**Country Club Kids**

by Quinn73

**Country Club Kids - Chapter 1**

My sister who is 14 months older, and I grew up on a country club----I know, poor little rich kids. The problem was that we were surrounded by adults and much younger children.

This story starts when we were 14 and 15, so we were too young to have wheels, and too old to hang out with the tweens and pre-teens. My sister Jen, short for Jennifer, was blond haired, blue eyed, 5Ɗ", and about 100 lbs. In other words, gorgeous. I was a little taller, and a little more filled out.

Our parents were so busy working to pay for the country club that they didn't have a lot of time for us. We did have each other though, and we spent a lot of time together with minimal supervision.

It was Summertime, and we were spending a lot of time at the pool. I realized, sort of peripherally, that my sister had grown some nice boobs, but what I didn't know that she also had developed a serious bush, and it embarrassed her no end; always something hanging out of the gusset, along with an unsightly bulge.

Passing by her room one afternoon I heard a cry of pain, and without giving it a second thought, I barged through her door to see what was wrong. What I saw made my jaw drop; she was spread eagled on her bed, naked from the waist down, trying to shave herself. Her cry was from the pain and frustration of cutting herself. Upon seeing me, she screamed, while simultaneously trying to cover herself, and fling a pillow at me. Frankly, I don't know who was more embarrassed, her or me. Anyway, I beat a hasty retreat to my room.

Later she knocked on my door, called out my name, Jeff, and came in. She was really embarrassed, and apologizing all over herself. I sat her down, gave her a hug, and tried to make things easier. When she calmed down, she explained the situation, and expressed her frustration at being unable to do the job herself. In my naivety, I volunteered to help her, and got the look----OK maybe it wasn't a great idea. It all faded into the background, except of course I had a really nice mental image----my first real live female pussy----to use as whacking material.

A couple of days later she came by my room, and popped the question. Was I serious about helping her with her problem. I really loved my sister, and would do anything for her, and told her so. The rules were agreed to: no pictures, no telling, no teasing, no inappropriate touching, and so on. She asked me to give her five minutes and to come to her room. 5 Minutes later, I knocked on her door, and heard a muffled come in. I walked in, and she was lying on her back on her bed fully clothed, with her face covered by a pillow.

She told me that she was just too embarrassed to help, and that I would have to do everything. So, I went and gathered the shaving stuff, and returned to her room, and she was still fully clothed. I really was going to have to do everything.

I unsnapped and unzipped her pants, and started to pull them down; she eventually had to help by lifting her hips. The same with the panties. Next a towel went under her bottom, and I spread her legs apart so that I could get to the problem. Man, I was really embarrassed and excited at the same time. I started at the top of her bush, and worked my way down. As I got nearer to her clit (at the time, I"m not sure that I knew that name) I had to pull, push, and manipulate the skin to make it taut enough for the razor to work. A musky scent filled the room, and Jen was really having trouble staying still. When I got to the area directly between her legs, they had to be really spread apart and my sister was super exposed.

About 15 minutes later, she was clean as a whistle, and I was hard as a rock. I used a damp towel to clean up the shaving cream, and noticed that when I was wiping she really had trouble lying still. Looking back, I"m pretty sure that I could have made some sort of move, but I was just so far out of my element and so far from what I expected that I couldn"t form the thoughts.

When I finished, I really didn't know what to do, so I left her like that, and went back to my room for some serious self-abuse. The next morning, she told me how grateful she was.

About a week later, she asked for a repeat performance. This time, she was wearing sun dress, and all I had to do was slide it up her perfect legs, and expose her panty covered coochie. It went much easier this time because there was less hair, but I also had spent a little time on the net, and knew a little more. When I was pulling and tugging, I also made certain that, the images were forever seared into my brain. Just like last time, she had her face covered the entire time, and hadn't uttered a word, but I did hear an occasional moan or gasp.

As I cleaned her up, she did squirm like crazy. By now, I suspicious that she was using me to masturbate, but I was far from certain, and afraid to do or say anything more than I already had. I was about the leave the room, when I heard a muffled request from under the pillow for me to rub in some lotion. Apparently, the last time, it had itched like the devil. I got some lotion, squirted it on her and immediately got a squeal---too cold I guess. I learned to warm it in my hands and then gently rub it around the area that I had shaved.

What a treat, this was actually touching and massaging a real pussy; I thought that I had died and gone to heaven. I certainly had about a year's worth of masturbatory images, even if she was my sister.

This weekly routine went on for well over a month with me using Dr. Google to perfect my technique. During this time, she also got over her embarrassment enough to lose the pillow, and watch me work. This created the complication of me trying to hide my erection, which it turns out that I did with only limited success. One of the things that I had learned from the net was that many girls also shaved around their bum. So the next time, I suggested to my sister that maybe we should pay attention to that area as well. I got the feeling that she was intrigued, but she said absolutely not.

About two weeks later, when I thought that I was finished, she got a funny look on her face, and asked if I was serious about doing her butt. When I nodded my head, she rolled over. She had to help with this since I couldn't get in there to work without her cheeks pulled out of the way. Talk about an erotic sight, a 15 year old girl legs slightly spread, lying face down, butt cheeks pulled apart, and her little pink star visible. I almost creamed in my pants right then. When I had finished, and was applying the lotion, her anus seemed to be nibbling at my finger. I paid a little extra attention to her starfish, and was rewarded with a couple of sighs.

I finished, and trying to hide my erection, I hurried to my room as fast as my legs would carry me. I ripped off my pants, grabbed some lotion, and was just about to go to town, when my door opened!

**Country Club Kids - Chapter 2**

Of course, it was my sister. I was very busy trying to get my junk out of one hand, the lotion out of the other, and cover myself. In the end, I ended up on the floor in a tangle of bed clothes, and everything sort of hanging out. I was absolutely mortified that my sister had caught me, obviously jerking off to images of her, especially after we had agreed to some fairly strict rules that didn't explicitly prohibit what I was doing, but certainly seemed to frown on it.

It was her turn to comfort me: she helped me untangle from the bed clothes, got me back sitting on my bed, hugged me, and gently stroked my back. Unbelievably, she also put her hand on my thigh, and started moving North.

