**A Normal Girl**

by[JBEdwards](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3145872&page=submissions)©

I'm a normal girl. I did well in high school (except, of course, for AP History, which personally I consider to be a highly effective soporific), and I got into a decent college. At the end of my freshman year I had done well in every subject, except for one: Men.

Here I was, 19 going on 20, and not only was I still a virgin, I had never even been kissed. I wasn't overly worried; all women found some man eventually. That's why there were so many people, and in particular so many babies, in the world. By analogy, I didn't want to be like the friends of my parents who used to brag that their little Gregory was reading at age four.

"So what?" my father used to say. "Let's wait until little Gregory does something everyone doesn't eventually do. Otherwise, all you're talking about is timing. What's the rush?"

I always thought those were wise words, and I still do. Now, however, the subject was sex, and I was bleeping tired of waiting to find out what sex was all about. I had exhausted my patience. Despite my father's wise words, I was in a rush to learn.

I was convinced sex was wonderful, since ALL OF MY FRIENDS talked about sex nonstop. I just listened, never having anything to contribute to the conversation. I was frustrated and - quite frankly - annoyed.

Let me make clear from the outset that there's nothing wrong with me. I'm normal. I'm average weight, maybe a tad on the thin side. I'm average height, maybe a tad short. I have a normal figure for a girl my age, although maybe my boobs are a tad big. I'm just being honest here: All of these 'tads' are really just tads. I have, personally, a good body for some guy to exploit. They just don't.

I do have an hourglass figure, and I often dress to emphasize my tiny waist and generous hips. My usual vehicle is skin tight 'skinny jeans' that fit my curves wonderfully. I often wear push-up bras and blouses that show a little cleavage, too. On rare occasions I wear my special outfit that shows quite a lot of cleavage. For what it's worth, I have blonde hair and blue eyes. I wear colored contacts, so sometimes my eyes are blue, and other times they're a deep, seductive, green. I do try to look attractive.

Oh yes, my face. My face could be a problem, I understand that, but quite honestly, I don't think so. My face resembles the face of Kate Middleton. Everyone says so. Also, my teeth are white and straight. So, what's the problem? I figured I was somehow, without realizing it, giving out the wrong signs, the wrong signals if you will, as if I were a stuck-up bitch, or something.

I was home from college for the summer, and my parents were away for a long weekend, so my older brother and I had the house to ourselves. My brother was in town for a few weeks, and I figured he'd have the male perspective. He was flabbergasted when I told him that not even a single boy had yet tried to kiss me. Ever.

"And if one were to kiss me," I added, "I wouldn't know how to kiss him back. I'd have to fake it, and unless I were lucky, it would be a disaster."

My brother Jeff just shook his head, expressing incredulity. I let the bomb drop.

"Jeff, do you have a friend in town, one who's kind and gentle, who could teach me to kiss?" I asked.

"Just kiss? You don't want more?" Jeff replied.

"I'd love more. A passionate make-out session might be lots of fun, but I wouldn't want to impose," I said. "Maybe he could even teach me to French kiss?"

"Christina, you're gorgeous. Any man in his right mind would love to kiss you. He'd probably also love to do a lot more if you're willing," Jeff said. The way Jeff said 'a lot more,' made me nervous. It doesn't take much, however, to make me nervous. I'm an anxious person by nature.

"I'm sure men are not that superficial. Thanks for calling me gorgeous, but men kiss the woman, not the image of one," I replied.

"I'm sure that's true for some men, maybe even for most men. Think of it this way, though. Men like their egos stroked. If a pretty woman submits to them, it makes them feel macho, like a success," Jeff said. "Why do you think rich men often want pretty, young, bimbos on their arms? It's an image thing."

"Or a midlife crisis kind of thing?" I was troubled by Jeff's use of the word submissive. I wondered what he meant? Jeff just smiled, so I continued. "You know, old men trying to recapture their youth with a pretty young thing on their arm?"

Jeff was a hunk. He was tall and slim, but muscular everywhere. His hair was rich and luscious, and his face was chiseled. He could have been a male model were it not for his mouth. His mouth always had a little twist to it, which seriously detracted from an otherwise gorgeous man.

"Maybe you could coach me first, and be there too, for security?" I asked. I was finding that I was very nervous about this whole idea, even if was my own idea!

"How far would you let him go?" Jeff asked.

"Well it depends, I guess, on whether or not I like the guy. Assuming I do, he could go far, even very far. Wait; what do you mean by 'far'? We're only talking kissing here, right?"

Jeff looked at me. It was a complex look, one that someone like me could read any of several different ways. I decided to go the submissive route, and see how that worked out.

"Very, very, far, as long as you're there, too, okay? I'll feel safer with you there." I knew no man would dare try anything too risqué with my brother right there, and watching! That is, unless the man was as weird as I seemed to be...but my brother would stop it, of course. Or course he would: No self-respecting brother is going to let another guy molest his little sister right in front of him! I would be safe.

"Do you remember my friend George?" Jeff asked.

"He'd be perfect," I replied. I had seen George recently. He had been Jeff's best friend since forever, but now he was a grown man. He had a runner's body, ninety percent lung, without an ounce of fat, and lots of muscle. He seemed to always have a two-day growth of beard. I wondered how he managed that? He seemed respectful of women, and he had always been nice to me, even when I was an annoying tomboy in the days of yesteryear.

Jeff made a call. "George is excited. Is tomorrow okay?" OMG, I got very nervous! I knew George well, since he was one of Jeff's best friends, and he was often around as we grew up. In fact, now that Jeff had a crush on Mandy, I often saw the three of them hanging out together. Three good friends ; that was all that they were, just friends, right?

What's wrong with me? These days my mind really does run in the gutter. I instantly thought of Mandy enjoying herself with the two men. I got a little wet thinking about it. Boy, did I need sex!

"Sure, but can you give me some hints, first?" I asked. "I don't want to look like a dork, or a deer in the headlights."

"Come with me, my little virgin," Jeff said, and I giggled as I followed him. He led me to the living room. My parents' living room was the prettiest room of the house. It had a masonry fireplace and comfortable furniture including a fantastic and super cushy couch. An upright piano stood against the far wall. I had spent many an after-school hour practicing at that very piano.

The room was kept obsessively clean, and it had a big picture window looking over the driveway and at our garden beyond. At the right time of day, the picture window flooded the room with sunlight.

"Let's first discuss what you'll wear," Jeff said.

"Does that matter? I was thinking a light sweater and jeans," I said. "Nothing that covers my mouth, don't worry," and I giggled at my own joke. "Unless of course Jeff is into that? I could borrow a niqab?"

"Are you planning to wear a bra?" Jeff asked, ignoring my offensive remarks, meant in jest.

"Of course!" I said, and I looked at him as if he had just landed from Mars. Jeff returned the look. "I'm not a tramp, Jeff!"

"Tomorrow, you're going to look like one, if you think that's what a tramp looks like. No bra, okay?"

