I Spy...

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It's mine Not yours!

Poor maintenance can lead to unexpected results

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I Spy

I'd like to say that it wasn't my fault. It was a bad fitting door catch that started it all! But, I know I can't, I didn't have to go and look; I could have just walked away.

It was just past eleven o'clock and I had been in my room reading. My computer was on and, as for a standard sixteen year old boy, I was horny. I looked at the screen and once again thought of by-passing the parental locks my mother had installed, with the intention of stopping me 'surfing' for porn. She was quite computer literate because of her job, but with the nature of technological research what was 'cutting edge' twelve months ago was 'stone-age' now. You had to keep up and you had to keep an eye on all the settings which my mother had failed to do. I got up from my bed and stretched, working some of the knots from my back from sitting on my bed for so long. I crossed the room and stepped into the hall closing my door behind me with the three year old poster of 'Keep Out-Parents Forbidden' still hanging on it. As my door shut, the door down the hall edged open. The door to my sister's bedroom!

The upstairs to our house consists of four rooms with a hallway between. My room is at the back of the house looking out across the back garden and to the rear of the houses on the next road; my sister's room is at the east end of the house and my mother's to the west. The bathroom lies across the hall from mine with the stairs leading down beside it. I glanced briefly at the light escaping from my sister, Janey's room and stepped into the bathroom. I lifted the seat to the toilet and slipped my cock from my shorts. It was swollen, not fully hard and it was a few seconds before I could empty my bladder. The relief was pleasant and put me in mind of the book we had read the previous year, in

which the unlikely hero had described the same feeling. He had figured it was better than sex. I hoped he was wrong.

As I left the bathroom my eyes turned to the right once again and looked at Janey's door standing slightly ajar. I was about to re-enter my bedroom when I heard a soft buzzing coming from her room. Curiosity got the better of me and I stepped towards the beckoning light. I placed my eye to the small gap and looked into my older sister's messy bedroom. Clothes were scattered across her 'floor-drobe' and a small box full of curling tongs, a hairdryer and electrical leads was sitting at the foot of the bed beside her bare right foot. The buzzing was louder. I moved my head slightly and eased the door a fraction forward.

Janey was sitting on the end of her bed, her long slim legs spread wide running what looked like an electrical shaver up her left leg. She was dressed in just a T-shirt and a pair of white lace panties. My cock stiffened in my shorts as I watched her run it back and forth up her left thigh. My eyes were locked on the narrow dark patch of hair beneath her panties as she spread her legs further apart and ran the device up the tanned inside of her thigh almost to her panties. It took only a few seconds for my cock to fully harden as I licked my lips. She held the shaver in her right hand and ran the fingers of her left hand up along her leg from her knee all the way up to the hem of her panties. My fingers twitched beside my hip as I felt my cock throb hard within my shorts.

I wondered if she had already done her right leg and maybe she might go further. I prayed that she trimmed her pussy and that she would do that next.

"Do it, do it!" I whispered.

My focus was complete and I almost jumped when she suddenly stood up and stepped towards the door. She had pulled it open and stood staring at me before I had even begun to move. Her eyes dropped to my swollen cock before flicking back up to my face.

"Pervert!" she stated and shut the door in my face.

I blushed hard and stood there for at least ten seconds before retreating to my own room. I stepped in through my door and looked back at Janey's closed one. Her door had opened when I had closed mine. I turned off my light and pushed my door almost shut. Opening it enough just to see through I saw that her door had once again popped open a crack. Two seconds later it was pulled fully open and Janey stood there staring down the hall at my door. I was positive she couldn't see me but I could see her silhouetted against her own bedroom light.

The curves of her full breasts were defined easily and her nipples seemed to be hard and pointing.

Her feet were placed apart and the mound of her pussy was obvious beneath her tight panties. I squeezed my cock hard as I ignored the stern and suspicious look on her face. She grunted and closed her door. Silently and gently I closed my own and leant against the wall beside it as I slowly stroked my hard-on.

My eyes adjusted to the dimness of my own room as I imagined what her naked pussy would look like. I was close to the point of cumming when I noticed a faint light beneath the chest of drawers that was against the wall adjoining Janey's room. I'd been sleeping and living in this room for eight years ever since our father had run out on my mother and we had moved here but I had never noticed this hint of light before. Curiosity overcame impending ejaculation but it was a curiosity born of desire. Still with my cock held in my hand I moved towards it and knelt down on the carpet and looked beneath the set of drawers.

A box of old toys sat there dusty with lack of use and the light seemed to be coming from behind it. I reached in and pulled the box out. Behind it was a metal grill. Some sort of ducting I thought. I looked at the radiator placed beneath the window and knew that there was an old disused boiler of some sort down in the basement. Hot air ducting... I thought to myself as I lay down and placed my temple to the floor. Behind the grill was a plate, in the pale light shining through I could see that a corner was missing, maybe rusty and a similar grill seemed to be on the far side of it. I shifted further in and stared through the small opening into Janey's room.

