**Fun with Naomi**

By H.G. Collins

**Part 1**

My brothers were always mean to me. I had gotten used to it of course and after all, it was just how some families were. My best friend Katie had four brothers. I wish I had her brothers because they were all really nice to her.

Even though my two brothers were mean, they were never really that bad. At least not until I was eight years old. I remember the day everything changed, like it was yesterday.

They had a friend over and they were all off in my oldest brother's room, doing gross boy things. I was just playing by myself in my room and minding my own business when my youngest brother entered my room.

“Get out of here!” I yelled at him. I didn't like it when my brothers went in my room.

He didn't say anything and just grabbed me by the hair, pulling me screaming into my older brother's room where he and his friend were waiting. This wasn't so unusual. While he didn't pull my hair often, he had a couple of times before, so nothing seemed too out of the ordinary... at least at first.

When he pulled me into the room, I could see their friend and my oldest brother playing video games on the PlayStation.

“Our slut sister isn't wearing any panties,” my youngest brother, Andy, announced. He was thirteen and only a year younger than my oldest brother.

“I am too,” I countered. "Now let go!"

Still holding me by my hair Andy asserted, “No, she's not. I'll show you.” Andy let go of my hair and grabbed the sides of my jeans, and not bothering to unbutton them, began to pull them down.

“Andy, stop!” I yelled at him as I grabbed the waist of my jeans in a futile attempt at keeping them on.

By this time, my oldest brother, Sean, and his friend had paused their game and were watching as Andy had begun to pull off my jeans. Of course, I was actually wearing panties and had begun to feel embarrassed as the purple fairies and butterflies were now showing against the pink fabric.

Andy knocked me to the floor. I was still attempting to pull my jeans up even though by this time they were around my knees. It wasn't long before he pulled my jeans clean off.

“Look at her stupid little girl panties,” Andy said as I stood up and tried to free my jeans from his grasp.

“Give them back!” I demanded,

He raised my jeans above his head and I jumped almost able reach them. He tossed them to my older brother, Sean, who was much taller.  At that point I gave up, hoping to make a quick retreat back to my room.

Unfortunately, their fun was not over. Andy's hands were back on me again, this time tugging at my shirt. There was no way I was letting him get my shirt off. I forced my arms down, pinning them to my sides.

“Get off me,” I cried to him though I knew it was in vain. My brothers never listened to me when I asked them to stop, even in front of my parents who never seemed to care. Whenever I cried to them they just told me to stop being such a “stupid little girl.” I think they wanted another boy when I was born. Sometimes I wished I had been born a boy too. This was one of those times....at least at first.

Andy struggled to get my shirt off. Whenever he would pry my arms up, I would immediately force them back down as his hands went back to my shirt. Seeing that he wasn't having much luck, Sean, my older brother came over to help. He was stronger than my younger brother and had no trouble pulling my arms over my head. 'Now my boobies are showing,' I thought as they lifted my shirt up and over my head.

I tried to cover myself at first, crossing my arms and holding my hands over my flat chest. But Andy forced my arms to their sides and all three boys were treated to a good view of my little girl chest and panties. I could feel their eyes piercing me as they all stared at my body. I was ashamed, but at this point, I had yet to allow myself to cry. That was all about to change.

“Hey, Mike, how would you like to take my little sister's panties home as a souvenir?” Sean asked his friend. Not even waiting for an answer, Sean leaned over and yanked my pink fairy panties down. Alas, my entire body was bare and I was completely at the mercy of my brothers and their friend.

“Please give me my clothes back,” I begged as tears began to flow freely down my face.

“Little girls are supposed to get naked for their brothers, whenever they want them to,” Sean said as he handed my panties to his friend. Mike stuffed them in his pocket and I never saw my pink fairy panties again.

“You should be grateful that we even let you wear clothes most of the time,” Sean scolded me. It was at that moment that Andy forced his finger in between my bare butt-cheeks.

“Stop that!” I snapped quickly turning around. I began to inch away from Andy only to come closer to Sean who reached his hand underneath me touching my hairless kitty lips. I jumped up letting out another cry. All the boys were laughing at me and staring at my body. It was Mike's turn and he moved forward grabbing both of my undeveloped breasts with both hands.

