sensation as his cock gradually entered her farther and farther did wonders toward increasing her tolerance...

Jeremy was starting to wonder if he was **ever** going to get past her hymen when another push resulted in it giving way and letting him slide nearly an inch into his sister — accompanied by a soft cry from her.

Jeremy immediately froze where he was, then raised his head to look down and say "I'm sorry, Dawn! I was trying to go slow, and be so careful so I wouldn't hurt you!"

The regret and sorrow on Jeremy's face was more than enough to cause Dawn to forget about the pain she'd just felt; the look in his eyes told her, even more than his words had, how much it hurt HIM that he'd cause HER pain. Putting on the best expression she could manage, Dawn didn't hesitate in the slightest to tell him "I know, Jeremy. It's okay. Really, it is. I already knew that it *might* hurt. But I know that because of what you did, you know, before, and what you were doing, it didn't hurt any more than it really **had** to. I don't think there's anything either one of us could have done to make it any easier. It really didn't hurt that bad — honest." Even as Dawn was saying that, she was surprised to realize that it was true: sure, she'd felt a little pain. Though it had been sharp and sudden, it had also been brief; even as she was thinking about it, she could tell that it was steadily fading — and the sensation that was replacing it was *far* more pleasant...

Looking up at her brother again, Dawn's smile was sincere as she told him "Really, Jeremy, it's okay. It doesn't even hurt now. I think I was just surprised by it as much as hurt."

Jeremy *wanted* to believe her, but he still wasn't sure, and asked "You're really okay?"

"Really, Jeremy. If I was hurting, do you think I'd be able to do *this*?", the last part emphasized by arching her pelvis up to get Jeremy's cock a trifle farther inside. The expression on his face after she did it was priceless, and Dawn simply told him "Please, Jeremy — I **want** to feel the

rest of your cock in me! I want you inside me, all the way, and then I want you to fuck me and fill me with your stuff so I know what it's like to be a woman!"

Hearing that, Jeremy didn't figure there was anything left for him to worry about. Lowering his head, he touched his lips to Dawns — and it was she that drew it out, making it loving and passionate. When their lips separated again, Jeremy lifted his head and looked down at her — and saw that Dawn *had* started to become a woman. Shortly on the heels of that, he realized that he'd started to change, too, and for the better. With a smile, Jeremy quietly told his sibling "I love you, Dawn", knowing that she would understand not just the words that he was saying, but everything behind them. The expression on her face when she answered "And I love you, Jeremy" told him that she had.

With the most troubling part taken care of, it was a matter of just a few more minutes of patient effort before both of them felt it as the tight ring of Dawn's vaginal opening was clenched around the base of Jeremy's hard cock. For both of them, the first experience of a hard cock wrapped by a hot and wet vagina was something to be savored and treasured for nearly a full minute.

It was Dawn that spoke and moved first when she reached down to put her hands on Jeremy's ass before telling him "Now FUCK me!" — a command that Jeremy was more than ready to obey.

It was when Jeremy started slowly sliding his manhood out of his sister that he realized he had still one more problem, after all: the feeling of actually *moving* in her was threatening to cause him to climax far, *far* sooner than he wanted to. As the sensations emanating from his dick increased, Jeremy began to panic: after all they'd been through, after all the trouble and pain, the **last** thing he wanted to do was disappoint Dawn by blowing his load in her too quickly!

Even as his mind was frantically trying to find a way to stave off his climax, Jeremy knew that he couldn't NOT tell Dawn what the problem was: even though he'd managed to act as though he was already experienced thus far, there simply wasn't any way of putting off admitting to that fact that Dawn was getting HIS virginity, too.

With that realization, Jeremy simply gave in to necessity, and held himself as still as possible while trying to get control of himself again. When a couple seconds had passed with him staying motionless, Dawn finally asked "What is it, Jeremy? What's wrong?"

Blushing fiercely in his embarrassment, Jeremy hesitated several seconds before finally answering "I, uh... I'm kinda having a problem, and just need to hold still for a minute..."

"But *why*?" Dawn asked, confused.

Trying to not have to admit what the **real** problem was, Jeremy simply told her "Because it feels so good to me to be inside you like this. *Too* good, almost. I just need to not move for a minute so I don't... disappoint you or anything."

It took a few moments for Dawn to understand what Jeremy was getting at: that he was close to cumming in her. She had to think about it for another couple of moments (she *was* a bit 'distracted', after all!) before remembering that it was a lot easier for Jeremy to get excited — and

even finish — than it was for her. Her first thought was to simply tell him to go ahead and cum, since she knew that he'd last longer the second time anyway. But she quickly realized that climaxing so soon and so easily after getting his *wonderful* cock in her would only embarrass him and make him ashamed; she knew from everything that had happened up to that point that he didn't want to disappoint her any more than he'd wanted to hurt her.

So despite her almost overwhelming desire to tell him to go ahead, she decided to be patient a little bit longer — she'd waited this long, so a little more wouldn't kill her. When she spoke to him again, it was to say "That's okay, Jer. If that's what you need to do, then it's okay with me. Is there anything I can do?"

Even that brief conversation with Dawn was enough to let Jeremy pull back from the edge a little bit, so it was with considerable relief that he answered "Thanks, Sis. No, there's nothing *you* can do; I just need to, um, kinda catch my breath."

Though he didn't know it, it took Jeremy almost two full minutes to learn to deal with the indescribable feelings emanating from his cock; once he did, though, things went a lot faster.

It seemed to Dawn that it took just short of **forever** before her brother "caught his breath", but she finally did feel him start to move in her again — and it was *great*!

Jeremy's first efforts in his sister were slow and gentle, both to give her plenty of time to get used to having him in her and moving, and to make sure that he wasn't going to "go off" too soon. Once he was sure that those two concerns had been addressed, he readily increased his efforts. It wasn't long before he was sliding nearly the entire length of his erection in and out of the delightfully hot, wet, and tight sheath of his sister's womanhood — accompanied by Dawn's pleased moans and enthusiastic arching up of her pelvis in welcome to his thrusts.

Dawn was almost willing to believe that she'd died and gone to heaven, it felt so good to have Jeremy's penis moving in her. It seemed like she could feel every vein and ridge on it as it slid back and forth through her opening; each time Jeremy pressed himself into her, she could feel him bump against her achingly-erect clit and the sack of his balls slapping against her ass. As nice as she'd dreamed it would feel to have a guy inside her, it wasn't anywhere *near* the reality she was experiencing. For having experienced the pain of having her hymen broken so recently, she was amazed at just how **good** it felt to finally actually be *fucking*. Even as she could feel herself moving closer and closer to her first "real sex" orgasm, she couldn't help but think that she — and Jeremy! — had been right to wait. She knew that it was only because both of them **KNEW** she was "safe", and they had the time and place to do it *right*, and (most importantly) the **love** that they felt for each other that she was able to enjoy what was happening.

Jeremy didn't know that it was the way he was pumping himself into his sister that was exciting her so much — and the truth be told, it probably wouldn't have mattered, anyway: he was finally getting the chance to actually **FUCK** for the first time, and once he was sure he wasn't going to cum too soon, that was pretty much all that mattered to him. All he was really sure of was that Dawn was responding to him the way he'd hoped (he could only figure that she liked it; the idea

that she might be responding to what HE was doing was beyond his ken, young as he was), and that she felt pretty damn good to HIM. Good enough, in fact, that he was getting close to unloading himself in her.

The increasing frequency — and force — of Jeremy's thrusts was driving Dawns mind farther and farther away from being able to think about what the two of them were doing; leaving her aware only of the physical sensations that threatened to overwhelm her: the feeling of being filled and emptied by his penis, the way her nipples felt as they were dragged across the smooth surface of his hairless chest, and (most of all) the intense and indescribable feeling of his pelvis bumping against her clitoris each time he thrust into her. The sum of it all was *so* much more than what she'd experienced when the two of them were together before that she **knew** that her rapidly-approaching orgasm was going to be far, far more than any of the ones she'd had before.

For his part, Jeremy was also aware of Dawns hard nipples as they drew Lissajous patterns on his chest in time with his efforts. He was intensely aware of how hot and **tight** Dawn was around his erect cock; he was even faintly aware of the liquid noises being generated by his plundering of his sisters incredibly wet treasure — and the sounds of pleasure and encouragement she was making. As was to be expected, there finally came the point where the incredible pleasure radiating from his manhood got to be too much; after a couple of fast, almost savage, thrusts, Jeremy tried to stuff as much of his young cock inside his sister as he could before the first wad of his jism erupted deep inside her.

Jeremy's last couple of thrusts were *almost* enough to push Dawn into her release; indeed, if Jeremy had managed even one more of them, that would have been enough to do the job. When Dawn felt Jeremy spraying her young vagina with his seed, she thought she was going to miss out — except that the sudden realization that he *was* cumming in her was enough to do it. With a near-scream of arousal and pleasure, Dawns nubile young body gave itself over to the incredible joy of her first coital orgasm.

The pleasure Jeremy was feeling was greatly amplified with the start of Dawns climax: the sensation of her already tight vagina clenching around him was something that he couldn't have even **imagined** before — and wasn't all that sure he wasn't imagining, in fact. But that it continued, and in time with the waves of pleasure that he could feel coursing through his sister underneath him (and gasps and groans she made, too) told him that it was real enough. It was only as the last few spurts of semen were leaving him that Jeremy realized that he'd managed to give Dawn as much pleasure as she'd given him — pleasing him immensely, and making him love her all the more.

The first spasm of release to hit Dawn nearly overpowered her, it was so intense. The ones that followed were **marginally** less powerful each time, but certainly no less pleasurable to her. By the time it was over, she was covered in a fine sheen of perspiration and gasping for breath — and *thoroughly* satisfied with her first experience of actually FUCKING. Jeremy was still holding himself over — an in! — her, something that nearly brought her to tears before she

wrapped her arms around him and hugged him as hard as she could.

Jeremy felt it as Dawn let her legs unwrap from around his waist, only to be surprised by the ferocity of the hug that quickly followed. When he was finally able to raise his body enough to look down at her, he could see the joy on her face and tears in her eyes as she told him "Oh, Jeremy! That was *wonderful* — it was **so** much nicer and better than I thought it would be! Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"I, uh, I'm glad you liked it, too" he answered.

"Oh, I didn't just like it, I LOVED it — all of it. You were so patient and gentle with me, and you got me SO hot before you even *tried* to get inside me. And then once you WERE in me, you did *exactly* what I needed to make me feel **so** good, and make me have the best orgasm EVER", she replied before pulling his head down to give him a kiss that let him know in no uncertain terms how she felt about him.

Dawn seemed so sure that he'd done it all on purpose that Jeremy's conscience began to bother him. It finally got so bad that he knew that he had to tell her the truth, no matter how embarrassing it was.

"Dawn, there's, um, something I need to, uh, tell you."

Happy as she was, it took a couple of seconds for Dawn to realize that Jeremy was troubled by something and answer "What is it, Jer?" — half afraid that he was going to tell her that he didn't want to be with her again, or something equally catastrophic.

Knowing that he was botching things, and unable to do anything about it, Jeremy finally managed to stammer "I... I've... This... This is the, uh, first time, you know, for, um, me, too. I mean, I've never, uh, done, you know, *this* before, either."

Again, it took several seconds for Dawn's mind to not only piece together what her brother had said, but to make sense of it. When she did, her face lost some of its joy as she asked "This was your first time with a girl? Now, with me?"

Jeremy's dark blush simply confirmed his words: "Um, yeah."

"But why didn't you *say* anything?" Dawn asked.

"I love you, and it seemed to make you feel so much better when you were talking to me about this stuff like you thought I already knew about it. I was afraid that if I said anything, you'd only get worried or something, and make it tougher on you than it had to be. I just figured that if you were sure of what you wanted us to do, and I was careful and took my time so I didn't rush you, then it would be enough. I knew that you trusted me about all this, and I didn't want to do or say anything that would mess that up." Then, after a couple of seconds, he reluctantly added "I was kinda ashamed, too. I mean, you thought I was already fucking and knew more about this stuff than you did; and I just *couldn't* admit it to you before. That, and I wanted us to fuck as much as you did — maybe more, even, and I didn't want to mess **that** up, either."

Dawn was paying CLOSE attention to what Jeremy said, and it took her only a moment to realize that she *had* just assumed that he was already fucking. And more to the point, she understood just how much of what she'd been thinking and feeling she had just... **dumped** on him without thinking about it. She knew that Jeremy loved her, and it shamed her to realize that she hadn't worried in the slightest about how the things she'd said (and done!) would affect him. And despite all that, he still did the best he could; not only had he made her first time good, he'd made it *wonderful*.

The tears in her eyes were ones of sorrow when Dawn pulled Jeremy into a hug and whispered into his ear "Oh, *Jeremy*! I'm SO sorry I made you think that you had to do all that for me, and that you couldn't talk to me and tell me what was important to you, too! Can you **ever** forgive me?"

To say that Jeremy was surprised by her reaction would be an understatement of colossal proportions: he'd *thought* that she'd be upset with him for essentially lying to her; instead, she was **apologizing**! It was then and there that Jeremy learned an important lesson that he kept with him for the rest of his life: that NO male was EVER going to understand the workings of the female mind; the best he could do was to try and do the "right" things and hope for the best.

When he was able to pull his head back far enough, Jeremy placed a soft kiss on Dawn's forehead before looking into her eyes and telling her "No, don't cry, Dawn. It's okay... really. I LOVE you, more than I could ever say. Besides, it all worked out okay, didn't it?"

That last part brought a smile to Dawn's lips again before she told him "Yeah, you could say that!", then adding a few moments later "I gave you MY cherry... and you gave me yours. That just makes all this even **more** special, doesn't it?"

Jeremy couldn't help but smile back at her before responding "Yeah, it does", accented with a kiss. The two of them were content to lay like that for a couple of minutes before Jeremy thought to ask "Dawn? I'm not too heavy, am I? Do you want me to move, or anything?"

"No, Jer, you're not heavy — you're my brother. You feel just *fine* right where you are...", the latter emphasized with a small (it was her first conscious attempt, after all) clenching of her vagina around his not-completely-deflated penis. That simple act, though, was enough to make him aware of how she felt around him: how warm, how wet, and the other little flexings as the two of them held each other.

It wasn't but a few minutes before Jeremy could feel himself starting to respond: between the feeling of his sister's body against his, and the feeling of her AROUND him, he was discovering that he was able to recover from his climax sooner than he ever had before. Even so, it was still another couple of minutes before Dawn became aware of what was happening as evidenced by her delighted query "Are... are you ready again? How? Why?"

Feeling a bit pleased with himself, Jeremy answered "Not yet, but close. I don't know how, but the 'why' is because of how you feel."

"What do you mean?"

"I can feel you — inside, I mean. I don't know if YOU can feel it, but sometimes you kind of tighten around me. It feels *real* good, and being next to you like this just makes it even better."

Hearing that, Dawn set her mind to the task of learning how to control her internal muscles to see if she could help Jeremy get hard again. As good as it felt the first time, she wanted to know how much better it could be now that they didn't have to worry about her hymen or getting his cock in her: it was already there!

Several seconds passed with Jeremy enjoying the hell out of the increasing sensations of Dawn's vagina before it occurred to him that she just *might* be doing it on purpose. Once the idea got into his mind, there was nothing for him to do but finally ask "Is... is that YOU? Doing that on purpose?"

The question was enough to let Dawn know she was on the right track, and she couldn't keep the satisfaction out of her voice as she answered "Yeah. You like it?", earning her an enthusiastic "OH, yeah!"

The next few minutes were spent with Dawn learning more and more control. Jeremy's occasional groans only served to let her know he enjoyed it; the steadily increasing size of his penis told her that she was getting things right.

It was when Jeremy finally felt ready to become active that they learned one of the hazards of staying together as they had: their combined juices had effectively glued their pubic hair together. Though initially embarrassed by what had happened, both of them finally had to laugh as they (carefully!) got themselves pried apart. Once that was accomplished, Dawn was more than ready when her brother slowly eased his erection back until just the head of it was inside her before just as slowly filling her with his manhood again as she softly groaned her pleasure.

Just as it was for Dawn, the second time was easier for Jeremy: without having to worry about cumming too soon, he was free to really *experience* what it was like to be balls-deep in his sister — and to learn what he could do, and how, to increase HER arousal and pleasure, too. As much as he liked what they were doing, he figured that if he helped Dawn enjoy it, too, then she'd want to do it as often as possible.

Beneath him, Dawn was just as eager to find out how she could pleasure Jeremy as she was about discovering what felt good to her. When she felt him begin steadily pumping into her, it occurred to her to tell him how it felt, hoping that he'd start talking to her, too.

Again, it took some time before Jeremy thought to start talking back to his sister; but once he did, it wasn't long before the two of them were able to make their pleasure more mutual — and even greater.

Jeremy's male limitations turned out to be not so limiting: the greater time that it would take before he was able to climax again meant that there was even more time for the two of them to enjoy themselves, and each other. It also meant that they were able to begin to learn to take their

time, and learn to *pleasure* each other — not just physically, but emotionally and spiritually, too. By the time they found their release, they'd started to bond with each other in a way that neither had experienced before.

In the few weeks before Dawn's appointment at the clinic, she and Jeremy found (made) several more opportunities for the two of them to get together. Even though they limited themselves to their previous oral activities, they both found the experiences somehow more satisfying. Each of them also spent some more time with the twins along the way, too.

As she'd been warned, it was a couple of days before Dawn felt recovered from the experience of having her "device" fitted. She let Jeremy know that she was ready through the simple expedient of "trapping" him in the bathroom and giving him one HELL of a blowjob, followed by him tonguing her to her own release. From that point on, the two of them took advantage of every opportunity to mate like a couple of lust-crazed bunnies.

They got so wrapped up in trying to hump each other's brains out that they began to get a little careless about some things — which resulted in letting their activities take longer than usual one afternoon. Dawn had barely opened the door to her room so the two of them could take a *much* abbreviated shower, only to find Brittany in the hallway apparently ready to knock on the door. While neither was concerned about their nakedness, Dawn was all too aware of Jeremy's cum leaking out of her and starting to run down the inside of her thigh.

Brittany's eyes flickered downward for only a moment before she told them "I was just going to knock on the door and let you know how late it was. It's almost time for everyone to be getting home for supper!"

It was Jeremy that answered "Yeah, we know. We kinda got, uh, busy, and lost track of time for a while."

Brittany answered "Yeah, I kinda noticed. You've been doing that more and more ever since Dawn's birthday. If you aren't careful, somebody besides me or Beth is going to see you!" before calmly turning and heading down the hall toward the bedroom she shared with her twin.

Jeremy and Dawn shared a look before continuing their journey into the bathroom. With the added warning from their sister to prompt them, they managed to clean up in record time.

It was the following Sunday, and Jeremy was in his room studying while his parents and youngest four were out shopping for some school project when he heard a soft knock at the door. When he turned and saw Bethany, he didn't hesitate to tell her to come in. When she got close enough, Jeremy smiled as he slid a hand up under her dress so that he could hold one of her ass cheeks. When she didn't smile back, he slowly removed his hand and waited to see what she'd come in about — it being obvious to him that whatever it was, it was pretty damn important to her.

Beth stood quietly for a few moments before she took a deep breath and told him "Brit told me what happened that afternoon — about how you and Dawn were so late. She also told me

something else, and I — we, I mean — think you and Dawn need to tell us what's going on."

Jeremy's first thought was that the twins were just worried about him and Dawn getting caught; but that bit about "something else" and them wanting to know what was going on gave him second thoughts.

"Okay, we can do that. When?"

"I — **we** — think now would be best."

That was enough to get Jeremy's mental alarms going off. When he stood up, Bethany turned and led the way out of his room and down the hall to Dawns. Once inside, she calmly closed the door (making sure it latched) before going over to sit next to her twin on Dawns bed. Dawn was already in her chair, so Jeremy leaned back against her desk and waited to see what his younger sisters had to say.

It was several seconds before Bethany finally spoke, telling Dawn and Jeremy "The last couple of weeks before Dawns birthday, both of us" — she gestured toward Brittany — "could tell that something was different between you. We didn't know what it was, but that was okay. But *after* her birthday, well, it's almost like you **want** somebody to catch you, or something. It's like you're together in the same place ALL the time, and for longer and longer, too. The other day was the first time that I finally figured that it was SO late that I had to remind you what time it was. We knew that you were *doing* stuff, but we couldn't figure out what was making you act so different. At least, not until I saw you that afternoon. Dawn, I could see that the inside of your leg was shiny, but at first I just thought it was, you know, your juice, from inside you. But once I got back in our room, I realized that I saw some of Jeremy's stuff, too. I couldn't believe what I thought was really happening until I told Brit about it, and she said the same thing that I was thinking. So we want to know: are you and Jeremy doing more than just using your mouths on each other?"

Looking at the twins watching him and Dawn, Jeremy felt his blood run cold. He didn't *think* they'd say anything to his parents, but then they might think that him fucking Dawn was serious enough to warrant it. Looking at Dawn and seeing how pale she was, he knew that she had much the same thoughts. After a moment, Dawn turned her head to look at him, and he could tell that she was as afraid as he was — if not more. After a few seconds, Jeremy told her "I'll tell them", his voice trembling slightly. Dawn managed to nod her head before looking down at her lap.

Gathering his courage, Jeremy took a deep breath before answering "Yes, Dawn and I have been doing more. Dawn gave me her virginity a few weeks before her birthday, when she *couldn't* get pregnant. She did that because the Clinic couldn't get her started with birth control as long as she still had her hymen. The day after her birthday, she went down and got an IUD. Since then, we've been together as often as we can. If you noticed what we were doing, then I guess it was too much."

At that point, Dawn lifted her head again, telling them "After I gave Jeremy my cherry, it just felt **so** good to be with him like that. So after I went to the Clinic and couldn't get pregnant... well, I

just wanted to feel him inside me as much as I could." After a moment she added "I guess both of us knew we were taking more chances, but we really didn't *think* about anything else except being together."

It was Brittany that exclaimed "So you HAVE been fucking!", only to be shushed by Bethany.

Jeremy could feel himself blushing, even as he saw Dawns face darkening, too. It was Dawn that finally admitted "Yeah, we've been fucking. Except that we really love each other, too."

To what Dawn had said, Jeremy added "It's not like we're planning on getting *married*, or anything like that; it's just that we know that we really **care** about each other more than usual — kinda like how you and I feel about each other, only more."

The twins shared a look before Bethany asked them "Dawn's really on birth control? You **can't** get her pregnant, Jeremy?"

Since the questions weren't really anything that Jeremy could answer with any authority, Dawn responded for him by telling her sister "Yes, I really am, and no, he can't. That's why we've been, uh, WITH each other so much."

Again, the twins shared a look before Brittany told them "Well, I guess it's okay, then. I mean, we were so worried that you were going to get pregnant and that both of you would get into big trouble. But if that can't happen, then we're not going to say anything to Mom or Daddy. But if you keep going like you have, we won't **have** to say anything — you'll just do something *stupid* and get caught!"

Jeremy and Dawn both felt considerable relief at hearing that their sisters wouldn't be telling on them, as well as no small measure of shame and embarrassment at knowing that they deserved the "chewing out" they were getting from the youngsters.

It was Bethany that finally broke the silence by hesitantly asking "Does... does this mean that you won't want to be with us any more?"

Jeremy answered "No, of course not" before standing up and opening his arms to her; it wasn't but a moment before she was hugging him. When she released him, Jeremy moved to tilt her head up so that he could give her a soft kiss on the lips; the smile he got back warmed his heart. He glanced over to where Dawn was, and saw that she was reassuring Brittany. Settling back against Dawns desk again, Jeremy pulled Beth close so that he could kiss her again — and slide his hands down from her hips and onto the firm globes of her ass. That prompted her to press herself forward so that her breasts and pelvis pressed against him.

When she looked up at him, Jeremy could see that Bethany would MORE than welcome another kiss from him — and readily tilted his head down to give it to her. It wasn't but a few seconds before he felt her tongue touch his lips; he eagerly opened his mouth to her, and their tongues once again got acquainted with each other.

Taking his sisters actions as signs of encouragement, Jeremy slid his hands down past the edge of

the skirt she was wearing, then back up — only to discover that she wasn't wearing any panties when he felt the soft, warm flesh of her ass cheeks in his hands. Surprised, Jeremy pulled his head back to look at her; Beth responded with a lopsided grin before responding to his silent question by quietly saying "I just wanted to be ready, in case things turned out okay like this..."

Jeremy just smiled back at her before moving in to continue their kiss...

In the chair, Dawn was going through much the same experience with Brittany — though in Dawn's case, she had her sisters hands on her breasts.

After a few minutes, Bethany pulled her head back and looked up into Jeremy's eyes before telling him "I... I want to BE with you — you know, us doing stuff..."

"You want to go to my room? Or yours?" Jeremy asked — only to be surprised when she answered "Oh, here is fine."

When Jeremy turned his head to see if Dawn and Brit had heard, he was greeted with the sight of Brittany standing there naked with her dress puddled around her ankles while Dawn was simultaneously enthusiastically sucking on one of her nipples and massaging her ass.

But rather than being surprised by what he saw, Jeremy experienced a flash of understanding: so **that** was how Dawn had been able to tell him some of the things she'd known about the twins!

Knowing that Dawn and Brit would be able to keep themselves (and each other!) "entertained", Jeremy didn't hesitate in the slightest to release his younger sisters tight little butt in favor of leading her over so they were standing next to the bed. There, he calmly and gently removed the light blouse she was wearing and set it on the end of Dawns desk. After kneeling down, he leaned forward and placed a soft kiss on each of her nipples before reaching around her so that he could unfasten then unzip the skirt she was wearing. After it fell to the floor, Beth calmly stepped out of it; as Jeremy set it with her blouse, she slipped out of her shoes. Naked, she waited calmly for him to stand up again after indicating that she wanted to undress HIM, in return.

Barely two minutes went by before Jeremy was as bare as his sister — even though she'd spent more time kissing and fondling his package. With both of them naked, Beth was the first to climb on the bed; Jeremy followed her (her cute little ass made for a FINE guidepost, as far as Jeremy was concerned) so that they were more-or-less in the middle of half of Dawns bed. When Jeremy raised an eyebrow, Beth simply looked toward where Dawn and Brit were as she said "I think maybe they'll want to be up here, too..."

Looking at his other two sisters, Jeremy had to figure that was probably the case, too: Dawns blouse was wide open with Brittany's hands on Dawns tits; in return, Dawn still had one hand on Brits ass, but the other was busy between the youngsters legs.

When Brittany had come over to where she was sitting, Dawn had given Jeremy only a cursory glance: the intimacy that she'd shared with the twins (together, and separately) was so familiar to her that she simply forgot that she hadn't said anything about it (or them) to Jeremy. So after she and her sister had started kissing, it was perfectly reasonable to Dawn that Brit would first open

her dress so that Dawn would have easier and better access to the girls breasts. Then, once Brit was playing with HER breasts, it was again eminently sensible for the youngster to simply let her dress fall to the floor, leaving her completely naked — then for Brit to open up *Dawns* blouse to get to HER tits. Finally, when her younger sister eased her out of her chair, Dawn didn't have any problem ridding herself not only of her blouse, but her skirt and panties, as well.

