

Treehouse Adventures 2

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This summer has brought me many things. I have gotten to experience things that I had never gotten to before. As you all know, shortly after I graduated high school, I ended up losing my virginity to my brother. Some of you may be okay with that and some of you may have some problems with the event that took place. I can not take this event back, because well, it changed my life. Had it not been for my brother, well I would not be the person that I am today.

So what happened after the night in the treehouse? Well family left, my brother returned home and I got on with my final summer at home before I was headed off to college. Henry and I spoke daily, whether it was on the phone, over text messages or an email here and there. We got much closer after that event, but we did not sleep with each other again that summer.

In September, I moved away to college and started my new life on my own. Along with doing this came new friends and a new boyfriend. This was also something new to me. I had never really had a boyfriend before. I think losing my virginity made me less afraid of certain things in the world, and I had Henry to thank for that.

So why I am here writing this to all of you? What do I have to share with you now? Well step on in and have a read.

I had been here at college for a few months now. I started in early September and it was now late December and I was on a plane headed home for Christmas break. I was not alone however. My boyfriend Gregory came with me. I was not sure if it was a good idea, being as we had not been dating long, but he did not have a family to go home to and my mother insisted that I invite him.

It took us an hour to get to my parents house from the airport, which was complete hell. My father thought it would be fun to play the question game with Gregory. Gregory did not seem to mind, but I found myself bored and spacing off just a bit.

“Oh guess what Abigail,” my mother turned to face me from the front seat of the car. My dad and Gregory still talking.

“We are home?” I asked enthusiastically, knowing it was not the answer, but how badly I had wanted to be out of that car and up in my room relaxing.

“Well no,” she said with a small laugh, looking between Gregory and my father, understanding where I was coming from. “But I spoke with Henry this morning and they had enough people to work this holiday, so he gets to come home to see us. Isn’t that great?”

I could not hide my excitement, as I smiled bigger than I had in a really long time. I had not seen Henry since that night and I was saddened when he told me he was not going to be home for the holiday. As unexcited as I was about Gregory being here, it did not seem so bad now. I was going to get to see Henry, and that was all that I could really ask for.

“That is great,” I said turning my attention back to my mother, who smiled at me. She was just as excited. My brother did not make it home that often to see her and she hated her kids not being around. “When is he supposed to be here?”

“He said he was leaving after he got off work.” She said shrugging her shoulders. “He probably won’t be in until everyone is asleep, but we will see him in the morning for sure.”

The rest of the ride home was not that bad. I was able to draw out the sounds in the car and focus on the best part of this trip. I was going to get to see Henry.

“Oh fuck,” I moaned, watching Gregory move around on top of me. I tried to at least act like I was into having sex with him. He thought having sex in my bed with my parents down the hall was hot. I really was not enjoying myself.

Gregory moaned loudly and thrust hard into me one last time. I could tell by the look on his face that he was cumming. He made this weird face that drove me crazy. He was a great guy but we just had horrible chemistry in bed.

Once he was done he rolled off of me, breathing heavy. I leaned over and kissed him lightly on the lips and then sat myself up in my bed.

“I’m going to go take a shower.” I said to him in a monotone voice. I did not have a lot to clean up really, except his sweat all over my body. He had a condom on and I did not get very wet. Still I felt as if

I needed a shower.

“You want me to join you,” he laughed playfully, reaching over and rubbing at my back. I looked back at him and gave him a smile, shaking my head no. I really wanted to take the shower by myself.

Standing up from the bed, I gathered up my nightgown, panties and my cell phone and headed toward the bathroom.

The shower was long and much needed. I needed to get that feeling of dread off of me. I really was not sure if I relationship with horrible sex was worth the great guy that was behind it. Could he improve, or was sex always going to be bad with him? Was it even him that was bad? What if I was the one that was bad and he was just putting up with me?

I finished drying off after my shower and slowly slipping my clothes on. Pulling my hair back into a ponytail, I began to brush my teeth. I was trying to take my time before joining Gregory back in the bedroom.

Getting ready could only take so long, so I sighed and headed back for my room. Slowly pushing open the door, I could hear the sound of snoring and knew that he was asleep. Taking a deep breath I began to enter the bedroom. Just before the door clicked shut my phone began to ring.

I quickly silenced my phone and slipped out of the room. Opening my phone I placed it to my ear and whispered, “Hello?”

“Well hello there,” my brothers voice came through the other end of the phone. I could not hold back a smile as I made my way down into the living room and sat on the couch.