This went on for several minutes. One boy would touch me and I would do whatever I could to try to get away. Before they were done, all three of the boys had their hands all over me rubbing and pinching me wherever they deemed fit. It seemed there was no place on my body they didn't touch. Although, they undoubtedly favored my butt, my pink little nipples, and my kitty.

Sean, my oldest brother, was the first one to rub me right up between my legs. Andy held me in place as Sean's hand explored and made its way inside my lips. I was of course, mortified at first, but then it was starting to feel good, really good. How can this be? The other boys caught on and started doing it too. I tried really hard not to show that I was enjoying it; afraid they would stop. My facade ended when Mike fingered my clit and I let out an excited giggle. To my delight, they didn't stop.

After a while, the boys were done. They forced me out into the hallway. I was still devoid of any clothing as my brothers had hidden mine from me. I quickly scampered back to my room, but before I could make it, my dad saw me and I knew I was in trouble.

“Young lady, what makes you think you can ramble around this house without any clothes?”

“I'm sorry,  I...”

“I don't want to hear it," my dad replied in his usual gruff manner.  "I'm tired of your excuses, Naomi. We have a guest over and there is no reason why you should be masquerading around without any clothes. Put on your pajamas and come downstairs so we can talk about your punishment.”

“Yes, sir,” I answered as I heard the boys snickering from the other room.

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Once I was dressed, I went downstairs for my punishment. Dad was standing there in the kitchen with his arms crossed and a smirk on his face.  "You deal with her," he told my mother.

My mother turned to me with an unmistakable glower. “What gave you the impression you could scamper about in your birthday suit, young lady?” she scolded.

“Andy and Sh....”

My mother cut me off, “Enough! I'm tired of hearing you tattle on your brothers. It's time you learn to start taking responsibility for your actions, Naomi. I'm having your dad take off the door off of your room first thing tomorrow morning. If you want to run around the house naked, you obviously don't need to have any privacy either."

“No, please!” I cried. My room was the only place I could get away from my brothers. Without my door, they could come and go as they pleased. My mother was unrelenting, but I continued to beg her.

“Enough, Naomi! I'm getting tired of your lip, young lady,” my mother declared as she grabbed my silk pajama bottoms by the waistband, pulling them down along with my panties. She forced me over her knee and lifting my shirt, she began to spank my bare bottom. Hard.

1. 2. 3. 4... I cried and kicked my feet each time her hand made contact with my bare ass. By the sixth slap, I had kicked my bottoms clean off. Mike had since gone home, but naturally both of my brothers were there to watch, which was embarrassing enough.

"Would you like a turn?" I heard my mother say. With my head down still facing the ground, I thought my mother was talking to my daddy, who was watching as well. When I was back on my feet, I was horrified to see my brother come and take her place.

Sean leaned me over his knee. Instead of spanking me, he began fingering my little kitty. He ran his finger up and down my little slit. I was dismayed that neither Mom or Dad made him stop, which was soon enough okay with me, as it felt really good... like when he did it earlier. I could feel my kitty getting a little wet, but I didn't know why. I think Sean felt it too because he pulled his hand away and my spanking resumed.

I began to wail and kick my legs again, putting on quite the show for my other brother and my mom who were both still watching. My younger brother got a turn too, although he didn't bother with my kitty and just went straight to spanking. When the spanking was finally over, I stood giving my punished bottom a much needed rubbing and wiped tears from my cheeks.

As I went to collect my pants, Sean got to them first and I was forced to chase after him before he surrendered them at the top of the stairs. However, my panties were not with them. I had seen them on the floor with my pajama bottoms, so I knew that Sean had taken them. I decided not to make a big deal about it and I knew my parents would just get mad at me as if it was my fault; so I let him keep my panties. As it turns out, I would get them back a few days later… Just not exactly in the way I expected.

That night I was pretty upset as I lay awake in bed. I didn't think it could get any worse than this. At the same time, I enjoyed feeling my brother's hands all over me. Being only eight, I didn't really know what it meant. Fortunately, I wouldn't have to wait long to find out.

**Part 2**

The day after my punishment, my dad took the door to my room off of its hinges. While it was okay for the most part, it did give both of my brothers the freedom to invade my space whenever they pleased.

The first time my youngest brother, Andy stood at the threshold to watch me change, I yelled at him to go away. Of course, this demand was in vain and only resulted in my daddy coming in to scold and remind me that I didn't deserve privacy. Soon after, both of my brothers would make a point to gawk at me while I was changing.