It was only when Brit turned toward the bed that Dawn realized just how... *involved* Jeremy and Beth had gotten: both of them were already lying on her bed kissing as their hands wandered over each others bodies. But seeing that there was still room for her and Beth, Dawn readily followed her younger sister onto the bed, where the two of them quickly picked up where they'd left off — and then proceeded to do more with (and to) each other...

Involved as he was with Beth, Jeremy was only vaguely aware of it when Dawn and Brit occupied the other half of Dawns bed. He and Beth were sharing any number of impassioned kisses while each had a hand busy at the others pelvis: Beth was slowly stroking his erect cock while he was teasing her clitoris and labia with his finger. Every so often, Jeremy would make a "side trip" with his head so that he could lick and suck on his younger sisters erect nipples before going back to dueling tongues with her. It was during one of those detours that Jeremy finally realized just HOW close Dawn was with Brit (and undoubtedly Beth): the two had shifted around so that they were in a '69' position, with Brit on top of Dawn; and it was fairly obvious to Jeremy that both of them were having a simply **grand** time using their mouths on each other.

Having already seen Dawn and Brit being intimate so recently, Jeremy wasn't particularly bothered by the sight of the two of them pleasuring each other. What he WAS, however, was excited by it. But rather than interfere with what they were doing, he had the delectable little Beth to exorcise his lust with — starting by doing to her what Dawn and Brit were with each other!

When Jeremy finished bringing Beth's nipples to glistening erection, he started kissing his way lower and lower on her body — knowing that SHE would know where he was headed (so to speak!), and why. As he expected, she readily spread her legs to make room for him when he got close to his goal; shortly after that, he was again treated to the sight of her young womanhood in full arousal. A few seconds to delight in the view, and then he lowered his head so that he could begin feasting on her nectar. The first pass of his tongue between her labia earned him a heartfelt moan followed by the words "Oh, Jeremy, that feels *so* good!"; after that, his efforts only produced an assortment of happy noises: Beth simply couldn't speak.

Dawn found that there was another reason to be glad that the twins had demanded to talk to her and Jeremy: here she was, learning *again* just how exciting and fun it could be to be with the twins. Brittany was using her mouth on Dawn in a way that Jeremy simply **couldn't** — and it felt wonderful. At the same time, Dawn had the tasty treasure of Brits womanhood to savor, even as she felt the youngsters firm tits and hard little nipples pressing against her lower belly. And to have those incredibly cute and sexy little ass cheeks in her hands!

Dawn was so involved with what she was doing with Brittany that it took a couple of minutes

before she fully realized that there was a hand playing with one of her tits: both of Brits were on her ass, so where was the extra coming from?

Reluctantly pulling her face from between her younger sisters thighs, Dawn looked over to where Jeremy and Beth were; it was then that she discovered that Jeremy moved down so that he could apply his not insignificant oral skills toward pleasing Beth. That put him out of reach for her, so she'd apparently decided to use one hand on herself and the other on Dawn: even as she was using the one hand on her own tit, she was doing the same thing with the other, but using Dawns breast.

When Beth saw Dawn looking at her, she somehow managed to gave the older girl a smile, despite her obvious arousal. Since having her tit played with wasn't interfering with her and Brit (it was actually adding a little to her excitement), Dawn simply returned to what she'd been doing: trying to see just how far she could get her tongue into Brits vagina.

The four of them continued like that for several more minutes — until first Brittany, then almost immediately afterwards, Bethany, cried out their release.

Dawn and Jeremy both knew by the sounds that they'd made that their respective "partners" had gone through no small orgasm. That was born out when neither of the twins was able to summon the energy to try and return the favor. It was as Jeremy was helping Dawn ease Brittany over to lay next to Beth that Dawn told him "God! Being with her like that was good, but now I'm **so** excited! *Please*, Jeremy — I need you to FUCK me, before I go crazy!"

Jeremy was more than a little worked up himself; he didn't bother saying anything in reply, he just started to move to position himself over Dawn — only to be surprised when she put a hand on his arm to stop him before telling him "I'm still a little hot from having her on top of me. Let me get on you, okay?"

Once they were able to fuck pretty much any time they wanted, it hadn't taken Jeremy and Dawn long to figure out that anything that got their parts reasonably lined up was good. They'd quickly established a number of different positions that one or the other of them liked; Jeremy's favorite was "doggy" (which let him play with Dawns breasts), while Dawn favored the basic missionary position which let her get as much of Jeremy's cock inside as could be managed. Having her on top was something of a compromise: Jeremy could still play with her tits, but Dawn was still in control of how deep and fast Jeremy moved in her.

Jeremy was more than willing to accede to Dawns request; at that point, he didn't care HOW they fucked, just as long as they were doing it!

It was only a few moments before Jeremy was laying on his back with Dawn straddling his hips. She reached down between them and took his erection in her hand. With it angled up, she quickly got herself positioned so that her vaginal lips were wrapped around the very end of it. Holding it steady, she was able to get herself impaled on it; with her hand out of the way, she was able to settle herself down on it in a single slow motion — due to how wet and aroused she was after the pleasure she'd gotten up to that point.

Once Dawn had gotten her pubic hair merged with Jeremy's, both of them were willing to take a moment to enjoy their union again before Dawn started moving herself up and down her brothers manhood.

As worked up as both of them were, it didn't take long before Dawn was groaning with the intensity of her approaching orgasm as Jeremy pulled on, and gently pinched, her nipples. They were so wrapped up with each other that neither of them noticed as each of the twins recovered from their respective orgasms, and sat up to watch their older siblings pleasuring each other in a way that the two youngsters had never seen before. Both twins had a clear view of where Dawn and Jeremy were joined, and both were awed and aroused to see that something as huge as Jeremy's erect cock really *could* fit inside a girl. And not just fit, but make the girl feel so obviously good as they could see Dawn was — and not just by how enthusiastically she was bouncing herself up and down on it, either!

Both of the twins were so aroused by the sight (and sound, and yes, even smell) of what was happening in front of them that both of them unconsciously reached out to touch the other. Though that touch was innocent enough to start with, it didn't take long before each had a hand in the others crotch and one on her own achingly-tight breast. From there, it wasn't but a minute before they were kissing each other; a minute more, and by unspoken agreement, they'd gotten themselves into a '69' — but positioned so that they could still watch Dawn and Jeremy, with brief intermissions to pleasure each other. Those intermissions quickly got longer and longer, until Brittany and Bethany both had their mouths fastened on the others opening as they listened to the sounds their siblings made.

By the time Dawn got close to her release, the twins were fully involved with each other and unable to pay any attention to her and Jeremy — and so they missed out on seeing Dawn as she began to all but *slam* herself down on her brother. They also didn't hear as Jeremy cried out "Sis! I'm gonna cum!" and Dawn's impassioned "Yes! Do it! Cum in me, Jeremy!"; quickly followed by their brothers groan as he emptied himself into the woman above him, and her responding cry as she was overwhelmed by the power of her release.

With the end of her orgasm, Dawn managed a controlled collapse onto Jeremy, who was perfectly willing to have her laying on him while he held her in his arms. Even though he didn't doubt that he pleased her, he wanted to be sure that she knew how much SHE made HIM happy, too — and holding her afterwards was something that he knew meant a lot to her. So Dawn was perfectly comfortable — and perfectly comfortED — while she got her breath and senses back. When she was ready, Dawn didn't hesitate to turn her head a bit and give Jeremy's ear a soft kiss before softly telling him "Thanks, Jer. You always make me feel SO good!". In response, she felt him give her a gentle hug, letting her know that he loved her, too.

Another minute or so went by before Dawn was able to raise up enough to hold herself over Jeremy, pausing along the way for the two of them to share a soft, loving kiss. Only then did Dawn remember that she and Jeremy had been in the room with the twins — and that they'd undoubtedly just given them a show that neither would forget. Dawn quickly turned her head to

look at where she and Jeremy had left the two of them; but instead of finding them sitting there slack-jawed, she was greeted with the sight of them industriously pleasuring each other.

Softly, so as not to disturb them, Dawn told Jeremy "Jer! We just fucked in front of the girls — and you should *see* what it did to them!"

Half-asleep, it took a couple of seconds for what Dawn had said to sink into Jeremy's consciousness; once it did, though, it was MORE than enough to get his attention. He quickly opened his eyes and turned to where he could see Dawn was looking.

As arousing as it had been to see Dawn and Brit, Jeremy was awed by the sight of his two younger sisters — and tremendously excited by it, too. As much as he loved Dawn, and treasured her more womanly shape, there was just *something* about Beth and Brit together like that that got him going. He didn't know whether it was their youth, that they were just starting to develop, that they were all but identical, or what — but there was no denying the impact they had on him. If he hadn't just dumped what felt like **quarts** of cum in Dawn, he was sure that the view he had of them would have his cock waving in the air...

Seeing them together like that again, and knowing that they were like that because of how excited they'd gotten from watching her and Jeremy, aroused Dawn more than she thought it could. She just knew that even if every drop of Jeremy's cum suddenly disappeared from her pussy, she'd *still* be dripping wet.

The two of them continued to watch as Brittany and Bethany pleased each other, giving each other orgasms.

Jeremy had kinda-sorta known that once a girl was excited, she could have more climaxes than a guy could — but being able to witness it with his own two sisters... the affect on his libido was incredible. His clear view of Brittany's tongue dipping into Beth's cleft had his cock recovering *much* sooner than he thought possible. He wasn't fully erect; but knew that if he got to watch much more of the twins, he would be.

Above him, Dawn first thought that she was just mistaken about how Jeremy's cock felt in her — that he felt different in her because of how aroused she was about seeing the twins, maybe. But when a couple of minutes had gone by with the two of them watching the youngsters, and she realized that she was feeling him even more...

"Jer... are... are you getting excited again? From seeing them like that?" she asked, hesitantly.

Though embarrassed, Jeremy knew there was no point in denying it — and reluctantly answered "Um... yeah, I am. It's **so** sexy, I just can't help it!"

Looking down at him, Dawn could see that he was blushing slightly even as his eyes remained locked on his younger sisters. "Don't be embarrassed, Jer. It's doing the same thing to me!" she quietly assured him.

Hearing that, Jeremy turned his head to look at Dawn — and saw that she was telling the truth.

Not only did her face and shoulders have the kind of flushed look that he was used to seeing when she was excited, he could also see that her nipples were sticking out as far as he'd ever seen them. And when he thought about it, it sure seemed like she felt a lot wetter inside than he remembered her being after they'd finished fucking before, too. Realizing that Dawn was getting as turned on as he was from watching the twins getting each other off caused a sudden and dramatic jump in his excitement — something that Dawn obviously felt, when he saw the pleased smile on her face a moment later.

Having reassured each other that there wasn't anything wrong with enjoying the show that their younger sisters were giving them, both of them turned back to watch again. It was only a few moments later that Jeremy felt it as Dawn began clenching herself around his cock to help bring him to complete hardness again.

Even as Jeremy was thinking that he was ready to start moving in Dawn again, he saw Brit and Beth fall apart — both of them flushed and panting. After a few seconds, Brit managed to look over to where Jeremy and Dawn were and promptly blushed furiously. She nudged her sister, and Bethany first looked at her in curiosity before turning her head to see what her twin was looking at. When she did, though, she quickly developed her own blush.

Somehow managing to keep his amusement at their embarrassment out of his voice, Jeremy told both of them "No, don't feel bad or anything. If watching me and Dawn made you want to be with each other, that's okay. Actually, I thought it was *really* sexy, getting to watch you" — the last part making both of them blush again before Beth managed to ask "R... really?"

Dawn answered by saying "Yeah, really. **Both** of us thought it was sexy. After Jeremy and I do that, it's usually a little while before he's ready again; but when we got to watch you... well, he's hard enough to fuck me again. And it made me feel really excited, too. I was almost ready to start moving again when you stopped!"

Dawn could see the eagerness on their faces at the possibility of watching her and Jeremy again; she wasn't particularly surprised when Brittany asked "It's okay if we watch again?", the last word drawing a dirty look from her sister.

"If you want to", Dawn answered, knowing full well that they did — and would. Dawn knew what Jeremy's answer would be when she felt him twitch inside her after Beth asked "Can... can we look closer?"

"Okay — as long as you don't actually mess things up for us!"

After the twins solemnly nodded their agreement, Dawn settled herself down onto Jeremy a little bit. In response, she felt him press himself up into her for a few moments before withdrawing.

It took a few more such actions before the twins realized that their brother and sister had started again; once they knew, however, they didn't hesitate to get themselves situated so that they had a much better view of the activity.

It was perhaps a couple of minutes before Jeremy heard one of his younger sisters release of soft

gasp — apparently in response to seeing nearly the entire length of his cock slowly disappearing into Dawn's vagina. The gasp itself amused him, but the knowledge that both of his younger sisters were watching so closely as he slowly slid his hard dick in and out of his older sister only added to his arousal. And judging from the way Dawn was reacting, it was having an affect on her, too!

Then Jeremy got an idea for something that seemed so novel, so... different that he had to wonder if it was even possible — but knew that he had to find out.

"Brit? Would... would you like me to use my mouth on you? While... you're watching?" he asked.

Initially confused by the question, his sister asked "What?", then realizing what he was saying, queried "How?"

Before Jeremy could answer, however, Beth promptly demanded "What about *me*?", a bit indignantly.

Jeremy answered Brittany by saying "If you're on top of me, like we were doing each other, then you can still see."

Right after that, Dawn offered "If we — Jeremy and me, I mean — can move around so that **we** can keep going, I'd be *glad* to do YOU, Beth."

With that, the four of them simply looked at each other for several seconds before the twins eagerly nodded their agreement. That much settled, Jeremy and Dawn spent a few more seconds looking at each other as both of them tried to think of a position that would let them keep fucking while letting them enjoy the delights offered by their sisters. It took only a couple of suggestions before they found something that they thought would work; when they explained it to the twins, both readily accepted it. A few seconds later, Dawn had simply reversed her position so that she was facing Jeremy's feet. Bethany quickly moved to lie on her back between his legs, so that she only had to tilt her head back a little to see, then Dawn leaned forward — and discovered that she was in almost perfect position to get her mouth and tongue on the youngsters mons. While Beth and Dawn were getting situated, Brittany moved to straddle Jeremy's head before tilting her body forward so that she had a clear view of where Dawn and Jeremy were joined.

With all of them settled, Jeremy was the one to literally get things moving again by arching his hips up and all but burying his erection inside his sister. When neither of the twins said anything about not being able to see, the older two knew they'd gotten things right — and readily moved their head between their respective twins thighs.

As was to be expected, there were times when one or the other of Dawn or Jeremy would get so involved in what they were doing to their younger sister that they'd slow, or even stop, what they were doing; but the position they were in meant that the other was still free to move, too, and take over. While the sex was slower than usual, neither Jeremy nor Dawn had any complaints: it was still fast enough to satisfy them, while leaving each free to enjoy the pleasures offered by

their younger sister.

Several minutes went by, during which the two oldest each brought their sister to a couple of orgasms — due in large part to the radically increased arousal the twins felt at being able to watch as their brothers hard cock slid in and out of their sister while they, themselves, were receiving no small pleasure from her partner. Bethany had initially been a trifle uncomfortable, but once Jeremy started moving and Dawn started using her tongue she quickly forgot about it. For her part, Brittany didn't have *quite* the view of the action that she'd hoped for (though it was still quite acceptable), but the attention she was getting from Jeremy was **more** than ample compensation.

Though Jeremy and Dawn weren't able to move as much or as quickly as they wanted, they could move enough: as much as the twins were enjoying watching while their older sibling was pleasuring them, the elders like putting the show on and *giving* the pleasure. So while Dawn and Jeremy weren't moving as **quickly** toward their respective climaxes, that didn't mean that they weren't getting closer at all.

Each of them had given "their" sister a couple more orgasms, and were at the point where they were MORE than ready to become more active with each other. Each of them decided that it was time to get their younger partner off one last time so they could start moving the way they *wanted* to; and each chose to make that last one really count for something.

Over the next few minutes, Jeremy and Dawn each deliberately applied themselves more toward giving their twin as strong of an orgasm as they could than they did in coupling with their sex partner. It was as both twins started making louder and more "enthusiastic" noises of arousal and pleasure that Jeremy and Dawn realized that the other was doing the same thing that they were; and both were quietly (and briefly) amused that they'd both had the same idea at the same time. With both of them knowing that the other was trying to get "free" so they could really start *fucking*, each increased their efforts. It wasn't but a couple more minutes before first Brittany, then Bethany, cried out in obviously powerful releases. When each of the twins had finished the final throes of her pleasure, they were gently and patiently guided off to the side where they could continue to watch, if they wished, but were out of the way.

Free to move however they wanted, it didn't take but a few seconds for Dawn to tell Jeremy "I want to **feel** you in me, Jer! I want you to *fuck* me, hard and fast!" before easing herself off her brothers pleasure pole, and then off of him. She then got herself situated on her hands and knees, knowing that Jeremy would be happy to do as she asked as soon as he could get himself positioned behind her.

As expected, Jeremy was MORE than willing to do just as Dawn said she wanted. Once on his knees, it wasn't but a moment before he was behind her — and after pausing for a few seconds to look at the taut globes of her ass and the way her soft thighs bracketed her womanhood, he positioned the end of his hard cock between her labia. Putting his hands on her hips, he held her steady as he slid his manhood into her in a single long thrust that ended only when he felt her pubic hair brushing against his balls. From there, it didn't take long before he was all but

slamming himself into her as quickly as he could manage; he knew that he was getting it right by the pleased grunts Dawn released with each thrust.

The slow pace of their activities up to that point had more of an impact on Dawn than she would have thought it could; it was almost like she'd been *teased* into steadily increasing levels of arousal. So when Jeremy was able to practically **pound** himself into her, the resulting sensations in her vagina further fanned the flames of her excitement and pleasure. Despite having asked Jer to fuck her that way, and KNOWING that it was going to please her more than it usually did, Dawn was still surprised at how quickly he was moving her toward a climax. She felt his hands slide up along her sides before curving around to cup her tits in his hands, and that only added to her pleasure. But she wasn't prepared for the climax that hit her when he started pulling on her achingly-hard nipples. One moment, she was simply enjoying the heavenly feelings she always got when Jeremy was in her; the next, she found herself enveloped in an incredible orgasm that had her gasping for air between the spasms of pleasure that wracked her young body.

Behind her, Jeremy was probably as surprised as Dawn was: he usually had *some* kind of idea or warning that she was getting close, but THIS orgasm (and there wasn't any doubt that that was just what she was going through) seemed to have come out of **nowhere**. It wasn't that Jeremy minded — far from it, actually: the feeling of Dawn's hot and wet vagina clenching around his cock felt wonderful. In fact, since he was still a little ways from his own release, he was able to not only really FEEL what was happening in her, but actually *savor* the sensations, too, even as he continued pumping himself into her.

When the spasms running through her body finally tapered off, Jeremy was willing to slow down (or even stop) if Dawn had asked him to; but instead of saying anything, all she did was pant and moan as she continued pressing herself back in response to his thrusts.

Although Jeremy was still far enough from being able to climax again that Dawn's orgasm didn't trigger his own release, the feeling of her (and the mental stimulation of being fully aware of it while it was happening) were more than sufficient to move him a lot closer. He'd gradually softened the way he was hunching himself into her, and slowed his actions so that he could last a little longer, when he heard her say "Jer? I don't know if I can hold myself up like this much longer — that took a LOT out of me. Would it be okay with you if I laid down, and you fucked me that way?"

Holding himself still (though buried in her), Jeremy answered "Of course it would, sis."

After giving her breasts one final caress, Jeremy started easing himself out of her — slowly, so he could enjoy the feeling of the tight ring of her opening moving from the base of his manhood to the head. Once he'd pulled himself clear of her, Jeremy was perfectly willing to help Dawn get settled on her bed; when she turned over, he could see how tired she was from her orgasm. Though flushed and a trifle sweaty, Dawn smiled up at him in a way that went straight to his heart; the view she gave him when she spread her legs for him went straight to his groin. The desire she felt was clear in her voice when she opened her arms and told him "Come on, Jer... FUCK me!"

It was but a few moments before he was between her legs, the head of his erect penis nestled between her vaginal lips. After he felt her arch herself up at him, he gently pushed himself through the entrance to her vagina before slowly filling her with his manhood. Holding himself still in her, Jeremy lowered his head so the two of them could kiss. When their lips finally separated, he went on to kiss her forehead, then each of her eyes, and finally the tip of her nose before starting to move in her again more like he did when they usually made love.

As if she was trying to make up for making him change positions with her, Jeremy felt Dawn begin clenching herself around his cock.

Able to look at her, and watch the gentle swaying of her breasts in time with his movements, Jeremy marveled at how lucky he was that Dawn would be willing to share herself with him that way. And then to have her care for HIS pleasure so much that she'd do those *wonderful* things she did while he was inside her... it was almost more than he could stand.

But he COULD stand it — and he was delighted to be able to show her how he felt about HER by doing some of the different things that he knew SHE liked: lowering his head so that he could suck and softly chew on her nipples as he continued to move in her; giving an extra little 'push' when he was all the way inside her, knowing that she liked the added pressure against her clitoris; and kissing and gently biting her neck and shoulders. Over the course of the next several minutes, each of them was happy to do what they could to increase the others pleasure as they both moved closer and closer to their release.

Finally, though, they reached the end: after a few long, slow thrusts, Jeremy pressed himself as deep inside his sister as he could before the first spray of his semen erupted. Dawn had been on the ragged edge of her own climax when she felt Jeremy push himself inside her as far as he could; instead of being left disappointed, however, the sudden warmth and wetness in her vagina from the start of Jeremy's climax was enough to let Dawn find her own release.

Completely oblivious to anyone or anything else in the universe, the two of them held each other as they experienced the physical release that was but one sign of the deep love and affection they felt for each other.

Even after both of them had finished, they continued to hold each other, exchanging soft expressions of love. It was only when they heard Brittany softly exclaim "Wow!" did they remember where they were. With a patiently amused smile to each other, they silently agreed that their lovemaking session was over.

Easing his softened — but still slightly engorged, and *definitely* wet and sticky — penis out of his sister, Jeremy moved to lay down next to her. After turning his head to look at her, Jeremy took her hand in his; when she looked at him, silently mouthed the words "I love you" and got the same response back from her.

When Jeremy and Dawn looked over to where the twins were sitting, it was clear as could be that Brit and Beth were in awe of what they'd just witnessed. Both youngsters blushed slightly when they realized that they were being watched, but neither said or did anything. It was a full minute

before Bethany solemnly asked "Would... would it be okay if we cleaned you up? Both of us want to show you how much we appreciate it that you let us see you, you know, together and everything."

Dawn and Jeremy shared a brief look before Dawn answered "Yeah, that'd be great. Thank you."

Hearing that, both girls quickly went into action: Bethany headed straight for Dawn's pelvis, while Brittany aimed for Jeremy's. Once they were situated, each readily applied herself toward the task of using her mouth and lips and tongue to clean her subject. Brittany was the first to finish simply because Bethany was trying to get every drop of Jeremy's semen out of her older sister: she was enthralled with the combined taste of Dawn's juices and Jeremy's cum, and wanted ALL of it, if she could get it. Brit was perfectly willing to consume what she found; there was simply more of it IN Dawn than ON Jeremy.

When each had finished with her partner, she moved to lay down on her side and drape an arm and leg across them before resting her head on the subjects shoulder. After Bethany finally decided that there wasn't any more of Jeremy's cum to be had, and settled down next to Dawn, the four of them were content to simply lay there in companionable silence.

It was Dawn that finally spoke, saying "As nice as it feels to lay here"— "Sure does!" agreed Brit — "I think we'd better get moving and cleaned up."

Hearing that, Jeremy half-expected one of the twins to ask if each of them could clean up with him and Dawn; he was surprised when he heard Beth say "You and Jeremy go first, Dawn. Since you two were the ones... together, you need more time to make sure you're clean than we do. We can wait til you're done, even if everyone gets home; they won't think anything about US being in the shower together."

Jeremy heard Dawn thank her, and quickly gave Brittany a soft hug and kiss on the top of her head before saying "Thanks, Brit", and having her look up at him and smile before answering "You're welcome, Jer."

With that, the twins carefully moved away so that Jeremy and Dawn could get up and get out of bed. Holding hands, they grabbed their clothes and headed for the bathroom across the hall so they could share a shower — and get in a little more intimacy — before the rest of the family got back.

After getting their "wake-up call" from Brit and Beth, Jeremy and Dawn immediately went back to being as careful as they'd been before — even to the point of Jeremy getting a wind-up alarm clock that they could set to make **sure** that time didn't get away from them ever again.

And after being reminded about the charms of their younger sisters, Jeremy and Dawn made a point of ensuring that they didn't neglect the youngsters again, either. For each time that Jeremy and Dawn were together, they made sure that they spent time with the twins, too — individually, or together.

Several weeks later, Jeremy had enjoyed a particularly satisfying and pleasurable session with Beth while Brittany was with Dawn, and the two of them were snuggling when she asked him "Jer? Do you think I'm pretty?"

Giving her a brief hug (and teasing the nipple under his hand), Jeremy readily answered "Of course I do, Beth. Why?"

Instead of answering, she had another question for him: "Do you think I'm sexy, even if I'm not as grown as Dawn?"

Though surprised, Jeremy again didn't hesitate to answer "Sure. That's part of why I was able to fuck Dawn again so soon that time, remember?"

Beth was quiet for a few moments before softly asking "W... would you be willing to fuck me, then?"

Stunned, Jeremy could only lay there in silence for several seconds before finally answering "I don't know if that would be a very good idea, Beth."

At that, he felt her smaller form begin shaking slightly in his arms; it took only a moment for him to realize that she was starting to cry. At his gentle insistence, she finally let him get the two of them re-situated so that they could continue their conversation while looking at each other. Jeremy saw that he was right about her tears, and softly cupped her face with his hand as he told her "C'mon, sis... talk to me."

Clearly anguished, Beth told him "You don't love me — not like you do her."

When he answered "You're right, I *don't* love you like I do Dawn", he could see the surprise on her face before he continued "That's because you aren't her. But just because I love you **differently**, it doesn't mean that I love you any less. I mean, I don't love Brit the same way that I love YOU, but I still love both of you the same amount. I said that I didn't know if it would be a very good idea for me to fuck you, and that's what I meant: I don't know. Dawn's bigger than you are, and I think that it still hurt her a little bit when she gave me her cherry and when I was inside her the first time. And Dawn's older than you are, too — which means that she's closer to being an adult than you are. I know it might not seem like it, but that couple of years makes a WHOLE lot of difference; more than I would have thought it could. I mean, now that it's happened, I **know** that I wouldn't have been ready for it in my heart and in my mind the way I should if anything like that had happened even just a year ago. So that's why I said what I did, instead of telling you yes or no. The same way I needed to know what was going on when you and Brit when you wanted to learn about guys and kissing from me, I need to know what's going on with you about THIS; more, even. And just like I wanted to talk about that with Dawn before it happened, I'll want to talk to her about THIS, too. The same way I had to be sure you knew what you and Brit were getting yourselves into about us being together like this, I'd have to know that you're ready for anything like *that*. I mean, you aren't anywhere CLOSE to being old enough to get any kind of birth control that we could really rely on, and I'm sure that neither one of us wants me to get you pregnant; I know that both of you are having periods."