“Where are you,” I asked him curiously. Figuring that he should be here by now, or at least be close to here. “Please tell me you are still coming.”

“Why, would you be sad if I didn’t?” He asked me with a small laugh.

“No,” I said, trying to pretend it did not matter to me, “But mom would really be sad if you could not make it. She has been looking forward to this all day since she found out.”

In all honesty, the excited person was me. I missed him and I could not wait to see him, but I was not going to admit that. I did not want him to know just how badly I wanted to see him. It felt like it had been forever. I could not explain it completely, but I needed to see him.

“Oh mom would be sad huh,” he asked once again with a laugh. “Good thing I am here already.”

I stood up from the couch and walked over to the window. Looking at towards the front of the house I saw his car. I wondered how long he had been here.

“Where are you?” I asked, walking into the hallway and heading for the front door. I opened the door and stepped out onto the front porch, but he was no where to be seen.

“Come find me,” he said before there was a click. He had hung up on me.

I growled lightly to myself and began to make my way through the house. I checked every room downstairs, but still nothing. I was starting to get a little frustrated, but I kept on searching the house. I soon made my way into the kitchen, on the verge of giving up. That is when I noticed the back door in the kitchen was completely open. I don't know why I didn't think of the tree house as my first place to look for him.

I made my way outside and stood at the bottom of the rope and looked up. “Henry,” I said in a loud whisper, trying not to make to much noise. “Henry, are you up there?”

There was no answer, but I knew that he had to be up there. I looked around and made sure all of the lights were still off in the house and made my way up into the tree house. Sure enough sitting in the middle of the floor in the tree house was Henry, a huge grin spread across his face.

“You know,” he began, bringing his hand up and pointing his finger at me. He shook it slightly at me in disapproval, though he was still smiling. “I swore you were going to find me a lot quicker then that. I guess I over estimated you Abby.”

“Well,” I said trying to come up with an excuse. I did not have one. I felt as if I should have known this is where he would be. “I guess you shouldn't do that anymore.”

“I don't know,” he said grabbing my hand and pulling me down to sit beside him. “I think that I might give you a second chance to meet my expectations.”

“Oh really,” I said looking up at him with one eyebrow raised.

Before either of us spoke again, Henry had his lips pressed against mine. I felt as if I should stop him. My boyfriend was up sleeping in my bed and this was not okay, in more ways than one, but I couldn't bring myself to stop him.

I did not want him to stop. I had missed him so much since this last happened and I wanted it to happen again. I told myself it was a one time thing but I wanted him. I have had plenty of sex since we first did it, but it was all horrible. Maybe it was not me that was bad, and maybe it was not the guys. Maybe the problem was that it was the wrong guys. Henry was the man I needed to satisfy me.

Before I knew it we were pulling at each others clothes. Our lips refused to part from one another. It was like we were physically unable to stop touching each other and it was electric. It was as if lightly was pulsing back and forth between our bodies. Was this dangerous?

“What if someone catches us?” I said pulling away from him finally. I did not want to stop, that was not the case. I was just thinking about Gregory upstairs asleep in my bed, unaware of what was going on. I felt almost bad for him.

“You mean by the boyfriend,” he asked me, moving his naked body away from my own. I wanted to pull him back, but I was not sure if I should or not.

“Yeah,” I said with a frown, feeling like I had completely ruined this from happening and I was slowly hating myself for it.

“What’s his name again,” Henry asked me, moving to lay down beside me. I was having trouble answer his question, as my eyes wondered across his body. He was amazing to look at, just as he was before.

“Gre...Gregory,” I finally got out, with some force. I felt bad saying his name out loud in this situation. He was such a nice guy and I should not be doing this to him. He deserved better than that.

I began to pull myself up off the floor of the tree house, when Henry pulled me back down. He then slowly began to run his hand up the inside of my thigh, starting at my knee. I could feel every hair on my body stand on end and my body began to slightly shake.

“Does Gregggy boy make you feel like this?” he asked in a seductive voice as his finger moved up to my stomach and headed toward my breasts, he purposefully avoided skipping my pussy. It cried out for his attention, getting wetter with every moment he ran his fingers along my body. He then leaned forward and sucked my nipple into his mouth, causing me to moan out loud. “What about that? Does he make you moan Abby?”

I wanted to tell him yes, to make him think I was with this amazing man, but I could not bring myself to lie to him. Instead of answering him out loud, I simply shook my head no. No one seems to be able

to satisfy my the way I had been satisfied that night.

“Then I don’t care if we get caught,” he said pulling himself back on top of me and kissing me hard. I pushed my lips and my body against his and forgot all about Gregory. The only thing that was going through my mind was Henry, and how badly I wanted him to keep touching me.

