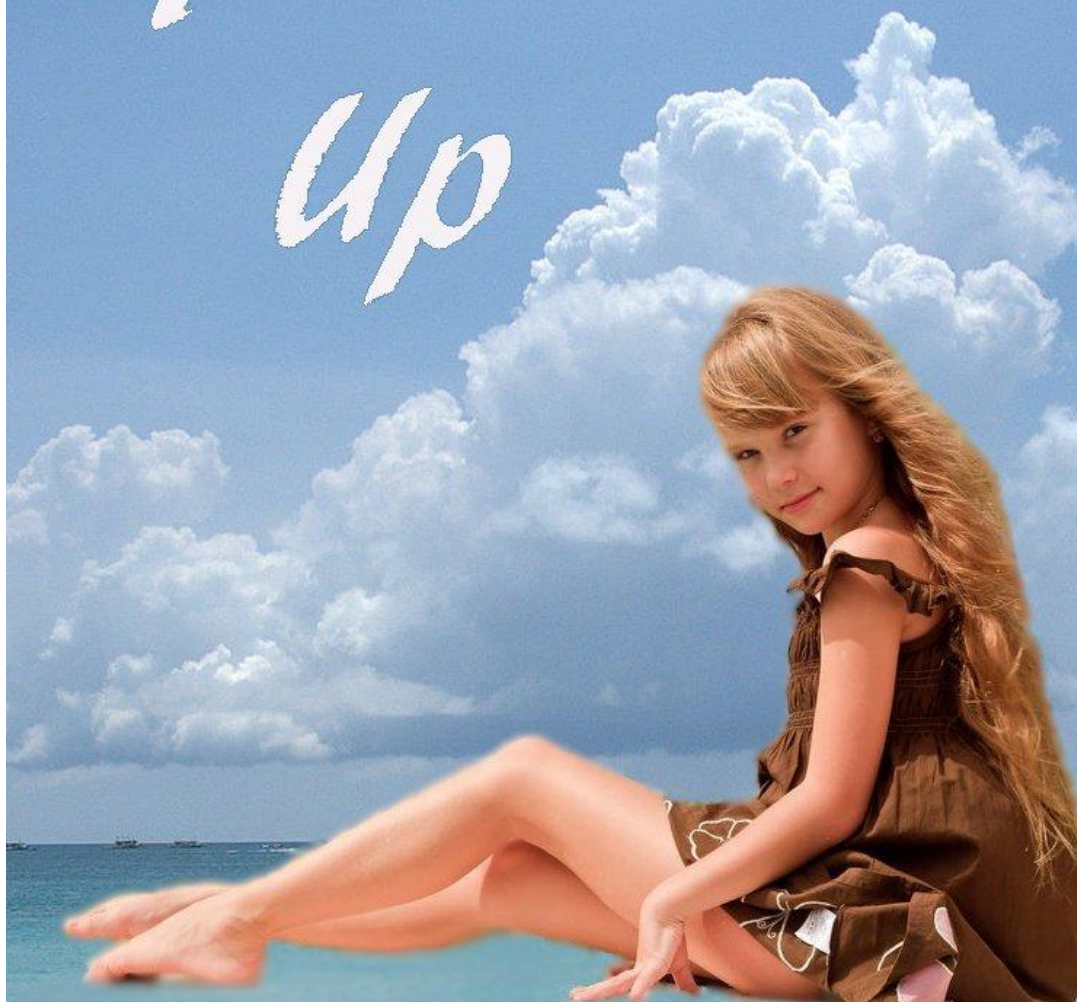


Jenny Grows Up



THE LEWIS ADAMS CHRONICLES

BOOK 2

JENNY GROWS UP

LEWIS ADAMS

INTRODUCTION

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This story contains depictions of sexual activity between consenting adults. It also offers some fictional depictions of sexual and inappropriate activity between adults and minors. It is entirely a work of fiction and none of the characters are based on or should be seen as resembling any persons living or dead. The locations mentioned do exist but as far as the author is aware none of the activities shown have ever taken place at any of the locations referred to. The story is intended for an adult audience namely persons of an age for which reading such written material is not viewed as contravening the laws of the country in which the story is being read.

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CHAPTER 1 – BEGINNINGS

People who know me and my brother Lewis often wonder why there seems to be such a close bond between us, especially as we don't get to spend much time together living at different ends of the country. I still live in East Sussex while he has moved some time ago to the West Country. I guess it is all due to the way we spent some of those precious childhood years. Not necessarily in the same way most brothers and sisters do but we both seem to have benefited from the intimate times we had together until we went our separate ways on the arrival of adulthood.

Ever since my very earliest memories, Lewis had been a major part of my life. He was eight years old when I was born. I don't think he ever thought he would have a brother or sister, but there I was in all my glory. He was Mummy's pride and joy. What is it they say 'the apple of her eye'.

Then I came along to spoil everything for him. I never knew what life must have been like for him as an only child but I can only imagine it was more fun than having a baby sister. We lived not far from Brighton in a place called Rottingdean. Not the posh part on the coast road or round the green near where Rudyard Kipling used to live. Actually not even Rottingdean anywhere. Lewis always told his friends that we lived in Rottingdean but actually our house was just over the 'border' in the slightly less salubrious area known as Saltdean. Our home was in Weatherbury Road one of those roads that ran parallel with the open hillside separating the two 'Deans'.

It never bothered me that we lived where we did, I had my friends and I quite liked the school I eventually went to. Lewis had managed somehow to get into the Church of England Primary School on Whiteways Lane which was actually in Rottingdean and thought to be slightly more up-market than Saltdean Primary. He was never a Christian and in later life by all accounts he would have been an asset to anybody creating a cult dedicated to the God of Small Things, probably not the same as written about by Arundhati Roy, but I am getting ahead of myself.

Lewis was safely ensconced in St Margaret's and half way through his Primary School experience when Mummy went into labour and Daddy drove her into Brighton where she gave birth to probably the most beautiful baby girl imaginable, at the maternity ward on level thirteen. She gave birth and I, at 7 pounds four ounces appeared from the usual place at lunchtime on the Sixteenth of February 1985.

We can probably skip fairly quickly over the first few years of my life. They consisted mainly of year one when I was a mewling, puking, sh**tting bundle of fun. Year two was when I learned to walk properly and delighted in interfering with Lewis's Scalextric when he was trying to become a Formula 1 driver like Nigel Mansell. By the end of year three I had learned to ride a tricycle which meant I could ride it all over Lewis's toys and books whenever he left them in the garden. When I was three he must have been eleven and had moved on to the Senior School on Falmer Road. I do remember once when he had his

Sony Walkman on the table in the garden and I rode my trike so fast into the table the cassette player got smashed on the patio paving. I don't think that was one of my more glorious moments but I am sure Lewis still loved his little sister. Between four and five I was 'a proper little madam' but Daddy thought I was really cute whatever I did. I wasn't a tomboy but a real 'girly' girl I loved wearing skirts and ankle socks and showing my knickers whenever I could. I loved having ribbons in my hair. Sometimes I would have my hair in pigtails and other times in bunches. I loved walking around the house in Mummy's high heels. I played with dollies and teddies and enjoyed dressing up more than anything. All the things little girls are supposed to do. I am sure Lewis must have thought I was a real pain. Given the direction in which my life has moved most people would now be surprised to hear how feminine I was at that time.

I suppose it must have been at about nineteen ninety, just before I went to school that I began to notice that Lewis seemed to be feeling a bit left out. Mummy and Daddy always appeared to spend a lot more time with me than they did with him and I could sense even at that young age that he felt he was being pushed out. His position of only child had been usurped by this pretty little thing who always got her own way whenever she wanted anything.

I mentioned that I used to like dressing up, most of the time it was as a princess because that's what I thought I was, Daddy's little princess. I loved wearing pretty dresses and tiaras and wandering around the house as if it was my own private little fairy castle and I was the fairy princess. I used to daydream about being carried off by a really handsome prince on a big white horse like in all the stories. Cinderella and Sleeping Beauty, Snow White or Rapunzel, I was all of them at one time or another. I obviously didn't know at that time what the Princess and the Prince got up to once they arrived at his castle but I was to learn in time. Sometimes I used to dress up in a little girl's nurses uniform of short white skirt and apron with a red cross on it and a cap also with a red cross. I used to pretend to be Florence Nightingale and look after all the poorly soldiers who were actually my teddies and other toys.

Sometimes when I was being a nurse, Lewis would come into the room and see what I was doing. He used to think it was funny when I was dressed up as a nurse and used to say that maybe one day he could be the Doctor and we could play together. I didn't mind, I liked it when he was nice to me. One day I was sitting cross legged on the floor at the foot of my bed administering copious amounts of medicine to an unsuspecting teddy bear who apparently had been injured trying to defend a castle from the bad soldiers. I had my legs crossed at the ankle, my knees were turned out and my short nurse's uniform had ridden up so that my white cotton knickers were in full view of anybody walking past my bedroom door. That is exactly what happened. I guess I was four or five years old, I can't have been any older than that or I would not have been at home at that time of day. I did once ask Lewis about it and he said he thought I might have been six but I am sure I was younger, although I suppose it could have been during the school holidays. Anyway, I heard him coming up the stairs and clumping along the landing. He was a very heavy-footed boy and I'm not sure he has changed that much. As he drew level with my door, he looked in, paused, and then stepped just through the doorway.

"What are you doing Jenny?" he said. I looked up from my work which was far too important to stop and replied in a nurse's sort of voice.

"Teddy has a bad leg. The bad soldiers shot him and I need to make him better."

"Would you like me to take a look at him for you? I think I might be able to fix it."

"How can you fix it Lewis? What can you do?"

"Well, I am a doctor you know. I am off duty but if you can lend me your stethoscope I will see what can be done." I handed Lewis the plastic stethoscope and he put it in his ears. Applying the other round end to teddy's chest and adopting a really grave expression he started his examination.

"It seems to me Nurse Adams that you have done a very good job for this poor young bear. His heart rate is quite high but I can't find anything really seriously wrong with him. If he keeps making good progress like this I think he will be able to go back to his unit fairly soon."

I really liked the way Lewis was being a doctor he looked so big and clever.

"Thank you Doctor I will just bandage his head and then he can go home." It was then that I noticed Lewis was looking very stern. I thought I must have done something wrong. He was looking at my knees and I wondered what had bothered him.

"I am very sorry Nurse Adams but it looks as though you may have caught some sort of illness from the poorly soldiers under your care." I didn't feel unwell but he sounded so convincing. I began to feel really worried that I actually might be sick.

"You have what looks like a rash on your knees." I looked but couldn't see what he was talking about. I couldn't see any rash but he was a doctor so he probably could see more things than I could.

"Do you really think so Lewis? I mean Doctor. What should I do?"

He took the stethoscope and applied it to my chest outside of my apron. "I thought there was a rash on my legs? Have I got something badly wrong with me?"

"Hmm. This could be serious Nurse although I hope we may have caught it in time. I think we need to do some more investigations. Why don't you hop up on the bed and I will see what I can do." I did as he asked, jumped up and sat on the bed my little legs dangling over the edge.

"I am going to have to do a more detailed examination if I am going to work out what the problem is. Would you mind if I loosened your uniform?"

"I guess not if you think that is going to help." I must have looked a little bit confused.

"Ah symptoms can be very deceptive Nurse. It is very possible for something to show on one part of the body and actually be caused by an infection elsewhere."

Lewis was ever so clever he knew loads of things I didn't. This was fun, Lewis had never played games with me like this before. I followed his instructions, undid my apron and took it off. The cap had gone when I sat on the bed. I next pulled my uniform dress up over my head until I was just wearing my white cotton knickers.

"That's very good Nurse Adams now if you can just climb up onto the bed and then lie back against the pillow for me I will check you over."

The doctor took his stethoscope and applied it to my chest and then each of my little nipples, then finally my tummy button. It tickled and I couldn't stop laughing.

"Stop it Lewis, it tickles."

"Now now Nurse, just lie still and do everything I tell you to otherwise you will never get better."

Lewis was worrying me now I thought maybe I really was poorly. I lay on the bed with my arms against my sides while Lewis carried on being the doctor. He put his hands inside the waist of my knickers.

"Just lift your bottom for me. Thank you nurse. I need to make absolutely sure the rash hasn't spread. These things can be very dangerous."

His hands held tight to the waistband and slowly drew my little cotton knickers over my bottom and down my legs. Lewis was watching my body and took particular interest in my tummy as it was gradually exposed to his gaze. Slowly but surely the top of my pussy came into view and then as my knickers reached the top of my thighs the whole of my little slit was visible.

"Is it alright doctor? Am I really sick?"

I watched as Lewis moved the stethoscope lower and rested it right where my slit joined the raised bump of my pudenda.

"Just another quick check to make absolutely sure, but I think we may have found the problem just in time. If I am right, you should be fine, stay very still nurse." Lewis told me.

He put the stethoscope down and placed his hands on the tops of my thighs. He slowly slid his hands right to the top and then ran his fingers over my pussy lips. It didn't last very long but before he stopped stroking my little slit he slid one finger between my outer lips and gently rubbed along the inside. It actually felt nicer than I thought it would. Just like when I used to rub my own pussy in bed at night.

"There, the examination is all over Nurse, I think you are going to be fine. You were very brave letting me check you over. Now you should put your clothes back on while I go and wash my hands before I examine the next patient. When I have finished my ward rounds I will go and get you some medicine and then everything will be fine."

I did as he suggested and then we both examined the rest of the teddies. They were all healthy as well. When we finished Lewis went to the kitchen and came back with a small glass of orange juice.

"I've put some medicine in the juice for you Nurse Adams, Just drink this and you will be better in no time." I drank the glass full and it tasted just like it always did. I guess this was make believe as well.

I think it was a couple of days before my fifth, or sixth or seventh birthday depending on who has the right timeline when about three months after our first role playing game. Lewis was in his room playing music while I was once more being Nurse Adams in my room. Mummy and Daddy were downstairs watching TV. I had been busily tending to my hospital patients when I looked up and saw Lewis stood in the doorway again. He had his hand down inside the front of his trousers and I could see it moving slowly up and down. I wondered whether he had an itch or something.

"Good Morning Nurse Adams, how are the patients today?"

"Very well thank you doctor but I am a little bit worried about Sergeant Edwards." Sergeant Edwards was a dark brown bear with one eye missing and a very threadbare back.

"Could you take a look at him for me please?" Lewis agreed and we played out the familiar charade of him examining the bear.

"Do you think I might be sick again? Should you examine me as well just in case?"

"No I don't think that will be necessary Nurse but I have noticed that I seem to be running a bit of a temperature myself. Perhaps I should be examined by you? If you do a proper examination maybe I could recommend you for doctor training." I liked the sound of that but wasn't sure whether I would be any good at it.

"If you think I would be able to do it. What shall I do? Do I use the stethoscope?"

"Just follow everything I tell you and I am sure you will do it perfectly." Lewis walked across to my bed and unfastening his belt and waist button he lay down on the bed.

"If you could just unzip my trousers for me nurse I am feeling a little faint."

I stood beside the bed in my uniform and started to slide Lewis's zip slowly down. While I was doing it he put his hand on my bottom and lifted the hem of my nurse's dress until I could feel him stroking my cotton covered buttocks. I liked his hands on my bum it felt nice and comforting.

"Now what Doctor?" I had slid the zip all the way down and I could see his willy making a big bump in his trousers.

"If I lift my bottom I can take my trousers down a bit so you can see if I am sick or not?"

"How will I know if you are sick Lewis?" I was really keen to help but a little unsure how to proceed.

"It's easy Jenny. I will help you. I am sure you will be very good at diagnosis." Lewis slid his trousers down as far as his knees and then lay back down with a large tent appearing in the front of his underpants and a small wet spot as well.

“Right if you just slip your hand inside my underpants and wrap your fingers around what you will find in there you should know if I am sick or not.”

“How Lewis?” I did as he suggested, slid my hand under his waistband and as I reached inside his willy was really stiff. I really did not understand how holding on to it would tell me if he was poorly but I thought he knew best and so I did as he said.

“Like this?” I wrapped my fingers around it and slowly moved my hand up and down. It felt all knobbly and really, really hard. This was the first time I had ever held a boy’s willy and it felt naughty but lovely.

“That’s perfect Nurse Adams, now to be absolute certain I don’t have trench willy you need to take my pants down and inspect it.”

Never needing to be told to do things more than once, I freed his willy from his underwear and got my first proper look at a hard penis. It was really long but quite skinny.

“Does it look good to you Nurse?” I didn’t have a clue but said that I thought it did.

“Very good I must be healthy then” Lewis said and promptly took my hand away and pulled his clothes up before getting off the bed and leaving the room. On the way past me he slid his hand up under my skirt and groped my little pussy through my knickers.

Another good day at the surgery.

Playtime was not the only time when my brother availed himself of looking at me in the nude. Lewis never missed an opportunity to come into the bathroom while I was having a bath. He made all sorts of excuses like he needed to clean his teeth or his hands were dirty and could he wash them in my bath water. I never objected to that because he would take the opportunity to put his hand between my legs and give my little pussy a gentle stroke. I don’t know who enjoyed it more him or me.

CHAPTER 2 – NOW WE ARE SIX

Just over a year later, maybe eighteen months I was six or seven or eight and my big brother was fourteen or older. I was a little bit taller but still a little girl while he had had a growth spurt and shot up to about five foot six.

Lewis had now started coming into my room on a regular basis when he was getting ready for bed. The first time he did it I was asleep and I only noticed he was there when I woke with a start to find him with his hand under the bedclothes fondling me between my legs. I don't know why I did it but I rolled on to my back and moving my knees apart let him carry on for about five minutes before he took his hand away and skulked back to his room.

This happened quite regularly, at least once every couple of weeks I should think and it got so that I was almost disappointed when I woke in the morning and could not remember anything happening during the night. Of course it could just have been that I was in such a deep sleep that Lewis visited me more often and I never noticed.

I did however notice when one night I had been in bed for maybe an hour and was still quite wide awake. Lewis came into my room expecting to find me sleeping. This time however he wasn't wearing his pyjamas like he usually did. He walked quite boldly into my room with absolutely nothing on. The first thing I noticed once my eyes had adjusted to his silhouette against the hall light was that he had his penis in his hand and it was semi erect. When he realized that I was actually awake he turned his back on me and started to walk back out of the room.

"Lewis?" I whispered so that nobody downstairs would hear me. "What did you want Lewis?" He paused in the doorway. He paused and turned round again to face me.

"Your willy is getting big again Lewis." I giggled. He paused for a moment or two with his hand in front of his genitals making a very poor shield. Shortly he started stroking himself again.

"That is so big Lewis, can I have a close look please? Pretty please big brother."