"Uhh...doesn't that send the wrong message? I'm not some kind of slut, you know. I'm your bleeping sister!"

"It will send a message to George that you are putting away childish things," Jeff said.

"Corinthians, right? Is a bra a childish thing? I shouldn't think so!" I said.

"Don't be so literal. It's your attitude that you should put away," he replied.

"You and Mom; always wanting me to put away things. What do you want? You want your sister, your very own sister, suddenly to become some kind of sexual submissive for your friend George? Is that what you want?" I said, showing my annoyance in my voice.

I began to wonder if Jess suspected that I had submissive tendencies? Do I? So far, no boy had ever seemed to want to find out. Maybe my submission existed only in my sexual fantasies and in the romance novels I liked to read?

"That would be highly effective with George, no question. Keep your cool, though, Christina," Jeff said, and then as if to underscore the point, he said, in a voice that sounded like my father when he's angry, "Take off your bra. Now."

Something deep inside my brain flipped. Suddenly, I was into this. After all, we were only talking about kissing. What harm could come from my obeying Jeff's orders? Probably only good things would come out of it. George was both smart and experienced; no doubt Jeff knew what he was doing. Also, he loved me, and he wanted only the best for me, I was sure. I acquiesced.

"Okay, turn around Jeff," I said.

"Why? Take off your bra through your sleeve," he said.

I sighed in exasperation, but after a few mild contortions, I slipped my bra off through my sleeve. "Happy, now?" I asked, my voice dripping with sarcasm.

"We're getting there. Go put on a blouse that buttons, and lose the jeans. Wear a skirt, preferably short, and sexy panties, if you have any," he said.

"I don't have a blouse that buttons. My blouses go on and off over my head," I replied.

"Do you have a scoop necked blouse?" Jeff asked.

"You really have a breast fetish, don't you, Jeff?" I asked.

"Look, George might try to steal a little feel while he kisses you. It's natural. We're just making it a tad easier, okay?" Jeff said.

"This began as kissing. Now George is going to be feeling me up?" I said.

"Are you really nineteen? You're acting like you're fifteen, you know, or maybe like you're twelve," Jeff said. He was beginning to get frustrated. That remark stung.

I glared at Jeff and stomped upstairs, off to my room. Once I returned, 'properly attired,' Jeff began his instructions. I didn't tell Jeff but I had sexy underwear galore. I have a theory: The more sexually frustrated a girl is, the more she compensates with sexy lingerie. Of course, this theory is generalized from myself!

"Be passive. Let George do whatever he wants and don't show any resistance. Give his hands free reign, and if he wants to undress you, you should let him," Jeff instructed once I had returned without a bra, my shortest skirt, a deeply scooped neck blouse, and super sexy lace panties.

"What? Are you nuts? Surely people can kiss while fully dressed!"

"Not with George," he said, and he offered no explanation.

"Maybe then another of your friends might be a better choice, okay? All I want to learn is how to kiss. I already know how to undress. I do it at least once a day," I said.

"No, George is perfect, just relax, Christina," Jeff replied. Deciding, apparently, it was a fait accompli , Jeff continued, "Now, show no resistance. In addition, make some approving sounds and whatever you do, don't worry if others hear you. Men like knowing that they're pleasing you, and if others can tell too, it just makes them feel macho. They like that, okay?" Jeff explained.

"Okay," I replied, my nervousness showing. How on earth was I supposed to moan or whatever, without it sounding fake? Even if it wasn't fake, and I was sure it would be fake, I was also sure it would sound fake. "I just don't like the idea of George undressing me, especially if I'm not wearing a bra!"

"All you need to do is to say 'No,' or 'Stop' and George will stop. It's all up to you. So, there's nothing to worry about. You're in charge as to how proper you want things to be," Jeff said.

I cringed when Jeff said 'proper.' Wasn't my being proper all the time part of the problem? Was there anything, anything at all, that I couldn't worry about? Now I was even worrying that I was worrying too much. Who needs meta-worrying?

"Jeff?"

"Yes?"

"Can you give me a quick lesson on kissing?" I asked. "Now?"

"I'd have to kiss you to do that, Christina," he said.

"I know, and I'm your sister and all that implies, and I understand if it grosses you out; but if you're willing, I'd like that," I said.

"Even though I'm your brother?" Jeff asked, redundantly pointing out the obvious.

"Yes, you moron, I just said that! Anyway, I'd like a kiss, especially from you. I'd love to learn to kiss from you, I mean, just a little," I said. It was true, too. "George can finish the lesson."

Jeff came over to me. He didn't say a word. He locked his eyes with mine, and he looked into my eyes for what seemed to me like forever. I was sure he was considering what we were about to do. I was really hoping he wasn't sick to his stomach over the idea of kissing me and was willing himself to ignore that fact. I know, I know: I worry too much. I overthink things. I'm neurotic, okay?

Jeff put my head between his hands, and gently held it in place. Then he lightly kissed me on the mouth. Our lips met, and we silently kissed.

I was excited beyond belief. I had suddenly and finally been kissed!! Not only was I kissed by a guy, but by the most handsome, the most wonderful, and the most special man on Earth! Then Jeff kissed me again! When he kissed me a third time, I was beginning to feel tingles down below, and suddenly I remembered his advice about making noises.

My mind was rocketing through a lifetime of memories of me and Jeff. He was always my older brother, my protector, my instructor, my friend, my best friend. He was everything. Him kissing me felt natural, welcome, and just the way things should be.

During the fourth kiss I managed a pathetically soft "mmmm." Then Jeff surprised me, and he opened his lips. I knew about French kissing; all my friends in high school had talked about it nonstop. In college, we girls discussed other things, such as the taste of a man's cock, and his spunk; discussing kissing was quite passé. I felt like such an ignoramus since I had to secretly do a google search to learn that spunk meant a man's seminal fluid. I was way too innocent, and innocence begets ignorance.

I opened my lips, too, and we kissed with both of us having our lips open. On the fifth kiss, Jeff's tongue entered my mouth, and it played around with my tongue. That really turned me on! I made a louder "Mmmm," to indicate I really liked it.

Jeff's hands stopped holding my head in place, and I tilted my head to get a slightly better angle. Jeff then surprised me when - while still kissing me - he pulled my blouse out from my skirt and his hands promptly went under it, stroking the flesh of my (smooth, flat, and taut) tummy. Now I was terrified. This was going way beyond kissing! I remembered, though, to be passively accepting. I trusted my brother. Stop worrying, I told myself for the one thousandth time.

When Jeff's hands reached my boobs and began to play with my nipples, it felt beyond wonderful. I let him play with my tits for around a minute or two or three or four or five, before I pulled away. He is my brother, after all!

"That was a wonderful lesson on kissing, Jeff. You're the best brother a girl could have. I'm ready for George now, but you'll stay here, for security, right?"

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," Jeff said. "You're an amazingly fast learner, Christina. You're a natural. No worries."