Even my parents occasionally joined in to watch a few times when I had returned from the shower. I was starting to feel like a zoo animal. I always knew my parents wanted another boy when I was born and sometimes, I wished I had been born a boy too. This was most definitely one of those times. My parents wouldn't dream of doing something like that to one of my brothers.

It wasn't more than a few days after all of this began, when Sean called me into his room one afternoon once I returned from school. By this time, I had all but forgotten about the panties he had taken from me. When I walked into his room, I was quickly reminded. He was holding them in his hand. They were orange with frills on the edges; plain if not for the three small purple hearts in the front.

“I wanted to give these back to you,” Sean said holding them up.

“Thanks,” I said.  But, as soon as I reached a hand out to grab them, he pulled his hand back.

“Take off your clothes,” he said.

“Why?”

“I want to put your panties back where they belong,” he said.

Resisting was hopeless I knew, as I couldn't even retreat to the safety of my door-less room.  Besides, Sean had seen me naked plenty in the last week anyways; so I began to strip in front of him. To my surprise, he began to do the same. As soon as he removed all of his clothes, I became enamored by his cock. I hadn't seen it since we were younger, and even then, it hadn't warranted much of my attention. But now, it was bigger and had hair at its base.

I guess I got a little distracted because I had forgotten all about taking off my clothes. My pants were already off, but Sean walked closer to me and made short order of my shirt and panties.

“Stand right there and don't move,” Sean told me as he walked naked and sat on the edge of his bed. With my panties still in hand, he draped them over his cock. He then grabbed a hold of his dick, and moved his hand back and forth over my panties. I could see the shape of his cock through the thin cotton, and watched with curiosity as he jerked himself into my underwear.

While I couldn't take my eyes off of my brother's body, he stared at me just the same. I started to see little wet spots in my panties, but before I got a chance to ask what it was, Sean's free hand went to my kitty. He worked his finger inside of me and like the other day, delight came over me. His hand became all the more eager as I became wet with his touch.

I was beginning to enjoy my brother's finger squirming inside of me. Before long, however, I saw my panties getting really wet. 'Ewww! Is he peeing in my panties?' I thought at first. But, as the wet juice seep through the thin cotton I saw that it was like no pee I had ever seen.

“What is that?”

“It's my semen.”

“What's that?”

“It makes women pregnant. But, don't worry, you're still too young.”

Completely missing the implications of that statement I began to ask, “But why...”

Sean's stare cut me off. He was clearly becoming annoyed with my questions. I had a million more, but I decided I had better stop asking for now. I hated it when Sean got mad.

When Sean had finished squirting his “seemen,” or whatever it was called it into my panties, he handed them back to me. I took them by the waistline, pinching them in between my index finger and thumb. Not the least bit interested in getting any semen on me, I held them at arm's length.

“Put them on,” my brother insisted.

“No way!  That's gross!”

I got another death stare from Sean, but this time I was defiant. He stood up, grabbed me by the waist, and forced me onto his bed, managing to grab hold of my panties in the process.

Now on my back, I kicked my legs; but he was stronger and easily overpowered me. With little effort, he had both of my ankles inside my panties and had begun to pull them up. I let out a whine as his semen touched me. Ewwwwww! I could feel the slime all around me. Sean touched the outside of my panties and moved his hand in a circle, rubbing his semen against my kitty. I squirmed in protest not that it did any good.

When I stood up, I could feel it dripping down in between my ass cheeks. Just when I had begun to think that it was over, Sean called Andy into the room. Seeing me dressed only in my semen soaked panties when he entered, Andy let out a loud laugh. I stood there, trying not to move in an attempt to minimize my discomfort.

“It's your turn,” Sean said as Andy calmed his laughter.

Andy didn't waste any time getting his hands on me.

“Lay down on the bed,” Andy ordered, pushing me as he said it, giving me no choice in the matter. He removed his pants and climbed on top of me, straddled me and sat upright on my hips. His cock was much less impressive than my older brother's. It was smaller and had only the slightest hint of hair. Still, I liked looking at it.

Just like my older brother, Andy began to move his hand up and down his cock. Only this time, my panties were not in the way. I got a clear view of his erect cock as he jerked himself above me. His hand began to work faster and faster as he pinched my nipples with  his free hand.

“You do it to me now,” he told me, taking both my hands and placing it around his cock. My hands closed around him and I felt dick for the first time.

