

Jenny Leblanc

Brother's Juice

Second Chapter of „Young Jenny“



Brother's Juice

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Edited and corrected by Britbloke

DISCLAIMER:

**The events in this chapter never happened!
This chapter is fantasy pure**

WARNING

**THIS STORY CONTAINS
EXPLICIT DESCRIPTIONS
OF SEXUAL BEHAVIOUR AND
HUMAN GENITALS!
PLEASE KEEP IT AWAY FROM MINORS**

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a) The Deal

As my sight became clear, I saw that my brother had had also some fun while watching me. I saw a big moist spot on his slip, almost surely from the cum that he had squirted into his slip, while watching me fucking myself. Nevertheless the bulge in his slip was immense. Although it was my brother and every nerve within me said no, my pussy began tingling again as I saw that sight.

"How long have been here?" I asked him, not sure what to do now. On the one side, I was turned on by the fact that he had watched me and that he obviously enjoyed what he had seen. On the other hand I felt hurt by the fact that he came in without knocking and infringed my privacy. Although my brother and I don't have many secrets the other one doesn't know. I had seen his prick many times in the morning and in the evening. I also saw him having a hard-on in the morning before going to the loo. I even once had spied on him while he was secretly jerking off in his bed. So I knew he was also masturbating and I already knew how male sperm looks. But I had done it secretly back then and I hadn't told him about him, because I thought that these things should stay private. Vice-versa he also saw my treasure and my titties many times, while I was in the bathroom washing myself or under the shower. He also knew when I had my monthlies, because I did the necessary things also while he was in the bathroom with me.

"Long enough.." was his short answer and a smile rushed over his face. He had something in mind, I knew it as I saw that smile.

"Will you tell, Mum and Dad?" I knew, if he would tell my parents, what he had seen, they would want to have an unnecessary talk to me about sex. In our time a 16-year-old girl knows about sex, pregnancy, and all the stuff. Most of the times you learn it from your friends or you read about it in magazines. But my parents were pretty conservative about sex at that time, and if my Dad got to know that I had masturbated, then he would probably tell me that a "good girl" doesn't do such things and that I'm too young for these sexual things. He also would tell me to stay in my room and think about it for at least a week. All these things I didn't want to happen.

"Well, what would you give me to shut up?"

"Excuse me...?!" I didn't believe my ears as I heard his questions, he was really thinking of a deal, instead of saying: "Never mind! I won't tell Mum and Dad."

"... Then I will, when I need to." he proudly pointed out, as if he had made a big point in our argument, his hands were on his hips and his nose was up right, as if his ego was growing by the second. But he was right in doing so, because he knew that I would give almost everything to keep him quiet.

"What do you think of..."? I asked him, already thinking of the worst.

"You know that I admire your friend Sarah...?"

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"Yes."

"And you also know that I always get horny when I see her..." he made a strategic pause, before he continued: "I always wanted to make love to her." My worst nightmares seem to be coming true. "So if you get me a date with Sarah, where she'll allow me to fuck her, then I won't tell Mum and Dad."

"Are you crazy", I cried out, "You know as well as I that Sarah is a Lesbian, and that it's almost impossible to get her to have a date with a boy even if you would only want a date with her it would be difficult, but this is more than impossible."

"Well, then I'll tell Dad..." a big grin showed up on his face, knowing that this was having its effect on me.

"How much time do I have?" I asked, hoping that I would get at least a week, because I had to think really good about how to get this done.

"48 hours!" His answer was like a shot right in my face and I thought: "Why am I trying to get this deal?"

"Impossible!" I said and set up on my bed to go to the bathroom, to clean my body and my treasure from blood, sweat and pussy-juice and also to get my nightgown and a slip on, such that everything would get almost normal again.

"I think", I continued as if I was considering to tell my parents myself what my brother had seen, "you have to tell them tomorrow morning, because I will do it otherwise."

Suddenly my brother became much more friendly, because now a thing he had thought to get for sure, was in question. I knew that my brother was very focused on his prick and that he would use every chance to get a girl to fuck, because otherwise there was only the handwork, which he seemed to find boring by now. Although he was stroking his prick almost every evening before sleeping and most of the times he jerked off.