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The next morning, I took a long bath to prepare. I used my mother's perfumed creams, and I made sure I was shaved as smooth as a baby's bottom. I dried off and went to my bedroom to dress. I automatically put on my favorite bra and panties set. I picked out a sexy, low cut, scoop necked blouse that buttoned, but also showed off my cleavage. I donned my shortest skirt.

I finally remembered. I removed my sexy blouse that showed off my cleavage in such a lovely manner, and also my slightly push-up bra that was responsible for the cleavage effect. Then I put my blouse back on but without the bra. I looked at myself in the full-length mirror on my closet door. I tried to smile but my smiles looked fake. Then I checked out my bosom. I knew if I leaned forward I'd get a nice view of my bra covered boobs, but now? There was no bra.

I timidly leaned forward while looking in the mirror. Holy shit! I was practically showing off my entire boobs! This would not do! Were my nipples visible? Look carefully, Christina, I told myself. No, thank goodness. I could see everything else, including much of my areolas, but my nipples pushed against my blouse and could not easily be seen if I leaned forward. Well, you take whatever little victories life presents you, anyway, right?

I heard the doorbell. That would be George. He was here! I suddenly desperately needed to pee. Deep breaths, girl! You can do this. You can do this. You can do this. Jeff will be right there, right? All your friends have already slept with one man, many of them twice over, and of course there's the slut of sluts Mary, and God alone knows how many men have enjoyed her body! All I'm doing, for Pete's sake, is trying out a little kissing! Get a grip!

Jeff called up to me and I took a few more deep breaths and headed downstairs. Jeff told me later I looked like a vision coming down the stairs. 'Good enough to eat,' I think he said. I never did understand that phrase. A misplaced food metaphor, I supposed. Who thinks about misplaced metaphors while descending a staircase to her doom? College was having its effect.

Nude descending a staircase. I had just learned about that famous 1912 painting of Marcel Duchamp. That's what I felt like. Even though I was dressed, I felt like a nude descending a staircase to my doom, cubist and all! I felt too exposed. I felt like a shameless hussy about to face the executioner for the mortal sin of promiscuous kissing. Right.

"Hello, George; nice to see you again. Good morning, Jeff," I said.

George had a smile that cats have, just before they eat the canary. I began to think of myself as a tasty morsel to be devoured by a modern-day Grendel, who had just changed his name to George. But he was Grendel, alright, no question about it. That would make Jeff Beowulf, I guess, so I was safe, right?

"Good morning, Christina. You look lovely this fine morning," George said, even though it was pouring rain outside. Okay, maybe Grendel was a bit harsh. After all, Grendel was a woman-eating demon, described as "a creature of darkness, exiled from happiness and accursed of God, the destroyer and devourer of our human kind." All he was going to do was kiss me, right?

"Thank you," I said to Grendel, and we all three stood there, awkwardly. It's the role of the woman to fill the conversational void, so I added, "May I get you something? A soda, a glass of wine, some whiskey, perhaps? Humankind to devour?" Oh shit; that last just kind of slipped out, now, didn't it?

"Are you okay, Christina?" Jeff asked.

"Oh yes, just a little nervous, perhaps, you know, due to our agenda...oh hell, come here, George!"

George came over to me and he kissed me. Ah. The ice was broken. He kissed me closed mouth, just as Jeff had begun yesterday. I then kissed him back and we began kissing, and kissing, and kissing some more, and then I kissed him with my mouth open. He opened his, and we French kissed and then I finally - finally! - remembered to make a noise. "mmm," I said, right through the kissing.

George's hands began to explore my backside. I felt my blouse being pulled from my skirt, and I gave George some more 'mmm's" and when his hand went to my bare back, my noise got louder, reflecting my alarm. "Mmmm."

George's hands skipped around under my blouse to my tummy, and then slowly, almost painfully slowly, went up to my boobs, even as, throughout, we continued to kiss. When his hands reached my boobs, and as he tweaked my nipples, my sounds morphed into erotic groans of their own free will.

George broke the kisses, and he pushed me away. I had leaked pussy juice into my panties, I was so turned on! That was a first for me, quite definitely. George locked my eyes on his, holding my gaze like a tractor beam in Star Trek reruns. At the same time, he was pushing up my scoop necked blouse, little by little, torturing me as I had to resist the overwhelming urge to pull away, pull my blouse back down, to stop him, and to slap him. Instead, we just kept kissing as he relentlessly, and slowly, pushed up my blouse.

George had my blouse bunched up at my neck, exposing my boobs in all of their glory (or their lack of glory, as I nervously thought) to his hungry eyes. Suddenly I realized a guy was seeing my boobs for the first time. OMG, so too was my brother, my very own brother Jeff. I was half naked in front of both men! I couldn't believe this. What to do? What to do?

I looked to Jeff for guidance. He was smiling broadly, with his eyes fixated on my boobs. You'd think both men were seeing a girl's boobs for the first time, or something! What is it about men and boobs? I don't know, but I'm grateful for it.

Grendel, I mean George, removed my blouse and began tenderly to fondle my boobs. I just stood there like a dork, passively letting him have a go at my boobs. Every soft touch of his fingers on my breasts turned me on something fierce. My panties were now so very wet it was not funny! George could chew gum and walk at the same time, as he demonstrated by resuming kissing me while his hands drove me insane with their nipple play.

George stepped back, removed his shirt, and he pulled me flush against him, my boobs crushing against the delightful hair on his chest, as he kissed me. I groaned some more, and noticed his hands had discovered my ass. He was stroking my ass through my tight skirt and it felt divine. I guess I love it when a man sexually molests me. Who knew? My groans got louder as he stroked my ass.

I did not notice that he had unzipped my skirt; I was too distracted, concentrating on my bare boobs crushed into his bare chest and his wondrous kisses. The hair on George's chest felt ultra-sexy, as it tickled my boobs. I was now running my own hands through George's hair. Jeff had not taught me that; it was my own idea, but George responded well to it, you might say.

I felt my skirt fall down, over my hips and down to the ground, pooling at my feet. Was this a step too far? This went way, way beyond kissing! I remembered I had told Jeff, in a moment of false bravado, that George, if he wanted, could go far beyond kissing, even very far. Then in a moment of false courage I had said, I remembered clearly saying, 'very, very far.'

I looked to Jeff for guidance again but he was still just standing there, with that same stupid grin plastered on his face, his Tom Cruise shit-eating grin, still staring at my boobs. He was no help; no help at all!

George stopped kissing me and stepped back a few paces. "Let me look at you, Christina," he said. I looked down at myself and saw my naked body, clothed only in my soaking wet , lace, 'sexy panties,' which hid only the bare essentials.

"My God, you're pretty. And oh, so sexy, too! Do a slow 360 for me, will you my dear?" George said.

"Flattery goes a long way with me," I managed to say, and I turned around slowly, giving him a good look. I felt like telling Jeff he could close his mouth now, because it was hanging open.