With my hand now working his cock, his were free to stroke my chest and hair. He did so eagerly. His hands clenched tighter and he began to tug on my hair as he came. His seed shot out of him, landing on my chest and face. I quickly closed my eyes as some shot across my eyes. My hands were covered with it was well. I can't say I particularly enjoyed having my brother's semen on me, but it wasn't that bad either.

Andy pulled himself off of me and both of my brothers looked at me lying there. My panties were still sticky having been filled with Sean's semen. It had begun to dry, while Andy's was still fresh and covered my hands and face. I tried to clear the semen from around my eyes, but I still didn't dare open them.

“Let's get you cleaned up,” Sean said as he began to wipe my face. When he moved to clean my hands, I decided it would be okay to open my eyes. I slowly inched them open.

“Hey! That's my favorite shirt," I protested. “Use something else.” Sean had been wiping me off with my white shirt. I loved it because it tapered out at the bottom and swirled around me whenever I moved.

“It will wash out,” Sean said as he handed it to Andy, who used it to clean up his cock.

“What if it doesn't?” I asked concerned, but no one answered me. Before I could say anything more on the subject, Andy had dressed and both brothers had left me alone on the bed.

After a minute or two lying on Sean's bed, I got up and headed to the bathroom to clean myself off. When I stepped into the hallway, my father spotted me. He just stared and gave me a naughty smile as he saw the state I was in. While most of Andy's cum had been cleaned off, there was still a little on my face and in my hair. Not to mention, my panties were still visibly wet with Sean's cum too. My father had obviously noticed.

I stepped into the bathroom, closing the door before stripping off my panties and starting the shower. As I got cleaned up, I was sure to wash my ass and pussy well to wash all of Sean's juices off of me. When I finished, I dried myself off and wrapped a towel around my waist before heading back to my room.

As I began to make my way to my room, I remembered that the clothes I had been wearing were still in Sean's room. When I walked in to collect them, I spotted my father kneeling on the floor. His nakedness startled me a little, but I was more concerned about my shirt.

“That's my favorite shirt!” I cried out. He had it around his dick and was pumping himself into it, just like Sean had done to my panties.

Pulling my shirt away, he said, “Sorry, Naomi, I'll use your panties instead.” His cock was so much bigger than either of my brothers. Without even thinking, I reached my hand down. It jerked under my touch and I giggled at its response.

“Oh, yeah, baby girl, that feels really nice,” my father approved as he draped my white panties over his cock. I began to jerk him. His hands went to my towel and pulled it away. Like both of my brothers had, he began to feel me all over. He massaged my wet hair and then my nipples. Moving lower, he put a hand in between my legs and felt my slit. It took no time at all for me to get him off in my panties. I kept moving my hands as he shot his load.

A day later, when my panties were washed, I would find them stained. Though the stains on my shirt were a different story, the ones on my panties never bothered me. I kept them as a reminder of the first time my father ever truly showed that he loved me. He had never given me much attention before. After he exploded in my little panties, he picked me up and snuggled my naked body. Feeling his big strong arms around me made me feel very, very special.

**Part 3**

“Look at my shirt!” I yelled as I held it up, being sure to display the light semen stains. Sean and Andy both stared back at it apathetically. They obviously didn't feel the same attachment to me favorite shirt that I did. Neither boy glanced at it for more than a millisecond, barely diverting their attention from the video game they were playing.

“It's ruined,” I cried as my brothers still showed no sign of caring. I was determined to get revenge as I stormed out of the room. My track record for pranking my brothers was very poor. All of my pranks were either poorly done versions of my brother's pranks, or they backfired on me. This time was no different.

I enacted my plan when my youngest brother was in the shower. Waiting a few minutes after I had begun to hear the water running, I opened the bathroom door. Andy was indeed in the shower. His clothes were strewn on the floor and I picked them up. I quietly took all three of our towels off of the rack too before turning to see my oldest brother Sean in the doorway.

His amused expression clearly showed he was contemplating whether or not to turn the tables on my prank, or allow me to finish carrying it out. Either way, it was a win-win for him. Unfortunately for me though (or at least I thought), he opted for the latter.

“Get in the shower,” Sean instructed as Andy peered around the shower curtain. He had just realized we  were both in the room. Trapped, I knew I had no alternative than to do as he said.  Dropping the clothes and towels, I began to lift my shirt off.