I could see the end of Janey's bed and the years of discarded items beneath it. I could also see her right foot on the carpet beside the box of paraphernalia I had seen earlier. I was breathing heavily as I noted the pair of white panties beside her foot. The shaver was buzzing again and her toes seemed to be making little fists into the deep pile of the carpet. I shot my thick cum across the floor as my cock jerked in my hand.

I remained on the floor for quite a while till Janey placed the shaver back in the box beside her foot and shoved it beneath her own chest of drawers finally obscuring my glimpse of her room. I rolled onto my back and once again began to pull hard and fast on my cock.

In the morning Janey barely acknowledged my existence, but that was standard for her normally anyway. It might have even been less that her normal behaviour but it was hard to tell.

That Friday afternoon I rushed back from school and let myself into the empty house. Quickly depositing my bag in my room I headed for the basement and found a few tools I thought I would need. First of all I went into Janey's room and looked beneath her drawers. Sure enough there was

the box of curling tongs and on the top of it was the small white device she had been using. Not a shaver it seemed but a ‘ Depilatator’. Briefly curious I read the instructions which were lying beside it and decided that it sounded painful. Looking behind the box I could see an identical grille to the one in my own room and after a little subtle re-arranging I was able to leave the view from it clear.

I returned to my own room and set to work on my own side. Looking across the carpet I could see an identical grille in the wall beneath my bed between my bedroom and that of my mother’s. It took quite a few minutes to remove the rusty screws but once I had dropped it off I reached in and the small metal plate that sat between the rooms within the duct almost crumbled and fell apart instantly. Of course it had been in there to prevent exactly what I wanted to do. I looked through and could see almost all of Janey’s bed facing me and a fair proportion of the rest of the room. My cock was stiff once again within my school trousers as I shifted the disused toy box back in front of my ‘peephole’. I almost jumped out of my skin as a voice from behind me asked “What are you up to?”

I stood up quickly, banging my head of a partially open drawer; “Fuck!” I cursed as I spun about rubbing my skull. Mel stood in the doorway. “Christ, Mel, you almost gave me a heart attack!”

Mel or Melanie was my oldest and best friend, she lived in the house directly opposite my bedroom window and we had become instant friends when I had moved here at the age of eight. She was presently an inch taller than me and very slim. Her hair was as close to being dreadlocks as our school policy allowed and her skin was a shade or two lighter than ebony. Most of the time she wore thick rimmed glasses and kept her uniform to the desired lengths of the policy as opposed to others in our year who as soon as they got a chance would roll up their skirts around their belts so as much of their thighs were visible and wore the thinnest stockings or tights that they could get away with without being sent home to change. Most of our peers thought Mel to be chronically shy and perhaps she was but she had a cutting sense of humour that only her close friends knew about.

She also had a ‘wicked’ left hook which, when a bully tried to push her about when she was thirteen fell victim to and after that any comments made about her were done well away from her ears and those of her friends.

“You dashed off quickly from school? I thought we were studying tonight?” she stepped further into the room and I moved to the spare chair in the corner and wheeled it over to my desk in front of my crotch.

I knew I was blushing and thought quickly, “Do you really want to know about my pressing calls of nature?”

“A whole world of ‘No’, Kevin!” she replied and dropped her bag onto the floor beside her and sat

down in the offered chair. I saw her eyes glance at the dust scattered on the forearms of my school jacket but she didn't comment. "So... Geology first or the evil Chemistry?" she asked.

I pulled off my jacket and sat in the chair beside her opening my bag and pulling out my Chemistry work, "Evil first!"

We made quick progress of our allotted homework and spent an hour revising for upcoming exams. My mother had arrived in from work and had come upstairs bearing two coffees for us, black and sweet for me and white and bitter for Mel. She smiled brightly as Mel politely said 'thank you, Mrs R' as she always did and she again suggested if the young girl could teach her son some manners the world would be a better place. I guess something had changed within me since the previous day as I cast a furtive look as Mel took of her school Jacket and pulled her tie free from her neck when my mother had left the room. She also undid the top two buttons of her blouse affording me a glimpse of her black bra on her black skin through the gap between two lower buttons. I quickly glanced away before she saw me watching her.

It was approaching seven o'clock and almost time for Mel to head home through our garden into hers via a pair of loose fence boards which had been left loose for the past years for that very reason. Mel's mother and father seemed to like me as much as my own mother liked Mel and all three were happy for either of us to spend as much time as we liked at each other's homes. Though with the advent of puberty sleepovers had become a thing of the past!

We had put our books away and were leaning back in our chairs watching the sun slowly descend towards Mel's house when I heard Janey come up the stairs in her high heels. I sensed her pause outside my open bedroom door.

"Hi Mel, I hope you're not letting the 'squirt' steal all your work?"