"Ok, how much time do you think you need for this?" He asked, coming also to the bathroom, where I was just starting to go under the shower. So he leaned on the doorframe while looking at me to get an answer.

"Well, give me 2 weeks and I will see what I can do." Now I knew he was in my bubble-gum in my hands, but he didn't know it yet.

"Too long, 4 days." he answered, thinking that I would gratefully accept this offer. But I didn't.

"By the way", I said thoughtfully. I began to enjoy this cat and mouse play, "Does Mum know that you use her used panties to wipe your cum from your belly after your evening jerk offs."

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He blushed.

"How do you know'?" he asked hit by this disclosure of his most intimate secret as if thunder had shook him to death.

"The walls here have ears and eyes."

I could almost see and smell how his mind was working on a solution for this situation, because I knew that he wasn't the person to give up a chance without fight. He kept quiet for some time and I finished showering and drying my hair. Just as I was about to put on my panty and the nightgown, he began to talk again, following me into my room:

"What about a 6 days."

"10 days" I shot back.

"7 days and I get a hand-job from you."

"Wow," I thought, "he seems to need it really badly." So I went one step further, although his offer from him was acceptable.

"If I give you a hand-job, you wont tell Mum and Dad under any circumstances whether or not Sarah refuses to have a 'fuck-date' with you."

I was right in my thinking; he made every move only to get a girl for some sexual fun of any kind.

"Ok, done deal?" he said with a moan in his voice and he offered me his hand to shake it.

"Done!" I said with a smile, knowing that this deal was not only acceptable to me it was almost no harm for me. Even the hand-job wasn't a harm it wasn't even disgusting to me, because, I had seen him doing it so many times, and the deal didn't say anything about me doing something special with is cum. So I had no worries.

b) Baby-Juice On My Bottom

As I was standing under the shower the next morning, just before school. My brother came in with his normal morning hard-on. He set him self on the loo, while he looked at me and he had a big grin on his face.

I knew, that he wanted his hand-job now. So I turned off the shower and came over to the loo, where I knelt down. I didn't care about drying off myself, because I thought that I would have to shower again after the hand-job anyway.

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Because I thought of letting him shoot his cum all over my titties, this way it was a nice experience for him and for me it was easy to clean off. With this in mind I softly cupped his prick with both hand and began to caress his hard-on with soft, slow strokes. I felt immediately how his hard-on became even harder than before. And the grin on his face disappeared, instead his eyes became empty and his breath became shallow and a bit faster. One could almost see that his body was ruled over by waves of lust and that all blood was now pumped into this 12 to 15 cm long piece of flesh standing almost upright between his legs.

"Mmmmmh", he moaned, "your hands are so good to me, sis."

I continued slowly stroking his cock, enjoying the close-up sight of my brother while he was masturbating through my hands. I also softly touched his balls, which were already pretty hairy.

"Mmmmmmmhh, sis", he moaned even more deeply as before, "I wanna fuck your pussy!"

I was shocked by this statement and stopped stroking immediately. I almost froze. Then as he recognized that I stopped caressing his thing, he bent forward a bit and asked as if nothing had happened: "Why have you stopped?"

This almost made me breathless. I had really problems to get my breath back, such that I shouted back:

"Are you insane?"

A big question mark was drawn onto my brother's face, because he seemed not to understand my anger and outrage. Then he asked back calmly:

"What's up?"

I tried to catch my breath and tried to get the volume of my voice under control, as I only was able to ask:

"Do you really wanna fuck me?"

"Yes..."

I was shocked for the second time, because now it was clear to me that the first statement wasn't a result of lust, but his real wish. My mind went blank of arguments and I was only able say: "Hello... I'm your sis?"

The question mark on his face became even bigger.

"Yes.. so what?"

I had big difficulties to stay calm in this situation and I stood up, such that he had to look up to me while he was talking to me.

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"It's against the law... it's not natural..." It was a situation, where I had to argue about something, which I thought my brother would have the same opinion as me, but I seemed to be wrong in this guess of mine. And I wasn't able to handle the situation with enough arguments, because I never thought about the fact that I would have to argue about this theme with my brother.