“No!” Sean pushed me, thus preventing me from taking off my shirt. “Get in the shower.”

“But my clothes will get wet!” I defied. Sean grabbed my shoulders and forced me backwards and into the shower. Andy helped get me into the tub and then forced me under the stream. Immediately, water began to soak my hair and clothes as it cascaded over me; my underwear was becoming soaked too.

Andy started rubbing me through my clothes, as Sean got naked and joined the two of us in the shower. One by one, the boys started taking my soaking wet clothes off. First was my shirt. They lifted it over my head and tossed it onto the tile floor. It landed with an audible plop and splashed, sending water all over the bathroom floor, and even on the wall. My jeans went next.

Now in only my panties, my brothers began to wash my body. They took handfuls of body wash and began to lather my body. Feeling four hands molest my body was far from a punishment. Although I was too young to have been to a spa, I imagined this is what a massage would be like. Finally, they pulled down my panties and launched them over the shower curtain.

Now completely naked, my brothers began to touch my pussy and ass freely, giving them both special treatment as they continued to wash me. I decided it was time for me to touch their cocks. Neither brother protested and my hands gently surrounded both of them.

“Jerk us off,” Andy suggested. Sean voiced his agreement as well.

“Okay,” I said and let go of their cocks briefly while I knelt down in the shower. As I did so, Sean and Andy applied body wash to their cocks. Taking one in each hand, I began to jerk both of my brothers. Sean massaged my wet hair while Andy just stood there, eyes closed and mouth slightly open with a look of euphoria.

“Kiss it,” Sean said pulling my head closer to his cock.  I placed a kiss square on the tip. I moved over to do the same to Andy. For him, the feeling of my lips on the head of his cock was too much. His climax met him, and before I knew what was happening, it met me too, as semen burst out of him and onto my lips. My first reaction was to open my mouth and I swallowed a healthy serving of his cum when I did.

I nearly lost my focus, but still managed to fervently jerk my oldest brother while Andy came into my mouth. When his dick was spent, my attention was turned completely to Sean who pulled me in once again. I kissed his cock like before, but that wasn't what he had in mind.

“Open your mouth,” Sean ordered as he held my head steady. I obeyed and he stuffed his cock inside.

“Mmmm...” I looked up at Sean worriedly as he stuffed his cock farther into my mouth than I thought possible. Still holding my head, Sean began to move himself in and out. I didn't move as I felt his cock glide over my tongue. Whenever I began to relax my jaw, he began to feel my teeth; my brother pushed his cock into my throat, forcing me to gag. He held his cock in my mouth as he came. I quickly swallowed, but was off of his cock as soon as Sean let go of my head.

“I don't like putting it in my mouth,” I objected once I had swallowed the remainder of the semen.

“You'll learn to like it,” Sean replied.  Leaning down, he planted a kiss on my mouth. One time I kissed my friend, Jason, about a year before. He was in my grade and we both decided it would be fun. It was at the time, but it was nothing like kissing Sean. He pushed his tongue into my mouth and I squirmed with delight as his hand rubbed my kitty. He was right. I would learn to like sucking cock, which was a good thing because my brothers would end up wanting it often. Showering together would soon become a normal thing for the three of us too.

Andy turned the water off and Sean and I broke our kiss and stood up. I put my arms around Andy's neck and pulled him down so I could kiss him too. Like Sean, he too put his tongue in my mouth. I liked that.

We continued kissing until Sean diverted our attention, “Um… our towels are gone.”

I remembered dropping the towels onto the floor along with Andy's clothes, “How could they be gone?” There were no other siblings that could have taken them, the three of us had been in the shower.

“Our clothes are gone too; even your wet ones,” Sean declared looking back at me. Andy and I pulled back the shower curtain and saw that our towels and clothes were indeed missing. Even the small hand towel that usually sat by the sink had disappeared.

“You think Mom or Dad took them?” Andy wondered. With no one else in the house, our parents could be the only culprits.

It seemed unlikely, but Sean concluded, “I guess they did.” We were starting to shiver, now out of the warm water and lacking anything suitable to dry off with. Quickly coming to realize what had to be done, the three of us ran out of the bathroom. Sean went first and therefore, was the first to stop when he encountered both of our parents blocking the way to our bedrooms.