Somewhat mollified, Beth managed to blink back the tears that threatened to start again before telling him "I kinda figured you'd want to be sure — about me wanting this, I mean, and that I thought about it, and what would happen, and all that. The last month, Brit and I have been talking to Dawn; not together, or all at once or anything like that, but just asking her about one or two things at a time. I know that you *did* hurt her a little bit — not a lot, but a little; and that if you fucked me that it **could** hurt ME even more. But me and Brit, we also tried to find out what we could about it other ways, too; like going to the library and looking up some of it there, and on the Internet when we visited some of our friends. We found out that there's ways to make it as easy as possible for a girl when she doesn't want to be a virgin any more. I know I'm younger than most girls when they stop being virgins, but not all that much — I mean, I'm fourteen now, and I found on the Internet that most girls lose their cherry when they're around fifteen. I don't just want us to start fucking because of Dawn, either; talking to her just made me think even MORE about it before I decided I wanted to do that. What you and her have been doing with me and Brit feels **really** good, and I could SEE that it was even better when you let us watch you two that time, and now I want to know what *that* feels like, too. And I don't think that you have to worry about making me pregnant, either. Me and Brit, yeah, we're having periods — but not EVERY month, yet. It's usually about every other month, but sometimes it's closer to two months between. We heard from Dawn that you were with her the first time before she got birth control because it was BETWEEN her periods, so there wasn't any egg for your sperm to fertilize. It wasn't because we didn't believe her or anything, but Brit and I both went back to those books that Mom and Daddy had us read to make **sure** she was right, and she was. So if you wanted to fuck us when we weren't having periods, we'd be just as safe as Dawn was that first time."

It hadn't escaped Jeremy's notice that Beth had started out asking if he'd be willing to fuck HER to including her sister, something that really didn't surprise him: there simply weren't very many things that they DIDN'T do together.

After giving her a soft kiss on the lips, Jeremy told her "All right, you've told me why you think it's okay for us to have sex. Now I need a little time to think about whether or not I agree with you. Okay?"

Relieved that her request wasn't being summarily refused, Beth smiled up at him gave him a small nod of acceptance.

Satisfied with how things had turned out, Jeremy suggested that the two of them clean up together — an idea that met with his sisters whole-hearted approval. Shortly after that, they were happily showering and molesting each other.

After supper, Jeremy found Dawn in her room, studying. When he asked if she could talk for a few minutes, she said that she could. Closing the door behind him, Jeremy went in and sat on the edge of her bed before telling her about Beth's question and the discussion he'd had with her. After he'd finished, Dawn told him "I remember them asking me stuff like that, but it was just one of them at a time, and they didn't make it seem like any big deal — more like they were just curious, than if they had anything on their minds. I'm sorry, Jer."

"No, you don't have to be sorry, sis" Jeremy replied. "Thinking about it, I realized that they'd asked ME some stuff, too, and I didn't catch on, either. What I was hoping you could do is help me."

"How?"

"It *sounded* like Beth — and Brit, I expect — really thought it through. I mean, finding out what age most girls are when they lose their cherry on the Internet? Checking what you said about how you made sure I wouldn't get you pregnant? Trying to see if there was a way to make it as easy as possible? That sounds like they really tried to think things through to ME. And if they're really **that** sure they want to, then I'm not *against* the idea. You being another girl, I figure you've probably got a better idea of what's going on in their heads than I do; so I need to know if you think, or can find out, if they're really ready, or not. And most of all, I want to know what YOU think: whether it would bother YOU if I started fucking them. If I did, I wouldn't let it get in the way of what you and I have; I'm more worried about whether having me fucking you AND YOUR SISTERS would mess things up with us."

Jeremy sat patiently, watching as Dawn thought about what he'd said.

And Dawn was thinking about it. Not so much about whether or not the twins were ready (she figured they were), but more about what she thought of the idea of Jeremy fucking her AND them. When she heard him ask, she knew that it was something serious; she was glad that he'd thought of it and asked **before** she gave her answer on the rest of it.

It was several minutes before Jeremy saw that Dawn was ready to talk to him again. She had his full attention as he heard her say "I expect that Beth and Brit really are ready to start having sex. I suppose that someone could say that what we've already been doing has somehow 'pushed' them into it, but I don't think that's the case. If anything, I think that we've shown them that being with someone else should include *love* as much as anything else. And I think you're right that they've shown they're serious and really THOUGHT about it; and if that's the case, then I think they're grown up enough — inside, I mean — to at least **try**. I know that if it would hurt them too much, or if there was ANYTHING wrong about it actually happening, you'd stop and wait until they were older and bigger; so that part of it is okay. What really threw me, and what I had to think about the most, was what *I* thought about it — like what you said, about the idea of you fucking all three of us. I have to admit that it kind of made me uncomfortable at first, and I thought about THAT, too. What I finally figured out was that I was afraid that you'd start wanting them more than you want me — that I wouldn't be able to 'keep' you. Then I realized that I *can't* keep you, anyway: I mean, we're brother and sister — it's not like we're going to get married or anything after we get out of school. And I thought about them, too, and knew that I love them more than I could ever say — enough, even, that I'd be okay with you fucking them, because I know that you love them, too, and THEY'D know it, too, when you were with them. I know that you love me, Jeremy; I mean, that you'd be willing to not be with them like that, even as cute and sexy as they are... it tells me a LOT about how much I mean to you. And you mean a lot to **me**, too. Enough that I wouldn't want to make things even harder on you by telling you 'no, you can't

fuck them'."

Seeing the concern on his face, Dawn smiled at him and told him "What I'm saying is that I'm okay with you fucking them: I love you, and I love them. You love me, and you love them. It'll work out."

"You're sure?" Jeremy asked. "If there's *anything* about this that doesn't feel right to you, I know I can figure out **something** to tell them that'd make it okay to say no."

"I'm fine with it, Jeremy... really. If you want to make sure, you can have them talk to me before anything happens."

Comfortable with Dawn's assurances, Jeremy stood up and went over to where she was sitting in her chair. Kneeling down, he didn't hesitate to give her a loving kiss before telling her "I love you, Dawn. Thanks for listening to me."

"I love you, too, Jer — and I want what's right for them as much as you do. Now go on... I've still got studying to do."

After giving his sister another kiss (and briefly caressing one of her breasts), Jeremy did as he was told.

Having gotten his older sister's opinion, Jeremy still had to figure out what HE wanted to do. Sure, Brit and Beth were cute and sexy as they could be; and all the fun he'd had with them over the past several months had been *great*. But he also remembered how he'd felt about actually being the one to deflower Dawn, and the thought of doing the same thing to his younger sisters troubled him: he knew, now, that he HAD hurt Dawn (not as badly as he'd been afraid he would, but still...), and the idea that he might hurt one or both of the physically smaller twins didn't sit well. And if he hurt the first one badly enough that he didn't want to do anything with the other... what then?

It took the rest of that night, and all of the next day and evening, before Jeremy finally got things worked out in his mind. It was shortly before supper the second evening that he went up to tell his sisters that supper was ready that he told Beth "I've really thought about what you asked and told me the other day, and decided that it would be okay." He saw a brief look of pleasure on her face (and Brittany's) before both of them got serious with the realization that they now had to face the prospect of it actually *happening* — and that one small event did more than anything else they could have said or done to make him believe that they really understand what they were wanting.

With both of them were looking at him, Jeremy told them "*I'm* not in any hurry for anything to happen, so you should probably think about a few things, if you haven't already."

The looks of expectation on their faces was all he needed to continue with "I don't think we want to be rushed or anything, so you need to figure out the 'when' part. Where it happens is pretty much open — I'm fine with my room, in here, or anyplace else that we'll have privacy. I'm going to *suggest* that you might want to talk to Dawn about what happens and how and stuff like that;

once I'm with you, I'm going to figure that you've taken care of everything you WANT taken care of, okay?"

Both girls nodded, and Jeremy finished by saying "Beth, you're the one that asked me, but you also kept saying 'we', like Brit was part of it, too. If it **is** both of you, you need to let me know — and whether it'll be me and both of you together, or just one at a time. And if it's just one of you, which one when."

Receiving solemn nods from both of them, Jeremy smiled and said "Good. Let's eat!" before leading the way out of their room.

Over the course of the next couple of weeks, Jeremy continued his lovemaking with Dawn with time with the twins in between. Though neither of them said anything, Jeremy couldn't help noticing that both were more 'adventurous' with him, and more willing to expand their mutual touching — even to include letting him dip his finger farther between their labia and a little ways into their vaginas. From Dawn, he heard (in general terms) that they had sought her advice, and paid close attention to what she'd said; even to coming back for clarification on some point or other.

So when their parents told the family that they (the parents) were going to go visit some friends the following weekend, and be gone both Friday and Saturday nights, Jeremy figured that he'd be hearing from the twins.

It was a couple of days before it actually happened. Jeremy was in the kitchen trying to figure out what they should have for supper when Brittany came in. When he turned to look at her, she asked "Jer? Have you got a minute?"

Closing the cupboard door he had open, he simply turned around to face her and leaned back against the counter. It took a few moments before she could tell him "Uh, me and Brit... we, um, we wanted to let you know what we decided. About you and us, I mean. You know..."

Resisting the urge to smile, Jeremy simply nodded his head so that she could continue "We decided that it should be just one of us at a time, and that I could be the one to go first."

"That's fine, Brit. Thanks for letting me know."

"Uh, that isn't all. We decided that we'd like it to happen this weekend — while Mom and Daddy are gone."

Jeremy raised an eyebrow in question, and Brittany went on to explain "Joanna is going to spend the night with Emily, and Colby and Carla said they'd feel better if they could go stay with Gramma and Gramps. Tracy is having that practice camping thing with the other Brownies in the Johnson's back yard, so it'll just be you and Dawn and us Saturday night. Most of Saturday and Sunday, too."

Nodding his understanding, Jeremy replied "Yeah, that would give us plenty of time."

"I was thinking that I'd like for us to, you know, be together after supper Saturday. Dawn said

that there would be plenty of time before we had to go to bed."

"Yeah, I think so, too."

Finally, hesitantly, Brittany told him "If... if it's okay, I think I'd like Dawn to be there, too. If I have any, uh, problems or anything, she could help me, since she already knows what it's like."

Though surprised, Jeremy didn't have any problem with Dawn being present, and said so. Relieved, Brittany told him "Uh, that's it, I guess."

Jeremy could tell that she was still nervous, and gestured for her to come over to where he was. When she did, he stood up and gave her a soft hug before kissing her on the forehead and telling her "It'll be okay, Brit. Honest."

Reassured, she gave him a pleased smile and answered "Yeah, I think it will. Thanks, Jeremy" before turning and leaving.

Over the dinner table that night, Jeremy heard the four youngest talking about what they'd be doing that weekend, which only confirmed what Brittany had told him. He didn't bother confirming Dawn's presence Saturday; if she hadn't already agreed, he didn't doubt that she would.

Jeremy and Dawn had just one more opportunity to make love before the weekend. Afterwards, as he was holding Dawn in his arms, Jeremy heard her ask "So, you ready for your big weekend, Jeremy?"

Sliding his hand down to Dawn's ass, he gave it a gentle caress before making it the target of a pinch. After his sister released a soft yelp, he asked her "So, are YOU ready for my big weekend, Dawn?"

He felt her body start shaking, and it took only a moment for him to realize that she was quietly laughing. A few seconds later, he heard her say "Okay, so I shouldn't have teased you about it. But really — how many guys do think there are that get to do what YOU'RE going to this weekend? Not just break in two fourteen year old girls, but your sisters, at that?"

Jeremy had to laugh himself before answering "Not many, I suppose. I guess it *is* kind of funny, looking at it that way."

Several seconds went by before Dawn asked "Do you know how important this is to them?"

Jeremy considered for a moment before answering "Kind of. I mean, I'm not a girl, so I can't **really** understand it the way YOU do. But I know that it *is* pretty damn important, and I already figure to do whatever it takes to make them happy with however it turns out."

"What do you mean 'however it turns out'?"

"Just that: however it turns out with each of them, I want her to be happy, knowing that I was there for her, and that when we're done, she's satisfied."

"I understood the making them happy part. What I want to know is about that 'however it turns

out' bit. Is there something I should know?"

"Oh, no. I'm not *expecting* anything to go wrong, but I've been trying to think of the stuff that could, and how to deal with it so they don't end up hurt by it."

"What kind of stuff?", Dawn asked.

"Stuff like if one of them can do it, but the other one can't — or decides that she doesn't want to, for example."

"And if that happens?"

"Then whichever one it is, I tell her it's okay as often as I need to, as many ways as I can, until she believes me. If it's because she CAN'T, then I tell her we can try again later, if she wants. If it's because she changes her mind, then I tell her that she's making the right decision for HER, and that I'm not going to say anything — and I won't! — to anybody, and that I'm still willing to have fun with her — and that if she changes her mind later, and wants to try again, I can do that, too."

Rolling over so that she was facing him, Dawn looked into his face for several seconds before quietly asking "You really DO want to make this good for them, don't you?", though it came out more as a statement.

His gaze was steady as Jeremy answered "Yeah, I really do. I'm scared to death that I'm going to mess it up, somehow; and even the *idea* that I might hurt them tears me up inside. But if they love and trust me enough to want ME to be the first guy they're with, then I'm damn well gonna do everything I can to make it right for them."

Dawn moved her head forward enough to give her brother a quick kiss on the lips before pulling back again and telling him "If you're as patient and gentle with them as you were with me, everything will be FINE. I asked you to be the one to make ME a woman, and you made me glad I did. I know you'll make THEM glad, too."

After that, the two of them just lay there for a few more minutes before getting up and heading for the shower together.

The twins spend most of Saturday together in their room. It wasn't until supper was ready that Jeremy and Dawn got to see them for more than a few fleeting seconds. Supper was light, so that neither Jeremy nor Brittany would feel too full later. Brittany was plainly distracted, and barely managed to get through supper. Bethany wasn't much better. Dawn and Jeremy did what they could to calm and relax the two youngsters, but with only limited success.

When the meal was finally over, Bethany quickly said that she would take care of the dishes by herself; when Dawn asked Brittany if she'd like to talk, she looked somewhat relieved when she that she did. All four of them got up, and as Dawn started guiding Brit toward the stairs, she whispered "Give us a little time, but we'll be there" to Jeremy, who simply nodded.

Neither of the twins had said anything about how (or if) they wanted Jeremy to be dressed, so

when he got to his room, he simply sat in his chair and tried to calm himself — though he hadn't shown it for the sake of the twins, he figured he was nearly as nervous as they were.

He was starting to wonder if Brittany had decided to call the whole thing off when he heard a soft knock on his doorframe. When he turned, he saw her standing there, with Dawn behind her and holding a small bag in her hand. Getting up, Jeremy went over to where the two of them were standing, with Brit looking down at her feet. Once he was in front of them, Brittany told him "There's something I need to tell you, Jeremy."

He gently told her "Go ahead — I'm listening", and heard her say "I... I'm kinda scared about this. I really want to do it" — blushing furiously at the double entendre — "but I'm scared about it, too. I talked to Dawn about it, and she said that if I could tell you how I was feeling, that you'd understand. She also said that I didn't have to be afraid or nervous or anything — but I still am. I don't think you'll hurt me on purpose or anything, but I'm still afraid that it'll hurt, or that I'll do something wrong, or you'll be disappointed with me, or something."

Jeremy didn't need see the look that Dawn was giving him to know what to do. Kneeling down, he gently guided his younger sisters head up so that he could look into her eyes. Taking her hands in his, he held them softly as he solemnly told her "I *do* understand, Brit. Really, I do. No, I'd **never** do anything to hurt you if I could possibly help it. That means that I'm not going to let YOU do anything that might MAKE me hurt you, either. Beth told me that you and her found out about a way for a girl to give a guy her virginity that would make it as easy as possible for her, and that's just EXACTLY what we're going to do — when YOU'RE ready. And when you're ready, we'll do that as slow and easy as we have to so that YOU'RE comfortable. We aren't going to hurry about ANY of this, **at all**. I told Dawn that the *only* thing I want from all this is for you to be happy with how things turned out when we're done. You don't have to worry that you'll do anything wrong, either. I know that you've never done anything like this before, so you're going to have to learn how and what and all that — and that's fine with me. I can honestly promise you, right now, that I'm not going to be disappointed with you, either. You're my sister, and I love you, and I'm going to do the very best I can for you. And I know that you're going to do the very best YOU can for me, too — and because I already KNOW that it's your best, I'm going to be happy with it. Yeah, you're nervous and scared right now. If you'll let me, I think that I can show you that you don't have to be either of those things. Would you let me do that?"

Brittany's curiosity finally won out over her nerves, and she gave her brother a tentative nod of her head. In response, Jeremy calmly stood up, reached behind her, and quietly lifted her up so that he was holding her in his arms, her feet off the floor. She quickly wrapped her legs around his waist, and felt him settle his arms a little lower on her back. With the two of them face-to-face, Jeremy moved his head close to hers and kissed her full on the lips — as softly and chastely as he could manage. When she was looking into his eyes again, he softly told her "I love you, Brittany. No matter what else, I love you, and I always will."

Between the kiss he'd given her, and the way he told her he loved her, Brittany knew that she didn't have to be afraid of her time with him, or nervous about what happened between them. She

knew that Jeremy loved her — and that she loved HIM.

As Brit wrapped her arms around him and hugged him fiercely, Jeremy finally looked at Dawn — and saw that not only was she happy that he'd been able to help his younger sister, she was also touched by how he'd done it.

When Brittany finally released her hold on him, Jeremy calmly set her on her feet again before telling her "Whenever you're ready, let me know how you want us to start."

Unashamedly, Brittany told him "I'm ready now. I want us to get naked, and get on the bed."

Jeremy took her hand in his and gave it a kiss before leading the way over to the foot of his bed. Dawn followed the two of them, and as each started taking their clothes off, she reached into the bag she was carrying. By the time both of them were naked, she'd laid out the same towel she'd used when she'd given herself to Jeremy, and set a couple of hand towels where they could be easily retrieved by whoever was on the bed. With that done, she quietly moved to get herself seated in Jeremy's chair. When he looked over at her, she calmly informed him "Brit wants me here so I can help if she asks for it, but I'm not going to be naked or get involved until and unless she says that's what she wants. I'm just going to sit quietly, stay out of your way, and hope that you can forget I'm here."

Jeremy gave her a brief smile before Brittany took him by the hand and led the two of them onto the bed, getting them positioned on the towel Dawn had provided. Once there, Brit suddenly started to get nervous again — something that Jeremy short-circuited through the simple expedient of pulling her into a kiss.

It took a moment before she began kissing him back; when she did, her efforts to do so were indifferent, at best. But Jeremy figured that once things started moving, she'd settle down... and promptly did his best TO get things going.

Over the next several minutes, he and Brittany continued to kiss each other; with each osculation, she seemed to get a little more involved in it until, finally, he felt her lips part so that her tongue could graze across his lips. He readily parted his lips so that his tongue could meet hers halfway; from there, both ranged back and forth from his mouth to hers and back again. When he felt her breathing begin to quicken a little, Jeremy gently set his hand on her hip and held it there for a few seconds before slowly moving it upwards until he could cup her breast. As he ran his thumb back and forth across her nipple, he felt her finally really *relax* in his arms. A bit later, she was willing to let him guide her to lay down on the bed; when she was comfortable, Jeremy stretched out next to her so that they could continue to kiss while his hand began wandering across her body.

He knew that she was surprised when he didn't immediately start playing with her tits, choosing instead to let his fingertips delight in the soft smoothness of her belly and sides and thighs. Only gradually did he let his touch get closer to, and finally settle on, her still-developing mammaries. Patiently and lovingly, he teased first one nipple to erectness before applying himself to doing the same for the other. Back and forth he went, until he had the dark pink tips of both breasts at

full extension. When he was done, Brittany was perfectly willing to let their kisses end — she was beginning to pant, and needed her mouth open so that she could suck in more oxygen.

It wasn't a complete loss for her, however, since Jeremy moved his head down so that he could replace his hand with his mouth. Even as he was wrapping his lips around the nipple closest to him, his hand was slowly tracing an erratic (and erotic) path down his sister's body. With a greater range in his new position, Jeremy was able to extend his touch along the outside of Brittany's thigh — then across her leg just above the knee, and back up again along the inside. As his soft touch moved higher and higher, her legs started to move farther and farther apart; by the time he felt the soft down of her pubic thatch on the side of his hand, she'd opened herself to him completely. But Jeremy wasn't quite ready to take advantage of the opportunity she was presenting him. Instead, he carefully circled around the cleft of her sex in favor of running his fingertips through her soft and sparse bush.

Shifting his oral attentions to the mound of her other breast, Jeremy mapped out a similar journey on Brittany's other leg and with much the same finish. Then it was back to the first leg again for a slightly abbreviated voyage that ended with him tracing a path alongside her cleft before mirroring his actions on the other leg. Jeremy patiently guided his hand from one of his sister's legs to the other, and back again, each trip a trifle shorter than the one before, and ending with his hand caressing her mons marginally closer to the core of her sex.

Finally, accompanied by a soft moan of pleasure, the tip of his finger dipped between the small, thin lips bracketing her opening. After collecting a small sample of her oils, Jeremy drew his fingertip upwards so that he could use the lubrication she'd provided to begin softly teasing her clitoris. When he needed more, he simply eased his hand down and dipped into her again — a little farther than he had before. It wasn't long before his stimulation of her little nubbin had her moaning — and all but oblivious to the fact that he was able to get the end of his finger far enough inside her that he was close to being able to touch her hymen.

A couple more freshenings, and it happened: Jeremy was finally able to feel the barrier of her virginity. He was careful to pay attention to how she was responding to what he was doing, and when she didn't express any objections, he carefully and gently tested it to see if he could figure out how much of a problem it presented. Much to his surprise, it seemed to collapse after only a couple of *very* tentative pushes. But rather than press the matter by investigating further, Jeremy decided that he had a good enough idea of what to expect, and went back to getting his younger sister as aroused as he could.

When he chanced a quick glance toward where his hand was busy between her thighs, he was somewhat amazed to see what looked like a trace of blood on his finger; but it was faint, and with Brittany plainly close to having an orgasm from his ministrations, he wasn't about to stop what he was doing so he could look more closely.

As he'd thought, the youngster *was* getting close, and found her release little more than a minute later. With the start of her orgasm, Jeremy's attentions shifted to doing what he could to help make it as long and powerful as possible for her; any thoughts about the seemingly remote

possibility of blood on his finger were abandoned in favor of sucking on her nipples and gently pressing against her clitoris in time with the waves of pleasure coursing through her young body.

When her pleasure had finally faded enough, Brittany opened her eyes to see Jeremy looking down at her. It took her only a moment to get her hands behind his head and pull it down so that she could rain a multitude of small, but still passionate, kisses on his face. Only when she figured she hadn't left a bit of it unkissed did she finally release him with a heartfelt "Oh, **thank** you, Jer! That felt wonderful! I could feel it when you put your finger in me a little bit, but what you were doing felt *good* instead of hurting like I was afraid it would."

Smiling down at her, Jeremy asked "You're not nervous or afraid now?"

Jeremy could hear the confidence in her voice as she answered "Not even a little bit", smiling back at him. The happiness she felt was plain as could be when she asked him "Do you want to fuck me now?"

Amused at the change in her attitude, Jeremy couldn't help but release a short laugh before answering "No, not just yet" — only to be further amused at the disappointment that crossed her face before she eagerly asked "You want to do something else?"

Grinning, Jeremy lowered his head to kiss her before answering "Well, I think it might be a good idea if we got each other ready, first. Like maybe me doing you, and you doing me?"

"I'd like that!" she declared. Sitting up, Brittany seemed a little nervous as she told him "What Beth and I read was that it was easier for the girl — you know, the first time she was with a guy — if she was on top. That way, *she's* the one to decide how fast he's in her, so she doesn't hurt any more than she really **has** to. Is that okay with you? If I'm the one on top the first time?"

"Of course it is, Brit, if that's what would make you happy."

Visibly relieved, she answered "Well, yeah, it would. I'll know when you're hard enough, so when I'm ready, I can just kind of turn around, and we'll be all set."

"That's fine, Brit. I said I wasn't going to rush you, and I'm not — you don't have to do *anything* until YOU think you're ready. Just take your time, and make SURE first, okay?"

Brittany quickly nodded her agreement, then pointedly looked at how he was laying on his side. Suitably prodded, Jeremy quickly got himself re-situated so that he was laying on his back and more-or-less in the middle of the towel. With that taken care of, his sister didn't delay in first moving to straddle his head, then lean forward so that her head was close enough to reach his semi-erect cock.

Delighted by the feel of the small, firm mounds of her breasts pressing against his belly, Jeremy reached up and around her waist so that he could get his hands on her tight little buns before lifting his head. But before he could dip his tongue between the glistening folds of her sex, he saw something that froze him: a small spot of blood on the inside of one of her labia. Only then did he remember thinking that he'd seen blood on his finger. Keeping his voice calm, and tone

casual, Jeremy asked her "Brit? You're not having your period, are you?"

Releasing the head of his penis from her mouth, she answered "No, of course not. Why?"

Maintaining the pretense that everything was fine, he calmly answered "I just wanted to make sure I couldn't get you pregnant, is all."

There was the faintest note of impatience in her voice when Brittany answered "I wouldn't **be** here if THAT could happen, Jeremy!" before taking him into her mouth again.

Jeremy really didn't think that she was having her period; the times he'd been with Dawn when she was menstruating, it had been a **WHOLE** lot more obvious that that was what was going on. The only other thing that seemed to make any sense was that he'd somehow broken her maidenhead when he'd had his finger in her... except that he'd barely pushed on it, and she hadn't given ANY indication that it had happened. If anything, she'd told him afterwards that what he'd been doing felt **GOOD**! All of the other possibilities that Jeremy could think of seemed *far* too remote to have happened; as unlikely as it seemed, he'd apparently broken his sisters cherry without either of them knowing it had happened!

Even as Jeremy was reaching that seemingly unlikely, but apparently true, conclusion, Brittany wiggled her tight ass — reminding him that he was supposed to be trying to get **HER** as aroused as she was getting him.

With the conscious thought that the blood he was seeing was from her defunct hymen, and not menstrual flow, Jeremy began applying himself to the task at hand. A couple swipes of his tongue later, and any thoughts that he might be using his mouth on her while she was having her period were easily dismissed: the only thing he could see was the darkening inner lips of her womanhood, shining with a mixture of his saliva and her delectable essence. From then on, the only thing on his mind was gathering as much of her oils as he could between bouts of encouraging her to producing more of them.

Jeremy had promised her that he wasn't going to rush her, and he didn't. Even after she'd gotten him fully erect, he continued to apply himself to arousing and pleasuring her. He'd patiently and lovingly brought her to an orgasm, and was enjoying the view he had of her as she lay on top of him during her recovery when he felt her gather herself together and raise up.