I was too scared to react, and I just watched. She was very tentative; you know three steps forward, two steps back. I could tell that she wanted to touch it, and I was desperate for her to touch it, but she just kept inching closer and closer, but then sometimes she would pull back. She touched the end of it, and it was obviously electric for both of us, but for different reasons. I had just been touched for the first time by someone other than myself, and I just moaned. She jerked her hand back like it had been burnt on a hot stove. But she came back for more and touched it again. This time she didn't jerk her hand away.

She wrapped her fingers around it, and just held it for a few moments. Then, ever so gently she started stroking back and forth. She looked at me with a questioning look as if to say "Am I doing it right?" I think that the look of pure ecstasy on my face told her everything that she needed to know.

It took a minute, OK maybe 10 seconds, for me to put the embarrassment out of my mind, and return to the present, but as soon as I did, I was in heaven. A real live female was stroking my penis, I was fast approaching climax, and boy did it feel great. When I came ropes of semen flew across the room; she just wiped her hands on a towel, and left the room without a word. The next morning, I was left wondering if I had dreamt the whole thing.

A couple of days later, Jen let me know that it was that time again. I eagerly gathered up the shaving stuff, and went to her room. When I went through the door, I damn near dropped everything; she was completely naked. Her breasts were perfect, about a handful, with light brown aureole that did a great job of setting off her wonderful nipples. My first set of tits, and were they gorgeous. Noticing the look on my fact, she matter-of-factly stated that she just wanted to completely relax, and didn't want clothes in the way. As with all the previous occasions, I had to be very careful. I took my time around her mons, being careful not to nick her clit, and continuously had to move her clit out of the way.

Next, I worked my way down the left and right side of her vulva, and as I pulled and stretched the skin, Jen really had trouble lying still. She was also moaning and almost grinding herself against my hand. When I got a warm towel, and cleaned her up, the grinding reached almost a fever pitch. I got the lotion, and began to spread it around, and, by the time that I was done, she was almost dancing.

I had done a little research, OK Dr. Google, and had learned that the modified diaper position was one way to facilitate shaving her butt. She was very reluctant at first, but with some encouragement, she grasped her knees, spread them apart, and pulled them up to her shoulders. This rocked her pelvis forward, totally exposed her buttocks, and delightfully exposed the area around her anus. It also, of course, really exposed everything else. Her pussy lips were gaping apart, and I was seeing parts of her that I had never seen.

Again, being very careful, I started gently scraping with the razor. Unlike before, this didn't require a lot of touching, pulling, or stretching because the area was wide open, on the other hand, it was wide open. It was wonderful: her pink eye was winking at me, and again, she was squirming to beat the band.

When I started with the lotion, it got even better; she was all over the bed. I mostly concentrated on the areas that I had shaved, but I also ran my fingers through her crack coming into contact with her anus, and it seems to be nibbling at my fingers. Since she seemed to enjoy the attention, and I sure liked giving it, I began to concentrate there. It seemed like she liked it when I applied a little pressure; that is if her moans counted for anything.

I was moving from her front to her back, back and forth, and she was lubricating, moaning, and dancing on my fingers. A virtual river of her cum was running down and over her asshole lubricating everything.

I guess that I applied a little too much pressure, because all at once, one of my fingers popped right into her ass about an inch. Rather than scream or complain, Jen moaned, her head shot up, all of the air was forced from her lungs, her ankles flexed, and her feet came up. I seemed like her whole body went into a spasm. I thought that her asshole was going to break my finger. Needless to say, I didn't know what to do. I pulled it right back out.

I guessed that she'd had enough, well maybe too much actually, because she pulled away from me, her legs came down, and she rolled over onto her stomach. I took that as my cue to leave the room, but before I left, I gave her a playful smack on the backside.

I was headed for the door when Jen sat up, and motioned for me to stand by the bed. She then gently and slowly removed my shorts. My underwear was next. She wrapped her fingers around my member and started gently stroking; her face was so close that I could feel her breath.

Between the triple stimulation of her hand and warm breath, and my unobstructed view of her tits and pussy, it didn't take long at all. When I came, the first few ropes landed on her face, breasts and down her stomach. When I was done, she have my dick a little kiss, and shooed me out of the room.

It occurred to me right then that this wasn't some accidental side effect of shaving, we had gone way beyond that, and I couldn't wait to see where else it went.

I swear that it started out innocently. He is my brother for crying out loud. When we were younger, we bathed together. I needed help, and he seemed like a logical choice. I had no idea that things were going to go where they went.

That first day, in the five minutes that it took Jeff to get to my room, I came to the conclusion 100 times that there was no way that I could even allow him to see me naked, let alone get up close and personal. You might wonder why I didn't go to my mother----our relationship just wasn't the type that would allow me to talk to her about my bush. So, anyway, I hadn't even started to undress, and had just thrown a pillow over my face in frustration when my brother walked in. Luckily he took charge.

When he unsnapped and unzipped my jeans I almost screamed STOP. I was mortified, scared, embarrassed, but most of all, having someone touch me "there" was absolutely exhilarating. Of course I had masturbated before, but nothing had ever felt like this. As he started pulling my pants down I desperately wanted to stop him, but couldn't. Eventually, I lifted my hips to facilitate the process.

After my pants came down, it was time for my underwear, and in that few seconds, at least a hundred times, I tried to chicken out. I was so scared that I couldn't get my mouth to move. So without any resistance at all, I allowed him to expose me completely. I had been dreading this more than anything, but to my surprise, when he slowly spread my legs apart, the absolute turn on of being completely exposed, along with the shame and embarrassment of enjoying it was overwhelming. Man, I was a mess.

When he started rubbing the shaving cream over 'that' area, I almost lost it. The scraping of the razer sent vibrations----of course all to one spot. When he shifted my mons to pull the skin taut, and it put pressure on my clit, I thought I was in heaven. I knew that from just inches away, he could see every inch of me. That thought alone was a powerful turn on, add to it the touching, and I know that I came at least twice. When he actually started moving things around so that he could shave me, it took all my will power to stay still----frankly, I'm not sure that I was 100% successful.

When he finished, I wanted more, but just couldn't admit it to myself, and even if I could, I didn't have the words available to tell him.

A week later, he shaved me a second time. I deliberately covered my face with a pillow, and I was in a little sun dress. The undressing part came a little easier, but the friction on my vulva when he pulled my panties down was wonderful. As he started to spread my legs, I was torn between snapping them back together, and calling the whole thing off; or allowing him to continue. My legs had a mind of their own, and without any conscious thought, they actually spread themselves apart.