"It's not flattery, Christina, it's just God's honest truth. I mean it. You're gorgeous and you're hopelessly sexy. Take my hand," George said, as he held out his hand. I gingerly accepted his hand. George gently pulled me over to the couch, and even more gently pushed me down onto it.

George took my ankles, held them in the air with one hand, and with the other hand he pulled at my wet panties. "Raise your hips, gorgeous," he said. My panties were wet from my pee, not my juices; well, maybe both? I had to pee from my anxiety, and I just couldn't hold it all in while I was being so very turned on. I prayed to Beowulf that the gods were not offended.

Totally alarmed, I looked over at Jeff, and I'm sure he could see, in my gaze and my baby blue eyes, the fear that consumed me. Grendel was making his move and the monster was about to devour me! Help, I thought, what do I do now??

Jeff gently nodded his head, and I raised my hips a little off the couch. Quick as a wink my panties came down my legs and off my feet. I was now stark naked, scared witless, and completely revealed to Grendel and to my brother Beowulf, as they stood there, enjoying both my humiliation, and the view.

I was totally unprepared for what came next. Grendel spread my legs, exposing me to his eyes in totality, and then he kissed my pussy! What the hell? He put his mouth there? Wasn't that disgusting? I urinate there, for Pete's sake, as my wet panties bear witness.

George kneeled before me, the way a supplicant to a King might kneel, and he began to lick my pussy. Trying to recover from the shock, I suddenly realized that Grendel was the wrong metaphor! He was the Archangel Gabriel, come to usher me into heaven itself!

I had yet another epiphany. When Jeff had said I looked good enough to eat, maybe he meant the type of 'eating' George was doing just then? Even though I'm an undeclared literature major, I just don't have the vocabulary to describe how astonishingly wonderful the sensations were, just then. I had yet another epiphany: If this is what sex is like, then it's no wonder people talk about it constantly. Maybe I'm having an endorphin storm?

Not content to drive me insane with his tongue alone, Grendel decided to add his fingers to the mix, and one of his fingers entered the forbidden zone. This was not allowed! It was akin to walking between subway cars while the train was roaring, rocketing down the tracks, right? Last year twelve people died doing that, Grendel, and now was I to be another one? Dying from some kind of endorphin pleasure blowout?

"I'm sorry to tell you Jeff, but your totally naked sister died from extreme sexual gratification. Her fragile soul just could not handle the level of pleasure, beyond description, that was thrust upon her by the woman-eating monster Grendel. Don't worry, her death was slow and wonderful. The Archangel Gabriel shepherded her to heaven his very own self," the coroner might say.

Yes, it's true. To hell with Walmart's Blowout Christmas Sale. I had a Blowout Orgasm from Heaven, designed, directed, and produced by the Archangel Gabriel himself, in collaboration with the woman eating monster Grendel, known to the plebeians as George. My entire body quivered and shook and without even realizing it, I screamed.

George's face retreated from my pussy, smiling a smile of satisfaction, knowing how he had reduced me, somewhat effortlessly, to a quivering mass of flesh, incapable of intelligent thought or speech. He wiped my copious juices from his face with the back of his hand, and my brother, the Archangel Raphael, handed him a hand towel.

I lay there, wasted, and still naked, but now with my legs together. When I finally opened my eyes, there stood Gabriel before me, he too dressed in the robes of the lord, namely nothing at all. Standing out prominently from his body was an erect penis, whose correct name, I was quite sure, was cock.

George pulled my hand and manipulated me to be kneeling in front of him. His erect cock was sticking out, perpendicular to his body, pointing right at my eyes. Terrified, and not understanding, I look over at Jeff. Jeff took two of his fingers and pushed them in and out of his mouth. Oh. Of course; duh. Well, I'm learning a lot today, aren't I? It's like a crash course on sex!

I began with a kiss of the tip of George's cock. Sorry, with his cock at my lips, I can't call him Gabriel anymore. Grendel neither. No way Grendel would've ushered me to heaven the way Gabriel had just done. Grendel is a people eating monster, after all! Grendel had become George, again.

Obviously, kissing George's cock was insufficient. Jeff kissed his fingers, and then pushed them deep into his mouth. Okay, okay, Beowulf, I get the message. I close my eyes. I can't possibly see what I'm about to do. I resist crossing myself first, and I open my mouth wide, too wide in fact, and then swallow as much of George's cock as will fit. I exhale through my nose. I did it! The rest is easy.

I moved my mouth up and down on his cock, which I imagined must have simulated fucking for him. OMG George was moaning! Holy shit, I'm making Grendel/Gabriel/George moan with pleasure? I'm doing that? Little naked me? Cool.

Encouraged, I keep it up. George had given me so much pleasure, I really wanted to return the favor! What are those gestures Beowulf is making? I don't understand. Oh! He wants me to use my hands, too? Can do; will do.

I began to fondle George's balls. He moans. Who knew men moaned, too? Then I stopped sucking for a minute and pumped his cock with my hand. I had seen that done on a porn site, once. (Yes, I watch porn. Someone has to watch it, after all.) I'm careful not to use my teeth; my assumption is that a man's cock is sensitive. Teeth might hurt, right? I'll have to check with Jeff later about that.

Jeff is writing something, and he holds it up. See if you can swallow all of his cock. Try to suppress your gag reflex, he writes. What, is he nuts? Can people really suppress a reflex? Isn't the whole point of reflexes that they happen without thinking? I don't think I can suppress one. Jeff seems to think, however, that I can? Well, it's worth a try, isn't it?

The first time I gagged mightily. Well, if at first you don't succeed, try, try again, right? It's not as poetic as Corinthians, but what the hell. I tried again. I tried a third time. I really focused and tried to decipher just what was making me gag? Maybe if I slipped it into a corner of my throat?

I had read up on deepthroating. I do that: Frustrated by never having sex, I read voraciously all about it, and yes, I would diddle myself as I read about it. Trying to remember what I read while sucking George off, however, is not the ideal time to do it.

Oh yes! Just like it's location, location, location in housing, for deep throating it's position, position, position! So, I lay down on the floor with a pillow under my head and my mouth wide open. "Come to Mama," I said to George. He gently inserted his lovely, fairly long (it seemed to me) cock into my mouth and I made two tight fists with my hands.

Nope. I gagged. I even almost threw up. George is playing with my nipples again. I just love it! I can do this for him! What was the last trick? Oh yes! I squeeze the flesh between my thumb and forefinger, hard, as his cock slowly descends into my mouth, continuing in a straight line down my throat as I squeeze harder and harder and OMG! My nose is suddenly buried in his pubic hair! I've done it! Hooray for me! I let his cock rest there, both George and myself enjoying the moment, as Beowulf snaps a few cell phone pictures, immortalizing my triumph.

I suddenly realized Beowulf had been capturing pictures of my first time kissing and more, much more, all along. It's a good thing Jeff is my brother. I would simply die of shame if any of those pictures made it to the Internet!