She took a moment to steady herself before starting to move toward his waist; letting him direct things until he got his arms behind her. A little longer, and she was pretty well situated and straddling his hips. Without saying anything, she reached down and took his erection between a couple of her fingers and lifted it up; a couple of minor adjustments, and she could feel the slippery lips of her vagina on both sides of the very tip of his manhood. Satisfied that they were properly situated, she slid him back and forth a little bit before getting the tip of his cock situated at her opening. Taking a deep breath, she began to try and lower herself onto him.

Her first effort quickly failed, since she didn't have enough of a grip on him to keep his hard cock from simply sliding away from where she wanted it to go — though she did release a gasp of

pleasure when it dealt a glancing blow to her erect clitoris.

Wrapping her hand around him to make sure he stayed in place, she tried again, but quickly gave up. Another deep breath, and she was at it again; the second try lasted longer as she let herself settle down more, but she soon backed off again.

Below her, Jeremy heard her say "I'm sorry, Jeremy! This isn't as easy as I thought it'd be!"

"That's okay, Brit. Take your time and get it *right* — I'll be right here", the last part drawing a small, brief laugh from her.

Soon afterwards, Brittany tried several more times to impale herself on her brothers erection, and failed. The last couple of times, both of them could feel it as her opening expanded as though to let him through, but never quite far enough for it to actually happen.

Finally, a frustrated and near-to-crying Brittany declared "*Dawn!* I need **help!** I can't get him inside!"

A few seconds later, Jeremy felt the bed shift slightly when his older sister got on it, and then heard her say "I've been watching, and I think I know what the problem is, and how I can help."

That was quickly followed by Brittany's plea "What? How? Never mind... just DO something!"

Moments later, Jeremy felt what could only be Dawn's tongue being added to where he and Brit were touching. A few seconds went by before Jeremy realized that Dawn was not only teasing her younger sisters clit, but adding her saliva to HIM, too. Jeremy belatedly remembered how Dawn had wanted BOTH of them as slippery as possible before he tried to get inside her, and realized that he and Brit weren't anywhere *near* as lubricated as he and Dawn had been. With that in mind, Jeremy slowly and carefully arched his hips down slightly, so that there was a little space between the end of his cock and the entrance to Brit's vagina. Dawn seemed to realize what he was doing, and quickly insinuated her tongue into the gap so that she could wet both of them at the same time.

Figuring that Dawn knew what was going on with Brittany better than he did, Jeremy waited patiently while the older girl did what she thought was necessary. Several times, Jeremy was sure that Dawn was using her tongue and mouth on Brit much as she usually did; but she was also doing it to *him*, too.

After a couple of minutes, Jeremy heard Dawn say "I think that's enough to let you get started, at least. There just wasn't enough wetness to let him slide into you, Brit. Do you want me to stop, now? If you want, I can keep doing that until he's all the way inside you."

Brittany responded by saying "Let me see..." before getting herself positioned at the end of Jeremy's cock again. As she pressed herself down, both of them could feel it as Jeremy's manhood finally began to slide through the tight ring of her opening. But it wasn't long before the two of them also felt the 'drag' that had kept them from getting even that far. Brit readily lifted herself off her brother before saying "I... I guess we need more help, Dawn."

From the tone of her voice, Jeremy didn't figure that Dawn was particularly put out when she answered "I'm glad to help, Brit" before applying herself to wetting both of them again.

With the added lubrication from Dawn, Brittany was ready to have another try at getting herself fitted around her brother's manhood. After leaning back (to give Dawn easier access, Jeremy thought), Brit tried pressing herself onto Jeremy's cock again — and found that it was **much** easier. It took only a few seconds before she could feel it as the head of Jeremy's penis slowly eased through her opening: he felt absolutely HUGE! But she was eagerly looking forward to feeling him all the way inside her, and her attitude made it much easier for her to accept the stretching she was having to do inside. That she was the one in control of how much and how fast made a world of difference, too. Last, and certainly not least, there was the benefit of the lubrication that Dawn's talented tongue was contributing, along with the stimulation of her older sister teasing her clitoris...

Even though neither of the other two seemed to notice (or if Dawn noticed, she didn't say anything), Jeremy was all too aware of the fact that Brittany was slowly, but steadily, getting more and more of his cock into her tight pussy — without the bother of dealing with any obstructions, such as a hymen. Jeremy could easily understand why Brittany wouldn't notice: Dawn was almost constantly licking the juncture of his cock and Brit's labia; the few interruptions that he noticed were when he could feel Dawn teasing and sucking on her younger sister's clitoris to help stimulate her into getting wetter inside.

All in all, it made for an experience that Jeremy knew he'd NEVER forget: the feeling of Brittany's hot, tight pussy slowly surrounding his cock while Dawn used her *ever-so-pleasing* tongue where they were joined. It was unique and pleasant enough that Jeremy was actually a little disappointed when he felt the tight ring of Brit's vagina clenched around the base of his cock: even though he was now buried in his younger sister, he sorely missed the added stimulation provided by Dawn's limber tongue.

But as the seconds ticked by, Jeremy decided that having damn near all of his dick in his sister's tight pussy made up for Dawn's missing tongue: even though Brittany wasn't ready to start moving on him yet, he was still feeling the kinds of twinges and flexings that he was used to feeling in Dawn — except that they seemed so much stronger in Brit's smaller and tighter vagina.

Above him, Brittany thought she was as close to heaven as she could get without actually dying: with the contributions from Dawn, she'd managed to get herself stuffed with Jeremy's *wonderfully* massive cock — God, she felt **so** full! But on top of that, she also felt something else; as nice as Jeremy's cock felt in her, it also seemed to make her feel somehow... complete, as though she'd been missing some part of her body without realizing it. But *that* part could wait until later; right then, she had a wonderful new toy to play with!

Continuing to keep his promise to let Brittany move at her own pace, Jeremy had somehow managed to hold still after she'd settled herself on him. Staying hard was most definitely not a problem: the feeling of her tight pussy enveloping his cock, and sight of her cute little ass resting on his lower belly, were quite sufficient to maintain his erection. Still, he felt a certain amount of

relief when he finally felt her start to move over him: more than anything else in the world just then, he wanted to *fuck* her.

Brittany's first moves were small and tentative — as though she still wasn't quite sure that having Jeremy in her wasn't going to start hurting. But each small movement helped distribute the oils that she was producing, making her next motion a little easier — which, in turn, eased the one after that. It wasn't but a couple of minutes until she felt like she could get **serious** about getting Jeremy's penis moving in her; once she'd reached that decision, it was just a matter of a few moment before she was putting her thoughts into action by slowly lifting herself up until she felt only the knob at the end of his cock was still inside her, then letting herself slide back down on him just as slowly. As she felt him again filling her, she couldn't help but release a loud moan of pleasure. When she felt her ass resting on her brother again, she spread her legs a little more and wriggled around a little, trying to see if she had ALL of him inside. She quickly realized she didn't when another half-inch (though she could have sworn it was SO much more!) of his manhood slid inside her. Satisfied that she'd taken all of him inside, she delighted in feeling so full in a place that had felt so empty so many times before. But she'd enjoyed the sensation of Jeremy's erection moving in her too much to simply sit still; after a few moments, she lifted herself up again, a little faster than she had the first time, before letting her weight push her back down again just as quickly.

When Brittany started sliding herself up and down his rod, Jeremy was fascinated by the show she unknowingly gave him: how her vaginal lips would pull out as they tried to hold on to his manhood when she raised up, then disappear as though guiding him deeper into her when she came back down again. If he hadn't gotten plenty of practice at learning to control how quickly he climaxed, Jeremy was SURE that the sight of it would have had him filling her with his cum after just a few iterations of seeing it.

But he *had* learned to control himself, and was able to enjoy the simultaneous view and feeling as Brit began bouncing herself up and down on his manhood. It didn't take long before she was in almost constant motion over him, either on her way up or on her way down; either way felt just **fine** to him.

With Brittany in motion on him, Jeremy didn't have any reason not to become a more active participant. The next time Brit slid herself down on him, Jeremy lifted himself up a trifle; when she raised up again, he countered by trying to arch his hips down. It took a few cycles of that before she realized what he was doing; when she did, Brittany leaned back and put her hands on the bed before encouraging him "Yeah, Jeremy! Fuck me!"

With his sister leaning back over him, Jeremy was finally able to get his hands on her tits again. Each was barely larger than the hand that he cupped over it, but Jeremy didn't mind their smaller size in the slightest: they were warm, and firm and soft at the same time, and each was capped with a slightly-swollen pink areola and the rubbery nubbin of her nipple. As he started slowly pistoning himself in and out of her, Jeremy gently squeezed the smooth mounds he held in his hands. Brittany released a soft sigh of pleasure, and Jeremy went on to map every square

millimeter of their surface with his fingertips before finally settling on gently pinching and pulling on her nipples as he slowly increased the length and speed of his strokes into his younger sister.

Off to the side, Dawn literally had a front-row seat to the show that was happening on the bed — and she was totally mesmerized by what she was seeing. She'd genuinely hoped that Brittany wouldn't need her assistance; but when the youngster had asked for help, Dawn had been thrilled at being able to join them. That the help they'd needed had allowed her to provide the kind of *personal* service she given had aroused her tremendously. Even as she was watching Jeremy playing with Brit's breasts while fucking her at the same time, Dawn could feel herself getting wetter and wetter, and her nipples getting hard. Where she was seated, she had a clear view between Brittany's thighs, and could see her sister's essence glistening on Jeremy's cock as her labia were pulled out and pushed back in as Jeremy moved in her. Suddenly realizing that the twins had undoubtedly seen much the same thing when she and Jeremy had fucked in front of them almost had her climaxing right on the spot!

After several minutes of coupling with his younger sister, Jeremy wasn't entirely happy with the position that he and Brittany were in: sure, he could play with her tits while he was fucking her, but he simply wasn't able to move as much as he wanted to. He finally decided that 'letting her decide' didn't mean he couldn't suggest a different position they could fuck in, and slowed his actions so that he could ask her "Brit? You want to try something else? That would let us fuck different, I mean?"

Remembering the different things that she'd seen Dawn and him do, it took only a moment for Brittany to answer "Yeah! I want you on top of me!"

Even with Brit's apparent willingness to have him fucking her from the front, it still took a little time before she was ready to sit up and lift herself off his erection. Once she'd gotten herself situated next to him, he could see the barely-controlled patience on her face as she waited for him to get out of the way so that she could lay down — and get his cock in her again.

Jeremy was *nearly* as eager as she was for that to happen, so he quickly rolled out of the way. He'd barely vacated his spot before Brittany was occupying it; as he was getting up, she was stretching out and opening her legs to make room for him between them.

Once on his knees, it took Jeremy only a couple of moments to get himself relocated. When he looked down, he was greeted by a vision that stayed with him for the rest of his life: his younger sister, naked and stretched out, waiting for him to sink his dick in her again. It wasn't her nakedness that had his attention; after all, he'd seen every bit of her before, and more than once. Rather, it was the *way* she looked that made the difference — particularly how the dark wedge of her pubic hair was clearly parted between her thighs by the parted and engorged (but still somehow delicate-looking) lips that let him see her visibly wet opening. The sight of her was enough to MORE than compensate for the little bit that his erection had flagged while they were getting re-situated.

Jeremy's eyes remained locked on where her thighs met — at least, until he heard her plaintive "Jer... *please?*"

Once out of his daze, Jeremy didn't delay in getting himself positioned over her. Brittany readily lifted her knees, tilting her pelvis up, so that he could get the end of his erection nestled against the entrance to her womanhood. Jeremy lowered his head to give her a soft kiss on the lips before the two of them locked eyes — and he slowly arched his hips forward, filling her with his manhood in a single long, slow thrust.

Jeremy saw her eyes widen when, thanks to their different position, he was able to sink the last fraction of an inch of his cock in her. Holding himself still, he heard her say "Oh, GOD, you feel so good in me! Now I know why you and Dawn wanted to fuck so much once you got started!"

With their eyes still on each other, Jeremy slowly eased his hips back until he felt the tight ring of Brittany's opening just behind the head of his dick. But rather than push himself back into her, he deliberately backed off a little more, so that the widest part of his manhood slipped out of her before reversing direction long enough to slide back in. Deliberately teasing her, Jeremy repeated his actions several times, feeling Brittany's nipples getting harder against his chest while her face revealed her increasing desire to have him IN her again. When she put her hands on his ass and tried to pull him in, he easily resisted her efforts, just as he did when she locked her ankles behind his back and tried to use the greater strength of her legs. Only when he heard her pleading "Jer-e-my!" did he have mercy on her by thrusting himself into her as quickly as he could — only to be surprised when she suddenly had what could only have been an orgasm, as a result. He could tell that it wasn't as strong as most she had, but that she was climaxing was a certainty: he could feel her already tight pussy getting tighter around him, as well as an increase in how hot and wet she felt. It made him glad that it wasn't one of her 'regular' orgasms... and that he was holding himself still in her.

Jeremy waited until Brit opened her eyes again afterwards before finally starting to fuck her: small, slow strokes at first, then gradually increasing his efforts until he found the combination that she responded to the most. Jeremy most assuredly wanted to cum, and inside his younger sister. But he'd also been entirely serious about wanting to make her first sexual experience as satisfying for her as he could. So he was perfectly willing to put his own pleasure and relief behind the needs of his sister, and make **her** happiness more important than his own.

Beneath him, Brittany was happier than she'd ever been... or thought she could be. It felt *incredible*, having Jeremy's hard cock sliding in and out of her. She'd been delighted when she'd finally gotten herself settled down onto him that first time, and things had simply kept getting better and better from then on. Even when he'd been teasing her by "fluttering" the head of his penis back and forth through her opening, she'd found the experience more arousing and stimulating than she'd thought possible. What he'd done afterwards had been more than she could take: finding herself so suddenly and so **thoroughly** filled by him, there wasn't anything for her to do BUT have a climax. It hadn't been a particularly strong one, but certainly hadn't been any less enjoyable. Even the problem she'd had getting Jeremy into her in the first place had worked

out okay — Dawn had been there to help, and done it in such a way that Brit *knew* that there really weren't going to be any problems with her (and Beth — Beth was going to LOVE this!) fucking Jeremy, too. She and Beth had both been a little worried about that, despite the reassurances they'd sough (and gotten) from Dawn.

Off to the side, Dawn watched as her brother repeatedly plunged his hard staff into their sister. She hadn't been quite sure what Jeremy thought he was doing when he'd been sliding just the head of his dick back and forth in Brit, but there wasn't any doubt about what her sister had felt when he'd stopped: even from where she was sitting, Dawn had known what was happening with the youngster. When he'd finally started fucking Brit, Dawn had known that he was trying to find a combination of how much he moved, how fast, and even how hard, that would make her feel good — he'd certainly done it enough times with HER!. She could also tell when Jeremy found that "sweet spot" by the pleased noises that Brittany started making, and how she was lifting her hips in welcome to Jeremy's thrusts into her. As she continued watching them, Dawn saw as Jeremy somehow got himself contorted enough that he was able to get his mouth on Brittany's tits and start sucking on her nipples. Seeing that made Dawn realize just how serious Jeremy was about wanting to do whatever he could to try and make sure that their sisters were happy about what happened, and how: he knew that *she* liked it when he did things to her nipples when they were fucking, and he was willing to bend himself into almost in half so that he could do the same thing for Brit because he thought SHE might like it, too. And she apparently did, judging by the slightly more liquid sounds coming from where Jeremy was pumping himself in and out of her...

For his part Jeremy was about as happy and satisfied as he could be: though Brit wasn't *quite* as tight around him as she'd first been, she was still more than tight enough; too, she was easily wet enough inside (!) to make his motion in her easy and pleasant (!) for both of them. Best of all, he'd been able to get a little more control of himself so that the rhythm of his movement in her wasn't pushing him too quickly toward cumming in her too soon. The way she was responding to him, he figured he could easily bring her to one orgasm, and maybe even a second, before filling her with his spunk. And if she was as willing to help him get ready again as she'd been about them starting... well, he figured it was going to turn out to be a **great** evening!

As he continued pistoning in and out of his younger sister, Jeremy could tell she was steadily moving closer and closer to having her first ever orgasm from having a guy inside her — something that had him feeling several different emotions at different times and in different combinations: satisfied that he was doing what he meant to do with her, pleased that she was so obviously enjoying it as much as she was, honored that she loved and trusted him enough to want HIM to be her first, love and affection that she would be willing to share herself with him that way, and more.

While Jeremy was plundering his sister's treasure, he would shift his position a bit every so often; not just to make himself a little more comfortable, but so that he could do different things to both arouse her more and to let her know how much he cared for her. Resting on his elbows, he was able to tend to her face and neck and shoulders with any number of soft kisses, little "lip-bites", gently nibbling on her earlobes, and so on. Straight-armed above her, he was able to get

his lips and mouth on her breasts so that he could kiss and suck on them at random places, softly "chew" on her nipples, and even just give them a bath with his tongue. While all of it seemed to please her, the things that she responded to the most were the ones he repeated most often. At one point, she opened her eyes and managed to tell him "I want to watch... I wanna see you fucking me...". Jeremy didn't bother saying anything; he simply got his arms positioned behind her knees and carefully moved them toward her head, almost folding her in half. Lifting her head, Brittany was able to look down to where she and her brother were joined, and watched for nearly a minute as his manhood cycled in and out of her before letting him know she was getting uncomfortable. When she was able to wrap her legs around his waist again, she looked up at him to say "I thought it would look sexy... but not like **that!**" in obvious awe and arousal.

Jeremy was starting to get a little tired from holding himself over her when he started to feel her vagina begin a faint clenching around him; it was a lighter version of what she'd done when she'd climaxed after he'd teased her, so he knew that she was getting close. To help her along, Jeremy began finishing his thrusts into her with an added little "bump" that would stimulate her clitoris a little more. With that added stimulation it wasn't but a very few more minutes before Brittany froze underneath him with the beginning of her release.

When he felt Brit clamp down around him, Jeremy immediately stopped moving in her: he knew that if he kept fucking her, the added sensations of her orgasm would have him emptying himself into her in short order. What he wanted to do instead was to be able to fuck her some more: once her orgasm was over, he wanted to get her on her hands and knees so that he could fuck her from behind (his favorite position). But he also wanted her climax to be a good one, so he contented himself with simply pressing his pelvis against hers, knowing that the added pressure against her clitoris would intensify what she was experiencing.

There were only two things in the whole universe that Brittany was aware of right then: the massive cock that seemed to fill her entire *body*, and the sensations radiating from her clit each time Jeremy pressed himself against it. Either one would have been enough to make her climax complete — but together, they left her unable to do anything but feel herself being tossed around like a piece of driftwood by the tidal wave of her pleasure. It wasn't until after the first few spasms of indescribably pleasure had overwhelmed her and faded that she was able to take a deep, gasping breath before nearly blacking out when another coursed through her young body. The next few were progressively milder, and Brittany was finally able to start gasping for the oxygen that her body was demanding. Only after a last, faint tremor ran through her was she able to open her eyes; even then, it took a few seconds before she was able to recognize her brother looking down at her. Still panting, she threw her arms around him and pulled him down into a fierce hug, crying with the joy of what she'd experienced, and unable to tell him what he'd done for her.

When he first saw his sister's tears, Jeremy initially thought that he'd somehow still done something wrong. But it took only a moment for him to realize that the expression on her face meant that she was crying because she was *happy*. It didn't make any sense to him, and he figured that it probably never would, that women cried for pretty much **any** damn reason — but

that Brit was crying because she was happy... that he could live with. Continuing to hold himself still over her, Jeremy quietly began kissing her; ears, cheeks, lips, nose... anything that he could get his lips on as he tried to get her settled down again.

His efforts finally began to have an affect, and it was perhaps another minute before she turned her head to face him and said "I... that... what you did..." before taking a deep breath and managing to get out "Thank you, Jeremy. That was *wonderful* — **way** better that I even THOUGHT it could be."

Smiling, Jeremy answered "I'm glad you liked it, Brit. Are you ready for some more, now?"

Hearing that, Brittany suddenly realized that Jeremy was still inside her, and more to the point, still hard.

It was all Jeremy could do not to laugh at the expression his sisters face when she looked up at him and asked "We... you can keep fucking me?", stunned at the possibility.

"If you want me to. Or we can stop — it's up to you."

"Stop!? No way! Fucking feels too good; I wanna do it some more!"

Quietly amused, Jeremy told her "Me, too, sis. But I'm getting a little tired this way. Can we change again?"

"You bet, if we can do it some more. What did you want to do?"

"You on your hands and knees, and me behind you?", Jeremy offered.

Brittany realized that that was how she'd seen dogs fucking, and felt herself getting more aroused at the idea. It took only a moment for her to answer "Yeah, I'd like that!"

With that, Jeremy carefully eased his hips back, sliding his erect penis free of his sister's intimate grasp — accompanied by her soft moan of disappointment at the loss. But when he got to his knees and moved from between her legs, she didn't hesitate to get herself turned over, and then into position. Again, Jeremy had to pause for a few seconds to enjoy the sight she presented him: the rounded globes of her ass, and her smooth, firm thighs bracketing the small dark cloud of her pubis — and the visibly drooling slit of her womanhood. That time, he needed no prompting before moving closer to her and levering his cock down slightly so that he could wedge the end of it between her labia. After putting his hands on her hips, he held her steady as he pressed his hips forward, burying himself in her in a single stroke. From there, it didn't take long before he was again humping himself in and out of his younger sisters hot, wet, and tight little pussy — as well as leaning forward slightly so that he could cup her small, firm tits in his hands and squeeze them, and gently pinch and pull on her nipples as she gave voice to the pleasure and arousal he was bringing her.

Brittany felt that the way that Jeremy was moving in her was completely different from how he'd felt when she'd been on top of him, or when he'd been on top of her. Somehow, it had felt a little better inside when he'd been on top of her — not that what he was doing then was bad! It just

didn't feel *quite* as nice to her, though having him able to move in her faster AND play with her tits more was more than sufficient compensation for the difference. Though she knew that she was younger and couldn't be expected to have tits as large as Dawn's, Brittany still regretted her smaller bust, and was glad that Jeremy still enjoyed playing with her tits. She was particularly enjoying the way he was caressing them before teasing her achingly-erect nipples.

If anyone asked, Dawn knew that she'd never be able to answer how she managed to keep from stripping her clothes off and climbing onto the bed with Jeremy and Brit. She'd known, before Jeremy apparently did, that Brit was getting close to having an orgasm; and she'd known that Jeremy was doing *something* to help her reach it — and then make it better when it happened. Even from where she was sitting, Dawn could see how tight Brit's breasts were, and how hard and long her nipples had gotten. Farther down, Jeremy's cock was practically soaked in his younger sister's juices while there was a soft but distinct squelching noise each time he entered her again. That Brit was enjoying what he was doing was plain as could be, too: the way she'd lift her hips with each of Jeremy's thrusts, how she had her legs wrapped around his waist (even though she couldn't lock her ankles behind his back), the groans and gasps and moans and other noises she made, and how her head was tossing back and forth. When they'd changed positions, and Jeremy had stopped to look at his younger sister (Dawn knew that he liked to do the same thing with her), she'd been able to see much the same as he had, and felt herself getting even wetter. Then, when Jeremy had started fucking Brit again, and started playing with her tits, Dawn had felt her own nipples getting longer and harder, too. Everything she was seeing and hearing and even smelling (Brit's unique aroma was clear, even where she was!) simply got to be too much for her. Somehow managing to keep her lustful moan low enough not to disturb the couple on the bed, Dawn stood up and hurriedly got out of the dress she was wearing. She hadn't bothered putting on a bra or panties, so she was left standing there stark naked before she quickly and sloppily folded her dress over a few times and set it on the seat of Jeremy's chair so that she wouldn't leave any telltale stains (or smells!) on it. Sitting down again, she didn't delay in getting her legs draped over the arms of the chair and her hand on her mons; it was only a moment more until she had a fingertip dipping between her labia...

From the way she was pressing herself back against him, Jeremy knew that Brit liked the way he was fucking into her. He wasn't being *quite* as gentle as when he'd been on top of her, and it was pretty clear that she didn't mind his increased... enthusiasm. Even so, he still slowed down every so often — not just to give her the chance to let him know if she was having any problems with what he was doing, but so that he could look down to where his cock was in her; and watch as her tight opening tried to stay with him when he backed out of her, then disappear again when he reversed direction. After a couple of times of that, he finally noticed that she was so excited that there was an overflow of her juices that was slowly soaking into BOTH of their pubic thatches — and helping produce a distinctly liquid sound to their coupling. It also finally sank in for him that the smell of her was thick and heavy in the air; that only served to further fuel his desire and arousal. Getting his hands on her slim hips again, Jeremy simply couldn't resist "letting go" a little bit, and start thrusting himself into her hot channel harder than he'd been willing to do

before then.

Brittany wasn't been bothered in the slightest by the greater force that Jeremy was fucking her with: by that time, she'd gotten well-adjusted to his presence, and she knew that she was MORE than wet enough to keep things slippery. In fact, the longer he did it, the more she began to like it — and even wish for more.

It took only a couple of minutes for Jeremy to realize that Brit was responding to his more forceful efforts by pushing back in welcome, even as she was releasing soft grunts in reaction to what he was doing. With that kind of encouragement, he didn't hesitate to finally start fucking into her the way he really *wanted* to — and hearing her respond by telling him "Yes! Like that! FUCK me!"

Though Jeremy wasn't fucking her anywhere near as fast as he had been before, Brittany discovered that the increased force of his actions was somehow more arousing... and more satisfying, too. It didn't take long before she could feel herself moving more and more quickly toward finding her pleasure again.

To be fucking her the way he was, hearing the distinct sounds they made as they mated, having his nose filled with his sister's intimate scent... all of it was combining to rapidly escalate Jeremy's pleasure. He was starting to feel the first faint twinges in his cock that let him know he was on his way toward dumping his cum in Brittany when Jeremy detected the stirrings in her pussy that meant that she was getting there, too. Though he knew that his climax would be powerful, Jeremy didn't want to find his own release at the expense of leaving Brit unsatisfied. Continuing to all but pound himself into her, he managed to lean forward enough that he could reach around her and get his hand between her legs. Despite having seen how wet his own pubic area was, he was amazed to find hers to be practically saturated with her oils; the contemplation of that delayed him for a second or two before he continued onward to find her clitoris and begin softly circling it with his fingertip. Keeping things lubricated proved to be a non-issue, since her juices seemed to leak out of her bush and onto her clit almost continuously.

Brittany had no idea where things stood with Jeremy; she was simply too wrapped up in the feelings that he was creating in HER. She wasn't paying the slightest attention to the sounds they were making, and wasn't even aware of how heavily her own scent lay in the air: she was still focused on the still-new and novel experience of having a hard cock — Jeremy's cock! — pistoning in and out of her to notice much of anything else. But when she felt him start playing with her clitoris, she readily welcomed the added stimulation. She knew that she was getting close again; having both Jeremy's hard penis moving in her AND his finger on her clit only accelerated her journey to Nirvana.

Dawn could tell that Brit was almost there; and knowing her brother, she was almost positive that Jeremy was getting close to emptying himself into her — and the thought that her brother was about to fill their sister with his seed was all it took to push Dawn over the edge and into a climax. Miraculously, she found the wit to try and stuff her fist in her mouth so as to muffle any noise she made so that she didn't disturb them before the first incredibly powerful and long-

lasting wave of an orgasm overwhelmed her. Though she didn't realize it, she still made a little noise: a groan that wasn't *quite* muffled by her fist, and then a high-pitched keening noise that lasted as long the first spasm of pleasure that froze her body in place. But Jeremy and Brit were both too wrapped up in what THEY were doing to notice...