He didn't stand in the doorway for long but came across to the edge of my bed. I put my hand out and wrapped it around the thin little teenage shaft in front of me. As my fingers tightened around it I felt it twitch involuntarily. Lewis watched me holding his cock and then slowly reached out for the top of my duvet and slid it down the bed. My little body in my favourite pink nightie with the teddy bear motif was gradually revealed to his lustful young eyes. Before he had come in the room I had been a bit warm in bed and had been wriggling about a lot. The result of this was that my nightie had ridden up my legs to the point where it had moved right up until my belly was uncovered. As long as the duvet had been over me it wouldn't have mattered, but Lewis had uncovered me now and as I lay on the mattress my legs slightly parted he could not fail but to see my little pussy naked and smooth and open to be enjoyed by

him. He couldn't take his eyes off me. Because I was still young my pussy had not started changing and still presented him with a view of my tightly closed outer lips. I remember when I was small my slit was a perfect line that ran from between my legs just like a crease in silk to a point below my tummy where my pubic mound rose like a little soft hillock above the tempting valley of my cleft. There was virtually no gap between my lips and no hint of what pleasures lay inside. Lewis's penis hardened perceptibly in my fist as he reached out with his hand and cupped my little pussy in his palm. I could feel him moving his hand as he gently rubbed slowly up and down my slit and then he started to slip his finger between my outer lips. I was getting quite hot now and I could feel my pussy starting to get slightly wet. I was sure that he must have noticed that my vulva was now moist and slippery. As he felt me getting damp his penis convulsed in my hand and his legs started to shake as he pressed his knees together. I know now that he must have had an orgasm but nothing came out. At the time I didn't understand what was happening but I know now that he had orgasmed but was still not ejaculating anything. He moved back a little bit and his willy slid out of my hand. More upsetting was that he took his hand away from my pussy.

"Whatever you do Jenny, don't tell Mum and Dad what just happened." I didn't really know what had just happened but I knew enough not to say anything. Lewis turned his back on me again.

"Night Night Jenny, sleep tight" and he went back to his bedroom.

Over the next few months we must have looked at each other's thingies and touched them occasionally. I don't know whether it was just us or whether other brothers and sisters investigated each other in this way. I liked touching his willy, I loved the way it flicked up and down and it was always fun when he stroked my pussy. These moments gradually got a bit less frequent now that Lewis was at Longhill School. I guess he was concentrating on getting his exam results. Or maybe he was finding girls of his own age to play with. I went through Infants and then up to Primary school. Things kicked off again between Lewis and me when I was, what? Eight or nine I imagine or it could have been ten. Probably eight 'cos I think Lewis was fifteen and getting ready for his GCSE's next year. I think I am going to give up trying to remember how old I was. I will pick an age and we will just go with it. So let's say eight for the sake of brevity.

CHAPTER 3 – EIGHT OF HEARTS

My education was progressing both in school and out of school time when chatting with other girls. You would not believe what eight year old girls talk about when they are on their own. Well actually you probably would, I doubt it is much different to the things boys of that age discuss but coming at it from a different angle, so to speak.

We would frequently gather in the girl's toilets and discuss the boy's willies. Most of my friends had seen one, either they had brothers or they had been caught playing kiss chase round the playground and had to pay a forfeit which was always one of two things. Either look at my willy or show me your fanny. I personally was quite happy to pay whatever forfeit was requested of me. I wonder whether that had anything at all to do with the games Lewis and I had been playing for several years. I was frequently to be found round the back of the main building with some other horny little boy, usually the older ones. When they got to the last year they were getting very close to puberty and would have no qualms in asking girls to lift their skirts for a look.

The school uniform for girls was either a mid grey gymslip with a flared skirt and white blouse or alternatively a white blouse with a grey medium length skirt and a red jumper. I can't count the number of times I have lifted the hem of my dress, I preferred the gymslip, so a boy could stare in wide eyed fascination at the camel toe in my regulation white cotton school knickers. If I liked him I would let him put his finger on my slit outside my knickers. They may be keen to look and touch but give them the opportunity and they will usually run a mile.

If I liked the boy a lot then I would occasionally trade favour for favour. I would agree to pull my knickers down so he could actually finger my pussy but only if he let me play with his willy at the same time. Don't children enjoy the simplest things? I suppose they never grow out of it either. Most men just want to get their hands on my cunt and I can't wait to wrap my fingers around a big juicy cock. Getting ahead of the story again, I must learn restraint.

As I said, Lewis did not pester me quite as much but that doesn't mean he had lost all interest in his little sister. There were the occasional accidental trips to the bathroom while I was in there in all my naked glory. I could tell he loved finding me sitting in the bath with the soapy bubbly water only just covering my legs and therefore the one thing that he wanted to see the most.

At the point in my life story we have now reached, when Lewis was fifteen and I was a beautiful little eight year old he decided to pick up where we had left off.

Like all little girls I had a very curious nature and loved finding out about new things, especially if those new things hid inside a boy's trousers. All my girlfriends were equally as inquisitive about boys and their toys.

It goes without saying that Lewis enjoyed nothing as much as getting inside my knickers. He had a natural and very unhealthy desire to look between my legs and given half a chance get his hands on my pussy which was still smooth with puffy outer lips.

That he was so fascinated by something which I took for granted I could understand but he did seem to have an unusually keen interest in pursuing his pussy watching hobby. I often wondered whether he had the opportunities at school or if he just kept his fascination under control until he could get back to his sister.

One day, Lewis and I were alone at home after he had fetched me from school. I don't know what Mummy had been doing which meant she wasn't home for us but I didn't mind. It was quite nice showing him off to all my friends when he was waiting for me at the school gates.

I imagine we had been home about half an hour when I thought I would tease him a little bit.

I waited until he wasn't expecting it and then, out of the blue, said. "Lewis, will you show me your willy again?"

I knew he was surprised. I think this was the first time I had actually initiated one of our naughty play sessions. He didn't give an indication that he was in the least bit taken aback though by what I had said. He paused for a few moments, not long really before he took me up on my suggestion.

"OK Sis where would you like to go or shall I just get it out here? He said. I looked at the front of his trousers and it seemed as though he was already getting excited by the prospect. If I didn't make a quick decision I was afraid it would make a break for freedom on its own.

"Shall we go to my bedroom" I replied. "Just in case Mummy comes home early?" He eagerly agreed and followed me as I skipped up the stairs ahead of him.

I knew why he had agreed so readily to go upstairs to my room. He knew that if anybody came home unexpectedly he would hear the front door opening which would give him plenty of time to get back to his room. As I walked upstairs ahead of him I knew he was watching as my little skirt kept flicking up giving him a tantalising glimpse of my little white cotton knickers. Boys of all ages just love the intrigue of an upskirt view. When we got upstairs he went into his room and switched his desktop computer on so he had an alibi in place in case it was needed. We then went in to my bedroom and he didn't give me the chance to change my mind about wanting to see his penis even if I had wanted to. Without pausing he immediately dropped his trousers and underwear while I sat on my bed and watched every move he made.

I stared down at his slightly enlarged penis. It was bigger than when I had caught him one day, doing a wee without shutting the bathroom door, but it had hardly started to get erect yet. I looked him straight in the eyes and fluttering my long eyelashes at him I said. "Can I touch it again please Lewis? I want to watch it get bigger."

“OK Jenny, you can touch it if you want to.”

I nodded to indicate that I really wanted to and reached out, wrapping my little hand around the stem which was still pencil thin, not limp and floppy but not hard yet either. As I stroked his shaft I let my fingers move down to where it joined his belly. The tips of my fingers touched his balls for the first time. They felt so funny at first I drew my hand back. Lewis took hold of my hand and wrapped it around his sac. “Be careful now Jen, don’t squeeze ‘cos it will hurt me but you can roll them around in your hand. That feels nice.”

I had released my grip on his shaft as he told me to hold his balls. He was right it actually did feel nice. It was like I was playing with a bag of soft squidgy big marbles as they slid around inside their outer skin covering. By now Lewis had pretty well gone through the early stages of puberty and had grown quite a lot of pubic hair. That was something that I didn’t like the thought of. I didn’t want anything to hide my pretty little kitten. I edged my hand towards his tummy and gently twisted a few strands of kinky dark hair around my fingers. Obviously with all this attention his willy started getting harder and what until now had been looking at the floor lifted slightly and pointed straight at me.

“Wow, that’s so cool Lewis,” I whispered as he got harder and I stroked it some more. It didn’t take long before he lost control and something totally unexpected happened. His cock was rigid and sticking straight up in the air when he came. Of course I didn’t realize what was happening because the last time I had played with his willy he just shuddered a bit and then stopped. Now he was getting older he no longer had a dry climax. I know, now that I have a lot more experience, that it actually wasn’t much of an ejaculation but it was certainly enough to take me by surprise.

Lewis came, splattering his semen all over my hand. I squealed a little, but then giggled. It was infectious Lewis started laughing as well. It was really funny. I took my hands away and leaning over the pillows pulled a tissue out of the box beside my bed and wiped myself off as Lewis stood beside the bed and attempted to pull his trousers up.

“That was really funny Lewis, I didn’t know that was going to happen. Why did you do that? I remember when we used to play it just used to twitch but that was so funny. Does it always do that when girls stroke it now?” I watched as his erect member gradually collapsed.

“Probably, it does whenever I stroke it. As for when other girls do, I wouldn’t know, you are the only girl who has ever done that for me. You are not just my sister Jenny, you are my really precious little special girl.” I loved that he thought I was special. I was so proud of having a big brother and I would have done absolutely anything he asked me to.

“I don’t really understand what happened and why you made a mess on my fingers Lewis but shall we play that part where you look up my skirt again now?” I asked as innocently as I knew how. “I know you like doing that.” All the while I was hoping he would agree. I loved when he played with my little slit.

He didn't saying anything at first but it was obvious from the way he looked at me that he really wanted to do it as well. I know he liked doing it as much I as I wanted him to. I often wondered whether the other girls at my school with brothers had as much fun as we did. I never discussed it with anyone, except Laura my best friend until much later.

I lay back on the bed and pulled my school knickers off in one quick motion, displaying me pussy under the skirt of my gymslip. I didn't take my gymslip off because I thought Lewis would like to see me like that. It meant he would have to lift the hem to get a look and after walking upstairs like that I thought he would enjoy it more. I did try to be a thoughtful, helpful little sister.

I was still a very skinny little girl and my smooth pubis was totally and delightfully devoid of any sign of the hair which would inevitably creep in to spoil the view in future years. I sat on the edge of the bed with my feet together but kept my knees wide apart. This gave him an uninterrupted view of my little pussy hiding under my skirt but I had my legs in such a position that it was actually helping him to see as my outer lips pulled apart slightly. Lewis was almost salivating as he looked at my pink inner lips poking up from my vulva like little flower petals.

I don't know whether he thought what he was looking at was pretty or not. He knelt down in front of me and with a little coaxing from him I moved my legs even further apart so he could really see my outer lips, which were perfect and pink. I don't know what he could smell from his position with his head almost under the hem of my skirt but the scent of Johnsons baby powder which emanated from my crack I hoped made it nicer for him. I really didn't want him to be put off by the smell of wee, although with Lewis, who knows what he would enjoy.

I didn't say anything as he reached forward with his right hand and putting it right up under my skirt ran his finger down the smooth tight cleft of my slit and then up again to where my clit was hiding under its little protective hood. At first it made me gasp and jerk a little. As he rubbed it gently I squirmed around, my skinny legs jerking slightly. It felt nice but I suddenly worried that Mummy might come home any minute.

"That's enough for now Lewis" I said. I could tell from his expression that he was disappointed and wondered what the problem was. He stood back anyway and I felt so powerful being able to control what was happening to me. It was an ability that I would later use in many situations. As Lewis moved away from the bed and from me, I closed my legs together and reached behind me for my knickers. I quickly put them back on getting my big toe caught in the leg hole momentarily. As usual the back of my skirt ended up tucked into the waistband of my knickers until I managed to reach back behind me and free it.

"Did you like what I did with your willy Lewis?" I asked putting on my most childish voice. I knew it got him hornier when I acted my age or younger. I was being just a little bit naughty with my big brother.

"Of course I liked it you silly girl" Lewis replied "but, did you like what I just did to you?" He had touched my little pussy many times but today somehow it felt different and I loved it. Perhaps it was because he actually managed to tickle my clitoris.

"I guess so." I replied "but I'm not sure I should let you do it again though." I smiled at him and he kissed me on the cheek. I was loving teasing him and letting him think I wasn't going to let him between my legs again. That was however all that happened that day. I think he secretly knew that I was as turned on as him and would find it impossible to refuse him. We both went downstairs and carried on as if nothing at all had happened. Lewis did a bit of homework and I watched The Really Wild Show on TV. To be honest it wasn't just me watching, I could see that Lewis stole a furtive glance or two at the television as well. Who doesn't love Michaela Strachan. I do and I bet Lewis does as well.

I can't really remember when our next bit of brother sister play happened. It was probably a week or two, I think, before Lewis plucked up the courage to try and win me round again. Whenever it was, he eventually asked me if I would do it to him again and as I was feeling in a really good mood and because I liked doing it anyway I agreed. This time Mum and Dad were out doing some late shopping and we were in Lewis's bedroom instead of mine. Lewis lay down on his bed. He had just had a shower so he was totally naked when I walked into the room. It felt wrong somehow but I don't suppose it was any different than if he had been wearing his clothes and then took them off. I did like looking at my big brother nude with his willy all small and nestled like a little sausage next to his testicles. He was lying on his back but his 'bits' didn't slip down between his legs just sat there with his pubic hair making a little hedge above them. I was in my prettiest little white nightie with the pale blue flower pattern. I climbed on to the bed beside Lewis and stroked his penis while I was sitting next to him. It didn't take much to get him hard and then for him to shoot semen all over his tummy. I could tell he enjoyed it. I wondered what it must feel like for a boy when that happens. I still wonder and guess I will never know. I know how a girl feels and that is wonderful, especially as we can keep feeling like it over and over again.

Lewis sat up and cleaned himself up a bit with a tissue which left little bits of white paper sticking to his balls. He said that he wanted to play with me now so I lay down on the bed. Lewis lifted my nightie up. I was wearing a pair of knickers which were actually getting too small for me. Well actually I guess I was getting too big for the knickers but anyway Lewis slipped his hand inside them through the leg hole and stroked my little pussy. I know I had suggested it might not happen again but I did not stop him this time, letting him finger me and experiment by stroking just inside the outer pussy lips. It felt really nice, I sighed as he did it and the sensation caused my hips to jerk involuntarily I don't know what it was but something felt all warm and tingly. Looking back it was probably my first proper baby orgasm. It was quite an intense feeling and something I had never felt before but would feel many, many times in the future getting stronger and stronger the older I got. My skinny little legs went rigid, my mouth opened and my head fell to one side. I couldn't stand the sensation it was so intense so I pushed his hand away then and just lay there, smiling at him, my cheeks flushed. I could feel the heat running down my chest and into my belly. I was surprised many years later to read that children will masturbate from infancy

and orgasm can be experienced by both sexes from three or four years old. No doubt about it, we are all sexual beings from a very early age. Anyone who has had children will certainly know that boys get erections at a very early age.

Anyway enough philosophizing, no homework this time, we just lay together on my bed watching a rerun of 'Mini Pops'. It was obvious that Lewis enjoyed watching the little singers performing pop songs of the time.

I thought while we were lying there together that this would be a good time to raise something with him that I had been thinking about for some time.

"There is a girl at my school Lewis who says she sucked a boy's willy behind the curtains in Assembly Hall. I think that is so gross" I think he jumped when I started talking. He was in a little dream world of his own, probably fantasising about Michaela. He seemed not to know how to react.

When he did reply he said "But grown-up girls like sucking willies." Obviously I didn't believe him why would they.

Nonetheless a few nights later when Mummy and Daddy were going to be going out with some friends for a party leaving Lewis in charge of babysitting, the subject came up again.

How late will you be getting back Mummy?" I asked as she came in to say goodnight before going out.

"Late, I think," Mummy said. "I want you in bed by nine and I will go and tell Lewis that he must settle down before ten and no later. I will ring him a couple of times before then to make sure everything is OK."

I nodded, gave Mummy a big kiss and a hug and about ten minutes later they left calling goodbye as they went out the door. I heard the car drive off. Lewis was in his bedroom playing some role-playing computer game. It must have been about half past eight, Mummy and Daddy had been gone about an hour and I was snuggled in my bed with the teddies. I guess I must have dropped off to sleep fairly quickly after they left. I don't know how long I had been asleep but I woke up and the house sounded very quiet. I got out of bed and went along the landing towards Lewis's room still half asleep my little bare feet almost silently padding across the carpet. Pushing the door to his bedroom open and looking inside, I stood by the door rubbing the sleep from my eyes.

"Lewis I woke up, can I come into your bed please?" I asked timidly.

"I guess so trouble, why are you awake anyway?"

"I don't know. I just woke up." I walked across the room to where Lewis was lying on his bed outside of the covers reading something which had pictures of ladies with no clothes on. On the pillow beside him was a pair of little red knickers, they looked pretty and silky. "Whose are those Lewis?"

He looked a bit sheepish and said. "Err they belong to one of the first years in my school. She's eleven but only tiny, a bit like you. Would you like to try them on?"

"Oh yes please, they are really pretty." Not needing to be asked twice I stripped my nightie and knickers off standing in front of him my little nipples reacting to the change in temperature and my pussy slit clearly visible to Lewis who was staring at my crotch as usual. He never seemed to tire of pussy gazing. He passed me the knickers and I put them on. They didn't feel anything like my cotton ones, they felt really lovely and smooth against my lower lips. "Ooo they feel ever so nice Lewis."

It probably looked a bit unusual to Lewis seeing me wearing somebody else's knickers and nothing else. Eight years old, bare-chested, my two little buds pointing at my brother as I went closer to the bed. Lewis had a look in his eyes which said he approved of what he was seeing. It is interesting that Lewis always swears to this day that those knickers were nothing to do with him or an eleven year old school friend. He seems to have convinced himself that I got them off one of my classmates and was wearing them when I walked into his room. There is no accounting for memories.

"Mmmm they really suit you Jenny, Your little bottom looks so cute in them and I love looking at your little titties."

"I haven't got any titties Lewis."

"I know that's why I like looking at them Sis."

"Not sure you should be standing there dressed like that though." He said. "Mum wouldn't like it."

"Yes I know but Mummy and Daddy are out and I wanted to see my big brother. Please don't make me take them off. I can get in bed with you if you like. You can keep me warm."

As I stood in front of him my little hips covered by red silk and my slit showing through the material as my labia pushed against the crotch of the knickers, Lewis ran his hand down my back until I could feel his hand on my bottom. He lowered his head to my chest and started sucking one of the little buds.

I was still not properly awake I guess, so I just sighed and let him stroke my hair.

"I know you're my bratty little sister but I really like you Jenny, you are so nice," he said. He carried on stroking my hair, my sleepy eyes were flickering. "You know you mentioned a girl in your school and what she did with that boy?" I wasn't really concentrating but I remembered what I had said.

"Yes" I said "You mean when she sucked his willy."

"You want to try it?" He asked next. Lewis's hand was shaking as he continued to stroke my hair.

"Eurrgh No." I replied. "That must be really, really nasty 'cos you wee out of your willy"

Lewis laughed and patted me on the bottom pulling me closer to him. "That's true Jenny but I do wash as well you know. It's actually something I think you might like."

"Why would I like it, it sounds horrible. You wouldn't lick my pee pee so why should I put your willy in my mouth? That's just nasty, I think you are a really bad person Lewis." I was actually quite offended at the thought that he would want me to do that.