"So..?" he asked not really getting my arguments.

"So you shouldn't even think of it. I don't want to about asking for it or wishing it to happen. It's illegal and I don't feel any arousal when I see you naked or in a slip. In which other women, perhaps would find you sexy and get aroused."

The question-mark on his face began to go and some recognition seem to make its way on my brother Benjamin's face.

"So we won't fuck?" he asked as if he asked for a kiss he wasn't allowed to give on first demand.

"No", I answered with the most desperate voice I ever heard coming out off my mouth.

"And your ass?" he asked further not wanting to believe that he wasn't getting what he seemed to have thought, he would get.

I answered by showing my negative answer in my face and by hitting him with a look that said, "One more of these questions and I wont do the deal anymore."

His face began to show signs off disappointment and his hard-on went almost limp.

"Ok, sorry, I lived through one of my fantasies. I wont do it again, promised."

"Ok, you may live through your insane fantasies within your head, but please do not talk to me about it. I find them simply disgusting."

I knelt down again and began to stroke his thing again softly. I felt how it became strong and hard again and how got rigid again. This time I heard only some soft moans from my brother and he began to enjoy my touches on his thing.

He began to breath deeply and through his teeth. He seems to feel his cum coming up in his prick. I slowed down and stopped for a while, such that it wouldn't be only a short thing for him. In a way I liked stroking his cock. It was a nice toy to play with and it was alive and not cool and dead like my dildo. I knew from my girls magazines that if you press softly on the big vein that runs along the male penis you can cool down the penis a bit, such that the ejaculation does not come so fast. This way I was able to give him a pretty nice and long hand-job and I enjoyed watching his face showing what he seems to feel. I also enjoyed feeling this live penis in my hands, which rewarded every stroke. Then,

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after some minutes of giving him lust and pleasure, I wanted to end the whole thing, because I had to go under the shower for a second time and I had to go to school in about 30 minutes. So I began to stroke faster and harder. His balls were shaking under his shaft and I thought to see how they began to tighten, just before it was time to expect the cumshot.

"Where do you wanna shoot it?" I asked him softly with a lot of sexy tone in it.

"On your bottom and your back." he answered breathing as if he had just made a 100m run.

I turned around quickly and bent down on my hands and knees. Then I looked back at him, he had slipped off the seat and knelt behind me, stroking hard on his cock, which was pointing on my bottom and also on my back. After some quick strokes he began to shoot his sperm all over my back. It was a strange hit my back and dropped on my bottom. And the sounds my brother made while shooting were a bit like a cow shortly before death. His cock spewed three times the hot load onto my back afterwards only a big glob of sperm dropped on my bottom.

After my brother had calmed down a bit, he opened his eyes and looked at me. I smiled at him and said: "Nice job!" Then I got up and made myself ready for school.

c) Art Of Persuasion

In school I met Sarah for the first time after I fucked her with my strap-on.

"Hey, how are you?" I greeted her and tapped her on the back.

"Ouch!" she replied and turned around, "Are you silly? Don't hit me so hard!" I was puzzled, I really only had tapped her softly on the back and she reacted as if I had touched her on a sunburn or something like that.

"Sorry" I said apologizing, "I hadn't meant to hurt you."

After the first second of anger, she recognized me and a smile appeared on her face. But for me this smile wasn't right, there was something, which Sarah was hiding.

"Ahh it's you!" she said in an unreal happy voice, "I thought it would be someone else." She came towards me and hugged me, but she hugged me without letting me hug her back by blocking my arms.

"Do you have a sunburn on your back?" I asked, because this whole behavior seemed unnatural to me.

"No. Why?" she asked back as if everything was completely normal.

"You seem to be very sensitive on your back and you don't allow me to hug

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you. So what happened.”?

“Nothing, I just fell down the stair at home, so I got some marks from it on my back.”

“I'm sorry..?” I asked, because I couldn't believe the story she wanted to sell me. Sarah wasn't that type of person to fall down some stairs. She always was very cautious and she was doing martial arts, so she knew how to fall.

“You are not serious about this, are you?” I asked after some moments of silence.