Being older, both of my brothers tried to cover themselves. I didn't care, but did have my arms crossed and had begun shivering without the warmth of the humid bathroom air. Neither our clothes, nor our towels were anywhere in sight.

“Looks like the three of you have been having fun…” Our father said coyly. My parents allowed my brothers to pass, but when I moved to do the same, my mother put a hand over my navel and pushed me back.

“Let's go to the bedroom sweetie,” my mother suggested. I was in no position to argue and was curious to know what my parents had in mind, so I turned and walked towards their room. They both followed and when the three of us arrived, both of my parents stripped down as naked as I was.

My father picked me up and put me on the bed. Water stated to drip onto the bed sheets, but he didn't seem to mind. He himself got on the bed and lay down. He gently nudged his cock with his index finger. It was erect and bouncing around as he continued to play with it. Grabbing my head, he pushed me down to his cock. I knew what he wanted.

“Do I have to?” I asked.  I didn't much like sucking Sean's cock, and seeing how my father's was much bigger than my fourteen year old brother's, I liked the idea of having his cock in my mouth even less.

“Yes, darling, you have to. Now, be a good girl, your daddy needs you,” my mother said as she pushed the back of my head forcing me onto his cock. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see my mother eagerly watching me. Leaning into me, she moved my wet hair that hung around me, and kissed me on the cheek before crawling up to kiss my dad. While Daddy's dick was much larger than my brothers, I did like that this time, as I was in control. No one was holding my head in place and forcing themselves into my mouth. I was free to move as I pleased and take my time.

I was a little taken aback when I felt my legs move, and a tongue lick in between them. I gasped around my daddy's cock as my mother spread my lips with her tongue, eagerly licking up and down my pussy, toying with my little eight year old clit, and everything else in my vagina that I had yet to learn about. She worked her tongue deeper, and I continued to work my mouth around my dad's girth.

I was having fun tickling the tip of my dad's cock with my tongue the moment he came. His seed burst into my mouth covering my tongue. I swallowed what was escaping down my throat and the rest remained in my mouth while I continued to swirl around the head of his cock.

As his cock softened, I did not pull back. Slowly, more and more of it could fit into my little mouth. Meanwhile, my mother was driving me wild. I began to squirm uncontrollably under the sensation.

“I think I need to pee,” I cried out letting go of my dad's cock. My father got up and held me in place when I tried to get up. Down in between my legs, my mother brought me to my very first orgasm. I squealed as it came over me and then, began to relax.

When it was all over, I could hear my brothers behind me. They were standing at the door; it seems my parents had neglected to close it and they had seen the whole thing. Their hair was still wet as was mine, only they had put boxers on whereas I was obviously still completely undressed.

“Come on in, boys” my mother called to them. They both came over and climbed onto the bed and for the very first time, I was the center of attention in my family. I gave each one of them a good long kiss on the lips. The bed was big, but even so, it was a tight fit as we all slept in our parents room that night.  No one seemed to mind though. I didn't mind either when Sean woke me up in the middle of the night stroking my pussy…

**Part 4**

We were all snuggled in my parent's bed. I fell asleep feeling safe and warm sandwiched in between both of my older brothers. I was still naked, as were my parents. Both of my brothers were only wearing their boxers.

Sean was rubbing my pussy gently as I was slowly lifted from my sleep. I was getting wet, making no protest as he moved his hand deeper into me, and leaned in to kiss me on the lips. Briefly removing himself from me, he slipped off his boxers and then… he climbed on top of me.

I had no idea what to expect when he pushed both of my legs apart, but he began to descend onto me. Soon, I felt his cock rub up against my pussy. With a loud sigh, he pushed in and I yelped as he entered me. I could hear the rest of my family had begun to stir. Along with our noises, Sean was none too careful about shaking the bed either, as he started to move in and out of me. I was still caught off guard by the whole thing, and didn't really know what to think or do, other than just lie there, feeling his penis moving inside me.

“You feel so amazing,” Sean told me as his thrusts gained intensity.

“Thanks,” I said, a little unsure how to respond. It was the first real complement he ever gave me. By this time, everyone was wide awake. I began to look around and my eyes met my father's in the soft light.

“How does it feel?” Daddy asked me.

“Weird,” I responded. Everyone laughed.

It did feel weird, but I was beginning to enjoy it more and more as my brother's movements continued. Sean finished, sending his cum into my belly and when he pulled out, on my pussy and stomach too.