Jeff was a perfect gentleman, but all the pushing, pulling, and scraping was absolutely driving me crazy. I tried my best to sit still, but probably wasn't very successful. Even worse, my pussy started lubricating, and lubricating a lot. A musky aroma filled the room, and I could feel dampness between my cheeks where the excess has leaked down. When my legs were spread apart at their widest, and Jeff was shaving in the vicinity of my vagina, I desperately wanted him to shove something in, it could be almost anything, I just wanted something in me.

When Jeff was done, I was incredibly close to my third orgasm, and was desperate for a little more help, and blurted out the only thing that came to mind: "Jeff, to keep me from itching, would you rub some lotion on?" Hell, I could do the lotion myself, but the feeling of him rubbing me there was just too yummy.

I don't know what possessed me to allow him to start doing my butt. I mean, that sounds just a little, OK maybe a lot weird, but he was done, and there was no other reason that I could think of to ask him to continue.

So, I asked him to shave my bum, rolled over, and just expected him to get started. Well, it turns out that he needed a little help, and I had to separate my butt cheeks. My face was crimson with embarrassment, but at the same time, it was deliciously naughty to have him gazing at my most private parts. I could feel my anus expanding and contracting of its own volition, and I couldn't stop it. I had another orgasm before he even touched me.

Jeff didn't know that the lotion was just a ploy to get him to continue manipulating my front. When he finished shaving me back there, out came the lotion, and it was weird, unbelievably naughty, and absolutely heavenly. If you've never had a lover massage your anus, you have no idea what you are missing, and, of course, I hadn't known until then.

Jeff did his best to hide his erections, and clearly they embarrassed him. I don't know what possessed me, but that day right after he left, I decided to go and have a talk with him. Mostly, I intended to put a stop to what we were doing. It was wonderful, but it was illegal, immoral, and just plain wrong. In my anxiety, I barged into his room, and there he was lotion in one hand, his thing in the other, and a horrified look on his face. In his efforts to cover himself, and hide what he was doing, he ended up in a heap on the floor.

I really felt badly, and in a most sisterly way, helped him up, and gave him a hug. But then I realized that sitting right next to me was a half-naked boy, and a pretty handsome boy at that. My hand, in a very unsisterly fashion, moved to his thigh, and then, as if it had a mind of its own, it started sliding towards his penis. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get my hand under control. The first time that I actually touched it, I jerked my hand back like I had been shocked. But then my hand took charge and touched it again. This time I didnâ€™t pull back. In all the excitement, he had started to soften, but as soon as my hand touched his thing, the hardness returned. It was my first time to touch an erection, and I was fascinated by the hot soft outer layer with the rock hard layer underneath. I couldn't help myself, I started stroking. Jeff must had really liked what I was doing, because he moaned once or twice, and then came all over the floor. I was so embarrassed, I just got up and left.

I spent the next several days trying to figure just what in the bloody hell I was doing. This had to stop, and stop right now. There was no way that I, the responsible one, could allow this to continue. I almost told Jeff that more than once, but I decided that if I never invited him back for another shave, it would stop naturally, and there would be no need to discuss it.

Besides, I was way too embarrassed to actually have a conversation about this. Of course those sentiments are easy when you've just had about 5 orgasms in the same day, and plenty of solo orgasms when the lights are out. However, after a few days without human touch, the craving returned, and returned in a major way.

I again asked for Jeff's help, and, of course, he agreed. Up until now, Jeff had always been the one to undress me, and I decided that had to stop. I had to grow up, and at least be a big enough girl to undress myself.

The problem was that on that day, I was wearing a robe with nothing underneath. So, when I removed the robe, I was completely naked. I was trying to find a shirt or something to cover up with when he walked into the room. I really needed to preserve some modesty, and really really wanted to find a cover. However, for more unexplained reasons, I just laid down, and let him go to work.

I was hornier than I had ever been, and it was obvious. I couldn't lie still, I was gushing, and when he was rubbing lotion on my front, I was squirming all over the place.

Then he told me of a new position that he wanted to try for shaving my backside. When he told me that he want me to grab my knees, and pull them wide apart, and all the way back, I almost fainted. There was no way that I was going to be that exposed, or was there.

I reasoned that he had already seen everything anyway, and the idea of being on display like that was certainly enticing, on the other hand I was going to be more exposed than I had ever been. Actually, I think that was the selling point, the total exposure!

He proceeded with his normal shaving routing, first he spread the shaving cream around, and with me in that wide open position, I was as turned on as I had ever been. Every touch was electric. Then there was the gentle scrape of the razor, followed up by him cleaning me up with a warm towel.

As he was spreading the lotion, one of his fingers came into contact with my starfish, and I let out a loud moan; damn it was wonderful. He started paying more and more attention to my rosebud, probably because I couldn't control the moan every time that he touched it. He was beginning to get a little aggressive, and even though there was a little pain, I loved it. Unexpectedly, at least for me, and I think for him as well, my asshole yielded to the pressure, and his finger sunk about an inch in my ass.

Time stood still. My god, the pain was incredible; it felt like a tree trunk had been shoved in. I gripped the sheets so hard that I'm surprised that they didn't rip, my toes curled, I turned my head bit my arm, and all but screamed. Fortunately, the arm biting turned the scream into something that sounded like a moan, and I was mortified to realize that I liked the pain. I mean really liked the pain.

Almost immediately, he pulled his finger out, and I was left with a hollow feeling and some residual pain, and some real questions. In that brief second, I remember thinking, 'What the FUCK is wrong with me?' I scooted away from him, and rolled over. Actually, I rolled over presenting my ass to him for some more play, but he seemed to not get the idea. Again, I just didn't have the words to tell him. He gave me what I sure he thought was a playful smack on my backside, but him being a boy, I'm sure he hit me harder than he intended, and the pain from that was electric.

In almost a trance, I sat up, motioned him closer, removed his shorts and underwear, and started to stroke him. I was completely naked, and he was turned so that when he came, he came all over me. I had come all over my boobs and stomach, and I loved it. I gave his thing a little kiss, and got my first taste of semen. It was so deliciously naughty that I wanted to taste more, but couldn't bring myself to do it with him in the room, so I sent him on his way.

When he was gone, I laid back, and spread his cum around my body. I loved the way it felt when I rubbed it into my nipples. Over and over again, I licked my fingers. Again, I asked myself, "What the FUCK is wrong with me?"