“I'm serious. I had a big box of books to put down in the cellar, and I missed one step, so I fell down the stairs.”

“Mmm.” I mumbled into my not existing beard. This story was strange, first of all why should she put books into the cellar, when she had lots of space in her room. And second of all even if it really happened as she just said, she would have marks on her back, because she would either fall on her bottom or she would fall face down.

“Did you go to a doctor with it?” I asked just to make sure that she was physically ok.

“No, it's nothing.” she replied and I saw that she felt uncomfortable with the situation, because she went from one foot to the other and back again.

“Can I have a look then?”

“No, you can't” she replied in a hurry and made a step backwards, to make sure that I wasn't able to see her back.

“Why?” I asked with a persuasive voice, trying to calm her down,” We are best friends and we have almost no secrets. So why don't you want to show me.”

“Because I'm ashamed of it.” she said and turned down her head.

“Hey, shit happens”, I replied laughingly and continued in a seriously, “and I only want to have a look at it to make sure that you don't have to go to a doctor.”

“No, you don't have to”, she replied self-conscious again,” my Dad said it's ok.”

Now all the alarm clocks in my head were ringing. I knew from some visits at Sarah's home that Sarah's Dad was flying off the handle, when he got angry and I knew that he was also using force when being angry. He only didn't use it in my presence, because he knew that I would go to the police when he would touch me in a wrong manor.

“Did your Dad do that?”

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"No", she said trying to convince me, but it was only shallowly convincing. I decided to help her against her wish.

"Ok", I began to tell her calmly, what I had planned in the last few seconds," after school you come with me and sleep on my couch this night."

"Thank you, but.." I interrupted her:

"It's not a question, it's an order from your friend. I have to secure you from your Dad, and tomorrow I, you and my parents will discuss what to do next about it."

She seemed to feel that I was serious about it and that I wouldn't let her go even use soft force to prevent further damage from her Dad. So she began shallowly nodding and gave in.

After school we went to my home where I softly forced her to show me her back in the bathroom. And I was right with my guess, her Dad had slapped her on her back with his belt. There were up to ten red marks right across her whole back.

It was a shock for me. I knew it for a long time, but to see it in reality was even worse. I took out a towel and soaked it with cold water, after wards I put it softly on her back and fixed it with a dressing always careful not to hurt her. After I had given her back a bit of care, I told her to sit down on my sofa and relax.

She did what I told her and we had a chat about school and everything else than her family. While we were talking I was always thinking about my brother and our deal and I also had to think about her back and her Dad.

Sarah was a really cute girl and she was lesbian since I knew her. She was very open about it and told it everyone, who wanted to know it. I think that this was the fact that made her dad beat her, because he thought he could beat this lesbian thing out of his daughter. I fantasized about how it would look like if Sarah would really give in and have sex with my brother. They both had nice and cute bodies, so it wasn't an ugly thing to think of, such as thinking of someone's own parents have sex.

After some minutes following this fantasy of my brother and Sarah having sex, I felt that it began to turn me on. On top of it I had to look at Sarah's naked titties all the time because of my "medication" and because she was never wearing a bra, her titties were looking at me all the time. I began to feel how my pussy was beginning to tingle a gain and how I got wet down between my legs.

I secretly put one hand down my pants and began softly stroking my clit, I thought it would be inappropriate to ask Sarah now to fuck me with my strap-on. But Sarah either also seems to feel horny or she had recognized my hand

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between my legs, because all of a sudden she remarked:
"Where is your strap-on I wanna fuck you, baby"

If Sarah would have been a stranger, girl or a boy, I would have slapped her in the face for this, but she wasn't a boy and she was my best friend, so in a way it was different. It also came to me, such that I was only surprised but not shocked.

I stood up, without saying a word, and went towards my desk. There I took out the strap-on and gave it to her. Afterwards I took off my top and my jeans-pants, to get naked pretty fast I dropped all my cloths right on the floor and didn't care about my normal order of laying them aside.

After being ready for being fucked, I sat myself on my bed, stroking my pussy and rubbing over my clit, while waiting for Sarah to get finished with putting on the strap-on.