The combination of Jeremy's efforts was proving to be more stimulating than Brittany thought they could; it wasn't but a couple of minutes before she felt herself go flying into the abyss of an incredible orgasm...

Behind his sister, Jeremy was greatly surprised by the suddenness of her orgasm; that was quickly followed by amazement at how powerful it seemed to be. But those two reactions were almost immediately overwhelmed by the sensations that she began to create around his manhood: her entire pussy would clench almost painfully tight around his entire length before beginning a fluttering kind of release that started at head and quickly progressed toward the base before starting over again. It was as though an incredibly warm fist was grabbing his dick, then releasing it one finger at a time. It took only a couple iterations of that before he had to bury himself in her shortly ahead of the first spray of his cum erupting from his cock.

The first wave of her release had barely receded when Brittany felt her brother stuffing himself as far as he could, followed by the sensation of something warm washing over the deepest part of her; it took only the tiniest fraction of a moment for her to understand that he was cumming — and that knowledge only served to make the next spasm of pleasure to course through her even stronger than the first.

Jeremy was emptying himself into Brit in what seemed like an almost continuous spray of semen; it was something he'd never experienced before. It was both incredibly satisfying, and yet terrifyingly intense. Only later would it occur to him that he almost wished it would happen again — and that he was half-afraid that it would.

It was the nature of the male animal that Jeremy's climax ended ahead of Brit's — enough so that he was able to get at least a little of his senses back before she all but collapsed in front of him. He quickly grabbed her around the waist to keep her from going face-first into his bed; with that accomplished he decided that the best thing would probably be if he got his rapidly-deflating dick out of her so that he could move better. Once that was done, he carefully and gently got her down on the bed, then moved onto her back. Looking at her, he could see that although she was plainly exhausted by the intensity of what she'd just gone through, she wasn't in any physical danger: she was breathing more-or-less regularly, and he could see her eyes moving under her closed lids. Being tired from his own exertions (and their result), he opted to lay down next to her before pulling her over so that her body was resting against his, and putting his arm around her. Several seconds went by with him fighting the urge to close his eyes (knowing that if he did, he's sure as hell fall asleep) before Brittany made a few feeble efforts at moving. After giving her a gentle hug, Jeremy started talking to her — softly reassuring her as best he could. So wrapped up was he in tending to Brittany that Dawn's sudden appearance on the bed nearly gave him heart failure: he'd completely forgotten about her.

Still, he was considerably relieved when Dawn looked down at the two of them for a bit before telling him "She'll be okay. That was an awful lot of orgasm for someone as young as her. Let me get some stuff to help you two."

Nodding his agreement, Jeremy continued to softly caress Brit as he waited. Brit had opened her eyes, but was still looking more than a little stunned when Jeremy felt Dawn rejoin them on the bed. She had a damp washcloth in her hand, and quietly and gently went about wiping Brittany's face before moving lower to try and clean up as much as she could of the youngster's pelvis — then doing the same for Jeremy, drawing a sincere "Thanks, Dawn" for her efforts. After she'd left them again, Jeremy could see that Brit was well on the way toward recovery; when he gave her a soft kiss on the forehead, she managed to grace him with a smile. A few moments later, Dawn was back again with a hand towel which she used to try and blot up more of the liquids from Brittany's pubis while she told them "If you two can hold on for a little bit longer, I'll go down and get something for you to eat and drink; I think you'll both feel better once you've got something inside you. Okay?"

Brit and Jeremy were both able to voice their agreement, and Dawn smiled at them before leaving them alone again.

When she got back again, Dawn had a couple of sandwiches on a plate, along with a couple of cold sodas in her hand. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she told them "If you can sit up, you can rest against the headboard while you get yourselves wrapped around this. I'll help, if you want, okay?"

By that time, Jeremy had recovered enough that he was able to get himself re-situated, and even provide at least token assistance as Dawn got Brittany settled next to him. Shortly after that, both of them had food in one hand, and drink in the other — though Dawn stayed nearby and kept an eye on them in case either had any problems.

It wasn't until he'd finished his sandwich, and half his soda, that Jeremy thought to ask "How come *you're* naked, Dawn?"

Blushing slightly, she answered "Watching both of you was SO hot, and got me **really** excited. So much that I just had to get myself off!"

Feeling appreciably better, Brittany and Jeremy had to smile at hearing that before Brit said "I'll bet — it was sure something DOING it!", making all three of them laugh.

A moment later, Brittany pulled Jeremy's arm around her and snuggled into his side before telling him "Thanks, Jer. That was **really** great, even if that last time felt like it was NEVER gonna end. You promised me that you weren't going to rush me, and you didn't. And you were so nice, and patient, and everything the whole time, too. You didn't hurt me, and even made me feel SO good. Even if you hadn't helped me have those wonderful orgasms, I'd still be happy that we got to fuck like that. I'm *glad* that you were willing to make me not a virgin any more; and I'll bet that you'll make Beth happy about it, too."

Hearing that, Jeremy knew that he'd gotten things right — at least, right enough — and didn't hesitate to kiss her before answering "I'm glad you liked it, Brit, and that you're happy — that's *all* I wanted."

The three of them sat there for several more minutes before Dawn told them "You probably don't realize it, but you've been in here for almost two hours. I think it might be a good idea if the two of you cleaned up, and maybe even went to bed. Brit, I know you're going to want to talk to Beth, and that's okay; just don't stay up too late, okay? Remember, it's her turn tomorrow morning, and I don't think she wants to be tired and sleepy when she comes in here!"

Brit laughed as she shook her head, then Dawn said "And Jeremy, I expect you'll want to do Beth as good as you did Brit, so you should get some rest, too. If the two of you want to go and take a shower together, I'll clean up in here."

With just a look at each other, Brittany and Jeremy agreed that they'd like to clean up together; it wasn't but a few moments before both were moving to get off the bed, then walking hand-in-hand to the bathroom.

A couple of minutes later, and Dawn could hear the soft laughter as they had a little more fun with each other while they showered. As she was getting the towel and other things off Jeremy's bed, she saw Beth come in. Turning to look at her, Dawn asked "Did you want to talk to me?"

Nodding, Beth replied "Yeah, a little bit. I just wanted to know if it went okay. You know, for Brit."

Dawn smiled and told her sister "It went fine. She didn't have any problems at *all*. After she gets out of the shower, I'm sure she'll tell you all about it. Really, Beth, there's nothing to worry about. You'll see."

Reassured, and reminded that she'd be hearing the details from her twin, Beth brightened up considerably and responded "Okay. Thanks, Dawn." before turning around and leaving again.

In the bathroom, Jeremy and Brittany had a delightful time getting cleaned up before bed. Brit had been embarrassed when Jeremy's cum started running down the inside of her leg — until she saw his penis twitch when HE saw it. Then she'd started to get embarrassed again when she'd wanted to clean the rest of it out of herself, only to discover that Jeremy's offer to help consisted of him sliding his finger into her and moving it around — enough to bring her to another small climax before he was done. To show her appreciation, she took care of cleaning his penis, using her mouth and feeling pleased with herself when he finally coated her tonsils with his sperm. Though it turned out to be a close call, they did manage to get themselves and each other clean before the hot water ran out. Getting dried off wasn't *quite* as much fun, but still enjoyable. After they left the bathroom, they shared an affectionate and loving kiss before heading to their respective bedrooms.

When Jeremy walked into HIS room, he saw that Dawn had turned down the bed covers and fluffed up his pillows — and gotten herself settled between the covers. Stopping in the middle of

his room, he could only look at her for several seconds before asking "What are you doing in MY bed, Dawn?"

With a Mona Lisa smile, she calmly answered "Ever since I gave you my cherry, I've wondered what it would be like to be with you like this: the two of us sharing a bed, and staying together for a whole night. Now's my chance to finally find out, and I'm not going to let it pass! Why, don't you want me here?", the last bit flirtatiously.

Realizing that he'd be better off just accepting her presence instead of questioning it, Jeremy didn't hesitate to answer "Yeah, I want you there!" before hurrying to get himself into bed next to her. After they'd shared a soft kiss, Dawn told him "I know you're still supposed to be with Beth tomorrow morning, so I don't think it would be a very good idea if we did anything. But I still think it'll be nice to BE with each other all night."

"I don't think it'll be just 'nice', Dawn", Jeremy replied. "I think it'll be WAY better than that. And I'm glad to have you next to me, whether we make love, or not."

His sisters smile reminded him once again of why he loved her so much before Jeremy turned and reached over to turn out the light. When he turned back, Dawn rolled over onto her side and backed up so that she was spooning against his front. Jeremy was more that happy to put an arm around her, and wasn't surprised when she moved to put his hand on her breast. They lay there like that for several seconds before Dawn's voice told him "You did just *fine* with Brit tonight, Jeremy; I don't think that you could have done **anything** to make it any better for her. I'm just surprised that she was able to get herself onto you as fast as she did."

Reminded of how things had gone, Jeremy quietly told her what he'd seen, and what he thought had happened. Dawn was quiet for several seconds before telling him "It sounds to me like you're right — that her hymen was so thin that you broke it with your finger, and she didn't even notice. It wouldn't surprise me if Beth was the same way, what with them being twins and everything."

Hearing his sister say that she thought Beth's maidenhead would be as easy as Brits jibed with what Jeremy had thought, relieved him a fair amount: he'd thought that Beth's cherry might be as easy to get past as Brits, but wasn't sure; Dawn's words gave him reason to relax (as much as he could, anyway) about the prospect. Either way, he still had the delectable bundle of Dawn in his arms, and lifted his head to give her a soft kiss on the shoulder before telling her "I love you, Dawn." He could almost *hear* her smile when she responded in kind. A little tired from his exertions, it didn't take long before the contentment of having Dawn's warm body tucked against his had Jeremy sound asleep.

When he woke up the next morning, Jeremy discovered that he was laying on his back, with Dawn on her side next to him. Her arm and leg draped across him while her head rested on his shoulder. As happy as he would have been to simply stay like that for, oh, forever, there was one critical factor that kept him from doing so: he needed to take a leak. **Bad**. He tried to put it off, but there was simply no denying the increasingly insistent demands from his bladder. Finally

bowing to necessity, he slowly and carefully eased himself away from Dawn so that he wouldn't wake her before getting out of bed and making a faster than usual trip to the bathroom. Once back in his room, he saw that his sister was awake; when she saw him come in, she simply told him "Why don't you get in here with me, and we can snuggle some more until the girls wake up." It was an offer that Jeremy was more than willing to accept, and he quickly got himself situated next to her again. It took her only a few moments to get herself positioned next to him much the same way as she'd been before: head on his shoulder, and an arm and leg resting on top of him. Jeremy could feel her breasts pressing into his side, as well as her soft bush faintly tickling his hip, and was delighted to be able to put his arm around her and hold her close. A few minutes ticked by, and Jeremy couldn't help but start caressing her by softly running his hand along her side, from just above her breasts all the way down to her hip, and back again — with an occasional side trip to include as much of her back as he could reach. It didn't take much of that before she wriggled herself a little closer and released a soft sigh of contentment.

Jeremy didn't know how long they stayed like that, and really didn't care: laying with her that way only drove home for him how much he loved her, and how much she meant to him. He found himself surprised to realize that just **having** her there made him feel so satisfied and content; the fact that he could feel her naked body against him only served to increase his affection for her, without creating any physical desire. He was still marveling at the change in his own attitude when there was a soft knock at his door.

Jeremy heard Dawn's quiet "Go ahead and answer, Jer. It'll be one of the twins, just letting us know they're up."

Doing as he was told, Jeremy soon learned just what Dawn had said he would; in return, he let Beth know that he and Dawn would be down to start breakfast in just a few minutes.

A few moments of silence passed before Dawn told him "It feels so good to be next to you like this; I wish we could stay like this forever — or at least do it whenever we wanted to. But I guess we'll just have to settle for doing it whenever we *can*. I mean, if you want to..."

Jeremy heard the faint note of uncertainty in his sisters voice, and didn't hesitate in the slightest to tell her "I'd like that, too, Dawn. A lot. Even though" — Jeremy considered it for a moment before amending himself — "or maybe even *because*, we didn't DO anything, it makes me feel real good and real happy for us to be like this. I wish we could stay like this, too, or share a bed whenever we wanted. But any time that we CAN be together like this would make me happy."

A moment later, Jeremy felt a single spot of wetness on his chest; without Dawns saying even a single word, he knew that it was a tear, and that she was feeling both happy and sad at the same time. And he knew what she was feeling because he was experiencing the same things.

Several more moments passed before Dawn pulled herself together and announced "If we're going to feed those two, and ourselves, we'd better get going."

Taking what his sister had said at face value, Jeremy eased himself away from her again before getting out of bed and starting to get dressed with Dawn soon following him. Without saying

anything, Jeremy took advantage of an opportunity to give her a kiss on the lips — as gentle and loving as he could make it. Dawn happily returned it in equal measure, giving him a smile when he pulled back from her. From there, it wasn't long before he and Dawn were holding hands as they made their way to the kitchen.

Breakfast proved to be an almost polar opposite from how the previous meal had gone. Both of the twins were about as chipper as they could be, with much the same appetites as they usually had. When Dawn quietly asked, Brittany let her know that the only consequence she felt from the previous evening was a mild soreness from being stretched the way she had — and that even THAT was relatively minor; otherwise, she had neither problems, nor regrets. Watching the youngster, and listening to her, Dawn soon decided that she was as fine as she'd claimed. As for Beth, she wasn't exhibiting any signs of nervousness or fear or anything other than eager anticipation. Dawn had known that Brit would pass along every detail of what had happened to her twin; it was pretty clear that she'd managed to express her pleasure at how things had gone well enough to calm (if not eliminate) any qualms Bethany might have.

As it had been the night before, the meal was light enough to keep Jeremy or Beth from feeling over-full. And after they'd finished, Brit quickly declared her willingness to return the favor her sister had done by cleaning things up by herself. The only notable difference from the last meal was that it was Bethany that said she wanted to talk to Dawn. The older girl easily agreed, and the two of them drifted into the living room while Jeremy made his way back to his bedroom where he got the "virgin deflowering kit", as Dawn had referred to it, out and positioned on his bed.

Once settled into his chair, Jeremy got himself used to the idea that he might be in for a wait again — only to hear a soft knock on his door just a few minutes later. When he opened the door, the only one on the other side was Bethany, wearing a happy smile and look of anticipation. Though she was wearing a blouse and skirt, Jeremy could see that she was braless, and decided that there was a distinct possibility that she was sans panties, too. He invited her in, and then closed the door behind her; when he turned around, she quickly plastered herself against his front before pulling his head down for a kiss. When he was finally able to pull his head back and look at her, Beth answered his unasked question by telling him "Brit told me last night how you were with her; that you were so gentle and patient and everything. And she told me how careful you were about letting HER decide what to do, and when, and how. It made me feel a LOT better about you fucking me the first time; I know that you aren't going to do anything to hurt me, or that I don't like. I even told Dawn that I was okay, and that she didn't have to be here unless she wanted to, and she just said that this was MY time, and that I should have it as private as I wanted. So she isn't going to be with us, like she was with you and Brit. Is that okay?"

Jeremy softly kissed her on the lips before answering "Of course it is, Beth, if that's what you want. I'm really *not* going to do anything that I know will hurt you — but if something happens that hurts you anyway, I want you to tell me, so I can stop, okay? I don't want to do ANYTHING that would make you unhappy."

Hearing that only seemed to make beth more certain, and Jeremy wasn't particularly surprised when she asked "Can... can we get naked, and start now?"

Smiling, Jeremy answered "Of course we can."

Having said that, Jeremy simply stood there until Beth realized that it was literally up to her to make the first move — and symbolically putting her in charge of things.

Giving him a pleased smile, she took his hand in hers and led the way over to the bed. When they were standing next to it, she released Jeremy's hand so that she could start taking her clothes off. Though she wasn't trying to do anything like a strip-tease, Jeremy saw that she was watching him; figuring that she wanted to be doing something special, he opted to watch as she undressed, instead getting his own clothes off.

As he'd expected, she was both bra- and pantie-less; it took less than a minute for her to be standing naked in front of him. With her wearing nothing more than a look of anticipation and a pair of erect nipples, Jeremy calmly went about mirroring what she'd done: keeping his eyes on her as he shed himself of his shirt, pants, and undershorts. Once both of them were nude, she led the way onto his bed — giving him a truly delightful view of how her cute little ass clenched as she moved across it.

She guided him to lay on his side before stretching herself out in front of him. Taking his hand in hers, she looked up at him and calmly let him know "I know that with me and Brit being twins, there's a lot that's the same about us. But I know that there's some that's different, too. I don't expect what happens with me to be the same as it did with Brit, and I don't *want* it to. She told me last night how good and happy you made her feel, and I know you'll try to make ME feel like that, too. She told me some of the things that you did with her, and I know you'll want to do them with me, too; I just want to ask you to try not to do them the same way with me that you did her. I know it's easy to forget sometimes, but me and Brit, we aren't two copies of the same person: she's her, and I'm me, no matter how much alike we are."

Hearing that, Jeremy realized how often he (and the rest of the family, he figured) tended to deal with the twins as though they WERE two copies of the same person — and silently vowed not to do it again, if he could possibly help it. With Beth laying naked in front of him, though, he knew that he needed to respond to what SHE'D said, first. Lifting her hand where it held his, he softly kissed it before telling her "I wasn't going to do that with you, anyway, Beth — not for *this*. You just made me realize that all of us DO treat the two of you like the same person a lot of the time, and I'm promising you right now that I'm going to do my very best to **stop** doing that. And I want to apologize if my doing it before now has ever hurt you; I can only hope that you know that I never meant to do anything like that on purpose. While you're here with me, I'm going to make sure that I remember that I'm with the one person called Bethany, not half of Bethany-and-Brittany, okay?"

Looking into her face, Jeremy could see that he'd made her happy with what he'd said, and silently chewed himself out for not really seeing before that she and her twin WERE really two

different people; no matter how much they were alike, they'd also demonstrated that they were each unique, too.

Lowering his head, Jeremy softly kissed her forehead — then both of her eyelids, her cheeks, the corners of her mouth, and finally, her lips. After he'd pulled his head back again, he saw that she was looking up at him with complete trust and confidence. When she let go of his hand, he placed it on her belly (surprising her a little that it didn't end up on her breast, he could see) before telling her "I love you, Beth. Not just because you're my sister, but because you're smart and fun and pretty and all the other things that a guy likes in a girl. Once we do this, nobody will ever know if you're ever with another guy, or who, or when. Mom and Dad are going to be letting you go out on car dates before long, and even though I'm **never** going to try and tell you who you can or can't or should or shouldn't go out with, I hope that you'll be real careful and picky who you choose. I hear some of the guys at school talking — the ones that go out with a lot of girls, I mean" — she nodded her understanding — "and word gets around *fast* if a girl isn't... careful about who she's with. I figure some of the girls get talked about when they don't deserve it, but it's still tough for them; I mean, how are they supposed to prove that they DIDN'T jump in the back seat with some guy who says they DID?" She nodded again before he continued "And I want you to know that if you go out with some guy that tries to do something you don't want him to, I'll be *more* than glad to let him know that wasn't right. I'm willing to protect you — as much as I can, and only as much as you want me to.", his last few words drawing a smile from her.

Looking into her eyes, he went on to say "Like I said, I love you. I'm willing to be with you like this, and be the one you give your cherry to, because I know that *I* can be the way you need me to so it'll be as nice for you as it can be. I don't **expect** anything from you after this. If you want to be with me again, I'd like that — a lot. But I'm not going to come chasing after you or anything like that, either. And if you find a guy that you want to be with, I'm not going to be jealous; THE most important thing to me is that you're happy. Whether that's with me or someone else isn't important. Okay?"

Jeremy knew that she'd tell Brit what he'd said, and promptly chastised himself for thinking of them that way before realizing that knowing they'd talk to each other wasn't the same thing as treating them as though they were each half of a single person. When he looked at Beth again, he knew that she was ready for them to finally start toward making her an EX virgin.

Touching his lips to hers, he made his kiss as soft and loving as he could, and Beth readily responded. Their kisses slowly and gradually became longer, then more affectionate, and finally, more sexual.

When they'd started kissing, Jeremy had begun moving his hand on his younger sister — initially limiting himself to just her waist and hip. But as the nature of their kisses changed, so did his touch on her body. But it wasn't until he felt her tongue touch his lips that Jeremy finally let his hand come into contact with her breast. Even as his tongue was again introducing itself to hers, his fingers were finding that her breast was tight, and her nipple already hardening. As their

tongues danced and dueled back and forth, Jeremy guided his hand from one firm young mammary to the other, and back again. It wasn't but a very few minutes before he had the peaks of both of her breasts swollen, with her nipples standing tall and proud. The added stimulation of his hand on her bust soon had Beth gasping in her increasing arousal, which was all the excuse Jeremy needed to shift his attentions: directing his hand to research other parts of her delightful anatomy so that he could orally assault the most obvious symbols of her femininity.

When he fastened his lips on the end of her breast and began sucking on it as he teased the nipple with his tongue, he heard Beth release a soft but heart-felt moan of pleasure. It was followed by another, louder one, when he began softly "milking" her with his lips.

Farther down, his fingers had discovered the soft forest covering her mons, and was slowly and softly exploring it for any hidden treasures. When his fingertips happened upon the cleft of her sex, Bethany quickly parted her legs in invitation to explore even farther. As he shifted his focus from one mound to the other and back again, Jeremy slowly guided his fingers along the furrow of his sister's womanhood. The first landmark he found was the small nubbin of her clitoris, already standing out with its hood thrown back; a little later, and his fingertips were making their first contact with the soft, thin petals of her labia — and finding the area between them already slick with her essence.

Downstairs, in the living room, Dawn was half-watching one of the Sunday morning news programs when Brittany wandered in. When Dawn looked at her, Brit looked a trifle embarrassed before asking "Would it be okay if I sat with you? You know, while Beth's with Jeremy?"

Dawn didn't hesitate in the slightest to answer "Of course it would", with a smile. The younger girl quickly moved to take a seat next to Dawn on the couch, then surprised Dawn by pulling one of Dawn's arms around her and getting herself nestled into Dawn's side. When Dawn looked at her, Brittany blushed slightly before saying "What Jeremy and I did last night... it felt *really* good, and I'm SO glad it happened. But now that Beth is up there with him, and I pretty much know what it's going to be like for HER... well, I'm feeling kind of alone, right now, and just need to BE with someone, close like this."

"That's fine, Brit. I was just surprised, not mad or upset or anything. If it helps you feel better, then I'm glad I can help. I want you — and Beth and any of the others — to know that you can come to me OR Jeremy any time, for any reason. Both of us love you, all of you, and we're here for you whenever you need us. If there's anything we can do to help you with anything, we'll do it. Okay?"

Brittany looked up at her and showed Dawn a pleased smile before turning her attention to the TV. Dawn gave her sister a gentle hug before doing the same.

Upstairs, Jeremy was again delighting in the softness of Beth's pubic hair as he carefully and gently ran the tip of one finger from the bottom of her opening upwards, barely dipping between her vaginal lips to collect some of her oils, before tenderly playing with her clitoris.

Beth loved the way Jeremy was using his mouth and lips and tongue on her breasts and nipples;

like her twin, she regretted that she didn't have a larger bust, even though she knew she was still growing. Having Jeremy paying so much attention to her tits helped her feel better about their size... and it felt **real** good, too. She was also all too aware of what his hand was doing between her legs — and not in a bad way, either! Although she could feel him brushing across the entrance to her vagina, she knew that he wasn't actually trying to put it inside her; but even if he had, it would have been okay with her: Brit had told her how slow and patient and gentle he'd been, and Beth knew that he wouldn't be any less careful with her. And the thought of him actually being inside her (even if it WAS just his finger) brought a thrill to her loins. But "all" he was doing was teasing her clit; though he was doing it so softly that she wasn't feeling the kind of pleasure that she usually did. Even as that thought was going through her mind, she realized that her brother *wasn't* trying to push her or rush her; what he was doing was "just" trying to help her get excited so that she'd be ready when SHE decided she wanted him inside her! Understanding what he was doing, and why, she felt her heart go out to him, knowing how much he loved and cared for her. Beth didn't doubt for a moment that Jeremy would like to be able to fuck her as soon as he could — but he was willing to give that up so that SHE wouldn't worry, or feel like things were going too fast...

With Beth responding to his ministrations, Jeremy decided that it was probably okay if he tried to find out if Beth's hymen was as fragile as Brittany's. It didn't take long for him to start putting his thoughts into action: gradually, a millimeter at a time, he began letting his finger dip a little farther between his sisters labia. As her arousal gradually increased, so did her wetness, making it even easier for him when he finally decided to see if he could slip his finger through the ring of her opening. Gently and carefully, he managed to worm the end of his finger into her, and almost immediately found the barrier of her maidenhead. EVER so carefully and patiently, he ran his fingertip against it; it didn't take him but few seconds to conclude that if Beth's hymen was any thicker or tougher than Brit's had been, it couldn't be by much — she'd simply felt too soft and nebulous for him to think that there would be any problems getting past it. Remembering the evening before, he still paused for a moment to check and see if there was any indication that he'd done anything to her when he eased his finger back out of her — and didn't find any.

Careful as he'd been, and with no discernible reaction from Beth, he was surprised when he heard her ask "Will it be okay, Jer? Do you think it'll be easy for me, like it was for Brit?"

Looking into his sister's face, Jeremy could see that her eyes were open and looking at him. She seemed to realize that she'd caught him off guard, and calmly explained "You weren't hurting me or anything, but I could still feel it when you started to put your finger in me. It kinda felt like you were pushing against something, but it was real faint. I figured that was my cherry, and you were trying to find out what it was like — whether it would be easy or not to get past it, I mean."

After lowering his head and giving her a kiss, Jeremy told her "I don't think we'll have any problems. It seemed pretty soft and thin, to me, so I wouldn't be surprised if it didn't hurt you at all", with a smile.

She smiled back at him before saying "I'd like that. But even if it was going to hurt, I still want to

do this, and with you."

Jeremy lowered his head to kiss her again, then began gradually kissing her again and again, each time a little bit lower, until he was able to fasten his lips around one of her nipples again. Beth moaned softly as she lifted her body slightly in encouragement for him to continue — which he was more than happy to do.

After a bit, Jeremy figured that it wouldn't hurt any for him to help Beth have a couple of orgasms to get her relaxed (and wet inside; he was determined not to make the previous nights mistake again) enough to make deflowering her as easy as possible. With that in mind, he started applying a little more pressure to her clitoris as he teased and toyed with it; the greater stimulation easily increased Beth's pleasure and arousal. Having done all of it before, Jeremy didn't have any difficulty getting his sister moving closer and closer to orgasm. The way that she was starting to writhe beneath his hand and lips let him know when she was almost there, and he didn't hesitate to ease back on his efforts, knowing that it would help make her release stronger. A few minutes later, and her body froze for a second with the start of her climax. As the spasms of pleasure ran through her body, Jeremy further intensified them by sucking on her nipples as hard as he dared while applying a firm pressure as his fingertip circled around where her clitoris had disappeared under its hood. The volume and intensity of the moans and gasps coming from her told him that he was succeeding in making it better for her.