**Country Club Kids - Chapter 3**

We didn't say anything more about the incident, and, as always, I was left wondering if it would ever repeat. Our parents came up with a list of chores for us to do the next day, and they involved spending a lot of time in the 100 degree heat. When we were finally finished we both went inside. I told Jen that she could use the shower first, and she answered with "we can shower together if you like." Of course I'd like.

We were both nervous; we'd done some very sexual things, but they had mostly been under the guise of a fairly innocent activity. This was getting less and less innocent, and we both were in turmoil. Jen took charge, she soaped up a washcloth, and proceeded to wash me from top to bottom. She paid special attention to my groin area, and, by now you can guess that I was sporting a serious erection.

Of course it was soaped up and slippery, so with her bare hands, she started washing my member, back and forth, back and forth. When she cleaned my balls, it was unbelievable. With the gentle motion of her delicate fingers gently manipulating, how I kept from shooting all over her is a miracle.

She then turned me around, and washed my back. When she got to my ass, it got a lot of attention. Her fingers kept traveling from the very top of my ass crack all the way to my balls that she continued to massage from behind. Every time that she passed over my anus, it was electric. When she started a genuine anal massage, I didn't know what to do. I mean, I had certainly done this to her, so it wasn't new territory, on the other hand, my anus was new territory, and while it felt great, I was still a little disoriented by being on the receiving end.

For quite some time, she teased me by massaging my anus, then trailing my fingers back to my balls. She was grabbing my ass cheeks, and spreading them apart. Running all of her fingers through the crack of my ass. As she got more and more aggressive with my anus, it began to hurt, a good hurt, but hurt nonetheless.

I wasn't sure whether I wanted for her to insert her finger or not. Well, as luck would have it, that decision was taken from my hands when her finger shot up my ass about 12 inches. OK, it seemed like 12 inches, it was probably more like 1 or 2. Her fingers being feminine, were much smaller than mine, so there wasn't much pain, but there was some pain, and it was different. A good different, but still different. She began a gentle sawing action which hurt in a good way, but was actually pretty good. For some reason she stopped, and handed the washcloth to me.

Frankly, by the time she quit, as far as I was concerned, she could have gone on forever.

I washed her shoulders, then decided to lose the washcloth when I washed her boobs. Running my soapy hands over those twin globes was unbelievable. She wasn't particularly large, but they were a handful, and the nipples, which were hard as rocks, had a beautiful uptilt on them. The aureola were doing a perfect job of framing the nipples. She was breathing hard which did a great job of animating her tits. I couldn't believe how hard the nipples were, and they loved attention---I surmised this from the little gasp every time that my fingers passed over.

For reasons that I didn't understand, I gave them a little pinch, and was rewarded with a moan. Frankly, I was a little unsettled by this, so I moved on. By the time I was done, you could tell that she was excited. I washed down her stomach, and when I got to her vagina, she had to grab a towel rod for support.

We were both soaking wet, but as soon as my fingers got to her vagina, it was clear that there was more than water down there. It was hot, and soaking wet with a lubricating moisture. I gently massaged that area, but suspecting that Jen was a virgin, I was careful not to do any insertion. I paid careful attention to her clit, but also spent a lot of time stroking from almost her anus all the way to the front, and back again. By the time that I was done, she was dancing on my fingers.

Next I turned her around and did her back.

When I got to her ass cheeks, I gave them a thorough washing, being careful to make certain that I squeezed and rubbed every single inch. As I delved into her crack, I could tell by the way that she moved, that she really liked it. Borrowing a play from her playbook, I started running my fingers from the top of her ass crack all the way to her vagina, and each time that I did I brought copious amounts of lubricant with me. It was getting slick as hell back there. I discovered quite accidentally that I could use my thumb to massage her anus, and at the same time, use my fingers to massage her vagina.

As before, it was almost nibbling at my thumb, and without really intending to, I inserted it a little way. She stood up on her toes, moaned loudly, and started shaking. When I looked up, I could see that she was biting her arm, I guess in an attempt to keep quiet.

I started to move my thumb with tiny back and forth motions, and she begged me to stop. She was taking deep breaths in and out in an attempt to get used to the intruder. After a while, she said that I could push just a little, so I inserted myself another 1/2 inch or so. Then she wanted me to pull it out just a little. Both of these actions caused her to gasp, and stand on her toes.

A little at a time, I was able to lengthen the stroke until very slowly, I was able to go from almost all the way out, to full insertion. The action continued to get more and more frenetic, and her asshole had a steel like grip on my thumb. Actually, a couple of times my thumb did slip out accompanied by a loud moan, and then a gasp when I pushed it back in.. By the way that she was moving and moaning, I could tell that she was headed for orgasm. When she came, she all but collapsed, and ended up kneeling on the floor of the shower.

There she was, on her knees, her mouth about six inches from my turgid member. I could tell that she was tempted, she was looking at it, licked her lips, and her head started forward. Then she hesitated. This cycle repeated itself several times until her tightly closed lips were actually in contact.

With her lips mostly closed, her tongue snaked out, and ran around the end; now it was my turn to need support. Gradually, in fits and starts, she engulfed it, and started moving her head back and forth while her tongue worked around it as well. It was the most incredibly erotic thing I had ever imagined; my beautiful naked sister, kneeling on the floor of the shower, wet, with her mouth and tongue working on my dick.

She started bobbing her head back and forth with abandon, and it didn't take long for my balls to boil over.

Recall that neither of us had any experience with any of this, so we had no real idea what would happen when I came. I had no idea that maybe I should warn her. Luckily, when it started, it was aimed more at her cheek, so we missed the whole gag thing. Unbelievably, she continue sucking, until I was done. I gently picked her up, and gave her a kiss, our first. I noticed a funny, kind of salty flavor to the kiss, and realized that it was probably my cum. It was my very first taste of semen.

A few days later, our Dad decided that we had some yard work to do. By the time that we were finished, I was incredibly sweaty, and really needed a shower.

He and I shared a single shower between our bedrooms, so he would have to wait until I finished, and he was way to sweaty and dirty to sit down. I guess that he could have used the master shower, or he could have used the guest shower. On the other hand, we had already seen each other naked, and I reasoned that the shower would be asexual, so I invited him to shower with me. Of course he agreed, and was hard instantly. So much for asexual.