"Do I have to pop your cherry?" she asked as she stood up and came towards my bed.

"No," I answered just hotly, while I laid back and closed my eyes to enjoy what was coming up next.

My hands were now playing with my titties, teasing my nipples. I felt so warm and horny, it made me sweat although I was lying on my bed naked and the temperature in the room was not abnormally high.

I felt how Sarah stroked with the top of the strop-on over my pubic-lips and made it soaked with my pussy-juice, which was already flowing within my treasure.

"MMMMmmmmh", I moaned totally relaxed.

"Now, let me explore your popped cherry." Sarah moaned in my ear and I felt her pushing forward. The strap-on slowly entered fully into my treasure and I was nicely stretched down there.

"Ooooooh, fuck." I cried out and already felt my first orgasm rising within my body.

"Yes baby, I will." Sarah answered, although I hadn't ordered her. She slowly began to move her hips such that the strap-on began to move in and out in very small strokes. She had bend forward to suck on my nipples with her mouth and to tease them with her tongue.

I crossed my legs around her hips and pushed her into me, while the rest of my body joined her rhythm. It was a feeling heaven like and I felt pleasure with all my senses. But at the same time I felt this enormous need for satisfaction that always comes with the sexual lust.

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"Fuck me!... Fuck me deep!... I need it so badly!" I moaned encouraging her to move and fuck my treasure. I grabbed her face and we joined in a passionate French kiss, where my tongue explored her mouth like mad. Although I was as straight as a girl can be, this fuck wasn't a thing between two girls for me at that moment, it was Sarah playing the part of a boy. And she did it damn good.

I felt her all over my body and my whole body was on fire with lust and pleasure. The nipples of my titties were standing in their places like soldiers before Buckingham Palace. I began to breath quick and shallow. My whole body was building up a tension, to be able to explode in a really outrageous orgasm that was building up within my pussy and slowly rolling through my body.

"liiii'mmmm cuuuuuuuming!" I moaned in loud pleasure and twitched and jerked with my hips while my pussy milked on that strap-on dildo to get some baby-juice out of it. I felt as if a big stream of hot pussy-juice was released out of my pussy and soaking the plastic member within my pussy. I closed my eyes even more tightly and my whole body enjoyed for seconds this emotional high of pleasure.

While I was exploding in pleasure, Sarah held the strap-on still and all the way in my treasure. She softly stroked my belly button and seemed to enjoy the sight of her orgasmic girlfriend.

After the first waves of my orgasm had gone, my body was hugged by this enormous warmth of satisfaction that made its way though my whole body and mind. Every muscle within my body seemed to relax and enjoy this warmth.

With a soft plop my pussy gave away the dildo that had brought this pleasure and satisfaction to it. The whole dildo was soaked with my pussy juice and Sarah gave it to me to suck a bit on it, while she was laying besides me and stroking my belly and my pubic area.

"Woow, that was fantastic!" I said to her expressing all my thankfulness to her.

"Yes you are a nice fuck to have around." Sarah whispered in my ear and then she continued:" If you wouldn't be straight, you certainly would be my lesbian lover."

"Thank you!" I whispered back.

"Can I ask you something?" I whispered after some moments of sexual silence.

Sarah nodded.

"Would you do me a favour?"

"What favour?"

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"Would you let my brother have a date with you?" I saw how some clouds went over Sarah's face and she stopped stroking.

"Date? Why? You know..."

"Yes I know you are a lesbian, but my brother has caught me fucking myself with your dildo and now he's pressing to ask you for this otherwise he will, tell my parents about it."

"Ahh I see." she began to stroke me again. "But he knows that I'm not in love with boys?"

"Yes he knows. But he admires you and he gets aroused when he sees you and he's around with you."

Sarah nodded showing me that he began to understand the circumstances.

"So he wants me to arrange a date for him with you, because..."

"I wanna fuck you at least one!" a young male voice continued my sentence, coming from the door of my room.

Sarah and I went up in surprise and I almost threw away the strap-on, I had in my hand.

It was my brother Benjamin again. This time in Jeans and sweatshirt and a small recorder in his hand. He grinned all over his face.

To be continued soon..