Lewis smiled at me and smacked my bottom gently again and then slipped his hand inside the back of the red silk knickers squeezing my left buttock.

"What a sweet tight little bottom you've got Jenny." He said. "I know you've got a pretty pee pee too, after all I've stroked it enough for you in the past."

"You only did that because you wanted to not because I did. Anyway stroking isn't the same as licking somebody where they go to the toilet."

"Do you want me to do it Jenny?" he asked. Of course I wanted him to, I was getting wet just thinking about it and I didn't even know what it would be like. I nodded, blushing, my hands grabbing his and pulling him up. He knew what I wanted, so I took his hand and started back to my room. He followed me and then I helped him to strip off. When he was naked I lay back on my bed my hair cascading over the pillow. Lewis pulled the red knickers off me and stroked my thighs. "Mmmm love your little legs Jenny, they are so silky." He said. He put his head to the triangle where my belly and thighs met. And then kissing me gently down there he slowly prised my legs apart. I watched him as I lay with my head on the pillow.

"You know where to lick me?" I asked him.

"Uh, I think so, probably more than you do. I've got some magazines with ladies in that have pictures of them having their pussies played with and licked."

His hands eased my little thighs apart and I felt his face nuzzling between them. It wasn't long before he had found my clit with his fingers. It wasn't very long either until, with me helping him by using my fingers to spread my pussy lips, exposing my little pink clit to him, he started to lick my cunt. Tentatively at first, I think this was the first time he had ever had his tongue properly on a girl's pussy. I expect he wondered what it would taste like. He licked all round my vulva, over my clit and also the opening to my urethra. If anywhere that is the part that would taste of pee. But he didn't seem to mind. Maybe that was another of his funny fantasies. Very soon he seemed to be really enjoying himself.

I was moaning as his tongue flicked everywhere around my baby cunt. I ground my hips against his mouth as he licked me. I probably did not behave like an eight year old but I was having fun enjoying my brother sucking and licking my little slit.

"Oh, don't stop Lewis" After, I guess maybe, ten minutes of licking, I orgasmed much harder than the last time, my little hips pushing up and my thighs coming together, almost trapping his head as I cried out with pleasure.

"Oh, that was so much fun." I was surprised how much fun it actually was. I began wondering what it tasted to like to do it to another girl but I was not going to find that out for a few years yet.

Now though it seemed like it was my turn to give Lewis some pleasure. No time to think about anything much. I could hardly say that I wouldn't do it now, he had called my bluff by licking my slit first,

"Come on then Jenny my willy isn't very big, you know that, from when you played with it before. So would you like to try sucking my willy now then?" he said

"I guess so, as long as you promise me it doesn't taste like wee." I actually wasn't at all sure it was a good idea but Lewis usually only asked me to do things we would both liked.

"I promise." He said. Before I could change my mind he had stood up, so my face was level with his crotch. I leaned forward and put the head of his penis between my lips. I rolled my tongue over the end of the new intruder and it twitched as I did so. A moment later I pulled away.

"OK, I was wrong, it tastes alright. Quite nice actually. Oh and it smells like talcum powder as well" and without any help from Lewis I popped it back in and started sucking quite hard. His penis responded with yet more little twitches.

Again I took him out of my mouth. "I quite like this Lewis, you were right it doesn't taste bad at all"

"Right then Jenny, you have to carry on sucking me, after all you just had fun didn't you?." Lewis lay down on the bed and got comfortable. I moved around the bed then climbed up on it and positioned myself between his legs.

I touched his penis gently. At first he was very quiet but as I stroked it with my feather light touch he started to groan with pleasure. I took a firmer hold of the shaft of his penis with both hands as it got harder and harder. I slid my hands up and down the shaft, I don't know how I knew what he would like but it just seemed to work.

My mouth finally engulfed the tip of his almost hard cock and he groaned and sighed again as he watched what I was doing. I licked and sucked and stroked and then sucked the head again. It grew fully hard in seconds, filling my mouth. It was fun, I don't know what Lewis was feeling but I began to realize that my pussy was getting very wet again. Lewis was watching my lips moving up and down on his cock. I had never done this before today, but it just felt so natural. In a few moments Lewis was as hard as a rock. Not a very big rock, in fact quite a slender rock but it felt and tasted lovely, I sucked him slowly at first, then faster as I realized he was enjoying it so much. We had not talked about what would happen when he came. Of course I had seen it happen once but when it happened this time I was taken completely by surprise. Lewis ejaculated at the moment his cock was deep in my mouth and the semen shot straight down my throat. I couldn't help gagging, it felt like I was going to choke. But I carried on sucking, until I could not take it anymore and neither could Lewis. He suddenly pulled my head away. I frowned at him because I was having a lot of fun and he spoiled it. When he pulled his willy out of my mouth all that white gloopy stuff ran right down my chin onto my chest.

"Oh, that was so good, little sister."

"Eurrgh I forgot that was going to happen and you didn't remind me. There was quite a lot of that horrid smelly stuff Lewis! I never thought there was that much when it went on my hand before. it tastes really weird, all sort of sticky and salty"

"I, I didn't think you would swallow it Jenny! Who told you to do that?"

"Nobody, but what else was going to happen to it. It just went down the back of my throat so I swallowed it. Was it wrong to swallow it. Is it poisonous? Am I going to die??"

"Oh no Jenny, of course you're not going to die, silly. It was great and no it isn't poison lots of girls really like to swallow it."

"I suppose I actually quite liked it too." I said.

"I am glad you liked it. I really liked licking your little pussy too. Did you like me licking your little pussy, Jenny?"

"Mmmmm, It tickled quite a bit in the beginning but I didn't know it was going to actually feel so nice." I said, wiping the remnants of his semen off my chin. I lay down tight against Lewis on the bed. We dozed for a while and then he went and got us a lemonade and biscuits, which we ate naked while watching some more TV.

Later that evening, I guess about two hours later I got fed up with watching the television. Lewis was engrossed in something but I can't remember what we were watching.

"So what do you want to do then Jenny?" I didn't answer him, just put my hand on his willy and started stroking it. My little fingers strolled nonchalantly up and down the shaft lingering momentarily as I felt the bulbous little head. I wrapped my hand around it there and applying a little pressure slid it back towards Lewis's tummy. The shaft stayed still but the skin in my hand slid down and gradually the purple head of his penis slid into view from inside his foreskin. He had a lot of skin on his willy. He quickly got really hard again and my hand filled up with his penis. I opened my mouth and went down on him. That is a good description of fellating but one I didn't know at the time. I was just putting his cock in my mouth. When I had the whole head inside I closed my lips together and sucked rolling my tongue over the sensitive part of him.

Eventually he shot another load of semen into my mouth. Not as much as last time but still a tasty morsel. Once he had finished ejaculating into my mouth I thought why not and swallowed it again.

When he finished I got up off the bed and rushed into the bathroom, I was so desperate for a pee I only just made it in time. I positioned myself on the toilet seat and watched between my legs as a stream of wee flowed out and splashed off my pussy lips on the way to oblivion. When my flow stopped I reached over for some toilet tissue and thought of a much better idea.

I stood up and ran back into my bedroom where Lewis was still lying quietly on the bed waiting patiently for my return. I jumped on top and lifting one leg over him I wriggled my pussy into position with my little girl slit covering his mouth. When I was in position I lowered my lips down on to his lips.

"I want my big brother to lick me again." He couldn't answer, his nose was pressed against my pudenda while he buried his tongue up my cunt.

Lewis did what any good brother would do for his little sister. He buried his face in my cute soft pussy lips and licked me so, so tenderly. I was straddling his face, one little knee either side of his head. My hips were moving up and down as his tongue worked on my inner lips and just inside my moist warm vulva. This time he didn't just concentrate on my clit but took a lot of time licking all round and over my urethra as if he was deliberately seeking out the taste of my wee.

"Mmmmm, you taste lovely this time Jenny, all salty and sweet, did you forget to wipe?"

"No, I didn't forget, I knew you would prefer it if I didn't" I smiled down at him with his face between my legs and his tongue licking wee from my cunt.

I let him carry on like that for what seemed like ages before I felt that familiar shuddering feeling building in my legs and rising in waves until eventually it engulfed my belly and my cunt. I now knew, even at this young age that I was going to spend my life trying to get that feeling wherever and whenever I could. In later years I would come to sympathise with those poor girls who never experience the mind shattering explosion of an orgasm.

As the waves of ecstasy slowly subsided and I returned to feeling like an eight year old girl rather than some sex mad female I slid my leg over his head and kneeling beside him leaned forward and planted a wet sloppy kiss on his forehead.

After it was all over and I was alone in my bed I lay awake wondering whether we would be able to play like this again soon, I really hoped so. I couldn't be certain though, Lewis was getting busy with homework and it was unusual for Mummy and Daddy to go out for very long and leave us alone. I had decided that I would let Lewis do whatever he enjoyed most but I would definitely try and live my life being licked whenever possible, hopefully by another girl. I was one day to discover it was so much nicer than being pinned to the bed with a penis just to satisfy some man's lustful desires.

I looked towards the door where Lewis had gone back to his room and out of the corner of my eye caught a glimpse of something red. It was the little silky knickers fallen on the floor just inside the doorway.

I was just about to get up and retrieve them when Lewis came through the door.

"There they are." He said and picked them up.

"They are so pretty Lewis, I want them."

“Sorry Jenny, those are mine it took me a long time to get them off Virginia and there is no way you are having them.” He seemed determined to keep them for himself.

“Bu you don’t wear girls knickers so why do you want them? I queried.

“That’s all you know Madam.” Lewis looked at the knickers and the next thing I knew he had held them open and stepped into the little red silky panties. “See they look lovely on me.” He pirouetted in front of me his cock and balls tucked safely away in the gusset of the little girl knickers.

“You’d better not let Mum find out you wear girls clothes Lewis she won’t like it.”

“I don’t care what she likes, I enjoy it so there.” With that he minced out of the door and back to his room.

I guess you never know people as well as you think you do. The fact that Lewis liked dressing up as much as I did was going to prove interesting in more ways than one. But you are going to have to wait until later in the story to find out.

I switched my bedroom television on and watched it for a while. I could hear the one in Lewis’s room as well. Sometime later the phone rang and I could hear Lewis’s muffled voice telling Mummy everything was quiet at home. Not how I would have described the situation but probably a good idea not to tell Mummy what had really happened. After he hung up the phone I heard him turn the TV off and then there was a lot of noise from some computer game.

I had put my nightie on, the one with the ‘My Little Pony’ pattern on the chest and fell asleep fairly soon after that with my television still throwing blue shadows round the room.

CHAPTER 4 – TEN-DER IS THE NIGHT

It was February 1995 and on the sixteenth it was going to be my tenth birthday.

Lewis had done his 'A' Levels early, because he was a smart ass and got good enough marks to be able to go to University. I didn't really want him to go but I guess he had to so that he could get a good job. He had already had an interview for courses at two different Colleges. One was close to home in Falmer, but he wasn't really bothered about the course they offered him. The other was the one I really did not want him to take because it was miles and miles away in Birmingham and if he went there I wouldn't see him for absolute ages.

Unfortunately the one at Birmingham was Geography and he thought that would be easier than the Sussex University course. That meant that very soon he would be disappearing off up North for weeks on end. I was going to miss my little playtimes.

The weekend before my birthday Lewis and Daddy had been up to the Midlands to check out the facilities and to see whether Lewis was going to get a place in somewhere called 'Halls'. My birthday was on Thursday and Mummy said I could have a party and then one girl, my best friend Laura could sleepover if she wanted to. I said that I would really like that but where was Laura going to sleep because Lewis and Daddy would be back and we didn't have a spare bedroom.

"Well if you don't want Laura to stay she doesn't have to." Mummy said.

"Of course I want her to stay but she would have to sleep in my bed with me. Is that alright Mummy?"

"Yes, I'm sure she won't mind but you have to behave yourselves I don't want to be kept up all night by little girls laughing and playing. Not to mention watching television in bed."

I really wanted Laura to sleepover so I agreed to all the conditions so that it would happen. Mummy arranged the party for me, it wasn't a big one just three or four friends. I don't really like noisy games and it would be much more fun if my bestest friends came and we could play dressing up and paint our nails and things.

On Sunday evening Daddy and Lewis arrived home from their trip and spent most of the time telling Mummy and me all about it. Apparently he had agreed to go into a room in some Village with the other students. It was near the main college and lots of bars and stuff so Lewis would be pleased about that. Not sure Daddy would because it was going to cost him a lot of money.

"I don't mind not going to a University when I'm older Daddy. I know it is very expensive. Maybe I could learn to be a hairdresser or a beautician?"

"No need to think about that now Jenny, Long time to go before you are eighteen and we might win the lottery before then." Daddy laughed and Mummy smiled. I could never tell whether he meant half the

things he said. Lewis was so excited about University and the fun he was going to have there he just couldn't sit still all evening.

On the day of my party I went to school as usual and then in the middle of the afternoon Me, Laura, Diana, Lucille and Ella all walked home together. Mummy had prepared a nice party meal for us but before that we all went up to my room and played music and everybody tried on my clothes. Diana was a bit too big but she managed to get some things out of my wardrobe which fitted. It was a silly game but we all had lots of fun.

It must have been about five o'clock, we had finished the birthday tea and were just going back upstairs to do some nail painting when the telephone rang. Mummy answered it and shouted at us to be quiet a minute because she couldn't hear what was being said. I shushed the girls and we crept up the stairs pretending to be little mice, except for Diana who had to be a big mouse.

Maybe half an hour went by and then Mummy came into the room.

"I'm sorry Jenny but a friend of mine has had a small accident and I am going to have to go to the hospital."

"But you can't Mummy who is going to look after us?" I knew something like this was going to happen. Something bad always spoiled my birthdays. I began to pout.

"Now stop it Jenny, you know I wouldn't go if I didn't have to. I have told Daddy and he is going to try and get back from work a bit earlier although it may not be until about ten. Lewis will be home very soon. I have spoken to him as well and he has said that he is happy to walk the girls home when you finish what you are doing now and then he will come back and look after you and Laura. It will mean you will probably be on your own with Laura for about half an hour. Can you manage to behave for that long?"

I thought I could but it was going to spoil the party. "Mummy?"

"What is it baby?" She could tell from the wheedling voice I was using that I had something devious to say.

"If the girls go home now can we go to McDonalds all together one day soon and then maybe to the Swimming Pool in Hove afterwards? Can we?"

"You are a sneaky little Madam, but yes I don't see why not. If the girls pack up now and get their own clothes back on I will run them home in the car before I go to the hospital. We can sort your plan out later. Will you and Laura be alright here until Lewis gets home?" I smiled, it looked like I had just bargained another party.

"Of course Mummy we will be OK. He won't be long will he?"

"No he will be here by six if you two can just amuse yourselves until then." The rest of my friends were busily getting changed back into their school uniforms and when they had finished Mummy ushered them into the car and proceeded to take them home.

"Be good now you two," I will ring and tell Lewis what is happening later on tonight when I know something." She climbed into the driver's seat and off they all went.

The house was very quiet after the rowdiness of five ten year olds. Laura and I were in my bedroom finishing the nail painting. After they had dried sufficiently we both decided to dress up as princesses. I stripped off what I was wearing and put on a pink taffeta dress while Laura who was even skinnier than me tried on a blue silky one. What with all the jewels and tiaras we looked really pretty and then I heard the front door open and Lewis called up from the hallway.

"You two monsters OK up there?"

"We are not monsters, we're princesses." I shouted back. Laura giggled.

"Well do the princesses want a drink? I can fix you each a lemonade if you want." Lewis was always doing nice things for me.

"Yes please and can we have a chocolate biscuit as well please." A couple of minutes later I was sitting on the bed with Laura and I could hear Lewis coming up the stairs. "My brother is ever so kind Laura, he always looks after me when Mummy and Daddy have to go out."

Lewis appeared round the door frame a glass in each hand. "Here you are your Highnesses where would you like me to put the drinks?"

"Would you put them on the dressing table please Lewis."

"Certainly Madam. So who is this lovely little lady? I don't think we have met have we?" Laura stood up and putting her hand out she offered it to Lewis to shake.

"I am Princess Laura and I am visiting from Wonderland. It is lovely to meet you." She was entering into the spirit of our game and pretending that Lewis really was a servant.

"Lovely to meet you Princess Laura, I must say you are a very pretty little princess, almost as lovely as my employer Princess Jenny." Laura giggled. "So did you girls have a nice day? Mum told me that she had to go to the hospital. I had a phone call just now and she said that she will probably be out all night. But you don't have to worry I can look after you."

"Isn't Daddy going to be home later Lewis?" I felt certain Mummy had said he might be home after we had gone to bed.

"Maybe but it doesn't matter I can get you both ready for bed. I watched Lewis as he ran his eyes over Laura's body while she was stood just in front of him. I had seen that look before and knew exactly what he was thinking. "I'll go down and fix myself something to eat and then I can come up later and help you

get ready for bed.” Laura shot me a look which seemed to say. Do you really let your brother help you? I held my finger up to my lips as Lewis turned away and went back downstairs.

After he had left the room I turned to Laura. “Look it is alright he is a lovely brother and I know you will love him as well.”

Laura trusted me and knew I wouldn’t let any harm come to her but she was a timid little girl and would go along with anything I suggested. “Alright Jenny but I have never had a brother so I don’t know what they are supposed to do to help.”

“Well what he does for me quite a lot is runs my bath and then he will help me get clean. It’s actually a lot more fun than having to wash yourself. It will make you feel like a real princess having a servant who does everything for you. I know you’re going to love it.” I wasn’t certain she was totally convinced but I knew that Lewis would put her at her ease with no trouble.

Laura and I carried on playing for the next hour and we could hear Lewis moving around downstairs. Eventually he padded upstairs and poked his head round the door. “Bath time ladies.” I looked across at Laura and winked. “Shall I go and run the water, and would you both like bubble bath? After all it isn’t your birthday every day is it Jenny.”

“Yeah, you fix the bath and we will get ready won’t we Laura.” I gave my little friend a big hug and I could feel her beginning to relax.

“What should I do Jenny? Nobody ever fixed me a bath before apart from Mummy.”

“Just do what I do.” I said and started stripping off my princess dress until I was stood naked apart from my knickers. I helped Laura do the same and very soon there were two little girls hugging each other, both with bare flat chests and white knickers. I could hear the bath water pouring and imagined that Lewis would have put a lot of bubble bath in as well. Lewis loved soapy little girls. I put my hands out and gripped Laura’s knickers at the waist slowly pulling them down until her tight slit was right in front of me and her knickers were down by her knees. I let go and they slid down her calves and lay on the floor wrapped round her ankles. Laura did what I said and followed my lead. She giggled, grasped my waistband and removed my knickers the same way. “See, easy isn’t it.”