I really enjoyed the looks on his face as I washed him. When I got to his member, I paid special attention to it and his ball sack. The truth is that I was lubricating like crazy, and was desperate for anything, everything.

I turned him around, and started at his shoulders and worked my way down. When I saw the soap running down the crack of his ass, I just had to go exploring. I washed him completely, and then started running my finger up and down the crack passing over his anus. I doubt that he even realized that he moaned the first time that I made contact. I really wanted to press my finger inside, but just couldn't bring myself to do it, so I just started caressing him all the way from his anus to his balls.

As I spent more and more time massaging, and probing around his anus, I eventually got adventuresome, and really wanted to press a finger inside. I reasoned that I needed a little lubricant, and I certainly had plenty on hand, so I reached between my legs, gathered a little on my finger, and returned to his anus. Several trips from my pussy to his anus, and I was ready to give it a try. I pushed a little, but nothing happened, pushed a little more with the same result, and suddenly, my finger popped in an inch or two.

I doubt that he even realized it, but he moaned rather loudly when my finger went in, and when I started sawing back and forth, his hips were moving back to meet my thrusts.

I doubted that he was going to cum in that fashion, and I was desperate form him to do me, so I removed my finger, gave him a playful swat, and handed him the washrag.

The first time that his hands touched my breasts, remember that no boy had ever touched them before, I couldn't believe it. The more that he massaged, the more excited that I got. Every time he touched a nipple, it was like being shocked.

When he got to my vagina, I was so consumed by need that I could barely stand. I was still a virgin, so I was concerned about him ramming a finger up there, but he was a perfect gentleman.

When he turned me around, and got to my backside, it was heavenly. He washed me thoroughly, and gave me a very gentle and loving anal massage. It occurred to me that this might actually be better than the front. I could feel my anus almost winking, and I was reaching orgasm after orgasm.

Before long, he was moving back and forth from my front to my back. I guess, in the back of my mind, I realized that he was lubricating my anus, and I should have known what that meant, but it didn't register.

Before long, he had his fingers massaging my front, while his rather thick thumb was massaging the back. He started putting gentle pressure on my anus with his thumb, and it hurt, but it sure felt good at the same time.

When his thumb popped in, I went into sensory overload: it felt fantastic, my orgasms that had been small to that point got stronger, and it hurt like hell---I begged him to stop. After some time spent trying to relax, and get used to the pain, I suggested that he start really small back and forth motions. God did it hurt; it felt like a pile driver.

In spite of the pain, I was really getting into it, dancing on his hand, and pushing back to meet his thrusts. A couple of times, his thumb popped out, which left me feeling empty, and the renewed pain when he shoved it back in was delicious. My ass was gripping his finger so tightly that I'm surprised that I didn't break it.

The finger stimulation in the front, coupled with the thumb in my ass was causing me to go into orgasmic overdrive. He thought that I had an orgasm, which was true, but I was really having orgasm after orgasm, and needed a break, so after a particularly strong orgasm, I just kind of fell down to my knees. I was so exhausted from the yard work, and the multiple orgasms, that I finally collapsed in a heap on the floor of the shower. When I came to my senses, I was eye to eye with his manhood.

Of course, I'd heard about oral sex before, and had always thought it was yucky. But, here was a very freshly washed member right in my face, I reasoned that I had tasted semem before and it tasted pretty good, and I should at least give it a try. On the other hand, this was such new territory for me that I was scared shitless, and because of my inexperience I didn't really know what to do. I leaned forward, and sort of gave it a closed mouth kiss, which elicited a moan from somewhere above my head.

I was rewarded with a tiny drop of pre-cum on my lips. When I stuck my tongue out to get a taste, my tongue ended up in contact with him, eliciting another moan. I still wasn't sure that I wanted to do this, and my mind was saying, "NO!" but my mouth and tongue had their own agenda. It started with me running my tongue all the way around the tip kind of like a lollipop.

Finally, I decided to take the plunge, and let it in my mouth. My only regret is that I couldn't see his face when I plugged in. His moan just about said it all. I found out that I really liked the feel of it moving around my mouth, and my tongue just loved dancing around it.

I doubt that he even registered it, but while I was sucking him, I had reached around, and was gripping his ass cheeks with both hands, and had a finger playing with his anus.

I had every intention of not swallowing, for that matter, of not even allowing him to come in my mouth; this was not going to come to fruition, I would finish him with my hand. You know about the best laid plans. First he dribbled a little pre-cum, and that tasted great, and as he got closer and closer, I just couldn't quit. My backup plan was to stop at the first sign of orgasm, like so many intentions in the recent past, just went by the wayside. When he came, I not only allowed him to do it in my mouth, I actually swallowed most of it.

Jeff gently picked me up, and give me a kiss---another first. I realized about a second too late that there was still some come on my lips, and I expected some sort of horrible reaction, but he kissed me again and again.

Completely sated, we dressed, and retired to the family room for some TV. Jeff seemed to be fine, but I was concerned about having seduced my brother, and, perhaps more importantly, the fact that I seemed to be into pain.

**Country Club Kids - Chapter 4**

The next day, Jen came to my room, and clearly was really upset. I sat her down, gave her a big hug, and asked her what was wrong. She just let it all out: her guilt about initiating a relationship with me, her guilt about doing anything sexual at all---too young, she felt like a slut, and then she dropped the bombshell; she told that that she was afraid that she was into pain.

She explained that the times that I put my finger in her ass, that it hurt like crazy, but she absolutely loved it. She even told me that when I had swatted her butt the other day, she had orgasmed. Jen wanted to confront the issue head on, and had an idea. She wanted to be spanked, lightly spanked, completely clothed, but nonetheless spanked. In some weird way, she seemed to think that this would help.

I really loved my sister, and would do anything for her, besides, anything that allowed me to touch her backside, would be just fine with me.

We agreed on the rules: light spanking only, over her clothes, no skin on skin, no sex play. She was wearing denim shorts, so they offered some protection, and this seemed like the ideal time to try.

I got my desk chair out, put it in the middle of the room, and sat down. She draped herself over my knees, with her head to my left, and her feet to my right, and the object of my affection right under my eyes. She was wearing a fairly modest top, but her shorts were pretty short, old-fashioned denim, and they did a great job of encasing and accentuating her beautiful ass.

I gave her a light swat, and she giggled, and told me I would have to do more than that. So, I gave her a good swat, and this got her attention; her head came up, her ass jumped, and she squealed. The next blow was just as hard, and she started moaning.