Mel twisted on the swivel chair pulling her legs up onto the footrest beneath. Her skirt rolled back slightly up her thighs. I turned my gaze to the dormant monitor screen sitting on the desk and could see my sister reflected in it. She was wearing a tight leather skirt and a blouse open to the tops of her breasts. I didn't turn about and simply raised our usual and mutual single fingered salute.

"No Janey, I've been giving him mis-information so it makes my grades look all the better!"

"Good, we girls got to stick together!" Janey answered before marching down the hall with the sharp click-clack of her heels of the wooden floorboards. I glanced to beneath my chest of drawers before

Mel swivelled back. I thought about the previous night and wondered about Janey's toes curling into the carpet. Had she been 'playing' with herself as I had been with my cock? My cock gave a stir within my trousers.

"I don't get why you two don't get on? She's so cool your sister!"

"Love and hate, I guess it's a thin line! Just like hugging and hacking!" I replied. I saw Mel shake her head out of the corner of my eye and stood up and closed my bedroom door. As I walked back Mel was facing me with one eyebrow raised. I sat down again and stared out of the window. "Mel...?"

"Yes... Kev?" she answered back.

I bit my bottom lip, "You're a girl..."

"Oh shit!" she exclaimed in horror, "...so that's why I didn't get into the football team?"

"Funny Ha-Ha!" I retorted, I could feel myself blushing, "...anyway..."

"Go on" she encouraged.

"It's just..."

"Out with it, Kevin!" she twisted on her chair to face me, curiosity plain on her face.

"I ... err... wondered..." I gulped loudly, "Do girls think about sex as much as boys?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mel, I turned to face her and could see her cheeks paling before me, her hands dropped to her thighs and grasped the hem of her skirt pulling it down in a semi-conscious response before she stood up. She looked about the room and grabbed her jacket and stooped for her bag. "I... err..." she was completely flustered and dashed from the room.

"Shit" I said to myself.

I watched Mel walk across our back garden in the fading light, hoping that I hadn't ruined our friendship, and yet watching her slim form for the first time wondering what she looked like naked. What her skin would feel like beneath my touch? Imagining my white cock sliding into her dark pussy, would my seed shine brightly on the ebony flesh of her ass?

I powered up my computer and waited for it to complete its start-up as she opened the back door to

her house and briefly turned to look in my direction. I waved but she didn’t return it.

The light came on in her bedroom behind the curtains that were still pulled across from the morning. I wasn’t sure if I saw them twitch as I sent her an I.M. ‘ Sorry! ’

It was at least ten minutes before she logged on and a response came back. ‘ That’s okay. You just caught me by surprise. See you at school on Monday ’

‘ Still friends? ’ I replied.

‘ Always ’ was the simple reply.

We had a brief conversation and I thought the subject of sex was not going to be raised. I finally sent ‘ Sweet dreams, Mel. X’ .

She replied quickly, ‘ U 2 Kevin. And yes, in answer to your question. We probably do! ’ She logged off almost instantly.

I left the computer running while I went down for dinner not paying much attention to my mother or sister before heading back upstairs to see if Mel had sent me any more messages. She hadn’t! I stayed on for at least thirty minutes wondering if she would log back in but she didn’t. The light in her bedroom was turned off and the curtains were drawn fully as I pulled closed my own. Various other friends both local and world-wide messaged me but I ignored them and eventually shut down my computer.

As the screen faded to black my room plunged into darkness except for a small telltale glow beneath my drawers.

I probably resisted for about ten minutes before I lay down on the floor and pulled the toy box away from the grille. At first I couldn’t see my sister but I could hear some inane pop music coming from her I-phone perched in a holder beside her bed. After a couple of minutes she stepped into the room and I watched her naked legs walk across to the bed and the bottom edge of her red bathrobe hanging around her knees. Droplets of water ran down her calves as she sat down on the end of the bed, the robe fell to one side exposing her right thigh completely and I unbuckled my belt, slipping my hand into my boxers wrapping it around my growing manhood.

That was the extent of my view that night. It didn’t stop me from spreading my seed once again across the carpet and having to wipe it up afterwards with a tissue. When I retired to bed I once again stroked myself to hardness between images of my sister and thoughts of Mel. I came once again and

as I succumbed to sleep I looked at the rarely used webcam sitting on top of my computer screen and figured I might visit a Tech shop after my Saturday job and invest in an extension lead for it.

I returned home late Saturday afternoon and stepped into the kitchen. My mother was sitting at the table idly scanning the local free newspaper. “Hi, anymore of that coffee on the go?” I asked.

“Mmmhmm...” she answered and nodded to the pot sitting beside the cooker, “fresh five minutes ago.” I filled a large mug with the steaming brew and added two sugars before stirring and sitting down opposite my mother and stared out the kitchen window at Mel’s house across the garden fence. I was lost in my reverie when she asked “Did you and Mel have a falling out yesterday?”