“Yeah I guess so but I’ve never been naked with another girl before either. My Mummy doesn’t let me stopover usually.” I wrapped my arms around her shoulders and pulled her close to me, so close that her pubic mound and mine touched and I could feel the warmth from her body against me. Her flat chest, smooth belly and pussy mound, pressed against me and I could feel a warm glow between us. “You are really pretty Laura we are going to be even better friends from now on I can feel it.” With that I put my hand between her thighs just to make the point and stroked her pussy lips. Following on from my introduction to having my pussy licked that time, I had been keen to get closer to another girl but had never managed to do anything more than cuddles and kisses. Today Lewis was providing me with an ideal opportunity and it was my birthday after all. I deserved a treat.

“Should I do that as well Jenny?” Who was I to argue, with my other hand I took her fingers in mine and placed them on my labia so she could feel the heat from my cunt.

“Mmmm that is so good Laura and you feel so pretty between your legs as well, so soft and smooth, Shall we go and see what’s happening in the bathroom?” Laura nodded and I felt her fingers exploring the folds of my outer lips as well. I could tell this was a totally new experience for her but I really think she was enjoying doing something outside of what she was used to.

Anybody watching would have seen two ten year old girls arms around each other’s shoulders, stark naked with their little bottoms wiggling and tiny slits on proud display walking down the landing towards the bathroom where an almost eighteen year old horny teen was waiting for them frantically stirring up the bubble bath in the water.

“Oh wow what a lovely pair of little princesses.” Lewis said as we sashayed around the corner and into the bathroom.”

“Well thank you Mr. Adams.” Laura said. “You are very kind.” She let go of my shoulder and running up to him wrapped her arms around his waist. I don’t think she had noticed, innocent that she was, but I certainly had. Lewis was clearly tenting in his trousers as he put his hands under Laura’s shoulders and lifted her off the floor and planted a kiss on her nose. In response she wrapped her skinny legs around his waist. I knew Lewis too well. It was obvious to me what his next move would be and he didn’t disappoint. He took one hand away from Laura’s armpit and sliding it down her bottom he cupped her smooth bald pussy. I knew what that felt like and while I wished it was me I was happy to share my big brother with my bestest friend. I knew that although this was almost certainly the first time she had had anybody touching her fanny it would definitely not be the last.

Laura was clinging to Lewis like a little monkey her legs wrapped tight around his waist and her pubic mound pushing against his stomach. I could see from his trousers that he was feeling good.

“Don’t know about anybody else but I’m getting in the bath.” I said as I lifted my leg over the side and dipped my toes in the foamy bubbly water. “Mmmm lovely and warm.” Lewis turned round still with his pet monkey clinging tightly to him, to watch as I lifted my other leg over the rim of the bath revealing my pussy to his gaze. More twitching in his trousers more movement of his hand as he stroked Laura between her legs.

I moved to the opposite end of the bath from the taps and slipped my little bottom into the suds.

“Are you getting in as well Laura or do I have to hold you all evening?” My horny brother would have held her for ever if he had the chance but as she released her grip on him he lifted her a little and then lowered her into the bath facing me. “OK if I leave you two for a bit?”

“I guess so, but you are coming back to help us later aren’t you?” I really did not need to ask him, he would not miss the chance of two little soapy princesses to play with. Bathing a beauty beats a rubber duck any day of the week he used to say to me.

“Ten minutes and no splashing. I don’t want to have to spend all night cleaning the room” He went out and back to his bedroom. I obviously could not see what he was doing, but if the past was anything to go by he would probably be on his computer playing games or getting out his collection of porn magazines.

Laura and I played around a bit in the bath. Before long as the bubbles subsided and it became possible to see through the water we did what all kids do at some stage in their life and started exploring. I didn’t know at the time but this was probably going to be the start of my enduring fascination with other girls. Never having had a sister the opportunity to study a pussy was only possible looking at and touching my own. You don’t get a good perspective on what it’s all about when you are conducting all your investigations from above. Sitting with legs apart in front of a mirror works but mirrors tend to lend a disembodied look to what you are viewing and of course everything is the wrong way round. I guess self examination is probably why boys have a distorted opinion of whether their cocks are the same size and shape as other boys. It is only when you get to share an examination of your genitals with another person that you can really appreciate what you have.

The bath water was not actually that deep now the bubbles had dissipated. It came to the lower part of Laura’s tummy just above her pubic mound. She had her legs together. The bath was a big one but still not too much spare space when two, albeit tiny people were in it. As I say Laura’s legs were together so mine were apart either side of hers. Her toes were dangerously close to my slit, so I moved my bottom forward just an inch and her big toe touched my outer lips. Laura realized what I had done but didn’t pull away, instead she moved her toe slowly up and down my vertical smile. She smiled at me. “Is that nice Jenny?”

Oh yes it was very nice. “Where did you learn to do that Laura?” I could not believe how sensual it felt having somebody stroking between my legs with their toes.

“Nowhere. But I stroke my pussy with my fingers sometimes and that feels nice so I guessed you wanted me to stroke you, else why did you come closer. I thought it would be fun to use toes as well as fingers to touch each other as well,”

“That is exactly why I came closer. It is so sexy I wish I could do it to you at the same time but we would end up playing twister if I did.”

“Well your hands aren’t doing anything are they?” Laura was proving to be a proper tease, not at all the quiet little girl I had been at school with for the last five years. I bent my knees a bit so I could edge even closer and she did the same but kept her toes in contact with my cunny. Her pretty pussy was now within arm’s length and I wasted no time at all in putting my hand between her legs and running an index finger up and down her slit. She felt so sweet I was really having a lot of fun. It really helped that the water here was so soft, it made everything feel really, really slippery. I leaned forward and pulled her face towards mine. Our lips met and we kissed passionately while continuing to pleasure each other.

New experiences today, what a birthday this was turning out to be. My first girly kiss and my first girl on girl sex, surely it couldn’t get any better. But I was so, so wrong.

After a few minutes of mutual masturbation during which time we learnt quite a lot about each other's bodies and an awful lot more about the shape of our genitals, Lewis returned. He came into the room very quietly and at first we were unaware of his presence. I was busily rubbing inside Laura's labia.

"Well now, what do we have here then?" There was a sudden splashing and nervous laughter. "Very nice, I do love to watch people enjoying themselves."

Lewis came further into the room and it was then that I realized that he had removed his shirt and trousers and was stood beside the bath in just his underpants. How could I have failed to notice straight away. I know how, I was too busy making girly love to my bestie. "Lewis? Where are your clothes?"

"Where do you think they are? In my bedroom, if you think I was going to come back in here with you little splashing ducklings and risk getting wet then you don't know anything."

Now what was a little girl supposed to do under these circumstances. Scream, tell him to leave the room and try and cover my modesty with something? I did what any right minded tweenie would do. "So why don't you take those pants off and join us? Then it won't matter if you get splashed." I knew my big brother, I knew that he would seize every opportunity to get naked especially with two little tweens who needed washing.

"Jenny?" Laura looked shocked "He can't get in the bath with us, he's a man. I'm sure Mummy would not like that." For some reason she had crossed her arms in front of her chest and like me there was nothing there to hide. I leaned towards her and in a stage whisper said.

"Mummy's not here Laura and believe me it's going to be a lot of fun if Lewis gets in the water too."

Lewis shucked off his underwear revealing his semi erect penis to his upcoming playmates. "Any room at the Inn ladies? If you turn round Jenny and sit beside Laura I can get in the other end." It was a matter of moments for me to spin round making a bit of a wave which almost went over the rim of the bath. It was a bit of a tight squeeze but I didn't mind rubbing legs with my friend. Lewis stepped over the rim of the bath and parked his bottom up the other end. It was quite a tight fit, six legs all bent at the knees to make a bit more room. "Open your legs a bit girls I can't get myself comfortable." I did what he suggested and Laura followed suit. A few seconds later and Lewis had one foot between each of our thighs and was doing what Laura had been doing to me when he returned. His toes were a lot bigger and it felt wonderful as he eased his toe between our cunt lips.

Surprisingly I wasn't the next to speak. "Oh Jenny that feels so nice. I love it" Laura had at last gained a bit of self confidence and was starting to enjoy herself as well. "Maybe having a bath with boys can be fun after all."

"Now then who is going to be first for the sponge?"

"Me please, me, me, me." Laura was now incorrigible "I want you to wash me first Lewis." She stood up in the bath another bow wave heading for the taps.

"Come a bit closer then princess." Lewis picked up the large sponge and filled it with soapy bubbles. He then proceeded to rub it all over Laura taking particular care to make sure that he sponged between her legs and up her bottom crack. "There doesn't that feel nice?" He was gently soaping her all over and then got the shower spray and washed all the bubbles off, his face only inches away from her little cleft.

I wondered whether he would be able to stop there but of course he couldn't. Once his blood was up Lewis could not resist a little kitten. He put his hands behind Laura's bottom and moved her the inch or so he needed to be able to get his face to her tummy. His nose rested on her pubic mound and he moved to kiss the top of her slit. I expected Laura to pull back but she did exactly the opposite. She thrust her mound at him so that he could move his mouth down between her legs and as he did so he let his tongue slip between her lips. Laura was clearly enjoying this new kind of adoration she was receiving from my big brother and as for Lewis, well there is nothing to say about his enjoyment at that moment.

"OK if you climb out of the bath Laura I'll see to Jenny." As she climbed over his knees and out of the bath he slapped her little bottom playfully. My turn next and Lewis did his well practiced exercise in Jenny washing, followed by the shower spray and bottom slap. Oh and of course he didn't fail to make sure he licked my kitten as well.

"There are two big fluffy towels in the airing cupboard if you want to get them and wrap yourselves up I won't be very long and then I can help you get into your nighties.

"OK Lewis. See you in a minute" I called back over my shoulder as Laura and I wrapped ourselves up in the soft Egyptian cotton towels and then bounced along the landing to my bedroom.

"I can get my own nightie on now Jenny." Laura said.

"No, just wait for Lewis, after all he is our servant, we should make him do all the work for us." I put my arms around Laura and started to rub her down with the big bath towel while she dried me off at the same time. "There that's better now let's get on the bed and wait for Lewis."

"OK" Laura stretched out on the bed on her back and I lay down alongside her with my hand on her pudenda outside the towel.

After what seemed ages but couldn't have been more than five minutes. Lewis appeared in the doorway. He had obviously dried himself off in the bathroom and was now draped in a towel looking like an ancient Roman Senator in a toga. "Time to get ready for bed ladies?"

"Yes of course and remember it is your job to make sure we are properly taken care of." Laura and I both stood up and took the towels off standing in front of him on the bed like two little cherubs. Pink chests, pink bellies, pink slits at eye level. Poor Lewis so much temptation. Apart from the fact I was about an inch taller and Laura was skinnier we could have been twins. Lewis was having real difficulty deciding where to put his eyes. There was so much for a horny boy to choose from.

"You're making me feel overdressed now." Lewis said. "I think it is only fair that we are all dressed the same don't you? With that he unwrapped his towel and threw it onto the bed his genitals also looking quite pink where the heat of the bath water had warmed them. They were no more wrinkly than normal but his penis reacted as it always did to the sight of pussy, but tonight double pussy meant double quick reactions.

"You really mean we should all be dressed the same Lewis?" I had just thought of a really amazing plan.

"Of course and we are aren't we." He went to the cupboard and took out a clean nightie for me.

"Where's your night clothes Laura?"

"In my bag, I'll get them." With that she jumped off the bed and went to the bag on the floor. Bending over she unzipped it and pulled out a pretty sunshine yellow cotton nightdress. In the process of bending she displayed a lovely view of her front and back bottoms to Lewis who was taking it all in.

"Just a minute Lewis, I'll be back in a moment." I jumped down and ran out of the room and into Mummy and Daddy's bedroom. When I returned Lewis watched my slit as I came into the room. He was watching it so intently he didn't see what I had in my hand. "Here you are" and I handed him some folded material in a lovely claret coloured silk.

"What's this Jenny?" he asked still standing stark naked in front of us.

"You'll see." I giggled and told Laura to sit by me on the bed. Lewis unfolded it and was stood holding one of Mummy's nightdresses. "It was your idea that we should all get ready for bed." I burst out laughing and Laura quickly joined in. "If we wear nighties then you have to wear one as well."

I thought he was going to get cross but he just held it up, inspected it carefully, checked the size label and said. "I would love to. Then there will be three pretty princesses in the room." I couldn't believe that he was actually going to do it but then I remembered the red silk knickers and suddenly I realized that he did like the idea of putting on feminine things and he was happy to dress in Mummy's nightie. "So who's getting ready first then?"

"You are, silly." Laura and I jumped up and down giggling and then both clung round his waist. Unfortunately I was on his right hip while Laura got the best position with his penis rubbing against her tummy.

"If you say so then so it will be." Lewis disentangled himself from his two little princesses. He lifted up the nightie, reached in just like a proper girl to get hold of the shoulder straps from the inside and lifting it up over his head let it cascade down over his shoulder, chest, waist and finally his legs. His penis disappeared but then as the silk touched it I could see it flicking up in excitement. Laura was still jumping up and down clapping her hands while I just stood looking on in amazement at my big brother wearing a silk nightdress. "Mmmm that feels lovely I know why you girls like nighties now"

I never thought I would see anything like it but actually he looked so comfortable in his girly silk that I knew he was really enjoying it too. "Are you just saying that Lewis? Do you really like it?"

"Yes it feels so soft. Anyway time for you two little minxes to get yours on now." He took Laura's from her and telling her to lift her arms up he dropped it over her head. Not content with just letting it go he made sure it was smoothed down over her slender little body. He ran his hands down her sides and over her bottom. "There that's better Laura. Now you Jenny." Laura climbed on the bed and before he could grab mine I snatched it up off the bed pulled it on and bounced up onto the bed beside her. Lewis joined us both and we lay there like three princesses only one was a lot bigger than the other two and there was a tell-tale tent in the front of her nightdress. "So what shall we do now girls?" I knew what I wanted to do and I hoped Laura would join in. "Shall we have a girly night in and talk about boys?"

"No, boys are yuk, all they ever want to do is look at my fanny. I think." I said "that what we should do is naughty girly things."

"Oh yes and what might they be? What's the difference between boys and girls doing naughty things."

"Boys are just nasty and get all leery. But girls are nice and can play together better. Anyway what I want to do now is to look at yours and Laura's pussies" I replied,

"You sound like a boy now and anyway I don't have a pussy." Lewis said.

"Then let's pretend you do. You lie back and Laura and I will take a look to see what the problem is and why your pussy isn't like the other girls." This sounded reminiscent of the good old days of Doctors and Nurses. Laura was almost hysterical trying to work out what was going on. "Laura you go on that side of Miss Louise, and I'll stay here. We need to check what she has up her nightdress. I think she has a nasty problem" Laura caught on quickly and between us we lifted Lewis's nightie high enough until it was up around his waist and his penis was hard and long and lying up against his tummy. "That's a funny pussy Laura what do you think. Show me yours so I can compare."

Laura lifted the hem of her nightie and I studied every fold of her lips and the slot between them while Lewis reached out his hand to stroke her tight puffy pussy lips. "Why don't you have a pussy like mine princess Laura?"

"Because I'm a girl silly, look we have a hole here. See?" Lewis saw all right and touched as well.

Meanwhile I grabbed hold of his penis and started stroking it firmly but gently. "You're not getting away with that Princess Jenny." Lewis said. "If Laura has to show her slit then so do you." With that he reached up under my nightdress and put his big hand right on my cunt. I was still stroking like mad and I could tell from the motion of his hips that Lewis wasn't far off cumming.

"I think Princess Louise is actually not a real princess." I said "I think she is an impostor sent to make sure we are behaving ourselves."

Lewis was rubbing Laura's lips and sliding his finger in and out of her vulva. "You feel really lovely Laura. Has anybody done this to you before?"

"No never, but it does feel kind of nice."

"What do you mean anyway Jenny saying I'm not a real princess? It's just that my cunny is inside out." Lewis laughed out loud. "Come on girls let's take our nightclothes off. We can put them back on later." I actually didn't want him to take his nightdress off he looked so funny in it, but he had made his mind up to get us both naked again.

"OK Lewis, let's do it Laura but you have to keep yours on Louise." We both stripped off ours while Lewis kept his hand on our slits all the time. We lifted Louise's nightie far enough up so we could get to her willy.

"Now let's make him pay for being mean. You take hold of his willy above my hand and we can both stroke it." Laura did as I asked and with two little girl hands, ten little girl's fingers wrapped around his shaft and exposing the head of his penis as the foreskin peeled back it was only seconds before Louise exploded. Her big inside out pussy erupted. Semen flew from the eye of Lewis's penis all over me. It sprayed up onto Laura's little titties and some even landed on Mummy's nightie. Laura jumped back and squealed. I just watched as Lewis lay on the bed his cock convulsing as he ejaculated like mad.

"Oh fuck, now what are we going to do. Sorry ladies I shouldn't have said that, it was very naughty." Lewis wasn't quite so composed now. Laura never said a word just sat on the bed her legs apart. Lewis had his finger up inside her and she just watched as his semen slowly rolled down her chest and tummy

"Well I guess you're going to get out of Mummy's nightie now and help us clean up." He had no answer to that and I was sad to see him turn back from Louise to Lewis.

We spent a little while getting the room back tidy again. Lewis wiped the semen stains of the nightdress as best he could and then hid it at the bottom of the laundry basket.

We two princesses put our nighties back on and pretending nothing had happened climbed under the duvet. Lewis kissed us both goodnight standing beside the bed with no clothes on and a limp penis that looked like it had been very busy. "Thanks girls maybe if Laura comes to stay again we might have some more fun?"

"Maybe" I said

"Maybe we will." Said Laura. She was smiling as she spoke so I knew that she would be happy to play our games again.

We snuggled down in bed, wrapped one arm each around the other. Our free hands were not free for long. Very soon I felt Laura touching me between my legs. I responded by cupping her little pussy and sliding a finger between her lips. That is how we were when we fell asleep. Two little princesses who

loved being bestest friends. Lewis, I imagine spent a long time before Daddy came home making sure he hadn't left any signs of tonight's games anywhere.

That's the good thing about being ten, it's always somebody else's problem.

CHAPTER 5 – LUCKY THIRTEEN

Lewis never did get to play with Laura again. There were to be no more sleepovers before he went off to University in Birmingham.

There were no repercussions from the night of my tenth birthday. Laura went home the next day a much wiser ten year old than when she arrived.

Mummy threw all the coloured's into the washing machine next day without noticing that there was one more nightdress than there should have been.

Lewis and I kept the secret of his pleasure in wearing girl's clothes and the subject only reared its head again once or twice. But more of that later.

Almost four years have passed, Lewis now holds a BSc in Geography which was clearly going to be a lot of use in his new job as an Accounts Clerk for a local firm in Brighton, Tarrant and Webb who had an office on Old Steine.

The month is November 1999. Lewis is twenty one and I am thirteen. It is a cold start to winter this year. I used to walk to school when I was at Primary school, but Longhill High is nearly two miles away from our house. I usually get the school bus but sometimes Mum or Dad will take me in the car. Sometimes they take it in turns sharing cars with other parents so that they all get a bit of a rest. I actually prefer going on the bus, the other girls and I can eye up the boys and some of us eye up the girls as well. When Lewis went there he used to ride his bicycle but Mum says it isn't safe for girls to ride bicycles these days because of all the perverts in the world. If only she knew what happened when she and Dad went out and left me alone at home with my loving brother.