By now, I was seriously erect, and she kept rubbing against it. Her ass was really moving around, and she had started crying very softly. After about 25 swats, my hand was starting to hurt; the denim was rough, and had rivets. On the other hand, she really seemed to be enjoying the whole thing. She was crying nonstop but kept wiggling her ass, and it almost seemed like she was lifting it up to meet the next swat.

We stopped for a short breather, and I showed her my hand which was really red. In response, she told me that she wanted to lose the shorts. Against my enlightened self-interest, I argued that we had agreed that she would be clothed. She nodded her head, but said that panties covered all the important stuff, kind of like swimsuit bottoms. Also, she said that my hand wouldn't take much more, and if she took off the shorts, it would be easier for me.

So, she stood up, and seemed a little surprised that I reached out, unsnapped and unzipped her shorts. They were too tight to simply slide down, I had to get my fingers into the legs, and walk them down. Once they came down a ways, I was able to easily slide them down her perfect legs.

This left her only protected by a tiny pair of translucent panties, and I could see a wet spot between her legs. As soon as the shorts came off, the faint musk scent that had been in the room, became much stronger. She really did like the pain.

Again, she delicately placed herself over my knees, I started spanking. Once I could see the effects that the spanking was having, I was in heaven. The first spank landed on her right cheek, and brought an immediate yelp of pain. It also caused the cheek to jiggle wonderfully, and shortly after, I could see a faint reddish hue through her panties. The next spank landed on her left side with about the same effect. I alternated back and forth, sometimes higher on her ass near her hips, and sometimes closer to her legs. Compared to her ass, I had pretty big hands, so some of the swats landed squarely in the middle.

After about 12 swats, I was a little winded, her crying had reach a fever pitch, and I wanted to assess the damage, so I stopped and just caressed the object of my affection. It was boiling hot, and red as a beet. If it was possible, as I was caressing, she was dancing around even more. Reasoning that she had taken the first 12 with no problems, I started again.

I had to grip her with my left hand to hold her down, and it was wonderful watching her legs kicking flailing around. Her panties were soaked, but her ass seemed to rise up to meet every swat. When I finished, she was crying, I mean really crying, and once I realized this, I felt like a total jerk, and stood her up to give her a hug.

She gripped me like I was her lifeline, and cried on my shoulder for at least 10 minutes, and then between sobs and hiccups, she told me that she wanted to be spanked totally naked, and she really wanted the spanking to be pretty hard. She also admitted that several times she had almost asked me to stop because of the pain, and she didn't want to risk stopping the spanking prematurely, so we agreed on a safe-word, rex. Unless she said that word, I was to ignore any pleading or crying.

By now, we'd reached an unspoken agreement that I was in charge of removing her clothing, so she just stood there with her head down while I unbuttoned her shirt and exposed her bra covered breasts. Her nipples, must have been hard because they were clearly visible poking through the fabric of her bra. She had turned around so that I could reach the clasp of her bra, so when I was ready to remove her panties, she was facing away from me. She winced when I started peeling them down, and I understood why; her ass was red and blistered.

I know it was against the rules, but when her ass came into view, I just couldn't help myself, I gave it a couple of kisses. She didn't seem to mind though; she did a little leg wiggle. When she turned around, I could see that her nipples were puffy and beautiful. Her muff, thanks to my help with the razor, wasn't a muff at all, just two really nice camel toes. I desperately wanted to suckle her beautiful tits, but I had already crossed the line when I had kissed her bum, and I felt like I had to refrain.

We agreed on 25 hard swats with my hand, and then we'd assess the damage, and decide whether to continue. I don't know what came over me, but some primal urge had taken control, I laid them on much harder than I intended, alternating left and right, and sometimes right in the middle. Her bottom was totally crimson, and was starting to blister in places. She was in a full cry, hiccups, tears, and begging me to stop, but no safe word.

Sometimes between spanks, I'd just rest my hand on her ass, or even dip into the valley between her legs. She was soaked; my pants had a huge wet spot where he pussy was resting on my leg. I was really getting into the whole thing now, and the last five came pretty quickly, and were the hardest yet. She was crying to beat the band when I finished. Even if she wanted to continue, I was convinced that we had to stop for now. I got some lotion, and spread it gently and lovingly on her ass. My right hand hurt like hell, so it was resting on her thigh while my left hand massaged the lotion into her fanny. She was still crying, but as I continued with the butt massage, her legs began to spread apart.

Even though we had agreed that we wouldn't do anything sexual, this was too good of an invitation to pass up. With my right hand, I worked my way up her leg, and into pussy, while with my left hand, I gently caressed her ass. She was sopping wet, and was really wiggling around. As far as I knew, she was still a virgin, , so as much as I wanted to, I didn't put my finger in her vagina, but I did spend a lot of time on her clit.

Eventually, my left hand wandered into her ass crack, and started to massage her anus, while my right hand continued to masturbate her. She had told me that she was into pain, and inserting things in her ass hurt like hell, but she liked it, so without a lot of preparation, I jabbed a finger into her ass. When I did, she actually screamed.

When I started sawing back and forth, she was moaning, squirming, and I could barely hold her in my lap. I'm not absolutely certain, but I believe that she was having orgasm after orgasm. I was so off in my own world that it didn't register the first time that she said 'rex', probably not the second either. Eventually, she screamed rex loud enough, and got my attention.

She fell to the floor in what closely resembled a faint. I desperately wanted relief, but she was almost comatose, her ass was red and abused, and I wanted to be a gentleman. Correct that, I didn't want to be a gentleman, but I felt like I had to. I gathered her up, carried her to her room, and put her to bed.

I haven't controlled anything else since this whole thing started, so I'm not sure what made me think that I could control this. I asked Jeff to spank me, lightly, over my clothes, non-sexually, but just as soon as I lay over his lap, my motor started running. Instant turn on!

The first swat was so light as to be a joke, but then he really started, and it really hurt. I was almost jumping around in pain and pleasure. The two seemed to meet right in the center of my clit. He said that he gave me 25, but it could have been 125; I was too far gone to count or care. We were both out of breath, me from excitement, and him from a combination of excitement and exhaustion. While we rested I saw that his hand was red and almost raw. I immediately felt sorry for him, and felt badly because it was me who caused it.