Wouldn't you know it? George picked that exact moment to erupt and fill my throat and my mouth with his spunk. Now I have a man's cum in my mouth for the first time, too! Wow. A lot of firsts today! I actually have little choice; I swallow his cum, wondering all the while if a man's cum is fattening?

George was spent, and he collapsed onto the couch. I started looking around for my clothes. I decided to skip my panties, since they were still seriously wet, and I put on my skirt and my blouse. My blouse instantly got wet from my nipples, since they still had residual saliva coating them. It made my blouse look just a tad obscene.

I looked at Jeff. I was incredibly pleased with myself. Jeff had a huge erection, and I guess he got turned on watching George and me going at it.

"Thanks for the kissing lesson, George," I said, the sarcasm being hopelessly obvious.

"If that was really your first time, you're a natural, Christina. Listen, anytime you want some more practice..."

I giggled at George's words. "It was fun, I have to admit. Quite a revelation, actually. You can really kiss," I said, and both men laughed.

George dressed himself. We all had some drinks and talked about sex for a while, and Jeff showed us the pictures he had taken of us. I was pleased I didn't look fat in them, which I don't think was the point. Both men marveled, all over again, at the picture of me deep throating George's cock. I apologized for having called George Grendel, but that was a stupid move, as it turned out, because George had no idea who Grendel or even Beowulf were, anyway.

The conversation evolved naturally and we talked about banal things, such as my college studies, what we were each doing during the summer, what was the best beach within driving distance, how good the new Thai restaurant was, or was not, as it turned out, and so forth. George finally left, but not before kissing me goodbye, with some serious nipple tweaks accompanying his kiss.

As George and I kissed at the front door, and as he felt up my boobs yet again, and as he lovingly stroked my ass through my tight skirt, he asked me out.

"May I take you to dinner tomorrow night, Christina?" he asked, looking deep into my blue eyes.

I felt like saying 'you just want more sex, and to see if you can lay me, right?' but of course I didn't say that. What I said instead was,

"Yes. I'd love that," and we resumed kissing. We agreed on six o'clock. It was early, but George said it was as long as he could wait before seeing me again. I admit it: I was charmed.

I did wonder to myself, however: Was George going to try to lay me the next night? He had done everything but that just now, hadn't he, after all? It was the next step. Maybe, though, he just wanted another deep throat blowjob. He seemed infatuated with my blowjob. I was impressed with myself, since also it was my first!

Never did it occur to me that George might have just liked me, you know? I was convinced my only attraction to George was my apparently extremely submissive nature. I was convinced I was right, but when I questioned myself if my mind, I had to admit that in reality I had no idea. I had no idea at all.

Next, I wondered, if George did try to lay me, as I am sure was his plan, would he have success? Was I ready to fuck? And if yes, I was ready to fuck, did I really want George to be my first?

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Once George had left I looked at Jeff. His erection was gone, or at least the tent in his pants was gone. I smiled at him. "Well, now I guess I know how to kiss. That was one hell of a lesson."

"Like I said, you're a natural. Are you sure you haven't done any of this before?" Jeff asked.

"I'm sure. I don't know much, I'm only 19 after all, but I do know what I haven't done, or now I should say what I hadn't done," I said, and I giggled.

"I'm kinda jealous of George," Jeff said.

"I thought you might be. You had an erection throughout, you know," I said.

"I didn't know you noticed," Jeff said.

"Girls always notice, Jeff. I kept looking at you for guidance, you know, and each time I did, it was obvious you were turned on," I said. "Even though I'm your sister; you must be horny, or something, right? Mandy not doing a good enough job of keeping you satisfied?" Mandy was Jeff's main squeeze.

"Mandy is fine. It was something else," Jeff said.

"The Eros of seeing a girl naked, even, or maybe especially, if she's your sister?" I helpfully suggested. I knew from the way he had kissed me earlier that he was interested, shall we say.

"Something like that," Jeff said.

"Well then, what was it, precisely, that got you so turned on?" I persisted.

"I'd rather not say," Jeff said. Then contradicting himself a little, he said, "I'm not really sure."

I decided just to get the unspoken out there. "You know, Jeff, now that I know how to kiss, maybe you could help me practice? You know, to solidify my knowledge?"

I felt I knew what had been turning Jeff on. It was me: It was the lure of incest with his sister. One of the many things I had learned in college was the pronounced temptation of the taboo, of the forbidden, that some people had. Hell, most of modern literature, even the ancient Greek plays, revolved around the forbidden, and people transgressing and being divinely punished, or not. This explained Jeff's erection for me.

Suddenly, it dawned on me in all its horror: My brother wants to have sex with me! Holy shit, Jeff wants to fuck me? Jeff wants to fuck his own sister? Me? Little Christina? I guess I'm not so little anymore, but still!

I had a feeling Jeff wanted some of me, in fact I was sure of it, and I felt so grateful and so loving towards him, I wanted to give him some pleasure, too. No, not fucking, but maybe what I had just given happily to Grendel, I mean George? I guess he got some pleasure just from his voyeuristic watching, but surely that could not compare to having his own cock sucked?

Holy shit! What am I thinking? He's my bleeping brother! Am I nuts?

Jeff came over to me and we kissed. My blouse came off as we kissed. We kissed some more, French style, and my skirt dropped to the floor. I was having serious déjà vu. I had not put my wet panties back on once George was done with me, so now I was naked and kissing my brother. What was Jeff going to do with his little, submissive sister? Eat me out, just like George did? I could get into that. Yes sir, I surely could!

Holy shit! What am I thinking? He's my bleeping brother! Am I nuts?

"Are you sure you've never done anything sexual, kissing and all of it, including cock sucking, before?" Jeff asked.

"Yes, I'm sure. I may not be a rocket scientist, but I do know whether or not I've had sex before!" I said.

"Whoa. Okay, calm down. There's one thing left that we haven't taught you, yet, that's all," Jeff said.

"We? So far, it's primarily been George doing the teaching. What is it I haven't learned, yet?" I asked. I thought I had just finished a comprehensive crash course on sex, after all. Modesty aside, I had given myself an A. Only a tiny bit of modesty residually remaining had stopped me from awarding myself an A+.

"There's one last step. You need to be careful with it, though. There's issues of disease, and even possible pregnancy," Jeff said.

"Oh," I said, trying to hide my shock. "I'm not ready for that lesson, Jeff, and certainly not with you! That would be incest!"

"Yes, yes it would be incest. Is that a problem?" Jeff asked.

"Well of course it is!" I was spluttering in my shock. "Isn't it for you? Incest? You're okay with incest? Really? Seriously?" I was almost screaming.

I think Jeff suspected I was weakening. My horror at the idea of incest with Jeff was dissipating. Maybe it was not so unthinkable, you know?

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"I want to make love to you, my precious and beautiful little sister, my very own Christina," Jeff said, as he kissed each of my nipples. His finger went down to my pussy and was rubbing it, eliciting a moan from my mouth. "Don't you want me?"