Anyway, as you will no doubt have noticed I have changed schools. I left Saltdean Primary and I have now just started my third year at Longhill High on the Falmer Road. School day starts earlier than the old school did. We have to be there by eight fifteen in the morning which means no hanging around in the bathroom and breakfast gets eaten on the run. The good thing though is that school finishes at a quarter to three in the afternoon. Not much use in November but in the summer when the sun is shining I can do loads of after school stuff. I quite like the uniform. No gymslips, the girls wear pleated grey skirts, a light blue blouse and a pale grey jersey or cardigan. Some of the girls prefer to wear trousers but I hate trousers on girls.

Laura and I are still 'besties' but we lost a couple of my other friends. Diana moved away to London with her family and Lucille was put in a posh school by her Mum and Dad. They always thought she was clever and were prepared to spend whatever it took to prove it. It wasn't a really posh school like Roedean but they do pay an awful lot of money so they think it must be posh.

So now it was just me, Laura and Ella who hung around together all the time.

It surprises me how quickly us kids grow up. When I had my tenth birthday party I was just a little girl but now not far short of my fourteenth I have started to become a young woman. I guess mentally things have changed because I have four years more education in my brain. It is the physical changes however which show the onset of puberty more obviously than the subtleties of brain development.

Jenny now has breasts. Well I don't actually have woman's breasts, I have those sort of sticky out ones with pointy nipples that all girls get once the hormones start coursing through our bodies. I don't much like them but the nipples are quite neat. Pink and little and it is cool to be able to wear a bra. I have moved past the training bra stage, Lewis was livid that I grew out of that while he was mostly at University. He does have a bit of a thing for girls in training bras it seems and apart from on the occasional trip home my little 'titties in training' evaded him. Still he will just have to put up with what he gets, not that he gets much these days. For anyone who is interested. My bust is a cute 32AA which is really like a couple of small soup spoons but big enough to make some shape in my school jumpers. I am still not very tall, last time I checked I was four foot nine. Oh and light as a feather as well.

As for any other bodily changes well yes there are some but I don't really know whether I should tell anybody about them.

Oh alright well you asked for it.

My pubes started growing when I was eleven not much before my twelfth birthday. I'm glad it didn't happen earlier because I really think hair on girls is so gross. Fortunately at first it was very sparse, soft and straight but now it is so ugly it has gone darker and getting curly, thick and shaped like a triangle on my pubic mound. I am not going to put up with it much longer. I can't tell Mum but I am going to start shaving it all off. I want my baby bump back again and all that hair stuff means I can't keep an eye on my pussy. Only last week I noticed that the hairs are trying to escape onto my thighs as well and I definitely can't have that either. I'll end up looking like a gorilla. Oh and now, guess what, it's under my arms, will it never end? I am going to ask Mum if I can get a razor so I can shave my armpits, she won't mind that but once I get one I can use it to remove all that horrible cunt hair. The girls might notice at school after sports but I can usually keep myself pretty well covered up and if they say anything well then to be honest, fuck 'em, it is my body.

One thing I do like is I have actually got hips, you wouldn't believe it. I used to be all straight up and down and now I have honest to god hips and a waist. It looks real neat now when I put a bikini on. I am starting to hear comments from some of the boys in school. I had to cut down on sweets and bread and stuff else it would get out of hand and no way am I going to get fat.

Now for the really gross stuff if you can cope with it. You know I have always had these really sweet puffy little outer lips on my pussy with a slit between them that was really neat and tight. Well earlier this year about the time the hair was getting a bit worse, I suddenly noticed that the little inner lips which were nothing much were actually getting bigger. Not like elephant's ears or anything stupid but definitely bigger. I can now see the top of them, well one of them, almost poking out of my slit. The

other one hasn't appeared yet, I hope they grow level soon they look a bit weird. Can't go through life being called lopsided Jenny with the wonky fanny.

Right, are you ready for this? This is the big one, hold the front page. Jenny is bleeding. Yep you heard right six months ago I noticed a slight discharge in my knickers, a bit like when Lewis shot his load but not half as much fun and a lot less of it. Well that was then, this is now. The day before yesterday I noticed a few spots of red on the gusset of my favourite knickers. Fortunately I was well prepared for this eventuality. I have been keeping a school emergency kit in my locker and I have the world's biggest collection of sanitary pads you have ever seen in the bottom of my wardrobe. I know some people collect stamps but I collect towels. Always Ultras are the little thin ones and then I have some Maxi's and Night time ones as well. Talk about being a Girl Guide. Today, just to be really ready in case the worst happened, when I got dressed for school I slipped an Always Ultra inside my knickers. They have a nice scent to them and to be perfectly honest even though they are quite thin, having the feeling of something soft and silky rubbing your pussy is actually quite a turn on. I couldn't wait to try out the thicker night time ones even if my flow is pretty light. The thought of a thick pad between my legs is making me really horny. So far I haven't noticed any pain anywhere although my little pointy titties were a bit tender. Seems as though all the bad vibes you get from other girls about periods is pretty much rubbish. Hope so any way.

I had to keep asking to be allowed to go to the loo during lessons this morning as I needed to see what was happening. Not much actually but by lunch time I had a definite red stain in the middle of the pad.

So that's it Jenny has come of age, Jenny may be only thirteen going on fourteen but Jenny is officially on her period. Jenny is a young adult and can't wait to start doing young adult things. Lewis comes home in a few days from a course he has been on for work. Lewis is a young adult maybe we can do things together. I wonder whether Mum and Dad will be going out at the weekend after he gets back. It would be nice if they did.

Lewis is home, my period is almost finished. It got quite a bit worse on the third day, I started getting cramping in my tummy but it wasn't too bad. No sign of any mood swings yet. I might just have to invent some to get my own way with people. Anyway I told Lewis what had happened, we have always told each other stuff, even gross things. He didn't seem to mind me talking about blood and stuff but then he did used to be a doctor didn't he? Well only pretend I know but.

"So my little sister isn't so little any more. What do you know, the boys are going to be round you like bees round a honeypot"

"No boys are getting near my honeypot Lewis, at least not yet." I countered. "I have a favour to ask you"

"Oh go on then what is it?" He knew that whenever I said anything about favours it usually meant that he was going to have to do something he didn't want to.

Like the time I asked him to take me and some of the girls to the beach for the day when he had planned to meet some girl and Dad said he should do it. He never forgave me for ruining his chances because Virginia blanked him after that. Hey, I just realized it was Virginia who ditched him that day. Virginia the first year who was probably fourteen by then, she of the red silk knickers. Still too young to be dating an eighteen year old but you know Lewis. He always preferred the younger model.

“Are you going to be at home next weekend?”

“What on Saturday? I don’t know why?”

“No not this Saturday, next weekend.” I don’t know why people never understand what NEXT Saturday means I always get into trouble trying to work out whether it’s ‘this’ or ‘next’.

“Oh right. Yes I guess so, in fact definitely, I got suckered into doing babysitting again. Why?”

“Who for this time?” I asked him

“Who do you think titch. Mum and Dad are going to be in Eastbourne for some show on Saturday night so will be staying over at a Hotel until Sunday. So guess who has to look after his baby sister again”

I could not believe my luck. Home alone with big brother for a whole day and night.

“That’s great, I’ll tell you why on Saturday but I don’t think you will mind this time. It’s not one of my usual annoying little sister requests.”

The rest of that week seemed to go on forever. Too many lessons, too much cold rain. The whole thing only enlivened a bit by chatting with Laura on the bus. She was still a skinny little thing and I am sure she hadn’t started her periods yet because when I mentioned to her what had happened to me she was really inquisitive. I told her to stay on the bus with me on Wednesday and come round to mine so we could have a chat about it. Us girls know how to have a good time.

I was getting near the end of the ‘curse’, don’t know why it’s called that, as far as I’m concerned it is just a minor inconvenience. It does act as a litmus test of whether you have messed up and got yourself pregnant though. Quite useful really.

We got home and went straight up to my room.

“Hi Mum, Laura’s here, going to play some music before tea. Can she stay for tea?” Without waiting for an answer we were soon safely ensconced in my bedroom cocooning ourselves in ‘Steps’ and ‘Boyzone’.

“So what’s it like Jenny? Is it all horrible and messy and painful” Yes, I was right Laura had not started yet. I bet the fact that she never ate anything didn’t help. She would probably be in her thirties before it happened to her.

“Seems alright to me, don’t know what all the fuss is about. You want to see my sanitary box?” I opened the wardrobe and pulled out a shoe box which I had covered with pink wrapping paper and written ‘Keep Out’ in purple felt tip across the top.

With Laura looking on avidly I opened the box to reveal about forty sanitary towels and some tampons. "Wow, that is so neat" Laura gushed. "Do you really need that many each time?"

"No dopey of course not, I got the idea from a magazine I was reading about how to get ready for your monthlies and it seems lots of girls collect all sorts of different pads and tampons. They even send them to each other all over the place so they can try different sorts. It is such a girly hobby, I love it. Some of the girls have a collection like this at home only much, much bigger, and another in their locker at school.

I did a quick count to make sure my supplies had not been too badly depleted by my first period.

8 Ultra in the pale mauve wrapper

16 Infinity with wings in apple green

7 Maxi in dark mauve

6 Night Times in blue

A box of 18 Tampax Compak Pearl tampons which was still unopened. It had a circular hole on the front of the box where you could see the multicoloured tampon wrappers inside. Ever so pretty. The whole thing looked like the contents of a box of chocolates. I felt quite excited letting Laura check out my little collection. It actually felt quite sexy and I could feel myself getting wet. Is it sad being excited by sanitary products? 'Light spotting' is more interesting than train spotting.

"Are you just using the pads Jenny?"

"Yeah, I got the tampons but I'm not sure about sticking anything up my Lady Flower yet. Pads seem nicer somehow. You want to see how they work?"

"Oh yes, show me." Laura was as excited as she would have been if she was going to unwrap a Birthday present. I took out one of the Infinity pads because I had more of those. I pulled the little white tab and then opened the wrapper. They are sort of folded in three. So once it was open and unfolded I could reveal the white pad with its soft surface stuck to the wrapper.

"I can change mine now if you want, would you like to see how they work?" Laura nodded.

I put the opened sanitary towel on the bed and lifting my skirt up pulled my knickers down. Laura must have caught a glimpse of the red flash in the towel as I dropped them on the floor.

"Right now this is what you do." I went to my drawer and got out a clean pair of knickers. Turning them inside out I placed them on the bed with the inside front on top. "This is the really neat bit. It is sticky on the back so it attaches to your pants." Holding the front end at the top I positioned it so that it covered the gusset of the knickers. Pressed it down so it stuck properly. Next I removed the bit of paper holding the wings down then folded the wings out and stuck them to the outside of my knickers in the crotch area. Turning them back the right way out I put my legs through the holes and pulled them up so the pad nestled snugly against my fanny. It looked a bit funny with the wings stuck on the outside.

"It is easy isn't it Jenny. I can't wait for when I have to wear one, you are so lucky. When it said they had wings I wondered what they were going to do."

"What like take off on their own and fly around the room? I laughed. "You can try one now if you like? I've got loads." Laura didn't need asking twice. In less than a moment her knickers were off and then back on with a pad nestling lovingly against her pussy lips. I watched her fitting it and pulling her knickers up and her pussy was still as pretty as the last time I had seen it when we were in the bath with Lewis that time.

"It feels really nice Jenny. Can I keep it?" She looked so pleased with herself I didn't have the heart to say no even though I really wanted to be able to reuse the pad she had just snuggled against her cunt. There was something exceedingly sexy in the thought of sharing my best friend's sanitary towel. I actually loved Laura, I wanted to share everything with her.

"Course you can Laura, just don't frighten your Mum when you get home." She laughed out loud at that.

Laura and I settled down on the bed with Steps blaring out of the HiFi speakers. Two teenagers enjoying being 'almost' grownups and the feeling between their legs that go with that status.

"Tea's ready girls." Came from the bottom of the stairs. "TEA'S READY" That's the trouble with music it does tend to drown out other voices however loudly they shout. Mum appeared round the door with her hands on her hips, mouthing the words. "Tea Time."

After tea Laura walked home and I could just visualise how she felt with a pad gently rubbing her at every step. I know it turned me on and I wanted Laura to feel as good as it made me feel.

On Saturday morning over breakfast Mum said she had made an appointment at the Doctor's for me on Monday after school.

"Why Mum, I'm not sick."

"I know you're not and I am going to make absolutely certain you stay that way."

Monday four thirty at the GP's surgery on Mornside Parade. I walked down from school because it was only about half a mile. Mum met me there. "So what am I here for Mum?"

"HPV vaccination. I knew you wouldn't have it if you knew beforehand. You are terrible when it comes to needles." Mum did know me quite well when it came to things like that.

"OK let's get it done then." We went in to the surgery, the Doctor got a massive needle out of the cupboard and proceeded to tattoo me with vaccine. It actually didn't hurt and if it stops me getting a sexually transmitted disease then it has to be worth it.

"While we are here Doctor." Mum had something else on her mind. "I would really like you to put Jenny on the contraceptive pill."

"Mum!!! What are you saying?" I was shocked that she thought this was a good idea, she had never spoken to me about it. I actually thought it was a brilliant idea but would never have thought that Mum would even consider it.

"Are you saying you don't want this Jenny?" The Doctor said. "Because it is your decision you know."

"Oh No, I really, really do want to go on the pill Doctor. Mum and I have been talking about it for absolutely ages and I would much rather be proactive." I could pick up and run with an idea especially if it suited me.

"I don't want you to think Jenny is sexually active after all she isn't quite fourteen, but now that her periods have started she would like to be safe and I agree with her. After all the pill will help keep her periods under control won't it. I understand it can help reduce flow in some cases"

"Yes that is true Mrs. Adams. Not that I really approve of putting girls on the pill before they really need to be."

"I also want to be sure that if she makes any silly mistakes she doesn't have any unforeseen consequences. The children seem to be having sex younger every year even though it is illegal. I don't know why somebody doesn't stamp on this before it gets out of hand. Too many child molesters in the world already and if the children have sex with each other as well, where is the world going. We will be back to Tudor times soon with them getting married at twelve." Mum was a bit of an Orator when she had a cause to defend. Keep your head down Lewis.

After a fair amount of negotiation, Mummy was a magic negotiator, the Doctor eventually conceded that it was probably a good idea and wrote out a prescription. On the way home Mum said. "This is not an excuse for you to put it about with boys at school by the way, or anywhere else for that matter, but at least you are covered for when the time comes."

I smiled inwardly knowing that hopefully that time was not so very far away now. Maybe, just maybe, at the end of the week.

Doesn't time pass slowly when you really want it to go fast?

Mum went to the chemist on Tuesday morning and later that day I broke open the first little silver foil window on a packet of Yasmin contraceptive pills. This was now an important addition to my daily beauty routine. Wash, moisturize, little bit of makeup on school days, pop a pill. What with that and the monthly bleed I really feel that I have arrived.

Thursday came and went.

Friday came. Lewis was at work all day as he always was these days. I went to school, came home, went to bed and masturbated. Yeah I know I haven't mentioned that at all before have I? OK so I have always 'fiddled' with my kitten but just recently probably for a year or so I know how to make it feel really good. It's all in the wrist action. You have to get your fingers in exactly the right place, where you start to feel a

tingling sensation between your legs. By gently rocking your hand back and forth bending it at the wrist you let your finger, actually I find it is better with two fingers, stroke the little bump. Anatomically that would be the clitoris which nestles beneath a little protective hood of skin. Anyway, if you use two fingers you can slip them in between the outer labia one each side of the clitoris and I find if you squeeze them together gently it gets things going nicely.

It would be so much easier if we had really long arms. I would love to be able to slip my hand under my bottom and bring it up between my legs so I could tickle my clit from below rather than above. Yeah, I know that would make me 'Elasto-Girl' but I could then get at it with my finger tips better and be in the ideal position to slip one inside when I felt like it.

I don't do very much of the pokey pokey stuff. Maybe just a little bit up my cunt but mostly the best feelings aren't up there. The most sensitive areas are around the opening and my clit although I did find a small slightly rough feeling place about half way in on the top of my vagina which felt fucking wonderful. I looked it up in a medical book in the school library and found out it is called a G-Spot. Apparently it's only recently been discovered. A bit like walking on the moon only a lot more fun. Going to have to go looking for it again sometime soon.

So, we have arrived at next, yeah you heard right NEXT Saturday. I woke at around about ten in the morning. Well I am a teenager and teenagers are supposed to stay in bed late. Thinking about it ten isn't actually late by teen standards but I had things to do.

I roused myself from my bed, staggered along the landing and into the bathroom. Didn't see or hear anybody else, they must have all gone out I guess.

After stripping off I climbed into the shower and proceeded to soap myself everywhere, paying particular attention to the girly bits. I like to smell sweet and fresh and it doesn't take much for armpits and groin areas to get seriously out of control unless you look after them. There is nothing worse than a sweaty crotch.

Did I tell you that I was going to ask Mum about getting a razor? Well while she was picking up my new prescription from the chemist she had bought me a 'Gillette for Women' razor. Now I was going to try it out. First things first, armpits, after all that is what it was supposed to be for. I soaped myself up under each pit in turn and then carefully because I didn't know how difficult it was going to be, I stroked the razor down my skin. Not difficult at all. It only took seconds until I had teenage armpits as smooth as a baby's armpits. Lovely.

Now for the challenge. Mum mustn't find out about this though.

Lots of soap all over my pubic mound and between my legs. I take the razor and slowly, very carefully, slip it down from my tummy towards the top of my slit. Gone, a hairless mound rising up from the top of my pussy. Thighs next, not much hair there but what little there is was soon confined to the floor of the shower. More soap over my outer lips, lots of froth and foam. Don't want to do anything silly now. Using

my fingers I gingerly pull my lips together and shave them from where they join onto my legs and tummy to the opening to my cleft. Stage two, part them with my fingers again and stroke the razor up and down making sure that every trace of the downy fluff is gone.

I think I got all the nasty little beggars. Put the razor on the side shelf and getting the shower head, spray myself to remove the soap suds and the loose hairs still clinging to my pudenda. Yep, all gone, I have returned myself to the pristine beauty of a five year old. Wonderful, as is the feeling of warm water coursing up into my crack and stimulating my clitoris. Mmmm, but enough pleasure for one morning.

Switch off the shower, step out into the steamy bathroom and find a towel from the airing cupboard. Nothing nicer than wrapping your warm body in a fluffy towel. Once I have dried myself off I apply copious amounts of talcum powder. Johnson's is lovely makes me smell like a baby as well. What is it with this 'like a baby' stuff. I'm behaving the way Lewis would prefer me to be, not sure I should be pandering to his perverted fantasies but it does feel nice. Actually it isn't just Lewis, it's me as well. I love regressing it makes me feel so safe and loved.

Another tricky problem presents itself now getting from the bathroom back to where my clothes are, in the bedroom without leaving Girl Friday talc footprints all along the landing.

Done it. Dress myself in a small pink bra, pink knickers, a short sleeved t-shirt and a pretty skirt. No socks because I am going to wear my strappy sandals when I go out. Probably need a cardigan, after all it is November. There it is in the wardrobe. Now I am ready for action.