I looked across the table, my mom sat leant forward, her two hands wrapped around her mug with her long dark hair, only a few grey strands within it, hanging down with a look of concern on her face. “A little one... I think” I replied.

My mother smiled and it raised a small smile on my own face. She was still good looking even by my young standards, a few laughter lines around her dark blue eyes and probably only a few pounds heavier than when she had been young. All the extra weight seemed to have done was make her figure a little more curvaceous and her smile seem all the more warm. I don’t think Janey and she had ever been mistaken for sisters but they did look a lot alike and from the old pictures I had seen of my mom when she was young she looked more athletic than Janey did now and would probably have gotten even more attention than her daughter did. She had been eighteen when she had Janey and just twenty-two when I came along. For the life of me I couldn’t see why my father had left but I suspected there was a lot I hadn’t been told about those last couple of years they spent together and probably as much as I didn’t want to know.

“She’s a good girl, that one and if that is the first time you’ve had a ‘falling-out’ then I guess that isn’t too bad... should I ask what it was about?” I blushed immediately and she lowered her eyes to look at some article that became of immediate interest. “Maybe not then” she said simply.

I got up from the table and walked around and hugged her tightly from behind, nuzzling my face into her hair. “I love you, Mom, you’re the best.”

“I love you too, little baby” she answered reaching up and stroking my head. I didn’t balk at her term of affection as I normally did and kissed the back of her neck through her hair. I picked up my coffee and headed for the door.

I stopped on the threshold and turned to face her, “You do now Dad was a fool, don’t you?” it was easily the first time I had mentioned him in five years.

The smile remained on her face but softened somewhat as her chest rose and fell with a deep breath. “Maybe...maybe not...? All a long time ago...”

“You ought to get yourself a man... you deserve someone to treat you right!” I stated.

I watched my mother blush, “Hush little baby... I got you and I got your sis’, don’t need no more... now off with you before I blush even more!”

Later I sat down stairs with my mom and watched an old black and white film together. She was drinking a chilled white wine and I was allowed a bottle of beer. An occasional thump and a hoot of laughter permeated the floorboards from above us. Janey had a couple of friends over for a sleepover. My thoughts had kept wandering to Janey’s room and the specially positioned webcam. I hoped that it was up to the job and wondered if I should have invested in a better one while I had been shopping but it was too late now.

At about eleven I wished my mother goodnight being careful to turn away in case she saw the semi-aroused state of my manhood. It had been rising and falling all evening and my boxers were soaked with pre-cum already. I leant over the back of the couch and kissed her on the forehead as her hand came up to stroke my head. “Sweet dreams little baby and don’t let those girls keep you up!” she said. I was glad she wasn’t looking up as she said it as I had looked straight down her top into the deep cleavage beneath. My cock swelled once again and I pressed it against the back of the couch as I flushed hotly with guilt.

“No worries mom, sweet dreams to you...” I hurried as silently as I could up the stairs. As I reached the top I heard laughter and giggles coming from Janey’s room. The door was open a fraction but I withheld my desire to take a peek in fear of getting caught. It was just as well as I stepped into my room the bathroom door opened and Allie stepped out. Allie was over six inches shorter than me and the lack of height seemed to have been added to her breasts. She was wearing ‘old man’ pyjama bottoms and a small pink T-shirt that exposed her belly button. Even with a brief glimpse it was obvious she wasn’t wearing a bra.

“Hi squirt!” she giggled and walked away. Her ass cheeks seemed to roll wildly within the striped soft cotton fabric as she entered Janey’s room and closed the door behind her without a second glance. I looked down at my throbbing erection and wondered if it was possible that a penis could burst!

I quickly powered up my computer listening to the muffled conversation from next door. It seemed to take ages for the start-up program to finish and then it was just a couple of clicks of the mouse and an image appeared on the screen. All at once the conversation from next door boomed from my speakers and it took me far too many seconds to reach for the speakers. "*You're kid brother watching porn again*" said a far quieter voice.

"*Probably*" answered Janey. I quickly found my headphones and plugged them into my computer and my ears. "*He's getting big, I just saw him as I came out the bathroom*" said Allie. I watched the screen. Janey was lying on the bed facing the camera and Mary, her other friend, sat cross legged on a large cushion leaning against the end of it. there was a shadow to the right and I figured Allie was sat against the chest of drawers, luckily not obscuring the small camera's view. I had taken the precaution to place some tape across the small red light above the lens just in case it was spotted. A little work with a hacksaw blade had removed a small portion of the grille in Janey's room to allow the lens to stick through.

For the moment I left my aching erection alone as I studied the shadowy line at the edge of Mary's shorts that led up to her crotch. "*What*?" asked Allie out of shot; Mary twisted slightly to look at her friend. "*Come on spill*" she added lifting a glass of wine to her lips. Janey dropped her face into the pillow shaking her head. "*You know you'll tell us eventually*!" said Allie.