I also felt really guilty for leading him astray, and starting down this path. I decided that the only way to make it right was to escalate the spanking to the next level of pain. I suggested that he take my shorts off and spank my nearly bare bottom.

I was wearing pretty shear panties that would offer little or no protection. I was actually going to remove the shorts myself, but before I could, Jeff motioned me closer and did it for me. What an erotic feeling to know that my brother was taking my shorts off, and could see a pretty good outline of my pussy. Also, I could see his erection. Even better, I knew what was going to happen next.

Very carefully, I leaned over his lap, remember my ass was really sore. With his first spank, I was sure that I had let this go too far. The sting was worse than anything that I could remember feeling. It landed on my right cheek, and sent a jolt that went from the top of my head to my toes. However, right in the middle was a special spot; it went there also, and man did it feel good. I just wasn't certain that the pleasure was worth the pain. I didn't get a long time to ponder as the second spank landed a second or so later. Again, the pleasure was great, but the pain was almost unbearable.

I totally lost track of the number of swats, but at some point, Jeff stopped spanking me, and just started rubbing. I hadn't seemed like 25, but I assumed that he knew what he was doing. God the rubbing felt good. His hand was all over the place, and I just couldn't get enough. Some parts of my ass were on fire more than others, and I was wiggling my ass around to get his caresses on the right spots. I was having mixed feeling about the spanking being over because even though it was very painful, it also felt great.

Imagine my surprise when Jeff told me that I had 12 to go, and he started spanking again. Frankly, I wasn't sure that my ass could take 12 more. However, 12 spanks later, I would have done anything for this to continue. It seemed like I was having an orgasm with each spank.

I could tell that Jeff was tired, and he had a very obvious erection. I knew that he needed relief, but I wanted to up the ante, I wanted it all, I wanted to feel more of this delicious pain. As I often do when I'm excited, I let my alligator mouth overload my sparrow ass, and I told Jeff to strip me totally naked, and really beat me.

The look on his face when he was taking off what few garments remained, was priceless. When he pulled my panties down, the pain of the hem scraping over my ass, that delicious pain, was electric. I actually expected him to fondle or lick my titties when they came into view, and truthfully, he could have done anything, anything that he wanted, and I would have allowed it. However, he was a perfect gentleman, and he stuck to the task at hand.

I lay over his lap again, with my breasts resting squarely on his left leg, and my ass over his right. When he started spanking, I started squirming which caused the rough denim on his left leg to start scraping my breasts----God did that feel great. It hurt on my ultra-sensitive nipples, it hurt a lot, but I still loved it.

Even better, the mons of my bare pussy was scraping on his other leg. The deliciously painful friction in both places coupled with the sharp pain of the spanking had me in orgasmic bliss. The orgasms just ran together, and wouldn't stop. I was so exhausted that I'm not sure that I could have gotten out the safe word. Thankfully Jeff stopped on his own. I was, crying, snot running out of my nose, tears outlining my face, hiccuping, and totally inert.

Then Jeff did the most wonderful thing; he started rubbing lotion into my ass. As I gradually started to come around, I realized what a good view he had, but I wanted him to see more. I wanted him to look at my most private places. I needed for him to have an unfettered view. If I'd had the strength, I'd have reached back and pulled my cheeks apart so that he could see my anus also.

I imagined that I had an audience of more than one. What a turn on. I couldn't spread my cheeks, but I could spread my legs apart. I tried to do it slowly so as to not be obvious, but he probably knew that it was on purpose. He also knew that I was canceling our agreement to keep this non-sexual.

His fingers found their way into my sex, and with his other hand, a finger stuffed its way into my ass. Again with the pain, but what a great pain it was. He started sawing back and forth in the back, while rubbing my clit in the front. The pain gradually subsided, but not the orgasms, they just continued to build.

Every time that he pushed his finger it, it went right to my clit. This went on for several minutes, and I just couldn't take it any longer, so I called out "rex!" Nothing happened, he just kept going. I must have screamed 10 times, the last one loud enough to be heard next door before he actually stopped. I collapsed on the floor.

I woke up the next morning in my own bed---on my stomach of course. I love my brother!

I was lying there in a blissful state when my mother came in, before she left for work, to tell me that later in the evening, my cousins Rebecca and Peter would be coming late in the day to spend a couple of weeks. Some family problem that their parents had to take care of. I had been plotting something, and this news required that I put my plan into high gear.

**Country Club Kids - Chapter 5**

I was sound asleep when she came in, and crawled into bed with me. I had masturbated twice last night after I put her to bed, but when her naked body came into contact with mine, I rose to the occasion. We snuggled for a while, she was lightly stroking my member, while I fondled her ass.

Her face was buried in my neck, and when she said my name, I could barely hear her. She said it again to get my attention. She told me that she had a big favor to ask. She hem hawed around, and just couldn't seem to get it out. Finally, I gently grabbed her shoulders, pushed her away so that I could see her face, and I asked her to just spit it out.

She got even more embarrassed, and it a very meek voice, asked if I would do her in the ass. Just as soon as she got it out, she was totally embarrassed, and re-buried her face in my neck. Of course I was going to say yes, but I hesitated while I tried to work out the logistics. She took this to mean reluctance, and started crying in shame. I had to reassure her that I had every intention of complying with her request.

We were both naked so that part was already taken care of, so we put both of my pillows in the center of my bed, placed a towel over them, just in case there was some leakage, and Jill assumed the position.

I gently started to rub lotion around her anus with one hand, while massaging her pussy with the other. This was the first time that we had done this without significant warm-up, so it seemed to go a little slower.

Eventually, her starfish started nibbling at my finger, and I slowly began to insert it. She moaned, and said something like, 'Crap that really hurts!' I asked her if she wanted me to stop, and she wanted me to continue, she just wanted me to go slowly.

I began to lightly saw back and forth, and she started moaning. When it started to get a little dry, I added more lotion. Eventually, my finger was going all the way in, then almost all the way out, and she was taking it. Her hips were grinding on the pillow, and my erection was almost painful.

She asked me to add a second finger, and all but screamed when it went in; I don't know if from pain or pleasure. Another couple of minutes of this, and I had to have relief. I quickly spread some lotion on my dick, and climbed in behind her.

I lined myself up, and started to push. It slipped out, and went down between her legs eliciting a moan. I tried again, and it slipped the other way. I told Jen that she would have to spread'em for me so I could see what I was doing.

