Returning Brother's Favor

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One good turn deserves another

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My brother first seduced me when he thought I was asleep. His lips found my penis under the sheets and he made sure my first blow job was a good one. I reached orgasm for the first time in my young life and it was a wonderful experience. In fact, I didn't even know what an orgasm was at that age. Steve was three years my elder. Although we never talked about that first experience, I knew there would be a day when I would have to return the favor. I wanted to return the favor. About three weeks later, I had the opportunity to do just that.

Steve and I sat in the back seat of mom and dad's Dodge as dad drove to grandma's house for my parent's bi-monthly card game with grandma and grandpa. Mom spent much of the ride criticizing dad's driving. Our regular trips to grandma's house meant several things. The house would soon fill with cigarette and cigar smoke. The wine and beer would be flowing and Steve and I would be banished to the front room to watch television while mom, dad and my grandparents played cards in the kitchen. This was the scenario twice a month and we would settle in the front room for at least the next four hours, not to see another soul.

Once we greeted grandma and grandpa and settled in, my mom gave us the standing order, "OK boys, go to the front room and watch television." Steve and I brought cookies and soda and did as we were told. The front room was on the other end of the house and out of view from the kitchen. Steve and I turned on the television and opened our soda cans.

Steve settled in the full sized recliner while I lay on the couch across the small room. The smell of cigar soon filled the house and the glasses began to clink. Steve and I knew we would be left alone for quite some time. After about an hour, dusk turned to darkness and the only light in the room was the glow of the television. Not that we planned it that way, but we were both too lazy to get up and turn on a light. As I watched the television Steve said, "Hey, come here. I want to show you something." I got up and went to the lounge chair that he had fully reclined. Steve moved over and told me to sit next to him. I complied and as I sat on the chair, he turned to look at the door to make sure nobody was coming. The conversation in the kitchen was loud and filled with card playing critiques of how dad should have played the last hand better.

Certain nobody was coming, Steve pulled down his zipper and took out his semi-hard penis. I never really looked at it closely before, but it looked rather attractive. Its circumcised head was nicely shaped and it seemed to be a nice size. “Go ahead and feel it,” Steve said. I looked at it and initially said no. He asked, “Why not? Go ahead, nothing bad will happen.” I looked him and then again at his penis. I hesitantly reached out with my right hand and touched it. The skin felt so soft yet as moved my hand gingerly up and down the top of it, it began to get hard. I remember thinking, “how can something that’s hard still feel soft?” Steve instructed me to wrap my fingers around it while I moved my hand up and down. I did so and within seconds his dick was standing straight up and was about seven inches long. “That’s it. Keep doing that,” he said. I continued to move my hand up and down on his hard dick as he laid his head back and enjoyed the sensation.

We could still hear the adults in the kitchen and the card game was in full swing. We knew mom and dad’s thoughts were not on us. Steve’s cock was rock hard, yet the skin still felt so soft, especially on the tip. After several minutes Steve said, “If you want to suck on it, I won’t mind.” Again, I was hesitant but Steve reassured me that nothing bad would happen. I leaned forward to begin, but I had never done this before so I asked him how to do it. He said, “Start by licking the tip and when its wet with your spit put it in your mouth and move your head up and down.” I again leaned forward, held the base of his cock with my right hand and began to lick around his pee hole. My tongue went in larger circles from his pee hole until I was soon licking the entire head. His cock was still very hard and I was still amazed at how soft the head of his cock was. Once the head of his cock was moist with my spit, I opened my mouth and lowered my head onto it. I remember I had to open my mouth wider because he told me my teeth were dragging. Once I opened more he said it was better.

I moved my head up and down on his hard cock and I remember thinking that I didn’t mind it. In fact, I rather enjoyed it. The feel of his cock in my mouth, the sweet smell of my spit mixed with his skin; I began to get hard myself. I continued to suck his cock and his hips began to move with the rhythm of my head. Steve’s breathing got heavy and he told me to wrap my fingers around his dick and put my hand against my lips and move my hand up and down as it followed my head. I did so and now his breathing got even heavier, but he made certain he wasn’t loud. After several minutes, I felt Steve’s cock get super hard and it even seemed like it got just a little thicker. Steve told me to keep going and as I did I felt thick, hot liquid squirt into my mouth. It startled me a little but I kept going, just like my older brother told me to do. My mouth began to fill with his hot semen and I felt the urge to swallow. I swallowed some of his cum before I opened my mouth just a little so it could flow out of my mouth. It ran onto my hand and onto Steve. I couldn’t believe how much he came and I thought he would never stop.

His cock began to get soft and I stopped sucking. There were napkins nearby and I wiped his cum off my hand while he cleaned his dick. I got up and went into the bathroom to cleanup. I looked in the mirror and saw some of Steve’s cum in the corner of my mouth. I automatically licked it and swallowed it. After I washed my hands and face I returned to the front room and Steve then went into the bathroom. When he returned we sat back down in our original positions and watched television as if nothing happened.