Janey looked up and even in the grainy view from the webcam I could tell she was blushing. She reached for her glass on the carpet before her and emptied it in one long drink. Allie came into view as she leant forward on her knees and refilled the glass from a bottle. I gave my cock a long slow stroke as I watched her large breasts sway beneath her short top. An edge of nipple revealed itself just before she sat back and disappeared from view. I stopped stroking myself. Janey took one more small sip before setting the glass back down.

"*Well*..." she looked from side to side. The other two girls replied "*Yes*?" and Mary looked from side to side. I imagined Allie did as well as it seemed one of those little rituals friends indulge in. "*The other night... I was doing my legs... and I caught the little squirt at the door*!" "*The little pervert*!" added Allie. "*Exactly what I called him*..." continued Janey. "*And? There sounds like there's an 'and'*!" said Mary. "*Well... and he was*..." began Janey. There were two sets of giggles from Allie and Mary in unison. Janey's head dropped once again into the pillow. Mary stopped giggling first and twisted slightly about her hips looking at my sister. The left leg of her shorts rode up and I was sure I saw an edge of her bush. I squeezed my cock gently. I seemed to have agreed to some unspoken rule that I would only touch myself if I saw something worth seeing. I knew there was a stupid grin on my face at the thought of this self-imposed restriction.

“*He was... excited*?” asked Mary, Janey nodded into the pillow. Oddly I felt the colour rising in my cheeks. “*So... when I said he was getting big... how big is he getting Janey*?” asked Allie followed by another high pitched giggle. “*Allie! He’s my brother! I didn’t look*!” exclaimed Janey in an indignant tone even though it was muffled by the pillow. “*Liar*!” both the girls said in unison. Mary twisted about her hips once again and the deepening shadow beneath the leg of her shorts was worth another small squeeze. Janey looked up grinning and held her hands apart about nine inches gaining a gasp from her two friends. I grinned broadly and wondered that my sister for once was being generous about me. I had of course being a teenage boy measured the length of my erect cock and had only just breached the seven inch mark. “*Is it thick or thin*?” asked Allie. Janey closed her eyes but answered “*I can’t say for sure but it did look rather meaty*!” at that point all three girls collapsed into a long fit of giggles.

It took them a while to recover and when they settled Mary said “*Maybe when he’s asleep we should go check*?” Another fit of giggles as Janey shook her head. The subject moved away from my personal endowment and wandered far and wide for well over an hour.

I heard my mother coming up the stairs just in time and flicked off the monitor and as silently as I could I slipped beneath the covers of my bed. I held my breath as she passed my door and knocked on Janey’s room before entering. I still had the earphones in so I heard both Allie and Mary greet my mother. “*You girls quieten down now... some of us need our beauty sleep*!” this was met with denials that my mom needed any and eventually they said goodnight to her. I held my breath as she passed my bedroom door but she didn’t look in tonight. She left her room one more time to visit the bathroom before retiring finally for the night. I slipped from beneath the covers and stripped off my clothing to sit in my chair in just my boxers. My aching erection, as hard as it ever had been, sticking up through the slit in the front.

I decided that I had teased myself for long enough and when I saw the next flash of flesh I would bring myself off. I placed a couple of tissues ready beside the keyboard and turned the monitor back on. The camera image hazed into view. The girls had moved about and now Mary and Janey were lying beneath the covers of my sister’s bed both propped up on pillows and Allie was in a sleeping bag lying on a soft mat on the floor in front of them. I cursed silently having missed the process of them getting into bed when I knew there would have been plenty of flesh on view even if just for a few moments. I could see two glasses of wine still in view so I supposed that they hadn’t finished talking yet.

The back of Allie’s head was to me and she was asking my sister if she was looking forward to the following weekend. “*Perhaps*...” she answered cryptically. “*Perhaps shit! Janey’s getting some Jack cock, Janey’s getting some Jack cock*!” sang Mary quietly. Jack was Janey’s boyfriend who had gone off to college two months previously and only managed to get back once a month. Janey blushed but

smiled, “*Tell you both, feels as if my fucking hymen is growing back*!” More giggling from the two friends till Janey added “*Well your getting enough Billy cock every week aren’t you Mary*!” Mary’s mouth formed a wide grin which grew even broader when Allie added “*And Billy tongue too*!” “*Oh don’t forget that boy’s tongue...don’t ever forget his tongue*!” Mary agreed.