I spend the next hour or so getting myself some breakfast, making some phone calls to my friends and arranging to meet Laura and Ella in Churchill Square to do some shopping later on. Put on some makeup, a little bit more than Mum likes but it is the weekend. Grab a coat from the cupboard under the stairs and slipping on a pair of black sandals with little kitten heels I shoot out the door. Forgot to say goodbye to the parents but they will still be there when I get back and they won't notice probably anyway.

It is only a few minutes' walk along Weatherbury Avenue to the bus stop for Brighton. I thought Laura might have walked up the road to get on at the same stop as me but she didn't. Never mind she will be waiting in MaccyD's for me when I get there. The bus trundles along through Rottingdean past Roedean School where all the posh girls go. Down into the Marina and then back out to head into town along St James's Street. At the Clock Tower I get off and walk to Churchill Square.

The Girls are already there when I arrive. Loads of kisses and hugs, anybody would think we hadn't seen each other for years but it was only yesterday. We spend the afternoon in and out of the shops, trying things on, not buying anything, trying more things, still not buying anything. Dorothy Perkins, H & M, Next, Debenhams. Get nearly chucked out of Boux Avenue where we ooh and aah over luxury lingerie that we could never afford. End up in Claire's to buy a new pair of earrings. A very constructive afternoon with loads of giggles and chat. Then more hugs, kisses and 'See you Monday's' before the bus home.

When I enter the house it is all very quiet, eerily quiet.

"Hello? Anybody home? It's me, I'm back"

Nothing. I take my coat and shoes off and wander around checking out each room. Still nobody. Oh well no problem I'm a big girl now. Quite capable of looking after myself. I'm nearly fourteen and even the authorities would say I don't need parental attention all the time. I actually don't think I need it any of the time. Parents can be seriously overrated as a concept. Brothers though, now that's a different matter.

"Where are you Lewis?"

I checked his room again. It looked like he had been home but must have gone out again. His Computer was warm so he had probably been logged on fairly recently. I would make a great detective. Nancy Drew eat your heart out. As I was in my brother's room and there was nobody else at home I decided to extend my sleuthing. I checked out of the window to make sure there was no-one walking up the road, then started looking in the chest of drawers. I had never done anything like this before and it was kind of exciting. I knew that burglars always start at the bottom drawer and work up, so I did the same.

Boring, jumpers in that one.

Next drawer was t-shirts and vests. That was so funny I never thought of Lewis wearing a vest. Just like he was a granddad or something.

Top drawer now. It felt really naughty going through his things but I didn't care because it was also kind of exciting. Pants and socks. Lewis doesn't wear boxers he has those skinny briefs like you see on swimmers at the Olympics. I picked up a few pairs and checked them out. Not very adventurous colour choice, mainly black and grey. Probably saves him changing them so often. Then out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of something red.

Did he still have them? Virginia's sexy silk knickers? I pulled them out from under some socks. Yes it was the same ones I had paraded around in all those years ago. Too good an opportunity to miss. I reached up under my skirt, slid my knickers down and replaced them with Virginia's. I then ran into my room and dropped my own in the laundry basket. They were a much tighter fit then I remembered but then Virginia had been eleven when she misplaced them. Back again and another little rummage through his underwear revealed a small stash of condoms. Naughty boy Lewis. I wonder how many you have got through all ready? Condoms that is.

The front door slammed. "You home Jenny?" My heart leaped into my mouth. I quietly closed the drawer and crept along the landing to my room. Once there I replied.

"Up here Lewis. Just getting changed." He would have no idea whether I was telling the truth because he wasn't home when I went out this morning. I ran a brush through my hair and straightened my clothes. A quick touch up of lippie and then downstairs.

I bounced into the lounge to find Lewis on the sofa. He had just turned the TV on and was watching Mr. Bean doing something incredibly stupid again. I had never found him very funny.

"Well hello big brother, have Mum and Dad gone to Eastbourne? There was nobody here when I got home."

"Mum rang and said they were leaving after lunch so they should be there by now."

"So we have the whole house to ourselves then." I winked at him. "Any ideas for entertainment tonight?"

"Not really. Probably just crash out here and watch the telly. Did you go shopping in town?"

"Yeah, met Laura and Ella. Didn't buy much, just these earrings, do you like them?" I shook my head so the long drops would swing about and catch the light."

"Not my sort of thing, but they are pretty."

"Not your sort of thing? I would have thought they were just your sort of thing or have you grown out of that now?" He knew exactly what I was getting at and turned a very fetching shade of pink. "Don't be shy bro, we all like what we like, and I know what you like."

"Don't you ever let on to anyone, do you hear me?" He leapt up and tried to grab me but I was too quick for him and ducked under his outstretched arm.

"I might and I might not, just depends."

"On what?"

"On how nice you are to me."

"I see and how nice do you want me to be Jenny?" I moved back closer to him so I could drape my hands over his shoulders. It was a long way up even though I was getting taller. "No getting out of it now Missy, you have to tell me." I leaned in to him so that my little titties pressed against him. I knew he could feel them and pressed my advantage by thrusting my hips forward gently against the bulge in his trousers. No immediate reaction so I went a bit further and slipped my left leg between his. "Are you coming on to me?" he said.

"Of course I am you idiot. What are you going to do about it?" Lewis answered my question with action. I felt him wrap one arm around behind me and the other hand slipped between us and groped my left breast. "That's better and Mum and Dad won't be home until tomorrow so we have all night to play, properly this time" I winked at him and moved my leg so it rubbed on his groin.

"Are you sure of this Jenny?" Of course I was sure I had never been surer of anything. "Come on then let's turn the TV off." I let go of his neck, picked up the remote and flicked the TV to black. Lewis caught me up in his arms and placed me gently on the sofa. I reached round the side of my hip and slipped the zip of my skirt down.

"I can't get the button can you do it?" Lewis did as I asked and released the button on the waistband. I lifted my hips and slid the skirt down my legs. I have never seen such a look of surprise on anybody's face as the one that flew across Lewis's as he suddenly realized what I was wearing under the skirt.

"Where the, How did, They can't be." He was floundering like a fish out of water his mouth opening and closing as he tried to work out when he had last seen Virginia's silkies. "Have you been in my drawers Jenny."

"Not yet but I will be soon." I giggled and reached for the front of his trousers. Not much of a bulge yet but I had a feeling it wouldn't be long before something stirred in the undergrowth. "Oh come on Lewis let's have some fun. I missed you when you were away in Birmingham and since you got back you haven't played with me once. I thought you had gone off your little sister."

"Is that likely?" He grabbed the bottom of my t-shirt and pulling me towards him slid it up. Over my head and off. "Mmmm you are growing up Jenny, I love that little pink bra." He put his hands, both of them over my tiny breasts and gently stroked them.

"Maybe you do but firstly you can't have it and secondly it would be too small for you anyway." Now it was his turn to laugh.

"So you went into my top drawer, anywhere else?"

"The other drawers in the cabinet but just T's and jumpers in them." I watched his eyes as they dilated slightly. I knew he could feel my nipples small as they are through the bra material. It wasn't padded although I did sometimes think it might be nice to get a little bit bigger. But then I got realistic. There is nothing wrong with tiny boobs, lots of boys prefer them that way, I know Lewis does."

"So you didn't rummage through my wardrobe then?" I hadn't but maybe I should have.

"Why what's in the wardrobe?" He had me wondering now what he had to hide that I hadn't discovered.

"If you are a good girl I might show you later. But I mean a very, very good girl." His hands had moved away from my breasts. One was around my waist and the other had slid under my back and was doing an excellent job of releasing the bra clip. The elastic pinged open and the two little cups released my pert pointies. Lewis slid the shoulder straps off and was now enjoying the sight of my pink nipples standing proud from their matching areolae and the breasts themselves like small models of Mount Fuji but a lot warmer. "Oh Jenny you are lovely these days. How are you enjoying puberty?"

"Apart from the horrible hair on my snatch it's fine thanks. Glad you appreciate the changes." I reached for his hand and placed it back where it belonged on my right tit. "Mmmm that feels so good, I have missed our playtimes." I lifted myself up slightly, my breast pushing into his palm. I leaned toward him and putting my other hand behind his neck pulled him down towards me. Our lips met and brother and sister descended into the fondest of embraces. Lips touched, parted, tongues gently sought each other

out and played around each other as our saliva mixed in a heady sibling cocktail. He was so beautiful, I loved my brother more than anything. Alright I loved Mum and Dad but that was different. That was parent for child love. What I felt for Lewis was real, true, sexual love. A love that is only felt between a very few lucky individuals. Not often to be found between siblings but when it happened it was even stronger than love between strangers. I knew I wanted him and I was sure he wanted me as well. Tonight I hoped to find out. Tonight was an opportunity to pursue my desires and hopefully satisfy his.

We stayed locked in a loving embrace for what seemed an eternity. All the time Lewis fondled my little breasts. His big hands felt so warm and comforting. He stroked them tenderly and felt the nipples rising against his palm. As I responded to his touch he took his hand away and replaced it with his mouth. It felt wonderful as he rolled the tip of his tongue round and round the areola and gently sucked my nipple between his lips. I was getting so turned on, more than I ever had on all the numerous occasions we had played out our incestuous love story before.

“Take your clothes off Lewis? Please I want to feel really close to you. Let me do it for you.” I moved out from under his probing mouth, stood up beside the sofa and waited while he sat up in front of me. We were still so different in height. He was seated with me stood between his knees and my head was only an inch or two above the top of his. I slowly unbuttoned his shirt starting at the neck and working my way down his chest, button after button, one, two three,.

The rest were tucked inside his trousers so I took hold of his shirt and pulling slowly, eased it out from his waistband. Just one more button.

Four.

Then the two sides of his shirt parted company revealing his smooth chest and belly with a thin snaking line of body hair appearing over the waistband of his trousers.

“Oh Lewis, you are beautiful.”

I put my lips to his chest where his collarbones meet and gradually kissed my way down to his belly button. Moving lower still my lips touched the top of the hairy snake. I reached for his trouser fastening and unclipped the waistband, slid the zip down, down, down. Lewis lifted his bottom off the sofa and his sister pulled his trousers so they slid down his legs.

Back to his waist and the same approach quickly dispossessed him of his briefs. Within seconds he had shaken the clothing off his legs and sat in all his glorious masculinity. Naked and vulnerable. My mouth pursued the course of the line of hair down across his belly until it merged into the triangle of hair which nestled on his pubic mound.

While my lips went south towards it his penis was coming north to meet me. Eventually the inevitable happened and my mouth and the head of his penis met in a wonderful union of sibling sexuality. I kissed the head of his penis with the little eye which had started to release a tiny tear of anticipation for what was to come. My tongue reached out to wipe away the tear and the salty taste was like nectar. The head

of my beloved brother's penis was hiding from me deep inside his soft, soft foreskin. I wanted, I needed to see it once more. Wrapping my fingers around the shaft and sliding slowly down millimeter by millimeter the beautiful purple monster revealed itself to my eyes and my questing tongue. I rolled my tongue over and around the head of his penis. Flicking the eye and just under the head where that little bridge of skin connects the foreskin to the shaft. Licking that sensitive little spot had Lewis reacting with obvious enjoyment. So much for the tongue teaser, now for the full on blow job. I wrapped my tongue around the head and then closed my mouth tightly so that the head was held firmly but gently. A long slow suck and the pressure built as I continued to roll my tongue over the head. I was holding the foreskin where it was pulled down off the head with my lips and now with my mouth closed and sucking hard. I moved my hand on the shaft until the foreskin had covered the beauty that was his glans but lay still hidden from view inside my mouth.

Repeating these motions over and over again I could feel the pressure building in his body, the tension as he tried to stop himself from cumming. I was having none of that. At the moment when I thought he was at his most vulnerable I gently but firmly grabbed his testicles and he lost all control.

Lewis bucked and writhed on the sofa, his legs shaking and shuddering. His cockhead gripped firmly between my lips, the head on my tongue and the little weeping eye pointing down my throat. If I could have spoken I would have told him to let it go but I had a mouth full of Lewis's delicious meat. He spasmed. I felt his testicles contract in my grip, the surge of semen coursing up, up, up the shaft and then like a nuclear explosion bursting forth from the head over my tongue and straight down the back of my throat.

Compared to when he first orgasmed and nothing came out, to the first time he produced semen for me, what happened now was a flood, a deluge of sweet, salty fluid pouring into me. I swallowed and swallowed and still it came. I felt it would never stop when suddenly the flow was turned off, a last few drops lingered on my tongue allowing me to savour the beautiful tangy taste before I released my grip on his shaft and Lewis sank back exhausted on the sofa.

"Where the fuck did you learn to do that Jenny?" He said at last as he began to regain some composure.

"You would be surprised what us girls know these days O brother mine." I kissed the end of his penis and then stood up and plonked myself down beside him on the sofa, my hand on his ball sack.

"How about I make us a drink? What would you like tea or coffee?"

It seemed that the past half an hour had taken something out of Lewis. I know I had taken something very tasty out of him and it had been magical. The older I get the more fun this sex business is becoming. If it carries on like this I might not live long.

"Coffee would be good please, can I have it black?" I stood up still wearing just the red knickers and padded off into the kitchen to fix us both a drink. I didn't bother putting any more clothes on. I know it is winter but the house is always lovely and warm and I enjoyed the freedom of wandering around with

hardly anything on. Lewis had sorted himself out by the time I came back with the coffees. He had left his shirt off but the briefs and trousers were back in place. Such a disappointment, I loved watching his boy bits swinging free. But a girl shouldn't be greedy.

Snuggling next to my big brother on the sofa was a lovely feeling and I could sense that Lewis was equally at ease. We didn't do much for the rest of the evening. Got something to eat and then cuddled, talked and kissed occasionally just like girl and boyfriends. It was so comforting sitting there with his arm around me, We had always been very close physically even if you discount our various excursions into sexual discovery over the years but tonight seemed to be bringing out all the emotions which had lain hidden somewhere deep inside for so long.

"Have you got a girlfriend Lewis? You never talk about girls. Or are you gay?" I couldn't believe I even said that about being gay. He had always loved exploring my body so unless he just had an undeclared interest in gynaecology I was pretty sure he was straight.

"Not gay, Jenny. no. I guess I might be bi-sexual though" I admit I was slightly shocked at that, not that there is anything wrong with being bi of course.

"Have you been with boys then? Bums and stuff?"

"No none of that, to be honest I don't really like the thought of that. I have done what you just did to me though. With some cute guys at University. Now that I do enjoy. I can see what you girls get from giving boys a blow job and it does taste nice too doesn't it." He leaned over and kissed me again. I decided not to press the point any further so just relished having his tongue in my mouth. "Oh and no I don't have a girlfriend at the moment There is one girl at work, who is quite pretty, but I think she is about to get transferred to the Woolchester office so nothing there then. Just have to make do with you I guess."

I dug him in the ribs. "What's her name, tell me about her?"

"Melinda Jennings. She's five seven, slim, pretty, brunette. A bit bossy but a man can always get a woman trained can't he?"

"Yes, maybe, if he's a male chauvinist pig."

He laughed and then we changed the subject. By about a quarter past ten I was getting a little bit tired and said I would probably go to bed if he didn't mind. "No that's OK kitten you go up. I'll watch the end of the news and then I will probably turn in too."

I jumped up gave him a kiss goodnight, a big hug and then went off up to bed.

It was about half an hour later when I heard Lewis coming upstairs. He didn't go straight into his room but headed for the bathroom first. I listened as I heard him taking a pee. At least his aim was still good, I could hear the wee splashing down into the water at the bottom of the toilet bowl. Slowly the stream slowed and then just the occasional splashing as he shook his willy to clear any leftovers. A minute later

and there was the sound of the wash hand basin being filled. More splashing as he took a quick wash. This was followed by what seemed to be teeth being brushed.

Then silence.

Lewis appeared standing in the doorway of his bedroom still bare-chested.

“What are you doing in my bed, Goldilocks?” I hid my face under the duvet and waited. I didn’t have to wait long. Lewis pulled the top of the duvet down so he could see my smile. “Is this how it’s going to be tonight then? I have to put up with a little girl annoying me all night?”

“Stop moaning, Mum and Dad are away, we have the house to ourselves, I have never spent the whole night in your bed before and I’m not going to miss the chance now.” I put on my cutest little girl look and waited for a response.

“Good, I was hoping you would want to sleep with me. I have wanted to sleep with you ever since you were old enough. Well I guess that’s not legally true. Let’s say capable of enjoying it.”

I shuffled in the bed as he started to take off the rest of his clothes. “PJ’s tonight Lewis?”

“Not tonight Jen, I told you if you were very good I would show you my wardrobe.” I was out of bed like a shot. Stood beside him totally nude as he stepped out of his underwear.

“Come on then you’ve got me intrigued now.”

Lewis walked over to the glass mirrored sliding doors to his wardrobe. It was a lovely sight that reflected back at us. A tall man with a semi-erect penis stood next to a little thirteen year old with cute tiny little tits and a shaved pussy mound. “What have you done to your fanny? When did you get rid of the hair?”

“This morning, specially for my big brother, well and me as well of course. Stop changing the subject what’s in the wardrobe?” Lewis slid the left hand door across to reveal a rack of drawers. He crouched down and I couldn’t fail to notice his cock nearly touched the floor in that position. Sliding the bottom drawer out, he revealed some items of clothing. Brightly coloured and pastel shades, most of them silk, absolutely and definitely all of them feminine. Lewis had a secret stash of girly things. “Wow, I bet Mum doesn’t know about this lot. How long have you had them?”

“I started cross dressing at Uni, mostly for sexual satisfaction but it is addictive. Don’t be surprised if one day when you are older I don’t ask you to come out shopping with me.” With that he reached into the drawer and pulled out a really pretty pastel pink baby doll nightie with frills all round the hem. “Do you mind if I..?”

“No why would I, I love being girly too, you know that. Here let me help you.” He was still crouched on the floor so I took the nightie from him and popped it over his head. He put his arms through the bootlace straps that went over the shoulders and then pulled it down. It just covered his hips and the very tops of his thighs protecting his modesty. Until his penis went limp he would be OK, after that he was in danger of showing a bit of head under the hem. “You look really pretty in that Lewis, and I don’t

mind if you want to be a girl sometimes. In fact it is quite exciting.” I couldn’t be bothered to go and get my nightdress and I was not planning to need it anyway. “Come on let’s get into bed.”

I took my big brother in his pretty little nightie by the hand and led him to bed where I pulled the duvet down and we both climbed in. This was becoming a really rather surreal experience but it promised so much.

Lewis lay down on the bed and I climbed up beside him. I decided I should take the lead again and did so by putting my hand on his thigh and sliding it slowly up under the hem of his nightie. His thighs were very masculine but the effect was softened by the frills which tickled my wrist as I reached up under them moving my hand further towards the collection of meat and two veg nestling temptingly between his legs. As my hand reached the top of his thigh my fingertips felt the wrinkled slightly hairy skin which formed his scrotum and held the two jewels safe from harm. I moved my hand further until I could nestle his balls in the palm of my hand. They were surprisingly heavy, not bag of sugar heavy but like a couple of peeled boiled eggs in a silken purse. I loved the feeling and played with them gently for a while.