As Jeremy felt the movements of her body lessening as her climax tapered off, he softened and finally stopped his efforts, too. Moving to lay on his side next to her, Jeremy put an arm around her and gave her a gentle hug; when she opened her eyes and looked at him, he moved in to kiss her, too. He waited patiently as she got herself together again, and heard her tell him "Thank you, Jer. That felt *really* good. It always does, when you're with me."

After kissing her again, Jeremy answered "I can tell." She blushed faintly at hearing that, as he continued "And it makes ME feel good, knowing that I can make YOU feel good."

The two of them were content to stay like that for several minutes while Beth got her breath (and strength) back. When she felt ready again, she took Jeremy's hand off her breast and used it to move his arm off of her. That done, she softly pushed on his chest, letting him know that she wanted him to roll over onto his back. When he had, she readily moved to lay on top of him, her legs outside of his, so that she could start kissing his face, just as he'd kissed hers earlier. Then, much like he'd done to her, she began kissing him lower and lower: neck and throat, then upper chest, and after sucking on HIS nipples for several seconds, moving even lower. The path she took with her lips was by no means straight; but the direction she was going made it clear as could be what her destination was. By the time she reached it, the ultimate target for her attentions was standing at half-staff — something that pleased her immensely before she got her hand wrapped around the shaft of Jeremy's penis, and her lips around the head.

Just as Jeremy had known how to intensify her orgasm, Beth knew how to get Jeremy's manhood to attention — and started doing it. It wasn't but a few minutes before she was only able to get about half his length between her lips; but since she was slowly massaging the other half with

her hand, it was okay. As she continued to apply her considerable oral talents to Jeremy's cock, she couldn't help but be amazed by it: so soft on the outside, yet so hard underneath; and how hot it felt in her hand. She never failed to be impressed by how it could grow from a soft fleshy protrusion at his pelvis to something that was longer than both of her hands side-by-side and thick enough that she could barely get her hand around it — and all right in front of her, so she could watch the whole thing.

What Beth was doing with his dick felt pretty damn good to Jeremy; good enough, even, that he figured if he was going to fuck her any time that morning, he'd better find a way of distracting himself from blowing his load into her hungry mouth.

"Beth?" Jeremy asked, trying to get her attention. When she looked up at him (her mouth still full of his cock), Jeremy told her "I want to do you, too..."

Nodding her agreement (damn, having her tongue rubbing along that spot felt good!), Jeremy wasn't surprised when she decided to keep her lips wrapped around his dick. It took several seconds while she got herself turned around, so that he could guide her until she was laying almost on top of him, with a knee on each side of his head.

As usual, Jeremy couldn't help pausing to look at her for a few seconds: the smooth firm thighs that framed the dark vee of her mons, which was split by the visibly wet and slightly parted labia of her womanhood — and all of that supporting an ass that Jeremy simply felt needed to be duplicated in stone and put on display in a museum somewhere, so that *everybody* could see just how fine it was. And, as usual, it was the unique scent of aroused Bethany that finally drew his head up, and his tongue out so that he could run it between the thin, soft lips that guarded her treasure. And again, as usual, the taste of her oils made Jeremy think his taste buds must be doing happy little dances on his tongue.

It was when he felt Beth's tongue trying to wrap around the head of his dick that Jeremy remembered that he needed to distract himself from what her mouth felt like on him — and set about doing so with a will.

Jeremy (nor Beth, for that matter) had no idea how long the two of them stayed like that, pleasuring each other. Jeremy finally figured out that Beth actually *wasn't* trying to get him to fill her greedy and oh-so-warm mouth with his cum; but that wasn't until after he'd enjoyed the hell out of slowly bringing her to the first of a couple of climaxes. She'd been laying on him for a few minutes while she recovered from the second one when he heard her say "Jer? I... I'm ready, now. For you to fuck me, I mean."

Jeremy pulled his head back from where he'd been idly licking up any of her escaping juices, and stopped caressing the smooth mounds of her ass, before asking "You're sure?"

"Yeah, I'm sure. There's just one thing..."

"What's that?" he asked.

Beth told him "I know — I mean, I read — that it would be easiest for me if I was on top of you

until, you know... But the way I've been thinking about us being together the first time... it's always with you on top of me, and that's how I want to...", her voice trailing off.

"If that's what you want, Beth, then it's fine with me. But what made you think it would make any difference to me?"

"I was just afraid that if I wasn't doing what would be easiest on ME, then you might not want to — you know, so that you could be sure you didn't hurt me."

Hearing that, Jeremy waited until he was able to get Beth turned around again, and laying next to him, before he told her "Beth, I *don't* want to hurt you. But if you're grown up enough that you want us to be able to fuck, then I have to figure you're grown up enough to decide for yourself how you want it to happen. If you want me to be on top of you, then that's what we'll do. I'm still going to try and make it as nice for you as I can, and I'm going to be sorry if it still hurts you. But it's up to YOU whether or not you want to take the chance of that happening, not me."

Beth could see from her brother's expression, and hear in his voice, that he meant everything he'd just told her; and knew that he loved and respected her enough to let her make her own choices — and live with the consequences. Surprised at how happy and proud it made her feel, knowing he was treating her like the adult she wanted to be, she smiled up at him before saying "That's what I want: for you to be on top, fucking me, because you love me."

Smiling back at her, Jeremy answered "I do love you, Beth. And the first time we fuck, it can be any time and any place and any way you want."

"Then I want it to be now and here, just the way I said. Brit told me last night that you and her needed help from Dawn because there wasn't enough lubrication. I'm pretty sure *I'll* be okay; I mean, I KNOW that I'm **so** wet inside. But wouldn't it help if you were slippery, too?"

Grinning because he had a pretty good idea of what Beth was about to propose, Jeremy told her "Yeah, it would. Have you got something in mind?"

Realizing that he was teasing her a bit, Beth still felt herself blush faintly before she answered "Yeah. I was thinking I could use my mouth on you a little more, and leave some of my saliva on you..."

"I think that would work..." Jeremy responded, his grin getting a little wider.

With that, Beth told him "Get up on your knees, then. That way, I can, uh, get you slippery, but it won't dry out too much before... you know..."

Jeremy simply did as she'd suggested; it took only a few moments before he was on his knees in front of her, his erect cock waving in the air in time with his heartbeat. Beth quickly got her hand on it, then held it still as she leaned forward and got her mouth around it. She didn't just contrive to apply a coating of her saliva to it, either: she used her lips and tongue to make sure that he was **fully** erect before letting him slip from between her lips, thoroughly coated with her spit. When she looked up at him, there was no mistaking the desire and anticipation in her eyes.

As Jeremy knee-walked his way backwards, Bethany made sure she was mostly centered on the large towel they were on before laying back. Satisfied with where she was, she reached toward the head of the bed to grab one of Jeremy's pillows and set it under her head. Jeremy had stopped when he was roughly even with where Beth's knees were; when she saw that he was ready, she didn't hesitate in the slightest to pull her knees up and spread her legs — opening herself completely to her brother.

It took only a few seconds for Jeremy to get himself positioned in front of his younger sister, then holding himself over her. Reaching between them, he got the glistening head of his penis between the shiny and parted lips that framed the entrance to her vagina. Holding himself steady, Jeremy told her "Beth, I'm NOT going to just stick my dick in you. If you want me inside, you have to LET me in."

Pulling her eyes away from where they were touching, she looked up at him and nodded her understanding before looking back down again.

As Jeremy began to press himself into her, he could feel Beth consciously trying to relax herself, giving him the last little confirmation that she really did want them to fuck. Gradually increasing the pressure he applied, Jeremy could feel Beth's opening slowly expand around him. Progress was slow, but it was also steady, and neither one of them begged off. With a suddenness that surprised both of them, the head of Jeremy's dick suddenly slid through his sister's tight opening; he immediately stopped so that he didn't try to get more of his dick in her than she could handle.

Beth's eyes were huge when she looked up at him and said "God! You already feel so BIG in me, Jer! I could feel that it was getting close, but I didn't expect it to happen that sudden!"

After giving her a kiss, Jeremy asked "Are you okay?"

Beth just smiled at him as she answered "No, it doesn't hurt — like I said, you just feel so BIG. But I'm already getting used to it, so you can go on if you want."

Even with her assurances, Jeremy waited a little longer before starting to press himself into her again. He'd barely made any progress when he felt what could only be the membrane of her virginity touching the end of his cock. No matter how thin and delicate he thought it was, Jeremy wasn't about to simply push his way through it. Instead, he started a slow rocking motion that not only got him better wetted with Beth's oils, but had him softly bumping against her woman's barrier with each thrust that was only the tiniest fraction of an inch deeper than the one before. As the seconds ticked by, Jeremy began to realize that he *had* to be past the point where her hymen had been. After getting Beth's attention (she'd been completely focused on what she could see of his cock), Jeremy again asked "Are you okay?"

She reassured him she was, then added "I could kind of feel it a little bit when you were hitting my cherry, but then it just kind of went away. There wasn't any kind of pulling or pain or anything." Shortly on the heels of that, she seemed to realize why Jeremy had asked the question again, and eagerly asked "We're past it? I'm not a virgin any more? You can fuck me now?"

Jeremy couldn't resist smiling in response to her enthusiasm, and told her "Yeah, we're past it. I wasn't sure when it happened, and if you aren't either, then I guess it really was as soft and everything as I thought it was."

"No, I never noticed anything, except what I told you. Does this mean we can really start fucking now?"

"Well, we have to get you used to having me inside first, but yeah, we can really start fucking now" Jeremy answered, amused.

"Good! Uh... I haven't been having any trouble so far... you know, stretching inside. I mean, it isn't uncomfortable or anything, so if you wanted to go a little faster, that would probably be okay. If it isn't, I know you'll slow down again..."

With that, Jeremy had to laugh — which settled his cock a little deeper into Beth before she demanded to know what was so funny. When he told her "You... *you're* so funny. Even last night, you were so nervous about all this that you couldn't even eat supper. Now that it's happening, you want to get used to having me inside you as soon as you can so we can start doing the other stuff!"

Realizing how much and how fast her attitude had changed, Beth thought it was funny, too, and had to laugh with him — only to gasp when a full inch of his erection slid into her. When Jeremy looked at her, she couldn't help smiling as she told him "No, it didn't hurt; it felt GOOD!" — prompting both of them to laugh again.

Getting the rest of Jeremy's manhood into his sister went a lot faster and easier than either of them would have thought: Beth was certainly more than wet enough inside, Jeremy was still wearing a nice coating of her saliva on his dick, and she found that adjusting to his increasing presence in her vagina was more a source of pleasure than need for adjustment. It finally ended when both of them felt Jeremy's pelvis resting securely against Beth's, while her vaginal entrance was firmly wrapped around the base of his penis.

With nothing else to slow them down or get in the way, it didn't take long before Jeremy was industriously pumping himself in and out of his sister, accompanied by her vocal and enthusiastic encouragement. Having Jeremy on top of her saw Beth through one orgasm, and well on her way toward a second. When Jeremy suggested it, she was perfectly willing to switch around so that he was fucking her from behind; that got her the second, and nearly to a third. Then she wanted to find out what it felt like when she was on top (she could tell that Jeremy was getting a little tired, and wanted to give him some rest), and easily climaxed a third time while bouncing up and down on his erection. She kept moving on him, and it wasn't much longer before the feeling of Jeremy spraying her insides with his jism triggered her fourth. Finally satiated (if only temporarily), Beth was content to snuggle with him afterwards — at least, until the two of them started feeling cold and sticky. Then it was off to the showers, where they somehow managed to give each other one final climax just ahead of the hot water running out.

Once they were both dressed again, Beth headed off to find Brit, so the two of them could

compare notes (and experiences). Jeremy was putting away the towel and other things Dawn had provided, while getting his room aired out, when Dawn came in.

Seeing the smile on her face, Jeremy knew that she'd at least heard enough from Beth to know that the youngster was thoroughly pleased with how things had gone. When Jeremy opened one of his dresser drawers while holding the towel and plastic, Dawn reached out and told him "Go ahead and let me have those, Jeremy. I don't think you'll be needing them for any more virgins, and I can still use the towel when we go to the beach. Besides, *I* paid for them!", the last with a laugh.

Laughing with her, Jeremy handed the bundle over before taking the opportunity to step in front of her and take her in his arms. After giving her a hug, Jeremy told her "Thanks, Dawn." Seeing her look of confusion, he added "I just wanted you to know how much I appreciate everything you've done, is all."

That didn't seem to help much (if any), so he went on to say "Not only did you help me and Brit when we needed it last night, but you were there for us *afterwards*, too. And then this morning, you were okay with Beth being in here by herself — even though I don't doubt for a minute that you would have like to have been able to watch. On top of that, you've helped me understand how important this was to them, and how I could make it the kind of experience that they'll be happy to remember. Most important, though, is that you're so willing to share yourself with me. Not just the touching and kissing and all that, but what's in your heart. As nice as it is when we're fucking, it's the times like we had last night when we were just **with** each other, that mean the most to me. I know we'll never be a couple, or anything like that, and that's the way it should be. But I want you to know that when I find a girl that I want to spend the rest of my life with, I know that I'll be the kind of man SHE'LL want to spend the rest of HER life with because of all the stuff that I've learned with you: not just the physical stuff like sex, but helping me learn that it's okay for a guy to show he cares, and stuff like that. I know that if I hadn't seen your room that time, and we'd started doing stuff with each other, I never would have had any reason to pay attention to the kinds of things that you've helped me learn. So I'm telling you that *I* know how good you've been for me, and I'm thanking you for it."

Dawn had started out listening to him feeling a little embarrassed at what he was saying; but by the time he finished, she was quietly crying at how proud she was that he was giving her credit for how good she knew he was turning out; and how much it meant to her to hear him say that it wasn't the sex things they did together that he liked the most, but the others; and to have him not just realizing that she'd been there for the twins, too, but thanking her for it.

Managing to smile through her tears, Dawn told him "You're welcome, Jer. I don't know if I've done all that much, but it makes me feel proud and happy that you think I had something to do with what kind of guy you are — and you **are** a good guy, the kind that almost every girl wants to find, and damn few deserve. But you've done a lot for me, too; more than I could ever say. And I want YOU to know that I appreciate everything you've done for ME, too. Yeah, the physical things we do together... you *always* make me feel good, and happy about them

afterwards. It's when you talk to me about the things inside you that make me love you; like when you were telling me about how worried you were about being with Brit and Beth. When you told me about all the stuff that you were thinking about being with them, I knew that you cared about them as much as I do, and that made it easier for me for them to be with you — because I **knew** from what you were saying that I didn't have to be afraid anything was going to mess it up for them: you really *understood*, more than I thought a guy ever could, just how important her first time is to a girl, and what THEY needed and wanted was more important to you than anything else. If I really had anything to do with helping you understand that kind of thing, then I'm glad, and you're welcome. But I have to thank YOU because you DID learn those kinds of things."

With that, Dawn let the bundle in her hand drop to the floor so that she could wrap her arms around Jeremy and hug him close; and when she felt him hug her back, she knew that he'd heard and understood what SHE'D said, too.

When the two of them finally released each other, they shared a brief but loving kiss before Dawn picked up her things again, and left. After she was gone, Jeremy sat down in front of his desk and thought about what Dawn had said.

The next couple of months proved to be more than a little "interesting" for both Dawn and Jeremy. In addition to the time they spent with each other, they were frequently called on by one or the other (or even both) of the twins. As expected, both of the younger two had menstrual cycles; nobody expressed even the *suggestion* that Jeremy might be able to have even a little bit of his cock inside them — but that didn't mean that there was anything against him using his fingers. Or, if he wasn't available, Dawn was a perfectly acceptable substitute, if they weren't inclined to take care of each others needs and desires. Both of them were more than willing to have Jeremy's hard dick filling them if they weren't having their periods; but they were considerate enough about it that they didn't ask for so much of his attention and efforts that it detracted from the time he spent with Dawn. None of them was the slightest bit reluctant to engage in any kind of single-ended or mutual pleasure, either: Beth and Brit quickly learned to accept and enjoy the times that Jeremy simply wanted to get his head between their thighs; they were similarly ready to have him fill their mouths with his cum pretty much whenever they wanted it. Dawn was as much a partner in any of the various activities as Jeremy or the twins — it wasn't uncommon for any two of them to be engaged in some form of debauchery, only to be spotted by the other two, who would likely as not get started with each other. All in all, it was a singularly wonderful time and household to be a teenager in. Even so, they were all still careful about not taking chances about *anything*.

Dawn was in her room doing her homework one evening when she heard a soft knock at her open door. Turning around, she was mildly surprised to see that it was Joanna. Dawn gestured for her to come in, and she did — but only after making sure that Dawn's door was closed behind her, which Dawn noted. Setting aside her books, Dawn turned to where Joanna had found a seat on her bed, and asked "What's going on?"

Awkwardly, the younger girl answered "I... I think there's something going on, but I'm not sure what it is, and I think I need to talk to somebody about it. I don't want to go to Mom or Dad because I don't want to get anyone in trouble."

Interested, but not overly concerned, Dawn queried "What do you think is happening? Who with?"

Clearly anguished, Joanna answered "I think maybe something is going on between Jeremy, and Brit or Beth. Boy and girl stuff."

Dawn felt a ball of ice in her stomach, but managed to keep herself composed when she asked "Why do you think there's something going on with them?"

"A few days ago, when I went by Jeremy's room, I thought I could smell something, but I wasn't sure what it was. I stopped to talk to him for a minute so I could see if I could figure out what. Once I was in his room, I finally realized it was a, um, girl smell. Like when she's, uh, you know, excited." Dawn knew that it hadn't been all that long ago that Joanna had had The Talk with their mom, and that she'd only recently had her first period, so she was still a little awed and embarrassed about such things. Dawn just nodded that she understood, and Joanna went on "At first, I just thought that Jeremy had maybe had a girl from school in his room while nobody else was home. But then, later, I remembered that I'd smelled that same exact smell before."

Without waiting for Dawn to prompt her, Joanna continued "I know that sometimes Brit and Beth do things together. I mean, I've seen them, sometimes, kissing and touching and stuff when they didn't know I could see. And a couple of times, I've had to go into their room for one of them, and kind of smelled that girl smell. And that's what I remembered: that what was in their room was the same as what was in Jeremy's. I don't know what was happening, or what they were doing — Jeremy and whichever one of them, I mean — but I know that a girl only makes that smell when she's... doing things. You know, sex stuff."

Dawn didn't bother asking how Joanna could know that a girl only made that her unique scent when she was aroused; there wasn't any point to embarrassing her by forcing her to admit that she was starting to masturbate. A little bit of a "late bloomer", she was just starting to blossom: her breasts were barely the size of half-tennis balls, and the little bit of hair she had probably didn't extend over more than half her pubis; there still wasn't a lot of difference between her waist and hip measurements, either — but she'd apparently discovered that all-important little button at the top of her slit...

Trying to buy some time, Dawn asked "Why are you telling me all this? You said you didn't want to tell Mom and Dad; but what do you think *I* can do about it?"

Still obviously troubled, Joanna told her "I thought if you knew, then maybe you could talk to them — or at least, Beth or Brit! I don't think they're supposed to be doing stuff with guys, are they? And specially not with *Jeremy*!"

Dawn thought about all that Joanna had said — and NOT said — and decided to see if she

couldn't distract the younger girl away from saying anything to anyone else until she had a chance to talk to Jeremy. It didn't take her long to come up with something that she figured would do the job...

"Joanna, you said that you've seen Brit and Beth doing things together, like kissing and touching and 'stuff'. What did you mean by that?"

Plainly embarrassed, it took several seconds before Joanna was able to answer by saying "B... Beth... Bethany had her mouth on one of Brit's boobs. Where her, um, nipple is. And... and I'm pretty sure she was, uh, sucking on it." A moment later, she added "When I saw them touching, they were touching each others boobs, too."

"When did you see them doing that stuff?"

"I've seen them kissing each other for a long time, but I didn't see them touching each other like that until over a month ago. It was maybe a week later, and I saw... the other part."

"You haven't said anything about it to Mom and Dad?" Dawn asked, though she figured she already knew the answer.

Joanna simply shook her head in the negative, so Dawn asked "Why not?"

"I didn't want them to get into trouble."

Something about her answer didn't seem to fit, and it took only a few seconds for Dawn to figure out what it was. "You said you didn't want them to get in trouble, but you're still talking like what they were doing is wrong, or bad."

"Isn't it?", the younger girl asked, plaintively.

Hearing that, Dawn knew that she could keep her sister from saying anything that would make trouble for her or Jeremy or the twins. But she didn't want to have to do anything like that if she didn't have to, and opted to continue with her original idea.

"Joanna, did you stop to think that what they were doing might NOT be bad or wrong?"

"What do you mean? Isn't it?"

"I didn't say it wasn't — but I haven't said that it is, either. I asked you if *you* had though that it might not be."

Confused, Joanna stammered "But... but... don't people talk bad about girls that kiss and touch each other like that? And do the other stuff I saw?"

"If those other people know when girls are doing things like that, yes, **some** of them talk REAL bad. But the people that talk that way usually aren't real smart, and can't or won't try to think of anything but their own ideas of what's right and wrong."

"What do you mean?"

"What I mean is, what if there were ways of thinking about it that showed that what they were

doing *wasn't* so bad? What if somebody could show how them kissing and touching each other wasn't as bad as everybody thought? If it wasn't BAD, then maybe it could even be GOOD?"

Well and truly baffled, Joanna demanded "How could it not be bad?"

With her sister's head securely in the noose of words that she'd created, Dawn calmly went about tightening it. "Okay, how about this, then: you've seen them kissing. Was either one of them hurting the other one to make it happen?"

"No. They were kissing each other, and holding hands."

"So neither one of them was doing anything to hurt the other one, then. Is it BAD that they were doing it without hurting each other?"

It took a few moments before Joanna reluctantly answered "No, that part isn't bad."

"You just said that that part wasn't bad; so you think that them actually kissing was wrong?"

"Yes!"

"But if they were kissing, don't you figure they at least like, or maybe even **love**, each other? Is *loving* someone bad, then?"

It took even longer before Joanna could reply "No, loving someone isn't bad. But what about the touching?"

"What about it? They weren't letting someone ELSE touch them, were they? Or touching someone else?"

"No, but..."

"But the only ones they were touching were each other", Dawn interrupted, before continuing "Haven't you already agreed that they were kissing because they love each other? So don't you think maybe touching each other like that just means that they LOVE each other even more. Can you understand now that maybe it's even a *good* thing that they can love and even trust each other enough that they're both okay — remember, they aren't doing anything to PUSH each other — with the touching? That maybe it isn't as bad or wrong as you thought?"

Dawn could see that her sister was stunned at the possibility that the things she'd witnessed might not be what she'd first thought of them. All that was left was to get her to start thinking of possible alternative explanations and viewpoints on other things, too.

After a few moments, Dawn got her sisters attention again: "Joanna, maybe you need to think about the other things you've said you've noticed — about the twins, and Jeremy. See if there aren't other ways of looking at them, or maybe other reasons for it that are different. Instead of thinking that whatever they were doing was **wrong**, you should try to see if there was anything *right* going on, instead."

Joanna could only sit there, knowing full well that Dawn was right: that she DID need to reconsider the things she'd told Dawn about, as well as the ones she hadn't mentioned. Feeling

bad about how she'd come in and bothered Dawn without really knowing what she was worried about, Joanna quietly said "I will, Dawn. Honest."

"That's good, Jo. If you're sure that something is happening after you do that, don't be afraid to let me know, okay?"

Nodding her head, Joanna got up and silently headed for the door. A bit later and she was gone, leaving Dawn's door open again behind her.

Once she was alone, Dawn calmly let out a deep breath. The little 'lesson' she'd just given Joanna was little more than intellectual smoke and mirrors; she didn't doubt for a moment that the girl would be back in a matter of just a few days. Well, that gave her time to talk to Jeremy and see what he thought, and if he had any suggestions. If she had to, Dawn still had one more thing to try before threatening the youngster with waiting too long before "complaining" about any misdeeds she knew about.

Figuring that she could let Jeremy know in the morning that they needed to talk that afternoon, Dawn set it all aside so that she could keep her attention on her Trig homework.

By the time Jeremy came into her room the next afternoon, Dawn had had the time and opportunity to think a little more about what Joanna had said, and what she knew about what all of them had been doing, and how. After Jeremy had given her a kiss and gotten himself comfortable on her bed, he asked "What did you want me to come home early for?"

Dawn carefully told him about the visit she'd gotten, making sure that she distinguished between what Joanna had said, and what she (Dawn) had thought and surmised. By the time she was done, she could see that Jeremy thought it was as serious as she did.

Then she told him "I've been thinking about what we've been doing, and how, and all that, too. There are a couple of things that I know we could do *better*, now, but anything else... nothing."

With her brother still looking at her, Dawn went on to tell him "I've been thinking about it pretty much all day, Jer, and I know that if I **have** to, I can use the fact that she says she knew about all that stuff, but didn't say anything about it for so long, to *make* her stay quiet. But I don't want to have to do that — she's my sister, and I wouldn't like bullying her that way. So if you can think of anything else that would keep her from wanting to say anything, I'd be glad to hear it."

Jeremy wouldn't have been the slightest bit reluctant to admit that Dawn was the smarter of the two of them — at least as far as school and formal education were concerned. But Dawn would have been just as willing to say that Jeremy was her superior at *informal* learning, and what she called "thinking around corners". So when he simply sat there without saying anything, Dawn knew that he was doing just what she wanted him to: trying to find an alternative that she simply couldn't see.

After a bit, Jeremy asked "You said she's at least touching herself, and probably masturbating?"

"I haven't *seen* her, but since she knew what it was when she smelled an excited girl, I figure it's

a safe bet. Why?"

Jeremy got a little bit of a distracted look on his face for a minute or so before "coming back" and asking Dawn "From the way she was acting and talking, you thought she was still feeling embarrassed and all that about what she was doing?"

"It sure seemed that way to me", Dawn answered, not bothering to ask why he wanted to know.

A few more seconds passed before Jeremy asked "What if you've got it wrong? Instead of her being upset about seeing Beth and Brit" —Jeremy had started making a conscious effort to use their names, instead of just saying "the twins", as a way of reminding himself that they *were* two different people — "what if Jo was actually *jealous* or envious of them, without even realizing it? Isn't it possible that SHE wants to do that stuff, too, even if she doesn't want to admit it, even to herself? That she's just afraid to try it because she's afraid if she tries to get someone to do stuff with her, too, that they'll laugh, or say that she isn't pretty enough, or doesn't have enough tits yet, or something?"

Hearing what Jeremy said, Dawn realized that the possibility that he'd just suggested had **completely** escaped her.

The expression on Dawn's face prompted Jeremy to continue "If Jo was part of it, too, wouldn't that be the best reason she could have not to say anything?"