When he climbed off of me, Andy quickly took his place. He too began thrusting and moaning as he held himself over me. However,  Andy had grown quite horny from watching Sean fuck me and he didn't last very long at all. Just a handful of swift thrusts caused him to blow his load. He pushed himself into me as far inside as he could go as he unloaded his balls. As he softened, he was none too quick to leave the comfort of my vagina either. Only when my father gave him a tap on the shoulder and a somewhat stern look, did he depart from inside me.

I was petrified as I quickly realized what was about to happen... it was my father's turn. To eight year old me, his cock was simply enormous, a mountain of flesh that could no sooner fit inside me than a watermelon. Still, my father moved himself over me, just as my brothers had done.

I whined a little when his cock started its way inside. With increasing intensity, I began to whine and then cry as my father filled me with his big thick dick. When it seemed he could go no further, he held it inside me for a moment. For me, that moment didn't last long enough. He began thrusting into me. Unlike my brothers, his movements were slow, being careful not to hurt me too much while he plundered my little second grade pussy. It would take a while before I would become fully accustomed to taking my father's cock, but I was gradually getting over its sheer size as he continued fucking me.

My mother reached over and touched my hair. I looked over at her; she barely seemed to realize what she was doing. Sean was on top of her and she was moaning as he brought her to an orgasm. Andy's attention was drawn to her breasts. His face was buried deep in between them; meanwhile his hands were cupping both.

As Daddy forced his cock in a little deeper and his trusts became more focused ,my focus returned to him or rather my attention returned to the big cock moving inside me. Great wet, squishy sounds filled the room as he fucked my cum laden pre-teen cunt.  As he was got closer to giving me his semen, Daddy started to grunt like Sean had. Not much later, he was shooting off inside of me. When he pulled himself out, semen sprang onto my tummy and some even shot higher, landing on my chest. By this time, my pussy was quite full with semen and it was slowly dripping out of me.

When he was finished, Daddy gave me a long hard kiss. Feeling his lips touch mine and soon after, feeling his tongue inside my mouth sent me to another dimension. As I tasted him, my tongue joined in the euphoria and danced into his mouth too.

When we broke our kiss, Andy had just finished his fun with Mommy and lifted himself out of her.

“Naomi, can you play with Daddy's cock and make it hard again?” Daddy asked.

I was all too happy to oblige. “Sure!” I answered and reaching down, I took it in both hands and began to swing it back and forth. In no time at all, I had it standing up straight. I was quite proud of my accomplishment and gave it a kiss before my father made his way to the other side of the bed, over to where my mother lay.

All three of us watched as our parents energetically and quite loudly fucked each other. Mommy thrust her body upward, greeting Daddy's cock as he went down on her harder and harder each time. They were at it for a good while since they had both just cum, but before too long, they were finished. No one bothered to clean up the cum that had been deposited all over my torso and pussy. Though I was quite a mess, neither did I. As we all snuggled up again, I just let it sit there to dry and went back to sleep.

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After that night, both of my brothers and my dad would come into my room and fuck me whenever they pleased. It was great! For the first time I actually felt like I was a part of my family. Sometimes I would even sleep in one of my brother's rooms at night. Every once in a while we all got to go sleep in our parent's room too.

Even my mother would join in to eat me out. Naturally, I would return the favor. All the boys loved to watch us lick each other's pussies and I liked showing off for them. I think Mommy did too.

About a month or so after our first night in our parent's room, Mike was going to spend the night. Being my brother's friend, he frequented our house, but he rarely spent the night.

He spent his time with my brothers while I was off in my room, keeping to myself. Whenever he would pass my room though, I caught him glancing at me. I made a point of pulling my pants down a little, giving him a view of my panties when he passed.

When it was time for me to get ready for bed, Mike came by my room. I still didn't have a door and thus, he got a full view of me changing. I looked straight at him as I began to take down my pants. Wanting to give him a view without my panties, I took them off as well before removing my shirt and slipping on my nightgown. Of course he had seen me naked once before, when he was over the night my brothers took my clothes away, but that was more or less involuntary. This time, I could tell he wanted me.