I could sense somehow that what I was doing was also stimulating movement in Lewis’s sexy sausage. The skin on his sack was tightening as it was needed to cover the extended length of his penis, as the shaft got harder and harder. Before I could make a move on his shaft, Lewis sat up in the bed and rolled me onto my back. I lost my hold on him as he thrust his hand firmly between my legs. I was taken by surprise but such a pleasant surprise.

Opening my legs I relaxed and let him take over the seduction. Lewis stroked my pussy lips gently with his fingertips. “I love the fact that you shaved down there Jenny, you look just like you did when we first used to play.”

“Not really,” I said “haven’t you noticed anything new?”

“It all looks beautifully new to me.” Lewis carried on stroking the outer edges of my lips. Actually it felt more like he was tickling them rather than stroking, his touch was feather light. I took hold of his hand and guided it to my slit.

“Here see what’s happening to your little sister.” I held his hand and moved it up and down right on the edge of my cunny lips.

“Seems the same to me, what do you know that I don’t?” I put my fingers on my slit and sliding the tips just between the edges parted them ever so slightly so he could see my inner labia. “Oh you mean these little inner petals? They are lovely. OK so not as small as they were but neither are you.” To prove they did not put him off he helped me to part my outer lips and sliding down the bed he got his face level with my thighs. Parted them with one hand and opening my lips with the other put his mouth to my pussy. I felt his tongue as it ran over my inner labia gently flicking the longer of the two. When I say longer I am talking millimeters. I loved what he was doing now. His tongue rolled around my lips. The

moisture that was building inside my vagina I could feel starting to flow like raindrops on a summer window, down my love canal lubricating it and edging closer to my vulva and Lewis's probing tongue.

He was getting more adventurous now, his tongue moved over my lips and like the little muscle it is, separated them and slipped between them. The difference in sensation as I felt it lapping against my vulva was so, so thrilling. I put my hands on the back of his head and leaned on it forcing him further between my thighs. Lewis had his finger slipping up my moistening tube, inching closer and closer to my little girl's penis which was straining to grow and meet it. The clitoral hood had slipped back to reveal a highly sensitive little bud of flesh full of nerve endings begging to be stroked and tongued. If my cunny could talk it would be saying "More, closer, more, yes, yes, yes, touch me, stroke me, lick me, FUCK ME"

That is what I needed now. I was starting to leak pussy juice, surely Lewis must be able to sense it or even taste it. I opened and closed my knees beating a tattoo on his ears with my thighs as the pre-orgasmic surges pulsed through me.

"Are you ready for me Jenny? I have been waiting for this moment for so many years, you can't know what it means to me." Lewis had stopped licking to speak. "Don't move, I'll get a condom."

I couldn't move if I had wanted to, my passion was taking over all my other bodily functions. "No don't, there's no need."

"Of course there is, I know your periods have started. You don't want to take the chance of getting pregnant. How would you explain it to Mum. She would kill you and I don't need another sibling"

"I said it's not a problem. I know you have condoms in the top drawer but Mum took precautions and I have pills in mine." I winked and the penny eventually dropped.

"Oh right, so you are OK without a condom then?" Lewis was watching me closely, his penis had shrunk a bit but I was sure I could get it going again.

"More than OK. It's my first time Lewis. I want it to be with you and I don't want you wearing your wellies when you make love to me. I want to feel the real you up inside of me" He relaxed noticeably. All the time we had been discussing family planning Lewis had kept his finger inside my vulva. He had moved his head up so he could watch my face while we were speaking but now he was back again. His face between my thighs his tongue between my lips, his finger seeking out my sensitive little girl clit. Very successfully too.

I couldn't reach his cock with him lying between my legs but the visible movement of his bottom up and down seemed to indicate that he was doing his best to get some friction from the bed sheet.

"Come and kiss me Lewis." It felt strange, the pink baby doll nightie between us stimulating my nipples as he slid up the bed. Now lying side by side I was able to enjoy the sensation of Lewis rubbing my clitoris and I could also reach between his legs to work on getting him hard again. I wrapped my fingers

around it and slid my hand up and down until it was as stiff as it needed to be. Once it was inside my honeypot I wanted to know all about it.

I rolled onto my back again and spread my legs as far apart as I could. My pussy smiled at the ceiling waiting, praying, desperate to be broached. Lewis got up on his knees and tore the pink nightie off and over his head. I think he had decided that the time when he first fucked his little sister and took her virginity he wanted to be all man and right now he definitely was. Over the last eight or nine years when I had looked at and touched his penis I had never seen it anywhere near as big.

He lifted his right knee and put it between my legs and then followed it with the other. His thighs were quite muscular now and I had to part my legs a long way for him to fit between them. That just made my pussy lips part in anticipation of an imminent visitation from something I had prayed for, for so long. I could feel the heat of his body on mine even though he made sure to hold his weight on his arms. I pushed my chest up so my little nipples could feel his smooth hairless chest against them. Lewis lowered his hips and thighs. His member disappeared from sight as our bellies touched. I could imagine the view my pussy must be getting of the forthcoming intruder. It must be like the arrival of the re-supply rocket at the International Space Station. Yeah I know the ISS didn't exist then, but remember I am looking back on what happened then with all the knowledge I have gained in the years since. The docking bay is quietly waiting, doors closed but ready to be brought into action any moment. The airtight dock opens slightly as the doors part to receive the long awaited gift from the heavens. The head of the rocket partially concealed from view by a protective skin hoves into view lowering itself until it is pointed straight at the now partially open flaps. The lower it goes and the closer it comes on its trajectory towards its inevitable union, the darker the skies become as the bulk of the main body of the rocket blocks out the available light. The arriving vehicle is now lined up directly opposite its target. Now it is moved forward millimeter by millimeter by its trusted pilot until contact is made with the eager entrance to the ISS.

I feel him now. I can feel how the tip with its watering eye is right on the edge of my outer lips. My labia part in front of the advance of my beloved's penis. His foreskin touches my lips and they kiss momentarily until as it presses slowly but relentlessly forward the head of his rocket passes between my outer lips meeting virtually no resistance. His foreskin pauses as it tries to move between them but they don't want to let it pass. The lips are enjoying the kiss so much they hold his outer skin momentarily before allowing the head to press ever onward beyond them. The outer lips then release their hold on the foreskin. The inner lips now have their part to play in this story, this journey to the heart of desire. Smaller and deeper pink than their outer counterparts the inner labia present a slightly tighter obstruction to the rocket as it closes in. Nothing will stop it going where it wants to go. The two little lips part and the purple head sinks between them. The depths of Jennydom is now at the mercy of the foraging member.

"Are you OK my angel." Lewis kisses me as he pushes gently forward into my cunt. I realise that it is happening at last, what I have always dreamed of. My brother is almost there, almost inside me now.

“Mmmmm, I can feel you now Lewis, it feels bigger than it looks, but I am fine, don’t stop now.”

My vulva is ready, moistened by my juices flowing down from the depths of the cave and the muscles relaxing to make the passage easier for my lovely brother’s cock. Lewis moves his hips forward, I try not to tense up as I feel the head pass through the final gateway and start to bury itself in my vulva, deeper now and my vagina is ready and waiting for its first encounter of the penile kind.

“Now Jenny, you ready?”

“MMMMM”

Inside, Lewis is inside I feel the pressure as he moves up my love box. I can tell he is deep inside me now although not really feel it as such. More a heaviness inside. My heart is beating so fast now, I can hardly breathe. My muscles start to contract against his cock and then pulsate against this foreign body imposing its will on me. Then as he goes into reverse my muscles tighten as he leaves an empty void behind. Stopping, thrusting forward again, and back and in and out and forwards and backwards. Ecstasy. I have never felt anything quite like it, it is like no feeling I have ever had in my young life. I know now what being a woman is about. It isn’t just a rubbing sensation it is so much more than that. It seems as though Lewis is consuming me from the inside. My whole being is responding to that one small part of me which is being loved. The emotions radiate outward from his penis buried deep in my pussy. I try to move my pelvic floor muscles to help my vagina preventing Lewis from leaving me

.... Ever...

“Oh God, that is so good.” I wrap my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist my heels beating a tattoo on his bottom.

Lewis pushes in and out, in and out. I buck my hips up and down in time with the rhythm of his thrusts. I never want it to end. I can feel Lewis inside me, it seems as though we have become one person at last. I envelop his cock in my body. My juices are flowing now, his penis is plunging back and forth. My body begins writhing underneath him as his movements get stronger and harder. Deeper and faster and then...

A sudden surge of heat and it feels as though my whole body is being filled from below not just by Lewis’s delicious cock but now something has exploded inside me. I knew from having witnessed it many times that he had cum. Pulse after pulse of semen surged up my vagina and rolled like waves of white foam towards the entrance to my womb. Thank god for contraception. All those millions of little swimming sperm fighting to get to my eggs. New eggs, fresh eggs, eggs begging to be fertilised and turned into more little humans. Not for me, for me it is just a moment of utter bliss as he pulls his penis back down the tube, his semen following, strings of stickyness clinging to my vaginal walls and then he pushes back in, the little white flood of soldiers being forced onward in the vacuum of my tight little vagina. A vagina that for the first time has seen and felt the wonders of making love to the most beautiful person in the whole world.

I lay with the weight of Lewis's body pressing down on me refusing to release him from the cave in which he has become entrapped. My legs stay tightly wrapped around him holding him in a loving embrace.

There would be other times and other people with whom I would share this moment of human theatre but none of them would ever be the first. Lewis was my first, Lewis was always the best. Nobody could ever repeat the thrill of what had just happened. Lewis and I would repeat it and I would always love doing it with him more than anybody else, at least as far as boys are concerned. It was as if our DNA had been separated for years and was now at last back where it should be. Reunited.

Eventually, gravity and blood flow took control, Lewis's penis shrank to the point where even my tight little pussy could no longer hold on to it. He fell out and my pussy leaked white semen all over his bed sheet. How he would explain that to Mum tomorrow I didn't know although it wouldn't be beyond him to think about getting the washing on early in the morning.

We slept the sleep of the righteous which neither of us was. I was on the wet bit but didn't care. We had both broken the law but neither of us cared. Under age sex, incest, statutory rape. There were so many laws that could be invoked. There were so many people who would criticize us for pleasuring each other, not least Mum and Dad. We were oblivious to the calumny which could be heaped on our heads. We were just a brother and sister in love.

Lucky thirteen? It was for me. Now I could go forward in the knowledge of what it was going to be like to be a woman and fuck.

CHAPTER 6 – SWEET SIXTEEN AND BEYOND

In 2001 I finally left school for good. Not that school was all bad, I learnt a lot. I didn't do too badly in my final examinations, I gained enough qualifications to do what I wanted to do.

I had already told my parents that I had no intentions of staying on beyond sixteen. I could not see the value in using another two years to gain some more qualifications which would fit me for entry into a University which I had no desire to join.

I had always been a girly girl, I loved hair and makeup and fashion and painting my nails. I loved talking about girly things. I loved boys, some of them, or at least I thought I did.

I did not want to find a job in an office or become a high flyer in medicine, law, banking or any of the professions which offered lots of money, lots of stress, lots of working hours.

I wanted to be a beautician or a hairdresser so I left school at sixteen determined to follow a girly job and have fun. I had already checked out the requirements to become a Beauty Therapist and the qualifications I had should be enough to get a job in a local salon with the opportunity to study for a Diploma in Beauty Techniques. Mum sometimes visited a place on in Brighton called Little Apples. It was a relatively small salon, most of the girls there were Thai, but the owner agreed she would take me on as a trainee. Normally to get a Diploma it would take one year full time but they were prepared to offer me day release and I could aim to get qualified in three years. So by nineteen I would be able to turn a 'sow's ear into a silk purse' or at least have a damned good try.

It was so different going out to work rather than going to school. I missed a lot of my friends but one special one was still there all the time. Ella had decided to stay on and get her 'A' Levels. Well I say she decided to, I am never sure how many decisions taken while we're young are actually our own, or have been carefully managed by parents. I suspect that was the case with Ella as she was not the swottiest of girls and had to work really hard to get her exam results. I didn't see much of her after I left Longhill.

Laura was different. Laura had always been different, she was more like a sister to me and she also left school when I did. I thought she would have probably stayed on longer but, whether it was my influence or not, she left. I think I may have mentioned before, Laura was quite timid but when she got a job in a clothes shop on North Street she seemed to come out of her shell a bit more. It was lovely for both of us that she worked there because it was less than five minutes from Apple's and we were able to meet up for lunch most days, either in the staff room at each other's workplace or if the weather was nice we would cross the road to the grounds of the Royal Pavilion to eat our sandwiches. Sometimes we would go for a burger or pizza but we still both had our figures to think about. We, neither of us wanted to get bigger. Sylph-like when little and still pretty much the same in our teens. We were lucky I guess that we did not suffer from big bone syndrome.

Life at home carried on much as it always had. Mum and Dad were just that, Mum and Dad. Lewis carried on being Lewis. We managed the odd moments together but life tends to take over and they became less and less frequent. I am not saying we didn't make love, we did, and it was a beautiful experience. The fact that it had to be carefully coordinated so as not to attract suspicion made it even sweeter.

Lewis was still in contact with that Melinda, you know the one who transferred to Woolchester? He had never got it on with her but I know he had quite fancied her when they worked together. I have no idea why, I met her once and she seemed a really stuck-up cow, more interested in getting on with her job than getting on with people.

Lewis's small collection of femme garments was growing and he was having difficulty hiding some of the larger items. He had moved on from sexy and mostly impractical items of lingerie and nightwear and had started buying the occasional daytime clothes. It seemed his interest had moved on from sexual to proper desires to cross dress. When he imagined he was going to be able to wear them I had no idea. He did have some days when he would 'work from home'. I knew what that meant but never managed to be off work at the same time so never had the pleasure of seeing him dressed.

I was able to offer him some help by keeping a few of his girly clothes in my wardrobes. Mum never noticed, well I had managed to build up quite a collection of my own so concealing a few larger sized items on the rails was quite simple really. Fortunately Lewis was a size 12/14 whereas I was still a teeny tiny 8 so there was no fear of either of us 'borrowing' the others skirts and dresses.

When Lewis came home last night he seemed quite pleased with himself. Dad was still at work and Mum had gone down to the shops.

"You look like the cat who got the cream, Lewis."

"Do I? Yes maybe I do." He had a distant look in his eyes.

"Well come on then what have you been up to" It was a Friday, can't remember the date, sometime during 2002 probably April or May because the weather had started to warm up. "Don't keep me in suspense. You've met a girl? A boy? Both??"

"I've been promoted, well I will be in August anyway. I have been offered a Senior Accounts job." I ran up and gave him a celebratory kiss. Well it wasn't really, it was just that I felt like kissing him. But then I always felt like kissing him. Lewis squeezed my bum cheeks in thanks.

"I guess that means more money. You will be able to buy some lovely expensive dresses now bro." This time he slapped my bottom hard but still carried on smiling. I wondered whether he had already planned to go shopping. I hoped he would take me with him, I loved picking out pretty clothes especially for Lewis.

"It means more money, it means working a bit harder I guess. But."

"But what?" I could see there was something he wasn't saying.

"It won't be in Brighton. They want me to move to Barsetshire. The Woolchester office."

"Isn't that where what's 'er name went?"

"Melinda, yes." His smile had turned to a bit of a frown now. "It will be nice to see her again, we used to get on if you know what I mean." I didn't want to hear that he used to fuck Melinda. I wanted him to be all mine. "I have kept in touch with her since she left and she thinks it would be a good move for my career."

You see what I mean? Melinda never thought of anything but bettering herself. I was certain she had plans for Lewis once she got her hands on him again.

"But how long will you be there? Is it just a temporary transfer? What will I do while you are away?" What he had said was beginning to sink in. It wasn't temporary, it was a permanent job. If he went he wouldn't be coming back. "Oh Lewis." I couldn't help myself, tears started to well up in my eyes and I began to sob quietly.

"Hey sis, come on." He hugged me tight. "It's not that bad and anyway it's time you found yourself a nice boy. We can't be with each other for ever. It had to happen sometime and you are old enough now to be able to build your own life and romances."

He was right, I knew deep down that he was right, but I had never ever wanted anybody else. Lewis had been my heart's desire right from the days so long ago when we used to play Doctors and Nurses in my bedroom. Gosh that seemed such a long time now. He might have to leave to further his career and I was beginning to make some progress as a beautician but it wasn't going to make it any easier to bear.

"Did you say August?" That was only a few weeks from now.

"Yes, although I may have to start earlier. The job is official from the beginning of August but HR would like me to go down the week after next to learn the ropes. They have said they can find me some temporary accommodation while I look for somewhere more permanent to live. At least we are a financial company so I should be able to get a mortgage with no trouble and house prices in Woolchester are fairly similar to here. I should be able to pick up a terraced property for about 200k.

Things were going from bad to worse. First August and now next week? How would I live with him not being here. Not that there was anything I could do about it.

"I don't want you to go." I gripped him tightly around the waist and pouted my best spoilt little girl pout. It had always worked in the past but I knew I was fighting a losing battle this time.

One week later and Lewis was gone. Of course that wasn't the last I was to see of him but our rare afternoon delights had come to a dramatic conclusion. I didn't even get a farewell fuck before he had packed his bags and headed West. Barsetshire seems such a long way from Sussex especially to a horny seventeen year old girl who has known no other lover except her brother.

I suppose I could have done what a lot of girls would do when the love of their life leaves them. I could have gone out, been picked up by the first reasonable looking male and had my brains fucked out. Not me. I stayed in when I wasn't working. I worked when I was working. I chatted with Laura as often as I could either in our lunch breaks, on the bus to Brighton, out shopping. Basically at every opportunity I was with Laura.

One Saturday afternoon we had been shopping around the North Laine area and had just arrived back at Laura's place. Nobody else at home, just the two of us. We had gone up to her bedroom to go through our purchases. Unlike that time I bought the earrings in Claire's because that was all I could afford, now I was a working girl. I just realised how bad that sounds, I mean I was working and getting paid. Now I could actually afford to buy pretty things whenever I wanted to.

Laura and I were trying on some of the clothes we had bought. I had just taken off the third skirt and was about to put on the fourth when I turned away from the bed to see Laura standing in front of the mirror. She had moved on from blouses to the lingerie she had spent a whole week's wages on and had just stepped into a really pretty pair of knickers, slightly see through in a lovely very pale blue. So pale it was almost as if she was wearing a patch of sky. It was then that it struck me, Laura was adorable. Her pubic mound pushed against the thin material and her slit formed a perfect camel toe between her legs.

I had been so wrapped up in my brother for so long that Laura had been just a friend. A very special friend, but none the less just a friend. Now I was seeing her in another light altogether. She was still a skinny little girl but her body had filled out over the last year or two. Her breasts were pert and actually larger than mine. I discovered today when she was buying a new bra that she was a 30B, more than a cup full. She had a slim waist which flared out into hips which while showing her hip bones were none the less beautiful. Her legs were slender and pale and I realized that I actually loved her.