"Well yes, of course I do. I'm so turned on at this point I'd love for you to be my first, but it's incest, Jeff. Incest!" I exclaimed.

"Look," Jeff said, as he fingered me. God, he has talented fingers. He's much better even than George was! "Incest is taboo because babies from incestuous relations have serious issues."

"Yeah, I guess that's part of it," I admitted. "Good point."

"You're on birth control, right?" he asked.

"How do you know that?" I asked, outraged. He had no right to invade my privacy.

"You're not very discreet about it. Your stuff is all over the bathroom, you know," he said.

"Oh, yeah. Right. Hey, you haven't been spying on me, have you?" I asked, suddenly alarmed.

"You mean to see you naked, like you are right now? Maybe to caress your pussy with my fingers like I'm doing right now? No, of course not," Jeff said, with a smile of mirth.

"You haven't found my, my,..." I blurted out, saving myself (I had thought) at the last moment.

"Your sex toys, little sister?" he helpfully suggested.

I put my head in my hands and collapsed onto the couch. "I'm so embarrassed."

"You should try sex; the real thing," Jeff said, as he inserted a second finger in me. He was looking for my g spot, I was sure. It felt so good!

Holy shit! What am I thinking? He's my bleeping brother! Am I nuts?

"What do you think we're doing right now? Playing video games?" I said. We spent a lot of our youth playing video games. Now that I thought about it, Jeff was often positioned in such a way that he could look up my skirt. Was he peeping at me back then? What a horndog!

"This is more fun," Jeff said, and then he found my g spot. I gave out a little cry of exclamation.

"Oh-my-God, Jeff, what are you doing to me? It feels divine!" I said, in a husky voice that betrayed just how extraordinarily aroused I was, as if my copious juices spilling out of my vag didn't already give me away.

As Jeff rubbed my g spot his mouth went to my nipples. He gently played with my nipples with his teeth. I was becoming putty in his hands, my naked body shivering with delight as he drove me to new sexual heights.

I tried to keep reminding myself that he's my brother. He is, you know. It's hard to be the strong one, the sane one, when one is naked and being driven to the very edge of sanity itself by the hands, mouth, and teeth of a man like Jeff. Why is it always the woman who must be the one who resists? I guess it's just nature's way, or something.

"What are you doing?!" I screeched in alarm as Jeff began to undress. My sole protection up to now had been that my brother's cock was safely tucked away inside his pants. How can a man undress while he's fingering his sister? Jeff must be ambidextrous, or something.

Holy Moses, what a cock my brother has! It must be twice the size of George's cock! There is no way on earth I'm going to be able to deep throat that monster. It's ridiculous. He's a freak, is what he is. My brother is a freak. Well, no wonder Mandy loves him, hee, hee.

Jeff always seemed to have Mandy wrapped around his little finger, and now I guess I know why. And why, if he has a babe like Mandy at his beck and call, does he want to lay me, too? What's wrong with him?

"Come with me, we're in the window here. If someone drives up our driveway, they'll see us," Jeff said.

"You're just thinking of this now?!? You and George stripped me naked in this very spot, and I sucked off George right here, remember? And only now you're worrying about privacy??" I was pissed I hadn't thought about my exposure before.

"Better late than never. Come on, my little, naked, sister," Jeff said, and he led me by the hand, up the stairs, to his bedroom, leaving my clothes strewn about the living room. Jeff picked me up and tossed me on the bed, and his naked body fell on top of mine, and he kissed me. I could feel his hard cock all along my thigh.

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We kissed for a long time, and his fingers did their thing inside me yet again, and the man gave me a climax. Quite a nice one, actually. Jeff spread my legs and got into position. I screamed and got out from under him.

"We are NOT going to fuck, Jeff. I know you're turned on, and you just made me cum, so how about I play with you for a while?" I asked, and I gingerly reached for his monster cock and tried to put my small hand around it, just barely managing the feat.

The doorbell rang. I panicked of course. "That would be Mandy," Jeff said. So that's why he wanted us out of the front window! He knew Mandy was coming over!

I got away from Jeff and took my naked body into my own room with all deliberate speed. I put on clean panties and one of Jeff's T shirts, the one I often sleep in. I heard Jeff and Mandy talking downstairs. Then footsteps on the stairs, and then Jeff's bedroom door was closing.

Five minutes later I could hear Jeff's bed squeaking and Mandy moaning. I heard Jeff grunt, and then he said, "On your hands and knees, okay?"

This went on and on. More and more moans, ending with a high-pitched scream. By this time, I had my egg-shaped vibrator inside me. I heard soft, feminine footsteps, heading to the bathroom. The bathroom was directly across from my room. I heard Mandy pee (my door was open and I guessed Mandy didn't close the bathroom door).

The egg went crazy inside me, using its special program, and I gave out a little involuntary cry, and Mandy, who was now leaving the bathroom, froze. She came into my room and there I was, sprawled out on my bed, my fresh and clean panties below my knees, my legs apart, and the egg partially protruding from my pussy.

"Hi Christina," Mandy began. "I didn't know you were home." Mandy was stark naked talking to me, a little bit of Jeff's cum trickling down her leg, but she seemed to have forgotten she was baring herself to me, or else she just didn't care. At this point I was so stunned by everything that I myself was unaware of exhibiting myself to my brother's girlfriend.

"Jeff tells me George came over to teach you how to kiss," she said.

"Uh-huh," was all I could say.

"Did you learn?"

"Yes, I guess so," I replied. I closed my legs, forcing the egg a little deeper inside me.

"You know, you really haven't learned to kiss until you've learned how to kiss another girl. Remove your T shirt, and I'll show you, okay?"

I didn't even ask why I had to remove my T shirt to be kissed; by now I was so lost and confused that I just complied. I removed my T shirt, and now I was naked in front of Mandy, my panties still at my knees. My brain was in overload meltdown. George and Jeff had both seen me naked, I had sucked off and deep throated George, Jeff had tried to get me to fuck him, and now his girlfriend Mandy was ordering me about. Worst of all, I loved it. I loved it all.

"You're Jeff's girl, Mandy. Jeff's right in his room. This isn't right," I said.

"I'm not his girl. Not anymore," Mandy said. This made no sense to me. They had just fucked, I was sure! I had heard them, for Pete's sake!

"I'm sorry. I didn't know," I said, feeling it was bizarre to be having this conversation with both of us naked and with me having an egg vibrator sticking out of my pussy. This whole day was surreal, and with no sign of stopping!

"Thanks, Tina. Yeah, I'm not his girl anymore. Now I'm Jeff's fiancé," Mandy said, and she flashed me a huge smile as well as her hand, showing off the serious diamond adorning her finger.

"That's wonderful! Now we're sisters! You're too good for Jeff, you know," I said.

"Yeah, he's fucking up in the world," she replied, and we both giggled.

Mandy leapt onto the bed. "Now for your lesson. Mandy grabbed one of my boobs, and thrust her face into mine, and she kissed me. Her kiss was completely different from those of George and Jeff. It was fierce and strong, and yet soft and sweet at the same time. It was magical, and as if to underline how magical it was, the egg chose that moment to go crazy!