We kissed for what felt like hours, our hands exploring each others bodies. We had not taken the time before to learn every inch of each other and we were making up for that now. I learned so much about him in this short period of time. The places that made him shake, how to make him make certain noises, things he was not fond of, and he in return learned the same thing about me.

Pulling away from my lips, Henry began to kiss down my body. His lips softly touched the tips of my nipples as his tongue lightly licked over them. This caused them to get harder, so hard that they practically hurt, but it was a good hurt. It was a hurt that I wanted to continue to feel.

He did not stay at my nipples as long as I would have wanted him to, but I quickly forgot all about that fact as he kissed right below my belly button. This was another thing that was new to me. I had refused with other guys to have oral sex. I had watched plenty of porn and read about it plenty, I was just not experienced in it.

“Wait,” I said putting my hand between my legs. I was nervous and I knew that I shouldn’t have been but I was. What if it was not what he liked? What if something was wrong with me down there? I did not want to disappoint him.

“Relax,” he said in a calm voice as he moved my hand away and pushed it to my side. He then used his body to push apart my legs as his hands fought back my own. I eventually gave up fighting him as he kissed at my pussy.

He kissed around it for a bit, kissing down to the insides of my thighs and then back around the outer layers of my pussy. It was a new kind of sensation that almost felt unreal to me. I was still nervous about this whole thing but it was a good nervous and I was ready to venture into a new experience with Henry. One I was sure he had been on before, but I was still just as eager as ever.

Soon he was parting my lips with his tongue. This again made me shiver and he seemed to like that because he growled a sexy growl. He then lightly pressed his tongue against my clit and gently began to flick over it. The feeling was amazing and my hips pushed up against his mouth. This caused him to lick and suck and bite at my clit much harder then before.

My hips were thrusting up against his mouth, my pussy fucking his mouth. The more I got into it the

more he did. He ran his tongue up and down the length of my pussy. Licking up all of my juices, of which I could tell there were plenty. I could feel the puddle of juices and spit pooling up under my ass and it excited me.

As the feeling began to get more intense I began to moan a little louder than I planned on. As my moan began to escape my lips, Henry slid two of his fingers deep inside of me. This threw me over the edge into my first orgasm. My hips bucking wildly against his fingers and his mouth, which was still sucking at my clit. I knew now for sure that I was making more noise than I should be making, but I was in such a state of bliss that I did not care.

Henry pulled away from my clit with his mouth and began working his fingers more and more in and out of my dripping wet pussy. He placed his other hand below my belly button, pushing down and causing just enough pressure to keep me still. His fingers rubbing hard over my clit as he quickly rammed his other fingers deep inside of me.

I tried to buck my hips, but he was holding my body back. This caused my orgasm to build up much faster and soon I was screaming in ecstasy, my juices flooding out over his fingers.

“Oh my ...” I tried to get out. “Oh my go...”

Before I had the ability to finish my word, he was back on top of me, his lips pressed hard up against my own. His lips were wet with my juices and I licked them clean, wrapping my arms around his neck to pull him and the taste of my juices in closer to me. It was at that time that he thrust his cock all the way inside of me.

I let out a loud moan against his mouth and he softly bit at my lips. Unlike the first time, he did not take his time with me. He quickly began thrusting his hard cock in and out of me. Our moans came together and it sounded as if it were one person moaning. Our eyes locked and his strokes became slow but hard, pushing me into another orgasm. I felt as if I was no longer in control of my body.

He kept slowly thrusting into me as I got over my orgasm and once I was back in action he began to thrust hard and fast, his balls slamming against my ass. He was moaning loudly, looking me in the eyes and giving me the best smile I had ever seen.

Bringing my legs up against his waist, I locked them around him. He could now only pull out just a little bit before he had to thrust back into me. He liked this and his thrusts got harder and his body tightened up more.

“Oh fuck Abby,” He cried out, continuing to slam into me hard. “I’m gonna cum.”

He thrust a few more times into me before pushing himself as far as he could into me and stopping. I wrapped my legs tighter around him as he shot his cum deep inside of my dripping wet pussy. This was enough to cause me to have another orgasm. It was not as big and long as the other three, but it was just as effective.

“Oh my Abby,” Henry said out of breath as he collapsed on top of me. I kept my legs locked around him so that he could not go anywhere and ran my fingers through his hair. He then looked up at me and smiled. “Can what’s his name make you do that?” he asked.

“Who?” I asked him with a smile back.