The idea of Joanna being involved with what she and the twins were doing actually threw Dawn for a bit: the girl *wasn't* as pretty or sexy or developed as she or the twins, at her age — but when she thought about it, Dawn realized that Jo still had some growing to do, and that she really didn't look all **that** different from how she (Dawn) or Beth or Brit only as old as she was. She didn't start developing quite as soon, true — but once she HAD started, it hadn't taken long for her to get as far as she had. With a little help from her and the twins, it really wouldn't take much before she was certainly pretty *enough*...

Only then did Dawn remember that being "part of it" could conceivably include Jeremy. Actually, almost certainly *would*: there wouldn't be any way of getting around the fact that the three older girls were spending no small amount of time alone and in various combinations with him. So what about **Jo** and Jeremy?

"If joanna was 'part of it', too, wouldn't that mean that SHE'D be with YOU, too, Jeremy?"

"Probably, eventually", he calmly answered, before adding "But I don't think that would be until after she'd had plenty of time and everything with you and Beth and Brit. And it wouldn't be like I'd be fucking her and all that."

"Why not?"

Giving his sister a bit of a Look, Jeremy answered "Dawn, she just turned **thirteen**. BOTH of us know she isn't anywhere *near* being grown up enough to want anything like that. And even though Brit and Beth didn't have any problems, I know that it's because they — we! — were

damn lucky; Joanna is so much smaller than they are that I wouldn't even *think* about it, even if she asked! The other stuff... yeah, I can see that happening. But **that**? No way! You put the virgin kit away, and I don't have any desire to be digging it out again."

Dawn couldn't help smiling at hearing that last sentence; and listening to him, Dawn knew that Jeremy had no interest of getting between the legs of *another* one of his sisters.

"If you're right", Dawn told him, "about Joanna, then the rest of it makes perfect sense. But how do we — I! — find out if that's really what's going on with her?"

Jeremy considered that for a few seconds, then suggested "You said you figure she'll be back to talk to you again?" Dawn nodded, and he continued "Then maybe you could try something like saying you remember what it was like when you were her age, and offer to help? Maybe show her that she doesn't have to feel embarrassed or ashamed about what she's feeling and doing, and let her know that if she wants to, you can help her feel good — or even better?"

Dawn grinned as she answered "I think that would work. And maybe I could even see if Brit or Beth would help, since they're closer to her age than I am, and she's already seen them. Yeah, that's what I'll do."

Seeing what time it was, Dawn asked Jeremy "We've got some time before anyone else gets home — think you'd like to bend me over the bathroom sink for a quickie?" with a lecherous grin.

With feigned reluctance, Jeremy answered "Well, I *suppose* we could do that..." before he couldn't hold it any more and grinned back.

A bit later, both of them were naked in the bathroom as Dawn held herself up (and steady!) with the sink, enjoying the feeling of Jeremy sliding his hard cock in and out of her while he was playing with her breasts and nipples...

It was nearly a week before Joanna approached Dawn right before supper one night and said "Dawn? I... I'm sorry, but I still can't think that what Beth and Brit were doing was *good*. I can kinda see that it maybe wasn't so bad, but that's not the same thing. And I'm still having problems when I think about Jeremy and one of them maybe, you know, doing stuff."

Dawn calmly answered "Okay, Jo. Don't worry yourself about it too much. Can you try to get home early tomorrow? If you can, I'd like you to come up to my room; there are some things that I can talk to you about that might make a difference."

Visibly relieved that Dawn was still willing to try and find a way to help, Joanna quickly answered "Sure, I can do that. Gina asked if I wanted to come over to her place, but it wouldn't be any big deal if I didn't."

"That'd be great, Jo. We'll talk more then."

When her sister turned to leave, Dawn went back to what she'd been doing — but with a pleased smile on her face. During supper, Dawn quietly told Jeremy "Can you find something to do so

that you don't get home until a little before the kids do? I've got someone that I'm going to be talking to, tomorrow afternoon", knowing that *he'd* know who and why.

He did, and simply asked "Sure, I can do that. Would five o'clock be too early?"

Dawn considered it for a moment before answering "No, that should be fine. You might want to be quiet about getting to your room, though, just in case I need a little more time."

"No problem", Jeremy assured her before taking another bite of dinner.

After supper, Dawn made a brief visit to the twin's bedroom, where they were doing their own homework. Her time there wasn't as brief as it could have been if she and the two of them hadn't engaged in no small amount of kissing and mutual fondling.

The next afternoon, Dawn was sitting on the edge of her bed when she heard a soft knock at her door. Knowing who it was, she simply said "Come on in, Jo."

After coming in and closing the door behind her, Joanna started toward Dawn's chair when the older girl told her "Come on over here and sit with me, would you, please? The things I want to talk to you about... it would probably be easier if we were closer."

Joanna was a more than a little curious about what Dawn could say that would be easier with both of them sitting on the bed, but did as she was asked.

When her sister was seated next to her, Dawn took one of the girls hands and held it in both of hers before saying "Jo, I thought some more — a LOT more — about what you said. While I was doing that, I realized that a lot of what you were saying and thinking was because there are things that you don't know yet. And I also remembered what it was like for ME when I was your age, and some of the things that *I* had to go through, because I didn't have an older sister to talk with, and to help me with them. So what I'd like to do is help you in ways that I know will make a whole **lot** of difference. Some of it is going to be with words — you and me talking to each other, and asking and answering questions. Other parts of it are going to be me showing you things, and helping you do them, because I am older and know more about them. If there's something you need or want to show me, then you can do that, too — but only *if* you want to and when you want to. Does that sound like something that you'd want to do?"

Still a little curious, but also somewhat relieved, Joanna answered "Yeah, Dawn, that sounds great."

Smiling, Dawn told her "Good. Now, just to make **sure** that I understand what's going on, I'm going to see if I can describe what things are pretty much like for you right now: stuff that has happened, and what you're maybe thinking about."

Confused, Jo asked "How can you do that? How can YOU try to describe what it's like for ME?"

"Remember, I was the same age you are, and it wasn't so long ago that I've forgotten what it was like for ME. But it's also later, too, so I think I have a pretty good idea what things have changed, and how, and even how much. Besides, I didn't say I was going to TELL you how it IS; I said I

was going to try to *describe* what it's **pretty much** like for you. I know I'm not going to get it exactly right, but I'll bet I can get pretty close. I just want you to listen, and then when I'm done, you can tell me how I did, okay?"

After the younger girl nodded her agreement, Dawn said "I know that Mom talked to you about boys and girls and babies and all that when you were twelve. She did that for me, and Beth and Brit; and I expect she'll do it for Carla and Tracy, too. She also had you read those books that told you about the medical part of it — how babies grow inside and all that. And she talked to you about when you'd 'start becoming a woman', as she puts it, and had you read about THAT in the books, too. Maybe it was kind of cool reading about babies and how they grow and all that, but the other part... that probably didn't make a lot of sense to you at the time. Then when you had your first period, and saw that you were starting to grow tits and hair, you'd probably forgotten most of it, and had to go read the book again."

Joanna's faint blush was confirmation that Dawn didn't particularly need before she continued. "Even when you read that stuff again, it still didn't make a lot of sense. The book was using a lot of doctor words and talking about how your body would change and grow and all that, but it wasn't telling you anything about how you were *feeling*, or helping you with any of the stuff you were thinking about. And there **sure** wasn't anything in there that helped you with the boys and girls and babies stuff that Mom DIDN'T really talk about. She said stuff like you needed to start being careful when you were around boys; and that you were going to start thinking about yourself, and boys, differently — but she didn't say WHY you had to be careful, or WHAT would be different about how you thought about yourself and guys. I'll bet she said something about saving yourself for later, but she didn't say how or why."

A somewhat amazed Joanna was listening raptly as Dawn told her "Mom said she loves you, and she does. But I don't think she said anything to you about how you could, or should, handle the changes — that she didn't describe very well! — she said you'd be going through, except maybe to just tell you to be 'careful', but without saying how or why or about what. So when you started growing boobs and hair and having periods, there was a lot about it that you really didn't understand. All the other changes going on with your body only seemed to make it worse: you started getting more pimples and blemishes than you did before; and it seemed like you could buy new clothes, and they wouldn't fit by the time you got them home; and it seemed like your body didn't want to *anything* you told it to, that things that used to be easy were suddenly hard. And on top of everything else that seemed to be going wrong, you started **thinking** about things, having feelings that you'd never had before, and even wanting to do stuff that you'd never even THOUGHT of until then. Maybe you'd notice how good it felt when the water from the shower or tub hit you in a certain place or a certain way. Or you might just be sitting someplace, and all of a sudden you'd have a different feeling someplace on your body that just seemed to come out of NOWHERE. It might be that you'd start out thinking about one thing and all of a sudden you'd realize that you were thinking about something completely different — something that was **way** more personal. At the weirdest times, you'd find yourself wondering what would happen, or how it would feel, if you did something."

Joanna was mesmerized when Dawn went on "The stuff happening with your body was making you crazy, too. It didn't seem like your tits were growing at *all*, but they'd still feel funny sometimes, and your nipples would get SO hard that you HAD to touch them and rub them so they'd feel better. After gym class at school, when you took a shower with the other girls, it seemed like ALL of them had bigger tits than you, and more hair between their legs. Any time of day or night, no matter where you were or what you were doing, you might suddenly have these *feelings* — inside you, between your legs, maybe; or on the outside, at the top, where your clitoris is. It might feel like you just **had** to have *something*, but you weren't sure what, and that only seemed to make the feelings worse. And on top of all that, you'd realize that you were getting wet, inside, between your legs; maybe even so wet that some of it leaked out. I'd bet there were times that you'd look at a guy, and start thinking about things — stuff you'd never actually DO, but you couldn't stop yourself from THINKING about them, anyway."

Joanna was blushing furiously, and Dawn calmly told her "Jo, that kind of stuff happens with ALL of us. *Every* female that has gone from little girl to adult woman has been through that. And I'd bet that every last one of them thought that she was the only one it ever happened to, and that the things she was thinking and feeling were so weird and strange that nobody would ever talk to her again if they ever found out. But that isn't how it is — not even *close*. And what's REALLY funny is that there isn't a single bit of it that's her 'fault' — I mean, every last bit of it is because of all the changes happening in her body. I don't mean that she's growing tits or hair, but all the hormones and chemicals and things that make her tits and hair grow, and have periods. It's particularly bad at first because her body is still new at making all that stuff, and hasn't 'learned' how to do it very well — so there's a lot of times when there's too much or not enough of one thing or another. The girl isn't feeling or thinking or doing that stuff on *purpose*, at least, not most of it. That funny feeling you get between your legs, that's called 'desire', or being horny, and just means that your **body** thinks that it wants to have a guy inside you. That part, you can't help but feel because of all those hormones and things sloshing around inside. But what you **can** control is what you DO about it: just because you get that empty feeling between your legs, you don't HAVE to find a guy to fill it up for you. I think you know that Mom and Dad would think that was a pretty BAD thing to do, even."

It took a second for Jo to realize Dawn was joking, and smile, before her sister continued "So instead of getting someone to fill up that empty feeling, most girls — and I mean almost all of them — choose to do something else, like touch themselves. Enough, maybe, that they get a good feeling; or even more, so that they have an even better feeling that's called an orgasm or climax. Or a girl might just feel that one part of her body or another feels like it needs attention — like maybe her nipples or boobs. It might be that she just wants to be kissed and touched. What a girl might feel at one time or another could be almost *anything*... remember, her body is busy making all this *stuff* to change her from a girl to a woman, and how much of what her glands and things are making is almost always changing. And like I said, when she's just starting out, her body isn't very good about making that stuff, so there's almost always a bit too much or too little of *something*. You remember last year, when Dad decided he wanted to start making his

own fishing lures?" The younger girl had to laugh; his first few attempts were unusable, and he was sometimes left with paint on his fingers, or a feather or other decoration stuck on his hand. Once, he had to go to the doctor to get a fishhook removed from his ear — something that the rest of the family teased him about for MONTHS. But he kept at it, and the results gradually improved. "Your body is kind of like that, right now. Sometimes Dad got glue in his hair; with you, it's easier for you to get pimples. Dad used the wrong colors sometimes; you aren't happy with how big your tits are, yet. See what I'm getting at?"

Nodding, Joanna answered "Yeah, I do."

"Something else I want to tell you is that you don't have to try and go through all this by yourself — not knowing if what you're feeling or doing is 'right'. Just like Dad would read magazine articles with instructions about how to make fish lures, it's okay for you ask for help with the stuff that YOU want to know. You don't have to be ashamed or embarrassed about it, either. Like I said, you're not the first or only one to go through all that, and you don't have to do it alone and try to figure out everything by yourself."

"Wh... what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I said. It wasn't long after I started getting tits and hair that I started touching myself, and I'll bet you're doing it, too." Mortified that her secret was out, Joanna couldn't face her sister, choosing to stare at her lap, instead. But she could still hear as Dawn told her "You don't have to be embarrassed, Jo. I just said that *I* did it, too, remember? From what I've read in magazines and books, **everybody** does that. It's perfectly normal, and it's okay — you aren't doing anything 'wrong', and it isn't going to hurt you as long as you're even a little bit careful."

"R... really?"

"Yeah, really. If it wasn't, do you think I'd be willing to prove it by doing this?" Dawn answered, before standing up and letting her dress drop to the floor. Having removed her bra and panties as soon as she'd gotten home, she was left standing there stark naked, as Jo saw when she raised her head in response to seeing Dawn's dress fall. Wide-eyed, she continued to watch as Dawn calmly sat down again, then turned and rested her back against the headboard — and calmly lifted and spread her knees, leaving the younger girl with a clear view of the older's sex.

Then, much to Jo's amazement, she watched as Dawn slowly moved a hand between her legs and began running the end of one finger along her cleft. It wasn't but a few seconds until Jo could see that Dawn's clitoris was starting to make an appearance above her slightly-parted labia. As the younger girl watched, her sister's vaginal lips got slightly longer as the area between them became visibly moist. Dawn's actions slowly shifted from sliding her finger between her vaginal folds to paying more and more attention to the nubbin of flesh at the top. As Dawn's activities increased there, Jo could see her older sister's labia grew even more, and darkened in what was obviously increasing arousal. Looking a little higher, it was plain as could be that Dawn was enjoying what she was doing: her breasts were visibly tight, with the dark knobs of her nipples standing out like little erasers.

So fascinated was she by she saw of her sister (and what she was doing!), Joanna jumped a little when Dawn next spoke to her, saying "Jo? If you want to look at me — you know, closer — it's okay. I know I'm older than you are, and don't look the same, but I think you'll see that I'm not all that *different*, either. And if you want to take your clothes off, I can help show you how you can make yourself feel better. I know it feels GOOD when you touch yourself like this, but I can help you learn how to make it feel even better."

Seeing the doubt on her sisters face, and how she was hesitating, Dawn said "Really, Jo, it's okay. I'm a girl, too, and your older sister; I told you that I've already been through what you're experiencing now — I love you and trust you enough that I'm willing to do this so you can see that you don't have to be ashamed or anything. Can you love and trust ME enough to let me help you learn?"

Several seconds ticked by before Joanna finally reached for the buttons on the blouse she was wearing. Her hands were trembling slightly, but she managed to get them all undone before slipping it off. Underneath, she was wearing a plain, white fabric bra; Dawn could see that Jo's breasts weren't yet large enough to need anything more than what she considered to be an "advanced" training bra. But she kept her silence as Jo eased herself off the bed and slowly reached for the catch on the skirt she was wearing. Shortly after that, she was letting it drop to pool around her feet, revealing that her panties were just as plain and white as her bra. When she looked toward Dawn, the older girl gave her a smile and nod of reassurance; thus encouraged, Jo reached for the edges of her bra and pulled it over her head — it didn't have any of the catches or fastenings that "regular" bras used. Next, Joanna slid her feet out of her sneakers before easing her thumbs under the waistband of her panties. Dawn could tell that her sister was thinking about calling the whole thing off before she finally found the courage to push her panties down, and step out of them. She quickly moved her hands in front of her pelvis, but Dawn was still able to see that the younger girl had just a small, very sparse patch of blond hair at the juncture of her thighs. As Dawns gaze moved upwards, she saw that Jo had a slight (but definitely female) curve to her hips and waist; higher up, her breasts were each roughly half the size of a tennis ball — though more cone-shaped. Each was capped with a quarter-sized puffy dark pink areola that sported a nipple that was roughly the size and shape of a pencil eraser.

To show her support, Dawn swung herself around and stood up so that she could take the couple of steps to where Joanna was trembling slightly. After giving the girl a gentle hug, Dawn reached down to take her hands — and after a little initial resistance, move them to Jo's sides. Letting the younger girl see her doing it, Dawn looked Joanna over before looking into her eyes and telling her "I think you're developing just *fine*. I know that you don't think you have enough tits or hair yet, but that's something that a little more time will fix — honest. You might not believe it, but I didn't look much different that you do, when I was your age; but I think it worked out okay, don't you?"

With that question, Joanna knew that Dawn was inviting her to look, and she did. Dawn's larger bust and more-developed pubic thatch were cause for envy in the younger girl, but she easily understood the point Dawn was making. When she looked into her sister's face again, Jo couldn't

help but smile a little as she answered "I think it worked out better than just 'okay'", and getting a smile in return.

Having gotten her sister considerably more relaxed (she was still visibly nervous; just nowhere near as much), Dawn went back to where she'd been sitting on her bed. When she softly patted a spot next to herself, Joanna delayed only a moment before getting herself settled on it. Once she was there, Dawn put an arm around her and gave her a brief hug before saying "See? This isn't so tough, is it? I haven't bitten you or *anything*!"

With a slight grin at Dawn's teasing, Joanna answered "No, it's not so tough."

Taking one of Jo's hands, Dawn told her "Maybe you don't think so, Jo, but I think you're pretty and sexy NOW, and *I* can see how much more you're going to be those things when you get a little older. It used to make me **crazy** to hear someone say something like that — 'when you get older' — because it didn't seem like *anything* was EVER going to happen. But somehow, when I wasn't looking, it did. One day, when I was in the shower, I suddenly realized that I was washing tits that were *way* bigger than I remembered; and when I looked, I had more hair than I thought I could even GET. So I can look at you, and see where you are now, and have a pretty good idea of where you will be. There aren't any pictures of me like THIS" — drawing a giggle from her sister — "but if you look at something like my school pictures when I was your age, you can see that I didn't have much of a shape. Then think about how I look *now* and it should give you a pretty good idea of what's going to happen with you. I know it won't seem like it's happening fast enough, but I promise: it **is** happening. As hard as it is to accept sometimes, there are still some things that just take TIME. It might help if you think about how different you are now from where you were even just a year ago."

Joanna did think about it, and remembered that the tits she had then were just faint bumps on her chest then — and that she hadn't had any pubic hair *at all*. Smiling, she told Dawn "Yeah, it DOES help."

"So you think maybe it'll be a little easier, now?"

"Yeah, I think so. Still not EASY, but easier."

"Are you okay with learning this other stuff, too?"

Realizing that she and Dawn had been sitting next to each other without a stitch of clothing on, it took Jo only a moment to decide. Though still a little self-conscious, she answered "Uh-huh. The stuff I've been doing... it feels good and everything; but if it can feel even better..."

Smiling, Dawn told her "Oh, I think you'll find that it can be *way* better. First thing, though, is I want you to think about something.

"What's that?"

"I want you to think about how you felt about what you were doing — whether you thought it was good or bad, right or wrong, and that kind of thing."

Joanna did as Dawn said, and it didn't take long for her to understand that it might not have felt as good as it *could* have simply because she'd been so nervous and ashamed about it. After seeing Dawn touching herself that way, and listening to what Dawn had told her, Joanna knew that there really wasn't any reason to feel either of those things.

From the expression on her sister's face, Dawn knew when she could say "Once you understand that you're not doing anything **wrong**, that's going to make it better right away. But what helps the most is if you can really listen to what your body is telling you."

"How do you mean?"

"When you're touching and doing things to yourself, don't just focus on what you're doing. Try to pay attention to anything else your body is feeling, too. Here, let me show you... Sit back like I was — with your knees up and apart." Joanna did as instructed, and Dawn then said "Now close your eyes. I'm going to touch you, but I want you to see if you can hear anyplace else on your body telling you it likes what I do. Okay?"

A trifle nervous, Jo closed her eyes and waited. Almost immediately, she could sense how alert she was to learn how and where Dawn would touch her. Several seconds went by before Jo realized that Dawn was waiting, *just so* she'd be more aware of herself. A few more seconds passed before she felt Dawn's fingertip touch the end of one of her breasts. She initially couldn't feel anything else, but when Dawn started softly stroking her nipple, Joanna could feel it getting longer and harder — but moments later, she could also feel herself starting to get the funny hollow sensation she sometimes had between her legs. As Dawn continued to tease her nipple, Jo became aware that the breast Dawn *wasn't* touching was starting to feel tight, too, and its nipple responding. In a matter of just a couple of minutes, Joanna knew that both of her nipples were as long and hard as they'd ever been. And between her thighs, she was aware not only of the hollowness there, but could feel a faint draft caressing her erect clitoris. She didn't hesitate for a moment to answer when Dawn quietly asked her what she was feeling, and where. When she was done, Dawn pulled her finger away, told her that she could open her eyes again.

Looking into her sister's eyes, Dawn told her "You know I waited before I touched you so that you would understand what I mean about listening to your body. If I'd touched you right away, you probably wouldn't have been able to feel those other things as soon as you did. Something else you should know is that there are going to be times, at least at first, when you feel like there's something you want to happen with your body, but you aren't sure what it is. That might be because you aren't excited enough to know what you really want, yet. But it might also be that you want something you don't know how to do yet, or that you can't do by yourself. When you have problems like that, that's when you can come to me, and I'll try to help you: you can tell me what you're feeling, and where, and I can tell you things that you can try that might help. But I have to be honest with you, Jo: some of the things that your body might want, you just can't **do** by yourself."

"Such as?"

"Such as I'd be surprised if you haven't already tried to see if you could lick or suck your own nipple." Ignoring her sister's faint blush, Dawn told her "I tried it when I was just finding out about this stuff, and couldn't do it — at least, not until I got older and my tits had grown enough. When you have a feeling like that, there just isn't much you can do. You can try to ignore it, but I never had much luck with that; it only seemed to make things worse. Same thing with seeing if something else you can do will work instead. The last one is just let somebody else do it FOR you."

It took a little bit before the implications of that last sentence really hit Joanna; when it did, she immediately demanded "You mean be naked with somebody else? And let THEM do stuff to me? I couldn't!"

Smiling, Dawn told her "Yes, that's what I mean. And yes, you could do those things. Aren't you naked with me? Haven't *I* done stuff to you, even if it was just touching one of your tits?"

"But... but you're *different*! You're my sister. I know you, and I trust you! Are you saying that YOU'D do that?"

Calmly, Dawn answered "Yes, I'd do that, if you wanted me to. But it doesn't have to be ME; it can be anybody that you love and trust enough. Brit and Beth are closer to your age and size; maybe one or both of them be willing."

Blushing, Joanna told her "I don't think I could ever do that. I'm okay with you 'cause you're so much older than me" — "Gee, thanks!" Dawn teased her — "But I'd be afraid to say anything to them, never mind how nervous I'd be about letting them actually DO anything!"

"I'm not saying that it HAS to be them, or even SHOULD be. What I'm trying to get you to understand is that it **can** be almost anybody, as long as you and them have the trust and love. Besides, you don't have to start out doing anything and everything together. Maybe you could start out by just kissing, you know, like for practice. If that's okay, then you can try just touching on boobs. Just try something small and easy at first, and then do a little bit more each time as long as you and the other person are both comfortable with it."

Still doubtful, Joanna responded with "I dunno..."

"You don't have to decide right now, for everybody, or forever. Just be willing to *think* about it, okay?"

Willing to at least go that far, Jo answered "Yeah, I can do THAT", with a smile.

Dawn replied by saying "Good", with a smile. Then she asked "You said it was different, being with me, and having me touch your tits. Do you think you'd like to find out how else it can be different with me?"

Shyly, Joanna answered "Um, yeah, I think I would."

Leaning over, Dawn lowered her head and gave her sister a soft, gentle kiss on the lips. When she pulled her head back, she could see that the younger girl was pleased and touched by her

simple gesture. Dawn readily kissed her again, trying to make it as loving as she could; when she looked afterwards, she could see that she'd gotten it right. Gently, Dawn told Joanna "If you want to kiss me back, you can. I'd like that, even."

The next time their lips touched, Dawn didn't have any trouble knowing whether or not Jo was participating. Several more kisses followed, and with each one, Dawn knew that her sister was becoming a more and more willing participant.

Joanna had been a little surprised when Dawn had kissed her the first time, and wasn't quite sure what to think or do. When it happened the second time, it didn't take long before she knew that Dawn loved her — and right on the heels of that, that she loved Dawn. So after being told that it was okay to kiss back, the youngster was perfectly willing to do just that; and as their kissing continued, she started trying to use her lips to express just how much she loved her older sister.

With Jo responding to her kisses, Dawn figured that it was probably time to start moving things along a little bit; the next time she touched her lips to Joanna's, she also let her hand come to rest on the girl's waist. Jo had started, but only a little — and didn't say anything about it afterwards. Each kiss that followed was accompanied by some small movement of Dawn's hand: softly caressing the younger girl's waist and hip; cupping her face; gently stroking her arm and shoulder. None of what Dawn did was overtly sexual; but she knew that her sister was fully aware of her touches. Then Dawn shifted from making her kisses loving to making them more *inviting*, silently encouraging Jo to touch her back — which she eventually did by putting her hand on Dawn's waist. But when she didn't move it after a bit, Dawn quietly told her "I'm okay with you touching me, Jo. I know this is something new for you, and I'm not going to be upset no matter how or where you touch me."

Their next kiss, Joanna's hand slowly moved from Dawn's hip to her side, stopping *just short* of her breast. Looking into her sister's eyes, Dawn assured her "It's okay if you want to touch my boob. You can touch it, or hold it, or even play with it, if you want to. I want you to know that there's nothing wrong with touching someone, 'specially if you love them, and they love you. And if you want to touch me anyplace else, that's okay, too."

When their lips touched again, Jo's hand easily moved to Dawn's mammary; first she was content to simply hold it, as though she couldn't believe what she was doing. But it wasn't long before she became more active: softly running her fingers across its surface, gently squeezing it, and investigating the nipple protruding from it. When she did the latter, Dawn felt her nipple get longer and harder — which only seemed to encourage the youngster to explore it even more.

The following kiss, Dawn let her hand start slowly moving down from Jo's neck, giving her sister plenty of time to object before Dawn had the younger girl's breast cupped in her hand. As Dawn had expected, it was firmer than her own; but it certainly wasn't any less smooth or warm. Softly running her thumb across its peak, Jo's nipple readily stood at attention, ready for Dawn to start gently teasing it as Jo released a soft moan of pleasure. A few moments later, Dawn felt the hand leave her breast, and Jo's fingertips begin moving lower on her body — apparently meaning to give DAWN time to say anything. Rather than say anything, however, Dawn opened her

thighs, knowing that her sister would be able to tell that she welcomed the contact.

Jo's first contact with Dawn's mons was fleeting and tentative; but when the older girl continued to remain silent and passive, the touches slowly grew in duration... and intimacy.