I stopped what I was doing and walked over to stand behind her as she looked at herself in the mirror.

"You look absolutely stunning Laura." I wanted to rush forward and kiss her passionately but instead I put my hands around her waist and leaned into her back. My face nuzzled into her hair and breathed deeply the wonderful smell of her shampoo.

"Thanks Jenny," Laura spun herself around slowly without disturbing my arms which held her loosely around the waist. By the time we were face to face my hands were resting lightly on top of her sweet firm buttocks. Laura lifted her arms and draped them over my shoulders. The merest hint of a smile flickered across her face as she moved it closer to me tilting her head at the same time. Our noses brushed and then our lips met. Just a butterfly kiss, lips brushing against each other and then before either of us realized what was happening our mouths were pressed against each other, lips parted, tongues met and passion erupted. Laura briefly disengaged her lips from mine.

"Oh Jenny why did it take so long, I have wanted you for so many years. All you ever seemed to see was Lewis and I stood by loving and desiring you every time we met. Do you remember when you had your first period and showed me how to use a sanitary pad?"

Of course I remembered I still used to dream about Laura fitting that towel into her knickers and me wanting to help her but not daring to. "Always Infinity" I said "That is what I wanted for you and me, to be together for always until infinity, Yeah I know Lewis and I are soul mates, we always will be. But I have loved you too since I first knew what love was. It is possible to love two people at the same time you know."

I pulled her closer, our breasts touching and put my mouth to her lips again. We kissed for what seemed like a lifetime our bodies pressed together and moving incessantly against each other.

Now that it was out in the open I am not sure why we had not realized before how much we cared for each other. I released my hold on Laura's waist and dropped down to my knees. Reaching up behind her back I put my hands on her buttocks and then slipped my fingers inside the waistband of her new blue knickers. "These are ever so pretty Laura, they really look good on you. I think you are going to look even better without them though."

I slowly slid them off her hips and down towards her thighs which were on the same level as my face. Inch by inch they dropped and as they did her pubic mound with its soft downy covering of light hair came into view. Laura clearly didn't shave but I didn't mind. On her it looked like a halo above her pussy which was next to be revealed. The top of her slit appeared and I leaned forward to plant a kiss on it. Down, down her knickers moved and more and more of her gloriously tempting cleft was revealed to my eager gaze.

"You are wonderful Laura." I let go of the knickers and they fell noiselessly to the floor resting around her slender ankles. Laura stepped out of them and as she did her pussy lips parted and the scent of her femininity wafted towards my nose. Sweet, heady and delightful. I moved my face toward her and with gentle fingers parted her outer labia to reveal the soft pink interior and the two rosebud inner lips. My mouth was within kissing distance and could not be held back from enjoying Laura's beauty. I pressed my lips to hers and my tongue slid between them seeking out the moist interior of her vulva. I was in a state of heightened arousal now. My tongue like that of a kitten lapping milk lapped at Laura's kitten enjoying the sickly sweet taste and texture of her girly juices. I felt Laura's hands on my head. She lifted me off my knees. As we came back face to face Laura reached behind her and unfastening her bra hastily removed it and dropped it beside the knickers on the floor.

Laura was naked and I was not going to stay clothed with such a tempting sight in front of me. I hastily removed everything I was wearing and then taking Laura by the hand I led her around the bed. "Love me Laura" I said as I fell back onto my pretty new found lover's bed. She put her knee between my legs and lowered herself on top of me. We lay, breast to breast, pubis to pubis and held each other tight. I could feel the sweet heat from her pussy between my legs and her breasts so soft and smooth rubbed against my little bee stings.

That moment felt like a coming home after an absence of many years. It had taken us twelve years from infant's school to this room before we acknowledged what we both must have known all that time. I

stroked Laura's hair and placed numerous little kisses all over her eyes and face. She was my angel, my partner, my love.

"Jenny?"

"What is it darling? I carried on holding her and running my fingers down her spine until they reached the rising mounds of her buttocks.

"I don't really know what to do. This is the first time I have ever kissed a girl properly. Actually I haven't kissed anyone much apart from family ever before. Will you help me?" She was like a lost child and I wanted her so much it hurt. I ran my hand over her peachy bottom and slid my fingers into the cleft between them. I could feel the little puckered rosebud of her bottom and as I ran the tip of my finger gently around it Laura flinched slightly.

"Shhhhh Shhhhh. Don't worry Laura I won't hurt you." I had no intention of entering her anally but moved my hand further down until I was cupping her pussy from behind. Laura shuffled herself up the bed a little so that I could reach what my hands were seeking. My hand was warm and my palm slightly moist from the wetness in her cunt. I could feel the soft hairs on her outer labia and the plumpness of the flesh beneath. Laura had managed to retain a tight slit without any sign of her inner lips. I stroked the puffy skin and slid one finger between them seeking the moisture that lurked within. I was rewarded with Laura moving slowly against me. Her nipples were within reach of my mouth so I moved my head and took one between my lips. It reacted instantly to the feel of my tongue and hardened noticeably.

My index finger had now snaked its way between her outer lips, so hot, so damp, so wonderful. I added another finger and allowed them both to roam up and down just inside the edges of her slit until they found the bud of her clitoris. Another twitch from Laura's body as she felt me massaging her love bud. I was certain that, apart from any explorations she may have done alone, this was the first time it had been touched. It was quite large, larger than mine. I'm not saying it was a monster, hardly a female penis but it had much more substance than I expected. I was able to roll it between my finger tips and feel it hardening just as her nipple was doing in my mouth.

Laura's love juices started to flow now and I felt a distinct dampening in my palm as I continued stroking and massaging her clitoris. When I felt she was nearing the point of no return I slid my fingers back down her cunt and then bent my middle finger so it was pointing at the entrance to her vagina. I wasn't going to be able to get far from this angle but I was not intending to stop now. Laura needed to feel the joy of a real proper orgasm and I intended to help her find it. I pushed gently forward and my finger slid into the wet opening. At first I felt a slight resistance and realized that this was definitely going to be something that Laura had never experienced before. My hymen had broken when I was quite young but it seemed that Laura's although fairly small was still intact and restricted my finger slipping silently into her vagina.

"I love you Laura, but this might hurt a little, are you ready?" With her nipple in my mouth I felt her head nod in agreement as my hot breath exhaled on the top of her breast. She was sopping wet now as I

moved my finger forward, edging ever closer to the entrance to her love cave. I could not believe she had got to seventeen and still retained her notional virginity. There was no way to be kind at this point so pushing against the crescent shaped piece of tissue obstructing my progress, I forced my way in. I felt the result of this pseudo rape in several ways. My finger sank to its full length inside Laura's vagina. The remnants of her now opened hymen flaps rubbing against the base of my finger. As I broached her defences Laura's hips had bucked slightly. Lastly a sound like no other I had ever heard escaped from her mouth

"OooooooooooooEaarghMmmmmmmmmmm" Laura hugged me tightly, her thighs closed together trapping my hand between them and my finger deep inside her hot wet pussy."Oh Jenny, thank you." I could hardly breathe but still retained my grip on her nipple with my lips. I moved my hand so my finger slid back down her passage and attempted to find the sweet spot on the top wall of her vagina. One part felt slightly different to the rest and I knew I had found it. I applied gentle pressure to her G-spot and watched as she squirmed in response. I knew now we would never part whatever happened in our lives. I also knew that I was definitely bi-sexual. Lewis would always be there for me and I for him whenever and wherever he wanted me. The difference now was that I knew with such certainty that there would never be another man in my life. From now until forever I would be devoting my life to making Laura happy, as happy as I felt right at this moment.

We spent maybe an hour or so in bed pleasuring each other. I had to show Laura how to make me feel good but it wasn't long before she was making me scream in ecstasy. Quick learner my lovely Laura and now she had found my G-spot I could expect a lot more of this.

"When are your Mum and Dad coming home Laura? Wouldn't be the best idea if they found us in bed together."

"We should be OK for another hour." That was good news, I really didn't want to have to leave her now we had found each other at last. "Come hear darling, I've got a lovely idea." Laura was lying on the right hand side of her bed. She shuffled across to the middle and lay on her back, her pert little tits teasing me as I lay beside her, her feet resting on the pillow. I turned round so my head was also on the pillow beside her dainty little size two's. Edging slowly down the bed I kissed my way from her toes, past her ankles, knees and up her pale white thighs until I could see her pussy just inches away from me. Reaching behind her leg I rolled her onto her side. While this was happening, Laura was burying her face between my legs. We both inched closer to each other's love box, mouths ready to pleasure each other, hands behind the other girl's knees. The sense of urgent anticipation built in my breast. I can only imagine that the same was true for little Laura. I kissed her lower lips and my mirror image partner placed her mouth on my pussy and parted my labia with her tongue. Salt and sweetness, perspiration and other flavours unrecognizable but delicious assailed my taste buds. I buried myself deep in Laura as she tentatively at first but with a growing confidence licked and sucked my outer lips. My climax was building I could feel it coming from deep inside me. Almost surging from the bottom of my soul, up, up,

up until my whole body shuddered and shook and my orgasm exploded washing over me from head to toe. I could only hope the same was happening to my precious Laura.

When the feelings ebbed away I turned around on the bed and held Laura close, so close to me. Kissing her face and receiving her kisses in return.

“Oh Laura, I love you so much.” I knew I was repeating myself but I didn’t care.

“I love you too Jenny.”

We lay curled into each other, stroking each other, kissing each other until the time came when we had to get dressed.

This was only the start of our love affair, one which would outlast those of so many of my friends and still lasts today. Whether you think I am gay or bi doesn’t really matter. What matters is that Laura and I are happy living together and she doesn’t begrudge me returning to Lewis for a moment or two of shared passion occasionally.

A year later and Laura and I had moved out of our respective homes and found a rudimentary but perfectly adequate little flat just north of the station. It was ideally located for both of us, we could walk to work easily. Mum and Dad were OK with me moving into a flat on my own but when they found out I was sharing with Laura they were delighted. They had initially been a little nervous but having a flat mate they had known for years and whom they trusted implicitly was a brilliant solution as far as they were concerned.

Laura’s parents took some convincing, she was Daddy’s little princess after all and Brighton was a big scary city even though from flat to home only took about half an hour on the bus.

It was a long time before either parent discovered the truth about our relationship and by then it was too late to object. Laura and I had made a little nest for ourselves and it would have been a brave person, parent or not, to come between us.

The following year Lewis had really settled in to his job in Woolchester. His promotion had been confirmed and he had struck up a relationship with Melinda again. He brought her home to Saltdean on a couple of occasions and Laura and I went out with them for a meal in a spaghetti house next to the Royal Pavilion. I didn’t really hit it off with Melinda. I couldn’t really explain why, there was just something about her that I never really trusted. Perhaps it was just that she had been sleeping with my brother that I didn’t appreciate, who knows. Not that it really mattered they were in Bassetshire and I was living a wonderful life with my little Sapphic angel.

It did come as a bit of a surprise though when Lewis announced that they would be getting married in August 2003 at the registry office in Woolchester. We were all invited obviously and Laura thought it would be a great opportunity to buy some more clothes. I thought I was the girly one but when it came

to fashion little Laura was an ace, she could not resist something floaty and frilly and gorgeous to go the wedding in.

When the time came Mum and Dad said we could all four travel down together in the car and we booked into a Hotel on the Topsham Road where Lewis had organized a very small reception for about twenty people. He really was a cheapskate. It was a lovely hotel but he didn't even offer to pay for our rooms. I don't know how he thought two eighteen year olds could afford hotel prices and have enough left over to get some pretty things to wear. The guy had no idea and he knows how much girl's clothes cost, he's got enough of them after all. In the end Daddy said he would pay for us so Laura was able to buy her pretty frock. Actually I didn't look too bad in mine either.

Laura and I had a twin bedded room which we changed for a double once Mum and Dad had checked in and gone up to theirs. No way was I sleeping in a poky little bed when I had a pokeable little lover in the room who needed my ministrations. We were staying for just two nights. On arrival we met up with the groom and his bride to be for a meal and a few drinks then turned in to get a good night's sleep before the ceremony at Woolchester City Hall the following day at eleven thirty. Laura looked lovely when she had got ready for the wedding, I found it hard to keep my hands off her. After the wedding, which took no time at all it was back to the hotel for a buffet lunch and some more drinks. At least Lewis knew how to put his hand in his pocket when it came to the bar. By late afternoon Laura was feeling a bit tired and said she was going to go to our room to rest for an hour or so before the evening celebrations got going again. I asked her if she wanted me to come but she told me to stay with the family.

About half an hour after Laura had left, Lewis was in the bar and I had just gone to refresh my wine glass. Melinda was networking with all the other guests. It was as if she didn't even know where Lewis was, or care for that matter. I was convinced I hadn't misjudged her and wondered how long it would be before we were hearing that the marriage was over. Lewis saw me and came over.

"Hi Jenny, having a nice time? So glad Laura could come with you. Where is she by the way?"

"Yeah it's great thanks Lewis, Laura went up for a rest."

"I'm glad I got you on your own there is something I need to discuss with you in private. Can you come to my room with me? Melinda is busy and won't notice we've gone."

"Sure Lewis." I took my glass with me, after all it had only just been refilled and I wouldn't want to waste Lewis's money. I followed my brother up the stairs to the lavishly named Bridal Suite which was actually just a slightly larger double looking out onto the Hotel lawns.

Lewis showed me into the room ahead of him. "So what do you need to discuss big brother?" I put my glass on the side table and turned to face him as he closed the door behind us. Before I could catch my breath, Lewis had his mouth on mine and was kissing me passionately. "Lewis???" I was shocked but not unhappy. "You just got married, what do you think..." He resumed the kiss and backing me up to the bed pushed me gently down on to it. "What would Melinda..."

“Fuck Melinda and I guess I’m going to have to later but it’s you I really want Jenny.” Lewis had his hands up underneath my skirt and was frantically trying to get it inside my knickers. I should have stopped him but he was family after all and it would have been rude to interfere. So I just lay back, my legs bent at the knees as he lifted my skirt and slid my knickers down and off. He had my skirt well up now so that he could get a good look at my fanny. “Nice to see you shaved this morning.” He wasn’t even going to observe the preliminaries and had already undone his belt and dropped his trousers and underpants.

“Lewis?? What are you doing?” Silly question, I knew exactly what he was doing and nothing was going to stop him rogering his eighteen year old lesbian sister on his wedding day. There was something so wrong about this whole situation but it felt so good to have him between my legs again. I just relaxed and admitted delightful delicious defeat. Lewis had lain himself on top of me and his cock had turned into a ramrod as soon as he caught sight of my smooth pussy lips with the glimpse of a tempting entrance between them.

“I have so missed you Jenny, Melinda is going to be fine as a wife but she sure as hell hasn’t got a pussy to match yours, but then nobody has.” He moved himself up a little so that he could place his cockhead at the smiling opening between my thighs. I parted my legs to give him easier access and in seconds I could feel his hard hot penis probing at the entrance to my love tube.

Lewis pushed quickly and hard and slipped straight between my lips and deep inside my pulsating vagina. It was almost as if he had never been away. My vagina ached for him.

This was no time for delay, no time for finesse or long drawn out foreplay. This was a time for urgent, thrusting, hard, uncompromising sex. That is exactly what happened. It was months since the last time my brother and I had coupled and the frenzy overtook us in no time. Lewis bucked and writhed between my legs and I could feel his hard throbbing penis buried deep inside me as it surged in and out. I was in no position to help his thrusting motions, he had all his weight bearing down on me but for once I was enjoying the feeling of being ravished. Usually Lewis was consideration personified but this time he was a surging rampaging animal. Had I not consented willingly as I always did, his urgency gave the impression of a child rapist bent on copulating with an unwilling partner. He didn’t pause but kept driving his member deeper and deeper until I felt as though he was going to burst through my cervix directly into my womb.

To be perfectly honest I was enjoying being raped and have no doubt this was not loving sex this was hard brutal rapine. Never thought I would ever say something like that but it was the truth. I was totally defenceless pinned to the bed with so much weight I could hardly breathe let alone move. In a very peculiar way that added to my enjoyment. I didn’t have to think about pleasing my partner. He had no thoughts whatsoever about whether I was enjoying it or not but just kept thrusting and thrusting and thrusting. His cock felt bigger and harder than I had ever known it. I was his puppet and he was having his way with me and how.

Eventually his passion exploded up into my vagina and I was filled with another load of fraternal sperm. I closed my legs around his buttocks and held him deep in my pussy until every last ounce of semen had drained from his balls. This time orgasm evaded me but I didn't care, I was just happy to be getting fucked so brutally by my big brother. I was also pleased that it was me who had his first ejaculation on his wedding day, one in the eye for Melinda and one up the tube for me. My lover Laura was in our room just down the corridor and Lewis's wife of five hours was in the bar with her friends and our parents. Both of them were totally oblivious to the ferocious sibling sex happening within a few yards of them. I didn't give a flying fuck what Melinda thought but I did feel guilty about Laura. I knew her well enough though to know that she would not begrudge me a few moments of stolen bliss with my brother. This was the first time we had made love in months and it was so nice to be back in his arms again and feel him inside me even though my vagina did feel sore from his urgent pummelling.

"Mmmm that was so good sis." I could do nothing but agree. I love my little lesbian lover and always will but whatever happens I can always find room in my cunt for Lewis and if he ever wanted to force me again I would be a willing victim. "Sorry Jenny but we had better get back before they miss us".

"You are incorrigible you bugger. But I have missed your cock. You go ahead I'll get myself cleaned up and follow you down. You had better not have shot any of that on my dress." Lewis pulled out, wiped himself and put it back inside his trousers.

I went into the bathroom, cleaned myself with some toilet tissue and then borrowing Melinda's face cloth washed my fanny with some warm water. Well she deserved it, I smiled to myself. I put my knickers back on, straightened my dress and checked my hair and makeup.

Closing the door behind me I decided to look in on Laura before going back down to the bar. I walked along the landing to our room and quietly opened the door. Laura stirred as I entered the room. "Oh hi Jenny, have I been asleep for long?"

"No darling, less than an hour." I sat on the edge of the bed and kissed her. "You get yourself pretty for me and come on downstairs. I'll get you a drink."

"OK will do." She kissed me and I left her to put her face back on. It was only when I got to the bar that I realized I had left my wine glass in Lewis's room. Whoops, Oh well I'm sure he can talk his way out of it. I chuckled silently. I was still bemused at the way my loving brother had turned into such a ferocious rampaging beast. Maybe he was punishing himself by punishing me for the fact that he had tied himself to somebody else.

Laura arrived downstairs soon after and the evening was a mix of more drinks, music and chat. The next day Lewis and Melinda went off on honeymoon to some Greek island. I can't remember which one but it definitely was not Lesbos.

Mum, Dad, Laura and I went back home to Sussex.

Five years later Melinda and Lewis realized the error of their ways and the marriage broke down. The Topsham house was sold and Melinda moved in with Lewis in Penstone until she finally sorted herself out and disappeared to the Midlands where I think she still lives. After their divorce Laura and I made a few trips to Barsetshire to stay with my brother but I think I will leave telling you about that for another day.