Mandy was rough with my boobs, unlike George and Jeff, who both had been tender and loving. Mandy literally mauled my boobs, but in just the right way. It was hopelessly erotic! Was it rough sex, or something?

Mandy lay on top of me, her boobs crushing my boobs, our two pussies touching, too. She continued to kiss me in her magical way. I quickly learned, and kissed her back the same way. It was quite arousing the way she lay on top of me with her naked, just fucked body, squirming around above me.

"Have you ever tasted cum?" Many asked me.

"As part of teaching me to kiss, Jeff and George had me suck George's cock," I began.

"Cock-sucking is not exactly kissing," Mandy remarked, stating the obvious.

"The lesson was comprehensive," I said, and we both giggled.

"It was your first time cock-sucking, I'm guessing. Someday they'll have to teach you to deep throat. I still can't do it," Mandy said.

"Yes, it certainly was my first time! My only time, too! Anyway, George came in my mouth, and I swallowed, so yes, I've tasted cum," I said. I didn't mention that I had discovered that I had already been able to deep throat. I didn't want to shame her, or to make her jealous.

"You haven't lived until you've sucked some cum out of a girl's pussy. Jeff's cum tastes divine. Much better than George's. I wonder how it tastes mixed with my juices?" Mandy idly thought aloud.

"You've tasted George's spunk?" I was really surprised. Shocked, actually.

"Your brother wasn't the first guy I ever blew, Christina."

"But, but, but, they're best friends! Does Jeff know?"

"Not exactly. He knows that when we met he wasn't dealing with a girl as pure as the driven snow, you know. I got around," Mandy said.

"You were a slut?" I asked, which was not very nice, but it was clear I was asking it with awe in my voice.

Mandy giggled. "That's not a nice thing to say to another girl, Christina. You don't want to become a slut, do you?"

"Well, George kind of woke me up to the magic of sexual fun, you know. I'm still a virgin, though, thank goodness," I said. I couldn't believe Mandy had sucked off George! Had she fucked him, too? How could Jeff not know?

"Do you want to taste Jeff's cum? I have a lot inside me, you know, but it's rapidly being absorbed. Time is of the essence," Mandy said.

"Are you hinting that I should..." I began to ask, losing the courage to complete the sentence.

"I'd love it if you would," Mandy said, and she spread her legs wide.

So, I did it. What a day this was! I put my head between Mandy's thighs and I licked, lapped, and sucked at her pussy. Especially I sucked. Mandy began to moan. The girl was not shy! I was wondering whether Jeff would show up to spy on us, but he didn't.

I stopped when Mandy was getting close. "Before we finish, do you want to taste?" I sucked with all my might, and then Mandy and I French kissed, and I pushed the erotic mixture in my mouth into Mandy's mouth. I sat back and watched Mandy's face. What a beautiful face she had! She also had a great body. She had clear skin with no blemishes, and blonde hair. She had a diamond ring on her finger. She was the personification of perfection. I was beginning to fall for my brother's fiancé! Was it possible I was bisexual? Or maybe I was just oversexed?

"At the risk of throwing caution to the winds, the mixture of Jeff and me is fabulously delicious!" Mandy said.

"I want to give you and Jeff an engagement present," I said, changing the subject to one that was less embarrassing.

"That's easy. Don't freak when I tell you what Jeff would love from you, and what I would love, okay?"

"I'll try not to," I said, becoming very nervous. I hate when people warn you not to freak out about what they're about to say. My anxiety level, never low, spikes.

"The best gift you could give Jeff would be to let him watch us, you and me, getting it on. Jeff has always wanted to watch some live girl-on-girl action, and we are his dream combination, the two women he loves most," she said.

"I've never been willing to do it for him before. I mean okay, I know that I'm bi and all, but making love to a woman so that another person can get his jollies watching, that just isn't my thing. But it's Jeff's birthday, and I love him, and you turn me on, so..."

I smiled. That would be fun! Maybe I really am bi? After all, Mandy just told me she was. Maybe it's not so weird to be bi? What I knew for sure was the idea of sex with Mandy, with or without Jeff watching, excited me, and it excited me a lot.

"And for you? I don't have a lot of money, but I saw some dangle earrings at the mall which would be perfect for the shape of your face..."

"Stop right there. I want the symmetric gift!" Mandy said.

"I don't understand," I replied, and I truly didn't.

"It's my dream to watch Jeff fuck another woman. He's always refused, but he has the hots so bad for you, that if it were you, I think he'd do it! Plus, he'd get another virgin to add to his list of conquests, so I think he'd say yes, especially if you make it clear that's the only way he's going to get to fuck you," Mandy said.

"I'm sure Jeff chose George to teach you to kiss because he knew George would push to get the maximum out of you; George is like that. Jeff no doubt wanted to watch. George must have left you primed for Jeff; he hasn't already fucked you, has he? I'd be sad to have missed that!" Mandy added.

"Do you really think Jeff is like that? You're painting a kind of ugly picture of my brother, you know," I said.

"I love your brother just the way he is. When you love a man, Christina, you take the man as a package, good parts and bad. Women often think they can change the bad parts of a man, but they can't. All they can do, and even that is rare, is to get the man to hide his bad parts from them; but the bad parts are always there. Jeff has his bad aspects, but his good aspects overwhelm them," Mandy said.

"Now, are you going to seduce your brother for me, girl?" Mandy asked.

"Jeff's not the problem. I know he wants us to fuck. He's made that obvious. I'm the problem, Mandy. It's incest, pure and simple. I can't do it," I said.

"Christina, you're going to do it at some point. Jeff is going to want you for his entire life. At some point, when you're older and more cynical, you will succumb to Jeff's magic and charm. Be honest with yourself; you know you will. And when you do you'll hate your nineteen-year-old self for having this chance to get a running start on having sex with the most wonderful man on earth, and with his fiancé's lustful blessing, to boot!" Mandy said.

"I don't know..." I said, and Mandy knew I was wavering.

"Please? And who better to deflower you than a man who loves you with all of his heart and all of his soul, and who wants the best for you? Who better?" Mandy said. She could see she was getting to me.

"I love him too, you know," I said.

"Of course, you do. How could you not? Do you lust for him? Does your body ache for him? Is that why you have that lovely egg inside you, still?" Mandy asked.

I blushed. "Guilty. Guilty, guilty, guilty. Guilty on all counts," I replied.

"Take out the egg, and let's go give me my engagement present: Watching you and Jeff go at it. I'll video it, too. We can all watch it later and fuck to its replay!" and Mandy held out her hand. "We'll invite George, or whoever you want, for the showing of the film, and have a foursome!"

All I had wanted was to learn how to kiss. My head was spinning; no, it had already spun, and things were way out of control!