Dawn had no thoughts of matching the way Jo was touching her. Rather, she wanted the younger girl to get used to the idea that such intimacy was okay, but without making her reluctant to try for fear or embarrassment that she'd be touched more intimately than she'd be comfortable with in return. Instead, Dawn figured to encourage her sisters *sensuality* by making her more aware of the less overtly sexual parts of her body. Toward that end, Dawn finally lowered head after the two of them finished their latest kiss, and got her mouth fastened on the nipple that her hand wasn't busy with. At the first touch of her lips on Jo's developing mammary, Jo again released a moan — but one that was easily more heartfelt than the one before.

Joanna had been surprised when she heard Dawn say that it was okay to touch her breast. Despite Dawn's previous offers and assurances, Jo still hadn't been sure that her sister had meant it. But when she'd finally dared to put her hand on it Dawn hadn't said or done anything. With her hand on Dawn's breast, Jo could only marvel at how it felt — so warm, and smooth. And the way that her hand didn't even begin to hold all of it! When Jo realized that she was free to really find out what a grown woman's breast felt like, she readily took advantage of the opportunity. It didn't take her long to decide that Dawn's breast was the smoothest thing she'd ever felt; and that as heavy and full as it felt in her hand, it was also somehow soft and firm at the same time; her own breasts almost felt hard, in comparison. When she got to the nipple, she was amazed and delighted when she felt it get longer and harder under her touch; she couldn't resist trying to find out just how much it would grow.

The next thing to enter Joanna's mind was to wonder what Dawn was like farther down. Sure, Dawn had said that it was okay to touch her 'anyplace else' — could she have meant that Jo could touch her... *there*, too? Not quite daring to believe it possible, Jo knew that she at least had to find out. Remembering how Dawn had used her fingertips to signal what she wanted to do next, Joanna did the same; every millimeter that her hand moved lower, the more certain she was that Dawn was going to tell her to stop. When that didn't happen, Jo still had to make **sure** that Dawn didn't mind being touched there. But after she'd run her fingers through her older sister's incredibly soft and luxurious hair without being reprimanded, she finally dared to start finding out what Dawn was like between her legs.

Joanna was using a fingertip to map out the intricacies of Dawn's womanhood when she felt the older girl's lips on her breast. The feeling of it was *incredible*, and she couldn't help giving voice to the pleasure of it.

Dawn didn't have any trouble detecting the aroma of her own arousal; but underneath it, she could also catch traces of what had to be Joanna's increasing excitement, as well. Pleased with how things were going, Dawn finally let her hand begin wandering across her sister's body. Though she was careful not to get too close to the area between the youngster's thighs, she could still tell that Jo was slowly becoming more and more comfortable with (and aroused by!) her

touch. Between her own legs, she could feel Jo's gentle explorations — not just of her mons, but her labia and even the entrance to her vagina were subjected to the younger girls soft touches.

When she had her sister softly panting, Dawn knew that it was time to ratchet things up a bit more. Releasing the nipple she had between her lips, she quickly moved to tend to the other, and soon had it standing as tall and proud as the first. Then it was back to the first to restore it to its full glory. The time she spent moving between the two quickly shortened as she steadily brought both of them to full hardness, faintly glistening with her saliva. From there, she branched out to begin applying soft kisses to, and using her lips to gently "nibble", whatever she could reach of Jo's soft skin. Face, shoulders, ears, breasts... there wasn't much that Dawn didn't touch her lips to.

Thoroughly focused on what Dawn was doing to her, Joanna barely noticed the bed shift slightly — simply attributing it to Dawn changing position. It wasn't until she eventually realized that she had a pair of lips wrapped around one of her nipples while *another* was softly nibbling on her ear that Joanna opened her eyes — and saw that she and Dawn had been joined by Beth and Brittany, with Brittany being the one softly sucking on her breast as Beth started doing the same to her earlobe. Looking over to where Dawn was kneeling, Jo saw that she was apparently perfectly content with Jo's hand between her thighs — and patently unconcerned about the presence of the twins.

When Dawn saw that Joanna was looking at her, she just smiled and said "I figured you'd be nervous and afraid about the idea of doing anything with Beth and Brit, so last night I asked them if they'd be willing to come in and help."

With that, Brit released her nipple long enough to say "Of course, we said we would. WE had a hard time with all this puberty business, too" before getting her lips fastened on Jo's breast again. Beth followed that by adding "You're our sister, and we love you, and we wanted to show you it's okay if you want to be with us, and that we'd like to be with you, too", followed by tracing the folds of Jo's ear with the tip of her tongue — something that sent shivers down the youngster's back as her nipples seemed to get even harder.

Even though she'd been more than a little upset at first to find the twins in bed with her and Dawn, Joanna quickly calmed down again; she knew that she'd never have had the courage to find out how good it could feel to be with them if she'd been left to her own devices.

And it DID feel good having them there with her: having one of her boobs AND her ear being stimulated at the same time was **ever** so much better than just having one or the other being taken care of!

Satisfied with the presence of the twins, Joanna soon discovered that they were as ready and willing to be touched and kissed BY her as they were to do those things TO her. And when she felt a small, soft hand caressing the inside of her thigh... well, it just seemed perfectly reasonable and natural that it should eventually move a little higher...

When Jo's hand had been withdrawn from between her legs, Dawn had watched as Joanna

hesitatingly moved it to one of Brittany's breasts — then start moving when Brit didn't object. Seeing that the twins were clearly doing a FINE job of tending to Jo's wants, Dawn decided that the only "fair" thing to do was take care of *theirs*. Rather than heading straight for the fun bits, though, Dawn started out by caressing each of them: back and sides and legs and arms were all repeatedly stroked before she finally drew her hands across the tight globes of their asses. Then she shifted her attentions a little farther up, and found herself sharing that pleasure with Joanna, who had a hand on each of them. But instead of competing with Jo, Dawn was willing to move her focus elsewhere; she soon had a had cupping each twins mons as she delicately collected some of each girls essence before starting to toy with their clitorises. It didn't take much of that before she had both of them softly moaning in counterpoint to the sounds they were drawing out of Joanna.

As Dawn continued her stimulation of Brit and Beth, she watched as Brittany's hand settled on the inside of Joanna's thigh — then slowly moved upwards until it was touching Jo's mons. In response, Joanna readily moved her legs apart to make access to her womanhood easier. Soon afterwards, Dawn could see the end of one of Brit's fingers glistening as a result of dipping it between the lips of Jo's sex.

When Joanna had felt the hand on the inside of her thigh finally touching her between the legs, it was so exciting that the only thing she COULD do was spread her legs to that it could touch her better. Not long after that, she'd felt a finger start tracing along her cleft. It made only a couple of such passes before it dipped *ever* so slightly into her. It wasn't for very far or for very long, but it was enough for her to release a soft groan of aroused pleasure. A few moments later, it was back again, dipping a little farther into her and staying a bit longer. Then again... and again... After several such efforts she felt the touch on her exposed and sensitive clitoris — and almost climaxed right then and there, it felt so good. It wasn't that whoever was touching her was doing anything particularly different than she'd done herself; it was more the simple fact that it wasn't *her* finger, that **someone else** was touching her so intimately and making her feel good. Well, that and the fact that there was a mouth on each of her breasts and another pair of hands doing nothing but caressing her body, and doing it SO slowly and SO sexily. Jo was all too aware of all the things being done to the rest of her body, so as the finger on her clit continued to tease that little nubbin of flesh, she was being raised to levels of excitement and arousal that she simply hadn't known existed.

Brit was quietly delighted that she was having the impact on Joanna that she was; her finger felt like it was positively soaked with her sister's juices. When Dawn had asked them the night before if they'd help her with Joanna, she and Brit had been more than willing to do so. After Dawn had left their room they'd talked about it, and both felt and thought pretty much the same thing: as awkward and alone and strange as they'd felt when THEY were just discovering their bodies, they were delighted to be able to help Jo avoid such feelings. Too, both of them thought that she was certainly more than passably attractive, and were pleased at the thought of being able to get their hands (and lips, and mouths!) on her delectable little body.

Dawn realized that the arousal levels of the twins was pretty darn close to what she could see in

Joanna. Which way the sexual energy was flowing wasn't clear — and really didn't matter; it was enough that Joanna was as worked up as she was, and willing to accept what the twins had to offer. In the mean time, Dawn was delighted to be teasing their clits between bouts of sliding a couple of her fingers into each of them...

Bethany wasn't having *quite* as much fun as Brit, but she was still enjoying what she was doing: softly stroking and caressing every part of Joanna's body that she could reach.— legs, sides, back, arms, shoulders, neck, belly... even one or both breasts when they were available. Joanna hadn't been much of a kisser when they'd started, but she and Brit had repeatedly brought their lips to hers, and she'd quickly gotten the hang of it and was steadily improving. Jo had also been a little hesitant about touching them, too; but seemed to have gotten over **that** silliness, as well, judging from the way her hand was wandering around!

Dawn could tell that the twins weren't both getting as aroused from what they were doing to their younger sister; it was plain that Brit was getting more enjoyment and pleasure from having her hand between Jo's thighs than Beth was from the rest of the younger girls body. There was enough difference, in fact, that Dawn knew that Brit was as close to having an orgasm as Joanna seemed to be. That proved to be the case when, a few minutes later, Joanna peaked with what was clearly a powerful orgasm — shortly followed by Brittany doing the same. When she'd extracted her fingers from the literal clutches of Brit's vagina, Dawn patted Beth's hip a couple of times to get her attention so that the younger girl could cooperate as Dawn got her stretched out on her back. Knowing what Dawn wanted to do, Bethany could only smile as she lifted her knees up and spread them to expose herself to her. Kneeling on the bed, Dawn cupped Beth's cute little ass cheeks in her hands before using her thumbs to slightly separate Beth's labia — and then see if she couldn't touch tongues with her sister by way of her vagina. It turned out that she couldn't, but neither of them minded all that much, and Beth clearly appreciated the effort. Just a couple of minutes later, Dawn felt a head slip between her legs before a pair of hands were on HER ass as a mouth fastened itself over her womanhood. A brief glance downward revealed that it was Brit, apparently wanting to show her appreciation for Dawn's earlier efforts.

When Joanna had recovered her breath (and senses) from the strongest orgasm of her young life, she was surprised to see that her three sisters were strung out on Dawns bed. Beth was laying on her back, but with Dawns head between her legs; Brittany was on her back as well, but with her head between DAWN'S thighs; from the sound and sight of it all, it was pretty clear that Dawn was using her mouth on Beth while Brit did the same to her. Jo had tasted her own essence a couple of times, and hadn't found it to be gross or unpleasant; in fact, she'd thought it was kind of... nice. But it had simply never occurred to her that one girl could or would find out what that taste was like for another — never mind actually putting her mouth where it came from! Yet as she watched what the others were doing, and how they were reacting to what was being done TO them, the thought crept into her mind that another girl's juices might be as pleasant as her own had been. And shortly on the heels of that, judging from the pleased noises the others were making, that it might even be fun to find out.

Sitting up, Jo looked at all of them again before quietly asking "Would... would it be okay if I

did that, too?"

The last to "join the party", Brittany was the only one to hear the question; she didn't hesitate to lower her head from Dawn's pelvis and ease herself out so that she could sit up before answering "Of *course* you can, Jo, if you want to. You want to be with all of us, or just one, the first time?"

"I think just one, to start", the younger girl answered apologetically.

Smiling, Brittany assured her "That's fine. Since they're already going, you want to be with me?"

"If you don't mind. I... I never did that before, so I don't know what to do..."

Still smiling, Brit answered "I don't mind — at *all*. What to do is easy: just try to use your mouth to do to the other girl what you like to do to yourself with your hand. If she likes something, do that some more!"

Happy with how willing Brit was to be her partner while she learned, Jo smiled back at her sister, and nodded her understanding. Brit then told her "It'll probably be easier for you if you get on top of me" before moving to lay on her back. Joanna got to her knees and moved closer, letting Brit guide her into position. Once she had her knees on either side of Brit's head, Jo heard "Now just lean forward, and hold yourself over me — on your knees and elbows is easiest. That way, you can use your hands to open me up."

A few seconds later and Jo had gotten herself into position; it took only a moment for her to understand that it was better if she had her forearms behind Brit's raised thighs. That done, she started to lower her head — only to be greeted by the unique scent of aroused female. She readily followed her nose to it's source, and saw that Brit was already excited: Jo could see that the lips of Brit's sex were parted and the area between them glistening. Having never seen another girl so intimately or as close, Joanna simply HAD to stop and look.

Underneath her, Brit was doing the same thing, being equally fascinated by the appearance of her younger sister's genitalia. With Jo's mons being all but hairless, Brit didn't have any trouble seeing how the cleft of her sister's sex revealed her hooded clitoris. Her small and delicate inner lips started to grow from its lower edges, separating slightly where Brit knew the entrance to the younger girls virginal pussy was before flowing back together at the bottom. Brit could only marvel at how soft Jo's labia looked, even as she watched them getting a trifle thicker and darker. Brit knew that was a sign that Jo was getting excited, but it still took a few moments for her to realize that it was because Jo was finding how SHE looked to be sexy, too — which only jacked Brit's arousal up another notch. As she raised her head, Brit caught the full scent of her sister; light and fresh, it was also vaguely musky... and most definitely pleasant. Another moment, and Brit was able to slip the end of her tongue between the flesh-and-blood petals of her sister's flower...

When Jo felt Brit's tongue trace across the entrance to her vagina, she thought she'd died and gone to heaven, the feeling was so soft and gentle and yet so *exciting* at the same time. She couldn't help releasing a soft moan of pleasure before lowering her head the last little bit so that

she could return the favor...

Brit was delighted with Jo's first tentative efforts. Knowing that the younger girl would be looking to her for guidance, Brit was more than happy to teach by example; over the course of the next several minutes, she demonstrated just how much could be done with a limber and eager tongue and a pair of lips.

With the feelings that Brit was creating between her legs, Joanna was more than happy to apply the lessons she was getting from the older girl. She knew that she was getting them right by the soft noises her sister made, and how Brit would sometimes arch her pelvis up. Jo didn't know if her increasing excitement was because of what she was doing to Brit or what Brit was doing to her — and it really didn't matter. She could feel herself becoming even more aroused than she'd been when Brit was "just" touching her between the legs, and she knew that the orgasm she could feel slowly building inside her was going to be even greater than the last one.

For her part, Brit was determined to make Jo's first time with another girl something she'd remember for the rest of her life — if only because of the orgasm she had: Brit was having a simply *grand* time teasing her younger sister to progressively higher and higher levels of pleasure, only to let her slide back a little bit before starting in on her again. Besides, Jo was **so** tasty, and was getting so wet, and she was having so much *fun*!

Joanna knew that her sister was teasing her. But inexperienced as she was, she didn't have the faintest idea of what it could do to her, or what she was in for. So she could only accept the increasing pressure over the next several minutes as Brit did things to her that Jo had no idea could BE done before then. She'd been able to give Brit a couple of small orgasms (and she'd known they were small), and was generally satisfied with that — it being her first time, and all — as she felt Brit's tongue begin a fluttering across her clitoris that was simply indescribably pleasant — and stimulating. She could feel the power of the orgasm that was building in her, but was still totally unprepared for it when the dam finally broke: the force of the first spasm left her unable to breathe because her whole body was frozen in place. The power and duration of it actually caused her to black out briefly before it began to fade. She somehow managed to gasp in a fresh supply of oxygen before the second all but overwhelmed her again; knowing that the second wave of her climax wasn't as strong as the first wasn't a great deal of consolation to her as it was happening. The remaining surges of release were progressively milder and milder, but she was still left stunned and gasping when the last tremor faded; unable to hold herself up, she simply collapsed where she was, her full weight on the young woman beneath her.

Off to the side, Dawn and Beth had finished a short time before. After watching what Joanna had gone through, and seeing her simply *drop* onto Brit, Dawn sat up and asked "What did you **do** to her, Brit?", her tone making it clear that she wasn't upset, but rather, surprised.

After lapping up one last trickle of her sister's oils, Brittany answered "Nothing! Well, I was kinda teasing her a little, but that's all!"

By that time, Beth was starting to move toward where Dawn was trying to get Joanna off her

older sister; as Beth got into position to help, Dawn looked down at Brit and told her "Brit! You know that this was her first time to be with anybody else for *anything*. It was enough that she had that orgasm from you touching her."

"But she *asked* if she could do it, too, when she saw what you were doing to Beth, and I was doing to you. What was I supposed to do, tell her 'no'? I thought the whole *idea* was to let her know it was okay to do stuff with each other; if I'd said I wouldn't do that with her, wouldn't that have messed things up?"

Dawn thought about that as she and Beth got their younger sister moved, and laying on her back. Looking over to where Brit was sitting up, Dawn answered "Yeah, it might have. But you still should have known not to do anything like that to her!"

Guiltily, Brit replied "But I was just trying to make it something she'd remember..."

"Brit, she wouldn't have forgotten it, anyway. But instead of remembering how good it felt and how much fun we had and how much we love her, what if all she thinks about is how scary it was to have an orgasm like that?"

Realizing that her good intentions might have unwanted results, Brittany's eyes were starting to tear up when she answered "I'm sorry, Dawn! I didn't think about that; I just wanted to make her feel as good as I could!"

Seeing that Brit really was sorry for what she'd done, Dawn told her "Well, it's done, now. All we can do is try to let her know that we weren't *trying* to give her more than she could handle, and that if she wants to be with any of us again, we'll be easier with her. Why don't you get a damp washcloth from the bathroom? We can use it to help bring her around again, and clean her up a little bit — I didn't know a girl could GET this wet!"

Brittany quickly moved to do as she'd been asked; by the time she got back, Dawn was resting against the headboard with Joanna in her arms while Beth was softly talking to the younger girl. When Dawn reached out for the washcloth, Brit silently shook her head before starting to gently wipe her younger sister's face. When Jo finally opened her eyes, Brit quickly told her "I'm really, **really** sorry I made that happen to you, Jo. I forgot that you've never done stuff like this before, and I was trying to make it something you'd remember. Honest, I didn't mean for you orgasm like that, and I'm *so* sorry if me doing that scared you."

Managing a wan smile, Jo answered "Yeah, it DID scare me, a little. But it was so *incredible*, too — I didn't know it could be like that to be with another girl, or that I could feel so good! You don't have to apologize; I know you didn't do it on purpose after how nice and soft and gentle and everything you were with me before."

Relieved, Brit applied herself to wiping up the overflow of Jo's oils from between her legs; Jo readily spread them so Brit would have easier access.

Dawn gave Jo a gentle hug before asking her "Are you going to be okay, Jo?"

The younger girl looked up at her and didn't hesitate to answer "I'll be fine, Dawn. Really, I'm not mad or anything about what Brit did; and what all of you were doing to make me feel so good before that was *great*! Before you talked to me, and we started doing stuff with each other, I thought that what I'd been doing — you know, touching myself and everything — was bad, and something I should be ashamed about. But now I know it was okay, and I feel a lot better. When I saw Brit and Beth in here, I was a little bit upset, at first. But after they told me that they love me and everything, and I understood that you and them weren't afraid to let me see you, and touch you... well, it was okay, then, because I knew that you **DO** love me, and I love you, too."

Dawn lowered her head, and Joanna readily joined her in a kiss — one that easily moved from sisterly affection to mutual desire. Dawn felt Jo's tongue touch her lips, and didn't hesitate to part her lips to welcome it.

The first thing Joanna noticed was that Dawn tasted different from when they'd kissed before; then she remembered that Dawn had been using her mouth on Bethany, and that she was undoubtedly getting a second-hand sample of what the other of the twins tasted like. It was different from Brit, but not dramatically so, and only served to convince Jo that she wanted to get her next sample straight from the source. It also made her wonder what **DAWN** tasted like, and start looking forward to finding *that* out, as well.

After their kiss ended, Jo turned her head to face Beth; it was only a moment before they were checking out each others tonsils.

Brit left them just long enough to thoroughly rinse out the washcloth she'd used on Jo before dumping it in the laundry hamper. Once she was settled back on the bed, she and Jo shared their own kiss.

Gently pulling Jo close, Dawn told her "There's something else you need to know, Jo."

Curious, but unconcerned, Jo asked "What's that?"

"We" — gesturing to include herself and both twins — "haven't just been with each other. We've also been with Jeremy."

Stunned, the younger girl turned to look at Dawn and ask "*Really?*"

"Yes, really. And not just to do stuff like you did with us, either."

It took several seconds for Joanna to understand the implications of what Dawn said. When she did, her eyes were roughly the size of saucers as she looked first at each of the twins, then finishing with Dawn, before asking "You... you've done... stuff with him?"

"Yes, we have. All three of us. Not just touching, or us using our mouths on him, and him doing that for us, but more, too."

Hesitantly, Jo wanted to know "You've been... fucking? Having sex with him?"

"Yes. I was first, a little bit before my birthday, when I got started on birth control. Jeremy was the one I gave my cherry to. A while later, Beth and Brit figured out that something was going on

between me and Jeremy, partly because we were getting crazy about being able to fuck. So they got us together and wanted to know what was going on, and we had to tell them. Once they understood that Jeremy couldn't get me pregnant, they weren't worried about us — except for me and Jeremy maybe getting caught. A little later, they decided that they wanted to find out what it was like, too, and they were able to convince Jeremy that they were really ready to do that. When they got the chance, both of them gave *their* cherries to him, too. They can't get any kind of birth control, so they're only with him when they can't get pregnant, between their periods."

Visibly scared, Joanna asked Dawn "Does that mean that I should start fucking Jeremy, too?"

Dawn quickly hugged her sister before answering "No, not at all. Jeremy was *real* unsure about being with Brit and Beth because of how young they are, and how much smaller they are than me. Even if YOU wanted to, and asked him, I don't think that he'd be willing to do anything like that with you; you're still just too young."

Joanna's relief at hearing that was plain as could be before she wanted to know "Are any of you doing anything with anyone else?"

"No, it's just been me and Jeremy and these two. And now you, too, if you want."

"Me and Jeremy?"

"No, not yet. We know that all of this is still new to you, and that it's going to take a little while before you're comfortable with it. You've probably wondered about guy stuff" — Jo's blush confirmed Dawn's suspicion — "and Jeremy would be okay with it if you wanted to learn about that stuff with him; me or one or both of Brit and Beth would be with you to explain things. After that... well, you and Jeremy wouldn't have to fuck for you to have fun with him. I'll bet he'd be perfectly happy if you just wanted to touch each other or maybe even use your mouths. He'd never, **ever** try to do anything with you that you didn't want him to."

Seeing the uncertainty on Jo's face, Brittany told her "Really, that's how he is. When Beth and I wanted to learn what it's like to be with a guy — you know, kissing and touching — he was **so** gentle and patient with us. Both of us were *really* scared at first, but he was real nice about it. He never EVER said or did anything to try and get us to do anything more than we wanted to. That was what helped us decide that we wanted to be with HIM the first time, you know, when we wanted to find out what fucking was like."

Beth added to that, saying "Honest, if you decide you want to find out about guys with him, he'll make you **so** glad you did. Even after you start with him, he doesn't try to grab you or touch you or do anything except what you tell him is okay, and only when you're with him like that — and no place else."

When Jo looked at her again, Dawn told her "From being with us even at the beginning, Jeremy really does understand how you're feeling, and that you need to go only as fast as you're comfortable with. But there's no hurry, on *any* of it. When you're ready, and IF you decide you want to, you can be with him however you want to; he isn't going to figure that just because

you're with us you want to be with him, too."

"Jeremy knows? About all of you, and what you do?" Joanna queried.

Smiling, Dawn answered "Yeah, he knows. Sometimes he's with just one of us, and sometimes he's with two or even all three of us. He knows what we do together, and he's fine with it. He even likes to watch!", the last part drawing giggles from Beth and Brit as they nodded their heads.

After all she'd heard earlier and done that afternoon, it still took Joanna a little while to decide what she thought about what Dawn and the twins had just told her. As scared as she was at the idea of actually having a guy's penis in her, to have Beth and Brit telling her how nice and gentle and everything Jeremy was... well, Jo had to figure that he really **was** those things. She'd initially been surprised to hear that Dawn and the twins were fucking Jeremy, but then remembered how she'd detected the aroma of excited girl (Brittany, she thought) in his room. The way all of them talked about him, and kept doing things with him, she didn't doubt that he was making them feel good, and that he wasn't doing anything to bother them. She didn't figure that she was anywhere *near* being ready to do anything with her brother, but all three of her older sisters had made it more than clear that it was entirely up to her if and when anything happened. Knowing that she loved Jeremy, she had to figure that he loved her, too, since he was always there and ready to help her when she needed it. He knew what Dawn and Brit and Beth did, and it didn't just not bother him, but he apparently liked it when he could see them doing what they did. Joanna finally decided that Jeremy wasn't anything that she had to worry about: he wasn't going to start chasing after her to do things she didn't want to, and he wasn't going to do or say anything to get in the way of the fun that she had with her sisters.

Dawn and the twins could see by the expression on Joanna's face that everything was going to be okay, even before she told them "I guess it's okay, then, what you and Jeremy do. I'm not ready to do any of it, but that's okay with all of you, too."

Dawn gave her sister another gentle hug, just ahead of the twins each giving her a kiss. When she looked at the clock again, Dawn saw that it wouldn't be long before the three youngest got home — though there was still plenty of time for all of them to get cleaned up, if they didn't dawdle. When she announced that fact, there was a brief discussion about who went when; it worked out that Dawn and Jo would go first so that Beth and Brit could be sure of having enough hot water: they were known for using more than they should.

Cleaned and dressed again, Dawn stopped in Jeremy's room long enough to let him know that everything had worked out — and so that the two of them could share a few kisses and a little mutual fondling and groping.

At supper that night, Jeremy noticed that Joanna was much more chipper than she usually was, and kept sharing Looks with her older sisters. From the corner of his eye, he saw her looking at him, too, a few times, but pretended not to notice.

In the weeks and months that followed, all five of the oldest kids had plenty of time and opportunities to enjoy the intimacy that they shared, and in any number of permutations. Joanna gradually got to the point that she was ready to learn about "guy stuff", and Jeremy was as passive and non-threatening as she could have wished while Beth and Brit helped her learn.

A few months later, and she was willing to start learning "kissing and touching and stuff". Again, Jeremy was as patient and undemanding as she needed. It took her a little longer, but she finally got to where she was as willing to go to him as any of her three older sisters — and enjoyed the experiences just as much.

When Dawn, then Jeremy, graduated high school and moved out to begin their own lives, Joanna was there to help the twins when Carla needed them. When Colby finally discovered girls, Beth and Brittany were the ones to give him the kind of education he needed. When he'd progressed far enough, Joanna was willing and eager for her and him to give each other their virginity; not long after that, Carla did the same.

Once Brittany and Bethany were gone, it was up to Joanna and Carla to deal with Tracy's introduction to adolescence. By the time Joanna was ready to leave, Colby was fucking all three of his sisters — Tracy having given herself to him on her fourteenth birthday.

Even once they were all out of the house, it wasn't uncommon for those that lived reasonably close to each other to continue their relationships — at least, until they started finding wives and husbands.

There was never any indication that either of their parents had any idea of what was going on among all of them. It wasn't until much later in their lives that the kids learned that there were reasons to suspect that their parents had been involved with their own siblings...