She reached back and spread her cheeks. Talk about an erotic sight; her cheeks spread, and her brown eye winking at me. I very carefully lined up, and started to push. I had barely gone in at all, when Jen screamed, I mean really screamed.

I immediately yanked it out. It scared me to death that I had done some sort of permanent damage, but Jen wanted to try again, and asked me to push very very slowly. Also, unless she specifically asked, don't yank it back out as that hurt almost as much as going in.

She started sucking big gulps of air, I guess to control the pain. I pushed a little harder, and nothing happened unless you count the increased volume of her moans. I pushed even harder, and was rewarded when the head popped in. I froze. She was panting, crying, and frozen in place; she also begged me to not move.

Again with the panting. After a few seconds, she told me to continue, but to go real slow. Eventually with a lot of pushing on my part, and groaning on her part, it went in another inch, and again, she made me stop. Aside from the one blow-job, this was the first time that my dick had ever entered a female.

I was so randy by then that I just wanted to shove it all the way home, and fuck the living daylights out of her. I controlled myself, and did some heavy breathing of my own.

Eventually, she let me continue, and I went in inch by blessed inch accompanied by mews, and cries, squeals, and hiccups. She was in pain, and loved it. Her ass was squeezing my dick so hard that I was in pain, and loved it as well.

Eventually, my public hair came in contact with her beautiful ass, we just lay there panting. I looked down, and the sight of her anus fully gripping my dick almost put me over the edge.

Finally, she agreed that I could start moving, but very gently, I started moving back and forth, accompanied by cries and whimpers. As this went on, I was losing more and more control, and my thrusts became more and more rapid. Of course they were firmer as well.

As much as I wanted to be a complete gentleman, eventually, I couldn't control myself, and I started to savagely fuck her ass. She was crying, shaking her head back and forth, and saying no over and over again, but I just couldn't stop; it was like I had been taken over by a demon.

I finally felt my come about to boil over, and rammed into her as hard as I could, and splashed her insides. When I came, I shoved to hard that I think that I found new territory in there, and Jen wailed.

As soon as I came down from my orgasmic bliss, I realized what I had done, and was totally embarrassed. I was still buried to the balls in her ass, and she was sobbing uncontrollably, and saying my name over and over again.

I wanted to yank myself out, and go run and hide, but that didn't seem reasonable, so I just lay there and started rubbing her arms and shoulders. Eventually, her crying subsided, and between hiccups, she thanked me.

I couldn't believe my ears, what was she thanking me for? I had savaged her, she should have been really pissed off; instead she was thanking me. When I finally pulled out, she ran to the bathroom so that she wouldn't leak anyplace, came back with a warm washcloth to clean me up with, and gave me a kiss. We snuggled for a while, and started dozing. We decided that we were at risk of going to sleep, and getting caught, so she went back to her room.

Yesterday, after the spanking, when Jeff had his finger in my ass, the pain was so delightful, especially when he started moving it around, that I knew what I had to try. The problem was that I wanted to gradually work up to it over time, but with my cousins coming to spend two weeks, I knew that I would either have to wait for two weeks, or do it today.

I was really in a quandary; I really, really, really wanted to do it, but I was afraid, afraid of the act itself, and afraid to ask Jeff. We had already gone way off the rails, and I was afraid that he would eventually rebel. I couldn't decide what to do.

I did the only thing that seemed reasonable to me; I padded down to his room, in my birthday suit of course. I crawled into bed with him, and then completely lost my nerve. I just snuggled up and started to stroke him, thinking that I would give him the blow job that he so desperately deserved.

He started fondling my ass, this started my engine running, and, even though I had decided against it, I blurted out his name with the intent of asking him. When I had his attention, I again lost my nerve. Finally he grabbed me by the shoulders, asked me what was going on, and I just blurted it out.

He didn't answer right away, and I just knew that I had crossed the line; I buried my face in his neck. Again, I was embarrassed to the max. Finally, he said that he would do it.

I was too ashamed to do anything; Jeff took charge. He put pillows in the middle of his bed, a towel on top, and had me lie face down. He started massaging me front and back, and it was wonderful. He was rubbing my anus, and I loved it.

Again, without me intentionally doing anything, it started to expand and contract. When Jeff inserted his finger, it felt like a hot poker had been stuffed in there; I cried out in pain. I begged him to take it slow and easy. Eventually, he has his whole finger in, and the pain began to subside. Jeff's dick wasn't huge, but it was a lot bigger than his finger, and I knew that some more stretching would be required. I asked him to add another finger, and when he did the pain was deliciously unbearable---almost. I did scream though.

Remember that I'd been spanked very thoroughly the day before, and my ass was still very sore and blistered. All that rubbing around back that added another component to the pain.

When Jeff decided it was time, he removed his fingers, lubed up his dick, and tried to put it in. Twice he missed the mark, and then asked me to spread my cheeks. This reminded me of yesterday when I imagined that we had an audience, and it was an even bigger turn-on. Just thinking about people watching was incredibly erotic.

I was harshly snapped back to reality when Jeff's dick popped in. I screamed, my head came back, my legs came up and I tried to push my ass forward to get away. The pain was so unbearable that I started panting just trying to control it. Eventually, I was able to allow him to continue, and each inch was a wonderful new adventure in pain.

Eventually he bottomed out, and we just lay there with him buried to the hilt. I knew it wasn't possible, but I felt like I could feel every pubic hair on my very sore ass. Once the pain subsided to a reasonable level, Jeff started moving back and forth very gently. It occurred to me that I was actually getting fucked for the very first time.

This gentleness went on for a short while, but eventually Jeff's hormones got the better of him, and he started to speed up. Before I knew it, he was pounding me so hard that I thought that the bed might break.

The pain mixed with the pleasure and pure nastiness of what we were doing started to have the desired effect. I was pretty sure that my ass would never be the same again, but I was also having orgasm after orgasm.

Finally, he rammed into me as far and as hard as he could, and announced that he was coming. The pain and pleasure were so intense that I was crying nonstop. When I finally got myself under control, I thanked him. In that moment, I felt closer to him than I had ever felt. I couldn't explain it; I just felt that way.

We snuggled, and I wanted to do that all day, but we started to doze, and we felt like I'd better get back to my room in case someone came home.

I went to bed, and went to sleep smiling with the most delicious pain both on my ass cheeks, and my anus.