I wondered what each of the girls pussy tasted like. I wondered what Mel’s pussy tasted like. I seriously wondered what any pussy tasted like and if I would like it. “*Okay for you two, I haven’t been fucked or eaten in months*” complained Allie. “*That’s the only thing about Jack... he hardly ever goes down on me... likes it well enough when I suck him off... to be honest I quite like it too but he could volunteer occasionally to go down south*...” Janey’s voice trailed away. Allie rolled over to face the camera and for a second I thought she was looking right at it although her face was in shadow. I held my breath for a moment as if she could possibly hear me breathing. “*And you say there’s a nice big cock in the next room, Janey...”*

“*Allie*!” exclaimed Janey, “*He’s my kid brother... you wouldn’t?” “I might... do you think he’s still a virgin?”* replied Allie. All three girls were now gazing at the wall as if they could see right through it, my cock twitched again and again as if they could see it directly. “*Do you think we ought to go check just how big his cock is Allie, see if Janey wasn’t exaggerating?” “Purely in the interests of research Mary*?” replied Allie. “*Of course*!” answered Mary. Janey was looking from one friend to the other and back again, “*You wouldn’t*?” Allie rolled back and looked up at Mary as they both said “*We would*!” The two friends began to disentangle themselves from their bedclothes. Janey sat up on her knees her torso naked as was Mary’s. Allie was still wearing her short top as she slid out of her sleeping bag. I had promised myself that upon seeing any naked flesh I would have finally pulled myself off but now I was frozen like a rabbit in the headlights. Were they seriously going to come into my room to examine my cock?

“*He might still be awake*” offered Janey as her two friends made for the door. The two of them paused for a moment, “*She’s right Allie... I mean what sixteen year old boy would want two barely dressed older women coming into his room in the middle of the night to examine his fat cock?*” Allie pondered the question thoughtfully for a couple of seconds and answered “*Nope! I can’t think of any sixteen year old boy who wouldn’t want two damned good looking, barely dressed older women coming into his room during the night to examine his big fat cock!*”

I reached for the monitor and quickly shut it off and moved for my bed. For a brief moment I got tangled with my earphones before I ripped them from my ears and dropped them to the floor before sliding beneath the duvet on my bed. My heart was pounding and I was breathing far too fast for someone sleeping as I heard the slightly clumsy sounds of bare feet on the wooden floor of the hall. A moment later I heard my door snick open and the two girls hush each other as they stepped into my room. Please don’t let this be a dream I prayed to myself. As they made their way across the room I

subtly lifted my boxers over my hard-on. Through the tiniest slits in my eyelids I watched two shadowy figures near my bed. “Ahhh... sleeping like a little lamb.” said one that was possibly Mary.

“Don’t” came a whispered voice form behind them, “My mom might still be awake!”

“Shhh... Janey, we’re just going to take a peek!”

I closed my eyes tight and tried to control my breathing as a hand reached forward and slowly pulled down the duvet. “Do you know if he sleeps naked, Janey?” asked Allie.

“How the fuck’d I know!” came the hoarse whisper back. A fingernail scratched my nipple as it passed and a small moan escaped my lips.

“Hmmm... seems we have sensitive nipples here!” stated Mary from the other side of my single bed. Now two sharp nails teased both nipples and I couldn’t help but breathe deeply and shift about on the bed. My fingers clenched the bed sheet beneath the duvet. Oh god I thought to myself as my cock quivered beneath the covers. “Well if he wasn’t having a wet dream before I reckon he is now!” Mary added quietly.

“Please be a big one!” muttered Allie as she continued to slide the duvet downwards across my abdomen. The sensation of the duvet dragging over my cock was torture and I knew that it was on a ‘hair trigger’ as much from the denial I had put myself through for the past hour or so as from the fact these two girls were here. The duvet at last slipped over my crotch to reveal my tented boxers. “Oh my... how obliging the randy little bastard has a hard-on all ready for us Mary!”

“He does indeed Allie... do you think he’s been dreaming about you since he saw you earlier?”

“Maybe...” replied Allie, “or he’s been thinking about his sister trimming her neat little bush?”

“Oh Janey I know he’s your brother but damn this looks like a big cock!” I wasn’t sure but I might have heard tentative footsteps approach across the room. “Shall we, Allie?” asked Mary.

“We shall” she replied and two cool fingers slipped beneath the waist of my boxers and lifted it clear of my cock. It sprang upwards and a groan escaped my lips.

“Oh fuck!” I heard Janey whisper from close by.

A hand wrapped itself around my cock and caressed it tenderly. “So Allie would you like that beast inside you?” asked Mary.

“Definitely!” stated Allie, “though I don’t think I could take it in the ass... at least not at first!”

“You’re such a slut!” replied Mary.

“Thank you! Well is it bigger than Jack’s or Billy’s cocks girls?”

My boxers were pulled further down, “Thicker than Billy’s but not as long and look at those heavy balls too!” answered Mary.

“What about Jack’s, Janey?”

“Definitely thicker and but not as long...” Janey answered quietly.

Allie’s hand began to slowly pump my cock; I still feigned sleep but didn’t really care if any of the girls thought I was. I was pretty sure that neither Allie nor Mary really did either. Allie’s hand had slid up and down my length three times when I felt a second hand cup my sac and sharp fingernails scratch against my taint.