Shaking with fear, I took her hand. Mandy, whom I now thought of as Grendel's mother, the temptress, led me to Beowulf's bedroom. Jeff was dozing on the bed, naked, his monster cock deflated but still - at least to my eyes - huge.

Mandy sat on Jeff's chest, and she bent over his face, her luscious boobs dangling down before her, as she leaned forward to kiss Jeff. Hidden behind Mandy, I sprawled out next to Jeff's legs, and I took his limp cock into my mouth. It began to grow. What a thrilling sensation, I thought! Jeff's cock was actually growing, filling my mouth, as I sucked away. I could taste that wondrous mixture of his cum and Mandy's fabulous juices on his cock, too.

I wondered to myself: Could I really do this? Could I really commit incest with my very own brother, my very own Beowulf? His cock was hard now. That was fast! I didn't try to deep throat it; I just gave it some more healthy sucks and pumps with my small hand, and then - showtime, everyone!

Grendel's Mom got off Beowulf, leaving him exclusively to me. I smiled at the very surprised, and yet very pleased, sexy man I knew of as my very own brother. His cock was pointing straight up towards the ceiling. I looked at his cock, and then I looked at his face. Our eyes locked. I wanted to ask him if he was okay with this, but it would ruin the mood. Anyway, I knew he was, to a moral certainty.

A moral certainty? Moral? Morality? What the fuck am I doing??

I'm a bleeping virgin! All I wanted was to learn how to kiss! Now in one day I've learned to kiss, to French kiss, to suck a guy's cock, and to deep throat it, too. I've let two men see my naked boobs for the first time, and then I let them see my naked body, and then - to top it off - I let George eat me out to a climax! I've discovered I'm bisexual and I had a quick but lovely session with Mandy, my very own brother's fiancé. Isn't that enough for one day??

Apparently, it's not. Now I'm going to be deflowered, something I thought would only happen in the distant future when I had acquired some experience and had met the right man. I'm going from 0 to 90 in one single day?

And then, on top of everything, I'm about to commit incest? Seriously? But look at him. Just look at him! He's beautiful. His cock must be the nicest cock on the planet. Mandy sure thinks so, and she's been around, I'm sure. I do know for a fact that it's nicer than George's, but to be honest, I loved George's cock. Maybe I just love cock, all cock? Maybe I'm just a cock-hungry slut? What the fuck am I?

Holy shit! What am I thinking? He's my bleeping brother! Am I nuts?

All these thoughts passed through my brain in microseconds. I looked deeper into Jeff's eyes. I saw worlds in them, thoughts I had never seen before, in his eyes just then I saw not just love, not just lust, not just desire, but I saw the promise of ecstasy of our long suppressed longing and - yes - downright need for each other.

This wasn't fun, it wasn't novelty, it wasn't one more notch on my sexual education belt; no, this was something momentous!

Nevertheless, I still almost backed out due to my excessive anxiety and fear, but at that very moment the gorgeous Mandy, her breasts hanging down so seductively, must have sensed my hesitancy. She blew me an air kiss.

I smiled at her, raised my body, and in both the most significant, as well as the bravest moment of my life, I slowly, painfully slowly, lowered myself onto Jeff, with his cock going up, up, up, and up some more, deep into my most intimate, my most sacred passage. The expression on Jeff's face as my pussy devoured his manhood was priceless. I really hoped Mandy had captured it on her phone's camera.

At that moment, Beowulf became Grendel and he consumed me.

Jeff sprang to life once he had penetrated me all the way to my cervix (or so it seemed) and stretched me open with the thickness of three of my eggs, again or so it seemed at the time. Somehow, he flipped us over so that I was below him, my legs wide open, and his cock deep inside me. His body reared up and he studied my face, which no doubt was riven with anxiety.

"You're beautiful when you're scared, my little sexpot of a sister," he said.

Then I must be very beautiful indeed, I thought, because Jeff's cock had broken my hymen and I lay there stuffed full to the rafters with Jeff's long and thick cock inside me. Not only did I have a cock inside me for the first time, but it was my very own brother's cock!

"I love you," I said back. Grendel is a woman eating monster and doesn't say trite phrases like "I love you, too," but in this case, apparently, Grendel made an exception, and Jeff proclaimed his love. Maybe that's easier to do when your cock is deep, deep, inside the woman.

When Jeff began pumping his cock inside me, I almost lost my mind. I thought nothing could top George's eating me out, and the sex with Grendel's mother Mandy was wonderful, but you know it's all nothing, absolutely nothing, compared to the sensation of the monster cock of the man I love most in the world, pumping away inside me.

Each time his cock withdrew, I felt emptiness, but it was a good emptiness because I knew for certain that his cock was coming right back in! I suddenly remembered what Jeff had said about moaning, and I moaned each time his cock entered me. The moaning actually helped, because the sensations were so good, so extremely good, that the moaning gave me an outlet. The moaning gave me a bit of release.

Now I worried that Jeff was going to ruin me for every other man. Well, I had three more years of college to discover if that was true, right? And to paraphrase George R. Stewart (Freshman reading list: Earth Abides ), men may come and go, but family abides. I'd have my brother, and his magnificent cock, forever, now wouldn't I? Mandy was so wise; I was thrilled she was joining the family.

At that thought, I let go. I let my near constant anxiety, and my worries, float away, and I pushed up to meet Jeff's thrusts. For the first time in my life I was able to empty my mind, rid myself of the constant stream of worries that haunted me head, and I found peace. I just let the waves of pleasure roll over me and stopped thinking completely.

It's hard to explain the thrill that comes with the sensation of being freed from incessant anxiety, as Jeff's big, thick cock ravishing me emptied my mind of everything but pleasure, and - especially - love.

Remembering Jeff's wise advice about what men like - and there was no question Jeff was a man! - I began to moan. The moaning became involuntary, and louder and louder, as my arousal rose to the ceiling and then burst through it. The scream when I came was shattering, and it was also - to my surprise - involuntary.

My last thought before I passed out, as Jeff's cock froze deep inside me and he squirted his seed repeatedly, succumbing to the intensity of it all, was that Mandy was going to want to eat me out, tasting the combination of Jeff's cum with my juices. That would no doubt be delightful.

It was, too, when I came around moments later and saw Mandy's head between my legs, slurping away, while Jeff videoed the action. She French kissed me, giving me a taste. This could be addictive, I thought.

I looked forward to a great summer! By the time I would return to college, I could imagine that somehow, I would now be able to convey to the boys there that they could kiss me if they wanted, don't you agree?

"Is George okay for tomorrow night?" Mandy asked. "Jeff has a lot of great friends, you know. So too do I, for that matter."

I don't know why I said this, and I wished I hadn't, because once it escaped my lips, I knew I was doomed. We all three of us knew I was doomed.

"George is fine for a start," I said. I saw the look in my brother Grendel's eyes, and wow - this was going to be some summer!

I knew then that the very next night, when George came to get me, he'd find a willing and completely submissive sexpot waiting for him, waiting to show him - hopefully - the time of his life.