Mike looked a little nervous as he watched me, as if he was not supposed to be there... but he continued to watch. Only when I was completely dressed, did Mike leave the doorway. If he had known that my brother's were fucking me regularly, I wondered if he would have done more than just stand there watching. However, I supposed not. He seemed shy about it and was a little on edge when he was watching me change. Later that night, I decided I would bring him out of his shell…

Once everyone had gone to bed, I made my move. Out of my room and down the hallway, I crept into my oldest brother's room and to the cot that Mike was sleeping on.

I knelt down next to him. He was only wearing pajama pants and I admired his chest as it rose and fell back down. Gently, I reached out and touched his teenage chest. Though he stirred slightly as I ran a hand along the length of his torso, he did not wake until I reached a hand down his pajama pants and began to caress his cock.

“What are you doing?” Mike whispered, pulling my hand out of his pants.

“I wanted to make your cock feel good.”

“You shouldn't do that.”

I said nothing, but instead, took off my nightgown and dropped it on the floor. Since I no longer was allowed to wear underwear to bed, I was completely naked in front of him. I took his hand and placed it on my cuntal lips. Feeling his finger in between my legs made my juices flow freely. Then, I lifted his hand to my mouth and tasted the finger that had bathed in my juices.

“Don't you like touching me?” I asked.

“Yes, I guess so,” Mike admitted. He was slowly overcoming his trepidations.

“Come sleep with me in my bed.”

“I don't think…” I moved in and kissed him full on the lips before he could say anything more. I kissed him with more passion and enthusiasm than I had ever used with either brother or my dad. My hand had moved back down to his pants too. This time, his cock was rock hard in my hand and he couldn't bring himself to push me away.

“Let's go to my room,” I invited again.  This time he accepted.

As he stood up, I stripped off his pants and he too was now naked. We both left our clothes in my brother's room as we walked out. I looked over at the shape of my oldest brother in his bed. If he was awake, he didn't show it.

Once we were in my bedroom, I climbed onto my bed and jumped into his arms. My naked legs wrapped around him and my arms curled around his neck. He held me up to him and we kissed again opening our mouths and engaging each other's tongue. Feeling his arms around me gave me butterflies.

Mike's cock was prodding my bottom as we made out. The more I felt it nudge me, the more I wanted it inside me. After pulling away, I lowered myself back onto my bed.

While I was about to make my move, Mike was beginning to have second thoughts… again.

“We shouldn't be doing this,” Mike stated as he covered his dick with his hands.

“Don't be such a baby,” I replied as I pushed his hands out of the way and wrapped my arms around him. I was kneeling on my bed and pulled him close. Looking up, I gave him a look I hoped would entice him. He stared back at me with a look of apprehension. He wasn't ready and I could tell, but no one asked me if I was ready my first time either. They just did it.  His cock pulsed in between me and once again, it was obvious he wanted me…

“What if your brothers or parents find us?”

“They won't care,” I replied, tiring of his reluctance. Taking charge, I lowered myself to his cock, taking it in my mouth.

“Stop… I don't want...” Mike managed to let out before breathing a moan of delight. He gently pushed back on the top of my head, but I resisted and continued to suck him. Under the expertise of my tongue, Mike gave in to the pleasure I was delivering. He could no longer bring himself to resist.

I pulled my mouth off of his dick and guided his body onto my bed. Straddling him, I lowered myself onto his cock. This time, he thrust his body with mine as I moved on top of him. The voice in his head that told him to stop had silenced and his hands had begun to feel my pert nipples as we fucked.

“You're incredible,” Mike said in between cries of pleasure. I let out a moan in acknowledgment as we began to fuck harder. Feeling his dick inside me was satisfying. He was bigger than both of my brothers. And while not as big as my dad, the way he moved gave me an intense pleasure greater than anything I had ever felt.

Mike's prong began to tickle my clit and it was all I could handle. I began to orgasm and my pussy started to contract on Mike's cock. He too began to pulse and shoot his cum. I loved feeling his juice squirting up inside of me.

“Yesss...mmm,” Mike called out and I joined in. When we were finished, I collapsed onto him, feeling his body underneath. He didn't bother pulling out, but I could feel him softening as he caressed my back.

“You know those panties of yours that your brother gave me?” Mike began.

“Yes.”

“I jerk off into them every night while thinking of you.”

“You can keep them,” I responded and kissed his chest, “I'll even give you a new pair tomorrow!”

I nuzzled my head against his chest. Eventually, his cock would fall out of me and we would fall asleep; to be discovered the next morning when my family woke up.