It was enough and my cock twitched violently in Allie’s hand as my seed shot out and up over my chest. I groaned loudly as jet after jet of hot cum splashed over my body. I was lost in ecstasy when my sister’s two friends began giggling excitedly and beat a hasty retreat from my room. I didn’t care as I heard the door click shut and a few moments later I let myself be taken by sleep.

I awoke sometime later and a hand was busily pulling on my cock once again. I whispered “Oh fuck yessss...” as my seed rose once again and splashed my already splattered abdomen. My benefactor simply whispered “Hush babe” once and seemed to disappear.

She stood outside Kevin’s room, her heart pounding and her slit dripping with juice. She sensed but couldn’t see a rapidly cooling spot of viscous fluid between her thumb and forefinger. She lifted it to her mouth and tasted the teenager’s salty cum. Her pussy twitched in response as she swallowed it down wishing she had gathered more.

I awoke the next morning in something of a daze. The memories of the night before seemed hazy and yet all too real. I grinned broadly as I remembered Allie and Mary's hands upon me and wondered who had returned later. The thought dwelled within my mind that it had been my sister Janey who had come back to bring me to orgasm the second time.

I rolled over in my bed and looked at the lead snaking behind my furniture to the old duct in the wall. it was only then that I realised I had left my computer running all night. I stretched out and turned on the screen. Janey's room was empty and I could see by the small digital clock in the corner that it was past eleven in the morning. Clumsily I reached for the mouse and allowed my computer to finally shut down.

Thirty minutes later I descended the stairs to find my mom sitting in the lounge reading the Sunday papers. "Hello sleepy head."

"Hi mom" I replied with little enthusiasm.

"Didn't you sleep well?" she asked concernedly.

"No... I guess not..." I replied trying to hide the smile on my face, "Want a coffee?"

"Oh yes darling, that'd be great."

I didn't even see Janey all Sunday. Monday morning she dashed out with a brief gulp of coffee and I was sure she avoided my gaze. Of course I was somewhat nervous myself of Monday morning as I would be seeing Mel very shortly. I wouldn't say either of us was cold with the other but you could say we were careful and it wasn't till we were wandering home that we were actually alone.

It took me a good mile before I worked up the courage. "I'm sorry about Friday night... I didn't mean to put you on the spot."

"I know..." she replied, "I... err... freaked a little, I guess."

I shrugged in response, "Understandable... I didn't really think about what I was asking."

"What can you do but stumble about with all these hormones coursing through our bodies?"

I looked at Mel's profile as we walked along side by side, "Who said that?" I asked.

Mel looked back at me, a smile trying to appear on her lips, “I just did you fool, are you deaf or something?”

I gave the standard retort of “Pardon?” before adding, “It really sounded like a famous quote... maybe you should write it down before I become a famous author and steal it.”

“I reckon I’ve got plenty of time to find a pen and paper!” the grin fully formed on her face and her eyes sparkled behind her glasses. I mimed being heartbroken at her cutting words.

We were a lot more relaxed for the last half mile back to our houses. As we approached mine I asked if she wanted to come inside. She hesitated before nodding. Mom was home early and greeted Mel like a long lost daughter and promised to bring up coffee as soon as it was brewed. We sat at the desk fairly relaxed but I was sure that both of us were being careful not to make any untoward physical contact. The coffee duly arrived and she beamed at the two of us before exiting and making sure the door was closed. I had to wonder what was going through her head; did she think the pair of us were about to collapse into a sweaty heap with clothes being ripped from each other’s bodies. I admitted to myself I quite liked that idea and my faithful genitalia were trying to agree.

My mom had always been fairly relaxed about most things, especially since our dad left. She had put it simply that we were both, my sister and I, going to make mistakes and ‘possibly’ do things that she would have never done (the way she had said the word ‘possibly’ when she had ‘The Talk’ with me two years previously had always made me wonder just how wild she had been in her younger days) but it was better to make them in the safety of our home and with the re-assurance that she would always be there if we needed her. Janey and Jack had been going steady for almost three years and after three months of dating I reckoned mom had told her that she was welcome to bring him home to stay the night. Janey had taken her at her word and on and off for thirty- three months or so I was occasionally subjected to the sounds of their love-making from the room next door. Of course this had led me to my own form of solitary ‘love-making’ as well!

“Did you say anything to your mom?” asked Mel as she lifted the steaming coffee cup to her lips.

“Nothing at all... but she figured we had ‘fallen-out’ as she put it.”

Mel twisted in her chair and looked at the closed door taking another sip of coffee. “She’s pretty cool your mom...”

I picked up my own coffee and twisted about to also look at the door, “She is, isn’t she!”

“So do you think she thinks we’re going to... misbehave?” Mel asked with her eyes still on the door.

I felt myself blush and more blood divert to my cock. “I don’t know... but I guess she wants us to feel... comfortable” I said searching for the last word.

Mel lowered her cup into her lap and stared down into the slowly spinning light brown liquid, “I’m not sure if I want to... not yet anyway.” I was about to reply that there was no pressure when a grin broke out on her face, “Christ’s sake... we’re talking about... fucking and we’ve never even kissed... properly or at least when we were old enough to know better.”

I burst out laughing and a moment later Mel joined me. “Do you actually fancy me?” I asked as we calmed.

Mel twisted once again on her chair and looked me up and down for a few seconds before leaning back and placing her coffee cup on the desk to her left. For a moment her eyes seem to lose focus behind her glasses before finally centring on my face. “Kevin... you’re cute... but I’m not sure you are my type.”

“Well honest... but brutal!” I clutched my chest as I had earlier on the walk home, “still cute is good... isn’t it?”

“Cute is good and I can see you have the physique and looks a lot of girls would go for... just not me... I think.” Her cheeks paled slightly and the she straightened in her chair, “so am I an object of your desire?”

I shook my head and pulled a face of disgust which gained a fake look of indignation from my best friend. I grinned, “Oddly enough you weren’t till last week... I know that sounds horrible but you’re my best friend and... It was like you were my favourite...” I struggled to find a suitable metaphor, “... my favourite painting, hanging on the wall and you see it every day and you still love it but sometimes you just don’t notice it. Do you know what I mean?”

“Not a clue!” she stated with a grin.

“Fool!”

“And since last week...?” Mel asked a little nervously.

“You’re fit... and I reckon if you wanted to you could dress a little more... interestingly... you could easily be hot!”

“’Interestingly’... you mean like a slut? Rolling up my skirt so when I sit down at school you can see my knickers?” she replied raising a pencil thin eyebrow having obviously noticed some of the girls in our year that did just that.

“That’d work too but ... you know... those glasses... they don’t exactly compliment you.” I was worried that I was digging myself a hole. Then I added “If I didn’t know better I’d almost think they’re there as a barrier.” Mel’s cheeks paled significantly and I knew I’d hit the nail on the head.

“Well maybe they are...” she lifted them from her nose and rubbed the two small indents on either side. She did have quite a pretty face even unadorned without any make-up and if her mini-dreadlocks were controlled a little bit more they would frame it perfectly. “So why all of a sudden did I become this... sex object?”

It was my turn to blush, “Just stumbling about with hormones running through my body, I guess...”

I could tell she knew there was something more but she let it go and replied “Plagiarist!” She added after a small pause, “You realise that it’s probably because of me that some of the ‘sluts’ haven’t made a play for you?”

“Well I guess I should just give you the elbow and wear an ‘available’ sticker on my forehead! I think us boys are meant to be shallow like that of course that would also mean I’d no longer have the protection of your ‘Left Hook’ though?” Mel’s cheeks paled completely as she remembered the incident that had placed her firmly in the school’s folklore and had also given our little circle of friends an amount of protection from the bullying fraternity. I knew that quite a few of the boys in my year who might have thought of trying to stamp their authority on us had either seen the ‘Left Hook’ or heard the legend that had grown up about it and thought the danger of a girl giving them a bloody nose was too risky for their ego’s.

We talked for a while longer not bothering with any homework or revision but I felt the both of us were re-appraising the other in more adult and sexual terms. I found that it didn’t bother me that I wasn’t ‘the one’ for Mel and that she was definitely a ‘keeper’ in the ‘life-long’ category of friends.

“I hope that many years from now the two of us, old and grey, will be sitting on a porch together as friends watching as our children struggle through life just as we are now and that we have the sense of your mother to let them make their own mistakes, hopefully just little ones but fun ones!”

I looked at Mel, “Very profound... but I like the idea...” Still a part of me saw in the scene that they could possibly or hopefully be ‘our’ children.

Mel stood up and stretched; a small and comfortable grin on her face as she saw my eyes ‘automatically’ flick to her chest. I stood up to see her out as she picked up her bag and just before she opened my bedroom door she turned to me and lifted her left hand to my cheek. She kissed me. It wasn’t the kiss of a friend and it wasn’t a full blown passionate kiss either. Her lips were soft and the tip of her tongue met mine for the briefest of instants before she broke away. “Hmmm...” she considered, “not completely horrible! See you tomorrow Kevin!” she added as she opened the door.

Janey, who I hadn’t realised was home was just exiting the bathroom in her fluffy red bathrobe with her wet and matted against her scalp. “Hi Mel, I hope that brother of mine isn’t being a pain!”

“Oh! ... Hi... err...” Mel stammered, “No... He’s fine...” she quickly turned away and headed along the hallway and down the stairs. Janey stood there looking at me suspiciously and I’d swear she was making an effort not to look anywhere but at my face. I closed my door with whitened knuckles on the handle and my heart racing.

To be continued in "...With my little eye..."